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PRIVATE LIFE OF A KING.

EMBODYING THE

SUPPRESSED MEMOIRS

OF

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

AFTERWARDS

GEORGE IV, OF ENGLAND.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

By JOHN BANVARD, Artist.

WITH CORROBORATIVE AUTHORITIES, DRAWN FROM THE SECRET ARCHIVES OF THE CHARTISTS, AND AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



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1875.

g. W. Whit

TO THE

Parliament of Great Britain

AND TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
THAT THE PETITION OF THE

BRITISH PRINCE

OF BRUNSWICK AND LUNENBURG

DOX PRINCE OF BRUNSWICK

THIS PETITIONER OF A KING OF THE

HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY AND HUMBLY PETITIONED

BY HIS MAJESTY'S

JOHN BAYARD

PREFACE.

AMERICANS, in the contemplation of royalty, are led into the estimate of kingly character as presented to them through the medium of political history, and generally written by sympathizers of royalty, and often under its direct influence. The sacred precincts of the palace are rarely invaded by the vulgar, and the secret misdoings there are carefully screened by the satellites who cater to the sensual pastimes of a king. We think the time has now arrived when royalty should be exhibited as it is, in all its deformity. The world moves, and the times demonstrate that man and government can do without a king, especially such a one as he whose character is portrayed in these pages; that man is capable of governing himself; that the monarchical system is on its decline. During the late civil war in the United States we heard repeatedly, and in many forms of expression, from monarchical Europe that the experiment of the republican form of government had failed, that the Great Republic had exploded, and it was so exultingly announced on the floor of the English Parliament; and the various Governments of Europe acted upon this belief, and conducted their policy regarding the United States accordingly. But how egregiously they were mistaken, the haste with which imperial Napoleon left Mexico to save the ignominy of being driven out after the "Great Republic" hinted he had better leave, and how readily *monarchical* England paid over the fifteen millions of dollars on account of her spoliation on *republican* commerce on demand, testify.

A common man may have vices or virtues, and these may be hidden, and when he dies all the good and evil of his moral character will find oblivion in the grave; not so with a king, for the effect of his accidental existence lives after him, and is, for good or bad, the property of the historian. In illustration of this we have, therefore, seized upon the private character of George the Fourth, as it is public historical property, and we shall endeavor to work what good we can out of it for the benefit of our fellow man and in the interest of the REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT; and perchance, though not expected, our writing may fall beneath the royal eye of some European prince—perhaps the present heir to that throne once occupied by the subject of these memoirs—and remind him that his transient life, be it virtuous or sinful, will live after him; and never mind how dark he thinks he keeps his secret vices, they will be shown up in all their hideousness by some future historian, as we now do those of his defunct titular namesake's.

A king is, in the truest sense of the word, a public man; not only so to his own people but to the world at large—for his "foreign policy" affects the remotest nations of the earth, and we have a right to examine and record his existence and its results as affecting our republican interests as we judge proper for the good of our fellow citizens.

The chronicles of England exemplify the fact that the tone of the people's mind ever harmonized with the character of the ruling monarch. The vigorous character of Elizabeth formed the minds of her subjects to earnest actions, while Charles II, by audacious profligacy, transplanted almost every foreign vice into his country; and if England to-day enjoys the purest Court she ever possessed, it is the reflex of the beautiful life and character of her pure and virtuous monarch.

J. B.

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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A KING.

Chapter first.

“LET FACTS be submitted to a candid world,” says the American Declaration of Independence when enumerating on the many wrongs that were inflicted upon this country by George III, the immediate progenitor of GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, the subject of these pages. In this work we propose to recount some facts not enumerated in that catalogue of grievances, although some of them were the direct cause of the “repeated injuries and usurpations” therein stated.

The first words uttered by George III after he was notified of the death of the reigning sovereign, and he, consequently, King, were the distinct utterance of A LIE. At the time he was out riding, when a messenger, who was sent to tell him of the death of the King, met him and informed him that he was sovereign. George did not reply, but for some reason known to himself turned to his attendant, and, to their great surprise, said that his horse had become lame, and he must return to Kew, and, although his groom assured him to the contrary, he returned immediately.

A writer observes, “It is singular that the longest reign in British annals should have commenced with the utterance of an unnecessary and puerile falsehood.”*

* Cassell. London.

As George III figures extensively in American political history, and his public acts are well known, we will here give a slight sketch of his *private life*, which has not found comment in our histories, as a prelude to that of his more abandoned son, George Guelph, of infamous memory, and—"let facts be submitted to a candid world."

George III, that prince "whose character was marked by every art which may define a tyrant," was born 4th of June, 1738, and, in the words of Shakspeare, "scarce half made up," as his mother did not go her "full time," for George III did not have strength of brain given him to carry him through his lifetime, as he was but an idiot the latter part of his days, and the great losses the British realms sustained during his reign may be attributed to his mental incapacity, occasioned by his being ushered into the breathing world before his time. However, on this point there has been some controversy, some denying his legitimacy, which his mother explained by his being a "seven months' child." Not expecting he would live, he was baptized on the day of his birth.

A healthy gardener's wife was hired to suckle him, and, like a sensible mother, she took her charge to bed with her, to the utter dismay of the royal family—a novel and vulgar familiarity, which was vehemently objected to. "Nay, nay," said the good woman, "you may nurse the boy yourselves." She was wisely allowed to have her way.

The poet laureate got upon stilts at his birth, and in grandiloquent rhyme presented his best thanks to Nature that she did dare to "complete the wondrous man," George.

After the usual nursery career, he was consigned to a governor and his preceptor, and commenced his studies at about six years of age.

George III did not like some of his early preceptors, especially Lord Walgrave, and the dislike appears to have been mutual.* In his Memoirs Walgrave says: "I found

* Walpole's Reign of George II, vol. 1, page 328.

His Highness uncommonly full of princely prejudices, contracted in the nursery, and improved by bedchamber women and pages of the back stairs."* So it appears that thus early in his life women began to exert an influence over him. He was very backward in "book learning," his mother said, at the age of seventeen. On the other hand, he was good natured and cheerful.† The Princess, his mother, knowing well from her own experience of the natural frailties of the female sex, for she, at the time, was having adulterous intercourse with the Earl of Bute.‡ We will call things by their right names, not in the tender language of Capt. Jesse, who, in his "Memoirs of George III," when speaking of this well known connection, "that it was almost universally believed that a *tender connection* existed between the Princess Dowager and the Earl of Bute." It was not "believed" only, but universally known, that she was in sinful communion with Bute. It was greatly to the interest of the Earl of Bute and his royal paramour to maintain a commanding influence of the heir apparent, and they omitted no means whereby they could attain this end, and how well they succeeded the independence of this Republic proves, for it was this undue influence that Bute gained over the Prince, and maintained while King, who carried out all his recommendations as minister regarding the oppression of the colonies.§ But for Bute's influence over George III, we might now be but colonies of Great Britain, and as far behind the age of progress as are now "Her Majesty's Territories of the New Dominion." The Prince being cognizant of the said "tender relations" existing between his mother and the Earl of Bute, it is not to be believed

* Walgrave Memoirs.

† Jesse's Life of George III, vol. 1, page 20.

‡ Jesse's Life of George III, vol. 1, page 25.

§ Memoirs of George III.

See also Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution. Also Bancroft.)



that he could have lived a very virtuous life with the females of his mother's Court and the "women of the bed-chamber."* with whom he principally associated, as his passions were being developed in the full power of manhood, for his mother was afraid to trust him in the company of the maids of honor, whom she intimated "were no better than they should be." Scott, his preceptor, writing to a lady friend of his, says: "Several of the young ladies of the Court try to entrap His Royal Highness the Prince with their fascinations and blandishments, and as certain of them are very alluring they may succeed, for though a Prince he is but mortal."

When at Polton, afterwards, Mrs. Coldwood said: "When Prince George was about eighteen years of age, I had frequent opportunities of seeing George Scott, and asked him many questions about the Prince of Wales. He said he is extremely honest, and has no turn for extravagance, but has great temptations to be gallant with the ladies, who lay themselves out in a most shameful manner to draw him in." Usually to the stronger sex has been attributed the crime of seduction, but here is certainly historical proof to the contrary, for we see that the Prince was actually seduced by the Court ladies, who, in the words of his preceptor, "laid them themselves out" especially for this purpose, and his preceptor was certainly in a position to know.

His favorite among the ladies was his mother's maid of honor, the beautiful and fascinating Miss Chudleigh, afterwards the celebrated Duchess of Kingston, who, as a writer says, understood the disposition of the Prince, and a lady (?) whose intimate experience in the intrigues and gallantries of a Court enabled her to succeed.† The minister of the King endeavored to neutralize the influence of the Princess his mother and the Earl of Bute

* Walpole.

† Monthly Magazine.

over the heir apparent. To effect this, Walpole, who, as he says, believed him "young and chaste," writes, "What influence might not a youthful bride obtain over the Prince?"* Suggestions of marrying him to some eligible Princess, and by such means remove him out of the influence of the courtly lovers, his mother and Bute.

The Prince was very ungrateful and thankless. His Aunt Amelia told Horace Walpole that having one day, when the prince was a boy, done something to please him, the Princess Dowager said to her, "Madam, you are very good to my children; but, madam, if you was to lay down your life for George, George would not be obliged to you."†

Lord Chesterfield, who was then training his only son, not to abandon vice, but to be a gentleman in the practice of it, pronounced the Prince to be "a most hopeful boy, gentle, and good natured, with good sound sense." His royal grandfather, on the other hand, declared he "was good for nothing except to read the Bible to his mother"—a good, and homely, and not unprincely virtue. The Prince of Wales was undoubtedly of a less vivacious spirit than his brother and companion, Edward of York, and certainly had through life a more correct sense of propriety. I derive from a note of Mrs. Piozzi's, written in a copy of "Wraxall's Memoirs," which she was annotating, one evidence of the correctness of the Prince's conduct, and which evidence reached Mrs. Piozzi through a cousin attached to the household of Prince Frederick. "The Princess was sitting one day of her early widowhood, pensive and melancholy, her two eldest sons were playing about the room. 'Brother,' said the second boy (Edward, Duke of York,) when you and I are men grown, you shall be married, and I will keep a mistress.' 'Be quiet, Eddy,' replied the Prince of Wales, 'we shall have anger presently for your nonsense. There

* Walpole's George III. See also Lord Chesterfield.

† Last Journals of Horace Walpole, vol. 1, page 111.

must be no mistresses at all.' 'What you say?' cries old (?) Augusta, 'you more need learn your pronouns, as the preceptor bid you do. Can you tell what is a pronoun?' 'Yes, very well,' replied Prince Edward, 'a pronoun is to a noun what a mistress is to a wife—a substitute and a representative.*' Whatever parts the Prince's tutors may have had, one of their pupils, at least, was not without a lively knowledge of the world. The Dowager Princess had reason to be afraid of the manners of the age—here was one of her caged birds with the audacity of a page, and an insight into social arrangements that would have made him popular with the Mormons had that polygamous sect then existed.

Walpole again urged the necessity of marrying the Prince in order to counteract the influence of Bute and the Prince of Wales. The King entered into the views of Walpole, and said it would perhaps be politic to "amuse the Prince with matrimony." Thus did the old King speak of God's most sacred ordinance as *amusement* only, not as a holy sacrament, merely a pastime for princely amusement.

In 1754 the Prince exhibited evidence of his constitutional warmth of temperament and the susceptibility to the fascinations of female loveliness, by falling desperately in love with a very obscure individual, no less a personage than a discreet and amiable young Quakeress, the lovely Hannah Lightfoot. This is the first known amour of his outside the palace walls, and around which there has been thrown a great deal of romance and mystery. A peculiar interest has been attracted to this affair, deserved partly from the youth of the parties and the previous history of the young lady. A strange mystery hangs over the fate of the beautiful girl, who, whatever may have been her secrets or her sorrows, she carried them unshared to her grave.†

* Doran's Princess of Wales.

† Memoirs of George III. Jesse: London, 1867.

There was a "Secret History of the Court of George III" printed in London, but telling too many unpalatable truths regarding the royal household, and containing courtly secrets; it was immediately suppressed. In that "Secret History" are some details given regarding the particulars of the elopement and marriage of Hannah Lightfoot. It is stated that she was married by a Dr. Wilmot, and that his royal brother witnessed the ceremony; this Dr. Wilmot was also asserted to be the famous Junius. Another statement is that she was married by a certain Rev. Mr. Keith in the same place, the Curzon Street Chapel; while it has been denied they were ever married at all. There are persons now living claiming to be the legitimate descendants of this marriage; and if so, as the marriage took place before the enactment of the "Royal Marriage Act," wherein the *laws of God* are assumed to be annulled *by act of Parliament*, the legitimacy of the present incumbent of the throne of England, Victoria I, can well be questioned.

The family of Hannah Lightfoot originally came to London from Yorkshire; her father was a respectable tradesman, residing at Execution Dock, Wapping, in the east—a district sufficiently remote and obscure, one would have thought, to have preserved his daughter from the temptations of a Court. Unfortunately, however, she had an uncle in business of the name of Wheeler, who resided near St. James' Palace. It was in his house she was destined to press the pillow of innocence for the last time, and it was here the Prince of Wales accidentally saw her for the first time. He returned to the palace after this first view of her wondrous beauty desperately in love. He thought of her constantly, and after concealing his passion for some time resolved to possess himself of her, so he called into requisition the services of his palace favorite, who had been enjoying secretly his "tender passion," the lovely Miss Chudleigh, who was afterwards the too cele-

brated Duchess of Kingston,* a lady who was very skillful in such affairs, and had an intimate experience in the intrigues and gallantries of the Court. After calling on the young Quakeress a number of times, she opened her "first parallel" against the virtuous citadel heart of the confiding girl. She dazzled her eyes, and the youthful imagination of her intended victim. Unfortunately, the young and inconsiderate girl listened to the courtly siren, and she eventually persuaded her to leave her family and forsake the home of her youth.

There are copious details given in a history published in London, in 1832, of this love affair of the Prince. The work was entitled "A Secret History of the Court of England from the Time of George III to the Death of George IV," which was immediately suppressed by the Government as soon as it made its appearance, as the facts treated of were of too momentous import to the Government to be allowed to circulate. The writer was said to be Lady Anne Hamilton, but as the authority is not considered reliable we will not quote them. It has been asserted that when Hannah left her uncle's house it was with the distinct understanding that she was to be married lawfully to the Prince, that she on no account was to be his mistress. Missing their child, her parents advertised her in the London newspapers, but to no purpose.

The young Quakeress' charms were said to have had such potency in them that the Prince privately married his beautiful idol at Curzon Street Chapel, May Fair, in the year 1759.† Where the Prince and the fairy kept household is not on record, but the romance goes circumstantially into details, the chief of which relate to the alleged offspring of this supposed marriage, to the awakening of the Prince from his dream, and to the subsequent marriage of the well-endowed fairy with a conveniently found swain.

* Monthly Magazine, vol. 2, page 532.

† Doran's Lives of the Princes of Wales, page 507.

About the history, however, of Hannah Lightfoot there still rests an impenetrable mystery. At the time of her disappearance from the house "at the corner of Market Street, St. James' Market," she was the guest of her uncle Wheeler. The tradition still existing in her family is, that she left the house in St. James' to marry a "Mr. Axford," a perfect stranger to all but herself, at Keith's Chapel, in May Fair; and that, in spite of every inquiry, she was never seen nor heard of afterwards by her relatives. Yet it is known that she sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds for her portrait; and it is not unreasonably supposed that this must have been by order of her royal lover. This fine work still exists at Knolle Park, Kent, and is described as the portrait of "Mrs. Axford." One would certainly like to know what became of this shy but successful young Quakeress. The secret *must* be with some one, however, for it is affirmed that the wife of one of the Prytherchs of Abergole is her granddaughter.*

The marriage has been as positively denied as it has been strenuously asserted; and it is impossible at this late day to ascertain the truth with certainty. But it is well known that the lovers kept house together; that they were devotedly attached to each other; and it is added by some authorities that there were children born to them. In the progress of time, however, George became indifferent to the sedate and monotonous charms of the Quakeress, and she was disposed of by being married to Axford, who received her and her very considerable dower without asking any impertinent or inconvenient questions. From that period Hannah and her subsequent fate disappear beneath the shadows of oblivion.

The fair and fascinating Lady Sarah Lennox was the next object of the affectionate regard of the young Prince. On a certain occasion the tragedy of "Jane Shore" was enacted at

* Notes and Queries, 1856, vol. 1, page 322.

Holland House. Charles Fox represented *Hastings*, and Sarah Lennox played the part of the unfortunate yet beautiful heroine of the piece. Her acting was so natural and affecting, and her personal charms were so powerful, that she completely stormed the heart of the susceptible Prince, who witnessed her performance; and had she not been a subject, her lover would have led her to the altar, and possessed her honorably. It was affirmed that a "tender connection" existed between them outside of legal wedlock. At the present day no positive evidence exists of this fact, but, looking at all the circumstances, it is presumed such connection did exist.

Lady Sarah Lennox was only seventeen years of age when her fascinating charms and bewildering beauty captivated the heart of the young Prince. This is not to be wondered at, for she was universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful lady of title in England. Edward IV, or the Blue Beard Harry VIII, would have married her publicly and placed her on the throne until their loves were sated, regardless of all consequences. Charles II's course would probably have been, judging from his reckless character, to have seduced her. What course this Prince adopted to possess her is in doubt, some writers asserting there was no illicit connection, while the chroniclers of the time say there was.*

Walpole affirms that the young lady was beautiful beyond conception, and that her loveliness and expression were above the reach of artists to emulate. This peerless fair one's mother, the Duchess of Richmond, was more beautiful than even her daughter Lady Sarah, or her other two daughters, one of whom became the mother of Charles Fox; the other, of the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The lady who had touched the Prince's heart so nearly was about seven years his junior, but the legend will have it that he made her an offer of marriage, which she accepted;

* Selwin and His Correspondence. London, 1843.

and, as some say, was married. It must have been a short lived and secret honeymoon, however brilliant a romance, for when Lady Sarah appeared publicly at her royal lover's wedding, when she was only in her eighteenth year, it was not as *bride*, but as *bridesmaid*! She found speedy consolation, too, in marrying Sir T. C. Bunbury, and subsequently the Hon. George Napier. The eldest child of this marriage was the gallant soldier, Sir Charles Napier, whose "very existence" is described by his brother, Sir William, as being an "offence to royal pride." Thus the Napiers seems to have held that the Lady and not the Prince was to blame. An antagonism, almost comical, was established on the Napier side. When the two respective eldest sons of the two marriages once met at Court, the son of Lady Sarah's old lover (George Augustus, Prince of Wales) "took the liberty" of calling Lady Sarah's son, "Charles!" A graceful condescension which the latter young man, then nineteen, notified to his mother with an ungenerous, "Marry, come up, my dirty cousin."

It has been often said by those who wished to damage the character of Charles Fox, that he employed very active influence in the love passages which passed between Lady Sarah Lennox and the Prince of Wales, about the year 1760; and that this influence turned to induce the Prince to marry that fair cousin of young Charles. It is not likely, even if he were in the secret of the existence of the love, that he was in the confidence of the lovers; or that he could have exercised any influence at all in an affair of such delicacy.

As the Prince manifested too erratic a disposition in his amours, the King and his advisers bethought themselves to "amuse" him with marriage, and an eligible bride was sought for.

Various persons were suggested in this emergency. The mother of the Prince, and Lord Bute, who already occupied the questionable relation toward her which afterwards led to

his elevation to the premiership, were in favor of a member of the house of Saxe-Gotha, to which she herself belonged. But George II declared, in no very delicate manner, that he had had enough of that family already. At length Colonel Graeme, a Hanoverian favorite of the monarch, was despatched to the continent with orders to visit all the German courts without divulging his purpose; to scrutinize the merits and peculiarities of the several eligible princesses, and report the results of his observations. In the execution of this commission, the Colonel happened to pass a few days at the famous baths of Pyrmont. There were collected together a number of noble families for the purpose of enjoying the salutary effects of the waters. Etiquette and formality were in a great measure thrown aside; and delicate and fair young ladies, who at home were models of obedience to the rigors of an iron restraint and formality, enjoyed themselves with a perfect and healthful freedom. Among the handsomest and wildest of these enfranchised young slaves were the two daughters of the Dowager Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz. The vigilant Colonel soon became sensible of the superior beauty and intelligence of the younger of these ladies, the Princess Charlotte Sophia, and immediately fell vicariously in love with her. He sent information directly to the Court of London of the important discovery which he had made; expatiated at length upon the merits of the Princess; and thus became the means of eventually providing a Queen for England. Nor does the choice of the acute Colonel appear to have been a bad one. Charlotte was the daughter of Charles Louis, the Duke of Mirow, the second son of the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz. She was born in May, 1744. She had, in her earlier youth, been instructed by Madame de Grabon, who has generally been termed the German Sappho. She had been carefully educated by Dr. Geitzner in Lutheran theology, in natural history, and other useful

sciences. She was a good linguist, a good musician, and an admirable dancer. She was a young lady of sense and spirit; and to all these charms she added the less impalpable ones of a very intelligent and pleasing countenance, and a figure of medium size, perfect in its mould and proportions. After the death of George II, and the accession of his grandson, the latter communicated to his council his approaching marriage in July, 1761. At first the announcement was not received with any great enthusiasm either by the Cabinet or by the people; for Mecklenburg Strelitz was one of the most insignificant of the many insignificant principalities of Germany, and unworthy of the connection. But soon everybody became reconciled to an event to which indeed there could be no valid objection; and Lord Harcourt was deputed to visit Strelitz, and demand the hand of the young Princess in form. There were few or no difficulties in the way. A favorable answer was readily given. The treaty of marriage was signed at Strelitz on the 15th of August; and the Earl of Hardwicke was sent to convey the intended Queen to England. He was accompanied by two ladies of extraordinary beauty, the Duchesses of Hamilton and Ancaster. The Princess was astonished, as she well might be, when she first beheld the fair companions of her voyage, and inquired with some apprehension if there were many such beautiful women in the English Court. These ladies had, in fact, no rivals in this respect in England; yet even in their presence the graceful and talented young bride of George III need not have been in the least degree discouraged.

The bride traversed the channel in the fleet commanded by Admiral Anson. The passage was stormy but not dangerous. Having at length disembarked at Harwich, she commenced her journey toward London, accompanied by a large retinue of noble ladies and their attendants, who had been sent to meet her. She retained her buoyant spirits

until she arrived in view of the Palace of St. James, where her public presentation was to take place. Here for the first time she became somewhat disconcerted and grew pale. The Duchess of Hamilton endeavored to cheer her, when she replied: "My dear Duchess, you may laugh, you have been married twice; but it's no joke to me!"

On the 8th of September, 1761, the marriage took place at near midnight, in the Chapel Royal at St. James. His love, Lady Sarah Lennox, was one of the bridesmaids, and it is said he cast frequent glances on her during the ceremony—at the termination of which they all repaired to the drawing room. Walpole said Lady Sarah Lennox looked charming.* The King appeared to regret his choice, and, if his heart was known, was wishing his bride was Lady Sarah instead of the Princess. It was gently hinted to the Queen bride that the "King liked keeping early hours." She replied, "*Qu'elle ne voulait passe coucher avec les poulets.*"†

The bride showing no disposition for retiring, the Duke of Cumberland plainly intimated that the Princess Augusta and himself were becoming sleepy, the young Queen took the hint and expressed her readiness to retire. Shrinking from that repulsive ceremony of "bedding," she had stipulated that no one should accompany her to the bridal apartment but the Princess Dowager and her two German waiting maids, and no person admitted to the nuptial chamber but the King,‡ wishing to avoid the license which was usually practised in the bridal chamber of royalty, which we have described in another part of this work. The following day at the levee, the King having remarked to Lord Hardwicke that it was a "very fine day." "Yes, sire," said the old Chancellor, with a significant smile, "and it was a very fine night." Even Lord Bute, despite his natural pomposity, let off a quizzical jest at His Majesty. His daughter,

* Walpole's letters, vol. 3, page 434.

† Jesse's Reign of George III.

‡ Walpole's Reign of George III.

Lady Margaret Stuart, had been married but the day before to Sir James Lowther. "My Lord Oxford," said he to the King, "has laid a bet that your Majesty will be a father before Sir James." "Tell my Lord Oxford," said the King, "that I shall be glad to go him halves." It may be remarked here that the King would have been winner had his offer been accepted.* His marriage proved very prolific, which the overburdened taxpayers of England afterwards discovered to their cost.

The marriage life of George III was quite regular. His amours thereafter he managed to keep secret, with the exception of that with the Dowager Duchess Hamilton, who appears to have for awhile alienated his affections from his lawful spouse. He could not conceal his wanderings from his legitimate Court, and his wife soon mistrusted him, and discovered the beautiful cause in the person of the lovely widow of the Duke of Hamilton. This lady had won the hand of James, the Duke, when she was simply the beautiful and attractive little Elizabeth Dunning. She was at this period even more attractive as a widow than she was as a belle, and, consequently, drew over to her for awhile the affections of the King. The Queen manifested her jealousy, and it was remarked by the Court.† No doubt the well applied Caudle Lectures by the injured spouse was the cause of his sudden reformation in this respect. After children were born to him, and he found a large family growing up around him, he became a patron of good morals, and endeavored to reform the morals of the higher dignitaries of the Church, as the English clergy, from the Bishops down, had, from the examples of their sovereigns, become very loose in their morals, and many of the stipendiaries of the Church were known to keep mistresses, to the great scandal of religion. He wrote a letter to Dr. Cornwallis, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a relative of our American his-

* Walpole.

† Jesse's Reign of George III.

torical character of "surrender" fame, regarding the Bacchanalian scenes carried on at the Archbishopal Palace of Lambeth: "I hold these levities and vain dissipations," he wrote, "as utterly inexpedient to pass in a residence for many centuries devoted to divine studies and religious retirement; and from the dissatisfaction I hold these *improprieties*, not to speak in harsher terms, I trust you will suppress them immediately."

As were the prelates, such in a great measure were the inferior clergy, some stooping even to theft. At a drawing room held by the Queen in 1777, Cumberland, who was present, asserts that a nobleman had his Order, which was encircled with diamonds worth seven hundred pounds, snatched from his ribbon; and he believed the theft to have been committed by a clergyman who stood near him, but one of such high position that he did not dare charge him with it. Another attempt was made on a similar occasion to tear off the diamond guard of the sword of the Prince of Wales, which was of great value; and in this instance the known but unpunished offender was a clergyman of the Established Church. Dr. Dodd received no mercy from the King, when convicted of forgery and condemned to death, inasmuch as the monarch was resolved to make an impressive example of him to the recreant order of men to whom he belonged. Their notorious vices and unworthiness led to the beneficent reforms introduced by Wesley and Whitfield, and which endure to the present day.

Chapter Two.

THE eldest son of George III, the infamous Prince of Wales, was born at St. James' on the 12th of August, 1762.

It will little interest Americans (for whom this book is written) to enter into a full detail of the genealogical history of the house of Brunswick to prove his royal descent from "Caius Cælius, the old Roman who lived some time about the fourth century," or either to follow the old chronicles back to the time of Charlemagne to prove his noble blood, when every page of the following record goes to prove him, when weighed in the scales of moral humanity, to be not only an ordinary man, but in the words of a contemporaneous historian, a "beast of a man."* Although, as is well known, the inhabitants of monarchical countries attach great importance to hereditary rank and descent, and that a man without a genealogical tree is without a character; in our liberal Republic we care little for this—the tree we judge only by its fruits. Americans care not who a man's remote ancestors were, or how far into the misty depths of the past the bifurcation of his genealogical tree may extend, so long as the individual himself is honest and upright, and suited to the station, either public or private, he may be called to occupy.

However, the history of the immediate progenitors of our subject, George Guelph, is part of the history of our own country, for he it was that our forefathers in the Declaration of Independence stamped as a "Prince whose character was marked by every act which may define a tyrant, and unfit to be the ruler of a free people."

As the public and political acts of George III bearing upon the history of our country are pretty well defined in our nation's documents, and well known to every American schoolboy, we propose here to enter a little into the *private history* of this scion of the house of Brunswick which is not so well known.

George Guelph is given no prominence in the history of the United States, when he is, in fact, the *first cause* of our becoming an independent nation. When old King George III awakened to the fact, by the birth of his first child, that he was likely to have a large and expensive family, also that the new Prince must have a proper "royal establishment," and that this would take money, and not wishing to draw upon his own civil list, he inquired of his new Lord Chancellor, George Grenville, who had just assumed the powers of his office, how money could be procured, what new taxes could be imposed on his now over taxed subjects. Grenville, in considering the question, replied, the nation could not bear any further burdens, and proposed to the King to impose a tax on his American colonies. "Cassell's Illustrated History" says that "Grenville, a plain man, of no remarkable talent, thus inaugurated the first remarkable act of his administration by passing the Stamp Act, by which he lost us America." So none of the millions squandered by that profligate Prince of Wales, as detailed in this work, was ever wrung from Americans. Our brave ancestors spent "millions for defence" in a bloody war, but "not one cent for tribute" towards a "royal establishment."

When troubles with the American colonies were culminating, the old King was determined to have money, and insisted on his ministers in demanding from Parliament a half million of pounds (\$2,500,000) to defray some extra debts incurred by the birth of our subject and his royal brothers, who required "royal establishments" to aid them in breathing the free air of this world. The "civil list" at

this time, without the royal perquisites, was eight hundred thousand pounds a year, but the King and Queen, with most reckless disregard of economy, lavished the gold, wrung from the toiling taxpayers, on all sides in their luxurious existence. It was shown for the one item of the Royal coach there had been charged seven thousand five hundred and sixty two pounds!* His faithful Commons voted him the amount. Only think of the American President sending into Congress a demand for this item alone, among others: "For coach and horses," thirty-seven thousand eight hundred and ten dollars!! What would the opponents of "back grab" say to that?

To Americans the following description of a royal *accouchement* will undoubtedly prove interesting, having been drawn from the public prints of the time:

Agreeably to the state of etiquette, which has always been observed on the *accouchement* of the Queen of England ever since the birth of the son, or pretended son, of James II, the great officers of state are always summoned to attend the birth of a royal infant; and on the occasion of the birth of George IV there were present the Princess Dowager of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Rutland; the Lords Hardwicke, Huntingdon, Talbot, Halifax, Bute, Masham and Cantalupe, and all the ladies of the bedchamber, and the maids of honor. The whole party assembled in a room adjoining to that of the Queen, having the door open leading into it—the lords arranging themselves at the greatest possible distance—the ladies having no other restriction placed upon them than to preserve a solemn silence, the accomplishment of which was a task of almost insuperable difficulty. Delicacy had, in those days, so far the ascendancy that the obstetrical art was principally practised by females, and on this occasion the Queen was

* Cassell's History of England.

delivered by Mrs. Stephen, Dr. Hunter being in attendance amongst the ladies of the bedchamber and maids of honor, in case of his professional assistance being required.

Her Majesty was delivered exactly at twenty-four minutes after seven o'clock P. M., having been in labor above two hours. A messenger was immediately despatched to the King with the pleasing intelligence, and so delighted was he with the news that he presented the bearer of it with \$2,500 (£500,) which, of course, came out of the pockets eventually of the good taxpayers of the realm.

The Privy Council assembled with all possible despatch, and it was ordered that a settled form of prayer for the Queen's safe delivery should be prepared by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be used within the Bills of Mortality on the following Sunday, and throughout the King's dominions the Sunday after it had been received by the respective ministers.

Nothing can mark more strongly the character of a monarchical nation than the periodical publications that were put forth on this occasion. The Queen refused all medical assistance from the other sex, and was attended by a Mrs. Stephen. The obstetric science was then but faintly understood, for Dr. Denman, of London, had not written his famous work on midwifery; and reference was always made to the ancients from Aristotle to Galen, and from him to the doctors of the Sorbonne. Hence the press had teemed with numerous speculations, or rather prophecies, upon her Majesty, some not very delicate; and whilst a few denied her being *enceinte*, others entered into peripheral phenomena, and pretended to predict the sex and future destinies of the child. Mrs. Draper, who was the royal nurse, had published a pamphlet upon the subject; but such matter would not be tolerated amongst us at present, and we must dismiss such subjects as features of an age gone by. Slander was mixed up with these publica-

tions; and when the Queen appeared at the installation of the Garter at St. George's Hall, Windsor Castle, four weeks after her *accouchement*, several violent articles were written upon the indelicacy of so early an appearance; whilst she, on the other hand, was defended by her friends, upon the plea of the customs of her country being different from those of England. A man who then ruled London, with respect to opinion, as powerfully as the King himself—the Rev. Mr. Simpson—preached against the Queen's indelicacy; but he was answered in a pamphlet by the Rev. Dr. Vandergucht, who cited all that could be found upon the subject from the Bible: and although any quotation of that description was then omnipotent, still the doctor's Dutch name was mistaken by the vulgar for German—he was considered as a partisan of the Germans, and met with very severe usage from the populace.

The birth of the Prince diffused a general joy throughout the nation, and congratulatory addresses were voted to “their Majesties” by both Houses of Parliament, by the city of London, the two Universities, and the other great bodies corporate of the kingdom. We shall not, however, occupy our pages with the transcription of any of these addresses, for, considered as mere matters of form, they are unworthy of notice, and as the vehicles of the most fulsome adulation and bombastic panegyric they would be the objects of ridicule and contempt to American readers.

The young Prince soon became the object of general solicitation, and for the gratification of the public it was announced, before he was twelve days old, that his Royal Highness was to be seen at St. James', from one o'clock till three, on drawing room days. The crowd of ladies whom this offer tempted to flock to Court to see the royal infant and taste her Majesty's caudle and cake soon became immense; the daily expense for cake alone was estimated at \$200 (£40,) and the consumption of wine was greater than could have

been expected. All persons of title and fashion were permitted to enter the sacred presence of royalty and gaze upon the little scion of Brunswick, but under important rules and restrictions, laid down by the Grand Master of Ceremonies, partly as follows: "Visitors must step with great caution and as noiselessly as possible." "Visitors must not touch the royal infant." For the better protecting his sacred person from the vulgar contact, a kind of Chinese screen was set up across the room, through the lattice of which only were the visitors allowed to gaze on his sacred person. "Oh, ain't he beautiful!" "How sweet!" "Oh, how I would like to kiss him!"* and other suppressed exclamations were heard from the admiring female visitors.

How little did those ladies imagine that that little bundle of humanity would eventually become one of the greatest seducers of their sex the world has ever known.

The eldest son of the King of Great Britain is known as the Prince of Wales, but he is not *born* to the title, but is always created such after his birth by "royal letters patent." So, on the fifth day after the birth of little George, a grand ceremony was had for the investiture. We will not go into all the details of the ceremony, but merely state that the "gold verge," "cap coronet," "great seal," "gold ring," etc., etc., did their duty on the occasion, and the young infant was duly created Prince of Wales.

It may be as well to state here the titles he was born to. Besides being the heir apparent to the crown of Great Britain, he was likewise hereditary Steward of Scotland, Duke of Rothsay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, and Duke of Cornwall. This last title is very important, as the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall are very extensive, and the Prince of Wales is entitled to them from the day of his birth.

It may be interesting to American citizens of Irish birth to know that among the numerous titles of the Prince of Wales he enjoys no *Irish* honors or titles.

* Life of George IV. London.

On the 18th of September the royal infant went through the important ceremony of baptism in the great council chamber of the Palace. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dukes of Cumberland, of Devonshire, and the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz being godfathers; the Dowager Princess of Wales being god-mother. Here certainly was enough of paternity and maternity to have kept this royal child in the paths of rectitude and virtue in his more mature age; but they must have been sadly deficient in carrying out the behoofs of their office as prescribed by the rules of the Church and exemplified in the after life of their royal godchild.

The important consideration of settling the royal infantile establishment was now determined by the appointment of the following persons to office as follows :

- Lady Charlotte Finch, Grand Governess.
- Mrs. Henrietta Coultworth, Deputy Governess.
- Mrs. Scott, Dry Nurse.
- Mrs. Chapman, Necessary Woman.
- Mrs. Dodson, First Rocker.
- Jane Simpson, Second Rocker.



Who was the cantatrice or chanter of the lullabies, history saith not, but *we* opine that the most necessary and important of these offices, when taking the age of our illustrious subject into consideration, must have been the "necessary woman."

Royalty robs a mother of one of her sweetest enjoyments, it being contrary to royal etiquette for a Queen of England to suckle her own child.

Just before the Prince became *three* years of age, he was called upon to go through his first official act; accordingly he was tutored and drilled for a week or so in advance. He was to reply to a public address presented from the Society of Ancient Britons, who were to appear before him to solicit

his patronage for an institution of charity attached to their principality, from which he derives his title, Prince of Wales.

After much drilling and rehearsing he learned to speak his little piece; so, on St. David's Day, the 1st of March, 1765, the governors, officers, and members of the august Society of Ancient Britons appeared before his royal infantile presence and presented the address. "Your royal parents," said that important document, "remember no period of their lives too early for doing good; and when a few years shall have called forth your virtues into action, your Royal Highness may perhaps reflect with satisfaction upon your faithful Ancient Britons thus laying themselves at your feet."

The Prince then stood on his little feet and replied: "Gentlemen, I thank you for this mark of your duty to the King, and wish prosperity to the charity." The journals of the day announced with a great flourish that the noble Prince delivered his reply with great dignity and propriety, and that his action was admirable. At the conclusion of these interesting infantile ceremonies, the little Prince was handed a purse containing \$500 (£100,) which he donated to the treasury of the "Society of Ancient Britons."

In 1765 the Prince was made a Knight Companion of the "most noble Order of the Garter," and in 1766 was inoculated for the smallpox.

It was on the 25th of October, 1769, that the Prince of Wales, then only in his seventh year, with his brothers and sister, the Bishop of Osnaburg (the Duke of York,) Prince William, and the Princess Royal, held their first drawing room; the latter was only then in her second year; and certainly it could only have entered into the head of a German Princess, who had been accustomed to infantine drawing rooms, to place the children of the King of England in such a truly ridiculous situation. The historians of those days inform us that the young Princes received the company with the utmost grace and affability; but, on the other hand,

the caricaturists were not idle, for there is a caricature in existence, in which, in ridicule of these infantine drawing rooms, the Prince of Wales is made to enter the room with a kite on his back, the Bishop of Osnaburg with his hobby horse between his legs, Prince William is spinning his top, and the Princess Royal is behind a screen receiving some very indispensable assistance from her nursery woman. The ridicule with which these drawing rooms was received soon induced the Queen to discontinue them; and, indeed, Her Majesty found it a difficult matter to persuade either the Prince of Wales or the Bishop of Osnaburg to attend them; and on one occasion, when the royal youths were engaged in a game of cricket, and were called upon to dress for the drawing room, they returned a message that the company were to wait till the game was over.

A Prince is not educated like a common individual. He must have certain peculiar preceptors, who receive dictum from the King. Parliament appears to have nothing to do with this all important office, although it can limit the settlement of the crown and arrange marriages of the royal family. The education of Princes is a prerogative of the King, of which the two Houses have no right to interfere. The education of the Prince of Wales was conducted on a plan calculated to make him both a respectable and a polished scholar, to outward appearance; but, on the other hand, it was not calculated to make him a wise Prince or a great monarch. Dr. Markham was his accredited preceptor, and Lord Bruce was appointed his governor. Some changes were afterwards made. Dr. Markham was succeeded by Dr. Hurd; afterwards he had Dr. Jackson, and Markham was dismissed. There was some difference between the governor and the tutor as to the studies of the royal pupil. The plan of the Prince's education as followed by Dr. Markham was laid down by the King himself. It was conducted with too much austerity—with too little regard to the great prac-

tical principles of common life. The moment the education was considered completed, and the Prince freed from his studies, he felt as a prisoner released from confinement, and, like any boy out of school, he was wild and eccentric. He had been unwisely debarred from the natural pleasures of youth, and when free plunged headlong into the pleasures and dissipations of London society.

Upon finishing his education, and being released from the control of his tutors, a number of persons of a perfectly opposite character were in waiting to celebrate his freedom, and administer to his gratification and delight. Among them the nation must ever lament were certain individuals celebrated for the splendor of their talents and vices, and in their earliest intercourse with the Prince much more ready to corrupt his morals by the one than to enlarge and elevate his mind by the other.

Here we catch the first glimpse of the cause of those painful misunderstandings which took place between the then sovereign and the heir apparent. The early friends of the Prince were in avowed opposition to the Government, and they soon infused their hatred of ministers and their jealousy of the King into the unsuspecting mind and susceptible heart of their illustrious companion. On political grounds alone the King had reason to be incensed at their influence over his son; but when to this we add the moral injury they were inflicting on one whom the pious father wished above all things to train for God and his country, we cannot wonder that, wounded by their arts on his royal, his paternal, and his Christian feelings, he should have set his face against the men, and treated with rigor the son who had made them his companions.

It cannot, however, be denied that on those points in which the preceptors of the Prince were answerable their duty was well performed. On attaining the years of majority he was unquestionably the most accomplished young

Prince in Europe. His knowledge of the ancient languages was correct and extensive, and of the modern dialects. He could converse with ease and fluency in French, German, and Italian. His attainments as a polite scholar were so universally admitted that it is unnecessary here to dwell upon them further than to observe that the best English writers, particularly the poets, were familiar to His Royal Highness; and that on all subjects relating to *belles lettres* there were few critics who possessed a purer taste or a more refined judgment.

In those accomplishments, which may be deemed rather elegant than necessary, he had made a proficiency equally striking. He had cultivated the science of music with great success, and, considered with that indulgence which is always due to an amateur, he excelled both as a vocal and as an instrumental performer. His taste in the fine arts has in many instances been strikingly exemplified, and the interest which he took, at a subsequent period, in their prosperity may be judged from the munificence with which his artists have ever been rewarded.

The manner in which the birthday of Prince George was celebrated at Windsor, in the year 1781, is thus described in a letter from Windsor:

“We had the most brilliant company here yesterday of any this season. Great numbers of the nobility and gentry of both sexes came to compliment their Majesties and the royal family on the Prince’s birthday. In the evening the terrace was so crowded that the King, Queen, and Princesses did not walk more than half an hour, and then went into their apartments.

“The public celebration of this day of festivity did not commence till this morning, when there was a review in the park and firing volleys. About two o’clock the royal family went from the Queen’s house to an apartment in one of the towers, whilst the terrace underneath was crowded with

the greatest number of nobility of both sexes seen together for many years. The Yorkshire Volunteers, commanded by Lord Fauconberg, were drawn up on King Charles' Bowling Green about three o'clock, and fired a *feu de joie*, which was followed by three cheers from the battalion, who immediately formed into files and marched off with their colors lowered in honor of the royal presence.

"After this, their Majesties and the Prince of Wales, with the rest of the royal family, proceeded to St. George's Hall, where they dined with about eighty of the nobility; and in the evening there was a grand ball at the Castle, which did not break up till five the next morning, and was remarkably brilliant and crowded. Windsor was also illuminated at night, and the day closed with bonfires and other demonstrations of joy.

"The entertainment was upon the same plan as those given by the King at the Queen's Palace, with this difference, that the three tables were in one room, viz., St. George's Hall. The King and Queen, Prince Edward, Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, and Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Argyll, Ladies Effingham, Egremont, and Weymouth, supped at a small table facing the company under a canopy.

"At the second table was the Prince of Wales, Lady Augusta Campbell on one side, and one of the young Ladies Dunmore on the other side; the Duke of Cumberland, Duke of Dorset, Marquis of Graham, and all the young nobility that danced.

"At the third table were the Dukes of Queensberry and Montagu, Lords North, Boston, Weymouth, Southampton, etc.; Ladies Clarendon, Boston, Fauconberg, North, Dunmore, Courtown, etc. There were thirty-four covers at each table.

"The Prince of Wales danced with Lady Augusta Campbell; the Duke of Cumberland danced some part of the

night with the Princess Royal, and the remaining part with the young Lady Dunmore; Prince Edward danced with the Princess Augusta; and the Duke of Dorset with the Princess Royal. Their Majesties, etc., supped at twelve o'clock, and retired at five."

One of the greatest beauties of the British Court, and who, consequently, was the chosen favorite of the Prince of Wales, assisted at this fête. This individual was Lady Sarah Campbell, the selected partner of the Prince at the table and the ball; and, perhaps, a more angelic creature never captivated his affections. The assiduities which the heir apparent to the crown may show towards any particular lady have something in them of a wholly different character than those which pass between individuals whose rank and station are equal; the former can have only *one* object in view—the possession of the person—for the usual expectation of any matrimonial union resulting from the familiar and affectionate intercourse cannot for a moment be entertained; and, therefore, to the strictly virtuous female, whom no blandishments, however royal, can divert from the path of modesty, cannot be received but with the most repulsive indignation. The keenness of the female eye sees at once *the aim*, where any great disparity of rank exists; and to the honor of Lady Sarah Campbell, be it said, that she did see *the aim* of the Prince's attentions; and, although she might have loved—and if one line in the composition of Prince George be true, she might have received and given "the stolen kiss," yet all beyond was preserved as pure as the pearl taken from its native shell. She saw the danger with which she was surrounded; the chain was not yet so strongly entwined around her but it might be broken. She did break it, and became the wife of one of the most amiable noblemen of the day. He essayed the poetic element on this lovely being, but signally failed; here are some of his sentiments:

Oh! Campbell, the scene of to-night
 Has open'd the wound of my heart;
 It has shown me how great the delight
 Which the charms of thy converse impart.
 I've known what it is to be gay,
 I've revell'd in joy's fleeting hour,
 I've wish'd for the close of the day,
 To meet in a thick woven bower.

'Twas there that the soft stolen kiss,
 'Twas there that the throb of our hearts,
 Betray'd that we wish'd for the bliss
 Which love, and love only, imparts.
 But fate will those hearts oft dis sever,
 By nature design'd for each other;
 But why should they part? and forever!
 And forced their affections to smother.

How short and how blissful the hour
 When round each lone hamlet we stray'd
 When passion each heart could o'erpower,
 And a sigh the sweet feelings betray'd.
 Oh whence is that glance of the mind
 Which scenes that are past oft renews:
 Which shows them, in colors refined,
 With fancy's bright glitt'ring hues?

Now, sweet be thy slumbers, my friend,
 And sweet be the dreams of thy soul;
 Around thee may angels attend,
 And visions of happiness roll.

* * * *

This was one of his first failures in the field of love.

A very alarming circumstance happened at this time to the Prince, which might have been attended with the most disastrous consequences. He was invited to dine with Lord Chesterfield at his house at Blackheath, when the whole party having drank too freely, they set their invention to work as to what acts of mischief they could commit. Amongst other acts, one of the party let loose a large dog

of a ferocious disposition, which immediately flew at one of the footmen who was looking on, tore one of his arms in a shocking manner, and nearly strangled a horse. The whole company now formed themselves into a compact body and assailed Towzer, who defended himself with great resolution, and he had just caught hold of the skirts of the coat of the Prince, when one of the party, by a blow on the head, felled the dog to the ground. In the confusion, however, the Earl of Chesterfield fell down the steps leading to his house, and very severely injured the back part of his head. The Prince, who scarcely knew whether he had been fighting a dog or a man, jumped into his phaeton as best he could, and there fell fast asleep, leaving the reins to his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, who conducted him safely to town. He was drunk.

The period when a young man of illustrious rank and splendid fortune attains his majority forms an important epoch in his life. The young nobility of England, educated for the most part at schools and at the universities, when they come of age have generally acquired a tolerable share of experience in the world. Their companions in their outset in life are generally those with whom they have associated at school; and their previous habits of thinking and acting for themselves, which the public seminaries are so admirably calculated to teach, fit them to enter on the great theatre of the world with credit and advantage.

With our Prince, however, the case was wholly different; he had been educated, indeed, under the ablest masters, and his progress in all the useful, and many of the ornamental, branches of learning reflected equal honor on the diligence of the teachers and the capacity of the pupil; but a knowledge of real life formed no part of the system of his education, and he made his entrance into public life under the disadvantage of having passed his youth in a state of seclusion and restraint. In order to give some idea of the

restrictions that were imposed on the Prince to prevent him mingling with society, we will relate the following anecdote: About a twelvemonth before he attained his legal majority, he received the invitations of some of the most distinguished nobility to make a tour through the country during the summer months, when their respective residences should be prepared for the reception of their illustrious guest. This invitation, as may be conceived, was eagerly accepted by the young Prince, and preparations were actually made for his journey; but, when the consent of his father was asked, the King refused to permit the design to be carried into execution. A system of restraint pushed to this extent could not fail to have an injurious influence on the conduct of the Prince at his first introduction to public life; for, in proportion to the force of the restraint which was put upon him, so were his gay and wanton wanderings when he found himself emancipated from the trammels of all parental and scholastic authority.

In one of these cases, when the consent of the King was asked, it was refused on the ground that His Majesty had it himself in contemplation to proceed on a party of pleasure, in which it was his royal will that the Prince should accompany him; and, with the view of giving to the Prince some real and substantial ground for his refusal, His Majesty projected a trip to the Nore, which took place in the month of August, 1781. The King and the Prince embarked in different yachts, and as they proceeded down the river they were saluted as they passed Woolwich Warren by the ships in Long Reach, and by Tilbury and Gravesend Forts, and about four in the afternoon they anchored in Sea Reach. At five o'clock in the morning the yachts got under way, and arrived at Blackstakes about nine. The King and Prince went on shore, and visited the dockyard and new fortifications; about twelve they left the yard and

returned to the Nore, where they were saluted by Vice-Admiral Parker and his squadron, who had at that moment come to an anchor. In the evening the King and the Prince went on board the *Fortitude*, on which ship the Admiral's flag was flying; His Majesty retired into the great cabin, where the captain and officers of the squadron were graciously received, and had the honor to kiss His Majesty's hand. The King and Prince, after visiting the several parts of the ship, returned to their yachts, and sailed for Chatham, where they arrived at nine o'clock the same day.

This trip of the King was regarded at the time as merely undertaken to alleviate the pain of disappointment which the Prince experienced in not being allowed to accept of the invitation of the nobility to visit their country residences, and it met with the ridicule which it deserved. A wit of the age thus describes it:

“The King and Prince went to the Nore,
They saw the ships and main;
The Prince and King they went on shore,
And then came back again.”

Among the various accomplishments which distinguished the Prince, his skill as a musician was particularly conspicuous. He was a very superior performer on the violoncello, having been instructed on that instrument by the celebrated Crossdill, whose unrivalled performances were the theme of universal admiration, not only in England, but on every part of the continent. The merit of this eminent man was greatly aided by his intercourse with the polite world, and His Royal Highness was so well pleased with his gentlemanly deportment and elegant manners that he made him his companion, and honored him with his company at all his musical parties. Crossdill retired early from the profession, but appeared at the coronation, being the only performer who had attended the coronation of George III,

which he did as one of the choristers of Westminster Abbey.

The Prince was not merely an instrumentalist, but he was also a vocal performer of no mean celebrity. Sir William Parsons, the Master and Conductor of the King's Band, had the honor of instructing him in singing; and it was very justly and happily said of him that he was not only a musician amongst princes, but a prince amongst musicians. He possessed not only a very good voice, but a very correct knowledge of the science. He was a very effective member of the Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Catch and Glee Club at the Thatched House Tavern, which he attended very frequently, conversing with the utmost familiarity with all the professors, and occasionally taking a part in the different compositions which were performed with great effect. He is the reputed author to the second verse to the glee of *The Happy Fellow*, "I'll ne'er," etc.; and also of the additional verse to the song, "By the Gaily Circling Glass," which he was accustomed to sing in his convivial moments with great effect, when sometimes he would take a glass too much.

Although he was so partial to Crossdill, it did not prevent his enjoying the gratification of hearing and appreciating the merits of Cervetto, his talented competitor. Speaking of the performances of these eminent men, he was heard to say that the execution of Crossdill had all the fire and brilliancy of the sun, whilst that of Cervetto had all the sweetness and mildness of the moonbeam. It was his delight to attend the Italian Opera merely to hear Cervetto's accompaniments of the recitatives, which were acknowledged to be unrivalled. It was a banquet for the ear, he said, at which his appetite increased in proportion as it was administered to. At one of his last musical parties he commanded a trio of Corelli's to be performed on two violoncellos and a double bass by Cervetto, Dragonetti, and

Schrum; the latter was a musician attached to his household, but whose health did not permit his accepting of any public engagement; his great merits were therefore only known to a few individuals of the profession, and to the illustrious individual who patronized him.

The Prince was, with his royal brothers the Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge, a director of the King's Concert of Ancient Music, at Hanover Square Rooms, selecting the music for the first night's performance, and presided in the directors' box. He also patronized the annual benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, given in conjunction with the above mentioned concerts. He was also the patron of the Philharmonic Society, but, from some supposed personal slight which was shown to a lady who was then considered to stand the highest in his estimation, he at a future period withdrew his attendance from the Ancient Concerts, although he continued to support them by his subscriptions.

At this period of his life of which we are now treating, he was the great and liberal supporter of all musical concerns: the Opera, the Pantheon, the Professional Concerts; Vauxhall, and his favorite resort the Rotunda at Ranelagh Garden, which he was accustomed to visit almost every evening, enjoying the promenade, surrounded by and discoursing with all the *elegantes* of fashion, and the object of universal admiration. Intriguing with pretty actresses of the popular theatres, he was often seen behind the scenes.

But he was also the object of notoriety on another account, for he frequently degraded himself by being the principal in the broils which took place in the gardens; and it is an accredited fact that he always had a number of resolute fellows at hand who were prepared to rescue him when he was likely to be overmatched. To this circumstance may be attributed the patronage which he afterwards bestowed on the most celebrated pugilists of the day; for

he himself had been tutored by Angelo in the art of self-defence; and, urged on by the courage natural to his family, he was often led on to be the aggressor, especially if the object in dispute were a female. It was, however, generally in disguise that he committed these indiscretions; and the masquerades, which were then more prevalent than at present, were the grand scenes of his libertinism. A ludicrous circumstance has been mentioned connected with these frolics, which we have heard related by one of the parties present. At a masquerade in which the Prince appeared in the character of a Spanish grandee, accompanied by four of his squires, he paid particular attention to a nun, who appeared to be under the protection of a youthful sailor. The assiduities on the part of the grandee were evidently unwelcome to the fair Ursuline, and the gallant tar threatened instantaneous chastisement if any further provocation was given; the grandee, however, was not to be daunted, and he was very ably supported by his squires, who, boasting of the high and noble descent of their master, declared it to be an act of the greatest condescension in him to hold any parley with a common English sailor. Some high words arose, and some taunting expressions were used, tending to imply the opinion that the fair nun possessed no real pretensions to the character which she had assumed. At last, some allusion having been made to the ladies of Portsmouth Point, the choler of the sailor could no longer brook the indignity, and a general row was the consequence. The constables were called in, and the disputants, in a posse, were marched off to the watch house, the Spanish grandee leading the way in all his gorgeous finery. On arriving in the presence of the constable of the night, the culprits were called upon to declare their real characters. The grandee unmasked, as did also the sailor. —“Eh! William, is it you?” exclaimed the former; “Eh! George, is it you?” exclaimed the latter. The

sailor was no other than the future sovereign. The whole of the party burst into a loud laugh. The constable was confounded when he saw the heir apparent of the crown before him; he received a guinea, and the parties retired to complete the frolics of the night.

The Prince was deeply concerned in the affairs of the Opera House, and after that theatre was unfortunately destroyed by fire, in 1785, he, from a sense of justice, sided with the old proprietors and creditors under Mr. Taylor, in consequence of the Marquis of Salisbury, then Lord Chamberlain, aided by the Duke of Bedford, granting a license to O'Reilly for an Italian Opera at the Pantheon; but, after this theatre was also destroyed, an accommodation was entered into through the influence of the Prince by which the license was again transferred to the old proprietors in the Haymarket, but saddled with an incumbrance of £30,000 occasioned by losses incurred at the Pantheon.

It is not perhaps generally known that a certain ambassador at one of the northern Courts owes his elevation principally to the skill which he displayed at Carlton House on the violoncello, the favorite instrument of the Prince; it deserves to be mentioned as a rather singular coincidence that two of the most confidential servants of the Regent owed their elevation to their skill in music.

In entering upon that part of the life of the Prince when his illicit passions were first excited, we are fully aware that we are treading on delicate ground, and that the task is one of difficulty, so to steer the middle course as, on the one hand, not to avert our view from the actual truth, and, on the other, not to overstep the bounds prescribed by duty.

The depraved appetite of the sensualist might be gratified by the revelations of certain scenes, which the general interests of society demand should be kept in the background.

It has been generally believed that Mrs. Robinson was the first object of the Prince's affections. As regards public notoriety this was true, but his attachment to the beautiful maid of honor, Harriot Vernon, preceded this connection. The commencement of this girl's Court life was as brilliant as its close was dark and dismal. She had not long been a resident of the household before her black eyes and sylphlike form attracted the notice of the Prince, who was just approaching his majority. The secluded manner in which he had been reared prevented for a time any familiar intercourse; but it happened that the apartments which were allotted to the Prince looked exactly upon the rooms opposite, inhabited by the maids of honor, and it was here they first conversed, not by words but by signs, too expressive of the mutual feelings of their hearts to be misunderstood by either. It was through the medium of Lord Malden, afterwards the Earl of Essex, who subsequently made such a conspicuous figure in the negotiation with the celebrated Perdita, that the great difficulty of obtaining a private interview with the illfated girl was overcome. After a prolonged correspondence, a clandestine meeting with the beautiful object of his passion was arranged in a retired part of Kew Gardens. A Marplot now appears upon the scene in the person of the Duke of York. The attachment of the two brothers was truly fraternal, and, except during those hours devoted to their studies, they were almost inseparable companions; consequently, one of the greatest difficulties to be surmounted to prevent the detection of the lovers was how to conceal the amour from the Duke. This was, under the circumstances, impossible, and the Prince at last, trusting to the generosity of his brother, made him his confidant, and the sequel will show that it was this very circumstance which saved the lovers from detection. On the night appointed for the meeting, it was the opinion of the Prince and of Harriot that the sun

moved slower towards the west than on any other evening; but darkness came at last. Disguised in one of Lord Malden's great coats, the Prince hastened to the appointed spot. There was Harriot Vernon, the object of his ardent passion—of his second, and, as he conceived, of his unalterable love. It was, however, perhaps the guardian spirit that was watching over the innocence of the lovely, yielding girl, that prompted the King just on that evening, and just at that critical moment, to command the presence of the Prince to play a game at chess; but the Prince was not to be found. The Duke, anxious for the safety of his brother, hastened to the place of assignation. Never, perhaps, did the Prince regret his knowledge of the game at chess more than at this moment; one more, and as sweet a rosebud as ever bloomed on its parent stem, would have lain defoliated at his feet; but the barrier was broken down, although the citadel was not yet gained. The conquest, however, was not long retarded; it fell, after a faint resistance, and the triumph of the victor was complete.

We will throw a veil over the future relations of this beautiful girl with the Prince, and we wish that we had it in our power wholly to exonerate him from the charge of neglect and indifference towards her after she had sacrificed to him all that was the most dear to her on earth. He had enjoyed the kernel, the shell was not worth his keeping, and he threw it away to hasten in search of another which had yet something of value to give him. The tears which she shed are to his account, and the sighs which rose from her breaking heart must have often burst on his ear, and startled him in the midst of his midnight orgies, as the sound of some accusing spirit telling of the innocence which he had destroyed.

That the royal parents were not entirely ignorant of the predilection of His Royal Highness for the beautiful maid of honor may be deduced from the following conversation

which took place between the Queen and the Prince; and it was conjectured at the time that she purposely introduced the subject to give her an opportunity of letting the young libertine know that she was not so ignorant of his amours as he supposed her to be:

“Well,” said Her Majesty, taking it on the whole, the life of a maid of honor is a very monotonous one.”

“I perfectly agree with your Majesty,” said the Prince; “it must be dulness itself; for what can be more vexatious to the spirits than to make one of a formal procession through the presence chamber to the drawing room; never to speak but when she is spoken to; to make an occasional one of six large hoops in a royal coach; to make up, at least, two new Court suits a year, and to aid the languor of an easy party at a side box in a royal play?”

“And, George, is there no other act which a maid of honor performs?” asked the Queen, significantly.

“Oh yes,” replied the Prince, “she goes to plays, concerts, oratorios, etc., gratis; she has physicians without fees, and medicines without an apothecary’s bill.”

“But you have forgotten one very material act,” said the Queen.

“Very likely,” said the Prince, “the acts of a maid of honor formed no part of my education.”

“Then I will tell you one,” said the Queen, “of which you have lately attained the knowledge, and that is, you were right when you said that a maid of honor goes to plays, and concerts, and oratorios gratis; but you forgot to add that she also flirts with young Princes, and goes to meet them by moonlight—and is that also gratis?”

The Prince was completely confounded. “His Majesty requires your presence in the library,” said the Queen. The Prince took the hint and retired, stung with mortification at the rebuke which he had received.

A few days previous to this conversation Harriot Ver-

non had ceased to be an honorable maid; the day subsequent to it she was no longer a maid of honor.

It cannot be concealed that one of the greatest faults of the Prince at this time was his unbounded propensity to gallantry; he had formed a connection with certain persons whose principal aim appears to have been to exalt him in his own opinion, and who servilely fell into all his views for their own aggrandizement. There was no act too grovelling nor too base to which they would not stoop to ingratiate themselves in his favor; there was no virtue which they would not attempt to undermine to pander to his passions. It must be admitted that they were men of superior talents and education; but, as the companions of a Prince naturally addicted to libertinism, they were perhaps on that very account the very worst men he could have selected as his associates. In manners they were themselves debauched and profligate; in fortunes they were broken, and it was for the amendment of the latter that they looked up to the Prince. The period was fast approaching when a separate establishment was to be formed for the Prince commensurate to his rank as the heir apparent to the Crown; and the uncontrolled command of an income adequate to the support and dignity of that exalted station was looked forward to as the event which would enable them to enrich themselves, and this they well knew could be effected in proportion as they administered to the gratification of his governing passions. It was, therefore, a part of their plan to entangle him in nets from which he could not extricate himself without their assistance; they became the confidants of his actions, the depositaries of his secrets; and thus he insensibly fell into their power, which they knew how to wield to their advantage whenever the opportunity presented itself.

The Prince was indebted to nature for a fine and handsome person; to art for a graceful exterior, and the most polished manners. His accomplishments were of the first

order, but his flatterers were incessantly employed to make him believe that they were much greater than they really were. They inspired him with the belief that, in regard to female favors, he had only to ask and to receive; and it must be acknowledged that a great number of the blooming women, who by their beauty adorned the Court of his mother, required little or no persuasion to concede to his wishes; they even appeared to be vain of the honor of being thought in possession of such personal attractions as to captivate the affections of such a Prince, and so far from repelling him in his advances, they encouraged him—in many instances anticipated him—and in all, gloried in their conquest. With every fresh amour his appetite appeared to be sharpened; with the possession of each object his self opinion and his natural inconstancy increased. Like the bee, he roamed from flower to flower, sipped the honey, but never visited that flower again. That these amours often led him into some serious scrapes may be easily imagined; in many instances he had to contend with the jealousy of the husband or the wounded honor of the brother; or, perhaps, what was still more dangerous, and more liable to lead to an exposure, the envy and hate of other females who were aspiring to his affections, and who, consequently, could not endure the triumph of a rival. The following is one of those cases in which he was extricated by the mere presence of mind of one of his confidential associates who resided in the Palace:

One of the most celebrated beauties of the British Court at this time was a lady whose husband enjoyed a situation in the household, with apartments in the Palace as his residence. His avocations frequently required his personal attendance in town, and it was during these temporary visits that the Prince succeeded in ingratiating himself in the good opinion of his angelic wife; but it happened that one of those events took place which the imp's

of mischief are sometimes so industriously and provokingly employed in bringing about for the purpose of marring the happiness of human beings when it is the least expected by them. The husband had on one occasion expressed his determination to remain in town during the night, as he did not expect that his business could be completed so as to admit of his return during the day. As might be expected, the advantage of this opportunity was not to be lost; it was most anxiously embraced by both parties, and the sleeping apartment of the Prince was on that night to be tenantless. It happened, however, that the business of the gentleman was finished sooner than he expected; and as the hour of midnight struck from the tower of the Palace, he was heard knocking at the outer door of his apartments in the court yard. Consternation filled the breasts of the hitherto happy lovers. To escape out of the room was impossible; a detection would be the inevitable ruin of one of the parties, and the indelible disgrace of the other. In this emergency no other resource was left but concealment in a small adjoining room, but then the confinement would continue the whole of the night, and the escape in the morning, when the whole of the household would be in motion, could not be expected to be accomplished without a discovery. But there was no alternative; the Prince slipped on his clothes, and hurried into the adjoining room. He was, however, rescued from his distressing situation by the tact of Mr. Cholmondely, who in this amour was the confidant of the Prince, and who, on seeing the husband knocking at the door of his apartments, hurried towards him, and addressing him, said, "My dear fellow, I am truly rejoiced at your return; something rather of an unpleasant nature has happened to the Prince, and he commanded me to desire your attendance in my apartments immediately on your return. Accompany me, therefore, thither without delay, and I will hasten to apprise the Prince that you are in attendance." There was nothing

by any means improbable in the Prince being in some dilemma, as it was by no means a case of rarity, and the gentleman therefore most willingly accompanied Mr. Cholmondely to his apartments, where he was politely invited to repose himself until Mr. C. went in search of the Prince. The sequel may be easily foreseen; Mr. Cholmondely hastened to the lady's apartments, liberated the royal lover from his confinement, and hastening back to the husband, he informed him that the Prince had retired to rest; and on the following morning he was informed that the business had been arranged without his interference.

During the earlier years of the Prince his passions were vehement, and his temper unmanageable; but his generosity was unbounded, and his faults appeared to be those which observation and experience would materially alter. To literature or to science he was not, however, much attached, and his amusements were chiefly those which unfortunately encouraged expensive habits and dangerous associations. Yet on the Prince the hopes of the nation were centred; and, habitually kind and indulgent towards their rulers, the English viewed with a favorable eye the follies of his youth, and predicted a maturity of great and generous principles. The first event, however, which peculiarly attracted public attention, and which occurred prior to the Prince having attained his majority, tended, in some measure, to alter public opinion. On entering upon that subject a great degree of delicacy is required in the relation, not only in regard to the illustrious subject of these memoirs, but also as far as it respects the fame of one whose beauty, whose talents, and whose misfortunes cannot fail to interest every susceptible mind in her favor. There are few of our readers who have not heard or read of the lovely, beautiful, and in many respects highly talented Mrs. Mary Robinson. This lady was the wife of a careless, neglectful, and profligate young man, who left her, with her fascinating, mental; and

personal attractions, exposed to the gaze and blandishments of libertine rank and fashion. A separation had taken place between them; and on an introduction to Garrick and Sheridan she was encouraged to adopt the stage as the means of her future subsistence. She accordingly came out at Drury Lane Theatre in the character of *Juliet*, in which she was eminently successful, and ultimately obtained an engagement, at a high salary, to enact the principal characters in tragedy and comedy.

At the period when Mrs. Robinson first attracted the attention of the Prince she was in the twenty-first and His Royal Highness in the nineteenth year of his age. She has herself left us the history of her intercourse with the Prince, written at a season when the heart deals with sincerity—in a season of sickness and dejection; when the gay prospects of her early life had vanished from her eyes, and nothing remained for her but an existence, struggling with personal inconvenience, debility of frame, and unavailing regrets. The narrative which she has left us of this connection carries with it indubitable evidence of its veracity, and though some allowance must be made for one who speaks or, perhaps, to use a more appropriate phrase, who rather pleads in her own behalf, still an air of candor and sincerity so pervades that portion of her memoirs to which we more particularly allude that we feel no hesitation in using her own materials to give the narrative of the Prince's first *public* introduction into the world of gallantry; we say public, for although it was well known that he had, like a wandering bee, been sipping the sweets from many an opening flower, and in which the bee too often left its sting behind; yet it was only some of the airy spirits who hovered about the dark recesses of the gardens of Kew, or inhabited the sylvan haunts of Richmond's groves, who could tell the tale of how the lovely rosebud fell defoliated, to wither and die neglected. With Mrs. Robinson, however, the Prince may

be said to have publicly exhibited himself in the temple of Venus, and it must be admitted that his knee was never bent before a more lovely or more angelic votary of the goddess, for she looked, without doubt, as she herself said in the play—

“A bank for Love to lie and play on.”

Mrs. Robinson commences her narrative by stating that “the play of ‘The Winter’s Tale’ was this season commanded by their Majesties; I never had performed before the royal family, and the first character in which I was destined to appear was that of *Perdita*. I had frequently played the part, both with the *Hermione* of Mrs. Hartley and Miss Farren, but I felt a strange degree of alarm when I found my name announced to perform it before the royal family.

“In the green room I was rallied on the occasion; and Mr. Smith, whose gentlemanly manners and enlightened conversation rendered him an ornament to the profession, who performed the part of *Leontes*, laughingly exclaimed, ‘By Jove, Mrs. Robinson, you will make a conquest of the Prince, for to-night you look handsomer than ever.’ I smiled at the unmerited compliment, and little foresaw the vast variety of events that would arise from that night’s exhibition.

“As I stood in the wing opposite the Prince’s box, waiting to go on the stage, Mr. Ford, the manager’s son, presented a friend who accompanied him; this friend was Lord Viscount Malden, afterwards Earl of Essex. We entered into conversation during a few minutes, the Prince all the time observing us, and frequently speaking to Colonel (afterwards General) Lake, and to the Honorable Mr. Legge, brother to Lord Lewisham, who was in waiting on His Royal Highness. I hurried through the first scene, not without much embarrassment, owing to the fixed attention with which the Prince of Wales honored me; indeed, some flat-

tering remarks, which were made by His Royal Highness, met my ear as I stood near his box, and I was overwhelmed with confusion.

“The Prince’s particular attention was observed by every one, and I was again rallied at the end of the play. On the last curtsey, the royal family condescendingly returned a bow to the performers; but just as the curtain was falling my eyes met those of the Prince of Wales, and with a look, that *I never shall forget*, he gently inclined his head a second time; I felt the compliment, and blushed my gratitude.

“During the entertainment, Lord Malden never ceased conversing with me; he was young, pleasing, and perfectly accomplished. He remarked the particular applause which the Prince had bestowed on my performance; said a thousand civil things, and detained me in conversation till the evening’s performance was concluded.

“I was now going to my chair which waited, when I met the royal family crossing the stage; I was again honored with a very marked and low bow from the Prince of Wales. On my return home, I had a party at supper, and the whole conversation centred in encomiums on the person, grace, and amiable manners of the illustrious heir apparent.

“Within two or three days of this time, Lord Malden paid me a morning visit. Mr. Robinson was not at home, and I received him rather awkwardly. But his Lordship’s embarrassment far exceeded mine; he attempted to speak—paused—hesitated—apologized; I knew not why. He hoped I would pardon him; that I would not mention something he had to communicate; that I would consider the peculiar delicacy of his situation, and then act as I thought proper. I could not comprehend his meaning, and therefore requested that he would be explicit.

“After some moments of evident rumination, he tremblingly drew a small letter from his pocket. I took it, and knew not what to say. It was addressed to *Perdita*. I

smiled, I believe rather sarcastically, and opened the billet. It contained only a few words, but those expressive of mere common civility; they were signed *Florizel*.*

“ ‘Well, my Lord, and what does this mean?’ said I, half angrily.

“ ‘Can you not guess the writer?’ said Lord Malden.

“ ‘Perhaps yourself, my Lord?’ cried I, gravely.

“ ‘Upon my honor, no!’ said the Viscount, ‘I should not have dared so to address you on so short an acquaintance.’

“I pressed him to tell me from whom the letter came. He again hesitated; he seemed confused, and sorry that he had undertaken to deliver it. ‘I hope I shall not forfeit your good opinion,’ said he, ‘but——’


“ ‘But what, my Lord?’

“ ‘I could not refuse, for the letter is from the Prince of Wales.’

“I was astonished—I confess that I was agitated—but I was also somewhat skeptical as to the truth of Lord Malden’s assertion; I returned a formal and a doubtful answer, and his Lordship soon after took his leave.

“A thousand times did I read the short but expressive letter; still I did not implicitly believe that it was written by the Prince. I rather considered it as an experiment made by Lord Malden either on my vanity or propriety of conduct. On the next evening the Viscount repeated his visit, we had a card party of six or seven, and the Prince of Wales was again the subject of unbounded panegyric. Lord Malden spoke of His Royal Highness’ manners as the most polished and fascinating, of his temper of the most engaging, and of his mind as the most replete with every amiable sentiment. I heard these praises, and my heart beat with conscious pride, while memory turned to the partial but

* *Perdita* and *Florizel* are two characters in “The Winter’s Tale,” and those who are acquainted with that comedy will easily trace the signification of these adopted names.



Delicately respectful letter which I had received on the preceding morning."

For some months a confidential correspondence was carried on between these celebrated parties through the agency of Lord Malden; and Mrs. Robinson, amongst other tokens of inviolable regard, received the Prince's portrait in miniature, painted by Mr. Meyer. Within the case containing the picture was a small heart cut in paper, on one side of which was written, *Je ne change qu'en mourant*; on the other, *Unalterable to my Perdita through life*.

Mrs. Robinson, who was an excellent judge of literary composition, speaking of this epistolary correspondence, says, "There was a beautiful ingenuousness in his language, a warm and enthusiastic adoration expressed in every letter, which interested and charmed me."

At length, after many alternations of feeling, an interview with her royal lover was consented to by Mrs. Robinson, and proposed, by the management of Lord Malden, to take place at his lordship's residence in Dean street, May Fair. But the restricted situation of the Prince, controlled by a rigid governor, rendered this project of difficult execution. A visit to Buckingham House was then mentioned, to which Mrs. Robinson positively objected, as a rash attempt, abounding in peril to her august admirer. Lord Malden being again consulted, it was determined that the Prince should meet Mrs. Robinson for a few moments at Kew, on the banks of the Thames, opposite to the old Palace, then the summer residence of the elder Princes. The account written by Mrs. Robinson, in a letter to a friend, of the lovers' meeting, is couched in elegant and flowing language, and with much apparent ingenuousness. It deserves particular attention in another point of view, as it presents us with a more faithful portrait of the manners and accomplishments of the Prince of Wales at this period of his life. The date of this letter is in 1783.

“At length an evening was fixed for this long dreaded interview. Lord Malden and myself dined at the inn on the island, between Kew and Brentford. We waited the signal for crossing the river in a boat which had been engaged for the purpose. Heaven can witness how many conflicts my agitated heart endured at this most important moment! I admired the Prince, I felt grateful for his affection. He was the most engaging of created beings. I had corresponded with him for many months, and his eloquent letters, the exquisite sensibility which breathed through every line, his ardent professions of adoration, had combined to shake my feeble resolution. The handkerchief was waved on the opposite shore, but the signal was, by the dusk of the evening, rendered almost imperceptible. Lord Malden took my hand, I stepped into the boat, and in a few minutes we landed before the iron gates of old Kew Palace. The interview was but for a moment. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, then Bishop of Osnaburg, were walking down the avenue. They hastened to meet us. A few words, and those scarcely articulate, were uttered by the Prince, when a noise of the people approaching from the Palace startled us. The moon was now rising, and the idea of being overheard, or of His Royal Highness being seen out at so unusual an hour, terrified the whole group. After a few more words of the most affectionate nature uttered by the Prince, we parted, and Lord Malden and myself returned to the island. The Prince never quitted the avenue, nor the presence of the Duke of York, during the whole of this short meeting. Alas! my friend, if my mind was before influenced by esteem, it was now awakened by the most enthusiastic admiration. The rank of the Prince no longer chilled into awe that being who now considered him as the lover and the friend. The graces of his person—the irresistible sweetness of his smile, the tenderness of his melodious yet manly voice—will be remembered by me till every vision of this changing scene shall be forgotten.”

It was at this period that the Prince requested Mrs. Robinson to sit to a celebrated artist for her picture—a request which she complied with, although not without some reluctance. The Prince accordingly deputed Stroehling to execute the task, and he completed the beautiful painting from which many engravings have been taken. At the Prince's particular desire, the doves were introduced into the picture in allusion to *Florizel's* own words in the play :

— So turtles pair
That never meant to part.

When the rupture between the lovers took place, and which is alleged to have taken place on the part of the Prince on account of some alleged infidelity committed by the lady, the Prince would no longer allow the picture to adorn his cabinet, but made a present of it to one of his household.

“Many and frequent were the interviews,” continues Mrs. Robinson, “which afterwards took place at this romantic spot; our walks sometimes continued till past midnight; the Duke of York and Lord Malden were always of the party; our conversation was composed of general topics. The Prince had from his infancy been wholly secluded, and naturally took most pleasure about the busy world, its manners and pursuits, characters and scenery. Nothing could be more delightful or more rational than our midnight perambulations. I always wore a dark colored habit; the rest of our party generally wrapped themselves up in great coats, to disguise themselves, excepting the Duke of York, who almost universally alarmed us by the display of a buff coat, the most conspicuous color he could have selected for an adventure of this nature. The polished and fascinating ingenuousness of His Royal Highness' manners contributed not a little to enliven our promenades. He sang with exquisite taste, and the tones of his voice breaking on the silence of the night have often appeared to my entranced senses like more than mortal melody.”

These poetical flights would appear, perhaps, ornamental in "Hubert de Sevrac," or any other romance which the beautiful and highly gifted *Perdita* may have written; but these songs of His Royal Highness are not in exact keeping with the extraordinary secrecy by which these nocturnal meetings appear to have been characterized. The royal lover was in momentary dread of a discovery, and a song by His Royal Highness, with, perhaps, a chorus by the whole strength of the company, was admirably calculated to bring certain individuals to the spot, who in a very few moments would have put an end to the harmony of the meeting. In this respect we opine that the fancy of Mrs. Robinson had rather more to do in the representation than truth; but it is these inconsistencies which, more than any other circumstances, threw a hue of discredit over the character of a narrative which, in other respects, might be entitled to our unqualified belief of its authenticity.

"Often have I lamented the distance which destiny has placed between us; how would my soul have idolized such a husband! Alas! how often, in the ardent enthusiasm of my soul, have I formed the wish that that being were *mine alone*, to whom partial millions were to look up for protection."

"The Duke of York was now on the eve of quitting the country for Hanover; the Prince was also on the point of receiving his first establishment, and the apprehension that his attachment to a married woman might injure him in the opinion of the world rendered the caution which we invariably observed of the utmost importance. A considerable time elapsed in these delightful scenes of visionary happiness. The Prince's attachment seemed to increase daily, and I considered myself as the most blessed of human beings. During some time we had enjoyed our meetings in the neighborhood of Kew, and I now only looked forward to the adjusting of His Royal Highness' establishment for the public avowal of our mutual attachment."

Mrs. Robinson proceeds to relate that the daily prints now fostered the malice of her enemies by the most scandalous paragraphs respecting the Prince and herself. "I now found," she says, "it was too late to stop the hourly augmenting torrent of abuse which was poured on me from all quarters. Whenever I appeared in public I was overwhelmed by the gazing of the multitude; I was frequently obliged to quit Ranelagh owing to the crowd which staring curiosity had assembled round my box; and, even in the streets of the metropolis, I scarcely ventured to enter a shop without experiencing the greatest inconvenience. Many hours have I waited till the crowd dispersed which surrounded my carriage in expectation of my quitting the shop. I shuddered at the gulf before me, and felt small gratification in the knowledge of having taken a step which many who condemned it would have been no less willing to imitate had they been placed in the same situation.

"Previously to my first interview with His Royal Highness, in one of his letters I was astonished to find a bond of the most solemn and binding nature, containing a promise of the sum of £20,000 to be paid at the period of His Royal Highness coming of age.

"This paper was signed by the Prince and sealed with the royal arms. It was expressed in terms so liberal, so voluntary, so marked by true affection, that I had scarcely power to read it. My tears, excited by the most agonizing conflicts, obscured the letters, and nearly blotted out those sentiments which will be impressed upon my mind till the latest period of my existence. Still I felt shocked and mortified at the indelicate idea of entering into any pecuniary engagements with a Prince on whose establishment I relied for the enjoyment of all that would render life desirable. I was surprised at receiving it; the idea of interest had never entered my mind; secure of the possession of his heart, I had in that delightful certainty

counted all my future treasure. I had refused many splendid gifts which His Royal Highness had proposed ordering for me at Gray's and other eminent jewellers. The Prince presented to me a few trifling ornaments, the whole in their value not exceeding one hundred guineas. Even these, on our separation, I returned to His Royal Highness by the hands of General Lake.

“The period now approached that was to destroy all the fairy visions which had filled my mind with dreams of happiness. At the moment when everything was preparing for His Royal Highness' establishment, when I looked impatiently for the arrival of that day, in which I might behold my adored friend gratefully receiving the acclamations of his future subjects, when I might enjoy the public protection of that being for whom I gave up all, I received a letter from His Royal Highness—a cold and unkind letter—briefly informing me that we *must meet no more!*

“And now I call Heaven to witness that I was wholly unconscious why this decision had taken place in His Royal Highness' mind. Only two days previously to the letter being written I had seen the Prince at Kew, and his affection appeared to be boundless as it was undiminished.

“Amazed, afflicted beyond the power of utterance, I wrote immediately to His Royal Highness requiring an explanation. He remained silent. Again I wrote, but received no elucidation of this most cruel and extraordinary mystery. The Prince was then at Windsor. I set out in a small pony phaeton, wretched, and unaccompanied by anyone, excepting my postilion, a boy of nine years of age. It was dark when we quitted Hyde Park Corner. On my arrival at Hounslow the innkeeper informed me that every carriage which had passed the Heath for the last ten nights had been attacked and rifled. I confess the idea of personal danger had no terrors for my mind in the state it then was, and the probability of annihilation, divested of

the crime of suicide, encouraged, rather than diminished, my determination of proceeding. We had scarcely reached the middle of the Heath when my horses were startled by the sudden appearance of a man rushing from the side of the road. The boy, on perceiving him, instantly spurred his pony, and, by a sudden bound of our light vehicle, the ruffian missed his grasp at the front rein. We now proceeded at full speed, while the footpad ran, endeavoring to overtake us. At length my horses fortunately outrunning the perseverance of the assailant, we reached the first Magpie, a small inn on the Heath, in safety. The alarm which, in spite of my resolution, this adventure had occasioned, was augmented on my recollecting, for the first time, that I had then in my black stock a brilliant stud, of very considerable value, which could only have been possessed by the robber by strangling the wearer.

“If my heart palpitated with joy at my escape from assassination, a circumstance soon after occurred that did not tend to quiet my emotions: this was the appearance of M. H. Meynel and Mrs. Armstead, afterwards the wife of Charles James Fox. My foreboding soul instantly saw a rival, and with jealous eagerness interpreted the hitherto inexplicable conduct of the Prince, from his having frequently expressed a wish to see that lady. On my arrival the Prince would not see me. My agonies were now indescribable. I consulted with Lord Malden and the Duke of Dorset, whose honorable mind and truly disinterested friendship for me had on many occasions been exemplified towards me. They were both at a loss to divine any cause for this sudden change in the Prince's feelings. The Prince of Wales had hitherto assiduously sought opportunities to distinguish me more publicly than was prudent in His Royal Highness' situation. This was in the month of August. On the 4th of the preceding June, I went, by his desire, into the Chamberlain's box, at the birthnight ball;

the distressing attention of the circle was drawn towards the part of the box in which I sat, by the marked and injudicious attentions of His Royal Highness. I had not been seated many minutes before I witnessed a rather singular species of fashionable coquetry. Previously to His Royal Highness beginning the minuet, I perceived a lady of high rank select from the bouquet which she wore two rosebuds, which she gave to the Prince, as he afterwards said to me, emblematical of herself and him. I observed His Royal Highness immediately beckon to a nobleman, who has since formed a part of his establishment, and, looking most earnestly at me, whispered a few words, at the same time presenting to him his newly acquired trophy. In a few minutes Lord C. entered the Chamberlain's box, and giving the rosebuds into my hands, informed me that he was commissioned by the Prince to do so. I placed them in my bosom, and I confess I felt proud of the powers by which I had thus publicly mortified an exalted rival. His Royal Highness now avowedly distinguished me at all public places of entertainment, at the King's hunt near Windsor, and at the reviews and the theatres. The Prince only seemed happy in evincing his affection towards me."

Of the causes which led to the alienation of the affections of the Prince from his lovely and accomplished friend, Mrs. Robinson has not left in her narrative any clue wherefrom to form a right judgment. "My good natured friends," she proceeds, "now carefully informed me of the multitude of secret enemies who were employed in estranging the Prince's mind from me. So fascinating, so illustrious a lover, could not fail to excite the envy of my own sex. Women of all descriptions were emulous of attracting His Royal Highness' attention. Alas! I had neither rank nor power to oppose to such adversaries. Every engine of female malice was set in motion to destroy my repose, and every petty calumny was repeated with tenfold embellish-

ments. Tales of the most infamous and glaring falsehood were invented, and I was again assailed by pamphlets, by paragraphs and caricatures, and all the artillery of slander; while the only being to whom I then looked up for protection was so situated as to be unable to afford it.

“In the anguish of my soul I once more addressed the Prince of Wales; I complained perhaps too vehemently of his injustice, of the calumnies which had been by my enemies fabricated against me, of the falsehood of which he was but too sensible. I conjured him to render me justice. He did so; he wrote me a most eloquent letter, disclaiming the causes alleged by a calumniating world, and fully acquitted me of the charges which had been propagated to destroy me.”

After some weeks passed in much wretchedness of mind, Mrs. Robinson had an interview with the Prince of Wales, which for a moment promised a renewal of their intercourse. As this interview was the last that took place between them with any view of reviving their connection, we shall give the account of it in Mrs. Robinson's own words: “After much hesitation,” says she, “by the advice of Lord Malden, I consented to meet His Royal Highness. He accosted me with every appearance of tender attachment, declaring that he had never for one moment ceased to love me, but that I had many concealed enemies, who were exerting every effort to undermine me. We passed some hours in the most friendly and delightful conversation, and I began to flatter myself that all our differences were adjusted. But what words can express my surprise and chagrin when, on meeting his Royal Highness *the very next day* in Hyde Park, he turned his head to avoid seeing me, and even affected not to know me?”

“Overwhelmed by this blow, my distress knew no limits. Yet Heaven can witness the truth of my assertion—even in this moment of complete despair, when oppression

bowed me to the earth, I blamed not the Prince. I did then, and ever shall consider his mind as nobly and honorably organized; nor could I teach myself to believe that a heart, the seat of so many virtues, could possibly become inhuman and unjust. I had been taught from my infancy to believe that elevated stations are surrounded by delusive visions which glitter but to dazzle, like an unsubstantial meteor, and flatter to betray.

We shall only remark upon this narrative that it bears on the face of it unquestionable marks of sincerity and genuineness. It is written with the freedom of friendship, and the language and sentiments are such as a person of a sensible and well cultivated mind, but of strong feelings, would in all probability use. It has, indeed, scarcely anything of the air of an apology. Mrs. Robinson candidly acknowledges that the manners, the accomplishments, the fascinations of the heir apparent completely seized upon her affections, and rendered her totally unable to resist his Royal Highness' advances. To this it may be added that, to the latest period of her life, her attachment for the Prince continued unabated. When on her death bed she requested that a lock of her hair might be presented to His Royal Highness; and this mark of her regard is said to have been received, on the part of the Prince, with strong demonstrations of sensibility—might we not also add, of compunction?

The beautiful poem which was published in "The Annual Register," and entitled, by Mrs. Robinson, "*Lines to him who will understand them,*" evidently seems to have been composed at no very distant period from the date of her separation from the Prince. As these lines breathe a pensive spirit of tenderness, affection, and regret, which no one but an amiable and accomplished object could have inspired, we shall offer no apology to our readers for presenting them with the following extract:

“Thou art no more my bosom friend,
Here must the sweet delusion end
That charmed my senses many a year,
Through smiling summers, winters drear.
Oh Friendship! am I doomed to find
Thou art a phantom of the mind—
A glittering shade, an empty name,
An air-born vision’s vap’rish flame?
And yet the dear deceit so long
Has waked to joy my matin song,
Has bid my tears forget to flow,
Chased every pain, soothed every woe;
That truth, unwelcome to my ear,
Swells the deep sigh, recalls the tear;
Gives to the sense the keenest smart;
Checks the warm pulses of the heart;
Darkens my fate, and steals away
Each gleam of joy through life’s sad way.
Britain, farewell!—I quit thy shore;
My native country charms no more;
No guide to mark the toilsome road;
No destined clime; no fix’d abode.
Alone and sad—ordained to trace
The vast expanse of endless space;
To view, upon the mountain’s height,
Thro’ varied shades of glimmering light,
The distant landscape fades away
In the last gleam of parting day;
Or in the quiv’ring lucid stream
To watch the pale moon’s silvery beam;
Or when in sad and plaintive strains
The mournful Philomel complains,
In dulcet notes bewails her fate,
And murmurs for her absent mate,
Inspir’d by sympathy divine,
I’ll weep her woes—for they are mine.
Driven by Fate, where’er I go,
O’er burning plains, o’er hills of snow,
Or on the bosom of the wave
The howling tempest doom’d to brave,
Where’er my lonely course I bend

Thy image shall my steps attend ;
Each object I am doom'd to see
Shall bid remembrance picture thee.
Yes, I shall view thee in each flower
That changes with the transient hour ;
Thy wand'ring fancy I shall find
Borne on the wings of every wind ;
Thy wild impetuous passions trace
O'er the white waves tempestuous space ;
In every changing season prove
An emblem of thy wav'ring love."

In dismissing this subject, replete with so much importance to the early character of the Prince, we cannot, consistently with that partiality which ought to distinguish an historian, wholly acquit him of a certain degree of unfeeling conduct towards an individual who had sacrificed her fame, her honor, and her person to the ardor of his passion, and on whose affection and kindness, considering her own amiable and endearing conduct, she undoubtedly possessed the highest claim. Notwithstanding, Mrs. Robinson, in the fulness of a woman's love, makes every attempt to palliate the conduct of the Prince, and to throw a veil over the harsh features of the latter part of it; yet it must be apparent to everyone that it cannot be justified on any principle of honor, feeling, or humanity. Still, however, it must be allowed that we see only the puppets, but not the secret machinery by which they are moved; and, therefore, in common charity, we are bound to put the most favorable construction on the actions of those who are known not to be wholly independent, and who are obliged to act according to the power and control of others. In the generality of cases, the effect usually determines the presence or absence of any foreign interference; but, in the present instance, there was no plea urged of any secret constraint—on the contrary, there was a studied and mysterious concealment of the motive—an obstinate and decided objection to enter

into any explanation of the sudden change which had taken place in the sentiments of the Prince towards the avowed object of his love; the most chilling indifference succeeded almost instantaneously to the most ardent protestations of unalterable affection, and all without any other ostensible cause than mere caprice. Justice, honor, and humanity, therefore, here step in, and denounce the action as contrary to every one of their acknowledged principles; she saw herself abandoned, deserted, and exposed to the contumely of a censorious and malicious world—a helpless being for the finger of scorn to point at—a victim to an ardent and ill requited love. That love was to her a holy spot in the waste of her memory—it was the single theme of her thoughts, the idol of her dreams, and the separation was forever.

It is evident that the calculation of Mrs. Robinson was founded in error when she supposed, great and superlative as were her personal charms, and splendid as were her mental endowments, that she could enchain the affections of so fickle, so accomplished, and so illustrious a lover, surrounded as he was by the youthful beauties of his father's Court, and roaming at large amongst the still, perhaps, greater beauties of the humbler ranks of life. Herein she failed, and everything must have conspired to tell her that her failure was inevitable. That a connection of this kind could have been permanent could scarcely have been expected by the most sanguine and enthusiastic spirit; but the dark shade which envelopes the character of the royal libertine arises from the manner in which the once cherished object of his early love was discarded. She had sacrificed for him everything that was dear to woman—for him she bounded over the barrier which is considered the safeguard of female virtue; she clung to him with an affection which none but a woman's heart can feel. Self-interest was an idea too base

and grovelling to hold dominion for a moment in a mind like hers; she lived but for him, and in him only was she happy. When her enemies assailed her (and that a woman, standing in the relation which she did with the heir apparent should be without enemies, would, indeed, be a miracle in the history of human life)—when she became the object of the malicious wit of literary hirelings, and her name was coupled with the most noted Messalina of the day, did she shrink from an investigation of her conduct?—did she hide herself behind the veil of secrecy?—did she not appeal to her royal lover to disprove the charges of her enemies?—and did he not then unequivocally declare that he believed all those charges to be founded in malice and falsehood? It is, therefore, proved by his own declaration that it was not any imputation which had been thrown on the character of Mrs. Robinson which effected a change in the Prince's sentiments towards her; but his discarding of her partook of the character of the individual, who, having enjoyed the kernel, throws away the shell with indifference. Had he given any plea or excuse for his apparently unfeeling conduct; had he sheltered himself under the consciousness, which, to suit his purpose, might be supposed to have burst suddenly upon him, of the moral impropriety of the connection, as standing in the exalted rank of the heir apparent to the crown, the lovely sufferer, even then, would have felt the blow severely; but then, as a balsam to her wounded spirit, she would have had an apparently ostensible cause to support her for her loss, and she would have derived some consolation from the reflection that it was not the decline nor the death of his affection which had estranged him from her, but that it was simply owing to the peculiarity of the circumstances under which her lover was placed. Had he adduced, as the cause of his estrangement, that the mandate of a parent had been issued to put an end to the connection, or that having

now attained his majority, and having entered as an exalted member into the great family compact of the nation, it behoved him, as the future ruler, to be circumspect and prudent in his conduct—a tear might have fallen at the destruction of her earthly hopes, and the memory of the blissful hours of their love would have hallowed the last moments of her existence. But the beautiful flower was thrown aside with the most callous indifference; the spoiler had revelled in its sweets—he had satiated himself with its beauties—in the ardor of his love he took it to his bosom, blooming, fresh, full of life and bounding spirit: he threw it from him, broken, defoliated, faded, destroyed for ever.

We have looked in vain for one mitigating plea, for one redeeming reason, for the conduct of this royal libertine, and we sincerely wish, from that regard which we otherwise entertain for his general character, that some clue had been left us by which the mystery in which his conduct towards Mrs. Robinson is involved could have been satisfactorily solved. We enter not into the question of the morality of the connection, nor do we attribute the termination of it to any conscientious scruples which might have arisen in the mind of the Prince of Wales, for his subsequent conduct contradicts that assumption; but for our desire to rescue his memory, as much as possible, from the unfeeling and ungenerous conduct towards a lovely and confiding woman, who, but for his allurements, would have remained an ornament to her profession, and who, perhaps, would have closed her earthly career with the exhilarating consciousness of having spent a life of virtue and decorum.

Notwithstanding, however, the moral turpitude of this connection of the Prince with Mrs. Robinson, there were not wanting some who endeavored to throw over it the veil of extenuation, and to represent it as attended with a very small degree of indecorum and impropriety. Thus, one of the writers of that day says: “It was a case stained

with no remarkable turpitude or gross departure from the moral laws of society. It was not a case of seduction, and the person who, of all others, had the most right to complain had released his wife from her vow by his own estrangement of conduct. Here, then, was nothing very flagrant in this particular action of the Prince's life, yet it has been much dwelt upon by those who have made the abuse of the Prince of Wales (and such men there are) their livelihood. These ungenerous and unprincipled writers, who look into characters only for the purpose of finding faults, have stigmatized this transaction in the most virulent terms; and have inferred, from his attachment to a beautiful and amiable woman, an unbounded and promiscuous passion for the sex in general. This calumny, equally detestable and unfounded, has been propagated in a hundred ways; and, there is reason to apprehend, with too much success, for no one can be ignorant how much quicker scandal flies, and how much more tenaciously it is retained than truth:

"Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat, et veneratur."

"The youth of the Prince, and the seductions to which his rank exposed him, never entered into the calculations of these writers. It is not for their purpose to seek out extenuating circumstances, but to magnify what are, at worst, mere levities or indiscretions, or the pardonable ebullitions of youth. By what analogy was it to be expected that the generous blood of the heir apparent was to be icebound, while that of every noble youth in the kingdom might run riot, and flow without reproach?"

The sophistry of these arguments, although very finely spun, is most easily detected; and it affords another proof of the injury which an over zealous and officious friend may commit in the espousal of any cause, when he has not prudence nor ability to guide him through it.

With all the facts staring him in the face, as related in the simple and candid narrative of Mrs. Robinson, the writer departs wholly from the truth; and, in order to save the honor of the Prince, ventures to pronounce that it was not a case of seduction; from which he draws the inference that the conduct of this royal rake was divested of all flagrancy. It will not, however, require great powers of reasoning to prove that it was a case of the most studied, the most deliberate seduction. Previously to the moment when the charms of Mrs. Robinson captivated the affections of the royal youth, calumny had not dared to inflict a single stain upon her character. A beautiful woman, neglected and deserted by her husband, is generally the object of the seductive arts of the libertine; and such being the case with Mrs. Robinson, we are able to assert that her virtue had undergone and surmounted the severest of temptations. The very profession which she had chosen as the means of her support, and which may with justice be considered as the severest ordeal to which female virtue can be exposed, tended, whilst it made her the object of public admiration, to throw her into that very society where, if her disposition had been to fall, she would have found hundreds who would have been willing to accelerate and to triumph in it. We have only to refer to the Duke of Queensberry and to another duke, almost as notorious as the former in the pages of gallantry, who used every instrument which rank or fortune could place in their hands to undermine the virtue of this lovely woman, but she remained firm, unconquerable; and when the latter nobleman sent her a *carte blanche* to fix her own terms, she returned the memorable answer: "Poverty with virtue and happiness is preferable to affluence with guilt and misery."

We are by no means ignorant that, at the time when the Prince of Wales was captivated with the charms of Mrs.

Robinson, there were other suitors for her favors, amongst whom General Tarleton was considered as the most favored. The following anecdote, however, deserves mention, as it shows the manner in which she treated some of those suitors, who wholly mistook her character, in considering, according to the prejudice of the day, that, as she was an actress, her favors were a marketable commodity, and to be purchased by the highest bidder. Amongst the most dashing rakes of the city at that time was Mr. Pugh, the son of Alderman Pugh, who had seen Mrs. Robinson in the character of *Juliet*, and, becoming violently enamored of her, he wrote to her, offering her twenty guineas *for ten minutes' conversation with her*. Mrs. Robinson immediately answered him, consenting to grant him the favor he asked for the stipulated sum; and, elated with the prospect of the consummation of his wishes, Pugh repaired to the house of Mrs. Robinson at the appointed time. On his arrival, however, instead, as he expected, of being *closeted* with Mrs. Robinson, he was ushered into a room where he found that lady in company with General Tarleton and Lord Malden; and on his entrance Mrs. Robinson detached her watch from her side, and laid it on the table. She then immediately turned from her former companions, and addressed her conversation wholly to Pugh, who, by the titter which sat upon the countenances of General Tarleton and Lord Malden, evidently saw that he was a complete dupe in the hands of his beautiful inamorata. Mrs. Robinson now took up the watch, the ten minutes were expired; she rose from her chair, rang the bell, and, on the servant entering, she desired him to open the door for Mr. Pugh, who, completely confounded, took his leave, minus twenty guineas, which, on the following day, were divided amongst four charitable institutions.*

But the evil hour came at last. On a sudden she

* Suppressed edition.

beheld herself, in the most unexpected manner, the idolized object of one of the most handsome and accomplished youths in the kingdom, and that youth the heir apparent to the crown. It were to betray a total ignorance of human nature, and particularly of the female character, if we were to assert that the vanity of Mrs. Robinson was not flattered in beholding herself the chosen object of the affections of the Prince of Wales, for which many a bosom was sighing in vain, and to attain which every snare and net were laid which love or passion could devise. Agents young in years, though skilled in intrigue and in the conquest of female virtue, were immediately set to work; and to the indelible disgrace of one of those agents be it recorded that he condescended to the commission of acts worthy only of the most unprincipled panderer. This man—for we will not affix the epithet of noble before that word, on the principle that every nobleman is not a noble man—so far degraded himself as, on the first night of the assignation of the Prince with Mrs. Robinson, to carouse with her husband, and to leave him in such a state of complete intoxication as to divest the parties of all fear of any intrusion on his part; for, although living almost in a state of separation from his wife, he was in the habit of continually annoying her, especially when he thought that she had received any part of her salary from the theatre. The very difficulty, however, which the Prince experienced in obtaining the consummation of his wishes showed that the virtue of Mrs. Robinson was of no ordinary strength.

The fruit which he had hitherto enjoyed had fallen from the bough at the first shake; and the unexpected obstacles, therefore, which now presented themselves, only tended to increase the keenness of his appetite. Every art and stratagem which the most finished seducer, assisted by the most experienced agents could suggest, were adopted. Assignation after assignation was held, and chiefly at the

Eelpie House, the Prince leaving Kew Palace in various disguises, and on one occasion he scaled the walls of the garden disguised as a watchman.

Months after months, however, elapsed, and still the citadel held out—the struggle was great—it was agonizing; it was a contest which, to the honor and character of the assailed party be it said, that few in her situation would have maintained so long—the victory at last was won; and if female seduction be attended with flagrancy, the conduct of this royal seducer cannot, in this instance, stand absolved from it. He knew Mrs. Robinson to be a married woman, and the mother of a daughter—the seduction of her, therefore, stamped him with the character of the adulterer; and when we are told by the advocates of the Prince that the conduct of her husband released her from the obligations of her marriage vow, we cannot find words sufficiently energetic to express our disapprobation at the danger and immoral tendency of such a doctrine. Mr. Robinson was certainly a bad and profligate husband; but it is breaking one of the most important links in the chain of human society to allege that the profligacy of the husband authorizes any profligacy on the part of the wife; much less can it, in the least degree, extenuate her infidelity. We have been purposely diffuse on this subject, as we wish to place all the characters who came into immediate personal contact with the illustrious individual, who has now gone to his account where guilt really presents itself, there let it be fearlessly exposed—let the burden of iniquity be borne on the right shoulders; and never let it be repeated that, in order to screen the vices or profligacies of the prince or the monarch, we servilely throw an unmerited obloquy on the character of those who are no longer in this world to exonerate themselves from the imputations which are cast upon them.

On the whole, this may be considered as the history of a

transaction which created suspicions which must ever be deplored, and feelings of dissatisfaction which were never afterwards entirely obliterated. The advocates of the Prince, indeed, contended that the connection was improper—that Mrs. Robinson was a married woman and an actress—that the Prince was but a young man—that it would have been improper, and indeed criminal, to have perpetuated the intercourse—and that the only possible way to avoid the evils which the connection would entail on him, was “to get rid of her at once.” But to such defence it was replied, that the Prince had *sought*, flattered, caressed, and won the heart of Mrs. Robinson; that for more than two years the intimacy had subsisted between them; that there was no pretence now for breaking off the connection, especially as others were forming; that it displayed a wavering and vacillating disposition, and affections inconsistent alike with a great mind and a generous heart; and, principally, that, even if the action were in itself correct, the *manner* in which it was performed was alone sufficient to indicate a total absence of sensibility, and all the finer feelings of the heart. On such conflicting conclusions it is here unnecessary to offer any opinion. The facts, unvarnished, have been presented by Mrs. Robinson, and the present and succeeding generations will draw their own conclusions.

In one particular, however, Mrs. Robinson has forgotten to do that justice to the character of the Prince which it deserves, and which goes, in some measure, to show that in her connection with the Prince she was not wholly exempt from selfish motives. It is true that she sent him back his bond; but, nevertheless, on her leaving the country, she threatened to enforce the penalty of it, although, in some respects, it could not be considered as much more than a bit of waste paper. The business was ultimately left to the arbitration of Mr. Fox, who, for particular reasons, which rather tarnish than exalt his character, used his utmost

endeavors to promote the expatriation of Mrs. Robinson. A handsome annuity was finally settled on her, and also to extend to the life of her only daughter by Mr. Robinson.

That the affection of this lovely woman for the Prince was not of a transient, fickle nature, but that it was interwoven with the closest fibres of her heart, may be gathered from the circumstance that on her death bed she requested that a lock of her hair might be presented to His Royal Highness; and the last mark of her regard, this indisputable proof that he still lived even in death the object of her love, was, it is said, received by the Prince with strong feelings of solicitude and care. We envy him not his feelings when he received it.

We now find the Prince running the range of the Opera House—the idol of the women—the envy of the men. To fix him, however, long in his attachments, appeared to be in direct variance with his nature; and there were many who had no sooner flattered themselves that they held him fast in their chains than, to their great mortification, he snapped them suddenly asunder, and appeared as if he had never felt their pressure. This was particularly the case with Carnovalla, whose husband originally belonged to the orchestra, and who, subsequently, by the interest of the Prince, became manager of the Opera House. This lady, although not a beauty of the first order, was in her manners one of those fascinating women who often, in the absence of any great personal charms, establish an unbounded influence over the heart of man; and it was to this power of fascination that Carnovalla owed the dominion which she held for a short time over the affections of the Prince. It must not, however, be concealed that this connection, for reasons the mention of which must be omitted, was one of the most disreputable which the Prince ever formed; and when the husband of the lady afterwards turned out to be an incendiary, by setting fire to the Opera

House, a considerable share of the opprobrium fell upon the Prince, in having been the instrument of obtaining for so bad a character the management of the concern.

The period was now approaching when the Prince was to be emancipated from parental control, and to take that station in society to which his illustrious rank entitled him. In the month of June, 1783, Lord John Cavendish, who then filled the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, presented the following message from His Majesty to the House of Commons:

“GEORGE R.

“His Majesty, reflecting on the propriety of a separate establishment for his dearly beloved son, the Prince of Wales, recommends the consideration thereof to this House, relying on the experienced zeal and affection of his faithful Commons for such aid towards making that establishment as shall appear consistent with a due attention to the circumstances of his people, every addition to whose burthens His Majesty feels with the most sensible concern.

“G. R.”

George II, when Prince of Wales, enjoyed an income of \$500,000 per annum, but the House of Commons determined upon a far inferior sum, \$250,000 a year, for the Prince, in answer to this petition of his father.

Mr. Fox, then Secretary of State, and many others, argued against the scanty allowance, foreseeing the embarrassments that would arise from an income so disproportioned to the habits of the Prince at a period when he was exposed to all the allurements which can captivate the youthful passions. The wisdom of the King was never better displayed than in this instance. The disastrous and expensive war with America had just closed, and, at a time when economy was loudly called for in every branch of the public expenditure, he was unwilling that any exertion

should be made to increase the allotment to the Prince, who, it will be remembered, enjoyed in addition to this grant the revenues from the Duchy of Cornwall amounting to \$150,000—in all, \$400,000 a year. Surely no mean income for a youth just attaining his majority. The only military rank the Prince of Wales ever held was a Colonelcy of the 10th Light Dragoons, which he retained until his coronation.

It was at this time that he manifested that predilection for Brighton which induced him at a future period to make that town his residence. The reports current at the time were that he was more influenced by the angelic figure of a sea nymph he saw upon the beach than by the marine views or the salubrity of the place. In this amour, however, he was completely duped. So far as personal charms were concerned, Charlotte Fortescue was as lovely as one of Tennyson's sea fairies, but in mental qualifications she was very illiterate, and unparalled in artifice. She knew how to throw such an air of innocent simplicity over her actions that would have deceived even a greater adept than this royal libertine. She was not long in discovering the high rank of the individual whom she had captivated by her charms, and with her innate cunning for a time frustrated all his attempts to obtain a private interview, knowing that what is easily gained is lightly prized. Keeping her residence a secret for some days, she was neither seen nor heard of. Upon a sudden she made her appearance suffused in tears, announced her approaching marriage and her departure from the country. This stirred the Prince to immediate action, and, overcoming all her well feigned scruples, a romantic elopement was arranged, in which the beautiful fugitive should fly with the Prince in the dress of a footman, and a post chaise was to be in waiting a few miles on the London road to bear away the prize.

The truth of the old adage of the cup and the lip was

confirmed in this instance, however. Just as the hour was approaching, the arrival of George Hanger, who had just commenced his profligate career in fashionable circles, was announced. The Prince could do no less than invite him to dine, at the same time intimating that he must excuse him at an early hour, as *important business* compelled him to leave that night for the metropolis. After dinner the Prince inquired of Hanger what brought him to Brighton so suddenly.

"A hunt; a hunt, your Royal Highness," said Hanger. "I am in chase of a d—d fine girl whom I met at Mrs. Simpson's in Duke's Place, and although I have taken private apartments for her, yet the hussy takes it into her head every now and then to absent herself for a few days; and I have been given to understand she is carrying on some intrigue with a *fellow* here in Brighton. Let me but catch him, and I will souse him over head and ears in the ocean!"

It did not take the Prince long to guess that the lady with whom he was about to elope was the identical runaway friend of Hanger's, and he began to study how he should extricate himself with the best possible grace from the mortifying dilemma. He was convinced he was the dupe of a cunning, designing girl, and therefore it would be his greatest pride and joy to outwit her. Disclosing the whole of the intrigue to Hanger, they concocted a plot which should avenge them both. Hanger, putting on the dress in which she had been accustomed to see her royal lover, took his seat in the chaise instead of the Prince. The whole affair was well managed. The Prince remained at Brighton. Hanger bore off the lady to London, who was covered with chagrin at the unexpected termination of her romantic elopement.

Prince George became intimate with certain distinguished students of Oxford, whose doings are graphically described

in the English "Spy." He was known frequently to take a run down to that famous collegiate town, and have a lark with the fast young men there. It was, perhaps, in those gay times he made the acquaintance of a noted old woman known as "Mother Goose," once a noted procuress, and it is possible she still offered her vocation in the interest of her royal patron, for George; as Blackmantler says "His Majesty never passed through Oxford without presenting Mother Goose with a donation." She had two interesting, buxom daughters, quite young, which, it is presumable, was the direct cause of "His Majesty" afterwards taking such interest in their old mother. She had a number of other children besides the two daughters, all illegitimate and also females, every one of whom, except the youngest, this unnatural mother sacrificed for gold, and sold to a life of infamy and shame. A being in the shape of a man, in her declining life, supposing she had amassed a fortune by her nefarious profession, married her only to find himself mistaken. She ultimately became blind, and finding she could no longer earn the libertine's gold by seducing from the paths of virtue innocent, inexperienced girls, she took to selling flowers and bouquets—peddling them around to the students of the various colleges. Her clean and neat appearance, her singular address, never failed of procuring good prices for her beautiful flowers, especially when she informed the young gentlemen of the generosity of their fathers or uncles.

Chapter Third.

ON the 12th of August, 1783, the Prince of Wales attained his majority; the celebration of it, however, was postponed at Court in consequence of the accouchement of the Queen of her fifteenth child, which took place on the 7th of the same month. The King and royal family, therefore, received the congratulations of the nobility in a private manner, and George gave a very grand entertainment to several of the nobility at the White Hart Tavern, Windsor. A large turtle, of the enormous size of four hundred weight, was killed on the occasion, being a present sent to the Prince from the East Indies.

The first establishment of the Prince was a welcome event to his numerous flatterers, especially to some amongst them whose profligacy and poverty seemed to vie with each other which should the soonest complete his ruin. Deeply did every *real* friend of the Prince lament that of this pernicious class some had obtained an entire ascendancy over his ingenuous mind; and that, whilst they hailed his independence with hollow congratulations, they dreaded nothing so much as for his spirit to become as independent as his circumstances, and his opinions to disdain the restraint which his person had shaken off. They were, in fact, resolved that neither persons nor circumstances should long continue independent of their control; hence arose that course of extravagant folly to which they urged him, and which in a very short time compelled the King and Parliament to interfere for his relief.

At the opening of Parliament, on the 11th of November, 1783, Prince George was introduced into the House of Peers, on which occasion the following ceremonial was observed:*

He having been, by letters patent, dated the 19th day of August, created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, was in his robes, which, with the collar and order of the Garter, he had put on in the Marshal's house, introduced into the House of Peers in the following order, as published in newspapers of the day :

Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, with his Staff of Office;

Earl of Surrey, Deputy Earl Marshal of England;

Lord Privy Seal;

Garter Principal King of Arms, in his robes, with the Sceptre, bearing

His Royal Highness' Patent;

Sir Peter Burrell, Deputy Great Chamberlain of England;

Viscount Stormount,

Lord President of the Council;

The Coronet,

On a crimson velvet cushion, borne by Viscount Lewisham, one of the

Gentlemen of His Royal Highness' Bedchamber;

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,

carrying his Writ of Summons, supported by his Uncle the Duke of

Cumberland, and the Dukes of Richmond and Portland.

And, proceeding up the House with the usual reverences, the writ and patent were delivered to the Earl of Mansfield, Speaker, on the woolsack, and read by the Clerk of the Parliament at the table, "His Royal Highness" and the rest of the procession standing near; after which "His Royal Highness" was conducted to his chair on the right hand of the throne, the coronet and cushion having been laid on a stool before the chair, and "His Royal Highness" being covered, as usual, the ceremony ended.

The King was seated on the throne with the usual solem-

* *London Gazette*, temp.

nities, and having delivered his most gracious speech, retired out of the House.

Then "His Royal Highness," at the table, took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and made and subscribed the declaration, and also took and subscribed the ridiculous oath of abjuration.

The session in which the Prince now took his seat in the great council of the nation was one of the most important, though its importance is lost in the magnitude of succeeding events. The Coalition ministry, with the Duke of Portland at its head (but with Mr. Fox the efficient minister,) was then at the zenith of his power, and menaced the royal authority with some restrictions of prerogative, which are supposed to have given high offence to the interior cabinet of Buckingham House. We allude to the celebrated India Bill of Mr. Fox, which was introduced in this session and caused the dismissal of the Coalition administration.

The first time the Prince ever spoke in Parliament was upon the motion of the Marquis of Abercorn for an amendment to the address of the Commons upon the King's proclamation for preventing seditious meetings and writings, and in a manly, eloquent, and, it may be added, persuasive manner, delivered his sentiments.

The Prince spoke in a manner that called not only for the attention but the admiration of the House, and the following words were remarkably energetic: "I exist by the love, the friendship, and the benevolence of the people, and their cause I will never forsake as long as I live." And he might have added, so long as they will support me in my extravagances.

When the Prince arrived at that period which emancipated him from the control of the Queen's palace; when all that could give pleasure, flatter vanity, and gratify passion, was at his command; when impelled by the vivacity of early life and warmed by the glow of a generous mind, he

entered into the world as into a bower of delight, it becomes by no means a matter of surprise that the policy of certain men should actuate them to assume any and every form that might conciliate his favorable prepossessions, and hiding their serpent train in flowers, present themselves to his view in such a fascinating shape, and clothed with such attractions, as might appear to justify his warmest friendship. This, indeed, was a moment when severity itself knew not how to censure him for preferring the Epicurean to the Stoic philosophy.

It is not by any means improbable that, in his unreserved and social hours, he now heard arguments insidiously suggested to support every branch and refinement of elegant intemperance. It might now be progressively insinuated to him that princes were elevated at too great a distance from the common herd of mankind to obtain a proper knowledge of them, and that to live as a subject was the best preparation to fulfill the duties of a king; that to know the world it was necessary to mix in all the concerns of it; that to indulge in what are called the vices of youth and fashionable life was a proof of genuine spirit, and to give grace to his mode of enjoying them was a mark of superior genius; that dignity was a grave and solemn quality which suited ill with youth; that it was one of the formal accompaniments of advanced life, and should be laid aside till the possession of sovereign power required the solemn exercise of it; in short, that as the only period of enjoyment allotted to the heir of an empire was the uncertain space of time between the trammels of education and the cares of a crown, he was certainly more than justified in crowding into it all the pleasure it is capable of containing.

Such doctrines might at this time have been propagated to encourage the glowing dispositions of his age, while the crafty philosophers who taught them knew how to apply their principles to every object of luxurious and sensual

gratification. It must also be premised that, with the dispositions which the Prince possessed and the partialities which he had formed, it could not be expected that a rigid prudence was to be found amongst the most conspicuous of his virtues, or that he would submit to the plague of economical attention; and such was in reality the case; he indulged himself in profuse liberality, a splendor of appearance, and a variety of pleasures beyond the power of his revenue to support. The people whom the Prince chose for his social friends soon contrived, also, to involve him in their political principles. It was the natural consequence of the society he had adopted. He was even persuaded to attend the debates of the House of Commons, as the great school of political instruction, and he appeared to reserve his approving looks for the orators of the opposition. Still, however, he preserved the decorum of respectful intercourse with his royal parent, and Mr. Fox, in a parliamentary eulogium of him, represented it, with his usual ability, as a very promising feature in his character, that he knew how to reconcile an opposition to his father's ministers with filial duty.

It is, however, a notorious fact that the men who at this time styled themselves the opposition were the original cause of the pecuniary embarrassments of the Prince. Their example, their suggestions, their prodigalities, progressively seduced him from the moral standard before he had acquired any knowledge of human artifice, and, in the moment of that seduction, they meanly and ruinously fattened upon his exceeding bounty; yet no sooner were those means of improvident support withheld than they blotted all recollections of his munificence from their memories, and had the audacity to affect a pity for his diminished splendor, and publicly blamed him for having suffered himself to be their dupe and sacrifice. They rudely cast him upon an indiscriminating society, encumbered in a great degree with

a weight of responsibility for their own irregularities; they shaded his perception; but could not suppress the arguments of his heart.

Among the earliest friends of the Prince, Fox, Sheridan, and Burke may be considered as the most distinguished, a triumvirate of talent and genius which we can scarcely expect ever to behold again. In the formation of his establishment the Prince consulted Mr. Fox, and it is undoubted that he entertained for him the most sincere regard. With Mr. Fox, therefore, he thenceforth formed a permanent friendship. Influenced by his eloquence and impressed by his arguments and persuasion, he regarded that illustrious statesman as a pattern for his imitation, and esteemed and revered him as the friend of man. Into the amusements and follies of the lighter hours of Mr. Fox the Prince entered with a zest which his previous restrictions tended to increase, and these follies and extravagances not unfrequently involved him in private broils, which exposed him to public animadversion.

Mr. Fox, then in the prime of life, though not of his glory, stood on a commanding eminence, and the eyes, not only of his own nation, but of all the Courts of Europe, were turned upon him as the man above all others in the British dominions best qualified to be at the head of the Government. But his bold, independent spirit; the firmness with which he resisted the encroachments of the crown, and, above all, his sincere and unalterable attachment to the privileges of the people, were insurmountable objections to his reception at Court. The King, educated in high Tory maxims, was adverse to his principles, and dreaded his spirit; the favorites of the Court were naturally disgusted with his integrity, and shrank beneath his superior talents. In his parliamentary conduct there was nothing to censure, and as a minister he had shown himself incapable of being influenced by the seductions of office, or tempted by the love of power, to

continue in place when the dictates of honor and conscience told him that he ought to resign.

In the public life, therefore, of this illustrious man there was nothing that the most implacable of his enemies could fix upon that rendered him unfit to occupy the first place in the confidence of the heir apparent to the crown; and, therefore, in order to justify the obloquy which was cast upon the Prince for this attachment, it was necessary that the private character of Mr. Fox should undergo an examination, and the amusements and follies of his lighter hours were made to pass in a severe and malignant review before the public judgment. And here it must be confessed that his enemies had some tangible grounds to proceed upon, for it is indisputable that he was guilty of many of the levities and indiscretions which young men of fashion and fortune commit; and that, like them, he experienced those pecuniary vicissitudes which generally indicate extravagance and imprudence. Into these follies and indiscretions the Prince of Wales unfortunately entered, and not possessing at that period that hold on the public opinion which the parliamentary exertions of Mr. Fox had ensured to him, he participated in the disgrace incidental to such conduct, without enjoying the counteracting influence of public esteem.

It is our wish, from the sincere reverence which we feel for the extraordinary talents of this great man, that we could wholly acquit him of some acts which partake strongly of dishonor, and a wanton neglect of those upright principles on which the genuine moral character is founded. We are aware that these sentiments are at direct variance with those expressed by a very able writer when treating of the *private* character of Mr. Fox, who says, "Take the word 'honor' in whatever acceptance it can be applied, it will, from the narrowest scrutiny that can possibly be gone into Mr. Fox's life, be found that he never, even in the remotest degree, violated the strictest laws of honor."

The person who was supposed at this time to hold a second place in the friendship of the Prince of Wales as a political man was Mr. Burke. Of the character of this great orator we are not to judge from the maxims of his later years, but from the principles which he asserted up to the period when he was distinguished by the friendship of the Prince. Brought into public notice by the munificence of the Marquis of Rockingham, and attached to the Whig party both by sentiment and gratitude, the splendor of his eloquence, and his various literary attainments, had raised him to a high rank both in the political and literary world. The conduct of Mr. Burke, in his declining years, casts a shade over his character; but we are disposed rather to view this luminary as he shone in the political hemisphere at the meridian of his glory than in his declension, when the evening and the lowering tempests of night obscured and deformed his setting rays.

Mr. Burke was, on many accounts, one of the most remarkable men of his times. He was what few of our modern statesmen have been—the architect of his own preferment, without ever having had occasion to blush for the means which brought him forward to public notice. Born with a vast and comprehensive genius, which he cultivated with the most assiduous industry, he rose to eminence by his own talents.

In one particular, however, we will do that justice to the character of Mr. Burke which it so preëminently deserves, by declaring that he neither encouraged nor fostered the libertine dispositions of the illustrious individual who honored him with his friendship and esteem. In many instances he attempted to dissuade him from pursuing a career which must ultimately end in disgrace and ruin, and to which it was evident that he was led on by the example of his profligate companions, reckless, as it would appear, of the consequences resulting to the injury of his character as a prince and a man.

The argumentative powers of Mr. Burke were of the highest order; his sources of knowledge were universal and inexhaustible; his memory was comprehensive and faithful, while his mind teemed with the most luxurious imagery, clothed in the most elegant language, and strengthened by the most applicable and brilliant expressions. It has been admitted, even by those who have most rigidly examined his pretensions to fame, that the splendor of his eloquence has seldom been excelled by the most accomplished orators or even poets of any age or country.

Sheridan, the wit, the poet, the dramatist, and the orator, but the drunkard, the gamester, and the rake, was also the personal friend of the Prince. To the talents of Sheridan as an orator the tributes of admiration and applause have been as numerous as they have been just. And yet Sheridan as a moralist was as defective in principle as he was incorrect in practice. Sheridan, poor, deserted, diseased, and wretched, expired in loneliness and misery; and so died, not purely, as has been alleged, a martyr to his love of liberty, but rather to his vices and licentiousness. An acquaintance, therefore, with Sheridan, whilst it could not fail of improving the judgment, enlivening the fancy, and heightening the imagination and wit of the dullest of his associates, yet it could not also fail of injuring that high tone of morals with which the heart of a monarch of a Christian country should be especially inspired. In the amours of Mr. Sheridan the name of the Prince was constantly involved, and this circumstance additionally tended to the permanent injury of his character and reputation.

Of the Prince's intimacy with Sheridan many pleasant and, we regret to add, painful anecdotes are related. The following will show the familiar footing on which they stood with each other: The Prince became a member of Brookes'

Club, in order to have more frequent intercourse with Mr. Fox. The Prince was the only person who was ever admitted without a ballot, and on his first appearance every member rose and welcomed him by acclamation. When Fox first became acquainted with Sheridan, he was so delighted with his company and brilliant conversation that he became exceedingly anxious to get him admitted as a member of Brookes' Club, which he frequented every night. Sheridan was frequently proposed, but as often had one black ball in the ballot, which disqualified him. At length, the balls being marked, the hostile ball was traced to old George Selwyn, a stickler for aristocracy. Sheridan was apprised of this, and desired that his name might be put up again, and that the further conduct of the matter might be left to himself. Accordingly, on the evening that he was to be balloted for, Sheridan arrived at Brookes', arm in arm with the Prince, just ten minutes before the balloting began. Being shown into the candidates' waiting room, the waiter was ordered to tell Mr. Selwyn that the Prince desired to speak with him below immediately; Selwyn obeyed the summons without delay, and Sheridan, to whom he had no personal dislike, entertained him for half an hour with a political story, which interested him very much, but which, of course, had no foundation in truth. During Selwyn's absence the balloting went on, and Sheridan was chosen, which circumstance was announced to himself and the Prince by the waiter with the preconcerted signal of stroking his chin with his hand. Sheridan immediately got up, and apologizing for an absence of a few minutes, told Mr. Selwyn that the Prince would finish the narrative, the catastrophe of which he would find very *remarkable*.

Sheridan now went up stairs, was introduced to and welcomed by the club, and was soon in all his glory. The Prince in the meantime was left in no very enviable situation, for he had not the least idea of being left to conclude

the story, the thread of which (if it had a thread) he had entirely forgotten, or which, perhaps, his eagerness to serve Sheridan's cause prevented him from listening to with sufficient attention to take up where Sheridan had dropped it. Still, by means of his auditor's occasional assistance, he got on pretty well for a few minutes, when a question from Selwyn, as to the flat contradiction of a part of the Prince's story to that of Sheridan, completely posed him, and he stuck fast. After much floundering to set himself right, and finding all was in vain, the Prince burst into a loud laugh, and exclaimed, "D—n the fellow! to leave me to finish this infernal story, of which I know as much as the child unborn—but never mind, Selwyn, as Sherry does not seem inclined to come back, let us go up stairs, and I dare say Fox or some of them will be able to tell you all about it." They adjourned to the club room, and Selwyn now detected the manœuvre. Sheridan rose, made him a low bow, and said, "'Pon my honor, Mr. Selwyn, I beg pardon, for being absent so long, but the fact is, I happened to drop into devilish good company; they have just been making me a member, without even one *black ball*, and here I am." "The devil they have!" exclaimed Selwyn. "Facts speak for themselves," replied Sheridan, "and as I know you are very glad of my election, accept my grateful thanks (pressing his hand on his breast and bowing very low) for *your* friendly suffrage; and now, if you'll sit down by me, I'll finish my story, for I daresay His Royal Highness has found considerable difficulty in doing justice to its merits." "Your story! it is all a lie from beginning to end," screamed out Selwyn, amidst immoderate fits of laughter from all parts of the room.

Among the nobility who at this time were more particularly honored with the countenance of the Prince were the Dukes of Norfolk, Bedford, Devonshire, Portland, and Northumberland, the Earls of Derby, Cholmondeley, and Fitzwilliam, and Lords St. John, Ponsonby, Craven, South-

ampton, and Rawdon (afterwards the Earl of Moira,) who, after passing the greater part of his life in the enjoyment of the respect and esteem of his fellow countrymen, became the object of their scorn and contempt by the mean and pitiful conduct which he pursued in the investigation of the charges which were brought against Caroline of Brunswick. In regard to the connection of His Royal Highness with the other noblemen, he derived very little moral benefit or advantage. As the descendants of the illustrious champions of freedom, or as men of great talents and acquisitions, they were fit associates for the heir apparent to the throne of Great Britain, but this assisted but little in discouraging the general *penchant* for the female sex, which, however it may accord with continental manners, ill agrees with the principles of morality, or the opinions and views of the Christian population. Example is unfortunately, as well as fortunately, the school of mankind. In the short space of three years the Prince had been introduced to circles as dissipated as they were gay, and as immoral as they were dissipated. His personal and mental endowments attracted for him the admiration of women distinguished as much for rank and virtue as for duplicity, licentiousness, and infidelity.

The residence of the Prince was now chiefly confined to Carlton House, it having been presented to him by his father, and it soon became the focus of conviviality. Brilliant were the flashes of festive wit which enlivened the royal board, and some idea may be formed of the nature and spirit of those meetings from the following comico-tragic event which took place, in which the celebrated George Hanger was the principal performer.

It is well known that the above mentioned person was the particular companion of the Prince, and many of the youthful improprieties which he committed were ascribed to the company which he kept; and particularly to the

society of Sheridan and Major Hanger. On a particular occasion, when the latter was raising recruits, the King hearing that the Prince was taken from place to place by him and others in high life, collecting mobs and throwing money to them in large quantities, for the sake of creating the fun of seeing a scramble, and other worse purposes, he, with much feeling, exclaimed: "D—n Sherry, and I must hang—hang—Hanger, for they will break my heart, and ruin the hopes of my country."

The following will be read as a rich treat to the lovers of fun and mischief; it shows the extraordinary gaiety of the disposition of the Prince and the familiar manner in which he lived with his companions :

It was at the celebration of the Queen's birthday, 1782, that Major Hanger made his first appearance at Court; and it may be said to have been a *debut* which proved a source of infinite amusement to all who were present, and to no one more so than the Prince, who was no stranger to the singularity of his character and the general eccentricity of his actions. Being a major in the Hessian service, he wore his uniform at the ball, which was a short blue coat with gold frogs, with a belt, unusually broad, across the shoulders, from which his sword depended. This dress being a little particular, when compared with the full trimmed suits of velvet and satin about him, though, as professional, strictly conformable to etiquette of the Court, attracted the notice of the King and his attendants; and the buz, "Who is he?" "Whence does he come?" etc., etc., was heard in all parts of the room. Thus he became the focus of attraction, and especially when the contrast presented itself of his selecting the beautiful Miss Gunning as his partner. He led her out to dance a minuet; but when, on the first crossing of his lovely partner, he put on his hat, which was one of the largest Kevenhüller kind, ornamented with two large black and white feathers, the

figure which he cut was so truly ridiculous and preposterous that even the gravity of the King could not be restrained; the grave faces of the Ministers relaxed into a smile, and the Prince was actually thrown into a convulsive fit of laughter. There was such an irresistible provocation to risibility in the *tout ensemble* of his appearance and style of movement that his fair partner was reluctantly obliged to lose sight of good manners, and could scarcely finish the minuet; but Hanger himself joined in the laugh which was raised at his expense, and thereby extricated his partner from her embarrassment. This is, perhaps, the first time that the *pas grave* of a minuet has been considered as a mighty good jest, but there are moments when even the most serious circumstances serve only to produce a comic effect.

The Major now stood up to dance a country dance, but here his motions were so completely antic, and so much resembling those of a mountebank, that he totally discomfited his partner, put the whole set into confusion, and excited a degree of laughter throughout the room such as had never before been witnessed in a royal drawing room.

On the following day the subject of the Major's ludicrous *début* at Court became the subject of conversation at the convivial board at Carlton House, when the Prince proposed that a letter should be written to the Major thanking him, in the name of the company which had assembled in the drawing room, for the pleasure and gratification which he had afforded them. The joke was considered a good one. Writing materials were ordered and the Prince himself indited the following letter, which was copied by Sheridan, with whose handwriting the Major was not acquainted:

“ ST. JAMES' STREET, *Sunday Morning.*

“ The company who attended the ball on Friday last at St. James' present their compliments to Major Hanger

and return him their unfeigned thanks for the variety with which he enlivened the insipidity of that evening's entertainment. The *gentlemen* want words to describe their admiration of the truly grotesque and humorous figure which he exhibited; and the *ladies* beg leave to express their acknowledgments for the lively and animated emotions that his stately, erect, and perpendicular form could not fail to excite in their delicate and susceptible bosoms. His gesticulations and martial deportment were truly admirable, and have raised an impression that will not soon be effaced at St. James'."

This letter produced a highly ludicrous scene, which often excited a laugh when the Prince related it to his guests as one of the most humorous which occurred to him during his life.

On the day subsequent to the receipt of the letter the Prince purposely invited George Hanger to dine at Carlton House, and it formed a part of the plot of the Prince that Sheridan should not be invited. After dinner the conversation turned designedly upon the leading circumstances of the late ball, and, on the Prince ironically complimenting the Major on the serious effect which his appearance must have had on the hearts of the ladies, he in a very indignant manner drew from his pocket the letter which he had received, declaring that it was a complete affront upon him, and that the sole motive of the writer was to insult him, and to turn him into ridicule. The Prince requested permission to read the letter, and, having perused it, he fully coincided in the opinion of the Major that no other motive could have actuated the writer than to offer him the greatest affront.

The Major's anger arose. "Blitz und Hölle!" he exclaimed, "if I could discover the writer he should give me immediate satisfaction."

“I admire your spirit,” said the Prince. “How insulting to talk of your grotesque figure!”

“And then to turn your stately, erect, and perpendicular form into ridicule,” said Mr. Fox.

“And to talk of your gesticulations,” said Captain Morris.

“Sapperment!” exclaimed the Major, “but the writer shall be discovered.”

“Have you not the slightest knowledge of the handwriting?” asked the Prince. “The characters are, I think, somewhat familiar to me. Allow me to peruse the letter again.” The letter was handed to the Prince. “I am certain I am not mistaken,” he said, “this is the handwriting of that mischievous fellow, Sheridan.”

“Sheridan!” exclaimed the Major, “impossible—it cannot be.”

“Hand the letter to Fox,” said the Prince, “he knows Sheridan’s handwriting well.”

“This is undoubtedly the handwriting of Sheridan,” said Fox, looking at the letter.

“Then he shall give me immediate satisfaction,” said the Major, rising from the table, and, addressing himself to Captain Morris, requested him to be the bearer of his message to Mr. Sheridan. Having written the note, in which a full and public apology was demanded, or a place of meeting appointed, Captain Morris was despatched with it, and in the meantime he (the Major) would retire to his lodgings to await the answer from Mr. Sheridan. The Prince now pretended to interfere, expressing his readiness to be a mediator between the parties, but at the same time he contrived every now and then to increase the flame of the Major’s resentment by some artful insinuations as to the grossness of the affront, and complimenting him on the spirited manner in which he had behaved on the occasion. The Major was determined not to be appeased, and he left

the room muttering, "D—n the impudent fellow! grotesque figure! perpendicular form! gesticulations!"

The Major had no sooner retired than the whole party burst into a loud laugh; the Prince had brought him to the very point he wished, and in about an hour Captain Morris arrived with Sheridan, who entered immediately into the spirit of the adventure. It was then agreed that Sheridan should accept the challenge, appointing the following morning at daybreak in Battersea Fields, and that Mr. Fox should be the bearer of the answer of Mr. Sheridan to the offended Major—Mr. Sheridan undertaking, on his part, to provide the necessary surgical assistance.

On the following morning the parties were punctually at the spot; the Major accompanied by Captain Morris, Mr. Sheridan by Mr. Fox, the Prince disguised as a surgeon, being seated in the carriage which conveyed the latter gentleman. The customary preliminaries being arranged, the parties took their station; the signal to fire was given—no effect took place; the seconds loaded the pistols a second time—the parties fired again—still no effect was produced.

"D—n the fellow!" said the Major to his second, "I can't hit him."

"The third fire generally takes effect," said Captain Morris, who with the utmost difficulty could keep his risible faculties in order, whilst the Prince in the carriage was almost convulsed with laughter at the grotesque motions of the Major.

The signal to fire was given the third time—the effect was decisive—Mr. Sheridan fell as if dead on his back.

"Killed, by G—d!" said Captain Morris; "let us fly instantly;" and without giving the Major time to collect himself he hurried him to the carriage, which immediately drove away towards town. The Prince descended from the carriage almost faint with laughter, and joined Sheridan and Fox, the former of whom, as soon as the Major's car-

riage was out of sight, had risen from his prostrate position unscathed as when he entered the field; for, to complete the farce, it had been previously arranged that no ball should be put into the pistols, and that Sheridan was to fall on the third fire. The Prince with his two associates drove off immediately to town, and a message was sent to Major Hanger desiring his immediate attendance at Carlton House. The Major obeyed the summons, and he entered the apartment of the Prince with a most dolorous countenance. "Bad business this," said the Prince, "a very bad business, Hanger; but I have the satisfaction to tell you that Sheridan is not materially hurt, and if you will dine with me this day I will invite a gentleman who will give you an exact account of the state in which your late antagonist lies. Remain here till dinner time, and all may yet be well."

The Prince, from goodness of heart, and not wishing that the Major should have the painful impression on his mind that he had been the instrument of the death of a fellow creature, and one of the most convivial of their companions, had imparted to the Major the consolatory information that his antagonist was not seriously injured; and the Major looked forward to the hour of dinner with some anxiety, when he was to receive further information on the subject. The hour came—the party were assembled in the drawing room; "Now, Hanger," said the Prince, "I'll introduce a gentleman to you who shall give you all the information you can wish." The door opened and Sheridan entered. The Major started back with wonder; "How! how! how is this?" he stammered; "I thought I had killed you?" "Not quite, my good fellow," said Sheridan, offering the Major his hand; "I am not yet quite good enough to go to the world above—and as to that below, I am not yet fully qualified for it, therefore I considered it better to defer my departure from this to a future period; and now

I doubt not that His Royal Highness will give you an explicit explanation of the whole business—but I died well, did I not, Hanger?”

The Prince now declared that the whole plot was concocted by himself, and hoped that when the Major next fought such a duel he might be in a coach to view it. Conviviality reigned throughout the remainder of the evening—the song and glass went round—the Prince singing the parody on “There’s a Difference between a Beggar and a Queen,” which was composed by Captain Morris, and which is to be found in the twenty-fourth edition of “Songs, Political and Convivial” by that first of lyric poets.

At the time when the Prince had satiated himself with the charms of Mrs. Robinson, a lady appeared in the hemisphere of fashion whose beauty was the theme of general admiration, and whose mental endowments were little inferior, if any, to those of the illfated *Perdita*. That a meteor of this kind should be blazing in the world, and the Prince of Wales not desire to behold it, could not be expected by those who were in the least aware of his propensities. Of the early life of this lady it becomes us not to speak; it is only when she appears as one of the characters in the scenes of the eventful drama which we are portraying that she becomes an object of our notice. At the period, however, when her beauty became the theme of general conversation, she was living secretly under the protection of Mr. Fox, although, to all outward appearance, her conduct was regulated by the strictest rules of propriety and decorum. She was received into the first circles, caressed by all the libertines of rank and fashion, although the doors of the royal drawing room were closed against her on account of some little stain which was supposed to attach to her character, and which she could not wipe off to the entire satisfaction of the rigidly virtuous and illustrious female who then presided over the British Court. Moving, therefore, in a sphere

different to that of the Prince, he had no opportunity of obtaining a view of her in public, and he therefore applied to one of his immediate and confidential associates to effect an interview—and this associate was no other person than Mr. Fox himself. It was rather a startling commission for him, but at this period Mr. Fox so completely compromised his honor as to become the most active panderer to the passions of the Prince, and Mrs. Armstead was one evening introduced by him to the Prince at Windsor. The secret must now be told; from that moment Mrs. Robinson declined in his affections. She declares in her narrative that she found herself surrounded by enemies, and subject to attacks, but from what quarter they came she knew not; she was assailed by pamphlets, but of the authors of them she was ignorant; she was libelled, caricatured, insulted, and abused, and all on account of falsehoods which were propagated to her injury by individuals who, like the bat, kept themselves in the dark that their hideous forms might not be seen. And from what quarter did all these annoyances in reality proceed? From a set of unprincipled and dishonorable men, who saw that as long as His Royal Highness was under the influence of a lady in no measure connected with their party, and whom they could not make subservient to their own personal views, their plans could not be carried on with that prospect of ultimate success as if that lady were supplanted, and one substituted for her who would fall into all their views, and through the medium of whom they could obtain the requisite information of the proceedings of the opposite party, who were endeavoring to obtain the ascendancy in the councils of the Prince. Mr. Fox and his party beheld in Mrs. Armstead the very individual who was to accomplish this task, and every instrument was now set in motion, in the first instance, by base and insidious reports to defame the character of Mrs. Robinson, to undermine the attach-

ment of the Prince for her; and, in the second, by a continued course of annoyance and persecution to induce her to leave the country. Mr. Fox undertook to effect the latter, and the successful manner in which he executed his dastardly commission has been already described.

Mrs. Armstead now became the companion of the Prince, and Mr. Fox consoled himself for the temporary loss of her edifying society by the benefit which her influence over "His Royal Highness" obtained for his party, personally and politically. In a short time, however, Mrs. Armstead shared the fate of her exiled predecessor, when Mr. Fox kindly and *honorably* accepted of her again; and we shall, in the sequel, find, when the question of the Regency came to be discussed, that he was travelling on the continent with her, pointing out to her the beauties of southern France and Italy, and recruiting himself from his career of profligate dissipation in the contemplation of her faded charms.

The ingredients of which honor is composed we believe to be fixed and determined, however differently they may be amalgamated according to the natural character of the individual; but we have minutely analyzed this transaction in all its principles, and we hesitate not to say that we have not been able to discover one single ingredient in it of which honor, even in its most confined latitude, is supposed to be composed.

We pretend not to enter the lists with any of our cotemporaries on the authenticity or originality of their respective statements, as that is a question which must be decided by the public voice; but we cannot refrain from expressing our indignation at the attempts of some of them to purify and bleach the character of the Prince by blackening the characters of others, whose greatest misfortune in life was their connection with him and his associates. We feel a becoming respect for any virtues the Prince possessed,

which were allowed to be great and eminent before they were contaminated by an association with individuals so deeply steeped in dishonor and moral turpitude; but we feel a higher degree of indignation for those who, to serve their still own interested views, could plunge him into a vortex of dissipation and of profligacy, which ultimately reduced him to such a state of disgrace, unparalleled almost in the history of princes, and which alienated from him the good opinion of that people over whom he was one day destined to rule.

We have been led into these remarks influenced by the true spirit of impartiality, and with the sole view of doing justice to those characters which have been maligned merely for the purpose of courting the favor of "the powers that be," and to the utter falsification and perversion of the facts themselves, as they have been transmitted to us by individuals whose veracity or testimony has never been impeached, and also in open defiance of chronological truth. We allude particularly to the remarks inserted in the *Court Journal* of July 3, 1830, in which, in order to cast the odium of the affair of Mrs. Robinson on her own shoulders, and to alleviate those of her royal seducer from the burden of the iniquity, an attempt is made to throw the hue of discredit on the whole of her statement by a pretended discovery of certain anachronisms and inconsistencies with which it is said to abound.

In our extracts from the statement of Mrs. Robinson contained in her autobiography, which was too long to insert in this work, we omitted the following passage:

"At an interview with Lord Malden I perceived that he regretted the task he had undertaken; but he assured me that the Prince was almost frantic whenever he suggested a wish to decline interfering. Once I remember his Lordship's telling me that *the Duke of Cumberland* had made him an early visit, informing him that the Prince was most

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wretched on my account, and imploring him to continue his services only a short time longer."

The remarks made by the Court Journalist on the above passage are as follows: "At this period the Prince was only eighteen years of age, Lord Malden only twenty-three, and the *Duke of Cumberland* only *nine*. We leave the reader to judge of the lady's accuracy, and of the open field she had for the exercise of her talents upon *such youths*."

By what epithet ought this error to be characterized? The Duke of Cumberland spoken of by Mrs. Robinson was the husband of Mrs. Horton, on account of whose marriage the celebrated Act was passed in 1772, restricting the marriages of the descendants of George II. He is the identical Duke of Cumberland of whom a writer of that day observes, "To reproach a man for being an idiot is an insult to Almighty God." The Duke of Cumberland was simply then Prince Ernest Augustus, and had not come to the title, and, at the time of the connection between the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Robinson, was certainly only nine years old. We leave this without any further comment; a schoolboy would be whipped for such ignorance.

The next perversion of facts, which, according to the diction of the Journalist, throws discredit on the narrative of the lady, is to be found in the supposed anachronism which exists between the dates of the Bishop of Osnaburg leaving England, in 1780, and the date of the letter in 1783. His Royal Highness did certainly leave England on the 30th of December, 1780, as related by the Journalist; but, in regard to the date of the letter he seems to be ignorant that, although the facts took place in 1779-80, it was not till the year 1803 that Mrs. Robinson writes to her friend in America (Colonel, afterwards General Tarleton, not *Carleton*, as the Journalist has it,) giving him a full and explicit account of the whole of her connection with the Prince. Mrs. Robinson does not say that the facts took

place in 1803, but she writes the account of them in that year, and thus the objections of the Journalist to the accuracy of the statement of Mrs. Robinson again break under him.

We cannot dismiss this subject finally from our attention without passing our animadversions on the falsity of the statement of the Journalist—that the connection of the Prince with Mrs. Robinson was broken off on account of the Prince's *friends* opening his eyes to her machinations, and thereby rescuing him from so pernicious a connection.

Let us inquire who were those friends who stepped in so prudently and laudably to rescue the Prince from the predicament in which he found himself. They were the very men who had been the means of introducing Mrs. Armstead to him; who skipped about with the St. Vitus' dance of abhorrence at the moral turpitude of his connection with Mrs. Robinson, but who placed over their consciences the healing plaster of expediency when they conducted Mrs. Armstead to his arms. The name and temporary influence of the latter were a passport to the whole party to the convivial board of the Prince, to his bacchanalian orgies, and to a participation in scenes in which every fine and noble feeling of the heart—every principle of honor, integrity, and truth—was sacrificed on the shrine of personal emolument. And in regard to the machinations of Mrs. Robinson—with whom did she machinate, if we may be allowed the expression? Who were the men that she collected around her to work upon the credulity of “the simple, inexperienced youth?” Where are the proofs that she committed an interested action by which the advantages of herself or any of her friends were promoted by her connection with the Prince? She came to him impoverished, and she left him the same. His bond was restored to him—his trinkets, to the amount

of the paltry sum of £100, were returned to him. Did Mrs. Armstead do the same? On the contrary, did not the bounty and the presents of the Prince furnish her with the means of enabling the individual, who had meanly taken her to his arms again on her repudiation by the Prince, to continue his habits of extravagance and profligacy? Machination implies a concert of action in particular individuals for the attainment of some specific end; but we have not a single proof, during the whole of the connection of Mrs. Robinson with the Prince, that she combined or coalesced with a single person for the accomplishment of any interested view. Machinations were not committed *by* her but *against* her, and they were deep, disgraceful, and degrading to the parties in whose breasts they originated.

We now take our leave of this subject; we have given our feeble aid in rescuing the memory of a beautiful, unfortunate, but highly gifted female from the odium which has been attempted to be thrown upon her character; faultless it was not. The temptations with which she had to contend were more than a woman's strength could conquer; and, if she fell, let Charity drop a tear upon her errors, and let them stand as a warning example to others whose misfortune it may be to be placed in similar circumstances, and remember the words of our Master, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone."

The political contentions which at this time agitated the nation, the profligate life of the Prince and his apparent subserviency to all the views of the opposition, tended to destroy the equanimity of the King's mind, and he fell a prey to habitual dejection, becoming silent, thoughtful, and uncommunicative, instead of evincing his customary equality of temper, suavity of manners, and cheerfulness of disposition. It must, however, be taken into the account that the King was now no more the gay, impetuous youth; the

cares of government had pressed for a length of time heavily on his shoulders, and the loss of the American colonies had affected him deeply. The buoyancy of youth had yielded to the sobriety of age; and, although he did not deny to the Prince the right to the enjoyment of the pleasures of life, yet he was constantly exhorting him to partake of them with moderation and not to lose sight of the dignified station to which Providence had called him. The admonitions of the royal parent were listened to with becoming and respectful attention, but their effect was as transient as the characters traced on the shores of the ocean, which the next tide effaces, and they are lost forever to the view.

The Prince repeatedly offended his father by the bold and unqualified manner in which he spoke of his ministers, depreciating their measures, ridiculing their talents; thus, "In the year 1781, which was a most inauspicious period for the British arms; and the nation, getting tired of a long and inglorious struggle, vainly persevered to destroy those rational principles of freedom in our brethren across the Atlantic which we are so jealous to preserve and ready to defend at home; at this time many were the expedients proposed to bring about an accommodation, but the majority of them were more likely to perplex than to extricate our Government; the Prince, however, undertook to propose a remedy, which would not cost much, would effectually put a stop to the war, and give general satisfaction. The King, his father, demanded of him to state the nature of his projects; the Prince, with great gravity, said, that three half crowns would buy three halters, and that one of these should be sent to Lord North, then Prime Minister, and one to each of his chief supporters in the Administration. The King was at first surprised at his boldness, but he immediately afterwards ordered this young counsellor to retire to his apartments and not to approach his sovereign until

he had made a proper apology. History is silent as to the apology being made, but Lord North's Administration was dismissed in a few months, without receiving the halter; and peace, with its concomitant blessings, was soon restored to Europe. Thus wrote a historian of the time.

We wish not to refer to any part of the life of George III during the melancholy period of his intellectual aberrations, but we cannot refrain from inserting the following truly pathetic counsel which His Majesty, in one of his lucid intervals, gave to the Prince respecting the character of those with whom he associated :

“George,” said the King, “keep good company; methinks I am already dead. I solemnly conjure thee, George, keep good company. Be a father to thy sisters, and a husband to the Queen, thy mother. O George, she well deserves thy tenderness. Banish the unworthy from thy presence; they flatter thee, and call thee good and gracious, and so they would the man that had dethroned thee. Princes are always good and gracious to those who fatten on their favors, and from their smiles draw omens of still greater spoils.

“George, let the virtuous counsel thee. Study thy people's good; their interests are united with thy own. In their happiness thou wilt find thy truest glory.

“And remember, George, thou art mortal; the vices of thy manhood will plant with thorns the pillow of reflecting age. Be wise in time; and let devotion to thy God obtain a glorious conquest—the conquest of thyself and death.”

Such was the substance of the royal admonition. The Prince wept and retired, his bosom convulsed with contending passions. The effect, however, was but transitory. He was so entangled in the chains of dissipation and of libertinism that he could not shake them off. As his appetite increased fresh objects were always at hand to satisfy it;

and, to the shame of his associates be it recorded, that they were not always very nice in regard to the objects whom they selected. Of the truth of this, a more striking proof cannot be given than the connection which he formed about this time with Mrs. Billington, the celebrated singer of that time.

The exterior of this woman had something to recommend her to the attention of the royal libertine, but her manners were distinguished by the utmost grossness, and in many instances by the most positive indelicacy. To enter into any description of the life of Mrs. Billington previous to her connection with the Prince were to stain our pages with the delineation of scenes injurious to the interests of the rising generation, and at variance with those principles which we have laid down for our rule and guide in the accomplishment of the delicate task which we have undertaken. The exposure of vice may, in many instances, be of essential benefit to youth on his entrance into the world, as it is a monster which has only to be exhibited in its real and naked form to be despised and shunned; but, on the other hand, it has its seductions and its blandishments, and they may, by talent and address, be so clothed in a captivating garb that the youthful heart, glowing with passion, may long to become familiar with them, and to partake of the enjoyment which their possession is supposed to afford.

It was behind the scenes of the theatre that the Prince first became acquainted with Mrs. Billington, and at that time she appeared to be his chief inducement for visiting the theatre. Those who, like ourselves, are aware of some particular traits in the character of Mrs. Billington, and of the peculiar *penchant* which was her ruling passion in her intercourse with her favorites, must be well aware that the Prince was, notwithstanding his exalted rank and high personal endowments, not exactly the individual who could

long enchain her affections. The vicinity of her dwelling to the Thames, it being situate at Fulham and immediately on the banks of the river, offered many facilities to the Prince to partake of the society of the fascinating siren, and to enjoy the delight of her musical *conversazioni*, which were held almost every night that her presence was not required at the theatre.

This connection of the Prince was not, however, of long duration; the coarseness of her manners soon disgusted him, and he declared at last that the only satisfaction he enjoyed in her society was when he shut his eyes and opened his ears.

We shall briefly state another amour which followed that of Mrs. Billington, and that was with Mrs. Crouch, also an actress, who was then in the zenith of her beauty. On this lady the Prince expended considerable sums, in one instance to the amount of £10,000, independently of a profusion of jewels and trinkets, which were purchased at Gray's, to the amount of £5,000, and which, when, in a short time afterwards, a schedule of the Prince's debts was laid before the King, it excited so strongly his disapprobation and resentment, that he refused to interfere in the liquidation of his debts. Kelly, in his *Reminiscences*, when treating of the life of Mrs. Crouch, studiously avoids making any mention of the impression which her charms made upon "His Royal Highness;" but it is melancholy to relate that, after having squandered immense sums of money and exposed himself to the ridicule of his associates, he found that he had selected an individual who, although her person and form were beautiful, was so addicted to intoxication that her breath became disgustingly tainted, which gave rise to the well known simile of George Hanger, comparing her throat to a smoky chimney—foul and stinking.

In addition to the sum above mentioned, he settled upon her £1,200 a year; but when the debts of the Prince were

arranged previous to his marriage, Mrs. Crouch's annuity was not recognized, as it was said *no valuable consideration* had been given for it. About this time the Prince and Earl Gray were suitors for the favors of the Duchess of Devonshire, after an understood separation from her husband (who had under his protection Lady Elizabeth Foster, the late Duchess). Earl Gray succeeded, and the Prince was ousted. The fruits of this connection was a daughter, a very accomplished lady.

Since the days of Charles II, who gave Newmarket the *ton* by visiting it with his Court, horse races have been one of the favorite amusements of the nobility and gentry, and at the period when the Prince of Wales became a sportsman the practice of keeping race horses was encouraged by the first characters in the country. At this time the manner in which the Prince travelled to and from Brighton partook of the eccentric. He always had three horses to his phaeton, one before the other—in modern *parlance*, tandem; the first horse was rode by a postilion, the other two managed by himself.

He particularly prided himself upon the superiority of his racing stud. His horses were to be seen at all the celebrated race courses, and the Prince often condescended to honor Newmarket and other places of sporting resort with his presence. These amusements were attended with an enormous expense; but no estimate can be formed of the amount which the Prince incurred on this account, from the circumstance that the sums of money expended on a racing establishment, and the loss or gain of *bona fide* matches, bear no proportion to the sums that are hazarded upon betting speculations. With regard to the sums which he expended on betting, it is from the nature of the thing not to be expected that we should advance even a guess. The probability is that the Prince, like most other gentlemen of the turf, experienced his share of the vicissi-

tudes of fortune, and sometimes was a considerable gainer, and at others a considerable loser; general report declares the latter to have been most frequently the case, but there was probably in this instance, as well as in many others, a large share of exaggeration, though it is likely that the candor of the Prince, and his well known spirit of honor, would expose him to some of the artifices of which the gentlemen of the turf have been accused, while his proud and dignified sense of propriety would not allow him to avail himself of those advantages which others would not scruple to practise with impunity at his expense. Few characters of eminence have distinguished themselves on the turf who have not been suspected at one time or other of these unjustifiable artifices, and hence the graver part of the world has been disposed to view these sporting meetings with anything else than sentiments of approbation.

That the Prince, on attaching himself to the sports of the turf, should have rendered himself liable to these imputations was a consequence naturally to be expected from the equality that necessarily prevails on such occasions. Losers could no more conceal their chagrin when a Prince was the winner than they could when they paid their money to an equal; and they well knew that this Prince was as liable to be deceived and imposed upon by his grooms, trainers, and dependents as any other gentleman of the turf; and, therefore, whenever the royal horses did not perform according to their satisfaction, either by winning when they had an extraordinary opinion of their fleetness, or by losing when they thought they would prove deficient in spirit and speed, the result was the same; they attributed their disappointment, not to any accidental circumstances over which the Prince or his servants could not possibly have any control, but to some unfair manœuvres on the part of the Prince and his dependents for the purpose of misleading the public judgment. The case of the Prince's

celebrated horse Escape, and respecting which we shall have to enter into some detail at a future period, will fully illustrate the truth of the foregoing statement.

In the meantime the clamor against "His Royal Highness" on account of the ruinous expenses incurred in the maintenance of his racing stud was loud and incessant; and, in order to palliate those proceedings, his partisans very injudiciously beheld, in the attachment of George III to the pleasures of the chase, the same good reasons for imputing to him an equal degree of censure, not considering that a very wide difference exists between the two pursuits. The chase is an exercise highly salubrious and manly, and it is totally distinct in its best features and characteristics from the pleasures of the turf. The former encourages not the ruinous spirit of gambling; and, although a person may be a member of a field of hunters, he may be still as select in his companions as if he were following a brace of greyhounds with his immediate friends on his own estate. It is the suspicious and questionable characters with whom, as a patron of the turf, an individual is obliged to associate which tends to throw an imputation upon him, however high and unsullied his honor and integrity may be in the general relations of life. In this, as in other cases which we have mentioned, the very zeal and anxiety evinced by the friends of the Prince to exonerate him from the general charges alleged against the patrons of the turf only tended to involve him deeper in the obloquy, and to raise the clamor to a still higher pitch against the course of life which he was pursuing.

Surrounded as the Prince was at this time by gamblers of every rank and degree, his losses became immense, his embarrassments alarming and disgraceful. His nights which were not *otherwise* employed were spent at the faro table, whither he was often taken in a state of almost helpless intoxication, to render him the greater dupe of those

who were then fattening on the unhallowed spoil obtained by their deliberate villainy.

At this time there lived a Jew in Crutched Friars who had amassed a splendid fortune by his usurious advances to the extravagant libertines of the age. The exigencies of the Prince became oppressive to him, and every expedient was adopted to obtain the necessary supplies for the extravagances of the day, however great the sacrifice might be. The channels from which the supplies had been hitherto obtained were completely exhausted, and not a farthing could be raised on the responsibility of any of the immediate associates of the Prince; the whole of the party were actually in a state of the deepest poverty; and Major Hanger, in the history of his life, mentions a circumstance in which he, Sheridan, Fox, *an illustrious individual*, and a Mr. Berkeley repaired to a celebrated tavern, then known by the name of the Staffordshire Arms, where, after carousing with some dashing Cyprians who were sent for on the occasion, the combined resources of the whole of the party could not defray the expenses of the evening. On this occasion Sheridan got so intoxicated that he was put to bed, and, on awakening in the morning, he found himself in the character of a hostage for the expenses of the previous night's debauch.

From such circumstances some idea may be formed of the depressed state of the finances of the whole party—their individual credit was far below par, and their chief and only expectation rested on the responsibility of the Prince, who had *some sort of security* to give, although perhaps at a very distant date.

In regard to the Prince individually an immediate supply was indispensably necessary, and Sheridan undertook to set on foot a negotiation with Moses Aaron, of Crutched Friars, who, on hearing that no less a personage than the heir apparent to the crown was to be the security for the

advance, consented to supply whatever was required, but on such terms as could not fail to draw ruin after them.

According to the arrangement made with Sheridan, Aaron was introduced to Carlton House; and the following scene which took place between those two personages in the antechamber of the Prince, previously to their introduction into his presence, will throw some light upon the characters of the Prince's associates, as they were then current in the world:

"Ah! my old friend Aaron," said Sheridan as he entered the room, "how do you *do*?"

"I should be better, Mr. Sheridan," said Aaron, "if every man had his *due*."

"Then, Moses," said Sheridan, "many a man would have a halter."

"It may be so, Mr. Sheridan," said Moses, "you, I know, are a most *conscientious* man, and I daresay you speak as you *feel*."

"Well hit, Moses," said Sheridan; "but, hark ye, did you get that little bill done for me?"

"It was not to be done, indeed, Mr. Sheridan," said Moses.

"No!" exclaimed Sheridan; "why, I thought that when my friend Fox had indorsed it that it was as good as cash."

"No, Mr. Sheridan," said Moses, "it would not do."

"Money must be devilish scarce, then?" said Sheridan.

"Or," said Moses, "there must be something the matter with the credit of the parties."

"The times—the times," said Sheridan, "are very suspicious; but you can perhaps effect it for me by way of annuity?"

"But then your life, Mr. Sheridan, must be insured," said Moses, "and how should I stand then, if you were to have your *due*, according to your own statement; and then the interest, what security have you to offer?"

“My honor, Moses,” answered Sheridan.

“That won’t do, either,” said Moses; “it is quite threadbare—it won’t pay for turning.”

“But if the Prince joins in the security,” said Sheridan, “how then?”

“That will alter the case,” said Moses.

“Then,” said Sheridan, “let us go into the Prince.”

From the introduction of this Jew to the Prince may be dated a great portion of the serious embarrassments in which in a short time he was involved. A source was opened to him in which an immediate supply could at any time be obtained; although, if he had not been hurried away by the impetuosity of his passions, which left him not a moment for serious reflection, and by the pernicious counsels of his needy associates, he must have seen that every step which he took involved him deeper in ruin and disgrace. In one instance this Jew raised him £10,000 on a post-obit bond, to be paid on the decease of his father. For this bond he received in reality but £7,500, the remaining sum being made up in various articles, the most useful of which were, perhaps, two hogsheads of *French playing cards*, and three puncheons of excellent *French cognac brandy*, manufactured at a distillery in Whitechapel; a diamond cross and rosary—the said diamonds also manufactured in Houndsditch; and *two hundred tea urns*, some of which partook of the porosity of the filtering stone, and which were immediately disposed of to another Jew at a quarter of the price which the conscientious Israelite had charged the Prince. In about three months after the above transaction the Prince required a further supply of money, and these same tea urns found their way back again into his possession, and were disposed of at the same cost and sacrifice.

The above is but one of the many ruinous transactions with which we are acquainted, which at this time marked

the thoughtless career of the Prince. If some hoary, venerable friend of his parents expostulated with him on the inevitable consequences of such conduct, the effect was transitory—amendment was promised, but the promise was never kept.

The following is the copy of a letter which was written about this time by the Prince to the Duchess of Devonshire; and although it does not contain any of the high flown rhapsodies of an enamored youth, it tells enough to show what were the real sentiments of his heart towards her :

“How little you know *me*, ever dearest Duchess, and how much you have misconceived the object of this day’s dinner, which has succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations! It has almost, if not entirely, annihilated every coolness that has, for a short time past, appeared to exist between the Duke of Norfolk and his old friends, and brought Erskine back also. Ask only the Duke of Leinster and Guildford what passed. I believe you never heard such an eulogium from the lips of man pronounced as I this day have pronounced upon Fox; and so complete a refutation of all the absurd doctrines and foolish distinctions which they have grounded their late conduct upon. He was most honorably, distinctly, and zealously supported by Sheridan, by which they were most completely driven to the wall, and positively pledged themselves hereafter to follow no other line of politics than what Fox and myself would hold out to them, and with a certain degree of contrition expressed by them at their ever having ventured to express a doubt, either respecting Charles or myself. Harry Howard, who has never varied in his sentiments, was overjoyed, and said he never knew anything so well done or so well timed, and that he should to-night retire to his bed the happiest of men, as his mind was now at ease, which it had not been for some time past. In

less deserving of any eulogium that could be passed upon him. In one instance, however, the Prince did resent the brutal conduct of Fox, and perhaps there was not any circumstance that could give greater offence to the feelings of His Royal Highness than a studied rudeness to a female. During the celebrated election just mentioned, a few nights after Mr. Fox was returned, a grand supper was given, at which the Prince, the Duchess of Devonshire, and the most eminent of the Whig leaders were present, for the express purpose of celebrating the auspicious event. Mr. Fox was seated by the side of the Duchess of Devonshire; and notwithstanding the utmost efforts of Hare, who was one of his most favored associates, he could not induce him even to say a few words of civility to Her Grace, but he actually turned his back upon her, and would not utter a syllable. Piqued at Fox's conduct, Hare, who sat nearly opposite to him, and who was accustomed to treat him with the utmost freedom, took out a pencil, wrote three lines, and pushed the paper across the table to his friend. We shall not transcribe the lines, as they were too energetic, or rather too coarse, to allow of their insertion; but they adjured Fox, in language as strong as Mæcenas used to Augustus when he wrote to the Emperor—“*Siste tandem carnifex!*”—to turn himself round to the lady in question. Fox calmly perused the billet, and then having torn it into small pieces, which he placed on the table, without appearing to pay any attention to Hare, he turned his back, if possible, still more decidedly on the person on whose behalf the expostulation was written.

This conduct could not fail to attract the attention of the Prince; and, addressing himself to Fox, he said, “Suppose you were to consult Buffon on the character of the indigenous animals of this country, which do you suppose you would find to be the most finished brute?”

“I consider each,” said Fox, “to be a finished brute in its individual character.”

“But,” said the Prince, “the habits and manners of one brute are more coarse and savage than those of another.”

“That is a point,” said Fox, “which I cannot determine.”

“But it is one,” said the Prince, “which every one in this company can determine; for they have just had a specimen given them that no animal in brutish manners can exceed a *Fox*.”

To this celebrated man may be attributed the greater part of the profligacies of the Prince. Fox loved only three things—women, play, and politics; yet at no period of his life did he ever form a creditable connection with a woman. He spoke of marriage as a chain which ought to be borne only in the decline of life, but that in youth it was an actual loss of personal liberty and freedom of mind. Sentiments of a similar nature arose in the mind of the Prince; and although state policy might have required him to enter the married state, at no period of his life was he fit for it. It is, however, not a little remarkable that he was one of the most strenuous advisers of Fox to look out for some wealthy heiress as the only means of repairing his shattered fortunes. At this time he had completely dissipated every shilling that he could either command, or that could be raised by the most ruinous expedients. He had even undergone at times many of the severest privations annexed to the vicissitudes that mark the gamester's progress, frequently wanting money to defray his common diurnal wants of the most pressing nature. Topham Beauclerc, himself a man of pleasure and of letters, who lived much in the society of Fox at that period of his life, used to affirm that no man could form an idea of the extremities to which he had been driven, in order to raise money, after losing his last guinea at the faro table. He has been reduced for successive days to such distress as to be under the necessity of having recourse to the waiters of Brookes' Club to lend him assistance. The very chairmen, whom he

was unable to pay, used to dun him for their arrears. All dignity of character and independence of mind must have been lost amid these scenes of ruinous dissipation. He might be considered as an extinct volcano, for the pecuniary aliment that had fed the flame was long consumed.

Among the heiresses who at this time evinced their anxiety to engraft their plebeian stock on some sprig of nobility was the celebrated Miss Johnstone, not less renowned for her wit than for the extent of her fortune. To this lady the Prince recommended Fox to offer his hand; but the latter was as ignorant of the road to gain a woman's love as a hermit of the desert. There was an uncouthness in his general demeanor which acted as repellents to the establishment of any permanent affection. In the Prince, however, Fox had a most powerful and an almost irresistible advocate; and on one occasion when he was pleading the cause of his friend, with the knowledge, at the same time, that Pitt had also shown some predilection for the lady, Miss Johnstone said, "I am afraid, your Royal Highness, I should get into a pitfall if I were to marry Mr. Fox."

"Perhaps that would be better," said the Prince, "than falling into the arms of a Pitt."

"Better, perhaps," said Miss Johnstone, "in the arms of a Pitt than in the claws of a Fox."

The profligate character of Mr. Fox put an end to this treaty of marriage; and in a short time afterwards, during the celebrated trial of Hastings, Fox raised his eyes and his hopes to the Duke of Newcastle's box, in Westminster Hall, where usually sat Miss Pulteney, afterwards created by Mr. Pitt Countess of Bath in her own right, then justly esteemed one of the richest heiresses in the kingdom. After exhibiting his powers of oratory as a public man in the manager's box below he sometimes ascended in his private capacity to try the effect of his eloquence under the char-

acter of a lover. The Prince and all his friends aided a cause which, by rendering Fox independent in his fortune, would have healed the wounds inflicted by his early indiscretions. General Fitzpatrick usually kept a place for him near the lady, and for some time the courtship assumed so auspicious an appearance that Hare one day, speculating on the probable issue of the marriage, said with admirable humor, "that they would be inevitably duns, with black manes and tails," alluding to the lady's fair complexion and red hair, contrasted with the dark hue of Mr. Fox. The affair, however, ultimately went off like the former, and Mr. Fox at length entered the married state with the Mrs. Armstead of *ci-devant* notoriety.

It would be useless to pretend that the associates of the Prince of Wales were selected by him from a manly confidence in his own capacity for repelling vice and resisting the temptations of the profligate. We do not wish to press too hard upon the weakness of human nature, nor insist upon it as an argument of anger as of sorrow that the Prince before his twentieth year was supposed to have been initiated in all the vices by which an affluent and corrupt society is infested. The gaming table, which exhausts the most immeasurable resources, creating and feeding the vilest passions, was familiar to the Prince, even before his majority. The immense losses which he sustained at the gaming table were not always the consequences of ill luck. Schemes were devised by which a heavy drain was made upon his finances, and he became eventually the dupe of a set of titled sharpers, who, by acts of the most deliberate villany, reduced him to a state of comparative pauperism. The celebrated wager of the turkey and goose race well illustrates the inventive genius of these associates, who never missed an opportunity of swindling the Prince.

During one of the convivial parties at Carlton House,

George Hanger designedly introduced the subject of the travelling qualifications of the turkey and the goose; and he pronounced it as his opinion (although directly contrary to his real one) that the turkey would outstrip the goose. The Prince, who placed great reliance on the judgment of George Hanger on subjects of that nature, backed the opinion of Hanger; and, as it may be supposed, there were some of the party who were willing to espouse the part of the goose. The dispute ended in the Prince making a match of twenty turkeys against twenty geese for a distance of ten miles—the competitors to start at four o'clock in the afternoon. The race was to be run for £500; and as George Hanger and the turkey party hesitated not to lay two to one in favor of their bird, the Prince did the same to a considerable amount, not in the least suspecting that the whole was a deep laid plan to extract a sum of money from his pockets, for his chance of winning from the natural propensity of the turkey, was wholly out of the question. The Prince took great interest in this extraordinary wager, and deputed George Hanger to select twenty of the most wholesome and high feathered birds which could be procured; and, on the day appointed, the Prince and his party of turkeys, and Mr. Berkeley and his party of geese, set off to decide the match. For the first three hours everything seemed to indicate that the turkeys would be the winners, as they were then two miles in advance of the geese; but as night came on the turkeys began to stretch out their necks towards the branches of the trees which lined the sides of the road; in vain the Prince attempted to urge them on with his pole, to which a bit of red cloth was attached; in vain George Hanger dislodged one from its roosting place, before he saw three or four others comfortably perching among the branches—in vain was the barley strewn upon the road, no art, no stratagem, no compulsion could prevent them taking to

their roosting place; whilst, in the meantime, the geese came waddling on, and in a short time passed the turkey party, who were all busy in the trees dislodging their obstinate birds; but as to any further progress it was found impossible, and the geese were declared the winners.

Trifling as this circumstance may appear, it will have the tendency of exposing the characters of the intimates of the Prince, and the singular expedients to which they had recourse to restore their shattered fortunes at the expense of his character and his fortune.

Connected with this period many stories have been told of sallies of conduct, of various features of character—some distinguished by their extreme eccentricity, and others by those wanton deviations from the strict line of morality—which, however, may be said less or more of every youth of high expectations or great possessions. The Prince was fond of seeing society in its various grades, and, like his prototype of old, Henry V, sometimes went *incog.* to places where his presence was least expected. A public house in Gray's Inn Lane had become, in some degree, celebrated for its Burton ale; and the Prince, wishing to taste it, took with him the Groom of the Stole, the first Lord Southampton, and, walking into the house, they called for some Burton ale. After they had sat, however, for a short time, some one recognized the Prince. The Prince, finding he was discovered, abruptly departed with Lord Southampton, and, taking a hackney coach, they returned to Carlton House. The neighbors were, a few days afterwards, surprised by the Prince's crest being splendidly put up at the public house alluded to, with the inscription of "Purveyor Burton Ale to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales;" the landlord of the house so describing himself in consequence of the royal visit.

This "most noble Prince" also patronized the very lowest dens of infamy in London, and visited, not always *incog.*

either, some of the most noted houses of ill fame, in which large cities like London abound. There is a narrow court leading out of King-street, St. James', and quite contiguous to the Palace, which contains a house still occupied at the present day by the vilest of public women, over whose portal is the royal coat of arms, as much as to say, "Under the patronage of the royal family." The proprietor, or proprietress, claims the right to use this powerful emblem from the fact that the establishment was once "patronized" by George, Prince of Wales. The writer saw this house and sign while residing in London in 1850. He was told by the person who showed him the locality that there were similar signs over like establishments in other parts of London.

Chapter Fourth.

ONE night at the opera the Prince beheld in Lady Sef-ton's box a lady of most exquisite beauty, and at once became ardently enamored. This lady was Mrs. Fitzherbert, whose connection afterwards with the heir apparent created such a controversy in Parliament and throughout the realm—of which hereafter.

In treating of this lady we will follow the memoirs given of her by her relative, Lord Stourton, who obtained all the facts from the lady herself, and which fully establish the disputed point—her lawful marriage to George, Prince of Wales, consequently the rightful and legitimate Queen to the throne of England.* We know the latter observation will create comment with monarchists and sticklers of the “divine right of kings;” still the fact remains. Lord Stourton labored long with a commendable devotion to rescue the fair fame of his relative after her death, when he felt her character as a virtuous woman was assailed, and to have the documentary proofs made public to establish this all important fact. He brought to light valuable documents which forever set at rest this disputed question.†

When the Prince first became acquainted with Mrs. Fitzherbert she was residing at that beautiful and picturesque locality, Richmond Hill. She was the original of the

* Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert, by Hon. Charles Langdale. Published by Richard Bentley. London, 1856.

† See the Hon. Charles Langdale's Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert. Published by Richard Bentley. London, 1856.

popular ballad, which was sung throughout the country and also became very popular in America, "Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill." She was a widow with an independent income of £2,000 a year, surrounded with powerful, wealthy, and influential friends, by whom she was beloved and caressed.* It is, therefore, not surprising that she firmly resisted the assiduities and flattering protestations of a royal lover, who soon discovered he had not an inexperienced girl whose head could be readily turned by the allurements of a princely suitor. She had been through hymeneal halls and the nuptial chamber on two occasions, being twice a widow, so matrimony had no especial novelties for her, and he had to resort to other means than those usually resorted to in his ordinary seductions; but all in vain—the beautiful and discreet widow repulsed him at every point. She was somewhat the senior of the Prince, being born July, 1756, and married in 1775, during the troubled times that led to the American Revolution, to Edward Weld, Esq., of Lulworth Castle, county of Dorset, who lived hardly a year after.

Thomas Fitzherbert, Esq., then wooed and won the hand of the young and fascinating widow, and married her in 1778; after a happy married life of three years she found herself again a widow at the age of twenty-four. It was about four years after the death of her second husband that she became acquainted with George Guelph, our present subject, her third husband, who afterwards became, as we all know, the King of England.

At first the lady would not listen to his declaration of "eternal love," but repulsed him coldly. He then became desperate and told her he would commit suicide. She would not yield. He then systematically bled himself, or had it done for him, that he might look pale, as if actually dying of a broken heart. Still she would give him no en-

* Langdale's Memoirs.

couragement. Moore records that he next pretended to shoot himself, but managed to put the ball of the pistol through the head of the bed instead of his own head. Still the lady would not come to terms.

His next move was to procure a dagger with which he essayed a stab upon his royal person, and they do say he actually drew some of "the royal blood of a Briton." He rolled upon the floor and tore his hair, striking his head with his clenched fists. He said he was going mad, and raged frantically; swore he would certainly kill himself, if Mrs. Fitzherbert refused him. A commission was at once despatched to Mrs. Fitzherbert to inform her of the critical (?) condition of the Prince, that her presence alone would save the valuable life of the heir apparent. Lord Stourton thus graphically describes the succeeding events as he gathered them from the lady herself:

"Keit, the surgeon, Lord Onslow, Lord Southampton, and Mr. Edward Bouverie arrived at her house in the utmost consternation, informing her that the life of the Prince was in imminent danger—that he had stabbed himself—and that only *her* immediate presence would save him. She resisted, in the most peremptory manner, all their importunities, saying that nothing should induce her to enter Carlton House. She was afterwards brought to share in the alarm; but, still fearful of some stratagem derogatory to her reputation, insisted upon some lady of high character accompanying her as an indispensable condition—the Duchess of Devonshire was selected. They four drove from Park street to Devonshire House, and took her along with them. She found the Prince pale and covered with blood. The sight so overpowered her faculties that she was deprived almost of all consciousness. The Prince told her that nothing would induce him to live unless she promised to become his wife, and permitted him to put a ring round her finger. A ring from the hand of the Duchess of

Devonshire was used upon the occasion, and not one of his own. Mrs. Fitzherbert, being asked by Lord Stourton whether she did not believe that some trick had been practised and that it was not really the blood of the Prince, answered in the negative, and said she had frequently seen the scar, and that some brandy and water was near his bedside when she was called to him on the day he wounded himself.

“They returned to Devonshire House. A deposition was drawn up of what had occurred, and signed and sealed by each one of the party, and, for all she knew to the contrary, might still be there. On the next day she left the country, sending a letter to Lord Southampton protesting against what had taken place, as not being then a free agent. She retired to Aix-la-Chapelle, and afterwards to Holland.*

“In Holland she met with the greatest civilities from the Stadtholder and his family, lived upon terms of intimacy with them, and was received into the friendship of the Princess of Orange, who, at that very time, was the object of negotiation with the royal family of England for the heir apparent. Frequent inquiries were made about the Prince and the English Court in confidential communications between her and the Princess, it being wholly unknown to the Princess that she was her most dangerous rival. She said she was often placed in circumstances of considerable embarrassment; but her object being to break through her own engagements, she was not the hypocrite she might have appeared afterwards, as she would have been very happy to have furthered this alliance. She afterwards saw this Princess in England, and continued to enjoy her friendship, but there was always a great coolness on the part of the Stadtholder towards her.

* See an article in Harper's Magazine for July, 1856, vol. 13, page 201, "The Lost Queen."

“She left Holland in the royal barge, and spent above another year abroad, endeavoring to ‘fight off’ (to use her own phrase) a union fraught with such dangerous consequences to her peace and happiness. Couriers after couriers passed through France, carrying the letters and propositions of the Prince to her in France and Switzerland. The Duke of Orleans was the medium of this correspondence. The speed of the couriers exciting the suspicion of the French Government, three of them were at different times put into prison. Wrought upon, and fearful, from the past, of the desperation of the Prince, she consented, formally and deliberately, to promise she would never marry any other person; and lastly she was induced to return to England, and to agree to become his wife on those conditions which satisfied her own conscience, though she could have no legal claim to be the wife of the Prince.” Lord Stourton says:

“I have seen a letter of *thirty-seven pages* written, as she informed me, not long before this step was taken, entirely in the handwriting of the Prince, in which it is stated by him that his father would connive at the union.” She was then hurried to England, anticipating too clearly and justly that she was about to plunge into inextricable difficulties; but, having insisted upon conditions such as would satisfy her conscience and justify her in the eyes of her own Church, she abandoned herself to her fate. Immediately after her return she was married to the Prince according to the rites of the Catholic Church in this country, her uncle Harry Errington and her brother being witnesses to the contract along with the Protestant clergyman who officiated at the ceremony. A certificate of this marriage is extant in the handwriting of the Prince, and with his signature and that of Mary Fitzherbert. The witnesses’ names were added.

A letter of the Prince on her return to him has been pre-

served, to supply any deficiency in the evidence of this marriage ceremony that the witnesses to the union were known; and, moreover, the letter of the officiating clergyman is still preserved, together with another document with the signature and seal of the Prince, in which he repeatedly terms her HIS WIFE.

Mr. Fox tried all his powers of persuasion to deter the Prince from marrying Mrs. Fitzherbert; he did not succeed, for the Prince had determined to possess the lady, and he knew, after every artifice had failed, he could only do this by a legal marriage, for the object of his passion on this occasion was a religious and conscientious woman, who could not be brought, by any human sophistry, to violate God's holy ordinance, "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

Fox, in his argumentative letter, says: "I have stated this danger on the supposition the marriage would be a real one, but you know as well as I that, according to the present laws of the country, it cannot."

To Americans this argument is simply ridiculous, looking at the question from the only standpoint of which the holy institution of marriage is capable, namely, a religious or Christian point of view.

We, with every intelligent person, be he English or American, hold that no ordinances of man, no enactments of Parliament, can abrogate the LAWS OF GOD. And when the Prince of Wales, in the presence of Almighty God and the priests and witnesses assembled, said, as he did say, "I take thee to be my wedded, lawful wife," Mrs. Fitzherbert became, in our humble, democratic form, Mrs. GEORGE GUELPH, or, in monarchical titular parlance, HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, MARY ANNE, PRINCESS OF WALES, his true and lawful wife. In this light—in this, her true position—throughout this work we consider her.

Mr. Fox, his confidant and friend, endeavored to dissuade Prince George from marrying, and wrote to him as follows:*

* Langdale's Memoirs, page 15. London, 1856.

“December 10, 1785.

“SIR :

“I hope your Royal Highness does me the justice to believe that it is with the utmost reluctance I trouble you with my opinion unasked at any time, much more so upon a subject where it may not be agreeable to your wishes. I am sure that nothing could ever make me take this liberty but the condescension which you have honored me with upon so many occasions, and the zealous and grateful attachment that I feel for your Royal Highness, and which makes me run the risk even of displeasing you for the purpose of doing you a real service.

“I was told, just before I left town yesterday, that Mrs. Fitzherbert had arrived; and if I had heard only this I should have felt the most unfeigned joy at an event which I knew would contribute so much to your Royal Highness' satisfaction; but I was told at the same time that, from a variety of circumstances which had been observed and put together, there was reason to suppose that you were going to take the very desperate step (pardon the expression) of marrying her at this moment. If such an idea be really in your mind, and it be not now too late, for God's sake let me call your attention to some considerations, which my attachment to your Royal Highness and the real concern which I take in whatever relates to your interest, have suggested to me, and which may possibly have the more weight with you when you perceive that Mrs. Fitzherbert is equally interested in most of them with yourself. In the first place, you are aware that a marriage with a Catholic throws the Prince contracting such marriage out of the succession of the crown. Now, what change may have happened in Mrs. Fitzherbert's sentiments upon religious matters I know not; but I do not understand that any public profession of change has been made. Surely, sir, this is not a matter to be trifled with; and your Royal Highness must excuse the

extreme freedom with which I write. If there should be a doubt about her previous conversion, consider the circumstances in which you stand. The King not feeling for you as a father ought; the Duke of York professedly his favorite, and likely to be married agreeably to the King's wishes; the nation full of its old prejudices against Catholics, and justly dreading all disputes about succession. In all these circumstances your enemies might take such advantage as I shudder to think of; and though your generosity might think no sacrifice too great to be made to a person whom you love so entirely, consider what her reflections must be in such an event, and how impossible it would be for her ever to forgive herself.

“I have stated this danger upon the supposition that the marriage would be a real one; but your Royal Highness knows as well as I that, according to the present laws of the country, it *cannot*; and I need not point out to your good sense what a source of uneasiness it must be to you, to her, and, above all, to the nation, to have it a matter of dispute and discussion whether the Prince of Wales is or is not married. All speculations on the feelings of the public are uncertain; but I doubt much whether an uncertainty of this kind, by keeping men's minds in perpetual agitation upon a matter of this moment, might not cause a greater ferment than any other possible situation.

“If there should be children from the marriage, I need not say how much the uneasiness as well of yourself as of the nation must be aggravated. If anything could add to the weight of these considerations, it is the impossibility of remedying the mischiefs I have alluded to; for if your Royal Highness should think proper, when you are twenty-five years old, to notify to Parliament your intention to marry (by which means *alone* a *legal* marriage can be contracted,) in what manner can it be notified? If the previous marriage is mentioned or owned, will it not be said

that you have set at defiance the laws of your country; and that you now come to Parliament for a sanction for what you have already done in contempt of it? If there are children, will it not be said that we must look for future applications to legitimate them, and consequently be liable to disputes for the succession between the eldest son, and the eldest son after the legal marriage? And will not the entire annulling the whole marriage be suggested as the most secure way of preventing all such disputes?

“If the marriage is not mentioned to Parliament, but yet is known to have been solemnized, as it certainly will be known if it takes place, these are the consequences: First, that, at all events, any child born in the interim is immediately illegitimated; and next, that arguments will be drawn from the circumstances of the concealed marriage against the public one. It will be said that a woman who has lived with you as your wife without being so is not fit to be Queen of England; and thus the very thing that is done for the sake of her reputation will be used against it; and if I were Mrs. Fitzherbert’s father or brother I would advise her not by any means to agree to it, and prefer *any other species of connection* with you to one leading to so much misery and mischief! * * * *

FOX.”

In reflecting upon the character of the men who surrounded and advised the Prince on this occasion, we fully agree with Galt, the biographer of George, when he says: “We can only say that surely the kennels must have been raked for offal to enable some demon who hated the unanimity of the British people to construct likenesses of the men then in power, and in their names sanctioned proceedings which the English language affords no epithets black enough to designate as they deserve.”*

* Galt’s Diary of the Times of George IV, vol 4, page 133.

This language is none too strong when we consider a man could put his pen deliberately to paper and advise a father or brother to recommend prostitution to a daughter or sister! "I would *prefer any other species of connection*" to marriage! Horrible! No wonder the Prince went headlong to ruin surrounded by such—what? as Galt says, "the English language affords no epithet black enough to designate."

The King of England is the head of his Church, the "defender of the faith"—that faith believes in the divine decalogue as read in the forms of worship of the Church and for the use of his subjects, who in their responses are taught to say, "Incline our hearts to keep this law." No King and Parliament can altar God's holy law by any enactment, and make commission of sin an exception to royalty; with all their powers they cannot give force to "Thou shalt not commit adultery—*except your princes;*" but this is what they have attempted to do by the Royal Marriage Act.

Lord Holland, in his Memoirs,* also gives an account of the marriage ceremony of the Prince to Mrs. Fitzherbert, as furnished by the lady herself; "it was performed by an English clergyman. A certificate was signed by him, and attested by two witnesses—one a near relation of Mrs. Fitzherbert—Mr. Errington." The ceremony was performed in her own house in London, and it is known that other witnesses were present besides those whose names appear upon the certificate of marriage.

"If any corroboration were necessary to substantiate facts, of which such proofs are extant, and to which there are so many unexceptionable testimonies, it would be found in the behavior of Mrs. Fitzherbert on many subsequent occasions, and in the uniform respect and attention which she has received from nearly all the branches of the royal family."

* Vol. 2, page 140.

Lord Holland, elsewhere in his Memoirs, had already referred to the proofs that the marriage ceremony had taken place between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert, and even that the former had, at his subsequent marriage with the Princess of Brunswick, quailed under its recollection. The Memoirs* say: "This manifest repugnance to the marriage was attributed by many at the time to remorse at the recollection of a similar ceremony which had passed between him and Mrs. Fitzherbert. The subsequent conduct of all the parties, and the treatment of Mrs. Fitzherbert by all branches of the royal family, even when separated from the Prince, have long since confirmed the suspicion. In truth, that there was such a ceremony is *now* not matter of conjecture or inference, but of history. Documents proving it, long in the possession of Mrs. Fitzherbert's family, have been since June, 1833, actually deposited by agreement between the executors of George the Fourth (the Duke of Wellington and Sir William Knighton,) and the nominees of Mrs. Fitzherbert (Lord Albemarle and Lord Stourton,) at Coutt's Bank, in a *sealed box*, bearing this superscription: 'The property of the Earl of Albemarle; but not to be opened by him without apprising the Duke of Wellington,' or words to that purport."†

But this was by no means the only circumstance in this delicate affair which made the greatest impression on the public mind, for the most serious sensation was excited when it was known that Mrs. Fitzherbert had been educated in the principles of the Roman Catholic religion. It was said, indeed, that she might have retracted those principles; but was that retraction, it was rejoined, even supposing it had been made, worthy to be believed? A close and secret investigation took place as to the character and principles of those who were her immediate asso-

* Vol. 2, page 153.

† Langdale's Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert, page 14.

ciates, and they were all found to be members of the Roman Catholic community, and some of them actually belonging to that most dangerous and intriguing set of men, the Jesuits. Was this person, then, a proper associate for the heir apparent to a Protestant throne? Was it not a society fraught with the utmost danger to the religious faith of the future ruler of the nation? and, therefore, it cannot be urged as a fault on the part of the people of this country that the impression which this supposed marriage made upon their minds was deep and alarming. They saw, in their glances into futurity, every reason to expect the horrors of another civil war; and in their zeal for civil and religious liberties some of them were ready, in case of the demise of the crown, to have taken up arms against its natural successor by way of antidote and precaution.

Amongst this number was Lord George Gordon, then under prosecution in the Court of King's Bench for a libel on the Queen of France, and Count d'Adhemar, ambassador from the Court of Versailles, and who, on his trial, commented with great freedom on the connection supposed to have taken place between Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince. On his being interrogated what particular motive he had for wishing to have the benefit of that lady's testimony, he replied, "that he had a conversation with Mrs. Fitzherbert in Paris relative to some intrigues of the French and British Courts, which he wished that lady to substantiate." Previously to his trial, his lordship called at Mrs. Fitzherbert's house, in order to serve a subpœna upon her, but he was turned out of doors by her servants. The newspapers of the day, adverting to this circumstance, observed that Lord George Gordon caused a letter to be delivered to Mr. Pitt, before he went to the House, acquainting him that he had received a visit from Mr. Walter Smythe, brother to Mrs. Fitzherbert, accompanied by Mr. Orton, threatening to call him to account if he went to Mrs.

Fitzherbert's again, or took any liberties with her name. To this his lordship made answer that he must still apply to Mrs. Fitzherbert, to himself, or to Sir Carnaby Haggerston, until a written answer was sent concerning the just title of their sister. His lordship thus concluded: "I think it my duty to inform you, as Prime Minister, with this circumstance, that you may be apprized of, and communicate to the House of Commons, the overbearing disposition of the Papists."

The uncompromising hatred, which in the year 1780 had burst with such memorable and destructive zeal against the Catholics, now took fresh alarm; and, on the rumor of a marriage between the heir apparent and a Catholic lady, probably would have flamed out into fresh excesses, equally pernicious and dangerous, had the spirit of the times been the same. But the dreadful riots of 1780, in which Lord George Gordon bore so conspicuous a part, were too recent for the populace to be propelled by a like cause to similar acts of violence. His lordship had also lost much of his popularity by certain eccentricities in his behavior, though he had not then embraced the Mosaic ritual, which nearly altogether alienated the attachment of his former adherents. But, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which this once popular and formidable leader labored, it is certain that the notice which he took of the connection between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert caused that affair to be more particularly discussed than it would otherwise have been.

In the meantime there were not wanting many who believed, or who were willing to believe, that the marriage ceremony had been actually solemnized; and in the midst of this painful vacillation of the public opinion appeared the celebrated pamphlet of Horne Tooke, in which he not only declared that the marriage did actually take place, but that he was acquainted with the name of the priest

who performed the ceremony. He also attempted to prove that the marriage itself was a nullity, and consequently that, if Mrs. Fitzherbert were absolutely married to the Prince, she became *ipso facto* Princess of Wales, by which style Horne Tooke addresses her throughout the whole of the pamphlet.

This work caused a sensation in the country which cannot be described, and every expedient was resorted to which could check the circulation of such alarming intelligence. In regard to the marriage of the Prince with Mrs. Fitzherbert, on the ground of her being a subject, it was contended that it was not fraught with any danger to the country, from the well known facts of the different marriages which had taken place between the sovereign of the realm and a subject, and that such marriages had never been interrupted down to the very accession of the present family on the throne. Thus the two immediate predecessors of George I, as well as Elizabeth, were the issue of such a match; and not only they, but the house of Stuart itself, which immediately preceded the house of Hanover, and the very sovereign under whom the house of Hanover claims, are the issue of the sovereign with the subject. The race of Tudor, also, which immediately preceded that of Stuart, and the very sovereign under whom the house of Stuart claims, are also the issue of such a match. Three out of six sovereigns of the house of Stuart, and three out of five sovereigns of the house of Tudor, were the issue of such matches, by which it appears that the majority, for the course of two hundred and thirty years, namely—six out of the eleven sovereigns immediately preceding the house of Hanover—were the issue of the sovereign with the subject.

It was not, however, to the marriage of the Prince with a subject that the people of England appeared particularly to bend their attention, but it was to the religion of one of the parties that they looked; and in this point of view it was

considered an event of the greatest importance beyond anything of the kind since the Revolution. It was the subject of discussion in all the Courts of Europe, and in England excited a sensation unparalleled in the extreme.

Every possible attempt was now made to call into discredit the statement of Horne Tooke. His "Letter to a Friend," in which the marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert with the Prince was asserted, was very difficult to be procured; and his subsequent and very extraordinary silence, when he was publicly challenged to disclose the name of the priest and the place where the ceremony was performed, all tended, in a great degree, to calm the perturbed mind of the people; as they argued that his silence betrayed that he had no real and substantial grounds for the strong assertions he had made. It belongs not to us to investigate the reasons of Horne Tooke for maintaining such a studied silence on a subject of such vital importance, and concerning which, if he had any proofs wherewith to confirm his statement, he could not have any good and valid grounds for concealment. On the contrary, from the well known political sentiments of the man, he was considered as the very last who would screen the offending parties from the consequences of their illegal proceedings; or that, from any servile subserviency to the ministers of the day, or even to the sovereign himself, he could have been induced to withhold any information which might tend to the ultimate benefit of the country. It was, therefore, rather a triumph for the Prince's party that no explicit declaration was made corroborative of the statement of Horne Tooke in his pamphlet, although, from the high and overbearing disposition, and the sudden change which took place in the manners and conduct of the immediate relations of Mrs. Fitzherbert, it was evident that they considered themselves as exalted in the scale of rank and importance, and, certainly it was argued, that such a sudden

accession of pride could not arise from the prostitution but the elevation of their relative.

Among the immediate friends of the Prince, however, there were many who regarded his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert as an event rather to be rejoiced at than regretted, for, however irregular it might have been in its nature, it had still a tendency to withdraw him from the disgraces and preserve him from the consequences of vulgar debauchery.

Previous to the attachment of the Prince to Mrs. Fitzherbert, the passions, it was well known, treated him with as little reserve as the meanest of their votaries; and, under their influence, he was continually seen in those pavilions of pleasure where honor is not known and female virtue forever banished. It was, therefore, very fortunate for himself, and of course beneficial to the nation, if he could become stationary somewhere, and in particular with a person whose situation in life entitled her to every attention which the laws of his country would allow him to bestow. His exalted rank, as heir apparent to the crown, prevented him from entering into those tender relations which are open to the meanest of his subjects; and, although some fearful forebodings of the future might have afflicted certain melancholy and scrupulous spirits in the contemplation of this singular transaction, yet, as a mere abstract gratification of youthful passion, and divesting it of all influence on or interference with the affairs of Government, it perhaps ought not to have been considered such a matter of great national concern as it was represented; nor perhaps would it have been but for the indiscreet conduct of the Prince's party; for when it was seized upon by them as the circumstance to bind the Prince more firmly to their views and interests, it then became a subject of more serious consideration. That this was the case is very evident from the peculiar attentions which were paid to the lady by all the

first families connected with the party; nor should it be forgotten that many of those women of distinguished rank and character, such as the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Bedford, and others of equal dignity, refused even to visit the Duchess of Cumberland till the Prince favored her with his countenance; whilst they received Mrs. Fitzherbert not only with cordial kindness, but with formal honors. This arrangement, so generally known and observed, aided by a variety of artful insinuations, framed on purpose to steal on the public ear, gave a sanction to the opinion that the Prince had bound himself in as irrevocable a manner to the lady as the operation of forms and ceremonies of marriage could effect. But when, in a parliamentary debate relative to the payment of the Prince's debts, the nature of this connection was demanded, Mr. Fox repeated his declaration that *no marriage* had taken place, and everyone was satisfied with that declaration until Mr. Sheridan rose to reprobate the inquiry, and to give an eulogium of the lady, which by no means harmonized with the information that had preceded it.

The contradictions of these two political friends and confidential adherents of the Prince were not easy to be reconciled. Mr. Fox had declared that a lady living with the Prince, to all exterior appearance, in the habits of matrimonial connection, had not the sanction of any canonical forms to support her; whilst, on the other hand, Mr. Sheridan reversed the picture by representing her as a paragon of chastity, the possessor of every virtue, and the ornament of her sex, who was injured by the suspicions introduced into Parliament, and which had no foundation whatever but in the subservient fancies of ministerial adherents. Here, then, new difficulties arose respecting this once memorable but unfortunate woman, for she was now involved in the political arrangements and the views of the party, and was therefore to be supported by it; but, on the other hand, she

was the object at which the ministerial party directed their most envenomed shafts.

In a letter addressed to Mrs. Fitzherbert at this time, as the Princess of Wales, of which Dr. Withers was the author, appeared the following energetic passage:

“When the once celebrated leader of the opposition presumed to sacrifice your Royal Highness to the interested views of the party, I was transported with indignation, because, from a situation the most honorable in the kingdom, it reduced you to a state of infamy and contempt. It proclaimed, in the face of day, and to the astonishment of the world, that a woman of birth, beauty, and independence was the strumpet of the Prince of Wales, and under this head I have no scale to measure your demerits. A poor disconsolate female whom a villain has seduced, or the want of bread has driven to prostitution, is an angel of innocence in contrast with Mrs. Fitzherbert.”

Mr. Fox, however, would not retract his assertion, nor would he give back the paper on which it was founded, to any solicitation. It does not speak much for the acuteness nor the penetration of the ministerial party that they did not see through the nice distinction on which the disavowal was made.

Sophistry was, therefore, now the only resource which could preserve Mrs. Fitzherbert from that situation which is attended with irrevocable disgrace to the female character; and, in consequence of this perplexing dilemma, the retainers of the party took no small pains to propagate an opinion that the wisest and best of men are governed by circumstances, and that those of the Prince were peculiarly oppressive. His Royal Highness, they contended, who was excluded from the comforts of connubial life, by being prohibited from choosing a wife for himself by act of Parliament, acted perfectly right in fixing on some one to supply her place; and if she were a woman of a previous irre-

proachable character, good family, elegant manners, and maintaining her fidelity to him inviolate, the most exalted and respectable female characters in the kingdom were not only justified in receiving her, but would merit censure if they should hesitate to treat her with the same respect as is due to married ladies of their own condition.

The flimsy texture of this argument was at once apparent to the meanest capacity; and it tended in a very great degree to the injury of Mrs. Fitzherbert's character, and to render the Prince unpopular. Nor did this obloquy attach to those individuals only, but it was bestowed on every lady of rank who either visited Mrs. Fitzherbert or was visited by her.

That the Prince was highly unpopular at this time may, in a great measure, be attributed to this mysterious connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and to his avowed opposition to the measures of his father's ministers. The speculative mind, habituated to range with freedom and to meditate without restraint on all the events of life, will find, perhaps, as ample subject for grief and astonishment in the existing unpopularity of the Prince as he may find for admiration in the popularity of the King his father. A prince is placed by nature and by fortune in so high and favored an eminence above mankind—all his actions, and his very excesses, are beheld through so deceptive, or so favorable a medium—he is environed by such a splendor, resulting from youth and royal dignity, and expectation of future virtues—that it requires no small deviation from all that can excite attachment, or lay claim to esteem, in order to divest himself, if not of the approbation, at least of the personal adherence, of the far greater part of those over whom he is one day probably destined to reign.

We would treat the errors and excesses of the Prince as resulting more from the example of his profligate companions than from any innately existing moral turpitude.

Decorated as he was with all the grace of personal elegance, improved by education, cultivated by letters, enlarged by an acquaintance with men, not often attained by persons so far removed from the walks of private and common life; endowed with the powers of pleasing, and capacities of a convivial and social kind, not inferior to those so much admired in Charles II; affable even to familiarity, addicted to the enjoyment of the table, and keenly susceptible of the charms of female beauty, and the seductions which accompany it—how, will the future historian ask, could a youth to whom nature had been thus liberal, and on whom every eye was naturally turned with predilection and partiality, have contrived, before he had almost fully attained to manhood, to shake the affections, and to diminish, if not forfeit, the respect almost inseparable from his person and his dignity? It is an invidious, but it may be to future times a useful, task to explain *how* a Prince *may* degrade himself in the eyes of a deserving, a loyal, and an impartial people. If the following portraiture of the son of George III be true in its prominent features, the manner in which he degraded himself is at once explained.

He may lay the foundation of this melancholy proof of his power by a departure from that sacred and primeval law, written by the finger of nature deeply in the human heart, of filial piety and obedience—a duty as inviolable, and as much exacted from the prince to the sovereign, as from the least and lowest subject to his parent—a virtue ever found to exist with the greatest force and energy in those bosoms where nature has implanted all the most benign and kindly affections. He may accomplish that degradation by forming his nearest connections of familiarity and intimacy not from among the youth who naturally surround the successor to the throne, but from the most obscure and unprincipled individuals with whom a capital such as London must of necessity teem. He may give the final wound to his popu-

larity, and to the fond partiality of a great people, by forming a connection of so ambiguous, so enigmatical, and so undefined a nature, that mankind, with anxious but fearful eyes, shall tremble to explore what yet they desire to ascertain; and if this extraordinary union should be formed with a person of a religious persuasion different from that of the country in which so strange a scene is acted, it is then only to contempt and ridicule that he can fly to avoid general disapprobation and resentment. These, and similar acts, are the means by which a prince can descend from the proud eminence on which he is placed, by which he can compel a reluctant people to deprecate his reign, and to anticipate with terror that event to which they are usually prone to look with warm and pleasing expectation.

We have been told that Henry V emerged from a similar cloud which shaded and obscured him before he ascended the throne of England; but where is the pretended similarity between the conqueror of Agincourt and the son of George III? Can the excesses of intemperance or levity, probably exaggerated to us by that magic pen which Shakspeare held, or however accurately true they may even be supposed, form any real resemblance between the two Princes? It is like the similarity which Burnet has ingeniously discovered between Charles II and Tiberius, *only* consisting in their common attachment to the pleasures of women. In one other particular the similarity will not stand good; Henry V was a hero, but not a gentleman, associating with the greatest blackguards of the day; George, Prince of Wales, was a gentleman of the most finished stamp, and might, perhaps, have been a hero if the opportunity had been allowed him; but the similarity will again hold good in the latter instance, for he, also, associated with some as consummate blackguards as his dissolute age could produce.

We have been led into these reflections by the true spirit

of impartiality, which, although it may oblige us to represent the character of this royal scion in all its darker shades, yet, that whenever it can be done consistently with that indulgence which is due to the imperfection of human nature, we may be allowed to throw over it that palliating hue which may deprive some of his actions of the blackness of their atrocity. In the delineation of the character of every man, whatever his rank or station in life may be, a just and becoming regard should be paid to the peculiarity of the circumstances under which he may be placed, for it is a too common error to judge of another by the standard which we may have formed in our own minds of the right principles of action, at the same time that we are ignorant of the motives which may have impelled the individual to the particular line of conduct which he may have adopted. In the majority, however, of the actions of the Prince, particularly in his intercourse with the female sex, no difficulty exists in the delineation of his character. The facts speak for themselves. He had but one general aim, and, if that aim were attained, he did not seem to trouble himself about the propriety or the morality of the means which were employed for the purpose.

To fix him to any object, however lovely and beautiful, appeared impracticable; it was a monotony of life insupportable to him, and he seemed to court variety with all the eagerness of a confirmed epicure at the luscious banquet. Not even the personal charms, nor the finished elegance of the manners of Mrs. Fitzherbert, could hold him within her chains, for their intercourse had scarcely commenced when the Prince received an invitation to dine with one of the Sheriffs of London, a celebrated distiller in White-chapel. The company was composed entirely of noblemen and gentlemen, the majority of whom were the intimate friends of the Prince. The Sheriff's lady was one of the celebrated beauties of the east, being in her person of that

embonpoint which was so peculiarly the taste of this royal libertine, and the features of her face were of that dignified and impressive cast for which the Grecian beauties are so justly celebrated. Her eye beamed with desire and passion, and her LIP was not the first TRAP which, by its lovely pouting, had ensnared the affection of the enamored Prince. The lady left the table soon after dinner, and the Prince felt a vacuum which could not be filled up by the coarser society of his companions. Feigning some excuse, he retired from the table, and the worthy Sheriff, fearing that his return might be delayed by indisposition, considered he should be wanting in respect if he did not hasten to make his personal inquiries respecting him.

There were several places in the house to which it was possible that the Prince had retired; but there was one, in particular, in which it was highly improbable that he should be found, and that was the *bedchamber* of his lady. It was, therefore, the last which the worthy Sheriff visited; but, had he visited it at first, it would have saved him a great deal of trouble, and calmed at once his anxiety for the safety of his royal guest. There, however, in reality, was the Prince found; and the Sheriff resolved on the most instantaneous punishment; he drew his sword, and England would, perhaps, have had to mourn the loss of the heir apparent to her throne, had not prudence whispered to him to save himself by the most precipitate flight. The darkness of the night favored him, and he gained the garden; he heard his pursuers behind him, but no friendly door presented itself by which he could make his escape; in an instant he scaled the wall, and he now found the adage to be true, that a man should always look before he leaps. The Prince did not look, and therefore he leapt into as vile a compound of dirt and filth as ever received the body of a human being, much more that of a Prince, within its odoriferous bosom. In what manner the Prince regained his

home, or into what hospitable dwelling he took refuge, to undergo the process of ablution, has not been communicated to us.* Associations are sometimes most rude and unpleasant monitors, and, in after years, his Royal Highness never heard the name of Liptrap mentioned, but he exclaimed, in the words of Shakspeare :

“Oh! but it has a rank, unearthly smell.”

It has been very inconsiderately and most erroneously stated by the panegyrists of the Prince that in none of his amours he ever wounded the feelings of a father and a husband, but that he always selected those objects whose virtue already stood on very suspicious grounds, and who, in the world of gallantry, were ready to yield themselves up to the highest bidder. It certainly would redound considerably to the character of this royal profligate, and divest it of a great portion of that black atrocity with which it is at present accompanied, if these panegyrists had drawn their information from the fountain of truth, and not, by a wilful perversion of acknowledged facts, laid themselves under the imputation of being the disseminators of a statement of which falsehood is its chief constituent feature. To those, to whom it has been permitted even partially to lift the veil which has been industriously thrown over the early excesses of the Prince, numerous are the instances which present themselves of the most heartless attempts at the seduction of female innocence, some of which were too successful, and others were only frustrated by the removal of the intended victims from the influence of his contaminating society. In defiance, however, of these panegyrists, who, by their indiscreet eulogiums, have only thrown an additional odium on the character of him whose virtues they profess to admire,

* We are indebted for this anecdote to Mr. R., who was actually in the service of the Sheriff when the catastrophe took place, and who was one of the pursuers of the Prince when he fled into the garden.—*Huish's Memoirs.*

by challenging a scrutiny which it is very unable to bear, we could lead them to a very beautiful mansion, still standing on the northern side of Kew Green, which, before the rude and heartless spoiler broke into its sanctuary, was the abode of as perfect happiness as this sublunary scene can afford. We could show them two dotting and affectionate parents, watching over the rising beauty of their only child, and revelling in the prospect of her future establishment in life. We could show them how they trembled if even a breath of air passed over her which might sully the purity of her maiden innocence, or inflict a spot on the angel whiteness of her bosom. We could show them how that same lovely object, before the treacherous serpent polluted the chalice of her innocence, looked upon the world and found the world—a world of bliss to her—her wishes never straying beyond the precincts of her paternal mansion; beloved by and loving only those who gave her birth—her sleep the sleep of innocence—her gaiety, the happiness of conscious virtue. We could show them all this—and we could afterwards lead them to where those same parents are sitting in their now childless mansion, disconsolate and broken-hearted, the world a sickening desert to them; we could lead them to the tomb of their once idolized, now mouldering child, whose spirit was too pure to endure its weight of shame, or to support the scorn and contumely of the world. Her parents saw the roses gradually fading on her cheeks—the lustre of her eye getting dim and wan—the cherry freshness of her lips becoming pale and shrivelled—they saw the approach of death—their hearts sickened at the view, and in their morning and evening prayers they implored the vengeance of Heaven on the ruthless destroyer of their child.*

To the indelible reproach of the female character, be it said, that, in the ruin of this lovely girl, a woman was the

* Huish's Memoirs, Geo. IV.

principal agent; and when we mention the name of Lady Lade, we have given the synonyma for all that was vile and despicable in woman. This notorious female first beheld the light in Lukner's lane, St. Giles', from which she emerged, on account of the fineness of her person, to become the mistress of John Rann, who forfeited his life on the scaffold at Tyburn, and, after passing through several gradations, she was taken under the protection of the Duke of York. We, therefore, now behold her in her own box at the opera, splendidly arrayed, her whole ambition gratified in viewing lords, dukes, and the princes of the blood at her side, paying that homage which only superior virtue and attractive manners ought to exact. But it was in the Windsor hunt that this lady first attracted the notice of the Prince. She was then the wife of Sir John Lade, and to be well up with the hounds—to be in at the death—to drive a phaeton four in hand, and to evince a perfect knowledge of all the technical phrases of coachmanship, not an individual in the whole hunt could compete with Lady Lade; nor was she excelled by even Sir John himself, who was the tutor of the Prince in the art of driving, and from whom he received a pension, *for his services*, of £400 per annum.

Born in a lowly and obscure station, and too long kept back in a state of plebeian insignificance, she at once shone like the sun piercing through a cloud, so that the strongest eye was dazzled by the blaze. Her former haunts were totally forsaken—her former companions no longer remembered, and she shone a comet in the bright regions of taste and fashion. There were, however, some fastidious females who, still adhering to the musty prejudices of their forefathers, refused to acknowledge the resplendent attractions of this fair paragon, and who even persisted, notwithstanding the royal favor and protection of the Prince, to exclude her from their circles. In these moments of her indigna-

tion, at her prudish rejection by the stiff starched nobility, she was apt to remember some of the phrases that she had learned in St. Giles', and whenever the Prince wanted an object of comparison in the vulgar practice of swearing, he was always wont to say, "He swears like Letitia Lade."

It was in the company of this woman that the Prince, one day returning from the chase, met the beautiful Elizabeth Harrington walking on the Richmond road, in the company of her parents. She was immediately marked out as a new victim to his libidinous desires, and Lady Lade undertook to effect the introduction. It was under the pretence of sudden indisposition that this female panderer broke into the sanctuary of domestic happiness, and with so much difficulty was the task accompanied which she had to accomplish that she at one time relinquished it, despairing of success. But the Prince had seen the luscious fruit, and to retire without the enjoyment of it was at variance with his usual mode of action. He goaded on his emissary—he threw to the winds his vows of constancy and "unalterable love" which he had sworn at the altar to HIS WIFE, and, like Cæsar of old, though on a far different occasion, he determined to realize the words *veni, vidi, vici*.

And here the dark traits of this heartrending transaction begin to develop themselves. In all his preceding intrigues we behold him acting under his genuine and royal character as the Prince of Wales. There had been hitherto no concealment—no disguise, no fallacious hope of a permanent settlement in life, sanctioned by the laws, had been fraudulently held out. Hitherto he said, with the great poet:

"In my bright radiance and collateral light
Must you be comforted—not in my sphere."

On all former occasions he wooed as the Prince of Wales, and as such he conquered. The girl, whose every heart string quivered with passion for him, saw in him only the

idol of her affection, the beloved, the irresistible, conqueror of her virtue. It was to her the landmark, the *ultima thule*, of her wishes, to be the acknowledged object of his love; but, in the present case, the announcement of a suitor in the person of the Prince of Wales would have been received with every mark of indignation and alarm. Every protestation of his *unalterable love* which he might have made in that quarter would have betrayed the lurking motive; and to some desert of the universe, untrodden by mortal foot, would the fond parents have removed their yet unsullied child, rather than have exposed her to the unequal contest which she would have to wage. Weakness, however, is inseparable from human nature, and one of the prevailing foibles of Mrs. Harrington was an attachment to aristocratic society. The possession of a title was a passport to her good favor, nor did she stoop to discover how it was acquired, whether by hereditary descent, although originating, perhaps, in infamy, or whether it was the immediate grant of the monarch for services rendered to the country. The honor of a visit from a lady of title, although purely *accidental*, was an event not to be superficially passed over in the calendar of her life, and this lady of title lauded her daughter to the skies as a paragon of beauty; and where is the fond, doting mother's heart that will not prompt her to throw her arms round the neck of the individual who lavishes her praises on an only, idolized child? If there be a way to win a mother's heart, it is that; not that we give the female panderer sufficient credit for the possession of so much tact, or of such a consummate knowledge of the human character, as thus so skilfully to have seized upon the prevailing foible of the affectionate mother to effect her unhallowed purpose. It must also be allowed that, since the time when Lady Lade emerged as Letitia Darby from the purlieus of St. Giles', she had acquired what the French formerly called the *bienseances* of society, although she could

at any time shake them off, according to the grade of company into which she might be thrown. To the vain fancy of Mrs. Harrington, Lady Lade appeared as one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of fashion; and as she seldom opened her mouth without alluding to the terms of intimacy on which she stood with this or that duke, or this or that lord, it was a decided point with the infatuated mother that it was a very fortunate hour of her life when the sudden indisposition of her ladyship impelled her to seek for relief under her hospitable roof.

The carriage of Lady Lade, drawn by four beautiful bay horses, and driven by herself, was now frequently to be seen standing at the door of Mrs. Harrington's house, for—

“More than one steed Letitia's empire feels,
 Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheels;
 And as she guides them through th' admiring throng,
 With what an air she smacks the silken thong!
 Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,
 And whistles sweet her softest strains;
 Sesostri-like, such charioteers as these
 May drive six harness'd monarchs, if they please.”

Step by step did this titled demirep worm herself into the good opinion of this once happy family; but the eventful hour came at last, and the fragile vessel, freighted with all their earthly hopes, was wrecked forever. The Harringtons were invited to partake of a friendly dinner, and to accompany her afterwards to the opera. The invitation was accepted; the dinner party was very select, there being only one *gentleman* visitor, but a more finished gentleman—one of more captivating manners and address—never graced a table. His attentions to Mrs. Harrington were of the most marked and affable nature; his attentions to her beautiful daughter, distant and reserved. The vanity of the mother was flattered—suspicion was laid asleep; and whilst she was sipping the palatable poison of adulation, Lady

Lade was insidiously instilling into the ears of her unsuspecting victim the most exuberant praises of the personal graces and manly virtues with which *the Honorable Mr. Elliott*, her visitor, was endowed. The female heart, un-hackneyed in the ways and stratagems of the world, is too prone to receive a favorable impression, which, although scarcely felt at first, increases in force imperceptibly, until it becomes at last the very life blood of its being, absorbing all other feelings into one—and that one is LOVE, in all its full, its blissful, heavenly power.

To the intriguing spirit of Lady Lade, who, it is well known, declared it to be her pride and glory to make any other female as infamous as herself, it must be attributed that the Prince, in this instance, assumed a fictitious name, for she soon perceived that, as the Prince, Mr. Harrington would not admit him as the companion of his daughter; as, independently of his exalted rank, which precluded all idea of a matrimonial connection, his libertine excesses and his debaucheries were now the theme of general conversation in the fashionable coteries, and excited the deep regret of the more moral and virtuous part of the community. There was scarcely a newspaper published at this period which did not contain an account of some libertine act of *an illustrious individual*, or of losses sustained by him at the gaming table; and it is a fact, for which there is the most undisputed authority, that in one week his name appears for three consecutive nights in the book of the night charges of St. Martin's watch house for riotous and disorderly conduct. His appearance in that character was always a source of great emolument to the guardians of the night, as they always made him pay a high price, not only for his own liberation but also for that of his associates, who, on these occasions, were generally not only *sans soucie* but also *sans sous*.

In this machination against the happiness of a worthy

family the intriguing party had nothing to fear but the recognition of the Prince; and for that reason he regretted that, on account of a prior engagement, he could not accompany the party to the opera, but that he would join them after it at the supper table. It was here that the Prince was known to exhibit himself in all his irresistible power. The elegance of his manners, his sportive wit, his unbounded spirit of conviviality, the liveliness of his conversation, and the extraordinary facility with which he knew how to accommodate himself to the tastes and pursuits of those by whom he was immediately surrounded, all conspired to render him an object dangerous in the extreme to a female heart, and especially to one, who, having lived a life of comparative seclusion, sees itself at once thrown into a situation where all that is fascinating and alluring operates upon the senses, and leads, as it were, all the affections captive.

To follow this amour through all its details would be to describe, on the one hand, all the arts and blandishments which the most confirmed libertine could employ to effect the conquest of female virtue; and, on the other, the helpless contest, the unavailing efforts, the last expiring struggle of the writhing victim; it would be to depict, on the one hand, the heartrending scene of the afflicted parents as they followed their beloved but dishonored child to the grave; and, on the other, the heartless gaiety, and the reckless indifference with which the seducer looked upon the wreck he had made.

And, whilst these scenes were passing, the country was agitated to its remotest corner by the firm belief that the marriage between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert had actually been consummated; and, if one circumstance more than another tended to confirm that belief, it was the unreserved manner in which Mrs. Fitzherbert was received into the highest circles, and the blaze of splendor which

surrounded her, not only when she appeared in public, but in the extravagant style in which she received her visitors at home. The veracity of Mr. Fox in regard to the disavowal of the marriage was exposed to the severest scrutiny, and the following passage in Horne Tooke's pamphlet only tended to excite still greater alarm in the minds of the English people :

In his "Letter to a Friend," he says: "You agree with me that it is not from the debates in either House of Parliament that the public will receive any solid or useful information on a point of so much importance to the nation—to the sovereign on the throne—to his royal successor, and to the most amiable and justly valued female character, whom I conclude to be in *all* respects both *legally*—really, *worthily*, and *happily* for this country, HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

"After the conversation that has been held in the House of Commons, and published in the newspapers, together with the discourse which has circulated universally through the nation, it would be a most ridiculous affectation to hesitate, in so many words, to declare that it is reported, and by me on solid grounds believed, that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is married to the late Mrs. Fitzherbert, now his *lawful wife*."*

And in another passage he says: "I consider the disavowal of this marriage to be itself an additional slander on a much misunderstood and misrepresented young man. I have no doubt, for he is young and a Prince, that some things might possibly be changed for the better in his conduct, but I will not believe at any time, and least of all in the moment and manner as reported, such a disavowal, be the marriage true or false, or anything tending to lessen the character of the lady, could possibly be authorized by

* Unfortunately she was as much his wife as a Romish priest could make her. Memoirs of George III. Rev. George Croly, LL.D.

him. And although extremely disgusted with his politics, yet I have too much personal respect for Mr. Fox to believe, upon the authority of a newspaper, that he was either the adviser, or silently seeming approver, much less the medium of such a disavowal. If such a measure had been thought advisable, or even necessary, upon any important score, yet Mr. Fox knows better how to time even his necessary measures. What! at the moment when the payment of debt and revenue were the questions, then to get up and make this disavowal, and then to give it the appearance of sacrificing, on compulsion, a defenceless woman's character for so mean a consideration as a paltry sum of money—I will not believe it!"

The result of a strict analysis of the foregoing passage will be to show that there exists a very striking inconsistency in the arguments of the writer, compared with the boasted authenticity of his information, and it further shows that he really was not so thoroughly acquainted with the secret machinery of the transaction as he professes to be. Horne Tooke, in his pamphlet, unequivocally states that he knows the priest who officiated at the marriage; it is, therefore, not a little strange that he should be ignorant of the presence of some other individuals who graced the nuptial day with their presence, and still further, that he should take upon himself the defence of one of them, who, with the exception of the bride and the illustrious bridegroom, was the most conspicuous character of the party. Could he have been ignorant that Mr. Fox was himself present at the marriage, and that it actually took place in the very house occupied by that person in Grafton street? If he knew that the Abbé Sechamp was the priest who performed the ceremony, why not openly avow it? Why pretend a knowledge of the fact, and yet, from some unaccountable reasons, refuse to make it public, and, what was still worse, so to throw over it the cloak of

mystery, as if he himself were the only depositary of the secret? Was Tooke ignorant that Sheridan and Burke were both present at the marriage, and also Mr. Errington and Mr. Throgmorton, the immediate relations of the bride, and that Mr. Fox—the same individual who in his place in the House of Commons disavowed the marriage—was the very person who handed the bride into the carriage when the *happy pair* set out for Richmond to spend *the honeymoon*? It is not the least surprising feature of this transaction, that Horne Tooke must have known that the disavowal of Fox was actually *true* and *false* at the same time, and that the most consummate Jesuit, who ever in his monastic cell concocted a diabolical scheme to promote the interests of his party, could not have evinced more skill and cunning than Fox evinced in this memorable disavowal of a marriage at which he himself was present. In order to prove the latter position, we will give an abstract from a celebrated pamphlet that appeared at this time, in which a committee are supposed to sit on the investigation of the marriage of the Prince, and the parties are regularly called in to give their evidence.

It begins with the evidence of Mr. Fox:

“MR. FOX.

“It is requested of Mr. Fox that he would inform the committee on what authority he asserted in his place that Mrs. Fitzherbert is now a widow?”

“Mr. F.—I beg leave to decline an answer.

“Does Mr. Fox consider that this committee is entitled to a clear, full, and satisfactory reply?”

“Mr. F.—I have every respect imaginable for the committee, but I will not abuse confidence placed in me.

“Mr. Fox may withdraw.

“MR. ST. OMERS.

“Does Mr. St. Omers know the minister who officiated

at the marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert with her present illustrious husband?

“St. O.—Yes.

“In the opinion of Mr. St. Omers, were the rites duly performed and the union fully and effectually consummated?

“St. O.—Yes.

“On inspecting the table of disabilities as set forth by the Church, is it the opinion of Mr. St. Omers that either of the parties labored under ecclesiastical disqualification?

“St. O.—No.

“Will Mr. St. Omers be pleased to state to the committee his reasons for asserting in his place that Mrs. Fitzherbert is a widow?

“St. O.—The marriage is good according to *the decrees of the Church*, but of no force according to *act of Parliament*.

“For what purpose then was the ceremony read?

“St. O.—To QUIET THE LADY'S CONSCIENCE. HER FAVORS were not to be obtained on any other terms.

“In the opinion of Mr. St. Omers, was it manly, was it honorable, thus to impose on a woman of virtue?

“St. O.—I have nothing to do with other people's opinions. I certainly knew it was all a FARCE; but her lover was impatient, and I approved of the scheme.

“Is not the lady attached to some of Mr. St. Omers' party, and was it not expected that all her influence would be exerted to promote their cause?

“St. O.—The question is improper.

“Was there not a promise that the lover, on his accession to the regency or the throne, would confirm the marriage?

“St. O.—Fox, I believe, told the lady something of the kind, but it was a mere expedient.

“In the opinion of Mr. St. Omers, have not such dishonorable transactions a tendency to lessen the power and

destroy the popularity of princes—when the people of England are informed from such respectable authority that a person of the first distinction is capable of such deliberate baseness to a defenceless female, will they not be fired with indignation? Will they not hold the ministers and advisers of such treachery in the deepest detestation? Will it be in the power of venal panegyrists to do away the infamy?

In one of the answers of Mr. St. Omers is contained the whole germ of this memorable affair. He answers that the marriage is valid by the rites of *the Church*, but not by *the law* of man, and it is behind this shield that Fox so artfully defended himself, as we shall have occasion hereafter to show, when the question of the Prince's debts was agitated in the House of Commons, and whether the Prince was not actually disqualified from assuming the reins of Government, in the character of Regent, on account of his marriage with a papist. Mr. Fox had the truth on his side, when he declared that the Prince was *not* married to Mrs. Fitzherbert, for in the eye of *the law*, and in the teeth of two existing acts of Parliament, his marriage with a papist was in reality a nullity; but if Mr. Fox had been asked in his place whether the marriage was valid in the eye of *the Church*, and whether it had not been consummated in *every respect* according to the requisitions and the ordinances of the Roman Catholic Church, he must either have committed himself by the grossest falsehood, or he must have declared himself, and all those who were the abettors or the accessaries to the act of marriage, liable to the pains and penalties of a *præmunire*. But the denial of the marriage, in a political sense, was absolutely necessary, or the whole of the Government would have been thrown into confusion; it was necessary, in a private point of view, as far as regarded the Prince, for the Commons demanded a decided disavowal of the marriage before they would enter upon the

question of the payments of his debts, which had now risen to an alarming amount, and the legal proceedings attendant upon them threatened to divest him of every portion of his personal property. In the acquiescence of the Prince, however, to give up Mrs. Fitzherbert, at the suggestion of his advisers, for a stipulated sum of money, the public read a trait in his character which, considering the high sense of honor and the exalted sentiments which he had displayed on some occasions, they were not prepared to behold. He was reminded of the reply of the half civilized barbarian, Peter the Great, of Russia, to his uncivilized counsellors, to give up *a man*, not *a woman*, to the extreme necessity of his situation. "No," replied the Prince, "I can resign my dominions even up to the walls of the metropolis, for in happier circumstances they may hereafter be recovered, but the forfeiture of honor in a sovereign can never be retrieved."

In the meantime, the manner in which Mrs. Fitzherbert was received in public was an enigma which appeared to baffle every attempt at solution. Her marriage had been publicly disavowed; the House of Commons had expressed their satisfaction with such disavowal, and yet the public beheld in the train of this memorable woman females of the highest character, and belonging to the most noble families of the kingdom. She had an establishment secondary only to royalty itself, and in some instances surpassing it. She had her maids of honor selected from the junior branches of the nobility—she had her ladies of the bedchamber from some of the most exalted families of the country; the whole of the Prince's party knelt at her shrine, as if she were the fountain of all honor and emolument—she was the presiding deity of the sphere in which she moved—and the thousands of satellites by whom she was surrounded appeared to imbibe all their splendor and importance according as she condescended to let her light fall upon them. On the other hand, it was pertinently asked, "If Mrs. Fitzherbert is not

the wife of the Prince—*what is she, then?*” and, in regard to her reception in public, the following passage, which appeared in the *Courier de l'Europe*, excited considerable sensation, as it pronounced the opinion which was entertained in the foreign Courts of Europe on the existing relations between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert :

“La fable du prétendu mariage de S. A. Mgr. le Prince de Galles a enfin été expliquée en plein Parlement de manière à ne plus laisser de doute. C'est une explication, qui est d'autant plus facheuse pour Mad. Fitzherbert que l'on a supposé des liens entre S. A. R. et cette dame, sur lesquels on n'avoit pas encore prononcé. Jusqu'ici Mad. Fitzherbert a été reçue dans toutes les sociétés, où étoit invité le Prince, *mais il ne sera guère possible aujourd'hui qu'elle jouisse des mêmes avantages*, à moins que cette première explication n'en entraîne une autre, et que la prétendue intimité de S. A. R. ne soit présentée sous des couleurs *admissibles en bonne compagnie.*” *

We are aware that we are rather anticipating the thread of our narrative in the introduction of the following circumstance, but the links of the chain which compose this extraordinary transaction are, in some parts, so complicated and entangled that we are obliged, in order to unravel them and to account for their apparent confusion, to call in the aid of some future events, from which only a proper explanation can be obtained.

*The story of the supposed marriage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has at last been fully explained in the House of Commons, and in such a manner as to leave no further doubt on the subject. It is an explanation so much the more vexatious for Mrs. Fitzherbert, as a certain connection has been supposed to exist between His Royal Highness and that lady, of the exact nature of which no decisive information has transpired. Until now, Mrs. Fitzherbert has been received into every society to which the Prince has been invited, *but now it will be scarcely possible for her to enjoy those same advantages*, unless the explanation given in Parliament is not retracted by another, and which will exhibit the supposed connection of His Royal Highness in those colors which will render it *sanctionable in the higher circles.*

In the passage above quoted Mrs. Fitzherbert read very distinctly the opinion which was held on the continent of her connection with the Prince; and that, consequently, under existing circumstances, she would not be received in the higher circles abroad with that respect and esteem which had hitherto been shown to her. And herein we read the reasons of her refusal of the splendid offer which was made to her, by the supposed authority of the King himself, of settling £20,000 per annum on her during life, on condition that she retired to the continent, and broke off all connection with the Prince. It was the wish of the nation that the Prince should marry, in order that the succession of the crown might be insured; but his infatuated connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert appeared to stand as an insuperable obstacle in the way of his marriage, and, therefore, her removal out of the country was considered as the only means which could lead His Royal Highness to comply with the wishes of the nation, and particularly with those of the sovereign, his father, who viewed the relation in which the heir apparent to his crown stood, in regard to a Catholic lady, with feelings of the deepest anger and resentment.

The offer, however, of such a princely income was refused by Mrs. Fitzherbert on the ground that she was independent before her union with the Prince, and that a mere addition to her fortune should never induce her to break off a connection on which the chief happiness of her life was founded.

Another attempt was, therefore, made to shake the resolution of the lady; and this was the offer of the rank of an English Duchess; but to this Mrs. Fitzherbert replied, that a rank of that kind, however exalted it might appear, would, were she to retire to the continent, operate rather to her disadvantage than to her favor. The mere possession of it, considering that she had not been nor ever would be

received as a duchess at the Court of St. James', would not procure her admission into any of the continental Courts, at which she would be regarded as rather the repudiated mistress of the Prince than a lady of exalted rank, worthy to be received within the circles of the foreign nobility.

Still, there was *one* condition on which she might be induced to accept of the offers proposed to her; but she knew well that it was a condition to which it was impossible to accede; and that condition was that her marriage with the Prince should be acknowledged, but that it was set aside on the grounds of its illegality. She should then be able to appear at the foreign courts with an unblemished character, which were the only amends that could be made for her forced expatriation, and the relinquishment of that society which was her only solace in the painful trials which she had undergone from the calumniating disposition of the world.

That the Prince's party were at the bottom of this impracticable condition may be perceived; the marriage of the Prince, according to the constitutional laws of the country, was not an event at all favorable to their views, although they were, at the same time, aware that it was an event in the serious contemplation of the sovereign, and that individuals were then actually employed at the Courts of the Protestant princes of Germany to point out an individual worthy to receive the hand of the heir apparent to the crown of England.

The manner in which these offers to Mrs. Fitzherbert were received by the Prince may be gathered from the following discourse:

In regard to the following scene, the authenticity of it may perhaps be questioned by those who are ignorant of the manner in which the secret transactions of a royal palace, notwithstanding the vigilance that is used to prevent

it, sometimes obtain publicity.* That it will be perused with intense interest cannot for a moment be doubted; nor will the impression that it will leave on every mind, in regard to the *honor* and veracity of certain individuals who are implicated in the business, be easily effaced.

The Prince was one morning seated in his cabinet, when Mrs. Fitzherbert was announced. She entered, holding in her hand a newspaper, which proved to be the *Morning Post* of December 15, 1788.

The Prince rose, advanced to meet her, and offered her his hand to conduct her to a seat, but she rejected it with disdain, and, throwing herself on the sofa, burst into a flood of tears. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of His Royal Highness. He intreated her, in the most tender and engaging accents, to disclose the cause of her uneasiness, that he might at least be allowed to share her distress if it were beyond his power to remove it. Though relieved by tears, the conflict was too severe to be sustained by her tender frame; the contending passions triumphed, and she

* Huish says: During the time that the *Memoirs of the Princess Charlotte*, and the *Life of George III.* were passing through the press, I had several interviews with Sir Benjamin, now Lord Bloomfield, and the present Sir Frederick Watson, at Carlton House; and on my mentioning certain circumstances that had come to my knowledge respecting the former illustrious individual, Lord Bloomfield significantly asked me by what means I had arrived at the knowledge of those facts; and, after expressing his surprise at the extraordinary manner in which the subjects of his private conferences with the Prince Regent had sometimes transpired, his Lordship informed me that he was one day closeted with His Royal Highness on business of great private importance, and that he was *certain* there was no one who could possibly overhear their conversation, as there were two rooms with double closed doors intervening between that in which they were sitting and that in which the pages and other officers were in close attendance, "and yet," said he, "to my utter astonishment, the subject of our conference was publicly known two days afterwards." He finished by saying, "that he never did believe in invisible agency, but if anything could prompt him to believe in it, it was that circumstance."

sank into the Prince's arms. Restoratives were immediately called for by the Prince, which were brought by one of the pages,* who was commanded immediately to retire.

On recovery, Mrs. Fitzherbert appeared languid and unable to speak, and for what length of time she might have remained in that condition it were impossible to say, had not the Prince pressed her lips with fervor and effect. It was not the cold embrace of compliment—the kiss of wedded indifference—but the seal of attachment, the impression of a youth who had kept a Lent of love.

“And now, my dearest Fitzherbert,” said the Prince, “whence arose this mighty commotion? my heart informs me that I merit not cold reserve. If love and constancy be virtues of estimation, I am entitled to a candid avowal, for, indeed, I love you with increasing ardor, and the power which terminates my attachment will stop my breath.”

The Prince enfolded her in his arms and harmony was restored. Mrs. Fitzherbert placed in his hands the newspaper, and, smiling, asked him whether the provocation was not sufficient. The Prince took the paper and read aloud:

“A very extraordinary circumstance has recently occurred, which will probably be the means of delaying, for some time, the final and complete arrangement of the intended *blue and buff* Administration (the colors of Mr. Fox). This impediment originates with Mr. Fox; and, were there not more of popular artifice than principle in it, it would be more honorable to his character than perhaps any part of his conduct that had before attracted public notice.

“The memorable declaration of Mr. Fox, in the House of

* We do not exactly point to this page as having been the instrument of this important conversation being made public, although it has been published that he concealed himself behind a screen for the purpose of overhearing it. A celebrated bookseller, living in St. James' street, could have thrown some light upon this business.

Commons, on the subject of a marriage between a certain great character and a lady well known in the higher circles, cannot but be fresh in the memory of almost every individual in the kingdom.

“That connection, on account of the difference in religious principles, appears to Mr. Fox fraught with probable mischief to his measures; he has, therefore, declared his positive resolution not to take any part in the intended new ministry until the exact limits of that connection are satisfactorily defined, as he has now reason to believe that it is of a more *coercive* and *permanent* nature than he was once induced to imagine and announce.

“To annul the grounds of Mr. Fox’s objection, no less a sum than the annual allowance of £20,000 has been offered to the lady on condition of her retiring to the continent. This the lady has positively refused, expressing her firm determination to abide by an authority that she is said to hold forth as unanswerable and inalienable.

“A character,* who has lately started forth into oratorical consequence, is the negotiator in this important business, who, finding the lady obstinate, has offered, in addition to the enormous income above mentioned, the rank of an English duchess!

“The lady, however, firmly resists all these alluring temptations, urging that she was in circumstances entirely independent previously to her being induced to coincide with that condition from which she is resolute not to recede, as character is of much greater importance to her than affluence, however abundant, if attended with the deprivation of that rank to which *she holds herself entitled.*”

The Prince, having finished the perusal of the passage, threw down the paper with indignation, exclaiming, “And do you suppose that I am within the possibility of counte-

* We suppose that Mr. Rolle is here alluded to, who was afterwards elevated to a peerage in consequence of his conduct in this important affair.

nancing an action so infamous in its principle, and disgraceful in its consequences? Do you believe me to be so superlatively wicked as to drive that woman, to whom I have been so solemnly pledged *at the altar*, to a miserable exile;—so barbarous, so abandoned, as to sacrifice her to the wretched pageantry of a Court? What have you ever witnessed in my conduct to justify the bare suggestion? I hope my heart is animated by nobler views—by more exalted sentiments; *it is I*, madam, who have reason to complain!”

His Royal Highness pronounced the last period with an emphasis that alarmed Mrs. Fitzherbert, and she instantly replied: “Forgive the weakness of my sex; I dreaded lest approaching greatness should make my George unmindful of his vows—I did not attribute the brutal outrage to your direction. There is no suffering that I would not encounter with fortitude to serve you, and of that, I think, I have given sufficient proof already.”

The Prince, in a tone of dignity and tenderness, requested to be informed to what instance of experienced suffering she alluded.

“*To my silent acquiescence in Mr. Fox’s denial of our union.*”

“My dear Fitzherbert,” said the Prince, seizing her hand, “must I reiterate my solemn asseveration? Am I unworthy of credit? Once more, then, I protest, by all that is dear and sacred, that Fox’s denial of our union was without my concurrence—without even my knowledge.” (A downright lie.)

“And did Sheridan and Burke act without your authority?”

“On my honor they did,” answered the Prince; “do you conceive that I would sacrifice a defenceless female, and that female the partner of my bed and the sovereign of my affections, for money? Perdition seize the idea! I informed

you long ago of the true motives of Fox's conduct. I stood engaged for numerous sums; £10,000 to —, £36,000 to —, £9,000 to —, beside £70,000 on bond, and innumerable lesser sums, with weighty arrears to my tradesmen and household. Now, Fox was apprised of the scrupulous economy of the county members; he was also alarmed at an opinion in circulation that the Protestant cause was in danger from my marriage with a Papist; and, for sundry other reasons, which he stated in his apology at Carlton House, he deemed it conclusive to my interest to declare that the report of our marriage originated in treason and falsehood."

"And the denial of that marriage," said Mrs. Fitzherbert, "indisputably originated in the personal interests of Fox and his associates? I am confounded at his assurance. May Heaven, in its mercy, protect the kingdom from his intrigues. Illustrious depravity! It is impossible to pay a tribute to his abilities without doing violence to his honor. Every compliment to his *head* is a tacit accumulation of infamy on his *heart*."

"Give me leave," said the Prince, "to extenuate the criminality of my denial as far as it respects any intention of ultimate injustice to you. Fox knew that the union had been properly solemnized. He was present, and so was Burke. He knew, also, that it was my determination, on acceding to the throne, to repeat the ceremony necessary to your coronation; hence he fancied it would be better on the whole to take refuge in the expedient which has so justly offended you, for admitting in candor that he was influenced by the best intentions in the world; he ought certainly to have consulted me on the occasion, and I trust you will do me the justice to believe that I should not have forgotten your happiness and my own honor if I had been doomed, in consequence, to the income of a private gentleman for life."

“I have never,” said Mrs. Fitzherbert, “given attention to a single thought unfavorable to your disinterested magnanimity; but, I confess, I have my fears of becoming an object of popular abhorrence on the ground of religion.”

“It is impossible, my dear Fitzherbert,” said the Prince, “to control the multitude by argument—I mean in matters of devotion; but it will be laughable enough if either you or I incur censure for a predilection to any particular system of faith. We might reasonably have expected long ago to be traduced for impiety, for I believe, Fitzherbert, you have not been at mass since our union.”

“No,” replied Mrs. Fitzherbert, “nor do I purpose to attend the celebration any more. The Catholic faith was the religion of my ancestors, and of those men to whom I gave my hand; and I conceive it to be cruel in the extreme to reproach me for conforming to practices in which I was educated, and which coincided with the devotional sentiments of my dearest friendships. I am now in a new relation of life, and disposed to consult the honor and happiness of my present connections; and, on this occasion, I conceive that my duty and my interest flow in the same channel. Not that religion is a matter of indifference—far from it. It is the *heart* which constitutes the essence of true religion; without it ceremonies are absurd, and with it they are unnecessary; at least they form so unimportant a part of public and private devotion, that I can conscientiously conform, and I will conform, to the established modes of the realm. Besides, I have no present objection to share my George’s fate in future life; the idea of a separation, even there, is painful.”

The Prince smiled, and returned the compliment with a kiss; and then said, “I entreat you, my love, make yourself perfectly easy as to anything else. I am at liberty to marry whom I please, when regent or sovereign; and, if I offer my hand to any other woman on earth, may the

resentment of mankind record my infamy, and make it immortal!"

* * * * *

A very erroneous idea has gone abroad respecting the privity of Mr. Fox to the marriage of the Prince, and it has been stated by a contemporary that Mr. Fox was actually duped into a denial of the marriage by a letter from the Prince himself, and that Mr. Fox never forgave the falsehood which had been practised on him; and, further, that the Prince never could prevail upon himself to forgive Mr. Fox *for having so much to pardon*. Now, the real state of the case is that the only and greatest dupe in the whole affair was John Bull himself. In every word that Fox uttered, tending to deny the marriage, he was making a dupe of the English nation. And, although he was bold enough to declare that he had a letter from the Prince himself disavowing the marriage, no one ever saw nor read it but Fox himself. The fact was that no such letter was ever written. And when Fox was pressed by the opposite party to produce so important a document, he sheltered himself behind the plea of breach of confidence—that it would be a stain upon his honor to deliver it up, and that it was an insult tacitly offered to him even to suspect him of so reprehensible an act. The supposed existence, however, of such a letter tended, in a great degree, to allay the ferment, and to confirm the belief that the marriage of the parties was a story vamped up for some political purpose, and had been circulated by the enemies of the Prince to injure him in the estimation of the country.

It is, however, certain that the conduct of Fox was regarded by Mrs. Fitzherbert with the highest marks of her displeasure. And it may also be stated that it operated in some degree to establish a coolness between him and herself on the grounds of some lurking suspicion that the disavowal of the marriage by Fox was sanctioned by the

Prince, and therefore she could not look upon herself in any other light than as a victim to the views of an interested and deeply designing party.

Mrs. Fitzherbert was at this time living in a mansion in Park Lane, which was furnished by the Prince in a style exceeding oriental magnificence. The Prince's presents to her of jewellery, of which we shall have to speak hereafter, were said even to exceed the stores of diamonds possessed by Caroline herself, avowedly the greatest collection of diamonds in Europe, and to whom the King had given, on one occasion alone, a case of those precious stones which cost £50,000. The Queen, however, had received sets of diamonds as presents from Warren Hastings, from the Nabob of Arcot, and from the Nizam, and it is certain that Mrs. Fitzherbert's diamonds could not have equalled these. It is, however, unquestionably true that these extravagant presents to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and to some other ladies for whose favor the Prince was a candidate, tended to involve him in those pecuniary embarrassments which ultimately brought upon him disgrace and ruin.

The extreme partiality which the Queen always manifested for the Prince, in preference to any other of her children, was a subject of general notoriety. It was not the profligate course of life which he pursued—it was not his wanderings into every path which could lead to scenes of dissipation and libertinism—it was not his open and avowed opposition to the counsels of his royal father, which could effect any diminution in her affection for him; but what the combined force of all these circumstances could not achieve was nearly brought to pass by a supposed insult offered to her dignity by the public appearance of Mrs. Fitzherbert in those quarters where royalty sometimes condescended to appear. The countenance which was openly given to that celebrated lady by families of the highest distinction, and who were the regular at-

tendants at Court, had been long a subject of secret annoyance to some of the female branches of the royal family, but more particularly so to the Queen herself, who saw, or thought she saw, in the open and public acknowledgment of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the groundwork of the contamination of her Court, by her being obliged to receive at it those individuals who were known to be the constant associates of the mistress of the Prince, and of some other ladies whose virtue stood on very questionable grounds. To shut the doors of the drawing rooms against such females as the Duchesses of Devonshire and Gordon would have been an act which could not have failed to have involved her in the most serious differences with those noble families; and yet, according to the principle of *noscitur a sociis*, those ladies were the constant companions of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and to whom she appeared almost as a divinity, at whose shrine they bent their knee, as the chosen object of their adoration. On viewing the matter, therefore, in this light, neither the Duchess of Gordon nor of Devonshire, nor any other of those noble ladies who were the associates of Mrs. Fitzherbert, were proper persons to be received at the pure and immaculate Court of St. James'.

To enter into a full detail of the various intrigues, which were now set on foot to break off all connection between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert, would be to exhibit a system of the most unwearied machination unparalleled in the private history of the individuals. Offers of the most princely kind were made to her to leave the country, but, finding all these rejected, recourse was had to threats, which involved her personal existence. She was menaced with the whole power of the Government to prove her guilty of high treason; she was threatened with prosecutions on account of her pecuniary difficulties, and these threats were actually put in force, the effects of which, however, ultimately recoiled on the promoters of them; for

to whom else could Mrs. Fitzherbert apply in her pecuniary difficulties than to the Prince? And whatever the sacrifice might be which he was called upon to make on these occasions, the money was always procured, and thereby helped to swell the amount of his debts, which the nation was called upon in a short time afterwards to pay. Connected with these heavy drains on his finances, we are enabled to state the following fact, on the authority of the individual who was the principal agent in the business :

The person of Mrs. Fitzherbert was one morning taken in execution for a debt of £1,825, the *Prince being in the house at the time*. The writ being returnable on the morrow, and no bail being available, the money must be paid, or the lady conveyed to prison. The Prince lost not a moment in making the application to his customary resources, but they appeared to be, most unaccountably, hermetically closed against him. In some instances the most shallow excuses were returned; in others, the impossibility of supplying so large a sum on so short a notice, all of which the Prince knew to be false, and, therefore, he began justly to suspect that there was some secret machinery at work to prevent the necessary supplies from being advanced. In this emergency Mr. Celi was despatched to an eminent pawnbroker in Fleet street,* who at that time was in the habit of lend-

* We are indebted to the same authority for the following humorous anecdote of this pawnbroker, in some of his pecuniary transactions with Sheridan. That celebrated man had, at one time, disposed of all his personal property, with the exception of a horse, which had been presented to him by the Prince of Wales, and in the exigency of the moment he applied to the pawnbroker to advance him £50 on the horse, he agreeing to pay for the keep until the animal was redeemed. It was a species of pledge that had never been offered to the pawnbroker before, and he at first refused to receive it; but, on Sheridan undertaking to redeem it within a month, the £50 was advanced. Month after month, however, elapsed, and the horse was not redeemed, the pawnbroker receiving, as usual, from Sheridan his promises that in a few days the horse should be taken off his hands. Sheridan, however, had made

ing large sums of money to the nobility on their plate and jewels, and who was the actual holder of the celebrated jewels of the Duchess of Devonshire, the publicity of which hurried her prematurely to her grave. On the present occasion Mr. Parker, the pawnbroker, lost no time in repairing to Park Lane, where the unfortunate lady was in the custody of the sheriff's officers, and here a new difficulty presented herself in the way of her emancipation. The harpies of the law objected to any part of the plate or jewels being deposited in the hands of Mr. Parker until their demand was satisfied. On the other hand, the wily pawnbroker refused to advance the money until the property was placed in his hands, as he did not know but there might be other actions in reserve, for the liquidation of which the property in the house might turn out to be inadequate. Under these circumstances a person was secretly despatched to Carlton House, with instructions to bring away with him a particular casket, which contained the Prince's state jewels, which, although exceeding in value ten times the amount of the sum which he had to pay, was borne away by the pawnbroker to his depository in Fleet street, but which, however, was redeemed on the following day by an advance which the Prince obtained from the wealthy Jew in St. Mary Axe.

no stipulation that the pawnbroker should make any use of his horse, but he was frequently seen riding it about town, and especially to and from his country house at Chapham. This intelligence was conveyed to Sheridan, and on the following week, when he went to redeem his horse, the charges for principal, keep, interest, etc., amounted to £80. "Aye, but," said Sheridan, "I have got a set-off against you; you were to *keep* my horse, not *ride* it; but I'll let you off cheaply, there is your £50, the sum advanced, and I will only charge you £30 for your pleasant rides, and now we are quits, Parker." The pawnbroker looked confounded; he knew the law was on the side of Sheridan, and, seeing himself completely outwitted, he quietly gave up possession of the animal, determining never to take any horse again as a pledge—at least, not from Sheridan.

To return to the original subject. The object which chiefly engrossed the attention of the public at this time was the trial of Warren Hastings, and on one occasion the Queen, with the Princess Elizabeth, Augusta, and Mary, made their appearance in the Duke of Newcastle's box. The Queen was attended by the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Holderness, and Lord Aylesbury; and, as she came without state, the usual etiquette was dispensed with, allowing those ladies, and the young daughters of Lady Lincoln, to sit on the same seat with her. The royal box in Westminster Hall was on the right hand of the Chancellor; on the left was the box for the Princes, and the one contiguous to it was appropriated to the nobility. On the entrance of the Queen into the royal box, that which was set apart for the nobility was nearly empty; but on a sudden a personage appeared in it, towards whom every eye was soon directed, and this personage was no other than Mrs. Fitzherbert. The look of indignation which the Queen cast upon her is represented to have been as deep and severe as it was possible for the human countenance to assume, and, after addressing a few words to Lady Holderness, she rose with all the pride of offended majesty, and retired from the box. This extraordinary conduct on the part of the Queen excited the utmost astonishment, for the proceedings of the day had not yet commenced, and, therefore, some very powerful cause must have operated upon her to induce her to take so sudden a departure from a scene which she was come expressly to witness, without even waiting for the commencement of it. The most contradictory rumors were immediately afloat, but, strange to say, not one of them ever approached the truth; and the prevalent one was that the King had been suddenly taken ill, and required the attendance of the Queen. In a short time, however, the Prince entered the box appropriated for the princes of the blood, and immediately entered into conversation with Mrs.

Fitzherbert. By the apparently forcible manner in which that lady expressed herself, it was evident that something had incurred her high displeasure; and her frequent allusion by signs to the royal box betrayed that the cause of her displeasure arose from that quarter. The Prince in a short time retired, but Mrs. Fitzherbert remained until the close of the ceremony.

The Prince immediately returned to Carlton House, where he had scarcely arrived before the following note was delivered to him. It was dated Buckingham House, February 13, 1790:

"The Queen takes the earliest opportunity of expressing to the Prince of Wales her high sense of displeasure at the very marked affront which has been offered to her by the very unseasonable intrusion of a certain lady at the trial of Warren Hastings. It is the opinion of the Queen that that lady should have been prevented from exhibiting herself in the royal presence, under the peculiar circumstances in which she is placed in regard to His Royal Highness. The sentiments which the Queen is so well known to entertain on that subject should have had their proper influence on the mind of the Prince of Wales, not still further to wound the feelings of his royal mother by exposing her to the personal society of an individual for whom she cannot entertain the slightest respect or esteem.

"The very ambiguous and mysterious relation in which the Prince of Wales stands in regard to the lady in question will always have its becoming weight in the mind of the Queen, to prevent her acknowledging her, or *any of her associates*, at the Court over which she presides."

The Prince no sooner read this extraordinary epistle than, in a sudden ebullition of passion, he tore it into pieces and threw them on the ground. He then immediately despatched a messenger for Sheridan, who was found at Brookes' slowly recovering from the debauchery of the preceding night, and in no very fit state to appear before his royal patron. He, however, immediately obeyed the summons, and, on his entering the private apartment of the Prince, he found him pacing the room to and fro in the highest state of exasperation. The Prince had succeeded in collecting the

fragments of the letter, and it lay in a legible form on the table. "There, Sheridan," said the Prince, as the former entered the room, "read that letter, and tell me what answer I am to send."

Sheridan perused the letter. "There's the devil's cloven foot in this," said he, "but we'll pose Her Majesty. She speaks of *a certain lady*, but whom are we to understand that she means by such an ambiguous phrase? It may be Moll Flanders or Bet Bounce. Call upon Her Majesty first to explain herself as to the identical lady whom she means, and, I think, it may be the means of stifling the business altogether, for Her Majesty will pause before she commits the name to writing. Besides, it would be a very impolitic act in your Royal Highness to pretend to know to whom Her Majesty alludes, as it would be a tacit acknowledgment that you do actually stand in a particular relation with the lady in question."

The Prince saw something very plausible and dexterous in this advice of Sheridan, and the latter indited the following answer, which was transmitted forthwith to Buckingham House :

"The Prince of Wales loses not a moment in acknowledging the receipt of a letter from the Queen, in which she expresses herself in very strong terms on a supposed affront offered to Her Majesty by the appearance of *a certain lady* at the trial of Warren Hastings. As the Prince is not acquainted with any lady over whom he possesses such an undisputed right of control as to fix a personal restraint upon her actions, much less to be made accountable for them, His Royal Highness respectfully submits to the Queen the necessity of Her Majesty being more explicit in regard to the individual who has given the offence, in order that the Prince may have some decided grounds to determine how far he ought to be called upon to enter into any further explanation on the subject of Her Majesty's letter.

"CARLTON HOUSE, Feb. 13, 1791."

In the course of the evening of the same day the following note was left at Carlton House:

"I am commanded by Her Majesty the Queen to acknowledge the receipt of a note from His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in answer to a note written by Her Majesty, complaining of the insult which was this morning offered to her in Westminster Hall. As the answer of His Royal Highness is considered by the Queen as wholly evasive, Her Majesty, consistently with her dignity, is under the painful necessity of declining to see the Prince of Wales until an assurance has been given that the insult shall not be repeated.

" (Signed)

AYLESBURY.

"To His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, etc.,

"Carlton House."

This note was conveyed to the Prince at Brookes'.

The following may be considered as the root of the quarrel which subsequently occurred between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert :

Amongst the most intimate friends of Mrs. Fitzherbert was the truly amiable and virtuous Miss Paget; the most interesting and sympathetic connection had long subsisted between them—the foul breath of calumny had never tainted her character—her virtue could only be equalled by her beauty, and her talents and perfections were the theme of universal panegyric. Bruyère, in his immortal work, where he paints the manners and characters of the age in which he lived, acknowledges the power of the female sex over the heart of man. Our habits and manners are greatly influenced by our connection with them, and they assume a higher degree of polish in proportion as the sphere of our intercourse with them is enlarged. It is, however, not only within the circle of a Court that this influence is predominant, it pervades all the different gradations of society. Its empire is universally triumphant, and perhaps in the annals of human history there never was a more abject slave to it than the Prince. The languishing look of a woman's eye, dissolving in love and desire, was to him what the moonbeam is to the mariner on a stormy night; it was a picture, he was wont to say, that he could gaze on with

delight for ever; and although, in some respects, he could not but consider woman as nature's most beautiful error, yet it was his pride to confess that he loved that error more than truth itself.

It is a dangerous thing for a woman, let her stand either in the relation of a wife or a concubine, to have a beautiful girl as her companion. The eye of the husband or *the friend* will, at times, wanton over that beauty; the lynx-eyed keenness of a woman's passion will soon detect the roving glance, and jealousy, with its attendant brood of evils, springs up to annihilate every vestige of earthly happiness.

That the beauty of Miss Paget should fail to make an impression on the Prince could never be expected by any one in the least conversant with the susceptibility of the heart of the Prince; but, in his endeavors to obtain a conquest over her virtue, his failure was complete. Nevertheless, it was evident to Mrs. Fitzherbert that some negotiations were pending between Miss Paget and the Prince; and, as she could not discover their exact tendency, their probability was taken into the account, and, consistently with the opinion which is generally formed on such occasions, they could only refer to *one* point, and that point was one of all others most likely to excite her indignation.

“ ——Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ;”

and it must be allowed that the following discovery was sufficient to arouse the jealousy even of the most placid female.

It was well known to Mrs. Fitzherbert that an epistolary correspondence had been for a short time carried on between Miss Paget and the Prince; but of the import of it Mrs. Fitzherbert was wholly ignorant. Nevertheless, it

was the cause of great uneasiness to her, for to what other subject could it refer than to the expression of a mutual attachment; indeed, not the most distant idea entered the head of Mrs. Fitzherbert that it could have the least reference to a transaction of a private and confidential nature, in which Miss Paget was acting a part in perfect accordance with the well known generosity of her disposition. Jealousy is generally allied with meanness; for there is scarcely any action so low or so base to which that passion will not stoop to obtain its end. To arrive at the precise knowledge of the subject of the correspondence of Miss Paget and the Prince, one method presented itself by which it might be accomplished, and that was the interception of one of the letters from either of the parties. In a very short time the following letter from Miss Paget fell into the hands of Mrs. Fitzherbert:

“ PARK STREET, *Sept. 11, 1792.*

“ Miss Paget regrets that it is not in her power to comply with the wishes of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales *to their full extent*; but in a matter of so much delicacy, and in which the character of His Royal Highness is at stake, there is not anything which Miss Paget would not undertake to accomplish the purpose which he has in view, and thereby contribute to his personal happiness. As secrecy in matters of this kind is of the greatest moment, if His Royal Highness will confer the honor on Miss Paget of meeting her at the faro table of the Duchess of Cumberland, on Tuesday night, the business may be arranged, perhaps, to the entire satisfaction of His Royal Highness.

“ *To His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,
Carlton House.*”

The jaundiced eye invests every object with one color; and the construction which Mrs. Fitzherbert put upon this letter was, perhaps, only such as every other jealous woman would have put. In the compliance of Miss Paget to “*the wishes of His Royal Highness,*” Mrs. Fitzherbert read nothing less than the surrender of her person;

and the secrecy which was enjoined confirmed her in that opinion. The assignation at the faro table of the Duchess of Cumberland was the climax; it was the keystone of the intrigue; and with the art and cunning natural to woman in cases of this kind, Mrs. Fitzherbert placed so much violence upon her feelings as not to exhibit any signs of her displeasure, nor to betray, by any innuendo or remark, that she was in any degree privy to the intrigue which was going on between her dear friend Paget and her still dearer *friend* the Prince; but, in order to entrap them in their iniquity, she determined to repair to the faro table of the duchess on the night appointed in the letter; and she then doubted not that she should arrive at the full knowledge of the design which they had in view.

The mansion of the Duchess of Cumberland in Pall Mall was at this time the resort of all the elegance and fashion in town. Her faro table was most numerously attended; consequently, the profits arising from it were very considerable. The Duchess, with the assistance of her lovely and amiable sister, Lady Emily Luttrell, conducted it with all imaginable decorum, never losing sight, however, of the main chance; and a noble harvest they made of the opulent pigeons that frequented it. Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Duchess were at this time almost inseparable; and to suppose that the former—thus honored, thus beloved—was living in a state of fornication would have been a most atrocious libel, not only on herself but on all the most amiable and august personages who frequented the same society.

The expected evening came, and Mrs. Fitzherbert and Miss Paget drove to the house of the Duchess of Cumberland. The company was uncommonly numerous; pleasure and gaiety seemed to sit on every countenance, though, now and then, the sullen frown and the deep gloom of the luckless gambler intruded themselves as a striking con-

trast to the open, merry countenances of the youthful visitors who had not yet bent their knee at the shrine of the Paphian goddess. It was nearly ten o'clock before the Prince arrived—the magnet of attraction—the Adonis of the scene. His conduct towards Mrs. Fitzherbert in public was always distinguished by the most respectful attention, approaching very nearly to the most studied formality. To view them in company the casual observer would have considered them as individuals remotely acquainted, and between whom no intimate connection could ever have possibly existed. A formal acknowledgment was sometimes all that passed between them, and each of them frequently took their departure without bestowing on one another the slightest mark of their respect.

This formality, apparently agreed upon between them, enabled the Prince to be more profuse in his attentions in other quarters; nor did the *prima donna* of his affections appear to resent the profuse manner in which he lavished his incense at the shrine of some glowing beauty, and where she well knew the conquest of her virtue was the sole aim of his adoration.

On this evening, however, a positive assignation had been made, and there is scarcely anything in which a woman triumphs with more malicious joy than in the detection of a rival, and especially if that rival should be in any degree within the influence of her power.

The house of the Duchess of Cumberland, although not so extensive nor magnificent as some others of the noble faro table keepers, yet it was universally acknowledged that it was not surpassed by any in *convenience*. Where all understood the *specific purpose* of each apartment, interruption was never feared, and the *prima donna* with trembling anxiety looked forward to the moment when her bosom friend, whose virtue had hitherto stood as firm as the rock in the ocean, though assailed by the most tempestuous bil-

lows, was to be led away "*to satisfy the wishes of His Royal Highness, although not to their full extent.*" Every motion of the falling culprit was watched with the same keenness with which the basilisk watches its prey. At last the Prince was observed to accompany Miss Paget from the principal room, and so thoroughly was the conviction now impressed upon the mind of the infuriated lady that she had detected the virtuous Paget, her dearest and most confidential friend, in an amorous intrigue with her own property, that she immediately ordered her carriage and drove home, leaving the supposed culprit to find her way after her in the best possible manner she could.

On the following morning Miss Paget was given to understand that the intimacy which had hitherto subsisted between Mrs. Fitzherbert and herself was at an end, and that it would be highly agreeable to the former lady if she would select for herself another place of residence. Confounded with this most unexpected dismissal, Miss Paget requested a personal interview, as she was not conscious to herself that she had in any manner acted injuriously to the interests of the offended lady, nor in opposition to the principles of virtue or of rectitude. The interview was refused, nor did the offended lady condescend to assign any reason for her apparently harsh and unjustifiable conduct. In this dilemma Miss Paget applied to the Prince to intercede in her behalf, and at least to obtain from Mrs. Fitzherbert a distinct avowal of the causes which had conspired to estrange them from each other. It is, however, certain that Miss Paget could not have selected an individual more improper to espouse her cause than the Prince himself; but he immediately undertook the office, and, on his entrance into the apartment of Mrs. Fitzherbert, he evidently saw, by the sullen frown that sat upon the beautiful countenance of the lady, that a storm was raging within, which was soon to burst upon him with all the fury of the woman who has

detected her lover in an act of infidelity. The Prince heard the charge against him with the utmost indignation; but it is reported that the lady so far transgressed the rules of decorum and good breeding as to throw a cup of coffee into his face, and then, by way of climax, to declare that she would accept of the offers which had been made to her, and leave the country forever.

There is a secret pride in conscious innocence which enables it to rise superior to every aspersion which can be thrown upon it, and to bring discomfiture and disgrace on all those who, by the restlessness of some predominant passion, have attempted to throw over it the darkest shades of guilt and criminality. The Prince, as it may be easily imagined, was no stranger to the female character, and he well knew that to restrain the volubility of a woman's tongue, at a moment when she is smarting with the pangs of jealousy, were a task as hopeless of success as to check a rocket in its ascending flight. He, therefore, very wisely suffered the storm to exhaust itself before he entered upon his justification. But when he was shown the copy of the intercepted letter as confirmatory proof of his infidelity and of his secret amour with Miss Paget, his indignation then could be no longer controlled, and he gloried in the opportunity which was given him of humbling the infuriated dame and of exposing the folly and injustice of her conduct in their most glaring colors.

"It is true," said the Prince, "that Miss Paget declares in her note her regret that she cannot satisfy my wishes to their full extent. The construction which the jealousy of your disposition has put upon that passage may be easily imagined, but it is in direct variance with truth. You know my embarrassments—you also know that I am in danger of having even my horses and carriage taken in execution in the open streets if I do not come to some immediate settlement of Gray's account. I have completely

exhausted my own resources ; the sale of my racing stud has produced me comparatively a mere trifle. In fact, when the necessary expenses are defrayed of my establishment at Newmarket, there will not be the surplus of a pound. The connections of Paget I know to be opulent, and I know also that she possesses resources from which a temporary assistance can be obtained. In my present embarrassment, I applied to her to obtain for me the loan of £10,000, and in her answer she tells me that she regrets that she cannot satisfy my wishes to the full extent. The secrecy she enjoins is no more than that general line of prudence which usually distinguishes pecuniary transactions, and the assignation at the Duchess of Cumberland's was nothing more than to inform me of the success of her application. On that night she delivered to me £7,000 in cash, and a negotiable security for the remaining £3,000. And now," concluded the Prince, "I leave you to the enjoyment of your feelings at the undeserved obloquy which you have thrown on the character of a virtuous and generous girl, and I trust this circumstance will operate as a caution to you never to throw a stain upon the character of an individual before you are fully acquainted with all the secret springs of action, and have arrived at a genuine and undisguised exposition of the ruling motives."

There is perhaps nothing more painful to a candid and generous mind than to find that, misled by false appearances, we have been heaping odium and censure on the actions of our friend, and then ultimately to discover that those very actions were richly deserving of our highest approbation and gratitude. In this situation Mrs. Fitzherbert found herself in regard to Miss Paget ; she felt that she had wronged her—cruelly wronged her—and consistently with that most singular trait in the human character, Mrs. Fitzherbert, as the injurer, could not be easily brought to forgive Miss Paget, whereas the forgiveness lay entirely

on the part of the latter. By degrees, however, the offended pride of the haughty dame was gradually softened down, a reconciliation took place, and to the honor of the Prince it must be recorded that in a very short time the pecuniary obligation was satisfied. And when she afterwards became the wife of a general, who signalized himself in the Peninsular war, the Prince gave her away at the altar and made her a present of a diamond necklace (of the value of £2,000, of the people's money).

The following letter of the Duke of Wellington contains his protest to breaking the seals of the packet deposited at Coutts' bank, to which reference has been made :

"WALMER CASTLE, *August 10, 1841.*

"MY LORD :

"When the late Mrs. Fitzherbert desired to receive from those who had possession of the papers of the late King George the Fourth, under authority of His Majesty's last will, all papers written by herself, or relating to herself, I considered that I performed a duty towards his then late Majesty George the Fourth, towards the sovereign on the throne, and the royal family, as well as to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the public at large, by submitting to that lady the proposition that all papers in the possession of those who had charge of the King's papers under authority of his last will, which related to Mrs. Fitzherbert, or were written or signed by herself, on the one hand, and all those in possession of Mrs. Fitzherbert which related to the late King George the Fourth, or were written or signed by himself, on the other, should be delivered up and destroyed in presence of the parties having possession of the same; which was carried into execution accordingly at Mrs. Fitzherbert's house in Tilney street, in presence of Mrs. Fitzherbert, myself and others, with the exception as follows :

"Mrs. Fitzherbert expressed a strong desire to retain undestroyed particular papers in which she felt a strong interest. I considered it my duty to consent to these papers remaining undestroyed, if means could be devised of keeping them as secret and confidential papers, as they had been up to that moment.

"Mrs. Fitzherbert expressed an anxiety at least equal to that which I felt that those papers, although preserved, should not be made public.

"It was agreed, therefore, that they should be deposited in a packet, and be sealed up under the seals of the Earl of Albemarle, your lordship, and myself, and lodged at Messrs. Coutts, the bankers.

"Circumstances have, in some degree, changed since the death of Mrs. Fitzherbert; but it is still very desirable to avoid drawing public attention to, and re-awakening the subject by, public discussion of the narrations to which the papers relate, which are deposited in the packet sealed up, to which I have above referred. And I am convinced that neither I nor any of the survivors of the royal family, of those who lived in the days in which these transactions occurred, could view with more pain any publication or discussion of them than would the late Mrs. Fitzherbert when alive.

"Under these circumstances, and having acted conscientiously and upon honor throughout the affairs detailed in this letter, I cannot but consider it my duty to protest, and I do protest most solemnly, against the measure proposed by your lordship, that of breaking the seals affixed to the packet of papers belonging to the late Mrs. Fitzherbert, deposited at Messrs. Coutts, the bankers, under the several seals of the Earl of Albemarle, your lordship, and myself.

"I have the honor to be,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's most faithful

"and obedient humble servant,

"THE LORD STOURTON,

"*Allerton Park.*"

"WELLINGTON." *

Before the death of Mrs. Fitzherbert the most audacious attempt was made to obtain and destroy these papers in the interests of the King, and several frustrated attempts were publicly known. The most remarkable was that of Sir William Knighton, as narrated in Greville's Memoirs, who forced his way into her bedroom when she was ill in bed, and it was this visit that led her to make a final disposition of the valuable documents. The united testimonies of the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Albemarle, and Lord Stourton establish the existence of the reserved papers at Coutts' bank. It is not probable that, in this investigating age, they can much longer be withheld from an inquisitive public. Mrs. Fitzherbert died at Brighton, March 29, 1837, and a handsome monument was erected to her memory by the Honorable Mrs. Damer.

* Langdale's Memoirs.

Chapter Fifth.

THE Prince was subject to impulsive fits of generosity, in which his character would seem at variance with the mean and despicable acts which are inseparably connected with his name.

He was one day so exceedingly urgent to have £800 in an hour on such a day, and in so unusual a manner, that the gentleman who furnished the supply had some curiosity to know for what purpose it was obtained. On inquiry he was informed that the moment the money arrived, the Prince drew on a pair of boots, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, slipped on a plain morning frock, without a star, and, turning his hair to the crown of his head, put on a slouched hat, and thus walked out. This intelligence raised still greater curiosity, and with some trouble the gentleman discovered the object of the mysterious visit. An officer of the army had just arrived from America with a wife and six children, in such low circumstances, that, to satisfy some clamorous creditor, he was on the point of selling his commission, to the utter ruin of his family. The Prince, by accident, overheard an account of the case. To prevent a worthy soldier suffering, he procured the money, and, that no mistake might happen, carried it himself. On asking at an obscure lodging house, in a court near Covent Garden, for one of the inmates, he was shown up to his room, and there found the family in the utmost distress. Shocked at the sight, he not only presented the money, but told the officer to apply to Colonel Lake, living in — street, and

give some account of himself in future; saying which he departed, without the family knowing to whom they were obliged.*

The pecuniary embarrassments of the Prince now pressed heavily upon him. The rebuilding of Carlton House, and the sumptuous decoration of the Pavilion, with a crowd of gay and profligate associates, could not fail to involve the Prince in debts, to the discharge of which his slender income was far from adequate. It was, to use Shenstone's simile, a large retinue upon a small income, which, like a cascade upon a small stream, tended to discover its tenuity. The Prince's style of living was splendid beyond a precedent; his stud was the finest in Europe, but the exact reverse of profitable; and his losses at the gaming table were reported to be immense. His debts amounted to nearly £300,000, and, as his creditors became very importunate, he laid his case before the King and solicited relief. A schedule of the Prince's debt was, by the King's command, soon laid before him; but whatever might have been the nature of that document, some of the items were so inconsistent with the strictly moral principles of George III, that the negotiation ended in his positive refusal to assist the Prince, and the heir apparent gained nothing by his application but the unequivocal displeasure of the King. One of the items of this schedule was a debt due to Mr. Jefferys, the jeweller, for jewels and plate furnished to Mrs. Fitzherbert, to the amount of £54,000.

The haughty indifference of the monarch and the minister to the pressing claims of the Prince threw him entirely on the sympathy of the opposition. Mr. Pitt identified himself with the obstinacy of the father, while Mr. Fox

* This incident may have furnished Sheridan the suggestion to make *Charles Surface*, in his "School for Scandal," send a portion of the money he raised, by selling the portraits of his ancestors, to a suppositious object of charity, when his anteroom was crowded with clamorous creditors.—
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and the opposition connected themselves with the irregularities of the son. One evil consequence that was on the point of resulting from the embarrassments of the Prince was his acceptance of a loan which the Duke of Orleans proffered him, and which would have the perilous tendency of placing the future sovereign of England in a state of dependence as a creditor on a Prince of France.

The secret of the loan may be estimated by the fact, that the Duke agreed with the Prince that he was to receive a certain sum on his (the Prince) coming to the throne. The nominees of the Duke were two profligate females. This transaction, unequalled since the days of Charles II, put every party to great difficulties; and the friends of the King and the Prince were equally anxious to prevent the loan taking place, or being known to the public. The Prince was deeply in debt to many English noblemen, but they concealed the fact with great delicacy, whilst the Duke of Orleans, prompted by the vanity so natural to his nation, had industriously circulated the report about the English Prince being about to borrow money of him. The two women who were to receive the Prince's bond of payment at his father's death gloried in circulating amongst the profligate coteries of the French Court the degrading obligations which their paramour had imposed on the English crown.

The Duke of Portland, as the friend of the King, was zealous in stopping the transaction. On the 13th of December, 1786, he writes to Mr. Sheridan: "I have received a confirmation of the intelligence. The particulars varied in no respect from those I related to you, except in the addition of a pension, which is to take place immediately on the event which entitles the creditors to payment, and is to be granted for life to a nominee of the Duke of Orleans. The loan was mentioned in a mixed company, by two of the Frenchwomen and a Frenchman, in Calonne's

presence (then Minister of Finance,) who begged them, for God's sake, not to talk of it. I am going to Bulstrode, but will return at a moment's notice, if I can be of the least use in getting rid of this odious engagement," etc.

Mr. Pitt was as pertinacious as the King in refusing any aid to the Prince, who was driven to more mortifying expedients for money than had ever befallen a royal personage. The following account, given in Jefferys' own words, will exhibit the degraded state to which he at this time was reduced for money:

"The Prince sent for me to Carlton House, at a much earlier hour in the morning than he was accustomed to do, and, taking me into an inner apartment, with very visible marks of agitation in his countenance and manner, said he had a great favor to ask of me, which, if I could accomplish, would be doing him the greatest service, and he should ever consider it accordingly. I replied that I feared what His Royal Highness might consider a great favor done towards him would be more than my limited means could accomplish; but that in all I could do I was entirely at his service, and requested His Royal Highness to name his commands.

"His Royal Highness then proceeded to state that a creditor of Mrs. Fitzherbert had made a very peremptory demand for the payment of about £1,600; that Mr. Weltjee had been sent by His Royal Highness to the creditor making such demand, to desire it might be placed to the Prince's account. This, however, the creditor refused to do, on the ground that Mrs. Fitzherbert, being a woman of no rank nor consideration in the eye of the law, as to personal privilege, was amenable to an immediate process, which was not the case with His Royal Highness. This the Prince stated to have caused in his mind the greatest uneasiness, for fear of the consequences that might ensue, as it was not in the power of His Royal Highness to pay

the money then, or to name an earlier period for so doing than three or four months. The request, therefore, which His Royal Highness had to make to me was, that I would interfere on the occasion, and prevent, if possible, any personal inconvenience to Mrs. Fitzherbert, which would be attended with extreme mortification to His Royal Highness.

“I assured His Royal Highness that I would do all I could in the business, and I was appointed to attend with the result of my endeavors, at Carlton House, the next morning. I did attend as appointed, and presented the Prince of Wales with a receipt for the whole sum, £1,585 11s. 7d., which I had that morning paid, being the only effectual means of pacifying the creditor, and removing from the mind of His Royal Highness the anxiety he appeared so strongly to labor under.

“His Royal Highness was unbounded in his expressions of satisfaction at what I had so promptly accomplished; and in the afternoon on the same day he came to my house in Piccadilly, and brought with him Mrs. Fitzherbert, for the express purpose, as His Royal Highness condescendingly said, that she might herself thank me for the great and essential service I had that morning rendered to her by the relief my exertions had produced in the minds of His Royal Highness and Mrs. Fitzherbert.”

The second instance, as related by Jefferys, does not place the character of His Royal Highness in the most favorable light.

“Being once alone with His Royal Highness, he asked me if I had any money to spare for a few days. I replied that I had in my pocket £630, but that it was destined for a particular purpose, or I should not have had it about me; however, as the request of His Royal Highness was only for a few days, any part of it was at his service. His Royal Highness took £420, and, thanking me in very warm

terms, assured me that I might rely on its return in ten days. I refused to take any memorandum for the supposed short loan of this money; but for the return, which I expected in ten days, I patiently waited considerably more than a year."

Jefferys says that he frequently threw himself in the way of the Prince, hoping that his presence would remind him of the debt, *but no notice was ever taken of it.*

We leave these facts to speak for themselves. It is true that an attempt was made to justify the conduct of the Prince, and as a *sequitur* to defame the character of Jefferys, by an anonymous pamphleteer, under the signature of Philo Veritas; but, like many other zealous advocates, who, by attempting to prove too much, prove nothing at all, the cause and character of the Prince were rather injured than promoted.

Now, finding that all his usual resources were exhausted, and that he was totally unable to meet the heavy and incessant demands which were made upon him from the establishment in Park Lane, and others of a more private and secret nature, he formed a resolution which was more loudly applauded and more strongly condemned than any action of his eventful life. Surrounded with pecuniary difficulties, and exasperated by the King's refusal to relieve them, he resolved to pursue a course which would have been wise in a private individual, but which in him, who was the depositary of the national honor, must be considered, at the best, as a very dubious virtue. It was an act similar to that of the pettish child who destroys all its playthings because it cannot exactly obtain a particular one on which it has set its heart. This resolution of the Prince was to live on an income of £10,000 a year, appropriating £40,000 annually to the liquidation of his debts till all should be discharged.

The answer of the King, declining, in the most peremptory

manner, to come forward with any relief of the Prince from his pecuniary embarrassments, was delivered to the Prince on the 4th of May, 1786, through the hands of Lord Southampton, and the comments which a very able eulogist of the Prince makes upon this eventful period of his life are as follows :

“The Prince no sooner received the King’s answer than, with a promptitude that did honor to his spirit as a man, he took only one day to deliberate upon the conduct he should hold in this emergency. He then resolved, in justice to his creditors, to curtail the establishment of his household, to abridge himself of every superfluous expense, and to set apart a large annual sum, to the amount of £40,000, for the liquidation of his debts. Nothing could be more generous, noble, and high spirited than the whole of this proceeding to honestly pay his debts.

“But the Prince’s notions of equity were far from stopping here. He had hitherto indulged in a passion frequent among persons of high rank—that of training running horses for Newmarket, and other places of public contention of the same kind; but in this emergency he scrupled not a moment to give up a favorite and an innocent (?) relaxation, the more speedily to satisfy the claims of his creditors. Accordingly, his racing stud, which had been formed with great judgment and expense, and which was looked upon as one of the most complete in the kingdom—his hunters, and even his coach horses, were sold by public auction, and produced the amount of seven thousand guineas!”

It was a base and shallow artifice, on the part of the friends of the Prince, to restore him to that popularity which events had destroyed, and which, acting upon the humane and sympathetic feelings of the English people, they considered themselves certain of obtaining. The idea of a sale of horses and carriages to the amount of £7,350, to

be the means of stifling the claims of creditors of nearly £300,000, was too preposterous to be entertained for a moment, excepting by those who thought, if they could adduce *one* example of economy, they should obtain credit for all the others which were promised, but which were never acted upon; but, in furtherance of this spirit of retrenchment and economy, the eulogist of the Prince tells us, "that at the same time the buildings and interior decorations of Carlton House were stopped (we should wish to know when they were ever finished,) and some of the most considerable rooms shut up from use. The number of his attendants was also diminished; but, with that thoughtfulness and kind consideration which always distinguish a truly generous mind, care was taken to settle pensions on those who would otherwise have been reduced to distress on quitting the Prince's service. This trait in his character it would have been unpardonable not to have noticed, and, we add to it, that as he is a kind, provident, and indulgent master, so no Prince was ever more cordially and zealously beloved by his servants. In the shipwreck (if we may be allowed the term) of his fortunes, many of them made him a voluntary offer of their services free from every expense, and it was not without tears of reluctance, soothed with the promise of being taken again into his service whenever circumstances would admit of the reëstablishment of his household, that these humble but faithful servants were prevailed on to quit the palace of this much loved Prince."

"With this magnanimity of feeling did he think proper to retire from the splendor which belonged to his high station, rather than forfeit that character of honor and integrity which undoubtedly every man ought to consider himself in pledging to his creditors, and which, above all others, should be sacred in the eyes of a prince."

"But his conduct on this interesting occasion, far from receiving that just tribute of public approbation to which it

was so well entitled, from the noble-mindedness of its motives, became a subject of various animadversion. In itself, undoubtedly, and taken abstractedly from any circumstance that had previously agitated the public mind relative to this illustrious personage, like that to which we have before alluded, it was entitled to the highest commendation."

The first illness of the King in 1765, and the testimony of his medical attendants during its continuance, had prepared the nation for a return of the malady, which reappeared in 1789. No provision, however, had been made for such a contingency by the ministry, and the discussions which followed threatened to unsettle the Constitution itself. The friends of the Prince in the House of Commons insisted upon the right of the Prince to assume the reins of Government, regarding his father as politically dead. It is unnecessary to repeat here with what splendid abilities his claims were explained and enforced. Fox, recalled from the continent, thundered his eloquent indignation against the opposers of the Prince. The versatility of Sheridan and the dazzling coruscations of his effulgent wit were taxed to the utmost of his commanding reason in his behalf, and Burke lavished the rich treasures of his oratory in keen and polished ridicule of the opposition.

Pitt's views of the case were that no inherent right existed in the Prince; but, as a matter of expediency, he thought the legislative power might place the executive in the hands of the Prince, to be limited to the period of the King's recovery.

The Prince, through the Lord Chancellor, expressed his trust to the wisdom and justice of Parliament when the subject, and the circumstances connected with it, should come under their deliberation. After several ineffectual attempts on the part of the friends of the Prince to modify the restrictions of the Regency Bill, and to invest him with superior power, the two Houses agreed to resolutions invest-

ing him with the Regency, withholding from him the right to grant any rank or dignity of the peerage, or of any office, pension, or salary, for any other term than during the King's pleasure. The care of the King's person, as in his previous illness, was committed to the Queen.

The oratorical displays of Burke, Fox, and Pitt before Parliament during the discussion of the Regency Bill were brilliant and exhaustive, and constitute an important page in the political history of England, but are too voluminous for further reference in our work.

The recovery of the King was announced to Mr. Pitt in the following manner: On the 23d of February, 1789, Mr. Pitt and Lord Melville were dining with Lord Chesterfield, when a letter was brought to the former, which he read, and, sitting next to Lord Melville, gave it him under the table, and whispered, that when he had looked at it, it would be better for them to talk it over in Lord Chesterfield's dressing room. This proved to be a letter in the King's own hand, announcing his recovery to Mr. Pitt, in terms somewhat as follows:

"The King renews, with great satisfaction, his communication with Mr. Pitt, after the long suspension of their intercourse, owing to his very tedious and painful illness. He is fearful that, during this interval, the public interests have suffered great inconvenience and difficulty.

"It is most desirable that immediate measures should be taken for restoring the functions of his Government. Mr. Pitt will consult with the Lord Chancellor to-morrow morning upon the most expedient means for that purpose. The King will receive Mr. Pitt at Kew about one o'clock."

There could be no hesitation on the part of Mr. Pitt; and, having held the necessary conference with the Chancellor, he waited upon the King at the appointed time. He found him perfectly of sound mind, and in every respect, as before his illness, competent to all the affairs of his public station.

This was the first notice, in any way, which Mr. Pitt received of this most important event; the reports of the physicians had indeed been of late more favorable; but Lord Melville verily believed there was not a man, except Dr. Willis, who entertained the smallest hope of the restoration of the King's mind. Mr. Pitt continually declared this opinion to Lord Melville, and they had both determined to return to the bar, as the dissolution of the ministry was then on the point of taking place.

The letter in question Lord Melville took from Mr. Pitt, saying he had a trick of losing papers, and furnished him only with a copy, the original remaining in his lordship's possession. The King wrote the letter at a little table of the Queen's which stood in his apartment, without the knowledge of any person; and, having finished, rang his bell, and gave it to his *valet de chambre*, directing it to be carried immediately to Mr. Pitt.

In a conversation which the King afterwards had with Justice Hardinge, he greatly commended the conduct of the House of Commons in regard to the Regency question, and said his illness had in the end been a perfect bliss to him, as proving how nobly the people would support him when he was in trouble.

The King's malady had, however, been very distressing; for, in a letter addressed from Windsor by Admiral Payne to Mr. Sheridan on the Regency negotiation, we find, "the King has been worse these last two days than ever; this morning he made an effort to jump out of the window, and he is now very turbulent and incoherent."

The following anecdotes will show the state of the King's mind at this time, and they have been now made public on the authority of one of the pages who was then in attendance on His Majesty:

"The King was driving the Queen in the Great Park at Windsor, when, on a sudden, he exclaimed, "*There he is!*"

and, giving the reins to his illustrious consort, descended from the phaeton. I was then on duty, and the horse on which I was mounted was young and restive; and, notwithstanding my utmost exertions, turned and ran towards the carriage. I was covered with confusion, but Her Majesty, who saw my distress, most graciously condescended to relieve me by a well timed remark on the restiveness of my horse.

“His Majesty now approached a venerable oak that had enlivened the solitude of that quarter of the park upwards of a century and a half. At the distance of a few yards he uncovered, and advanced, bowing with the utmost respect; and then, seizing one of the lower branches, he shook it with the most apparent cordiality and regard—just as a man shakes his friend by the hand.

“The Queen turned pale with astonishment—the reins dropped from her hands. I felt the most painful apprehension lest the horses in the carriage, finding themselves under no control, should run headlong to destruction; nor did I dare to call for assistance, lest the attendants should witness a scene that I desired to keep from their view. At last, Her Majesty became attentive to her situation; and, as the reins were happily within reach, they were recovered, and the Queen commanded me to dismount, and to go and intimate, in a soothing voice and suppliant terms, that Her Majesty wished for his company.

“On my approach, I perceived the King was engaged in earnest conversation. It was the King of Prussia with whom His Majesty enjoyed this rural interview. Continental politics were the subject.

“I approached with reverence—‘May it please your Majesty—’

“‘Don’t you see I am engaged?’ said the King.

“I bowed and withdrew. ‘His Majesty is engaged, and—’

“‘Go again,’ said the Queen, interrupting me. I went. May I presume to inform your Majesty that——’

“‘What is the matter?’ said the King, in great surprise.

“‘Her Majesty is in the carriage, and I am commanded to intimate her desire of your Majesty’s company.’

“‘Good lackaday!’ said the King, ‘that is true; run on and inform Her Majesty that I am hastening to her.’

* * * * *

“It was Sunday, and His Grace of Canterbury commanded prayers to be read in the royal apartment.

“‘*Dearly beloved brethren*——’ said the chaplain.

“‘*Tally ho! Tally ho!*’ said the King.

“‘*The Scripture moveth us in sundry places*——’

“‘*Go forward, Miranda! go forward! Tally ho! Actæon! Tally ho!*’

“‘*To the end that we may obtain*——’

“‘*Halloo! Ranger and Swift; Tally ho! Tally ho!*
‘*Ware Fox, Miranda! Ware Fox!*’

“The chaplain looked at Sir George Baker, and Sir George Baker looked at the chaplain; and then, *risum tenentis amici*—they laughed.

“And the King laughed—and we all laughed—and Sir George Baker said that the prayers had done His Majesty a vast deal of good—and Dr. Willis said the same—and the King dined very comfortably, and was cheerful—and he told Dr. Willis and Sir George that he wished to see them dance a hornpipe.

“‘We beg leave to decline the honor of dancing in your Majesty’s presence.’

“‘*Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas,*’ said the sovereign. ‘Here is my sceptre,’ said he, holding the knife in a threatening posture, ‘and the man who presumes to oppose my will shall be instantly—instantly impaled alive.’

“And the King called for his flute, and Sir George

Baker and Dr. Willis danced till it was dark; and thus ended the Sabbath day.

* * * * *

“It was my fate to be on duty this morning in the King’s apartments.

“The attendants had been enjoined to keep the profoundest silence. No answer was to be given to any question proposed by His Majesty. I was unable to see the wisdom of this injunction. A discreet answer might have frequently soothed the patient, and conciliated attachment.

“I am confident the prohibition was productive of great mischief, and, in evidence of this proposition, I beg leave to relate a memorable occurrence.

“Several symptoms of convalescence had made their appearance the preceding day; and with the benevolent view of refreshing the domestics, after long and severe attendance, they had leave of absence for three or four hours. Meanwhile, I was commanded to remain in the royal presence, and to act according to exigencies.

“‘****,’ said the King, calling me by name, ‘it is a fine morning. Has there been a hunt?’

“I bowed.

“‘****,’ said the King again, ‘has there been a hunt this morning?’

“I bowed.

“His Majesty was obviously displeased; but I did not dare to transgress orders.

“‘Give me the lemonade,’ said the King.

“I gave it, and bowed.

“‘Take the glass,’ he said.

“I approached to take it. In a moment he seized me by the collar, threw down the glass, and then attacked me with so much vigor and alacrity that I was constrained to call for assistance.

“A physician was happily in the antechamber, and heard

me. On seeing him enter the room the King desisted, asking me, ‘*Whether I had found my tongue?*’”

* * * * *

A national thanksgiving for the recovery of the King was solemnized on April 23, at St. Paul's Cathedral, at which their Majesties and the royal family attended. At the conclusion of the service, the Prince hastened from the cathedral to Carlton House, where he changed his dress for the uniform of his regiment, and, taking the command of it, proceeded to meet the King on his return, thus becoming himself his guard and conductor to the Queen's palace. Alighting there, the Prince presented himself at the door, in a manner that required to be seen in order to be appreciated. “It was to the *revered monarch*—to the beloved parent—that His Royal Highness offered assistance. The tender attachment of the most affectionate of sons—the zealous devotion of the first of subjects—were manifested with an energy and a grace that no language can adequately describe.” The event was otherwise commemorated by grand *fetes*, illuminations, etc., and the King's birthday was celebrated with unusual splendor, terminating with a ball, at which an incident occurred which was strongly characteristic of the Prince's regard for “the small, sweet courtesies of life.”

The King, however, was not present during any part of the day, owing to the shock occasioned by the duel so recently fought between the Duke of York and Colonel Lennox. In the evening a most splendid ball was given, and notwithstanding what had so recently happened, and the established etiquette that no person should stand up at country dances who had not danced a minuet, Colonel Lennox appeared in the circle with Lady Catherine Barnard. This the Prince did not perceive until he and his partner, the Princess Royal, came to the Colonel's place in the dance, when, struck with the impropriety, he took the

hand of the Princess, just as she was about to be turned by the Colonel, and led her to the bottom of the dance. The Duke of York and the Princess Augusta came next, and they turned the Colonel without notice or exception. The Duke of Clarence with the Princess Elizabeth came next, and he followed the example of the Prince. The dance proceeded, however, and Colonel Lennox and his partner danced down, but when they came to the Prince and Princess, His Royal Highness led his sister to the chair by the side of the Queen. The Queen, then, addressing herself to the Prince, said: "You seem heated, sir, and tired." "I am heated and tired, madam," said the Prince, "not with the dance, but with dancing in such company." "Then, sir," said the Queen, "it will be better for me to withdraw, and put an end to the ball." "It certainly will be so," said the Prince, "for I never will countenance insults given to my family, however they may be treated by others." At the end of the dance the Queen and the Princesses withdrew, and thus the ball concluded. The Prince, with his usual gallantry, afterwards explained to Lady Catherine Barnard the reason of his conduct, assuring her ladyship that it gave him much pain to be under the necessity of subjecting a lady to a moment's embarrassment.

On the 6th of February, 1788, His Royal Highness was initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry, at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, as Grand Master; the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Manchester, and several other noblemen of that respectable order, attended at the ceremony.

About this time the first dividend of the Prince's debts was declared to be nine per cent., which was very gladly received by the creditors, and tended to raise the Prince in the estimation of the people.

He now for a short time took up his residence at Rich-

mond House, the cause for which will be subsequently explained. On the 20th of April, 1778, the comedy of "The Way to Keep Him" was privately performed before the Prince; the characters being cast as follows :

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| Lovemore..... | Lord DERBY. |
| Sir Brilliant Fashion..... | Hon. Mr. EDGECUMBE. |
| Sir Bashful Constant..... | Major ARABIN. |
| William..... | Sir HARRY ENGLEFIELD. |
| Sideboard..... | Mr. CAMPBELL. |
| Widow Belmour..... | Hon. Mrs. HOBART. |
| Mrs. Lovemore..... | Hon. Mrs. DAMER. |
| Lady Constant..... | Miss CAMPBELL. |
| Muslin..... | Mrs. BRUCE. |

The prologue was written by the Right Honorable George Conway, and spoken by the Honorable Mrs. Hobart. Of this lady, who afterwards became the Countess of Berkshire, we shall have to speak hereafter, when, according to the fashion of the times, she presided at a faro table which was frequented by the Prince; and where on some evenings she gave her dramatic readings, in which she was assisted by that sprightly and witty barrister, Mr. Jekyll.

The following additional lines were made to the prologue, in compliment to the Prince and the Duke of Cumberland, who very condescendingly noticed this mark of the attention of their visitors :

"And should those favor'd feats, this happy night,
Shine with a lustre eminently bright;
Should royal greatness humbly condescend
To lay the prince aside, and act the friend,
Indulgent to the liberal arts they love,
They'll strive to pardon faults they can't approve,
And could their flattering smiles with equal ease
As the ambition give the power to please,
We'd fill the mimic as the real part,
And pay in duty what we want in art."

Among the audience present were the Prince, the Duke of Cumberland, Lord and Lady Stormont, *Mrs. Fitzherbert*, the Duchess of Devonshire, Mr. Dundas, Mr. Sheridan, and, what was considered very wonderful, Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt came in together. The Duke of Richmond was sole attendant and master of the ceremonies on this occasion.

Since the time of Charles I private theatricals have always been a popular amusement at the English Court, continuing to the present reign, the daughters of Victoria having participated in these amusements in the season of 1873. The Prince was exceedingly fond of amateur concerts and theatricals. He visited the famous *bon vivant*, the Earl of Sandwich, satirized by Churchill under the name of Jemmy Twitcher, at Christmas, 1789, at the Earl's seat, at Hinchinbroke; a splendid theatre was arranged; "Love a-la-Mode" and "High Life Below Stairs" were acted by noble amateurs, with a prologue spoken by L. Brown Esq., M. P. for Huntingdonshire. The mornings were devoted to concerts, the Prince performing on the violoncello; Madam Mara, then in the height of popularity, came from Burleigh with the Earl of Exeter; an excellent band, led by Ashley, was engaged, and his lordship assisted as usual on the kettledrums. Peter Pindar, speaking of the Earl's performance on that instrument, says :

"He beats old Ashbridge on the kettledrums."

The Prince remained here a week, and on departing expressed the liveliest appreciation of the pleasure he had experienced from his visit.

Soon after he attended the races at York.

From York the Prince proceeded to Wentworth House, the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, the heir of the estate and virtues of the illustrious Marquis of Rockingham. At this hospitable mansion a magnificent *fete* was prepared in his honor. Nothing could be more superb and sumptuous

than the whole of the arrangements. In the true style of old English hospitality, which is nowhere to be found in greater perfection than in the county of York, nor exercised with more generous splendor by any nobleman than the worthy representative of the house of Wentworth, the gates of Wentworth Park, on being honored with the presence of the heir apparent, were thrown open to the love and loyalty of the surrounding country, and no fewer than twenty thousand persons partook of the liberality of the noble owner. The diversions (consisting of all the rural sports in use in that part of the country) lasted the whole day, and his lordship's park was the grand stage on which the numerous personages played their parts. The spectators were the Prince, with his attendants, and the nobility and gentry from every part of the country, without distinction. The dinner was an assemblage of every delicacy that the world could produce; and the ball at night, consisting of more than two hundred ladies, the flower of Yorkshire, with their partners, was the most brilliant ever seen beyond the Humber.

In coming to town from Wentworth House, the Prince encountered an alarming accident, but which was attended by no ill consequences. At about two miles north of Newark, a cart, crossing the road, struck the axle of the Prince's coach and overturned it. It was on the verge of a slope, and the carriage fell a considerable way, turned over twice, and was shivered to pieces. There were in the coach with the Prince, Lord Clermont, Colonel St. Ledger, and Colonel (Lord Viscount) Lake, recently deceased. Two of the Prince's servants were on the box. The Prince suffered a slight contusion in the shoulder, and his wrist was sprained.

The Prince was undermost in the first fall, and by the next roll of the carriage was brought uppermost, when, with great presence of mind, he disengaged himself, and was the first to rescue and disengage his fellow travellers.

Lord Clermont was the most hurt. He was much wounded in the face, and was otherwise so severely bruised that he was obliged to remain at Newark. The other gentlemen were, like the Prince, fortunate enough to escape with little injury. The accident happened at ten o'clock at night, and it was a clear moonlight. The carriage was the Prince's own travelling coach, with hired horses and postilions; and the mischance was occasioned by the wilfulness of the postilions, who drove to clear the cart with their common precipitation.

There was one peculiarity in the style of living which distinguished the Prince at this time, which gave great offence to the King, although it was by no means regarded as so venial by some of the other branches of the royal family, and particularly so by his mother, who, having been brought up in Germany, assimilated her habits in a great degree with those of that country, although at the same time she identified herself as much as possible with the more staid and formal ones of the English people. The Duke of York had also just arrived from the native country of his mother, completely Germanized, and immediately despised, as he was wont to call it, the monastic gloom of an English Sunday evening, by frequenting the evening concerts and *conversaziones*, which it was at this time the fashion to hold on a *Sunday evening*, the Sabbath. These meetings at Carlton House were rich and inspiring to the devotees of mirth and harmony; but, in justice we must add, that had they been confined to music only, or to a display of harmless jollity, even perhaps the most rigid Calvinist would not have raised his voice against them, much less have visited them the whole weight of his zealous fury; but they were the resort of the titled profligates of both sexes, and some of the meetings were distinguished by bacchanalian and Circean scenes, which would have merited castigation on any night, much more so on the Sabbath. It

must, however, be mentioned that the King himself frequently indulged in music on a Sunday evening, until the bishops interfered in the same laudable manner as they did with the short petticoats of the *figurantes* of the Opera House, although it were a curious question to decide whether they were the eye witnesses of the abomination, or took their *measures* from the opinion of others; yet the King, actuated by the genuine spirit of piety, was no sooner informed that the practice of holding Sunday evening concerts was contrary to the due observance of the Sabbath, and having, at the same time, received some information of the scenes that were passing on a Sunday evening in the house of the heir apparent, than he immediately caused it to be known to the nobility and gentry of all the royal house, that it would be expected they should dispense with all Sunday evening concerts and entertainments of the kind, as everything of that nature would be discountenanced by the King. As it may be supposed, the command was laughed at by all those who were not of the royal household, or who were not dependent on royalty for a pension; but at Carlton House and other places it became a standing joke, and with some of the party it was their regular custom to send to the bishops who might be resident in London a polite invitation to a Sunday evening *conversazione*, as the most rational method of recreating themselves from the fatigues of the day. The Prince was considered at the head of this party, and, consequently, the whole weight of the indignation of his royal father fell upon him; but parental authority was rejected, clerical interference was laughed at, and although at Court the evening concerts were suspended, yet, in some of the most exalted coteries of the fashionable world, they were followed with an enthusiasm which appeared to exhibit the Sabbath as a day of jollity and mirth, not of devotion and pious exercises.

The following anecdote will show the promptitude with

which the Prince would sometimes embrace an idea that could promote the interest of the kingdom, and is thus recorded by a writer of that period: Lord Rodney, dining some months ago at Carlton House, congratulated the Prince on seeing a plate of British cured herrings at table. "Your Royal Highness," said the noble veteran, "does infinite good to the British navy in encouraging this example of English luxury; every table will follow the fashion, and, if the number of fashionable tables in the nation be considered, the result may be in time an addition of twenty thousand of the hardiest seamen to our navy—of seamen raised and employed in that branch of fishery that has raised Holland to her maritime force." "My lord," replied the Prince, "you do me more justice than I deserve; these herrings, I am sorry to say, were not cured by British hands. I understand your reasoning, it is just; it is that of Lord Rodney upon his own element. Henceforward I shall order a plate of British cured herrings to be purchased at any expense, and appear a standing dish at this table—we shall call it a Rodney. Under that designation, what true patriot will not follow my example?" For a long time afterwards a red herring was called a "Rodney," but the origin of the name was not generally known.

Chapter Sixth.

IF we were to draw a comparison of the close of the last century and the present period, we must confess that, in regard to the morality and purity of the female character, the preference is decidedly to be given to the latter. About the year 1790, the principal gambling tables, or faro banks, were kept by titled ladies, who hesitated not to repair their shattered fortunes from the accruing profits. And it may easily be conjectured that these nocturnal meetings, although avowedly held for the purpose of gambling, were often scenes of a far different description, frequented as they were by all the younger branches of nobility and men of fortune, who were certain of meeting there with the most dashing Cyprians of the age, and also with some who were training up to that character under the auspices of the patroness of the night. The lady who was most conspicuous at this time at the head of her faro table was the celebrated Lady Archer, a woman steeped to the crown of her head in infamy and vice, and who, when she left this mortal stage, was unable to say, "I have performed one good or generous action."

We would rather avert our view from the scenes which took place in the harem of this woman, but the illustrious subject of the present Memoir is deeply concerned in them; and the writer of it has, in the entire ruin of a very near relative, reason to deprecate the hour when this woman's eyes first opened on the world, and to regret that she was not swept from it as a pestilence in which no human hap-

pininess could live; and yet, to the close of her life, this Hecate of iniquity shone conspicuously for *piety* and *religion*.* She was seen on the Sabbath bending her way to the conventicle—a *living painted sepulchre*, so bedaubed with cosmetics, and the wrinkled deformities of her nature so filled up with the impotent remedies of art, that the eye shrunk from the view, as if it had presented it to one of nature's vilest abortions; but

“ Not Archer's Bible can secure her age,
Her threescore years are shuffling with her page;
While Death stands by, but, till the game is done,
To sweep that stake in justice long his own.”

In all the arts and mysteries of love she was acknowledged to be the paragon of the day; and one of the first who fell into the snares of this accomplished Circe was the Duke of York. Reascending in the scale of the alphabet, in regard to the names of her admirers, we find her at last under the protection of Mr. Errington, the cousin of Mrs. Fitzherbert; and it was by this gentleman that the Prince was introduced to the faro table of Lady Archer. At this period her ladyship was the mother of three lovely daughters, whom, from the laudable plea of not exposing them to the snares and temptations of the world, she kept in a state of almost monkish seclusion. But the real grounds for that mode of treatment was the loss of the income derivable from their fortunes, which was to be at the disposal of their mother until their marriage. Vigilant, however, as the mother was, and strictly as she supposed that she was guarding the Hesperian fruit, two of her daughters, whilst her ladyship was presiding at her faro table, let young Love in at the window, and the mischievous urchin one night opening the door, they rushed into the arms of their lovers, and, by their subsequent marriage, Lady Archer lost the usufruct of their

* Huish.



fortune. One, however, still remained—the loveliest of the three; and Lady Archer, fearing that she might follow the example of her sisters, determined that she should be her companion during her nocturnal revels; and thus was she introduced into a society in which female virtue was of no estimation, and in which it might with truth be said to have no existence at all. The Prince saw the beautiful daughter of Lady Archer, and for a time the charms of Mrs. Fitzherbert were neglected by him. But in this instance he had a very difficult and delicate part to act. Mr. Errington was generally the attendant of the Prince to the Pandemonium of Lady Archer, and any attentions or assiduities which he might show to her lovely daughter might be taken notice of by that gentleman, and conveyed to a quarter where least of all he wished it to be known. Some little bickerings had already taken place there, in regard to a connection which at this time was supposed to exist between the Prince and the famous, and we may also add the infamous, Lady Jersey; but it was then only floating on the surface of popular report, although credited by those who moved in the particular sphere of the Prince.

The Prince now looked round him for an auxiliary to assist him in the conquest of the youthful Archer, and he very judiciously selected an individual who was in every respect calculated for the purpose, and this was no other than the Honorable Mrs. Hobart, to whom we have briefly alluded in a former page. The first step which this lady took was to give a grand masked *fete* at her superb villa in the vicinity of Fulham, to which Lady Archer and her daughter were to be invited, and where the Prince, assisted by the disguise of a masquerade, would be enabled to whisper the effusions of his *unalterable love* into the ears of the new conqueror of his affections, without the Argus eyes of jealousy being constantly upon him. On referring to the "European Magazine" for July, 1791, we find the following

description of this memorable *fete*, which was attended with some very extraordinary circumstances to the Prince of Wales :

“*Mrs. Hobart’s Rural Breakfast and Promenade,*
“ June 28.

“ This long looked for and long prevented *dejeune* was given yesterday, in spite of the weather. It is almost needless to remark, that all the first nobility and fashion about town graced this most delightful *fete*. The Prince came first, and precisely at one o’clock. About four or five hundred persons were present; among them the Duke of Gloucester, Duchesses of Rutland and Gordon, Margrave of Anspach, *Mrs. Fitzherbert*, the Duke of Queensberry, several of the *corps diplomatique*, and many other foreigners of the very first distinction. The Duke of Clarence was expected, but did not attend. The breakfast lasted from two till past seven o’clock.

“ The leading personage in this entertainment (which was obliged to be confined to the house on account of the weather) was *Mrs. Bristow*, a near relation of *Mrs. Hobart*. This lady, who had long resided at the Indian Court of Lucknow, was every inch a queen. Dressed in all the magnificence of Eastern grandeur, *Mrs. Bristow* represented the Queen of Nourjahad, as the Light of the World, in the Garden of Roses. She was seated in the large drawing room, which was very beautifully fitted up with cushions in the Indian style, smoking her hookah, amidst all sorts of the choicest perfumes. *Mrs. Bristow* was very profuse with her otto of roses, drops of which were thrown about the ladies’ dresses. The whole house was scented with the most delicious fragrance.

“ The company, on entering, were all presented to *Mrs. Bristow* by *Mrs. Hobart*. Young Keppel, son of the Margravine of Anspach, was dressed in girl’s clothes. He was in the character of a Calabrian, and sang some charming French songs with the divine *Le Texier*, who was in woman’s clothes, as a ballad singer, and played on the fiddle.

“ A lady was dressed as a Savoyard; she also sang, but could not be distinctly heard, on account of an intolerably large mask over her face. This lady was afterwards discovered to be *Miss Archer*, daughter of *Lady Archer*, and to whom the Prince, as a Bohemian nobleman, appeared to pay particular attention.

“ Each lady had a lottery ticket given her by *Mrs. Hobart* on entering and each drew a prize. The Duchess of Rutland drew the second highest; but the gross lot, or first prize, never went out of the wheel until the last lady that drew, and that lady was *Miss Archer*. It was remarked that, on her opening the prize, a deep blush came over her countenance, and she

became so confused that Mrs. Hobart led her into an adjoining room, where they were soon afterwards joined by the Prince. The party did not break up until nearly nine o'clock."

As it may be supposed, the cause of Miss Archer's confusion excited considerable surprise, and all were anxious to discover it; but it did not transpire until some time afterwards, when Mrs. Hobart mentioned it in confidence to a friend on whom she could rely—who mentioned it to another—and thus it soon became the theme of conversation in the immediate coteries where the parties were known.

The plan was entirely devised by Mrs. Hobart, with the knowledge and privity of the Prince, to declare the ardent affection which he entertained for Miss Archer, and the prize contained a beautiful locket set round with diamonds, in the centre of which was G. P., encircled with the motto, "*L'amour est l'ange du monde.*" The present was accompanied by some amorous lines, taken from one of the ancient poets, which have been beautifully versified as follows:

"I wish I were the bowl,
The bowl that she kisses;
I would breathe away my soul
In the goblet of kisses.

I wish I were a flower,
Or the dove which sings
In the evening bower,
With sunset on her wings.

For, if I were a flower,
I should sleep upon her breast;
And, if I were a dove,
I would sing her to her rest;

And lovely her slumbers,
And sweet her dreams should be,
And beautiful her waking,
If watched by me."

This meeting may be considered as the declaratory one of the Prince's passion for Miss Archer; and, perhaps, no female virtue ever withstood so nobly the incessant attacks of an assailant, hitherto deemed irresistible. There was, however, a power watching over the virtue of this intended victim, which ultimately saved her from the ruin that awaited her, and that power was a deep and rooted attachment for another, but whose circumstances in life were considered by her mother as not sufficiently affluent, nor could his connections boast of any titled descent or aristocratical honors. Flattered, however, as she might have been by the marked attention which the most accomplished Prince in Europe had paid her, still, with the holy fire of a secret love burning within her, she considered every return that she might make to his protestations as a direct profanation of the vows of fidelity and constancy which she had sworn to another, and consequently she met all his assiduities with the most marked coolness and indifference. To experience a repulse of this kind was a very uncommon circumstance in his career of gallantry; but, rather than operating as a check, it appeared to act as a stimulus, and to goad him on to the final consummation of his wishes.

If, however, this amiable girl was able to withstand the blandishments by which she was surrounded, and to rise superior to all the stratagems which were employed to effect her downfall, there was one individual at the *fete* who was determined, *coute qui coute*, to chain the Prince to her car, and to be the temporary ascendant in his affections, to the complete discomfiture and mortification of her aspiring rivals. This lady was the Queen of Nourjahad, the Light of the World—the beautiful Mrs. Bristow. To account for the determined spirit with which this elegant female prosecuted her amour with the Prince, it may be said to have arisen, in a great degree, from a revengeful disposition, for some supposed or real affront which Mrs. Fitzherbert had

offered to her, in refusing to acknowledge her in public, on account of the questionable purity of her character.

To humble a rival of this kind was the pride and glory of Mrs. Bristow; and being in the possession of personal charms very little inferior, if any, to Mrs. Fitzherbert herself, it was a struggle of ascendancy between these celebrated beauties, in which each claimed the conquest, and each believed herself to have achieved it. It was also currently reported at this time that Mrs. Fitzherbert had been heard to say, "that it was the rank of His Royal Highness that she loved more than his person;" and, as this report was found to be actually true, it was greedily taken advantage of by her artful rival to exalt herself and to debase Mrs. Fitzherbert in the good opinion of the Prince. It was aptly and jocosely said by Sheridan, "that the Prince was too much every lady's man to be the man of any lady;" and this was a trait in his character of which Mrs. Fitzherbert was by no means ignorant. The disparity of their ages stood in the way of any permanent attachment; personal esteem and regard for each other's virtues formed no part of their connection; it was, on one hand, the enjoyment of the sensualist; and, on the other, the gratification of female vanity and the love of personal aggrandizement. The monopoly of his affections was a task which no woman who had the slightest insight into his character would ever attempt to accomplish; and, therefore, Mrs. Fitzherbert looked upon the temporary ascendancy of Mrs. Bristow with the eye of comparative indifference, being conscious to herself that any attempt at restraint on her part would only lead to a greater estrangement; and, as the world believed her to possess the ascendancy in his affections, she was satisfied with the shadow, although she could not always command the substance.

On the morning subsequent to the *fete* given by Mrs. Bristow, as the Prince was sitting at breakfast in company

with Sheridan and Hanger, a small package was delivered to him, which, on opening, he found to contain the locket which, on the previous night, he had presented to Miss Archer, but with no other notification than a few words written in the envelope: "*La vertu est la félicité de la vie.*"

In regard to the following conversation, which took place on this occasion, we must be excused for giving it *verbatim*, as it appears in the manuscript before us, which was found amongst the papers of the late Lord Coleraine, headed, *A Prince's Opinions of Female Virtue*. If opinions were always the criterion of, or a clue to, the development of human character, we should consider ourselves liable to censure if we suppressed a tittle of any conversation in which a man exhibits himself in his real, unsophisticated colors, by an unreserved disclosure of his sentiments; but, with the knowledge which we possess of the real opinions which the Prince entertained of the existence and the strength of female virtue, we are certain that any estimate which an individual might be tempted to draw of the Prince's real character, from the sentiments expressed on this occasion, would be one of error and misconception.

"Sheridan," said the Prince, laying the package on the table, "what is your opinion of the strength of female virtue?"

"It is the brightest pearl in the diadem of a woman," answered Sheridan; "and when supported by modesty, truth, and religion, it is a rock in the ocean, against which all the waves may dash in vain; but, on the other hand, when once an impression has been made upon it, under the influence of passion, it is like the frostwork of an autumnal morning, which is dissolved by the first ardent beam that falls upon it."

"Do you think," asked the Prince, "that there is any female virtue that cannot be overcome?"

"Sheridan," said Hanger, "let His Royal Highness

answer his own question. I know no one more able. An individual who has travelled a road five hundred times, and stopped at every house that presented itself, must be able to give a correct account of them."

"But suppose," said the Prince, "that that individual was refused admittance to some of them; would it be fair to pass an opinion of the character of their inmates, according to that which you may have formed of those into whose houses you may have been admitted?"

"It would be illiberal in the extreme," said Hanger.

"Then, by the same parity of reasoning," said the Prince, "it would be illiberal in me to pass a general opinion of the strength of female virtue from my own single experience."

"There is a great deal of sophistry in that remark," said Sheridan; "for is not the most valuable part of our knowledge founded on experience? And therefore, let the subject be what it may, that man must be the wisest who has had the greatest experience in it; and who will dispute the experience of your Royal Highness in everything relative to the character of woman?"

"But in which I am still a fool," said the Prince; "and of that fact Archer's daughter has just now convinced me. She has given me a lesson to read which I never studied before. But, to repeat my question—do you believe that there is any female virtue existing which cannot be overcome—I mean, supposing that it has been subjected to every temptation and every ordeal which the most fertile ingenuity can devise?"

"Most undoubtedly," replied Sheridan; "and I should be very sorry to hold a contrary opinion. I believe in the existence of a pure, unsullied female virtue, with the same religious certainty as I do, according to the dictates of my moral sense, in the existence of right and wrong."

"I dispute not the existence of it, nor ever did," said the

Prince; "its very destruction presupposes that it did once exist; for that can never be destroyed which had no previous reality—but it is the fact of its invincibility that I wish to have established."

"Then look to Lucretia, your Royal Highness," said Sheridan.

"A solitary instance," said the Prince, "which history has treasured up to show as a phenomenon; but let me state a case to you :

"Supposing a woman were to present herself before you, gifted with all the beauty which invests the female with such irresistible power, and you found that the possession of that beauty was not to be obtained by the ordinary means of seduction, what would then be your opinion, and how would you act ?"

"I would let her alone," said Sheridan, "and hold her as a sacred thing."

"And declare it to the world," said the Prince, "that her virtue was invincible."

"Certainly," said Sheridan, "as far as the means that have been employed to overcome it."

"That virtue is still but negative in my opinion," said the Prince, "for a fortunate expedient might still effect its conquest."

"Before, however," said Sheridan, "I pronounce a virtue as incorruptible, invincible, I am supposed to believe that every expedient has been tried, even the scarcely resistible expedient of a deeply rooted, passionate attachment; for, if a girl falls not to that, I would fearlessly expose her to every other temptation which the utmost ingenuity of man could devise. I consider the contemplation of a woman, strong, firm, unconquerable in her virtue, to be one of this world's finest spectacles."

"What is the mere contemplation ?" said the Prince; "I can look at the stars and admire them in their glory, but

how am I benefited by that contemplation? there is no sensual gratification in it."

"Certainly not," said Sheridan, "but there is a pleasing sensation conveyed to the mind by the contemplation of any beautiful or sublime object."

"*Apropos*," said the Prince, "speaking of the contemplation of a beautiful object, I have been very much struck with a singular remark of Dr. Darwin's, wherein he says that the delight which the eye of man experiences in the contemplation of a female bosom arises from the association that it is the source from which we drew our first sustenance."

"Indeed," said Sheridan, with a smile, "then why do we not feel the same delight at the contemplation of a *wooden spoon*?" *

"Excellent!" exclaimed the Prince, "excellent—in future I shall never see a beautiful bosom but I shall think of Sheridan's wooden spoon—nevertheless, you must allow that contemplation is one thing, enjoyment another, and to which would you give the preference?"

"To each," said Sheridan, "in their own individuality; but they are as distinct in their natures as they are different in the effects that are produced. The contemplation of a beautiful woman, abstractedly speaking, depends entirely in its degree of delight upon the innate power which we possess of actually determining what beauty is—the mere question of enjoyment may be decided by a Caliban, to whom sense is everything—mind nothing. There is, however, another point to be taken into consideration, which is, that there is *one* sense which nature has implanted in the heart of every female, and on the facility or difficulty of the

* This inimitable reply of Sheridan's has been erroneously claimed by another individual, who, it is well known, strutted about, decked with plumes borrowed from others, but it is only in the master mind of a Sheridan that such a happy idea could have been engendered.

suppression or suspension of that sense, the great question may be determined of the strength or weakness of her virtue."

"And what is that sense?" asked the Prince.

* * * * *

"Now," said this royal libertine, "yesterday I was at Hobart's *fete*, and there, I will not say exactly by assignation, I saw that lovely girl, the daughter of that d—d Lady Archer."

"Ripe as a cherry," exclaimed Hanger, "and luscious as a peach."

"By the dexterous management of Hobart," continued the Prince, "I contrived to convey a present into her hands, which I intended to be the forerunner of our future intimacy. I conversed with her afterwards; I found her reserved and coy, but *c'est souvent la façon des jeunes filles de jouer le rôle d'une niaise, et de se porter s'ils ne savaient pas la différence entre un homme à deux jambes, et un bête à quatre*. The girl, however, is not to be caught in the usual way, for there, in that package, lies the present which I gave. Now, what is your opinion of that girl? Is her virtue to be conquered, or not?"

"My opinion is," said Sheridan, "that she is not destined for your Royal Highness; and rather than I would take one more step to undermine a virtue of that kind, I would hold myself satisfied *with what I have already got*, and leave her the pure and unsullied gem which I found her."

"A *rara avis! a rara avis!*" exclaimed the Prince; "a Sheridan preaching morality. But now, in the plenitude of your merciful and forbearing spirit, will you tell me that this virtue is so strongly intrenched that no art, no stratagem, can make a breach in it?"

"That is an opinion which I have never expressed," said Sheridan. "In the general intercourse of the world we can only judge of particulars from universals—we proceed from

unities to numbers; and although by that method we sometimes arrive at an erroneous estimate, yet in the present case it will hold good. That girl, I say, will never be yours."

"By G—d! but she shall," said the Prince; and, rising from the table, he placed the rejected present in his *escritoire*. The conversation afterwards turned upon the enormous sums which were depending on the races at Newmarket, where the Prince's horse Escape was backed to win every race in which he was to start.

On the evening of this day the Prince repaired to the faro table of Mrs. Hobart. The company were unusually numerous, and it was evident that extraordinary exertions had been employed to augment the amusements of the night. One apartment was appropriated for music, in which the instrumental and vocal performers of the Opera House executed some of the most favorite compositions of the day; the room adjoining was fitted up in the Turkish style, with its ottomans and its other voluptuous accessories; and it only required the *slippers at the door* to declare the real purpose for which this apartment was intended. Into this room the *Honorable Mrs. Hobart* conducted His *Royal Highness*, having previously whispered to him that she had something of great importance to communicate to him. Sherbet was handed to His *Royal Highness* in a golden goblet; he threw himself on an ottoman; Hobart, in all the richness of her voluptuousness, seated herself by his side. "The point is gained," she said; "Archer is yours, if you will pay the price!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the Prince; "I cannot believe it; you must have been misinformed, for it is only this morning that I received back the present which you so dexterously conveyed into her hands."

"That is a trifling circumstance," said Hobart; "the sudden effect, perhaps, of a qualm of conscience—a matter of

false delicacy. A girl, unless she be a consummate simpleton, generally suspects to what a present leads, or, more correctly speaking, to what it is intended that it *shall* lead; and I have known many girls who have refused a *silver* toy, and have afterwards accepted of a golden one. Perhaps your present was not rich enough. But the truth is—I have arranged the business with the mother; the price, I must confess, is rather high.”

“With her mother, did you say?” exclaimed the Prince, “with Lady Archer herself? Oh, it is not possible! Why, I should suppose that she was the last person on earth with whom you would have conferred on a subject of that nature. To consult with a mother on the ruin of her daughter, and to arrange a stipulated price for it—such an act is scarcely heard of in history; it is too preposterous, too unnatural, for me to entertain the thought for a moment. Hobart, it cannot be——”

“But it is true,” said Mrs. Hobart; “and the terms are £500 a year for the life of the mother, and a settlement of £1,000 a year upon the daughter.”

“And upon the fulfilment of these terms,” said the Prince, “Lady Archer consents to sacrifice her child?”

“It has been so stipulated,” said Mrs. Hobart.

“Then,” said the Prince, rising with indignation, “I renounce the business altogether. Whatever may be my libertine propensities, never shall posterity have to record of me that I could stoop to the infamy of bartering with a mother for the ruin of her daughter. I know not by what terms to stigmatize this conduct of Lady Archer, nor do I consider that there is a word in the English language forcible enough to express my abhorrence of her character. If by any arts, stratagems, or promises, the ruin of a girl be accomplished, let the consequences fall on the head of her seducer; but to mingle the infamy with it of having purchased her innocence of her own mother, is an act that I

would not have resting on my conscience to be put in possession of all the beauties of a seraglio. Tell Lady Archer that the Prince, in future, declines her further acquaintance."

There never was a state of society so degenerate that it did not include a great proportion of good, and consequently of goodness; there never was an individual so thoroughly a reprobate as not to possess some redeeming virtues; and it is also generally the case that the strength of those virtues is in the ratio of the turpitude of the vices. Be it, therefore, a part of our task, the best and dearest part, to show the bright picture by the side of the dark one. We will endeavor to place before our readers "the counterfeit presentment" of those two cousin germauns, at least, if not brothers, Wisdom and Folly; we will bid them look on *this* picture, and on *this*. We will ask them to see what a grace is seated on *this* brow, and will enable them to contrast it with the cap and bells that jingle on the forehead of the other; we will, in short, strive to place before them "Hyperion" and "the Satyr" side by side, and then, if they *will* quit the one to dwell with the other—if they will

"On this fair mountain leave to feed.

To batten on this moor,"

they must—but it shall not be for want of seeing the qualities of each, and the differences and distinctions that subsist between them.

The issue of this affair of Lady Archer was the very opposite to what was expected either by that lady herself or Mrs. Hobart. To find a sense of feeling or of honor in the Prince, when the possession of a beautiful girl was the question, appeared in their eyes as little short of a miracle—a complete metamorphosis of the man must have suddenly taken place, or he would not, from a mere qualm of conscience, have thrown away so rich a prize, especially as some cases of seduction on the part of the Prince had come

to the knowledge of those ladies, in which a complete obtuseness of feeling was displayed in regard to the measures which were adopted to accomplish the end in view. But it was not the unfoward issue of this business, as far as regarded the daughter of Lady Archer, that excited the regret of the interested parties, but it was the resolution of the Prince to withdraw himself altogether from the faro tables of both Lady Archer and Mrs. Hobart; and this was a loss of no trifling consideration, for, independently of the sums which he lost nightly, his presence gave a rank and character to their parties which rendered them the most attractive assemblies of the day.

Numerous and ingenious were the attempts that were made to bring the deserter back, and all of them had a reference to the gratification of his paramount passions. If some exquisite beauty had burst suddenly upon the world, she was only to be seen at Mrs. Hobart's or Lady Archer's. But for a time the Prince withstood all the allurements, until the celebrated Lucy Howard—that masterpiece of God's creation—who

“ Was sent on earth
To show to man what angels are in heaven,”

was brought by Mrs. Hobart from her father's mansion in Yorkshire to captivate the affections of the heir apparent, and to bring him again within the circle of her influence. The game was deeply and skilfully played, and the royal stakes were won. Lucy Howard was to be contended for, and she was a prize for which many a sovereign would have given the brightest diadem in his crown.

Lucy Howard was, as might naturally be expected, on her first visit to London, a perfect novice in the world. Her father was first cousin to Mrs. Hobart, in possession of but a very moderate income, with a large and expensive family to support. She had two sisters, almost equal to

herself in beauty, one of whom married a gentleman of considerable fortune, and for a time was the leader of the fashionable world, the presiding goddess of Portman square. She afterwards resided in Grosvenor place, an expressive memento of the transitory duration of personal beauty. Of the other sister we shall have more to relate, when she appeared at Court as the wife of a Nottinghamshire gentleman, the admiration of every beholder—the ruling toast of the debauchee—the identical female of whom the amorous Duke of Queensberry declared that to “inhale her breath would restore him to juvenility,” and who became the avowed object of the attachment of the Prince of Wales, he being himself ignorant at the time that she was actually the sister of his once adored Lucy Howard.

We will not transcribe the scenes which led to the fall of this earthly angel, but the visitants of Brighton may recollect a comfortable mansion which stands about three miles from the town, at the foot of a wood, on the right hand of the road leading from London, and to this place was Lucy Howard conveyed—the secret love of the Prince. It has been mentioned as rather a remarkable circumstance that no issue was ever known to emanate from any of the amours of either the Prince of Wales or the late Duke of York. We have it, however, in our power to contradict that statement, as far as concerns the former illustrious personage, for in this retreat at Brighton Lucy Howard became the mother of a child, which, however, lived but to its second year, and was buried in Brighton churchyard under the name of George Howard.

This amour of the Prince brings immediately under our notice a female whom we deprecate whenever we mention her, and who may be considered in the human race as the type of the serpent—beautiful, bright, and glossy in its exterior—in its interior, poisonous and pestiferous. We allude to Lady Jersey, the coadjutor of Dr. Randolph in the

abstraction of the letters of the Princess of Wales, the vile instrument of a faction, to heap obloquy on the head of a female not half so guilty nor so criminal as themselves.

It may be easily supposed that the visits of the Prince to his beloved Howard were not paid in the open face of day, but to avoid suspicion he was generally accompanied by Lord Rawdon. It was his usual custom to leave the Pavilion at twilight, when no official or state business required his presence, and, leaving the town by the Lewes road, ride over the Downs to the arms of his expecting beauty. There was, however, one person who witnessed these mysterious motions of the Prince, and who, fancying herself to be then paramount in his affections, could not brook the idea of a secret rival, and, with all the art and cunning inherent in her character, she determined to trace the mystery to its source. For this purpose she enlisted in her cause one of the stable boys, who could not withstand the temptation of a few guineas, and he consented to become a spy upon the actions of his royal master, and to follow him in private whenever he left the Pavilion on his nocturnal adventures. The first report of this fellow to his employer was, that he had traced the Prince to a particular house, but of the motives of his visit, or of the character of the inmates of it, he was utterly ignorant. Here were materials furnished sufficient to set the heart of a jealous woman in a blaze. It was indispensably necessary that the exact relations of the inhabitants of the house should be ascertained; for Lady Jersey was too well acquainted with the character of the Prince not to suspect that he was attracted thither by some hidden beauty, who might eventually supersede her in the station which she supposed that she held in the affections of her royal paramour, and thereby overthrow at once all the plans which she had formed for her future aggrandizement. The issue of this affair was of a deeply tragical nature.

The youthful emissary of Lady Jersey, without the aid of experience or of caution to guide him through such a labyrinth, went fearlessly to work. In an ill-fated hour he was entrapped in the vicinity of the premises by the Prince himself. An instantaneous explanation was demanded—the boy hesitated—the Prince became exasperated—he beheld himself the object of the curiosity of a vulgar, mercenary hireling—and, hurried along by the impetuosity of his feelings, he inflicted that summary chastisement upon the boy which rendered him a cripple for the remainder of his life, and which, but for the aid of the highest professional skill, would have proved his death.

This affair caused an extraordinary sensation in the country, and rendered the Prince highly unpopular; and such was the excitement which it occasioned that the house in which Lucy Howard resided was literally so besieged by spectators during the day that she eventually found it necessary to evacuate it, and took up her residence in the vicinity of Richmond. Thither the Prince followed her, and there is a tree now standing in Richmond Park, with the initials G. P. and L. H. cut on it, as a memorial of the happy hours which they spent under its shade.

Lucy Howard afterwards became the wife of Mr. Smith, a gentleman of independent property in Yorkshire, and was the mother of a numerous family, and died respected by all who knew her.*

*1830.

Chapter Seven.

THE Prince at this period was the most talked of man in Europe. His style of living was of unparalleled costliness. His elegant manners, his graceful person, and exquisite taste in dress, the decorations of his palace, his equipages and entertainments, were the theme of praise and the objects of imitation. It would seem as if nature and fortune had conspired to make him the recipient of their choicest gifts. His residence at Carlton House was a brilliant Court, where the genius and talent of the nation mingled with favorites of the Prince, whose presence would never have been tolerated by his father. His other residence, the famous Pavilion at Brighton, which has been the subject of so much ridicule, was decorated in a style more gaudy than elegant; something in the manner in which our Hudson River steamers were bedizened a quarter of a century since.

The Pavilion has been stigmatized as an architectural monster—a mad house or a house run mad—having neither beginning, middle, or end; yet, to acquire this harlequin design, a bricklayer was despatched to Italy, at an expense of \$10,000, which was a fitting prelude to the enormous sums lavished upon the nondescript after its construction was determined upon. The dining room was so badly ventilated that, when a fire was lighted, it was so warm that the inmates were nearly baked. This circumstance gave rise to one of those *bon mots* which were so natural to Sheridan. He and Hanger dining one day in this royal oven, the former said to the latter, “How do you feel, Hanger?”

“Hot, hot, hot as h—l,” replied Hanger.

“It is quite right,” said Sheridan, “that we should be prepared in this world for that which we know will be our lot in another.”

The ground upon which the Pavilion is built was owned by the town of Brighton, for which the Prince paid \$250 per annum, just sufficient, said the satirical Anthony Pasquin, to furnish the members of the corporation with grog and tobacco.

Greville says: “About this time the Pavilion was finished, with the subterranean passage from the house to the stables, which is said to have cost £3,000 to \$5,000. There is also a bath in his apartment; the King has not taken a sea bath for sixteen years.”

The passion of the Prince for the turf at this time appears to have been carried to an extraordinary excess.

He was not only an honorary but an active member of the Jockey Club, to which, also, the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Fox belonged.

Of the demoralizing effects of this amusement, when conducted as it frequently is, the recent history of the Marquis of Hastings will testify. It is unnecessary here to enumerate the different tricks which horse jockeys are supposed to employ to give them an undue advantage over their opponents. Severe moralists have divided the patrons of the turf into two classes—fools who have money to lose, and knaves who devise plans to rob them of it.

An exhibition of noble studs contesting for the palm of fleetness is, of itself, an innocent and exhilarating spectacle; it is only when the amusement degenerates from its original intention that it excites our censure. Sportsmen form a community of themselves, like the frequenters of the Stock Exchange, governed by a code of laws of their own framing.

The decisions of the Jockey Club were confidently ap-

pealed to by all who thought themselves aggrieved by any sporting transactions, and the fiat of this body were regarded as standard authority by all who were engaged in any pursuits within the sphere of its cognizance.

But perfection is not the nature of any human institution, and, therefore, that the Jockey Club should sometimes err in its decisions cannot excite any surprise. In the autumn of 1791 the Prince came under the cognizance of this tribunal, and its decision proved so disagreeable to him that he immediately retired from the turf. The circumstances attending this transaction, which produced so extraordinary a sensation in the sporting world at the period when it happened, were nearly as follows :

On the 20th of October, 1791, the royal sportsman's horse, *Escape*—then reckoned the best horse upon the turf—was beaten at Newmarket by two horses of inferior reputation. The odds, which previous to this race had run high in favor of *Escape*, now changed against him, and it was the general opinion of the sporting world that he would lose the match he had to run the next day. Accordingly bets were made to a large amount, and with great odds, that *Escape* would lose ; but contrary to the opinion, and much to the disappointment of the knowing ones, *Escape* won his race.

The jockey who rode *Escape* on these two memorable days published a pamphlet* a short time before his death, in which he very satisfactorily accounted for *Escape's* losing his first and winning his second race. The mystery was nothing more than this : that on the first day's race *Escape*,

* "Genius Genuine," by Samuel Chifney, of Newmarket. Containing a full account of the Prince's horse *Escape* running at Newmarket, on the 20th and 21st days of October, 1791. This curious production made a considerable noise in the sporting world, and though only the size of an ordinary pamphlet, containing one hundred and thirty pages, sold at the enormous price of two pounds.

for want of proper exercise, was not in a fit condition to run; and that the exercise of the first day's race had opened his pores, and enabled him to perform better on the second day; but this was far from appearing satisfactory to the gentlemen of the turf, and as soon as the race was concluded a rumor was propagated that *Escape* had run unfairly on the first day's race. It was reported that this royal sportsman got the grooms out of the way, and had given the horse a pail of water just before he had to run, and of course the horse was winded and easily beaten. Chifney's own account of these particulars is so very curious that we should do wrong to withhold it from our readers.

"As I came from scale," says Chifney, "I was told that Mr. W. Lake (brother to Lord Viscount Lake, and the gentleman who had the management of the Prince of Wales' running horses) had been saying something improper to His Royal Highness concerning *Escape's* winning; I made it therefore my business to go immediately to His Royal Highness, who was riding with a gentleman near to the Great Stand House, and he immediately accosted me in the following words: 'Sam Chifney, as soon as *Escape's* race was over, Mr. Lake came up to me and said, 'I give your Royal Highness joy; but I am sorry the horse has won, I would sooner have given a hundred guineas.' I told Mr. Lake that I did not understand him, that he must explain himself.' I then answered His Royal Highness, saying—'Yes, your Royal Highness, it is very necessary he should explain himself.' This is all that passed on the subject to-day."

Chifney's further account of this remarkable affair is as follows: "On the 22d of October, 1791, in the morning after *Escape* had won, His Royal Highness sent for me into his dressing room, and then ordered me to be shown into an adjoining room, where he thus accosted me: 'Sam Chifney,

I have sent for you on some very unpleasant business. I am told, Sam Chifney, that you won six or seven hundred pounds upon the race on the day before yesterday, when you rode *Escape*, and was beaten upon him.'

"I replied that I believed His Royal Highness had not such an opinion of me.

"His Royal Highness continued: 'I am told, Sam Chifney, that you won six or seven hundred pounds upon the race yesterday, when you rode *Escape*, and won upon him; and I am told that Vauxhall Clark (clerk of the stables to the Prince of Wales) won all the money for you.' I answered, 'May I not offend by asking who it was that dared to tell your Royal Highness so?'

"His Royal Highness replied, 'Sam Chifney, I wish to know whether you have any objection to take your affidavit, naming all the bets you had upon the race, every way, when you rode *Escape*, and was beaten upon him on the day before yesterday.' I acknowledged my readiness to do it, if it would give His Royal Highness any satisfaction. His Royal Highness said, '*Sam Chifney, your doing it will give yourself satisfaction, it will give the public satisfaction, it will give me satisfaction.* You will specify in your affidavit all the bets you had upon both day's races, when that you rode *Escape* on the day before yesterday, and was beaten upon him; and yesterday when that you rode *Escape*, and won upon him, naming all the bets you had upon both those races, and to take your affidavit as such. I hope, Sam Chifney, you do not misunderstand me.' I answered that I did perfectly understand, and that I would take care to do as His Royal Highness had ordered me.

"His Royal Highness said, 'Sam Chifney, I wish to know if you have any objection against being examined by the Jockey Club, and in any way that they are pleased to think proper.' To which I most fully and freely consented.

“His Royal Highness said, “I am told, Sam Chifney, that you were arrested at Ascot Heath for £300, and that Vauxhall Clark paid the money for you.’ I replied that this was the first word I had ever heard upon the subject. His Royal Highness said, ‘Sam Chifney, I wish to know if you have any objection to make an affidavit that you were not arrested at Ascot Heath, and that Vauxhall Clark did not pay £300 for you?’ I replied to His Royal Highness, ‘I am very willing to do it.’”

After relating some inconsequential particulars, Chifney proceeds to state that “On the same morning (22d of October, 1791) His Royal Highness called me across the betting ring. I instantly obeyed his commands, and His Royal Highness put me between himself and Sir Charles Bunbury, and then rode out upon the heath. After His Royal Highness and Sir Charles had talked upon the subject, His Royal Highness said, ‘Sam Chifney, I think that you told me that you were willing to be examined by the stewards of the Jockey Club in any way they should please to think proper.’ I said, ‘Your Royal Highness, *I am proud to meet any man upon the subject.*’ His Royal Highness then addressed himself to Sir Charles Bunbury. ‘There, Sir Charles, you hear him say that he is proud to meet any man upon the subject. Now, Sir Charles, I beg of you to take every pains you possibly can, so as to make yourselves perfectly satisfied; and then inclose me Sam Chifney’s affidavits, and apprise me how the business ends, as I am going to Brighton to-night.’ His Royal Highness left Sir Charles and rode near the betting ring, where, after he stood a little while, he said, ‘Sam Chifney, *this business should be explained.*’ I answered, ‘Your Royal Highness, *I don’t know how to explain it.*’ His Royal Highness then rode off the turf to town, before the day’s sport was finished, and I immediately went home. Soon after this, I received from Mr. Weatherby, clerk to the Jockey Club, copies of affida-

vits which I swore before the Rev. Dr. Frampton; naming that I had no bet upon the race, when I rode *Escape* on the 20th of October, 1791, and that I had twenty guineas, and no more, betted upon *Escape* on the following day, when I rode him on the 21st of October, 1791; and that I had the same desire of winning upon *Escape* when I rode him on the 20th of October, 1791, as I had when I rode him on the following day, the 21st of October, 1791; and, further, that I had never been arrested on Ascot Heath, and that Mr. Vauxhall Clark never did pay any money for me. When I had sworn these affidavits, they were signed by the Rev. Dr. Frampton, and I immediately returned them to Mr. Weatherby.

“I was then had up before the stewards of the Jockey Club, who were Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart., Ralph Dutton, Esq., and Thomas Panton, Esq.

“Sir Charles Bunbury asked me some few questions. What bets I had upon the first day's race, when I rode *Escape* on the 20th of October, 1791; and what bets I had upon the race when I rode *Escape* on the following day, when he won, and who made my bets for me? I answered, that I had no bets upon the first day's race; that I betted twenty guineas upon *Escape* the next day, and no more; and that Vauxhall Clark betted for me.

“Sir Charles Bunbury then proceeded to ask me what was my motive for waiting with *Escape* on the first day.

“I told Sir Charles Bunbury that he was a wrong judge of his man.

“Sir Charles Bunbury now stopped, and looked about apparently dissatisfied.

“Mr. Dutton said, I think Chifney spoke very fairly.

“Mr. Panton immediately said, ‘Yes, very fairly.’

“Sir Charles Bunbury did not ask me any more questions.

“I then said to Sir Charles and the two other gentlemen,

that my motive for waiting with *Escape* was, because I knew he could run very fast; I likewise knew *Sky Lark* could run fast, though a jade, for I had ridden against him most of the races he had run.

"I was now dismissed, and this is everything that passed with me from and to the Prince of Wales, Mr. W. Lake, and the Jockey Club, on this subject at Newmarket.

"It may appear to some persons that I was too dry and harsh in my answer to Sir Charles Bunbury; the two other stewards, however, acknowledged it to be fair. I, at this time, had made the affidavit, and had answered every particular that was necessary for the Jockey Club; and this question of Sir Charles, to know my motives for waiting, went into private trials and abilities. But it was a personal reason which caused me thus to answer Sir Charles. I had been told by a nobleman, that a baronet, and a member of the Jockey Club, I believe Sir Charles Bunbury, had severely reprobated my conduct on being beaten on *Escape*."

After some reflections, which could only be found interesting to those who are concerned in the management of running horses, Chifney concludes his narrative in the following words: "Some weeks after this, and I well remember that it was after the Duke of York's coming from abroad with the Duchess, Sir John Lade wrote to me at Newmarket for me to attend on the Prince immediately. I went to Carlton House directly, and the Prince told me that Sir Charles Bunbury came to him, and told him that if he suffered Chifney to ride his horses that no gentleman would start against him. The Prince said he told Sir Charles Bunbury that, if he or any other person could make it appear that Sam Chifney had done wrong, then he would never speak to him again; and without that he would not sacrifice him to any person. His Royal Highness then

said he should leave the turf, as he could not be guilty of that ingratitude to let his horses go over for the forfeits, after being told that no gentleman would start against him, but that he should pay the forfeits, and leave the turf. His Royal Highness then said he could see the meaning of it. "They think you, Sam Chifney, a good rider, and they think you have won a race or two for me that you had no business to have won; and that there are others who wish to have you, and others who think you too good for me, as they know you will not see me robbed." His Royal Highness then told me he should always be glad to see me, and for my own sake to let him see me often; and that, if he ever kept horses again, that I should train and manage them. After this I was ordered to attend on His Royal Highness at Sir John Lade's, in Piccadilly, which I did; and, in the presence of Sir John Lade and Mr. Philips, His Royal Highness put his hand upon his bosom, and said that he believed Sam Chifney had been to him very honest, and wished me to understand that the two hundred guineas a year he gave me was for his life, saying, 'I cannot give it for your life, I can only give it for my own life.' I bowed to His Royal Highness, and said I was well satisfied."

In 1802, Chifney relates that, at the Brighton and Lewes race time, as the Prince was walking on the Steyne, having hold of a gentleman's arm, he approached and told him that they cried out very much for him at Newmarket. The Prince said, "Sam Chifney, there has never been a proper apology made; and they used me and you very ill; they are bad people; I'll not set my foot on the ground any more."

To show the corrupt appetite of the vulgar for detraction, it was currently reported that personal threats, and even personal demonstration, had passed from the Duke of — towards His Royal Highness on the racecourse. This,

however, could not have been the case, for the Duke continued in friendship with the Prince to the last. The singularity, however, of the case is that Sir Charles Bunbury, who decided against the Prince, and ejected him from the Jockey Club, as well as the Duke, who shook, or is said to have shaken, his horsewhip at him on the race ground, retained his friendship to the last hours of their respective lives.

Such was the termination of the Prince sportsman's connection with Newmarket. The Prince, upon this occasion, seems to have acted with a very proper degree of spirit and firmness, and it would not be easy to produce any reason to justify the Jockey Club for declaring that, if he did not discharge Chifney from his service, no gentleman would allow his horses to run against him. There was something so very imperious in this requisition that it was impossible that this royal sportsman should comply with it; and it is not a little extraordinary that the Prince had no bets on the first day's race, and that, on the second day's race, his bets on *Escape* did not exceed four hundred guineas. Was this a sum that the Prince could possibly be guilty of any unfair manœuvre to win? Was this a sum that any but a mere common swindler of the turf would have hazarded his reputation to gain by fraud and deception? Could it for a moment be thought that, for so paltry a sum as four hundred guineas, the Prince would commit an action not only unworthy of his rank, but which any gentleman would be ashamed of doing? Had the sum depending upon the event of the race been many thousand pounds, there might have been some temptation to foul play, though the fraud would still have been as dishonorable. But, in the present instance, the Prince had no adequate motive for doing a thing so mean, and so unworthy of elevated rank.

One night, at Newmarket, he was induced to play at hazard with certain individuals whose rank and station

precluded the idea of any established or concerted system of fraud; but it must not be concealed that on the head of one of these individuals lies the weight of the ruin of more families than can be laid to the charge of any other professed gambler in the kingdom. On the night in question fortune appeared to frown on the Prince with her utmost severity; and, on rising from the table, he found himself the loser of nearly £4,000. Some suspicion immediately arose in his mind that there must be some fraud at the bottom; and, taking the dice from the table, he put them into his waistcoat pocket, declaring that, if the dice were found to be true, the money should be paid on the following morning. Consternation immediately seized the whole of the party; they knew the dice were plugged, and the discovery of the fraud would be attended with the most serious consequences. A consultation was held, and it was determined that the only method of averting the disclosure of their villany was the abstraction of the false dice and the substitution of good ones. But how was this difficult task to be accomplished?

The Prince was at this time a visitor of the Duke of Bedford, whose house was the resort of all the sporting characters at Newmarket, and at which some of the sharpers who had concocted the deep laid plan against the Prince were on terms of the greatest intimacy. It was, therefore, proposed that lots should be drawn, and that the individual who drew the lowest number should repair immediately to the Duke of Bedford's, and by some stratagem obtain possession of the dice. Fortunately for the gang, the lot fell on a Mr. Russell, who, being himself a distant relation of the Bedford family, was less liable to suspicion as to his motive for repairing to the house of the Duke, and who, besides, being well known to all the domestics, no demur would be raised to his admittance. It was, however, found impracticable to accomplish the scheme without the aid of the domestic who was in close attendance on the

Prince; and, influenced by the bribe of £100, this domestic undertook to obtain possession of the waistcoat of His Royal Highness when he was undressing for the night, and, after abstracting the false dice to substitute the genuine ones. The stratagem fully succeeded; Mr. Russell returned in triumph to his chapfallen associates; on the following morning the Prince had the dice examined, and finding them to be good, he paid the amount of his loss without any further murmuring.

This business, however, did not rest here. The parties no sooner saw their innocence established than they began to vent their indignation, openly and secretly, upon His Royal Highness, accusing him of having cast an imputation on their characters which they did not deserve; and declaring that it was his rank only which protected him from the infliction of the most summary punishment. Reports discreditable to the character of the royal gambler were now circulated in every quarter; the popular opinion rose against him; and the circumstance of his horse *Escape*, which happened immediately afterwards, furnished fresh materials for the vindictive spirit of his enemies; the result of all was that his name was erased from the list of the members of the Jockey Club, and his horses declared incapable of running in his own name in future.

Under these painful circumstances the Prince always maintained a dignified attitude. He met the storm which gathered around him without fear or despondency, although at the same time he could not but regret his forced retirement from the turf, as it deprived him of one of his most favorite amusements, and estranged him in a certain degree from the society of particular individuals whom he respected and esteemed; but, on the other hand, had there been one step which a wise and disinterested counsellor would have advised him to adopt—had there been one which a sincere friend would have considered it his duty to urge

him to—that one would have been his retirement from the turf. It was a hot bed in which his most dangerous passions were nurtured; it was a sphere in which he sank from the dignity of a Prince to become the companion and dupe of the unprincipled sharper. To him it appeared a calamity; it was, in fact, a blessing to him. He saw in the loss of the first race by his horse an actual misfortune, whereas it might be characterized as an act of Providence, in its being the forerunner and cause of an alteration in his mode of life, by which his character was to be retrieved; by which he was to be rescued from the fangs of a set of harpies, who were fattening on the noble and unsuspecting nature of his disposition; and, like the vulture on the body of Prometheus, gradually lacerating the vitals of his moral existence. By the Prince's sincere friends and well wishers this event was hailed with no common satisfaction. The hopes of the nation revived; that he was in some degree estranged from the unprincipled abettors of his extravagant propensities, and had relinquished a pursuit fraught with ultimate ruin to his character and to his finances, he would assume a more steady and irreproachable mode of life, and regain the good opinion of that people over whom he was destined to govern. How far these sanguine expectations were realized the sequel will sufficiently indicate. To expect a sudden transition from a life of habitual enjoyment and profligacy to one of domestic habits or personal restraint could never have been imagined by anyone at all conversant with the human character; nor did it follow by any means that, although the Prince had been forced to withdraw himself from one pursuit that was attended with an enormous expense to him, yet that there were not others of a still more ruinous nature to which he was addicted, and which he still followed with the reckless enthusiasm of the individual, who, although he sees before him the abyss in which his terrestrial happiness is to be destroyed, thoughtlessly

rushes into it, never to be afterwards restored to the station which he once held in the ranks of society.

Towards the latter part of the year 1792 the whole of his stud, amounting in all to twenty-eight head, was disposed of, and produced what we should at the present day consider the rather inadequate sum of five thousand guineas.

This sacrifice, although in every respect it did him honor, was, no doubt, a painful one to his feelings. Its bitterness was not a little enhanced by the peculiar circumstances of the case, as well as the particular good fortune that had attended his stud during the previous year. In 1791 we find him the winner of no less than thirty-one races, including seven King's Plates; and it has been very pointedly asked, "How it was possible that His Royal Highness, who, in the year 1791, won almost every race for which his horses started, could, on his retirement from the turf, have been so considerable a loser, and involved in such distressing embarrassments?" *

*In order that a correct opinion may be formed of the success of His Royal Highness during the year 1791, we subjoin the following:

Mademoiselle by Diomed, 660 gs. at Newmarket.

Devi Sing by Eclipse, 150 gs. and £50 at Lewes.

Don Quixote by Eclipse, 100 gs. and £50 at Newmarket.

Pegasus by Eclipse, the King's Plate at Newmarket and 140 gs. at Stockbridge.

Serpent by Eclipse, 80 gs., at Brighton 60 gs., and the Ladies' Plate at Lewes.

Amelia by Highflyer, the Third Class of the Filly Stakes, 1,000 gs. and 300 gs. at Newmarket, and the Prince's Stakes at Ascot.

Escape by Highflyer, 250 gs., 1,000 gs., the 140 gs. and 55 gs. at Newmarket.

Traveller by Highflyer, 400 gs. at Newmarket.

St. David by Saltram, the second class of the Prince's Stakes at Newmarket.

Creeper by Tandem, 50 gs. at Newmarket, 60 gs. at Burford, and the King's Plates at Lichfield and Burford.

Baronet by Vertumnus, the Oatlands' Stakes at Ascot, and the King's Plates at Winchester, Lewes, Canterbury, and Newmarket.

Clementina by Vertumnus, £50 at Swaffham, and 200 gs. at Newmarket.

Disgusted with the treatment that he had received, mortified with the stern and unbending disposition of his illustrious father, who still refused to admit him into his presence—distracted with the incessant clamors of his creditors, the Prince determined to seclude himself for a time, and took up his residence at the Grange, in Hampshire.

It is not on record that at any time of his life he was fond of shooting. To the nobler sport of hunting, however, he was much attached, and, though never what was called a forward rider, was considered a very excellent and distinguished judge. During his residence in Hampshire—the happiest period, perhaps, of his life—he had as fine a pack of fox hounds in his kennel, and, of course, as splendid a lot of hunters in his stable, as could be met with in the country. The first of these came from Goodwood, where they had long formed the much admired kennel of the grandfather of the Duke of Richmond, and among the latter were not a few thoroughbred ones who had distinguished themselves on the turf, yet were, notwithstanding, equal to the weight—by no means an inconsiderable one—of His Royal Highness. Among others, Curricle, Asparagus, Totteridge, and Torbay may be mentioned as at this time composing part of his hunting stud; and it is not often nowadays, we fear, that such magnificent specimens of blood and power are to be met with.

The Prince, though by no means a bruising rider, was, on all hands, acknowledged to be a most elegant and accomplished horseman; and as no less than six packs of fox hounds (besides his own) were within easy reach of his house, he spent much of his time at this period in the enjoyment of that sport.

The residence of the Prince at Bagshot Park and at Kempshott Park was marked by a rural seclusion in striking contrast to his life at London and Brighton, and

here here he had an opportunity to distinguish the great advantages which the simple and regular habits of the gentry surrounding these abodes presented over the hollow deceptions and exhaustive vices of what is termed high life.

It was during his seclusion here, and at Critchill House in Dorset, his health, which had suffered from the consequences of his free living, was restored.

His residence at the latter place was very short, owing to an amour in which he was detected with the only daughter of a gentleman resident in the neighborhood, and heiress to the whole of his property. This affair, however, did not pass off quite so smoothly as some others in which he had been engaged, for the father being a determined, high spirited man, and endowed with uncommon personal strength, hesitated not one day to give "His Royal Highness" that summary pugnacious punishment which rendered his future residence at Critchill House rather unpleasant to him. He therefore returned to Brighton, and between that place and the metropolis he now passed the chief part of his time.

The legitimate succession to the crown now became the theme of the most serious consideration, not only with the royal parents of the Prince, but also with the ministers of the country. The most tempting offers were held out to him to induce him to enter into the married state; but he rejected them with the most determined spirit, alleging, as the ground of his refusal, that, from the knowledge he possessed of his own character, he was certain he was not calculated for the marriage state; and that were he to enter into that union, it would only be to establish the misery of both parties, without, perhaps, being productive of the purpose for which it was intended. That this studied opposition to the dearest wishes of his august father could not fail to widen the breach between them may be easily con-

ceived ; and it is natural to suppose that those individuals who were suspected of possessing a domineering influence over the conduct of him were visited with the whole weight of the resentment of the royal parents, who beheld, in the attachment of their son to certain ladies, the chief and the almost insuperable obstacle to his entering into the married state ; accordingly every engine was set to work which malignity or malice could devise to inflame the minds of the people against those individuals ; whilst, at the same time, secret agents were employed to pry into their private affairs, and, whenever an opening presented itself, there to inflict such a death wound as no after palliative could remedy. The venal part of the public press was bribed to circulate the most inflammatory reports respecting the ulterior views of the reputed friends of the Prince, and the ruinous consequences that must inevitably await the country from his avowed attachment to the Roman Catholic party ; in which attachment it was pretended to foresee the gradual downfall of the Protestant religion, and the return of England, when the time should come that he would have to sway the sceptre of it, to all the doctrines of the Romish Church.

On the other hand, the Prince rallied around him a most powerful party, and it must be acknowledged that the superiority of talent displayed by his friends tended, in a great degree, to turn the tide of popular feeling in his favor ; indeed, to such an excess of enthusiasm was the contest carried, that on one occasion the populace took the horses from Mrs. Fitzherbert's carriage, and drew it to her residence. By the serious and reflecting part of the community, these ebullitions of popular feeling were regarded as a sinister omen of the future state in which the country would be plunged, if by any interposition of Providence the royal functions were to be again suspended, by the old King becoming crazy again, and the reins of Government

placed in the hands of the Prince's party. Fortunately, however, for the nation at large, the public attention was directed to a circumstance, at this moment of paramount interest, as far as regarded the succession to the crown, and that was the marriage of his brother, the Duke of York, with the Princess Frederica Charlotte Ulrica, the eldest daughter of the late King of Prussia. During his residence in Germany, the Duke had conceived an affectionate attachment to the Princess, and the sentiment being mutual, the consent of parents on both sides was soon obtained to the marriage, which ceremony took place at Berlin on the 29th of September, 1791. On their journey from Prussia to this country they were much annoyed by the republican mobs, which then abounded in every town and village, committing the most atrocious excesses in the name of liberty, and insulting, as aristocrats, all persons who had a respectable equipage. At Lisle they were exposed to considerable danger from the savage rabble, whom the arms on the carriage had attracted, and who kept possession of the vehicle till they had completely satisfied their revolutionary spirit by obliterating the ensigns of royalty. After encountering many dangers, the royal party at length reached the more tranquil shores of England; and, on the 18th of November, arrived at York House, in London, where the Prince of Wales received his royal sister in the great hall, and congratulated her, in the German language, on her arrival in England.

It may be necessary to show the prominent part which the Prince enacted in the ceremonies of this marriage, in order to show how far the etiquette of the Court can demand that the smile of personal esteem and affection shall sit upon the countenance, whilst some of the most deadly passions of our nature are rankling in the heart. The relation in which the Prince stood at this time in regard to the King, his father, was anything but one of affection, and yet to

behold them, in their mutual intercourse with each other, subject to the forms and ceremonies of a Court, the uninitiated observer may be led to draw the conclusion that the father and the son were upon the most friendly and affectionate terms with each other.

On the Sunday after the arrival of the Duke of York, he walked to Carlton House, and returned with the Prince of Wales, who stayed at York House more than an hour. He then took his leave, but in about two hours returned for the purpose of accompanying the Duchess to Buckingham House, whither he went with her in her own carriage, the Dukes of York and Clarence following them. On their arrival, the Duchess of York was conducted by the Prince on his right hand, and the Duke on his left, into the grand dining room, in which were seated the King, Queen, and six of the Princesses, all of whom rose and advanced into the middle of the room to meet the illustrious stranger, who dropped on her knees before their Majesties, but was instantly raised by the King, who conducted her to a seat by the side of the Queen.

A few days afterwards their Majesties, accompanied by the Princesses, paid a visit to York House, and the etiquette of the palace was strikingly exemplified on this occasion, for the King and Queen never forgot the old school of ceremonies, even with their children, on public occasions. After reciprocal salutations in the great hall, the royal party were led to the lower apartment, fronting the park, where tea was served, and the following ceremony observed: The Prince of Wales, in the first place, was to attend as lacquey on the King, and hand to him the tea, which was first brought to the door by the servants, then taken by the servants of the Duke's establishment, who handed the trays to the Prince of Wales, and His Royal Highness *then attended upon His Majesty*. The Duke of York received other tea trays through the same channels, and handed

them to the Duchess of York, who was to wait on the Queen in the capacity of a servant. This somewhat singular custom probably was an importation from the latitude of Mecklenburg Strelitz, whence some of the royal family were imported.

On the 23d of November the couple were remarried according to the *formula* of the Church of England, the Prince giving away the bride, and afterwards attesting the certificate of the marriage.

There were several persons at this time forming a kind of circle, of which the Prince was the focus, who dreaded nothing more than a reconciliation of their patron with his illustrious parent, and who, in the event of that circumstance taking place, beheld their own discomfiture, and the frustration of all the plans which they had laid for their future aggrandizement. A stain has been thrown upon his character in regard to his utter desertion of several of his intimates, who, perhaps, having been carried into the vortex of his extravagance, with very slender fortunes to support it, were at last reduced to the lowest stage of pauperism, and becoming the tenants of a prison. However, the Prince granted some very liberal pensions to many of his destitute companions, and we have only to mention the late Felix M'Carthy, a needy Irish adventurer, but a man of infinite wit, at the same time destitute of all principle and honor. Still he was received at the table of the Prince, to whom he was introduced by Lord Moira, who, though certainly the steadiest of his friends, was, on account of his improvidence and his total ignorance of the value of money, a very unfit person to be the adviser of the Prince.

His lordship was continually in debt, and raising money upon post obits and other securities at enormous rates. His royal companion and friend did the same; and the Prince's promissory notes to his lordship, and his lordship's promissory notes to his royal friend, were at any time to be obtained

at one quarter of their value.* It was, however, with such men as M'Carthy, Henry Bate Dudley, *alias* the Fighting Parson, George Hanger, and others of that grade, that the Prince lost his character and his money. When the former of these worthies was a tenant of the King's Bench Prison, he was chiefly supported by the bounty of the Prince, who used to transmit his grants under an envelope, addressed to "The Irish Giant, now exhibiting on the other side of the water." The Prince ultimately granted him a pension of £200 a year, but which was only paid for two years, on account of the intemperate habits of Felix, which brought him prematurely to a drunkard's grave.

It was such men as these who had good reason to dread reconciliation of the Prince with his father; for they knew it would be the signal for their removal to a different sphere of life, and their return to their native haunts of insignificance. There are various versions existing of the following circumstance, and the precise motive has been differently represented, some considering it as the act of a deliberate thief, whilst others looked upon it as a studied manœuvre to put an end to the conversation which was then passing between the Prince and his august parent.

The drawing room which was given in honor of the marriage of the Duke of York was declared to be unequalled for the splendor and number of the visitors. Towards the close of it, the King and the Prince were standing in very earnest conversation, the crowd around them being very great, when on a sudden the Prince felt a most violent pull at the handle of his sword. On turning round quickly, he

* We can state it as a fact that two promissory notes of the Prince, and of Lord Moira, for £1,000 each, and an acceptance of the Archbishop of Canterbury for £500, were offered by a butcher in St. James' Market to a notorious discounter of bills, living in Piccadilly, who observed that he had never had such a trinity of trash offered to him before. The whole were obtained for £250, the Prince's being valued at £150, his Lordship's and his Grace's at £50 each.

perceived that the diamond guard was torn off, and hanging by the wire, the elasticity of which alone had saved the jewels, which amounted in value to between three and four thousand pounds. The Prince did not expose the deprecator, for he had some shrewd suspicion on his mind that theft was not the object of the individual. It, however, excited a considerable degree of sensation; and if the object of the person was the interruption of the discourse, he fully succeeded in his design; for the King and Prince immediately separated, and never entered into conversation again during the remainder of the evening.

It was at an early period in the session of Parliament, in 1792, that the establishment of "their Royal Highnesses" the Duke and Duchess of York came under consideration; and on this occasion the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed that the sum of eighteen thousand pounds annually should be granted out of the consolidated fund, to be computed from July 5th, 1791, which, added to the twelve thousand already granted to His Royal Highness from the civil list, and likewise to the seven thousand which it was intended to give him out of the Irish revenue, would render the amount of his whole income thirty seven thousand pounds per annum. He also proposed that Her Royal Highness' jointure, upon the contingency of her surviving the Duke, should be eight thousand pounds, payable out of the consolidated fund.

The sentiments of the ministry and the leaders of opposition seemed perfectly to coincide, except that the latter rather wished to go farther, and not only grant the Prince an annuity for life, but enable him, by a suitable present, to commence, as a married man, with princely splendor.

Amidst such a contrariety of opinions, Mr. Fox remarked, it was unusual, improper, and undignified for a British House of Commons to calculate the expenses when called upon to support the splendor of a British Prince.

With his accustomed shrewdness of application, he exclaimed, "Did gentlemen forget that monarchy was an essential part of our constitution? and would they act upon the levelling principle of the meanest republic, and sink their Princes to the rank of private gentlemen? If the people chose to have the benefit and pageantry of monarchy, it was beneath them to grudge at the necessary expense of it."

The proposition of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, supported by Mr. Fox, passed without a division; so the fortunate young married couple had the snug sum of £45,000 (about \$225,000) to commence keeping house upon.

From these scenes of courtly magnificence and splendor, we turn to others of a very opposite character, and which have a direct tendency to impugn the character, not only of the Prince, but of some other branches of the royal family, and more especially that of their subordinate agents, to whom a stigma attaches, in the catastrophe of the following transaction, which no after explanation has been sufficient to wipe away. It is not in our power exactly to point out the individuals who were the secret agents in the tragedy, nor are there any documents in existence by which the crime can be brought home to the real perpetrators; at the same time we cannot, for a moment, entertain the idea that either of the royal Princes was privy to the act, but that it was wholly planned and matured by men of needy and desperate fortunes, who, having no character to lose, were willing to plunge into the commission of any crimes by which their circumstances might be improved, especially if they had the protecting shield of high authorities to conceal them from detection. In one respect, however, and it is a very important political one, the following transaction will show to what secret purposes that most odious of all enactments, the Alien Act, was applied; and whilst it was alleged by the ministers of

the day that it was introduced solely for the purpose of preventing the domiciliation of foreigners in this country, who might be the secret agents of Bonaparte, yet that it was frequently applied to the removal of persons out of the country who were not tainted with any political offence, and who, in fact, had visited it with no other view than the enforcement of their rightful claims, as creditors, on some particular branches of the royal family.*

We have followed this royal libertine, the Prince of Wales, through a career of profligacy and extravagance unexampled in any prince of ancient or modern times; we have seen him reduced to the necessity of applying to the Parliament of the country for relief from the accumulated weight of debt that was pressing so heavily upon him; and, under the most solemn promises of reform and amendment, we have beheld the country liberally coming forward with the desired relief, and placing the heir apparent of the throne in the possession of that income which was fully adequate to maintain the dignity and splendor of his station.

The severe lessons, however, which are taught in the school of adversity appear, in his case, to have lost all their efficacy—their influence was that of the moment—for he no sooner found himself extricated from one embarrassment than he heedlessly rushed into another more deep and humiliating than any of the preceding ones. That sense of shame, which operates even on ordinary minds, formed no part of his moral character—he commenced his life as he closed it, vain-glorious, profligate, and extravagant; he seemed not to feel nor to understand the duties of his station—all his gratifications were selfish—all his indulgences sensual. Real friends he had none; but of needy dependants he had a crowd, and “the most finished gentleman of Europe” was content to reign over a palace

* Huish.

occupied by none but prostitutes and parasites. Education, which corrects and modifies the passions of other men, appeared to have no other tendency than to confirm and strengthen his in all their plenitude and force. The moral beauty of virtue, emasculated in the festivities of vice and the debaucheries of a harem, possessed, in his sight, no fixed nor permanent value. Without eyes for pure and innocent forms, everything was meretricious about him; innocence sunk abashed in his presence, and modesty turned from his gaze. The gallery of English beauties was the fascination of voluptuousness, and the walls of Carlton House were "aspic" to every woman's character who had the misfortune to attract his notice.

We doubt not that we shall call down upon our heads the bitter animadversions of the monarchists of Europe, and especially of the aristocrats of England, who conceive that because, "there is a divinity which doth hedge a king," it becomes at once an act criminal and unjust to portray him as the *man*, and to hold him up to view with all the vices and imperfections by which he was distinguished in his career through life. If, to gratify a selfish passion—if, to obtain the indulgence of a sensual desire—a prince or a monarch had lost sight of the interests of the country, and set at defiance every principle of morality and virtue, we will not permit our pen, as a true historian, to screen him from the merited indignation which naturally arises in the breast of the good and virtuous at the infraction of those moral duties by which the great chain of human society is held together. In the delineation of a royal character, the varnish of mystification may suit the parasite and the hireling; we will paint it as we have *seen* and *known* it, and, although the sight of the picture may be repellent to *some*, we shall persevere, unintimidated by threats, to use our colors accordingly as the scene present themselves; and, when we give the last finishing touch, it will stand as a

portrait for after ages to contemplate with mingled feelings of approbation and disgust.*

In order faithfully to depicture the transaction which now comes under our immediate notice, it will be necessary to introduce two individuals prominently on the canvass, one of whom was the future monarch of the country, William IV, and the other the Duke of York. Of the latter personage, it will be merely requisite to state that, on his return to England from his military education in Prussia, he brought with him the prevailing vice of the majority of the Courts of Germany—that of gambling; and to his inordinate attachment to this ruinous propensity may be attributed the deep disgrace which he was often obliged to endure, as well as the total ruin of his property and fortune. Previously to his marriage, he was little inferior to his elder brother in his attachment to the female sex, and the expenses which he incurred in some of his establishments for his mistresses, joined to other pursuits of a still more extravagant nature, soon reduced him to such a condition as actually to have his carriage and horses taken in execution in the open streets, and himself obliged to dismount and return to his residence on foot. In conjunction with his royal brothers, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence, every source was tried in this country from which such a supply could be raised as would avert the storm which was impending over their heads; but all their endeavors failed, and, as the last resource, the Prince of Wales was advised to try to raise a loan in Holland, and Messrs. Bonney and Sunderland, then of George yard, Lombard street, were appointed notarial agents for the verification of the bonds; and the late Mr. Thomas Hammersley, of Pall Mall, banker, was to receive the subscriptions and to pay the dividends thereon to the holders, on the joint bonds of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York,

* Huish.

and the Duke of Clarence. The sum intended to be raised was 3,600,000 guilders, about one million sterling (five million dollars,) the greater part of which, there is every reason to believe, was subscribed for by foreign houses only, at a price extremely beneficial to the subscribers, provided the conditions of the contract had been faithfully kept.

The negotiation for this loan commenced in 1788; but an interruption to its final completion was occasioned by the death of Mr. Bonney, the notary, and it was ultimately confirmed to the great loss of those who had so rashly speculated in such a questionable security. The interest of the loan was to bear six per cent., and all the revenues and appendages of their Royal Highnesses were to be vested in the hands of the Dukes of Portland and Northumberland, and of other trustees of the first distinction, for the due payment of the interest and principal of the loan. The dishonorable part of this transaction now commences: a great portion of the money had been received by the Princes—to the amount of nearly half a million—and the remainder was in the course of payment, when the revolution in France, of 1792, presented a tempting opportunity to resist the payment of those bonds which had been issued, and even the interest, which was due, was refused. It happened, however, that the revolution drove some of the holders of the bonds to England, as an asylum; and numerous applications in person, or by the representatives of several of the holders, were made to the three Princes for the discharge of, or at least for the interest which had become due on, their obligations. The chicanery of the law now stepped in, and it was pretended by the legal advisers of the Princes that their bonds had, by various means, got into hands which were not entitled to the interest assigned; it being alleged that the *bona fide* holders had perished during the troubles in France and Holland, and, consequently, that the grantors could not be legally bound to admit their claims. On the

other hand, it was contended that the bonds, being transferable securities, it mattered not into whose hands they had fallen, nor was it a question decisive of their validity, as to the nature or the extent of the consideration which had been given for them. It was sufficient to produce them, in order to entitle the holders to all the benefits accruing from their possession, in the same manner, as if they had been the actual subscribers to the loan. In this evasive attempt to resist the validity of the bonds, a wound was inflicted on the character of the royal Princes, which was never afterwards wholly healed. It was considered as a base and dishonorable artifice to obtain possession of an immense sum on proposed securities, declared and recognized at first as transferable, but the payment of which was to be resisted, on the ground that the existing holders were not the original ones, and that the possession of the bonds had been obtained by sinister and fraudulent measures.

The Duke of Clarence appears to have been drawn into these transactions, not from any very pressing pecuniary exigencies of his own, but from a laudable and generous disposition to assist his elder brothers, in extricating them from their embarrassments, by offering himself as a collateral security for the due payment of the bonds. And this opinion is, in a great measure, confirmed by the circumstance that, when their father, George III. was informed of the negotiations which were going on for the loan, he expressed the high sense of his indignation in no measured terms at the Duke of Clarence being drawn in to sign the bonds, and thereby rendering himself liable to the payment of an enormous sum of money, with all its accumulating interest, which might eventually reduce him to the condition of abject pauperism. The evil was, however, committed before the transaction became known to George III, and the only question now under consideration was the remedy to be applied, in order to avert the ruin which impended over

the three elder branches of his family. A compromise was, at first, projected with all the *bona fide* holders of the bonds, and that the option should be given to them of receiving at once half the amount which had been advanced, in full liquidation of the obligations, or to receive the whole at such stated periods, and in such sums, as the finances of the borrowers could afford. It is most probable that the latter proposal would have been immediately accepted by the majority of the holders, who had now discovered that the security given was not so solid as had been represented; but the legal advisers of the crown again stepped in, and recommended a total denial of the validity of the bonds, and, consequently, of the responsibility of the grantors.

In order, however, to try the latter question, an application was made to the Court of Chancery by a Mr. Martignac, one of the original bondholders, who offered, as such, to verify the security, and the matter came on regularly to be heard by way of motion, when Sir Arthur Pigott, who was then Attorney General to the Duchy of Cornwall, stated, in answer, that he had never heard of the existence of such bonds; and that, if such obligations had been contracted, the Court must be aware of the difficulties, after the occurrences which had taken place in France and Holland, attending the identification of the *bona fide* holders, as well as the liability of the grantors, provided such securities should be discharged. The immediate impression on his own mind, said Sir Arthur, negatived the existence of such bonds, although he should feel it to be his duty to make the necessary inquiries in the proper quarter, and mention the matter again in Court, as soon as he had any communication to make.

On the other side, the applicant stated that the bonds had not only existed, but were still in existence; and that those to which he was legally entitled were then in his possession, and that he appeared there in person to enforce

his claim. The motion was then disposed of, with the understanding that Sir Arthur Pigott should mention it again at as early a day as possible. This, however, Sir Arthur neglected to do, and the Court was again moved by the claimant, when it appeared, to the astonishment of all, that Sir Arthur had entirely forgotten the business. It was, however, finally agreed to confer at Chambers on the subject, and the matter was no more heard of.

This conduct of Sir Arthur Pigott constitutes one of not the least extraordinary features of this singular transaction, and it goes a great way to prove to what shifts and expedients a lawyer can have recourse in order to bolster up a rotten and indefensible cause. In the first place, with the most unblushing effrontery, he declared that he had never heard of the existence of the bonds in question; and that he verily believed no such obligations ever were in existence. Can it for a moment be credited that Sir Arthur Pigott, the legal adviser of the Prince, could enter the Court of Chancery with the ignorance of a fact on his mind which was then notorious, not only in this country, but in every part of the continent? The bonds in question were then floating in the money market as common as any other negotiable security. There was scarcely a broker on the Exchange who had not some of them in his possession to dispose of; and it was well known that secret agents were employed to depreciate their value, in order that they might be bought up at the lowest price; and it was no later than the year 1829 that Mr. Charles, of Canterbury, had laid before him notarial copies of the whole of the arrangements, bonds, etc., verified in France by a French notary, upon which legal proceedings were threatened, but which were never carried into effect, on the ground, it is believed, of a compromise having been entered into with the holders.

It is not improbable that Sir Arthur Pigott was obliged to act up to the instructions given to him, and that the part

which he had to perform was one of great difficulty and delicacy. His denial of the existence of the bonds, however, tended in a great degree to excite the animosity of the holders, and to make them more clamorous for the liquidation of their claims. The fact also having transpired of the successful issue of the application of Mr. Martignac to the Court of Chancery, the applicants considered that the path was chalked out to them by which they could be equally successful; and, consequently, a number of holders on the continent hastened to this country for the sole purpose of enforcing their claims, without investing themselves with any political character, or mixing themselves up with either of the great contending parties which were then struggling in France against the despotism and fanaticism of the Bourbon race.

At this period, that weak and imbecile minister, Lord Sidmouth, held the seals of the Home Department; and it was under his Administration that the odious Alien Act was put into its fullest force. The spirit of espionage was carried to an extent hitherto unknown in England; and the unoffending foreigner, who had sought an asylum on the British shores from the troubles which devastated his own country, was, on the mere breath of suspicion or some anonymous information, taken secretly from his bed, and, without knowing the nature of the offence which he had given, hurried out of the country, and thrown upon a hostile shore, into the possession of his most implacable enemies, to meet the immediate death of a traitor. As a powerful political engine, at a period of anarchy and rebellion, when kings were fighting for their thrones, and nations for their constitutions, the exercise of the Alien Act was tolerated under circumstances of an imperious nature. In no instance, perhaps, was the severity of the Alien Act carried to a greater extent than in the case of the holders of the bonds of the royal princes. They came to England to

enforce a just and long standing claim for moneys which they had advanced on the security of the future monarch of it, and of his illustrious brothers ; and, certainly, it must be acknowledged that, if circumstances did not admit of the immediate liquidation of those claims, that degree of courtesy was due to the claimants which is always readily and willingly granted from a debtor to his creditor in the most ordinary transactions of life. The exact reverse, however, was the case with the unfortunate bondholders of the princes. Their claim was disputed on the ground that they were not the *original* holders. In vain they argued that they had given a *bona fide* consideration for them, and therefore that their title was unquestionable to all the advantages which would have resulted to the original holders, in whose shoes they considered themselves to be then standing. This argument was blinked by the subterfuge that no proof had been given of any *bona fide* consideration having been paid ; that the revolution in France, and the consequent troubles in the adjacent countries, had completely altered the political relations of England, and had placed the responsibility of the grantors of the bonds on a very different footing than it stood at the time when the security was entered into. This, however, was a species of reasoning which the bondholders could not, or would not, understand. They considered the laws of England to be open to them, and to those laws they expressed their determination to appeal for redress. The temper of the English people was not at this period in a state to endure any fresh cause of excitation, much less one which bore immediately upon the extravagance and profligacy of their princes. The French were then reading a most powerful lesson to the Bourbon princes on the wasteful expenditure of the nation's riches ; and it was feared, not without some substantial grounds, that the English people might be disposed to read the *same lesson*, in equally expressive terms, to some of their own

princes, the catastrophe of which might close in the same manner as had been exhibited in France. An immediate adjustment of the bonds was certainly the most efficient method of stifling the clamor of the claimants; but, although advisable in one point of view, it was attended in another with the greatest danger and embarrassment to the parties concerned; for, on the return of the claimants to the continent, rejoicing in the success of their application, the whole host of the holders would tread in the same steps, and repair instantly to England to substantiate their claim upon the royal princes. In the meantime the claimants then in the country showed by their proceedings that the threat of an appeal to the laws was not an idle breath; and it was judged necessary and highly politic that an immediate stop should be put to them. Accordingly, without a single moment's notice, the whole of the claimants were taken up under the Alien Act, and being put on board a vessel in the Thames, it set sail immediately for Holland; but, *for a particular purpose*, it cast anchor at the Nore, under pretence of waiting for the necessary papers from the Secretary of State's office.

And here begins the gravity of the charge which we make against the constituted authorities of England in the commission of an act which might have been tolerated under the tyranny of a Nero, or the ferocious despotism of a Russian autocrat.

The charge is one dark and dreadful—dark in the secrecy and mystery which still hangs over the transaction—dreadful, as it implies the commission of an act which could only have been engendered in the head of a fiend, and which the hands of fiends could alone have executed. We know not on what head to attach the enormity of the crime; but, for the sake of the country which could have nurtured such a head in its bosom, we should hail an official and authentic denial of the fact as the happy removal of a stain

upon its national character, which now adheres to it with the most obstinate tenacity, extending in its inflictions to the very highest quarters, and implicating individuals in the estimation of foreign nations, which were heretofore accustomed to regard the British character as a compound of all that was noble and dignified in human nature.

It was openly declared in a *certain* quarter that the act was one of mere accident—one of those casualties against which no human foresight could prevail. But it is not customary to throw the veil of secrecy and mystery over a mere accident; for where an evident desire of concealment is manifested there is generally something more than accident or casualty behind. The particulars of the tragical catastrophe were known but to few, and it was not the interest of those few to divulge all they knew upon the subject. Rumor, which is generally very busy on occasions of this kind, obtained but a very partial insight into the affair; but still such a sufficiency was gathered as to sanction and confirm the suspicion that accident had very little to do in the affair, but that the whole was a deep laid, diabolical plan to prevent the unfortunate holders of the bonds from giving any further trouble on the score of their claims.

In some cases presumptive evidence is as strong as positive proof, and it were natural to presume that the crew of the vessel in which the bondholders were embarked must have had some very powerful reasons for taking to their boat at night, and landing on the nearest shore; but most extraordinary it was that, before they reached it, not a vestige of the vessel which they had just left was discernible above water—it had sunk, and every soul on board perished! If accident had any share in this catastrophe, it must be attributed to a power which distributes the evil and the good in this world according to its own wise and inscrutable dispensations; but, if it sprang from premedita-

tion and design, on the head of man let the whole weight of ignominy rest; and, when the day of retribution comes, the spirits of the victims will rise from the deep, the hour of vengeance has arrived, and woe to those on whom its weight may fall!

We can conjecture the prevailing public opinion of this mysterious wreck by the late sinking of the *Virginus*, and the speculations to which it gave rise in American journals.

We have had few occasions hitherto to regard the Prince of Wales in his political character; but he was always, as is usual with heirs apparent in England, an ostensible rallying point of parliamentary opposition to his father's Government. His Royal Highness, in his professed adherence to the party out of office, felt conscious of the exercise of an independent power, which gained him popularity and cost him nothing. Whig doctrines have a smack of liberty about them; they were showy appendages to a prince, and wore handsomely in fine weather, when all was calm and sunshine; but the sunshine did not last forever. The French revolution came, and menaced all thrones, and royal families, and courtly institutions with destruction. The King and his ministers made war upon republican institutions as developed in France, on the European side of the Atlantic, as they had on the American side of the same, where they lost by it, to the great delight of us Americans, who were the gainers.

The Prince does not appear to have taken any active part in politics between the day he ceased to encourage the Foxite opposition and that more memorable speech in December, 1810, at which, during the insanity of the King, he assumed the government of the British realms as Prince Regent.

In 1793 the Duke of York was called into active military service in the Netherlands. The Duke of Kent commanded a brigade in the attack of Martinique and Guadaloupe.

The Duke of Clarence was in the navy. In justice to the Prince of Wales, we must admit that his life of inglorious ease was realized by himself, and he intreated the King to employ him in some military capacity, and at the time of the threatened invasion he addressed him a spirited letter, pressing his demands more warmly, but from some cause his request was not acceded to; there must have been some powerful hidden motive that influenced the King, for Britain needed at that moment every arm that was willing to buckle on the armor of defence. Europe was at the foot of France, Hanover was lost, Ireland blazing with the fires of rebellion, and the whole land threatened with the menaces of an invading foe.

The Prince now spent the greater portion of the few succeeding years between Carlton House and Brighton; and, unfortunately for him, very seldom identified himself with the people, whose future sovereign he was destined to become. There is, however, one trait in the private character of the Prince which deserves to be recorded, and that is the warm interest which he took in the personal welfare of his menial servants, of which the two following anecdotes will bear ample testimony:

Being at Brighton, and going rather earlier than usual to visit his stud, he inquired of a groom, "Where is Tom Cross? is he unwell? I have missed him for some days." "Please, your Royal Highness, he is gone away." "Gone away!—what for?" "Please, your Royal Highness (hesitating) I believe—for—Mr. — can inform your Royal Highness." "I desire to know, sir, of you—what has he done?" "I believe—your Royal Highness—something—not—quite correct—something about the oats." "Where is Mr. —? * send him to me immediately." The Prince appeared much disturbed by the discovery. The absent one, quite a youth, had been employed in the stable, and

* A superior of the stable department.

was the son of an old groom, who had died in the Prince's service. The officer of the stable appeared before the Prince. "Where is Tom Cross? what has become of him?" "I do not know, your Royal Highness." "What has he been doing?" "Purloining oats, your Royal Highness, and I discharged him." "What, sir! send him away without acquainting me!—not know whither he is gone! a fatherless boy! driven into the world from my service, with a blighted character! Why, the poor fellow will be destroyed; fie, ——! I did not expect this from you! Seek him out, sir, and let me not see you until you have discovered him." Tom was found, and brought before his royal master. He hung down his head, while the tears trickled from his eyes. After looking steadfastly at him for some moments, "Tom, Tom," said the Prince, "what have you been doing? Happy it is for your poor father that he is gone; it would have broken his heart to see you in such a situation. I hope this is your first offence." The youth wept bitterly. "Ah, Tom! I am glad to see that you are penitent. Your father was an honest man; I had a great regard for him; so I should have for you, if you were a good lad, for his sake. Now, if I desire Mr. —— to take you into the stable again; think you that I may trust you?" Tom wept still more vehemently, implored forgiveness, and promised reformation. "Well, then," said the gracious Prince, "you shall be restored; avoid evil company. Go, and recover your character. Be diligent, be honest, and make me your friend; and—hark ye, Tom—I will take care that no one shall ever taunt you with the past."

At another time, a gentleman, whilst copying a picture in one of the state apartments at Carlton House, overheard the following conversation between an elderly woman, one of the housemaids, then employed in cleaning a stove grate, and a journeyman glazier, who was supplying a broken pane of glass: "Have you heard how the Prince is to-

day?" said he. (His Royal Highness had been confined by illness.) "Much better," was the reply. "I suppose," said the glazier, "you are glad of that?" subjoining, "though, to be sure, it *can't* concern *you* much." "It *does* concern *me*," replied the housemaid; "for, though I am only a humble menial, I have never been ill but His Royal Highness has *concerned* himself about me, and has always been pleased, on my resuming my work, to say, 'I am glad to see you about again; I hope you have been taken good care of; do not exert yourself too much, lest you be ill again.' If I did not rejoice at His Royal Highness' recovery—aye, and every one who eats his bread—we should be very ungrateful indeed!"*

It must, however, be admitted, that there will ever be a wide distinction between the prince and his people; but just in proportion as that barrier to mutual respect and confidence is removed will the one rise in reputation, and the other manifest a propriety of conduct. When, therefore, the Prince appeared in public, he was either received with indifference, or with dislike; and the English, who possess not the art of concealing their unfriendliness, frequently developed their feelings in noisy strains of invective and reproach. The private conduct of the Prince unfortunately tended to increase such sentiments. Although his debts had been paid—his establishment increased—his income enlarged—his palace completed—yet his creditors again became clamorous—his friends continued to be distinguished for their immoral habits, and not unfrequently the public prints announced adventures and occurrences which were as undignified as they were mortifying.

It requires but a slight knowledge of the human heart, and of the principles and motives which operate in the formation of character, to enable anyone to perceive that

* In the latter part of his life he treated his servants with the most inconsistent conceptions of their duties.

the previous habits of the Prince of Wales were such as naturally to have engendered an aversion to the marriage state. Such aversion he did not hesitate to reveal, and his friends did not endeavor to remove it. For the female sex he, indeed, professed admiration the most sincere, and friendship the most ardent; but a permanent attachment, founded on the basis of mutual affection, was wholly incompatible with his character.

The marriage of the Duke of York, which was anything but a happy one, as neither his habits nor his dispositions assimilated with those of the Duchess, did not tend to remove the objections of the Prince; and he often disclosed to an intimate friend, afterwards discarded, that he would rather forfeit his right to the crown than be plagued with a wife. Nor should such feeling in itself excite either surprise or animadversion. Habits, when of long duration, become principles of action; and how could it be expected that he, who had ruled the hearts and persons of some of the most beautiful and even accomplished of his countrywomen, could easily bring his mind to enjoy, or even endure, the retired and private joys of domestic and matrimonial life. To Mrs. Fitzherbert the Prince was really attached, although it was well known that during his intimacy with that lady he had frequently bent his knee at the shrine of other goddesses; but the latter was a fleeting passion, whilst Mrs. Fitzherbert continued to exercise her dominion over his passions and judgment, by presenting to him, in fearful array, the horrors of a matrimonial connection. Yet, after marriage, the conduct of that lady was, on the whole, dignified and proper; and even the Princess of Wales herself habitually spoke of her in friendly terms. That Mrs. Fitzherbert should be unfriendly to the marriage of the Prince is not at all astonishing. Her dignity, her fortune, her rank, her happiness, would all, of course, naturally suffer by the arrangement; and, therefore,

before she should be censured, it ought to be recollected that very few would not have so felt and acted. Nor should it be omitted to be recorded, in an impartial narrative of these events, that that lady, after the marriage had taken place, though disappointed and chagrined by the circumstance, did not endeavor longer to exercise her influence over her previous acquaintance; and that, although the connection between her and the Prince was subsequently renewed, it was by his desire, and not at her request.

The King now became still more desirous than formerly for the marriage of the Prince of Wales. The Duke of York had no issue by his marriage, and it was considered by the royal family and the physicians of the Duchess, from certain causes, that issue was not to be expected. The King was advancing in years—the Prince was then thirty-two—and state policy suggested to his Majesty the propriety of providing for the succession.

Unhappily for the Prince, for the royal family, and for the nation, the pecuniary embarrassments of the Prince of Wales at this time compelled him to apply to his father and to Mr. Pitt for further assistance. The former recommended marriage, and the latter did not offer to it any objections. His Majesty had made it a matter of public conversation and correspondence; and in two letters to his sister, the Duchess of Brunswick, he had pointedly adverted to the subject. It appears to be indisputable that the Duchess had in consequence conceived some hopes that her daughter might be selected as the consort of the future King of England; and she actually expressed them to that effect to a lady of her Court. Still she entertained some apprehension that her brother might object to an alliance between individuals so nearly related, and who had not possessed any opportunities of obtaining a personal acquaintanceship.

We may, perhaps, be accused of travelling out of the record, in expressing our objection to these close and, we may add, unnatural alliances in princely families, which may be considered as the acting cause of that fatuity which the most superficial observer must allow has, in all ages, been the disease of hereditary royalty and of ancient dynasty. This is a truth, of such magnitude and importance, that to the interests of political philosophy its discussion is due, unfettered by all temporal and trivial considerations. If the fact be doubted, we may point out to them the cases of the Emperor Paul of Russia, the late sovereigns of Denmark and Portugal, the present deposed King of Sweden, the late King of Naples, George III of England, Queen Victoria, etc.—a fourth or a fifth of the Kings then occupying the thrones of Europe—and consequently a proportion of mental disease infinitely greater than can be exemplified in any other rank of society. The marriage of the Prince of Wales with the daughter of his father's sister approached very closely to incest;* and this has generally been the practice of all princely families in their marriages, having usually intermarried only with persons of similar rank, of similarly depraved education, of similarly degenerated intellectual and physiognomical character. The royal family of Spain is more remarkable than any other for intermarriages between parties so closely allied as to be almost incestuous; and, accordingly, the ultimate result of these infamies has been the production of a sort of unnatural being—of Ferdinand, the monster.

To return from this short digression. In the year 1794 the Duke of York took the command of the British army in Germany, in the war which was then prosecuting against

* Huish, speaking of the once proposed marriage of the Princess Victoria, the present Queen of England, says, "The stock of royal imbecility on hand is already sufficiently large, without incurring any further risk of increasing it." Vol. 1, page 324.

the French republic. During this unfortunate campaign the Duke of York became acquainted with his uncle the Duke of Brunswick, and to his Court and family he was introduced. Such introduction was unhappily the means of that subsequent alliance. The accomplishments and personal charms of the Princess Caroline made impressions of the most favorable nature on the mind of the Duke of York, and those feelings he communicated to the Prince and to his father, the King.

The preliminary objection which the Prince had invariably made when marriage was recommended to him now appeared to the King to be removed, and he requested the former to be united to the Princess. The requisition was made at a time when the resources of the Prince were especially exhausted—when his creditors became importunate—when it became necessary to discharge some debts of honor, and when, therefore, the prospect of relief, even at any sacrifice, was desirable. The portrait of the Princess of Brunswick, which had been shown to the Prince, represented a lady of by no means a disagreeable appearance, and the promise of the King in writing, that, on the marriage of the Prince, his debts should be discharged, his income increased, and the favor of his father augmented and secured, additionally operated on his mind in favor of the connection. He consulted with Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan; the former advised acquiescence, and the latter was less averse from the alteration. The Prince ultimately consented, and the negotiations for the marriage commenced.

Those who knew little of the Prince's character, and who discredited as calumnies the current rumors respecting his life, were eager for this earnest of a second example of domestic regularity and concord in the royal family of England, and asked each other who was to be the fortunate object of his affections? Those, however, who knew better,

asked *who was to be the victim of his necessities?* and her name was in due time announced.

This match, however, was not one of choice on either side; for Her Serene Highness was already in love, and had fixed her affections on a German Prince whom she could not marry. This interest, indifference, and second love held out but an unpropitious prospect for the royal pair. The Princess did not withhold her consent, although she had heard of the follies of the Prince, she had also heard of his virtues, and his generosity and sensibility had been greatly extolled. Yet, for reasons just stated, the Princess neither did, nor could, love her future husband. The precise state of her mind cannot be better stated than in the unguarded frankness of one of her letters to a friend, dated November 28, 1794:

“You are aware, my friend, of my destiny. I am about entering into a matrimonial alliance with my first cousin, George, Prince of Wales. His generosity I regard, and his letters bespeak a mind well cultivated and refined. My uncle is a good man, and I love him very much, but I feel that I shall never be inexpressibly happy. Estranged from my connections, my associates, my friends—all that I hold dear and valuable—I am about entering on a permanent connection. I fear for the consequences. Yet I esteem and respect my intended husband, and I hope for great kindness and attention. But, ah me! I say sometimes I cannot now love him with ardor. I am indifferent to my marriage, but not averse to it; I think I shall be happy, but I fear my joy will not be enthusiastic. The man of my choice I am debarred from possessing, and I resign myself to my destiny. I am attentively studying the English language; I am acquainted with it, but I wish to speak it with fluency. I shall strive to render my husband happy, and to interest him in my favor, since the Fates will have it that I am to be Princess of Wales.”

This letter, in German, was addressed to one of the Princess's countrywomen resident in England. It has a tone of sentiment and romance which is truly painful.

The first intimation of the intended marriage was conveyed to the public in the speech of the King, delivered on

the 30th of December, 1794, to both Houses of Parliament, in which he expressed himself in the following manner:

“I have the greatest satisfaction in announcing to you the happy event of the conclusion of a treaty of marriage with the Princess Caroline, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick. The constant proofs of your affection for my person and family persuade me that you will participate in the sentiments I feel on an occasion so interesting to my domestic happiness; and that you will enable me to make provision for such an establishment as you may think suitable to the rank and dignity of the heir apparent to the crown of these kingdoms.”

The address of the Commons to His Majesty was, as usual, a mere echo of the speech, expressing also their high satisfaction at the proposed marriage, and their extreme readiness and cheerfulness to vote away a large sum of the people's money for the support and maintenance of the rank and dignity of the royal Prince.

On the 30th of December, 1794, the Princess Caroline left the Court of Brunswick, attended by her mother and a retinue splendid and numerous. The acclamations of the populace followed her for several miles on her route; and those to whom she had manifested any kindness prayed to the God of Charity for His blessing on the union. During the period that elapsed from the time of her leaving Brunswick to that of quitting Cuxhaven, she studied the English language, made many inquiries as to English manners and customs, and appeared particularly anxious to be perfectly acquainted with the genius and character of the nation over whom she might one day be called to reign.

The eyes of the whole English nation were now directed to the arrival of the Princess of Brunswick; congratulatory addresses were prepared, and the powers of poetry were invoked to hail her arrival on British land. At length, on the 28th of March, 1795, she embarked in the *Jupiter*, Com-

modore Payne. She was accompanied by Mrs. Harcourt and Lord Malmesbury, and also by Mrs. Aston and Mrs. St. Leger, who had been sent for that purpose expressly by the Prince of Wales. Lady Jersey had also received instructions to embark from Rochester; but she returned to London with the excuse of being indisposed, and stated her inability to proceed.

We must here be allowed to call the attention of our readers to the following interesting facts concerning the treacherous and infamous conduct of Lady Jersey throughout the whole of the circumstances connected with the marriage of the Prince of Wales. The following pages of individual history will be perused with pain and regret by everyone whose mind is rightly constituted, and whose heart is not incapable of noble and generous sympathy. They will carry with them the development of actual, positive misery, and one continued narrative of sorrow and suffering. Whatever might be the cause of such evils, their existence cannot be disputed; and that very reality must, therefore, excite pity and regret.

The whole of this affair is intensely interesting, and carries with it reflections of the most momentous import. That the heir apparent to the throne of a free country should be compelled, against his inclinations, to unite his destiny with an individual whom he did not love is a circumstance which the statesman, the moralist, and the philanthropist must deplore; and that the daughter, whose love and affections were already engaged, should also be induced to consent to a union to which she was averse, is equally lamentable. Against such arrangements of national policy many objections to their theory might be urged; but the history of this marriage is so replete with proofs of their baneful operation that theory is superseded by fact, and supposition by demonstration. To all nations and to all Governments it must read a lesson which should never be forgotten, and

which should not only be deplored, but should induce a universal determination to repeal or discontinue all laws and customs, however sanctioned by experience or venerable for antiquity, which are the real causes of evils so dire, and, unhappily, as frequent as they are distressing.

It was on the 4th of April, 1795, that the *Jupiter*, having on board the *Princess Caroline*, anchored off Gravesend; and on the following morning she went on board one of the royal yachts, and about twelve o'clock landed at Greenwich Hospital. The *Princess* was received by Sir Hugh Palliser, the governor, who conducted her to his house; but Lady Jersey did not arrive there till an hour after the *Princess* had landed. They both soon after retired into an adjoining room, and the dress of the *Princess* was changed for one which was brought from town by Lady Jersey.

Her stay at Greenwich was very short, as she departed, immediately after dressing, for town, in the same coach with Mrs. Harcourt and Lady Jersey, and arrived at St. James' a little before three o'clock. She was immediately introduced into the apartments prepared for her reception. On her entering the palace the Prince appeared agitated, but, on being introduced to her, he immediately saluted her. The King was particularly affable and kind to his intended daughter-in-law, but the Queen met her with the most repulsive coldness, made but few inquiries, and manifested feelings much opposed in character to those of the King. The Prince was not only polite and affable to the *Princess*, but he paid her many compliments, expressed his happiness and confidence in the prospect of an union with her; and his surprise at the fluency with which she conversed in English. At eleven o'clock the Prince retired, and the *Princess* was then left under the care of Mrs. Aston.

Lady Jersey, who had been present during the greatest part of the interview, and who had appeared displeas'd by the attentions which the Prince had paid to his destined

wife, now also retired, determined to avail herself of the period which would elapse prior to a second interview between the illustrious personages, to represent to the Prince, in false and unmerited language, the character of her royal mistress. To Lady Jersey, the Princess of Brunswick had certainly most incautiously and unwarily stated her attachment to a German prince; and Lady Jersey stated that the Princess said, "she was persuaded that she loved one little finger of that individual far better than she should love the whole person of the Prince." The accuracy of this statement, to its full extent, was subsequently denied by the Princess of Brunswick; but still she admitted that she had imprudently referred to a former attachment. Lady Jersey, on the succeeding day, apprised the Prince of that attachment, assured him that his intended consort had made the above declaration—found fault with her person—ridiculed the coarseness of her manners—predicted that the marriage, if consummated, would be unfortunate, and inveighed against the King for promoting the intended union. A great part of this statement was subsequently admitted by Lady Jersey, and what was not so admitted was stated by the Princess, on the highest authority, to have taken place.

The effects of the machinations of this female fiend were immediate and baneful, for, on the following day, when the Prince of Wales visited St. James', he was distant and reserved in his manners, and manifested, if not a decided aversion for the Princess of Brunswick, at least such a marked alteration in his conduct, that it was observed by all present, and augured little for the happiness of the intended union. Charlotte has been accused of having been the individual who effected, or contributed to effect, such alteration; but the charge is without foundation. The malicious and artful Lady Jersey was the principal, if not the sole, cause.

At length the day arrived when the nuptials were to be solemnized, and on the evening of April the 8th, 1795, the marriage took place. It was celebrated at the Royal Chapel, St. James', and the ceremony was splendid and imposing. To enter into a full detail of the whole ceremonial is unnecessary, as it has been fully described in the "Memoirs of Queen Caroline;"* but it may not be deemed irrelevant to show how much the King was interested in the match, which was sufficiently manifested by several minute circumstances connected with the ceremonial of the day. The whole of the royal family having dined together at the Queen's Palace, it was necessary afterwards for them to proceed to St. James', to their respective apartments, to dress; and, on leaving Buckingham House, the King kissed the Princess in the hall, and, in the fulness of his heart, shook the Prince of Wales by the hand, till mutual tears started from the eyes of father and son. When the service was performing, and the Archbishop of Canterbury asked, "Who gives the bride in marriage?" the King instantly and eagerly advanced to the Princess, and taking her with both his hands, presented her with expressive marks of satisfaction.

The indifference of the Prince was indeed a chilling contrast with this parental warmth. The bride was unseemingly dejected, and the Prince, at the commencement, bore his compulsory fate with very little grace; he, however, bethought him of "the sweet little courtesies," and before the ceremony concluded, assumed the gallantry of a gentleman, and paid the most polite attention to the bride and bridesmaids. This was but the sunshine of ceremony. Only on one occasion did the King reprove him, and that, when the Prince impatiently rose too soon from his kneeling position. The Archbishop of Canterbury paused,

* Huish.

when the King rose from his seat, and whispered to the Prince, who kneeled again, and the service concluded.

After the ceremonial their Majesties held a drawing room, which was numerously and brilliantly attended; and, on its close, the whole of the royal family returned to the Queen's palace to sup quite in a domestic style, and the newly married pair retired to Carlton House at midnight.

The celebration of this splendid ceremony was hailed by all ranks and orders of people with the utmost enthusiasm. The thundering expressions of delight by the cannon in the Park and at the Tower were answered by the acclamations of the populace, the ringing of bells, by the display of flags, by the flashing of a million tapers, fantastically shining in all shapes and dimensions, and illuminating the whole of the metropolis. The sympathetic feeling extended itself, with the rapidity of lightning, to the remotest parts of the empire, and produced the most enthusiastic effusions of loyalty and joy.

From these public demonstrations of happiness we turn to private ones of a very different character. We would gladly forbear to touch any further on the fate of the most illused of the Brunswick race, and with one exception, Matilda of Denmark, the most unhappy; but we dare not avoid the subject, although now to dwell upon it would excite feelings which may be let sleep without the sacrifice of any paramount duty.

It is very probable that the Princess of Wales would not, under any circumstances, have made her husband a fit member of the marriage state. To supply that absent grace to his character, she must have reclaimed him; and the wife who would reclaim a libertine must begin by awakening his affections. But the affections of the Prince! where were they? of what nature? by what engaged, or by whom? His passions were known, alas! to be far otherwise

excited. His pity might have been touched; but, if Caroline of Brunswick herself could feel that sentiment, she disdained to sue for it.

If Lady Jersey had not, with a perfidy only equalled by her hardihood, stepped forward to prevent the possibility of happiness to the illustrious individuals, although they might not ever be models of conjugal attachment, yet it is more than probable that, at least, in comparative peace and harmony the Prince and Princess would have passed their days. It is, indeed, admitted that the Princess was not in a state of mind most favorable to marriage; and it is not less certain that the feelings and situation of the Prince were not more adapted to his projected union; but just in the same proportion as they were mutually unprepared and unfitted, so was that malice, which, by treachery and by falsehood, conspired to render the happiness consequent on that union not merely problematical, but impossible.

To that period, and to such conduct, then, may be traced the subsequent dissatisfaction and misery which resulted from this marriage, and which tended to involve the parties, the royal family, and the nation, in feuds which have not yet wholly subsided, and which have been attended with evils which will ever remain as blots on the pages of English history, and as rallying points for party spleen and political rancor.

Let it, however, be remembered that to the imprudence, the unjustifiable ingenuousness, and the love of independence of the Princess, may be partially attributed the evils which ensued; since, to Lady Jersey, who was to her a stranger, a foreigner, and an inferior, she should not have betrayed feelings which she ought to have concealed from everyone; and thus roused into action the dormant evil passions and principles of that celebrated traducer.

Let us, however, follow the injured female to the home of her splendid misery. Her reception in her husband's house was a stain to manhood: a fashionable strumpet usurped the apartments of the Princess—her rights, the honors which were due to her—everything but the name she bore, and the bonds which galled and disgraced her. The master of the mansion felt not his own dignity insulted, when the half drunken menials made their royal mistress the subject of their gross ribaldry or spiteful abuse. She complained to her parent, her letters were intercepted, and the seals violated. The offence of her misery was unmercifully punished. She became a wanderer over the earth—she sought, after many years, a home in England, the birthplace, and once the expected kingdom, of her only child. Unsated malice, vengeance, perjury, and persecution followed her—she grappled with, strangled them, and bravely perished.

We are aware that in the foregoing passage we have, as it were, been anticipating the march of our history, and in a few lines have embraced the leading points of the melancholy fate of Caroline of Brunswick. But the whole picture, with all its dark and gloomy shades, presented itself at once to our view; we have given a faint transcript, but the original, with all its horrors, will be remembered as long as England fills a place in the nations of the world.

We have previously shown that the Princess of Brunswick was not selected by the Prince, but by his father for him, and that the King refused to recommend the payment of the debts of his son unless he consented to be married to the Princess of Brunswick. Yet he did consent, and, having consented, he should have felt bound by the arrangement, and it may with propriety be asked what should have been the conduct of each of the distinguished personages under such circumstances? As a woman and a wife, the Princess should have been courteous, kind,

respectful, attentive, and submissive. She should not have expected that ardor of affection, and that care and assiduous attention, which she would have had a right to expect if the Prince had professed to love her, and if she had loved the Prince. Her rank, her character, her accomplishments, her family, her relationship to the reigning monarch and to the heir apparent, ought, however, to have obtained for her the public and private respect, confidence, and society of the Prince. These, however, she did not obtain, for others, far less deserving, studied to supplant her, and they succeeded.

As to the Prince, his situation was even more peculiar. He consummated a marriage without sufficiently reflecting on the consequences. He forgot that Lady Jersey and Mrs. Fitzherbert must be wholly relinquished for a Princess whom he did not love, though he had made her his bride. But he speedily discovered his error, and that was the moment of difficulty. Every artifice that female jealousy could invent was set in motion to ruin the Princess in the eyes of her husband, and every day added to the aversion which he felt for her.

That the Prince soon testified a disposition to retract his promises was evident to all who had the opportunity of witnessing the cabals of Carlton House; and the ascendancy which Lady Jersey held over his actions soon involved him in the most perplexing embarrassments. That he did not feel the slightest delicacy for the situation in which he was placed as a married man was alleged by the Princess herself, who declared that George III had disclosed to her that the Duke of Gloucester, in a conversation, positively stated that an arrangement was made with Lord Carlisle to give up Lady Jersey to the Prince; that this was agreed to at Rochester, when Lady Jersey first set out to meet the Princess, and that there was an understanding that she should always be the object of his affections. The history

of the Prince and Princess, for the next few years, demonstrates the connection which subsisted between the former and Lady Jersey.

If this arrangement really did take place, then the subsequent conduct of Lady Jersey can be more easily accounted for, and her familiarity with the Prince appears yet more objectionable and improper. If it did not take place, then how unaccountable is the conduct of Lady Jersey in venturing to step forward and intrude on the ears of a Prince falsehoods which would tend to create permanent distrust and want of affection on the part of the Prince for his consort, when by such result Lady Jersey could not expect to derive any advantage. The inference, therefore, must be this, that the arrangement referred to *was made*, and that the intercourse of Lady Jersey was as interested and sordid as it was malicious.

The marriage of the Prince and Princess had not occurred many days, when the latter was informed that Lady Jersey had been on terms of intimacy with the Prince—that she had endeavored to poison his mind against her by false and injurious statements—and “that Lady Jersey was the real wife, and the Princess only the nominal one.” Every day demonstrated to her that such information was correct, and she avowed to the Prince the dislike she entertained to her ladyship. That avowal he received with considerable displeasure, and professed for the individual the most sincere friendship. But a few words of mutual explanation at that time reconciled the difference.

At length the conduct of Lady Jersey became more marked—she did not conceal her aversion from the Princess—she endeavored as much as possible to obtain the private society of the Prince; and discord and misery appeared fast approaching. The first quarrel which occurred between these illustrious individuals took place one day when, on conversing on the subject, she declared her inten-

tion of refusing to dine with Lady Jersey when the Prince was not present, and also at any time to converse with her. The Prince insisted on a different line of conduct. He required her to treat Lady Jersey "as a friend"—to dine with her at all times—and to converse with her as with the rest of her ladies. She refused so to act, and in language fervent, and in an animated tone, inveighed against the character of Lady Jersey, and required her dismissal. The Prince, on his part, refused to accede to the wishes of the Princess, and he left her for some time at Carlton House, angry at her refusal and her conduct. But who can censure the Princess for refusing the society and the conversation of a woman who was her greatest enemy, and who had endeavored to effect her misery and ruin?

To the King the Princess now applied—she explained to him the cause of her unhappiness and the conduct of Lady Jersey—and she represented her situation as a solitary, traduced, and miserable woman, aggravated especially by her delicate situation. The King interfered—effected a reconciliation—and prevailed on the Prince to give up Lady Jersey, and direct that she should no more come into waiting. Part of that engagement was fulfilled; but to Lady Jersey the Prince was too much attached wholly to abandon her. The marriage bed, which had been forsaken during the absence of the Prince, was now, however, left no longer; and hopes were cherished by the King that happiness might be restored.

On receiving the communication of their mutual unhappiness, the King was much concerned, and evinced his grief by conduct the most prompt and energetic, yet kind and affectionate. In addition to these troubles, he had been, and continued to be, greatly harassed by the question of the Prince of Wales' debts, which had been brought before Parliament; and this proceeding had given great uneasiness to the mind of the Princess. Scarcely had the mar-

riage been consummated when the subject was agitated throughout the country, and the union was publicly designated as "unwise, impolitic, absurd, and ruinous." The character of her husband she saw aspersed in the public journals, and his friends and associates designated by epithets as wounding to her pride as they were unnecessary and unkind.

As one of the conditions of the Prince's marriage was that he should be exonerated from the pecuniary embarrassments under which he labored, a message from the King was delivered to both Houses of Parliament, on account of the debts of the Prince of Wales, on the 27th of April. The message stated the reliance of His Majesty upon their generosity, for enabling him to settle an establishment upon the Prince and his august bride suited to their rank and dignity, declaring his readiness to concur in any plan for establishing a regular arrangement in the future expenditure of the Prince, and of guarding against the possibility of his being again involved. It will be remembered that this was at a time of great national embarrassment; the people were discontented; there were various pamphlets issued from the press, denouncing the Prince in unmeasured terms. But these libels were not noticed by the Administration. There could scarcely have been a more unpropitious season for the contemplation of any increase to the expense of maintaining appendages of royalty.

The terrible excesses of the French revolution were recent in the recollections of everyone, and it was the policy of the opponents of the Prince to make the people believe that the disasters to royalty in France were the legitimate consequence of the prodigality of the French princes, and, as there was some foundation for this accusation of cause and effect, it found a general acceptance. In the crisis of the affairs of any Government there are always discontented

persons and agitators, who, for the furtherance of their own ends, desire a change of Government. Republics even are not exempt from such manifestations, as has been frequently illustrated in the history of our own land. That the public mind was considerably influenced by this class at the time alluded to cannot be questioned.

The further consideration of the Prince's debts, and the provision for expenses attendant upon his marriage with the Princess, were brought before the House of Commons. Mr. Pitt made an animated appeal in behalf of supporting the "dignity and splendor of the royal family," and proposed that the income of the Prince should be £65,000 per annum (more than double the previous grant,) exclusive of the Cornwall Duchy revenues; the preparations for the marriage to be \$150,000 for jewels and plate, and \$125,000 for refurnishing Carlton House; the jointure of the Princess to be \$250,000 per annum. The debts of the Prince were stated by the minister to be \$1,150,000, and in liquidation of these he moved that \$125,000 a year be set apart, and, in case of his death, that amount be charged annually upon the succession.

Mr. Grey (afterwards Earl) opposed the motion of Mr. Pitt, upon the popular grounds that the community were suffering great privations, and that the Prince, having incurred such enormous debts, ought not, at a period of depression, have recourse to the public purse for assistance, but make such reduction in his expenses as would enable him to discharge the claims of his creditors. Mr. Grey, in conclusion, moved an amendment to Mr. Pitt's proposition, that the Prince should only have an increase of \$200,000 to his income already granted, instead of \$325,000, which the minister proposed.

Mr. Fox followed in a luminous speech, in which he took occasion to state that, while it was necessary to support the dignity of the Crown as an essential of the constitution, he

did not regard the establishment of former Princes of Wales as the most creditable part of the history of the house of Brunswick; the establishment of George II, when Prince of Wales, had been a mere matter of party, and still more that of his son Frederick, Prince of Wales, whose grants were \$300,000 a year when he happened to differ from the King's ministers, and \$500,000 *when he agreed* with them. Mr. Fox delicately alluded to the suspicious circumstances in which such a transaction placed that Prince, hoping the House would avoid such conduct as might expose the Prince of Wales to similar suspicions.* He blamed the scantiness of the former income granted to the Prince, exonerating himself for having concurred in it on the ground of its having been an experiment.

After some further observations by Mr. Fox, the House proceeded to act upon Mr. Grey's amendment, when the members, for it were 99; against it, 260. For repairing Carlton House, the division stood, 248 for it; against it, 99.

The debates in the House of Commons excited a sensation in the outside world which was artfully kept alive by publications and newspaper paragraphs. At this stage of the proceedings, the Attorney General of the Prince, Mr. Anstruther, made a communication to the House on behalf of the Prince, who expressed a willingness to acquiesce in such measures as the wisdom of Parliament might adopt for the regulation of his establishment and the payment of his debts.

Mr. Pitt upon this congratulated the House upon the constitutional sentiments which the Prince had expressed, and moved that another committee should be appointed to bring in a bill relative to a general regulation of the

* A particular account of this intrigue, not very favorable to the character of Prince Frederick or of his political advisers, may be found in the Memoirs of Bubb Doddington (Lord Melcombe,) who entered largely into the cabals of his day.

expenditures of the Prince, and the appropriation for the discharge of his debts.

The substance of the arguments of those who opposed Mr. Pitt's motion may be inferred from the speech of Mr. Duncombe, of York, who stated that he was one of those who on a former day had voted for the smaller augmentation of the Prince's income. "At a time," said this gentleman, "when the comforts and conveniences of life are wanting to the middle classes of society, when the poor are scarcely supplied with even common necessities, and when the prospects of a dearth (the prospects of the harvest of 1795 were very unpromising) becomes every day more alarming, I cannot listen to the idle claims of splendor and magnificence; I trust that at such a season the feelings of His Royal Highness will dispose him rather to sympathize with the distress of the lower orders, and to sacrifice something for their relief, than to form selfish and extravagant pretensions. In these distempered times, let us beware how, by an unnecessary or wanton profusion of the public money, we furnish the favorers of wild and dangerous innovations with a color and plausibility for their arguments. I do not mean to say that the debts ought not to be paid, but I look to other resources for that purpose. I look first to the justice of His Royal Highness to make provision for the payment of those debts that shall be proven to be just; many of them, I apprehend, do not come under that description."

One of the most eloquent speeches delivered at this most interesting period was that of Sheridan, and, of course, in the interest of the Prince. Sheridan himself was an incorrigible spendthrift:

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,"

and there was no man better calculated to make an eloquent apologist for the excesses of the Prince. It will be

remembered that Sheridan was charged with being one of the evil advisers of the Prince, and of being a prime agent in producing his embarrassments. The Duke of Clarence and Lord Loughborough also spoke ably in behalf of the Prince, which were the last of any importance upon the debate, and shortly after (June 26th, 1795) the bill received the royal assent by commission.

Chapter Eight.

WHEN the projected marriage of the Prince to Caroline of Brunswick was made known, the influence of the press was demonstrated to a remarkable extent. Pamphlets were scattered broadcast throughout the land, and had immense weight with the people, to whom many misdemeanors of the Prince were previously unknown. Compared to their present advanced stage, the arts connected with printing and journalism were in their infancy in this country, and the existence of the American press was scarcely acknowledged across the Atlantic; now every enterprise associated with the dissemination of intelligence, from the electric flash, which every moment

“Puts a girdle round the earth,”

to the minutest detail of the cunning mechanism of the printing press, is traced to American inventive skill and genius.

We shall have occasion to quote from the European correspondence of several American newspapers, not as evidences of editorial research, but as having reference to arguments advanced in various portions of our work. Since the publication of the “Greville Memoirs,” some Americans have expressed satisfaction for their Republican birth, when royalty and nobility is made to form so pitiful a figure; possibly there are politicians at Washington, in poor repute, who will derive a certain satisfaction in the contemplation of this picture of their brethren beyond the seas:

“A seat in the House of Lords means political extinction, and confers no social advantages. Since Mr. Pitt inaugurated the practice of selling coronets to pawnbrokers and money lenders, every successive Premier has followed it, and the peerage is no longer a school of honor nor of manners. Loutish lords, who have neither education nor importance, abound; and these are peers who are money lenders: the decoy ducks of bubble companies, sharpers at cards, welchers on the turf, horse dealers, hotel keepers, partners in obscure gaming houses, and peers so poor that they are glad to take the leavings of another man's dinner at their club.

“The fortunes of the English nobility, moreover, bear no comparison with the incomes of the cotton spinners of Manchester, the shipowners of Liverpool, the iron masters of Wales, and the large contractors of public works. It is also to be observed that these commercial men have no claims upon them, no hereditary charges to support, no courts and castles to keep up. They can, therefore, eclipse the titled classes wherever they meet. A sensible man, indeed, will no longer accept a peerage, being conscious that it will make him more ridiculous than respected; and an honest man will not take a title, because it is generally understood that no favor can be obtained from any English Government by creditable means. Therefore, an official recognition of a politician's merits is merely looked upon as payment for some party job. Titles of nobility in England have ceased to have any significance at all. Duke means leader; but what and who is led by a man like the Duke of Montrose or the Duke of Newcastle? Marquis means warden of the marches or frontiers of the country, and the absurd nickname was not long ago given to Lord Ripon for making a political blunder. Earl means chief of a county, say some; others assert that it means elder or grey-beard. In any case, Lord Winchester cannot be supposed to rule over Nottingham from the Bankruptcy Court, and there are earls still in their cradles. The title of viscount or vice-count is equally devoid of common sense at present, and no public duty of any kind is now attached to any title. Some hereditary Court offices are still held by certain families, but they have become sinecures, and the very men who hold them could not tell what they have to do. Thus, the Duke of St. Albans is Hereditary Grand Falconer; but there are no falcons now kept by the sovereign. The late Lord Wiltoughby D'Eresby, a very queer customer, was also Hereditary Grand Chamberlain, but Lord Sydney is Chamberlain *de facto*, and even his chief duties are performed by a man of letters (Mr. Donne) not very widely known to fame, and whose very name is ignored by nine tenths of the people. The title of Hereditary Grand Chamberlain is now in abeyance between two ladies. *The real lords and princes of the English people are the newspaper editors, and some half dozen writers who form and guide public opinion. They are not, indeed,*

recognized as such, but they soon will be. No baron in the kingdom, not even Lord Robartes, one of the latest and the richest of the banker peers, wields such influence as Mr. Carlyle from his small house in Chelsea. The late Mr. Mill, too, was, as a matter of fact, the most potent of Englishmen. George Eliot, the novelist, is very influential, so is Mr. Ward, the editor of the *Saturday Review*. The *Times* is rather out of date, and has long ceased to produce any effect on public opinion. The same observation applies to the *Daily News*, and in a lesser degree to the *Standard*. The *Morning Post*, though honestly conducted, is a class paper, the organ of polite society; but the conductors of the *Spectator* are important people, and perhaps the leader writers on the *Pall Mall Gazette* take the first rank among the teachers and leaders of thoughtful men. No petty lordling comes up to the heel of these, the real nobility of the time. Then, in a secondary place, but still puissant, stand Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Vernon Harcourt, and a few poets and pamphleteers. They have quite superseded the nobility in the national esteem, and, if two opposite statements of a fact were put forward, the one signed by Lord Demanley, and the other by any known man of letters, his lordship's account of the transaction would not be credited for a moment."—*Foreign Correspondence, N. Y. Herald.*

If the writers who form and guide public opinion are not recognized in England as the real rulers of the land, they are at least in the United States, as vividly illustrated in the result of the fall elections of 1874.

On no occasion which happened in the last or present century were "the coiners of scandal and clippers of reputation" more busy at work than on the marriage of the Prince of Wales. Almost every day produced its pamphlet, written either in the worst spirit of lampoon or unblushingly defending the grossest errors. Mr. Jefferys was commissioned to provide the jewellery for the marriage, and was afterwards treated in the meanest manner by the Prince, who endeavored to *cheat* him (we will call things by their right names) out of his bill, and only got his money by an action in the Court of King's Bench. He afterwards published a pamphlet exposing the meanness.

Without, however, referring to the immediate subject of Jefferys' pamphlet, we shall extract the following passage,

as it contains a notification of the feelings of His Royal Highness on the proposed marriage, which is at complete variance with the generally received opinion; but, as it is given upon the authority of the Prince himself, we will not pretend either to confirm or discredit it.

“An event,” says Mr. Jefferys, “was now about to take place, of great national importance, in the establishment of the Prince of Wales, the intelligence of which afforded very general satisfaction to the public. It was the proposed marriage of His Royal Highness with the Princess of Brunswick, and his expected *final* separation from Mrs. Fitzherbert.

“At that period I passed much of my time at Carlton House, and, though I may provoke the hostility of the Prince of Wales and the anger of Mrs. Fitzherbert, I will state that which, from my being so frequently with His Royal Highness, I had an opportunity of observing and knowing.

“I declare it to be my firm belief, however subsequent events, which may truly be termed unfortunate *for His Royal Highness and for the country, may contradict the probability of my assertion, that no person in the kingdom appeared to feel, and I believe at the time did actually feel, more sincere pleasure in the prospect of the proposed marriage, and the consequent separation from Mrs. Fitzherbert, than His Royal Highness.* I will not repeat the expressions of His Royal Highness upon this subject, it is sufficient for me to say that what I heard was not of a nature to increase my respect for the character of that lady, but far otherwise, as it totally removed from my mind every apprehension I had before entertained that His Royal Highness would be displeased by an application to her for money. I accordingly sent in my account, when I was told, at the house of Mrs. Fitzherbert, I must make my application to the Prince for the payment of it. I therefore informed His Royal

Highness of what had passed, who directed General Hulse to discharge the account.

“But to return to my narrative. On the proposed marriage of the Prince of Wales, His Royal Highness gave me orders to procure the jewels necessary on that occasion. No limit was fixed for the amount, but that the finest and best of everything was to be provided. My wish was, in the execution of these orders, not to go to too great or an unnecessary expense; but the magnitude of the occasion, and the extensive orders in pursuance of which I acted, exceeding my own ideas, the amount naturally extended to a very considerable sum, fifty-four thousand pounds; and nearly ten thousand pounds, in addition, for the jewels as presents from His Royal Highness, on the marriage, to the Queen and Princesses.

“It having been reported at the time that I had gone (contrary to what I have just asserted) to greater expense than was necessary, I beg leave, in contradiction of such report, and to bring the question fairly before the public, to state the following circumstance: I had, by the desire of the Prince of Wales, procured a sitting for the miniature picture of His Royal Highness, intended to be sent to Brunswick for the Princess, surrounded with large brilliants, and a brilliant chain, amounting to two thousand five hundred guineas. As soon as it was completed, I attended with His Royal Highness at Buckingham House, to submit it to the approbation of the Queen, previously to its being sent to the continent. Her Majesty thought it by no means of sufficient elegance for the occasion, and I accordingly prepared another, pursuant to the orders I then received, amounting to more than four thousand pounds.

“Could it for a moment be supposed (without an insult to the high and august character of Her Majesty) that I hazarded anything by the executing the orders received from such authority. I could not, and did not, entertain

any doubts upon the subject, but acted as I was commanded to do.

“A considerable time after the jewels had been delivered, the amount of my charge was disputed by the commissioners appointed to settle the Prince’s affairs. I resisted the ruinous deduction they proposed to make, and submitted my claims to a jury of my country, in three actions brought against the commissioners, which came on before Lord Chief Justice Kenyon, in February, 1796. But the cause tried was for the jewels furnished for the Princess, amounting, as I have before said, to the sum of fifty-four thousand pounds, when I obtained a verdict for the *whole of my demand*, deducting only so much as was charged for the insurance of the Prince’s life, which, from the magnitude of the concern, and when it was considered who was the debtor, was a necessary measure of precaution. The Chief Justice, in his charge to the jury, stated, that the risk which had made such precaution necessary, being at an end, the insurance ought to be taken off the account. With this decision I was naturally satisfied, especially, when accompanied, as it was, by an observation from Lord Kenyon, that all hazard was then ended.”

In a former part of this work, we have related the circumstance of the Prince borrowing £420 of Jefferys, which was to have been returned in ten days; the manner in which he obtained the payment of this sum is contained in the following extract:

“Through the medium of Mr. Tyrwhitt, then secretary to the Prince, I dutifully solicited an audience of His Royal Highness. I attended twice, *each time by appointment, and waited many hours*. At last, the Prince, coming into the room with several gentlemen, asked me, in a *hasty tone of voice*, ‘what I wanted?’ I was so agitated with the contemplation of my own situation, and so confused by the unusual mode in which His Royal Highness spoke to me, as to be hardly able to make any answer. His Royal Highness then said, ‘*I believe I owe you some money! four hundred and twenty pounds; do you want it now?*’ I humbly replied, when it suited His Royal

Highness' convenience. The Prince said, '*Very well,*' and left the room without another word; nor was I able to form any expectation when it would be repaid.

"Leaving Carlton House in a very dejected state of mind, as may be supposed, I met, in Pall Mall, the late Admiral Payne, who had been the confidential friend and secretary to the Prince, but had recently been dismissed. Admiral Payne asking me if I had been lately at Carlton House, I related to him what had passed. He said the conduct I had experienced was most shameful, but that he could put me in the way of getting the money.

"We walked together for a considerable time in St. James' square, when he told me, if I would write such a letter as he would dictate, I could get the money directly. Pursuing his instructions, I accordingly wrote the same day to the Prince, stating my hope that His Royal Highness would excuse the application I made to him for the payment of the four hundred and twenty pounds, which I had advanced at his request nearly fifteen months before; that my necessities were very urgent in consequence of the heavy losses I had sustained in his service; the consideration of which, together with the recollection that the money had only been borrowed for a few days, would (I trusted) induce His Royal Highness not to leave town for Newmarket, where he was going in the morning, without first returning this money. That I was prevented by delicacy to His Royal Highness, in the morning when I had been with him, from mentioning the circumstance, so many gentlemen being present.

"The letter produced the effect expected by Admiral Payne, the money being sent to me that evening. This application for money, I believe, produced such a degree of irritation in the mind of the Prince, as to do away all recollection of what for years he had termed services; and was, I believe, considered by His Royal Highness to be such an offence as never to be forgiven."

Prevailed on by the Princess of Wales, by his father, and by his best friends, as well as impressed with the importance and necessity of the measure, the Prince of Wales now reduced his establishment, but retained the Marchioness of Townshend, the Countesses of Jersey, Carnarvon, and Cholmondeley. The Princess requested only the discharge of one of their number, but the favor was refused. Quite a respectable harem.

Soon after the marriage of the Prince and Princess, a circumstance occurred which excited the indignation of the

Princess towards Lady Jersey, and tended additionally to develop the feelings of the Queen towards the Princess. In the month of August, 1795, whilst residing at Brighton, the Princess committed to the care of Dr. Randolph a packet of letters to convey to Brunswick, as he expressed his intention of visiting Germany. Those letters were private and confidential; they contained strictures on the character of the Queen, and one of them had been imprudently laid about by Her Royal Highness after she had written it. That letter was perused by Lady Jersey, and to the Queen she determined to convey it, with those which constituted the remainder of the packet. The letters never reached their destination, and were afterwards possessed by Queen Charlotte. How are those circumstances to be accounted for? The Princess repeatedly stated that she knew the letters were intercepted by the Countess of Jersey and delivered by her to the Queen. Lady Jersey denied the charge; she contended that she had no concern with the packet, and that to Dr. Randolph alone all blame must attach. He, in his turn, exculpated himself from the charge, and gave a statement to Lady Jersey of all the circumstances, maintaining that, not visiting Brunswick, he had returned the packet by coach to the Princess. The Princess expressed herself indignant at the loss, and required an explanation. Inquiries and investigations ensued; but it was not for some time after the charge was made, nor until the public newspapers accused her of treachery, deceit, and embezzlement, that Lady Jersey endeavored to clear her character from such imputations.

On the 17th of January, 1796, being just nine calendar months, wanting one day, from her marriage, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was delivered of a princess at Carlton House, between the hours of nine and ten in the morning. Conformably to the etiquette observed on such occasions, His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, His

Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President of His Majesty's Council, His Grace the Duke of Leeds, the Earl of Jersey, Master of the Horse to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Right Honorable Lord Thurlow, and the Ladies of the Princess of Wales' bedchamber, were present at the royal *accouchement*.

The royal infant was christened in the grand audience chamber at Carlton House, on the 16th of February, His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury performing the ceremony. The sponsors were His Majesty, the Queen, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, proxy for Her Serene Highness the Duchess of Brunswick.

Addresses of congratulation, as usual in England, were voted by both Houses of Parliament, and presented to their Majesties, and to their Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, who received the two Houses in a private manner. The corporation of the City of London, at the same time, voted an address of congratulation to their "Royal Highnesses;" but it being intimated to the Lord Mayor by Lord Cholmondeley, who was at the head of His Royal Highness' household, "that the Prince of Wales, being under the necessity of reducing his establishment, he was precluded from receiving the addresses in a manner suitable to his situation;" and desiring that copies of the address might be sent to him, it was moved by Mr. Deputy Birch, "That His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales having stated that the inadequacy of his establishment precluded him from receiving the compliments of congratulation voted to be presented to their Royal Highnesses in a way suitable to his situation, this Court is of opinion that it cannot, consistently with its own dignity, suffer the said compliments to be presented in any other way than the customary form." After some conversation, the motion was agreed to, and the Remembrancer was ordered to convey a copy of it to "His Royal Highness."

At the next Court of Common Council, the Lord Mayor rose to state to the Court the conference he had had with the Prince of Wales on the subject of not receiving the congratulatory address of the city in the usual form; observing that, in a matter of so delicate a nature, he had thought it his duty to commit the purport of this conversation to writing, which, with the leave of the Court, he would read.

As a specimen of obsequiousness in the use of title by the English (the reiteration of "His Royal Highness," to Americans, is simply disgusting,) we insert the following :

"In consequence of a letter from Lord Cholmondeley, dated January 31st, 1796, stating that His *Royal Highness* the Prince of Wales wished to speak to me at Carlton House, and to give me a private audience on Tuesday (but which appointment was afterwards, by a second letter, fixed for Monday last, at one o'clock), I had the honor of waiting on His *Royal Highness*, who addressed me by saying, 'that he had seen with concern in the public papers a statement of what had passed in the Court of Common Council on Thursday last, respecting a letter written by Lord Cholmondeley, at the command of His *Royal Highness*, and sent to the City Remembrancer, conveying his sentiments on the intended address of congratulation to their *Royal Highnesses*, which sentiments he conceived had been mistaken or misunderstood, or, at least, a very different construction had been given to them than he meant, or was intended to be conveyed by that letter. His *Royal Highness* said that he thought it incumbent on him to preserve a consistent character; that, as his establishment, for certain reasons, had been reduced, and that the necessary state appendages attached to the character and rank of His *Royal Highness* the Prince of Wales did not in consequence exist, His *Royal Highness* conceived he could not receive an address in state, and particularly from the corporation of the City of London, for which he entertained the highest veneration and respect. His *Royal Highness*, therefore, thought it would appear disrespectful to the first body corporate in the kingdom to receive the members of it inconsistently with their character and his own dignity."

His Royal Highness—His Royal Highness—His—pah!

The language of Thomas Paine, in his letter to Lord Erskine, in which he alludes to "Mr. *Guelf* and his profligate sons," affords a striking contrast to the above.

The result of the quarrels of the Prince and Princess of

Wales, previous and subsequent to her *accouchement*, was neither magical nor singular; mutual distrust, dissatisfaction, and want of affection, were naturally succeeded by indifference and disgust. The Prince loved society, and did not love his home. He loved Mrs. Fitzherbert, and did not love his consort. He had not selected her for his wife, and the worthless and interested had vilified her. She was unsuited to the Prince, and she soon discovered the fact; she was open and ingenuous, and so was the Prince; they neither concealed their dislikes, but the one was well and the other ill founded; the one was the result of unkindness, justifiable jealousy, neglect, and misrepresentation; the other resulted from the previous dislike of the Prince to marriage; from his original indifference to the Princess, and from his affection for other women, less morally and mentally deserving. Whenever the Princess complained to the King, he pitied her, and sympathized with her; but he advised that privacy should be observed, and, if they could not be happy with each other, at least that their external conduct should not indicate their dislike. To this recommendation they mutually deferred, and she enumerated the profligate women the Prince kept about him; said "she had been deceived—wished she had not left her own country."

The Princess of Wales spoke the English language with a strong foreign accent. In illustration, we give an extract from a letter by Sir W. Gell, at the time, to a friend out of London:

"The Princess is trying to make up a marriage for Joan with some one; anyone would do. 'O mein Gott, she has the eyes of Argus; 'pon honor, I vonder sometimes how she guess what I tink; 'tis a great plague to have dis dragon de Virtue alw:ys attending me: partant—partant—I must find a husband to deliver her.'"*

It appears that Her Royal Highness looked upon this

* Diary of the Time of George IV, by Galt, vol. 4, page 130.

great moral and Christian attribute as a *dragon*. Here is also a literal transcript from one of her letters; it appears she spelled her words as she spoke them; it also contains a very suggestive reflection on the morality of the royal family:

"August 7, 1814.

"I am on the eve of sailing, which will be to-morrow evening, as the wind is favorable, in the Jason frigate. Capt. King represents Jason himself. Only *tink*, my dear, what His Royal Highness, the Duke of York, said to him: 'You are going to take the Princess of Wales in your ship, you be a d——d fool if you do not make love to her.' Mein Gott, *dat* is *de* morality of my *broders-in-law*."*

The Prince visited Brighton with Mrs. Fitzherbert and Lady Jersey, and endeavored to render himself happy. The King reproached him for leaving a wife he had vowed to cherish, and expressed a desire for a reconciliation, which was impossible—as the Prince made no attempt to conceal his dislike for her person and society. The Princess now resided at Carlton House and the Prince at Windsor, and interviews but rarely occurred. The expediency of a separation was again suggested to the Princess, in March, 1796, and, feeling that her situation could not be made more painful, she intimated to Lady Cholmondeley that, if she so separated *now*, she would have it expressly understood that, in case of the death of the Princess Charlotte prior to herself, she would not consent again to cohabit with the Prince, merely for the purpose of preserving the succession of that branch of the royal family to the crown.† She requested that she might be definitely informed of the wishes of the Prince, expressing a willingness to reside with her husband, if his conduct was so altered that her palace could be made the abode of happiness, or even peace. Lord Cholmondeley conveyed her message to the Prince, who returned a reply,

* Galt's Diary, vol. 4, page 81. London, 1837.

† Her daughter, the Princess Charlotte, would, in the event of the death of the Prince, be the next in succession to the throne.

that, "His Royal Highness thought an immediate separation had better take place." The Princess was not content with a mere verbal message upon a subject of such vital importance to her interests, and demanded a reply in writing, that she might be assured the communications she received emanated from the Prince, and not from artful individuals desirous of promoting a separation from personal and sordid motives. The sympathies of the civilized world have never ceased to have been excited in behalf of Josephine at her cruel divorce from Napoleon; the situation of the Princess, at this period, is no less entitled to our commiseration.

The heartless character of the Prince in no instance is more strongly manifested than in this reply, which he addressed to her in response to her request:

"MADAM:

"As Lord Cholmondeley informs me that you wish I would define, in writing, the terms upon which we are to live, I shall endeavor to explain myself on that head with as much clearness and with as much propriety as the nature of the subject will admit. Our inclinations are not in our power, nor should either of us be held answerable to the other because nature has not made us suitable to each other. Tranquil and comfortable society is, however, in our power; let our intercourse, therefore, be restricted to that, and I will distinctly subscribe to the condition which you required, through Lady Cholmondoley, that, even in the event of any accident happening to my daughter—which I trust Providence in its mercy will avert—I shall not infringe the terms of the restriction by proposing, at any period, a connection of a more particular nature. I shall now finally close this disagreeable correspondence, trusting that, as we have completely explained ourselves to each other, the rest of our lives will be passed in uninterrupted tranquillity.

"I am, Madam,

"With great truth, very sincerely yours,

"GEORGE P.

"Windsor Castle, April 30th, 1796."

This letter would have been more appropriately signed,
GEORGE D.—.

This letter, about which so much has been said and

written, was merely a link in the chain, though certainly one of considerable importance. That letter admits, first, that to the Princess of Wales he was not attached; secondly, that he had no specific charge to bring against the conduct of Her Royal Highness; and, thirdly, that a separation was essential to his happiness and tranquillity. By the letter, however, the Princess was surprised, agitated, and vexed. It was true that of a separation they had often spoken, but when the event was presented to her, in the light of reality and immediate occurrence, she was grieved and disappointed. The Princess hesitated as to the course which it would be prudent for her to adopt, and, accordingly, first determined on consulting her parents in Brunswick; but the time which would elapse prior to receiving an answer, and all delays being improper, she resolved, at the advice of a particular friend, to consult the King, and to write a speedy answer to the Prince. To the Prince she accordingly communicated, in French, her reply to his letter, and to the translation of which particular attention should be paid:

“The avowal of your conversation with Lord Cholmondeley neither surprises nor offends me; it merely confirmed what you have tacitly insinuated for this twelvemonth. But after this it would be a want of delicacy, or rather an unworthy meanness in me, were I to complain of those conditions which you impose upon yourself.

“I should have returned no answer to your letter, if it had not been conceived in terms to make it doubtful whether this arrangement proceeds from you or from me, and you are aware that the honor of it belongs to you alone.

“The letter which you announce to me as the last obliges me to communicate to the King, as to my sovereign and my father, both your avowal and my answer. You will find inclosed the copy of my letter to the King. I apprise you of it that I may not incur the slightest approach of duplicity from you. As I have at this moment no protector but His Majesty, I refer myself solely to him upon this subject, and if my conduct meet his approbation, I shall be in some degree, at least, consoled. I retain every sentiment of gratitude for the situation in which I find myself, as Princess of Wales, enabled by your means to indulge in the free exercise of a virtue dear to my heart—I mean charity.

"It will be my duty, likewise, to act upon another motive—that of giving an example of patience and resignation under every trial.

"Do me the justice to believe that I shall never cease to pray for your happiness, and to be

"Your much devoted

"CAROLINE.

"May 6, 1796."

Of the letter of the Prince, it has been said that it is a "Letter of Licence" to the Princess, and to a certain extent the title is applicable; but still it was just such a letter, as the previous conduct of the Prince should have induced her to expect, and it was highly creditable to her character. It accused her of no crime, nor of any impropriety of conduct. The Prince could not and did not love the Princess, and that was neither her fault nor his own. He admitted it. But then the question arises: Whether, although he could not love her, yet, as he had solemnly pledged himself to love and cherish her, he ought not to have abstained from those connections with other individuals, which necessarily tended to increase as well as perpetuate those sentiments of indifference, and ultimately of dislike, which were entertained by the Prince. As to the propriety of such abstinence there could not surely be any doubt, and it was all that was required by the Princess of Wales. Nor ought she to have desired more. The Prince she did not love, though she esteemed and honored him, and she had, therefore, no right to expect from him feelings more ardent than her own; but it did not follow that she should expect, first, indifference, then dislike, and finally persecution, from him to whom she looked up for protection.

This letter tacitly admitted the correctness of her conduct. "The inclinations of each other were not within their own power, nor should either of them be answerable to the other because nature had not made them suitable to each other." This was the alleged reason for the separation, and it was certainly the final reason; but had the Prince

endeavored to ascertain whether they were made so suitable? Certainly not. Before his future consort had visited England, an arrangement is stated to have been made with Lady Jersey; afterwards her scandal and reproaches were listened to, and retailed; then the marriage bed was forsaken; Mrs. Fitzherbert was retaken under royal protection, and the Princess wholly discarded. Nor was this all; her enemies were placed as sentinels over her conduct, although the society and protection of her husband she did not enjoy; and she who was a foreigner, a Princess of Brunswick, an intelligent and accomplished female, was destined to live not merely in solitude, but in the midst of scandal and reproach.

On the receipt of the letter from the Prince, the Princess of Wales consulted with a political friend of his as to the conduct she should adopt. He expressed himself surprised and grieved; but persuaded her immediately to consult her father and monarch, George III. Such advice harmonized with her own feelings; yet she expressed herself desirous to avoid distressing his mind, and agitating his sensibility, by narrations which could not fail of producing dissatisfaction and unhappiness, and perhaps make him crazy again; but it was impossible. Lord Cholmondeley advised her that a reconciliation appeared impracticable, since the feelings of the Prince were not the result of momentary displeasure, but of a long determined indifference, now amounting to dislike. He gave such opinion with his usual politeness and respect, and she felt that it was most likely to be correct. She then thought of returning to her father; but it was impossible so to act, without incurring the charge of impropriety of conduct; and, after much hesitation, she resolved on the letter which she sent, and determined on transmitting a copy to His Majesty.

The letter to the Prince she wrote in French, because

she could correspond in that language with greater propriety and elegance; and a copy of such communication she sent with a letter to the King. His Majesty wrote to her and visited her. He deplored her situation, and endeavored by every possible method to remedy the evils which he had been the unintentional instrument of producing. His son he could not reproach for not loving a woman whom he had married from policy; and his attachments to Lady Jersey and Mrs. Fitzherbert had been so frequently discussed and reprobated by him, that fresh animadversions were unnecessary. The Prince said and wrote but little on the subject. Alienated from his wife, he yet respected the dignity of the royal family, and he supremely desired that privacy, as much as possible, should be preserved. In this respect all parties agreed, and the terms of separation now alone remained to be discussed. Concerning those arrangements some difference of opinion occurred. The King thought it was possible for a separation to take place without an actual change of residence, whilst the Prince and Princess were each favorable to a complete alteration. The King thought that £20,000 per annum should be allowed to the Princess for a separate maintenance; whilst she was advised to reject such income, and transmit periodically to the Prince her accounts for payment. To remedy the first difference, it was determined that apartments should be reserved for her at Carlton House, which she might occasionally visit; and to remove any objections as to the proposed plan of her maintenance, she promised to be economical in her arrangements, and retired in her habits.

For some time, however, after these arrangements were concluded, the Princess continued to reside at Carlton House, and the Prince at Windsor and Brighton; till at length she retired to Charlton, a small but beautiful village in the vicinity of London; where, in a compara-

tively humble abode, the Princess of Wales resided for two years. To that place her beloved child accompanied her, and Miss Garth, Miss Vernon, Mrs. Harcourt, and Mrs. Sander, with a few other ladies, formed her establishment.

The Princess was now apprised of the renewal of the intimacy between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert, but to the latter she never communicated on the subject; yet, in a memorable letter published at this time, and addressed to Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince, the writer has neither overstated, on the one hand, the intimacy of the Prince with her, nor, on the other, the feelings of dissatisfaction and disgust which it excited. In a letter to Mrs. Fitzherbert are the following energetic passages, evidently written under a strong impulse of resentment and indignation:

“When the Prince of Wales was married to the Princess, it was agreed that you should retire from that intimacy of friendship you had so long enjoyed, and your houses in Pall Mall and at Brighton were given up accordingly.

“However creditable, prospectively, to your character, that you did retire to the villa purchased for you at Castlebear, yet, viewed in a retrospective light, the necessity of such a retreat, accompanied as it was by a pension of several thousands per annum, payable quarterly at an eminent banker's, and a retention of the very valuable plate, jewels, etc., given to you by the Prince, did not, in the opinion of the world, add much good fame to your reputation.

“Had you continued in the retirement expected of you, the world would probably never have disturbed you in the enjoyment of your great possessions by any reflections upon the mode of their acquisition; but, not long after the Prince of Wales was married, His Royal Highness discontinued to live with the Princess, and returned to your society, in which he was eagerly received.

“On this unexpected renewal of intimacy, an establishment upon a still larger scale was formed for you—a noble house in Park Lane, most magnificently fitted up, and superbly furnished—a large retinue of servants—carriages of various descriptions—a new pavilion, built for your separate residence at Brighton—and the Prince more frequently in your society than ever.

“When, madam, your friends pretend that your feelings are hurt, let me ask you and them, if you think the people of moral character in this country have no feelings? I am sure they must relinquish all claim to any, if they could view with indifference such a departure from decency as this conduct exhibits in you, and not see, with anxiety and fear for the future, the probable result of such a dreadful infatuation, not less dangerous to the future interest of the country than any that was ever experienced at the profligate Court of Versailles.”

And, in a letter to His Royal Highness, the same writer says: “I shall not, however, Sir, so easily pass over your renewal of the connection you had agreed to abandon with a lady, whose society, from her equivocal character, one part of the fashionable world thinks it their duty to avoid; while the other, more polite, in compliance with the expectation of your Royal Highness, as a tribute of respect to yourself, that the lady should be of every party where you are invited, sacrifice their sense of decorum to their vanity, while your Royal Highness, who can exact such a concession, as the price of your company or tribute to your rank, does not manifest that regard to the opinion of the nation which they have a right to expect.

“The defiance to public opinion in the departure from decency which the conduct of the lady alluded to exhibits, since the marriage of your Royal Highness, is such as cannot be reprobated with too much severity, and is very justly appreciated by the public by whom her name is

never mentioned unaccompanied with expressions of the greatest contempt.

“The forlorn and hapless female, compelled to seek refuge from famine and despair in resources which her aching heart condemns, claims at once the pity and forgiveness of the world. But the female who, surrounded by affluence, prostitutes herself in the open face of day ought to be pointed out as a public mark of infamy and vice.”

In regard to the conduct of Mrs. Fitzherbert, we must be allowed to express our opinion as in some measure coinciding with that of the writer of the letters from which the foregoing extracts have been taken; at the same time, it must be admitted that it would have been expecting too much from her to have required that, when solicited by the Prince to renew their intimacy, and when visited by him, that she should refuse so to do. That the Prince required that Mrs. Fitzherbert should be one of every party to which he was invited is undeniably true; and that he quitted two parties where she was not so present, under evident signs of displeasure, is a notorious fact, and was much commented upon at the time, as a positive infraction of the common rules of propriety and decorum.

It should also be taken into consideration, by those who view the conduct of Mrs. Fitzherbert at this time, as exhibiting some of the darker traits of female turpitude, that the relation in which that lady stood in regard to the Prince was one, perhaps, of the most extraordinary in which a woman was ever placed. She was conscious to herself that she possessed a prior claim to the hand and bed of His Royal Highness, and that she had been deprived of the one and alienated from the other by an act of mere state policy, which condemned him to the thralldom of a public marriage, which was repugnant to his own feelings, and to which his heart was most decidedly opposed. This, however, is the only palliation that can be advanced for the conduct of Mrs.

Fitzherbert after the marriage of the Prince; for, after having formally consented to discontinue her intimacy with the Prince, on certain *weighty* considerations, a renewal of that intimacy, after marriage, cannot be considered as agreeable to their propriety or principle.

It would not admit of the slightest doubt that the conduct of the Prince, and the open measures which he took to renew his connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert, met with the most marked disapprobation and reprobation of his wife. She expostulated, but all her expostulations were disregarded. Her disapprobation was ridiculed as foolish, her reprobation as wholly unworthy of notice. Her argument was, that she was used merely as a tool to perpetuate the base blood of the Guelphs, that England might have in her offspring a "legitimate royal heir to the crown."

It was not, however, solely to Park Lane that the Princess of Wales looked for the infidelity of her illustrious (?) husband, but certain scenes were actually carried on under the very roof of her own residence that would have been more in character had they been enacted in the den of Circe than in the palace of the heir apparent to the British crown, and under the immediate observation of his legitimate wife.

We have no disposition to press heavily upon the character of any individual, especially that of a female, whose good name is the brightest gem in her dowry; but wherever we behold vice stand arrayed before us in all the plenitude of its atrocity, we then disregard all distinctions of person or of rank, and we will lash the thong of censure to its last thread, until "the galled *jade* is made to wince," and the deep scars of merited chastisement show themselves obtrusive to the gaze of the indignant public.

That this heartless man, this Prince, soon lost sight of all observance of even the commonest principles of matrimonial attention, degenerating into positive insult to the feelings of a woman, who had as yet conducted herself with the

utmost decorum and propriety, was a fact too well known by every inmate of Carlton House to be concealed long from the public, and loud and lasting were the deep expressions of the public indignation which burst from every quarter on his head. He was now marching at a rapid rate to that extreme verge of unpopularity which he soon afterwards reached, and which, but for the strong arm of power, would have shaken the peace of the country to its very base. Nor did the conduct of his mother, the Queen Charlotte, tend in any degree to appease the popular ferment. She even vindicated in the Court circles the conduct of her son—expressed doubts as to the moral character of the Princess to a member of the royal family now departed; and, instead of being anxious to hush the jarring elements of discord into peace, she only increased the dissatisfaction, and fanned the flame of personal dislike between the royal couple by her most unwise and improper interference. The Princess, on the other hand, was, perhaps, nearly equally faulty. She studied not to conceal her resentment and dislike. She paid a marked deference to the King and Queen. The former she caressed as a father, whilst the latter she received with all the stiffness and formality of Court etiquette. That the Princess of Wales acted frequently with the utmost indiscretion and folly cannot for a moment be disputed, for to whom did she complain of the harsh and cruel treatment which she received? Not to those individuals who might possess not only the power but the inclination to redress her wrongs, but she denounced the conduct of her husband, and of her husband's mother, to the very individual who was then living under the same roof with her as the mistress of her husband, and for whose removal from her household she had petitioned, but petitioned in vain. She made Lady Jersey the confidant of her sorrows, the depositary of her grievances; and the treacherous creature immediately hastened to the Queen, and there disclosed that

information which had been so thoughtlessly and so imprudently communicated to her in the moments of unsuspecting confidence, and which was afterwards made use of in the most treacherous manner as a part of the proofs of her immoral and immodest conduct.

Carlton House may be looked upon, at this time, as a Pandora's box, filled with treachery and vice. The immediate associates of the Prince, male and female, were persons distinguished for their immorality of conduct, their licentiousness, and debauchery. Scenes of the most indecent nature were daily and nightly practised under its roof, which, as it was now the residence of a virtuous wife and a mother, ought to have been uncontaminated by the presence of the harlot or the libertine. It was about this time that a character was introduced to Carlton House, admirably fitted for the performance of any act which required dexterity or deep *finesse*; and who, although originally a pauper of the very lowest cast, by his dexterous management of an intrigue, and jumping over a few punctilios, which the rigidly moral man would have declined overstepping at all, became; at last, the confidant of the heir apparent to the crown, the distributor of places and emoluments; and, at the same time, as Tom Moore designated him, his ridicule and reticule.

We are aware that in the following exposure we shall call down upon our heads the indignation of the surviving members of Sir John M'Mahon; but, at the same time that we profess an esteem for that man who raises himself, by his talents and an honorable course of action, from a menial situation to one of rank and emolument, with the same spirit do we deprecate that individual, who, crouching at the feet of his superiors, will lend himself to the commission of the meanest and most disgraceful actions for the sole purpose of his own personal aggrandisement. We should not, however, have deemed it necessary to enter

into any detail of the birth, parentage, and conduct of the quondam Privy Purse to the Prince of Wales, if it did not present an original picture of the state of society at that time, as far as influence and character extended, in the appointment of many of the principal officers who formed the household of the Prince of Wales. It was not talent, it was not an unsullied reputation, which then formed the stepping stone to advancement, but the finished adept at an intrigue, the artful seducer of a wife's affections, or the husband who would leave his residence at one door, while a prince entered it at another, and absent himself for the night; these were the men to whom the door of preferment stood open, on whom all honors and dignities were showered, as if reward were the concomitant of infamy, and emolument the attendant on vice.

The Courts of most princes are the same, and the intrigues of courtiers operate and promote similar results. This may, in a great measure, be attributed to the leading principle, that the higher the power the more stationary its action. While, therefore, civilization has progressed in an almost equal ratio with population, Courts and courtiers do not keep pace with the improved intelligence of the age; the former forming, as it were, a *terra incognita*, and the latter a distinct race of people, although of the same community and country, and subject to the same laws as society in general. This was peculiarly the case with the Court of His late Majesty to the very period of his decease. The few persons called the King's private friends, such as the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Cowper, etc., were occasionally guests at the royal board, but were never consulted nor advised with. They had no political influence, nor desired any. Ductile as wax, they were impressed with the signet of majesty, and held in the same estimation as the autograph of the handwriting on the wall, for their rarity; or, like the gold plate of the household, only exhibited on extraor-

dinary occasions, to give dignity to the presence of the King himself, or to add to the splendor of his hospitality. On all other occasions the circle of the Prince of Wales, as well then as when he was King, was composed of persons raised by his bounty to the rank of companions—no matter by what nature of services that dignity had been obtained, or how far personal character had been injured or offended by them. Their dependency was assured on terms which declared their own baseness and meanness, and like satellites they revolved round the royal planet, but in no other atmosphere could their splendor be acknowledged.

On referring to the pages of history, and particularly to those which treat of the actions of the sovereigns of the earth, it will appear as an extraordinary fact that their favorites have generally been chosen from the dregs of society, and that, in the majority of instances, their aggrandizement has been owing to their adroitness in intrigue, or to their total disregard of those solemn ties which are interwoven with the dearest affections of our nature, and by which the interests of society are held together. On the female side of favoritism the aspect is, if possible, still more hideous; for there it has generally risen from the very worst of passions, which to gratify it would feed on offal. A Lanskoï, a Struensee, and a Godoy, were the selected favorites of crowned heads, and all of them born in the lowest grade of human society, yet all of them rising to the highest honors; and although one of them forfeited his life on the scaffold, yet he once ruled the destinies of a nation; and, but for the illicit affection of his Queen for him, would perhaps have lived to be the regenerator of his country.*

We may be excused this digression, as being introductory to a short biographical detail of the actions of an individual who was the confidant and the companion of the Prince of Wales, and who, we have reason to know, was

* Huish.

deeper implicated in some of the amorous transactions of His Royal Highness than any of his predecessors who held the same office.

John M'Mahon, the companion of the Prince, was a natural son of John M'Mahon, butler in the family of the Right Honorable Mr. Clements, afterwards Lord Leitrim, of the Park, near Dublin. His mother was a chambermaid in the same family. At the age of nine, young John was taken into the same family as kitchen boy, to clean knives and boots. His father soon afterwards left the service of Mr. Clements, and opened an oyster shop in Dublin, which gave him an opportunity of sending his son to school, where he made such rapid progress in his learning that he was appointed one of the under ushers, at a salary of £10 a year. His father afterwards married a Miss Staepoole, of the county Clare, by whom he had two sons, afterwards Sir Thomas and Sir William M'Mahon; and at a future period a very extraordinary difficulty arose in regard to there being two Johns in the same family, on which a bill in equity was filed in Dublin, in which John M'Mahon, the Privy Purse of the Prince of Wales, was made a party; and he was obliged to put in his answer, and to swear that he believed he was the natural son of John M'Mahon, and that his mother, the maidservant, was never married to him, nor anyone else.

John M'Mahon now obtained the situation of an exciseman; but finding the employment of measuring and guaging beer and whiskey rather dull and stupid, he formed an acquaintance with Mr. John Ferrar, the then proprietor of the "Limerick Chronicle," and a few other literary tradesmen, and they formed a debating society, each person to pay 6½*d.* admission fee.

The novelty of the plan occasioned very crowded houses, and the projectors of it soon found themselves in possession of funds to the amount of £500. The society, however,

was not of long duration ; and M'Mahon left Limerick for Dublin, where he was not very well received by his father, who procured him, however, the situation of a petty clerk in the Treasury, which he occupied for about two years ; but, being dismissed with disgrace, his father refused to interest himself any further about him, and, being thrown upon the world, he joined a company of strolling players, with whom he remained about two years. One night, as he was acting the character of *Scrub*, in the "Beaux Stratagem," at Ennis, County Clare, he attracted the notice of Mr. William English, then well known by the cognomen of Buck English,* who being a man of gallantry, and excessively partial to the female sex, soon found in his new servant a most able coadjutor in his designs upon the wives and daughters of the gentry and peasantry in his neighborhood. In one instance, however, although M'Mahon succeeded in obtaining the lady, it proved a dear bargain to his employer. This was the case of Mrs. Kissane, whose husband lived about a mile from the town of Tipperary. Mr. Kissane was a gentleman considerably advanced in years ; his wife was young and beautiful, and therefore she became the object of English's desires, and M'Mahon was employed to carry on the intrigue. He succeeded so far as to conduct Mrs. Kissane to the spot where she was to meet Mr. English ; but being observed by a man of the name of

* This English was one of the most extraordinary characters of the day. He acquired his property in a very singular manner, for his father, who was a day laborer, being at work on the lands of Shoonhill, county Tipperary. then the property of the ancestors of the late Lady Caroline Damer, he found a large earthen vase filled with gold, that was supposed to have been hidden there upon the arrival of Oliver Cromwell at the siege of Clonmell. With this money, old William English purchased lands and houses, which at his death became the property of his son, William Alexander English, the patron of M'Mahon. He fought two duels, in both of which he killed his antagonist ; and, being once in England, he killed a waiter at an inn, and had him charged in the bill at £50.

Shew, the latter placed a ladder so that he might look in at the window, and there saw sufficient to convict the parties of crim. con., and damages were awarded against Mr. English of £1,500.

M'Mahon's stay under the roof of Mr. English was not of long duration, for one night the latter, being drunk, ordered M'Mahon to act the part of *Scrub* for the entertainment of the company; but M'Mahon refused, on which Mr. English took up a stick and laid M'Mahon prostrate on the ground; and if it had not been for the interference of Lieutenant Hiffernan of the 32d Regiment, who was then commanding a recruiting party in the town of Tipperary, it is most probable that M'Mahon would not have lived to become the Privy Purse of the Prince. With a lacerated head, and the whole of his wardrobe, consisting of two shirts, a comb, a razor, and a pair of black breeches, he left the house of Mr. English; and the schoolboys of the town, with Mr. Regan, Mr. Keating, and other gentlemen, raised a subscription for him at one shilling each, and obtained for him a bed at the house of a poor widow, of the name of Rose Burne, at the weekly rent of three shillings and six pence (British,) for the payment of which Lieutenant Hiffernan became security. When this worthy officer was obliged to leave the service, on account of ill health, and being considerably reduced in circumstances, he sent the following curious bill to Lieutenant Colonel M'Mahon, then an inmate of Carlton House; and it was delivered by Major Mansergh, of the 32d Regiment, with the injunction on the part of Lieutenant Hiffernan not to declare the nature of the bill, as it might hurt the feelings of the favored companion of the Prince. We have, however, obtained a copy of the bill; and it was not only discharged by M'Mahon, but three guineas were added to it, and he subsequently obtained an ensigny for one of Hiffernan's sons. The bill was as follows:

JOHN M'MAHON, DR. TO THOMAS HIFFERNAN.

| | | £ | s. | d. |
|---------------|---|-------|----|-----|
| 2d Jan. 1776. | Paid Rose Burne for your lodgings, one fort-night..... | 0 | 7 | 7 |
| | Paid T. Coney for dressing your hair, a fort-night..... | 0 | 2 | 8½ |
| | Paid for your supper and whiskey..... | 0 | 1 | 7½ |
| | Paid your washerwoman..... | 0 | 2 | 2 |
| | Paid for a pair of shoes..... | 0 | 5 | 5 |
| | Paid William Makers, the tailor, for turning your coat..... | 0 | 4 | 10½ |
| | Paid for your supper and gin toddy..... | 0 | 2 | 2 |
| | Money lent..... | 0 | 3 | 3 |
| Feb. 2. | " Paid for a pair of stockings..... | 0 | 3 | 3 |
| | Paid the tailor for mending and seating a pair of black breeches..... | 0 | 1 | 9 |
| | Paid for supper and grog at Read's Inn, Tipperary..... | 0 | 2 | 2 |
| | Paid for two cravats..... | 0 | 4 | 4 |
| | Paid for two pocket handkerchiefs..... | 0 | 3 | 3 |
| | Paid Rose Burne another week's lodging..... | 0 | 3 | 9½ |
| | Paid washerwoman..... | 0 | 1 | 7½ |
| | Paid T. Coney, hair dresser, for comb, powder, and pomatum..... | 0 | 1 | 7½ |
| | Paid supper and whiskey..... | 0 | 2 | 2 |
| | Paid for mending your shirts and stockings..... | 0 | 1 | 7½ |
| | Paid for covering your hat..... | 0 | 1 | 3 |
| | Paid another week's lodging to Rose Burne..... | 0 | 3 | 9½ |
| | Paid for two neck handkerchiefs and two pocket handkerchiefs at Reilly's, in Tipperary..... | 0 | 6 | 10½ |
| | | <hr/> | | |
| | | £3 | 7 | 3½ |

On recovering from the wounds inflicted by the chastisement which Mr. English had given him, a subscription was set on foot for M'Mahon by some gentlemen in the town of Tipperary, and with the sum obtained, about £20, M'Mahon departed for Dublin, where he volunteered in a regiment then on the eve of embarking for North America. Lord Rawdon, afterwards Earl Moira, was an officer in the same regiment, and he soon discovered M'Mahon's tact in

intrigue; and being always found ready on every occasion to promote the designs of his lordship with particular ladies, and especially with Mrs. Doyle, he was rewarded with an ensigncy, and subsequently he was appointed to the situation of deputy commissary. From the emoluments of this office he was enabled to purchase a lieutenancy and a company; and at the close of the American war, in 1783, M'Mahon returned to England and settled at Bath, where he was introduced by Captain Hazard to a lady, whom he subsequently married, and settled at Ham Common, near Richmond. By accident, a certain illustrious individual, in one of his rides from Bushy Park, saw Mrs. M'Mahon, and became deeply enamored of her; an acquaintance was formed, and the royal Duke was a frequent visitor at the cottage of M'Mahon; but it happened that, whenever the Duke called, some urgent business required the attendance of M'Mahon in town, where he spent his evenings at the Cocoa Tree with Mr. Butler Danvers, Colonel Matthew, brother to Earl Landaff, and other gentlemen. By the interest of the Duke, M'Mahon was promoted to the brevet rank of major and lieutenant colonel; and subsequently, by the joint influence of His Royal Highness and Lord Moira, he was introduced to Carlton House, where, in a short time, he raised himself to be the companion and confidant of the heir apparent to the throne.

We shall have again to refer to the actions of this man in some of the dark intrigues in which he was engaged on behalf of his royal master; but we have, in the foregoing sketch, exhibited an extraordinary picture of the mutability of human affairs in the life of an individual commencing in the most abject poverty and closing in affluence and rank. On his entering Carlton House, his income as a halfpay officer was only £60 per annum, to which was added an annuity of £60 by right of his wife; but he began to improve his finances, first, by disposing of tickets at fifteen shillings

and a pound each for viewing the interior of Carlton House; and, secondly, by procuring situations and titles, which were paid for according to the emolument to be received. In one instance, a gentleman applied to him to obtain a peerage for him, and £5,000 was offered. The offer was rejected, the sum was then doubled, and the peerage was obtained. When Lady M'Mahon was on her death bed she bade Sir John open a particular drawer, and in it he found, to his great astonishment, £14,000 in Bank of England notes, obtained entirely by the exercise of her influence over some of the branches of the royal family, in the obtaining of commissions, and other appointments under Government. In one instance, Robert Donkin, who was a lieutenant in the Supplementary Militia, gave Mrs. M'Mahon £120 for an ensigncy in the line. He was killed at the battle of Maida.

These appointments, made through the influence of Lady M'Mahon, although less notorious, were equally culpable as the infamous transactions of Mrs. Clarke* in her promiscuous sale of army commissions.

John M'Mahon was the principal agent in procuring Mrs. Jordan from Mr. Ford for the Duke of Clarence.

It may be added that the whole family of the M'Mahons have been ennobled by the influence which Sir John M'Mahon possessed with the Prince Regent. He succeeded in having his brother William made a serjeant of law in Ireland, and afterwards Master of the Rolls, to which a baronetcy was attached. His brother, Thomas, a captain in the army, was, by the same interest, made aide-de-camp to the Prince Regent, and raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. As Sir John M'Mahon knew he would not have any children, he succeeded, when a baronetcy was conferred

* Mistress of the Duke of York. A complete history, with details never before published, of her connection with the Duke of York will be given in our work.

upon him, for his *great and signal services*, in having the title to descend, at his decease, to his brother Thomas.

From the private history of this prurient and parasitical courtier, we proceed to subjects of greater interest, and which possess a most decided influence on the general welfare of the country. The marriage of the Prince of Wales was soon followed by another of the male branches of the royal family, which, as connected with the succession to the crown, and bearing peculiarly upon the character not only of George III but of the illustrious subject of these memoirs, demands from us peculiar notice. We allude to the marriage of the Duke of Sussex with Lady Augusta Murray, the daughter of Lord Dunmore, at that time Governor of the Bahama Islands. It is not the least curious part in the history of the royal family of England, and especially of the Brunswick line, that almost all the members of it have been inclined to select their wives from amongst the commoners, on the fair and just principle that an English prince should have an English wife. It assuredly was the baneful, narrow, and immoral policy of contracting *state* marriages which first warped, and ultimately shattered, the mind of George III. The father of that monarch, had he been left to follow his own free will, would have married a granddaughter of the great Duke of Marlborough, and his son George III was deeply enamored of Lady Sarah Lennox. State policy, wielded by an ambitious and haughty mother, interfered, and snapped asunder and uprooted that honorable attachment; and, seeking in the petty courts of Germany for a consort, gave that first great shock to his feelings which led to deep and irreparable evils, not merely to the King but to the nation; for, during various periods of longer and more frequent aberrations than his people knew of, the monarchical functions were exercised solely by his ministers, in concert with a Queen, among whose virtues the rights of the people were not numbered.

An honorable, although a mistaken, feeling of public duty had led George III to relinquish his intention of marrying Lady Sarah Lennox, and acknowledging her as his Queen consort; and the same principle led him to wish to control and guide his brother's choice; and what was the result? The deepest immorality, continued violations of the laws of hospitality, the seductions of the wives and daughters of the first of the English nobility; and it also led to the commission of *felony*, as well as to innumerable acts of *adultery*.

We may be considered as retrograding too far in entering on the amours of George III, for, to a casual observer, they may be supposed to have little or no reference to the immediate subject of these memoirs; but they will be found to be the foundation of those arbitrary and restrictive measures, which, in the subsequent marriages of the members of the royal family, and particularly in that of the Prince of Wales, were fraught with so much misery and danger to the vital interests of the country. Still there is something strongly paradoxical in the character of George III, who, being himself thwarted in his first and sincerest attachment, might be supposed to possess some sympathy with the other branches of his family, who, emancipating themselves from the trammels of state policy, bestowed their affections on the daughters of our nobility, and even on commoners, but which they were constrained to smother, to make way for a spurious and bastard love for some ugly, stunted member of a German Principality.

If we regard the Marriage Act as operating on the children of George III, in how terrible and awful a situation did that *policy* place the successor to the throne! What a dreadful train of variegated misery did it entail upon his beloved niece, the daughter of his eldest sister, whom he selected as a bride for his eldest son! The horrid and vile anomaly in British jurisprudence, the Bill

of Pains and Penalties, was its offspring, the effects of which no human eye can foresee, no human tongue can tell.

The Duke of Sussex, by the operation of the Marriage Act, was obliged to live single. The union between him and Lady Augusta Murray took place at Rome, and, on her becoming pregnant, they returned to England, and a second marriage took place in December, 1793, in the Church of St. George, Hanover Square, according to the ceremonies of the Church of England.

The empty cry of the expediency of preserving the succession to the crown pure and unsullied was now set up, and George III—he whose heart was still aching for the object of his first love—instituted a suit in the Arches Court of Canterbury to annul the marriage of the Duke of Sussex; and it was declared by that Court that not only the marriage in England was null and void, but the one which had been contracted in Italy was also illegal and invalid.

It is high time in England to abolish the Marriage Act, by which so much crime and misery have been engendered in her royal family, and by which the first and noblest of British women can attain no higher connection with that family than to become a concubine to a British Prince!

It is the sickening pride of the pauper princes of Germany which has entailed so heavy a calamity on this country as the Marriage Act. In the case of the Prince of Wales, who actually came to the altar as a married man, and who, as such, forswore himself in the presence of his Creator, generations yet unborn may have reason to rue the day when that inauspicious union was consummated. It brought the country, at one time, to the verge of actual rebellion—private and public tranquillity was destroyed—the fame of England, which stood the brightest and the fairest in the estimation of foreign nations, was shorn of its

splendor; and the remains of the last and, it may be said, the most ill-fated of England's queens was huddled out of the country amidst the din of arms and cries of vengeance on the heads of her murderers.

It may not be unworthy of remark that the objections to the marriages of our royal family with any of the branches of our nobility has universally risen from the queen consorts. In the case of Frederick, Prince of Wales, Horace Walpole asserts, in his "Reminiscences," that the day was actually fixed for his secret marriage with Lady Diana Spencer, at the lodge belonging to the Duchess of Marlborough, in Windsor Great Park; and Sir Levett Hanson, so late as 1808, affirmed that he was assured by a gentleman who belonged to the Prince's household that Frederick, Prince of Wales, used often to tell Prince George that, as he was an English boy, he should, if he pleased, have an English wife; observing that, by continually intermarrying with German women, the royal family would continue for ever germanized and distinct from the nation they governed. When it was urged by his courtiers that such marriages might prove prejudicial to the state, by conferring too great an ascendancy upon particular families, and thereby create jealousies and ill blood, he would reply, in a jocular way, by saying he should have girls and boys enough to connect the crown by blood with so *many* families that no such danger could arise; and he would never force his sons or daughters to marry; adding, if they should like the Germans best, let them take their choice; but I would rather that they should all marry into English families, and then their descendants would be of British blood as well as Britons born. His consort, however, having been reared in a petty German Court, where the *people* and the *cattle* were held in about equal estimation, and expected silently and submissively to yield to every mandate, heard with surprise and indignation these alarming doctrines,

and energetically affirmed that, if she had power to prevent it, never should a child of hers marry into an English family.* The sentiments expressed by the father, at a later period of his life, sunk deep into the mind of his son George, and when, in 1756, his grandfather thought of marrying him to a princess of Brunswick, he expressed to his mother his strong aversion to the marriage, who, having other views, supported her son's determination without saying *why*, and there ended the incipient project.

If we look to George III, before he had attained the age of twenty-one he had secretly made up his mind to adopt his father's maxims, and select an English woman to share, as his consort, the English throne. His affections, as it is well known, settled upon Lady Sarah Lennox. The enamored youth was not slow in finding means to let the noble young damsel know of the pure and ardent affection his heart cherished towards her; and, if she deigned to listen to his suit, it was his intention, if he lived to ascend the throne, that she should share it with him. With a frankness of heart which reflects honor upon her memory, the amiable girl freely acknowledged that, had the rank of her lover been as far below hers as it was above, she could have met his advances without doing violence to her feelings; but, as the case stood, after having gratefully and humbly thanked the Prince for the proud distinction he had bestowed, and wishing him every happiness, she dared not act otherwise than decline his flattering offer.

Having fully made up his mind on the subject, this

* George III paid the Prince of Hesse Cassel a sum equal to seventy million dollars of our currency for the Hessians he hired of that Prince to help put down Brother Jonathan a century ago. In this negotiation the Hessians were notoriously treated as cattle. The Palace of Wilhelmshone recently made famous as the prison of Napoleon III, was constructed with a portion of the money. American travellers, in viewing this magnificent pile, may regard it with additional interest when they remember this fact.—
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graceful denial only fanned the intense passion he felt, and which, perhaps, he did not wish to control; and so powerful were its effects that it wrought a sudden and marked change in his pursuits. His dogs, his horses, his field sports were for a time wholly neglected, till upon the reiterated assurances of the resolution he had long formed of marrying a British lady, and that he would rather relinquish the throne than his hope of obtaining her for his bride, she cancelled the negative previously given, and they interchanged vows of love and constancy. Thus when his mind was released from the racking anguish of suspense, and he was received as a favored lover, the youthful Prince resumed his former sports, though with diminished ardor, for the fair Lennox revelled in his virtuous bosom the queen of his soul—the sole object of his youthful love.

Sir Levett Hanson speaks of these interesting Court anecdotes as sober facts, and he smiled at the idea that the reigning family could have been disgraced by the heir apparent marrying the daughter of an English peer; whilst in the most full and positive terms he affirmed that the Duke of Richmond, her father, had no knowledge of nor participation in this amour; stating that a cousin of her mother's was governess to Lady Sarah, and also her confidant; and that her conduct was marked by the strictest propriety and decorum in every stage of the transaction, when her hopes were lifted high, and an imperial crown seemed impending over her head, and when, by a cruel reverse, the flattering prospect suddenly vanished, and love was made an offering to state policy.

Beset on every side with interested observers, it must have been a matter of great difficulty for the Prince to have carried on this intercourse undiscovered; yet this was accomplished through the medium of his brother Edward, and the lovers frequently met at the country seat of a lady of rank, which stood in the track of the Prince's rustic

excursions. During these stolen interviews, which could not last long, the lover acquainted his intended bride that he neither had nor should consult any of his courtiers; but, deferring the marriage until he had ascended the throne, he would plead his father's promise, claim his natural right to select his partner for life, and throw himself upon the generosity of his people for support and approbation.*

We may be considered as digressing from the avowed subject of these memoirs in thus entering into the particulars of the amour of George III; but, in the first place, they are not generally known, and, in the second, they serve to complete the odious picture of the impolicy of state marriages, and the baneful consequences which result from them to the general interests of the country. The marriage of the Prince of Wales with Caroline of Brunswick may be regarded as the apex of this unnatural system; and the exposition of the evils with which such marriages are accompanied may sooner or later be the means of attracting the notice of the Legislature, and the result may be the abolition of an act which now stands as a disgrace in the archives of one of the most liberal and enlightened nations of the world.

The chief household spy of the Princess Dowager of Wales was Mr. Creset, who was also her private secretary; and he was the person who, suspecting Prince George's visits to the Countess of —— were connected with some intrigue, had the credit of having discovered the amatory intercourse and correspondence which, before he reflected how much better a hand of that discovery he might have made by

* Connected with this amour of his father for Lady Sarah Lennox is a witticism of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who, on being informed that his father, whilst perambulating one of his farms in the vicinity of Windsor Great Park, had been pursued by one of the oxen which were grazing the fields, "I am sorry for it," said the Prince, "but it is not the first time that my father has been in danger from a *Lean ox*."

concealing it from all except the lovers, he babbled out to his inquisitive mistress. The Princess Dowager was affected by this discovery no less powerfully than if she had been apprised of the sudden death of her eldest son. She had been for some time suspicious that the Prince was deeply engaged in an amour, but her pride repelled the idea that he had already plighted his faith to raise an English lady to be the partner of his throne. Rage, indignation, scorn, dismay, each by turns assailed her agitated bosom, yet her usual caution did not forsake her; and though constrained forbearance cost her a severe pang, the Princess despatched Creset to summon the Earl of Bute to her presence before she ventured upon any attempt to avert a blow alike fatal to all her ambitious projects, and intolerably humiliating to her haughty mind.

Lord Bute was scarcely less surprised than the Princess, nor less alarmed. He saw all the dangers which surrounded them, and taught the mother, bursting with passion, the necessity of subduing her feelings, and having recourse to *sap* and *mine* to effect that purpose for which he expressed his fullest confidence that all angry remonstrance would utterly fail. Convinced by his reasoning, and from habit submissive to opinions so gracefully and eloquently expressed, the Princess yielded to his better counsels, nothing doubting his fidelity or discretion; and thus, whilst the youthful lovers, lulled in a false security, enjoyed their present happiness, and confidently looked forward to a prosperous issue to their virtuous wishes, silently but rapidly were the elements of that storm accumulating which was destined to sever their fond hearts, and annihilate every enraptured vision of future bliss in which they were indulging.

Never at loss for expedients to bring about any greatly desired end, the Earl of Bute called into action a few selected noblemen and ladies upon whose prudence he

could rely, to whom, partially and cautiously, he explained the uneasiness of the Princess Dowager, on account of her eldest son's devotion to Lady Sarah Lennox, and her maternal fears lest the amour should end in the dishonor of the young damsel; not once alluding to the Prince having pledged his faith to the fair object of his love, and destined her to be his consort, from the fear that it should counteract their own projects, and raise up auxiliaries for the lovers where she hoped to create enemies.

It may be necessary to carry in remembrance the leading points of this amour, in order to properly understand the import of many passages in the dialogue between the Prince of Wales and his illustrious father, inserted in a subsequent part of this work, and which has been obtained by the kindness of a gentleman who was at the time secretary to the Earl of Moira, who was himself present at the royal interview.

To the credit of the Prince and his beloved, so great had been their discretion and self-command, that no one, except the few already alluded to, had the least idea of their amour. At the instigation of the Earl of Bute, the Duke of Richmond was suddenly visited by a succession of noble guests, whose presence occupied too much of Lady Sarah's time to permit of her meeting her royal lover as usual. The intercourse was, in consequence, epistolary; and, as neither of them had the smallest mistrust that their secret passion was known to the Princess, they consoled each other in the pleasing illusion that the time for secrecy and constraint would shortly terminate. But when visit after visit was proposed, and Lady Sarah found herself insensibly, as it were, removed farther and farther from her lover, dark fears unbidden obtruded on her mind; and although she could not perceive any visible traces of remote agency or secret management, yet the result of the different domestic movements alarmed her fears, and suggested danger,

without affording any clue to its source, or any means of prevention.

During this period the lovers were almost wholly debarred from correspondence; and the Prince was remarkably dejected, neglected his favorite animals, and his rural sports, and sought out solitude, wherein perhaps to give greater scope to his perturbed feelings unobserved.

Sir Levett Hanson stated that neither the Princess nor Lord Bute thought it advisable to intercept the letters which passed between the lovers. "It was not," said he, "any sentiment of delicacy by which they were deterred, but the dread of irreparably offending the noble minded youth, and hurrying him to the consummation of the marriage they wrought so earnestly to avert." Such was the state of affairs when the death of George II took place; soon after which event, various of his ministers and councillors strongly urged the young monarch to take a consort; but neither his mother nor the Earl of Bute were foremost to recommend this measure. Finding himself thus pressed, the King mentioned his father's promise to Lord Bute, and asked him if he conceived any serious injury was likely to accrue to the state if he were to act as his parent had advised, and take an English lady for his bride. The dissembler appeared as if suddenly overwhelmed by the deepest grief and surprise. After a solemn pause, he told his sovereign, except a recantation of his faith, he could not call to mind any act so full of disastrous consequences as that to which he had alluded. Impatient of further dissimulation, the King communicated to the Earl the deep affection he cherished towards Lady Sarah Lennox, the solemn engagement into which he had entered, and his fixed determination to exercise that natural right which the meanest of his subjects possessed, and select his wife himself.

The cautious politician saw clearly that everything might be lost by illtimed opposition; and, finding that,

piqued by the long continued silence of Lady Sarah, the King had not taken any decisive step since the death of the old King, all he ventured to ask of the young monarch was, to pause a given time before he committed himself irrevocably; protesting with many well dissembled tokens of affectionate zeal, that if, at the end of that period, His Majesty's will should remain the same, that he should use all his interest to soothe the public mind, and prepare his mother for a stroke which he pretended might break her heart. This was touching a chord that vibrated through every nerve; the young Prince turned pale, and said: "It is a sad alternative in which I am placed; the crown is not worth the sacrifice I am called upon to make. You say my mother's heart will break if I marry Lady Lennox; and so intensely do I love that lady, sir, that I fear my mind would not be able to bear up against the shock of the disappointment. My mother's aversion is not rational, and I do not perceive that she ought to require the sacrifice at my hands." As he spoke, his voice faltered, and tears trickled down his cheeks. At last, the distressed lover gave his word as required, and, during that interval, the pathetic intreaties and admonitions of the Princess Dowager, powerfully backed by the sedate and dignified expostulations of Lord Bute, developing, according to old state maxims, the necessity there was, if he aimed at the conscientious discharge of his public duty, as a wise and virtuous monarch, to sacrifice his passions to the safety of his empire, induced him to waver; and then his mother and his private monitor made such forcible appeals to his pride and generosity, that the young Prince, agreeing to be guided by their counsels, gave them his word of honor that, whatever it might cost him, he would make the sacrifice required. He kept that word, although his heart was wrung with anguish. He passed, as it was said, a week in solitude, striving to master his feelings and

yield up his love. The letter he wrote to Lady Sarah Lennox was represented by Sir Levett Hanson as teeming with the finest touches of passion. He candidly stated all that had occurred, and assured her that no considerations whatever had the least influence upon his decision except his sense of public duty, and his moral conviction that, however painful the sacrifice demanded, it would be dishonorable in him to hesitate. In the interval, Lady Sarah's confidential friend, a maternal relation to Sir Levett, either by design or chance, obtained possession of the letter written by Lord Bute, the contents of which, though guardedly composed, and the meaning obscurely expressed, gave the innocent victim of his machinations a full comprehension of the whole scheme. The shock was great, but a greater yet remained. This was the affecting letter alluded to, written by the King, and sent to her by a gentleman of his Court, on whose honor and delicacy he relied. Although the blow was tempered by all that was tender and affectionate in language, and noble in sentiment, and offered a brother's love, where her fondest wishes yet combined with her undoubted claims, it still fell dreadfully heavy. The health of the amiable girl sunk under the pressure, but time and reflection had their usual influence; and after a few month's seclusion, Lady Sarah Lennox was able, not only to forgive the King, but even to assist at his marriage with another; not so regarding Lord Bute and the Princess Dowager, towards whom she felt the most intense hatred. The impression produced on the mind of the King was answerable to the greatness of the love he had cherished towards her, and gave new poignancy to his sorrows.

Infinitely to the credit of Lady Lennox, although she had detected the secret agency of Lord Bute and the Princess Dowager, she concealed her knowledge of their delinquency, that she might not wound the bosom of her royal

lover, whom she resigned in a manner becoming a woman worthy to have been his bride. After the death of the Princess Dowager of Wales, the veil was withdrawn, and the whole of the secret machinery exposed by which the projected marriage had been prevented.

Such was the account given by Sir Levett Hanson of the deep rooted attachment of the King; to the disappointment of which passion he attributed, not only the partial flashes of disordered intellect, which, in less than a year after his marriage, are said to have been perceptible to the Queen and his nearest attendants, but also that profound piety and unfeigned reliance on the consolations of religion by which he was henceforth so eminently distinguished.

We are now about to enter upon the recital of one of the most extraordinary transactions which marked the present era, and the whole of which had its foundation in the pecuniary embarrassments of the Prince of Wales and Lord Moira. It forms one of the most striking incidents in the life of this unprincipled man, that during the time when he was Regent of the country, a naval officer, who was an ornament to his country and to his profession, was prosecuted and punished for the commission of an act of which the Prince himself, though not overtly, and one of his ministers, had actually been guilty, for the express purpose of providing for those exigencies which the extravagance and profusion of a Court had caused. At the time of its occurrence various versions were given of the transaction, according to the political bias or the prejudices of the individuals, but the materials have been furnished to us exclusively, by which we are enabled to clear up the mystery in which it has hitherto been enveloped, and to represent the affair in its genuine colors, without regard to the noble individuals whom it may impeach, or the stain which it may leave upon their character.* In writing this "private life,"

* Huish's Memoirs, George IV, vol. 1, page 422.

we have avoided all political matter as far as was possible; but in order, however, to render it a connected narrative, and for the better understanding of the transaction we are about to relate, it will be necessary to take a view of the British ministry as it stood in the year 1806, although the circumstances originally took place about the period of which we are now writing, in the year 1796, and were in operation as long as Lord Moira remained in office.

The accession of Mr. Fox to power, in the year 1806, after so long an interval of ministerial duties, brought on a coalition of interests between him and many members of the then recent Administration, of which, previous to his death, Mr. Pitt was the head. Lord Grenville became First Lord of the Treasury; Lord Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty; Earl Moira, Master General of the Ordnance; and Mr. Fox, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The first act of the new Administration was to open a negotiation with France, the present ambassador now in England, Talleyrand, enjoying the same station under Napoleon Bonaparte as Mr. Fox in England. Lord Lauderdale, who had always adhered to the Whigs, and manifested what would be now called ultra liberal principles, was sent to Paris as a plenipotentiary on behalf of England, and continued to conduct a vacillating negotiation until it terminated in complete failure.

During the progress of this negotiation, the fluctuation in the funds indicated that some parties were concerned in the operations, who must have had access to sources of information of an exclusive nature; and at last the indiscretion of these parties proceeded so far as to whisper the name of Lord Moira, a Cabinet minister, as the party on whose authority these transactions rested. A well known banker at the west end of the town and some members of the Stock Exchange, and Messrs. Walsh and Nesbitt, with a noted banker in Lombard street, were pretended to be, and actu-

ally were, in communication with St. James' place, directly or indirectly, where Lord Moira resided. It was also generally asserted that the Prince of Wales, who had previously contracted the most serious obligations to Lord Moira, was indirectly cognizant of the speculations, and gave them his sanction, as a source to enable Lord Moira to provide for the exigencies for which they were naturally bound to provide. It was also found, on referring to the several stages of the negotiation, and comparing the several documents laid before Parliament, that the changes and fluctuations in the prices of the funds, for a rise or a fall, corresponded with the date of good or ill news, as traceable in the Government despatches.

For a long time, however, previous to this period, that is about the year 1796, the connection of Lord Moira with the pecuniary distresses of the Prince was publicly known, the attempts of his lordship to raise money on his own private security, and that of his agents, for the accommodation of the Prince; wherever a channel presented itself by which an instantaneous supply could be obtained, it was immediately taken advantage of, no matter how high or exorbitant were the terms which were asked. For a long time the fact was well known that the credit of Carlton House was reduced to the lowest ebb, and that Lord Moira's paper was at such a ruinous discount as must have exhausted and absorbed the revenues of an empire. If *two hundred pounds* could be obtained upon a bill of *one thousand*, and the remainder in a mass of useless lumber, which was again disposed of at a loss of three or four hundred per cent. (this beats Wall street shaving all to pieces,) it was greedily snapped at; and, in many instances, the bills coming due, were renewed at a similarly ruinous rate. However, the favor of the Prince, the hopes of his succession to power, the urbanity of the noble lord himself, and the facile nature of his temper, formed a combination

around him of the ambitious and the selfish, and all the parasites who administer to the wants and cravings of an inordinate Court, for the purpose of supporting his pecuniary views, especially as they were well aware that, although the sums required were ostensibly for the use of Lord Moira, yet that they were in reality destined to relieve the Prince of Wales from the pressing embarrassments which every day thickened upon him. Thus, on one occasion, Walsh and Nesbitt advanced Lord Moira £5,000, and bankers and speculators of all descriptions pawned their credit to preserve and supply the influence and wants of a Court, which subsisted by no other means than what such persons could raise at an extravagant interest, and which ended in the ruin of many of them, and in one instance of the most deliberate suicide. The latter was the case with the Reverend George Henry Glass, a man of voluptuous habits, of considerable talents and address, and one of the *chaplains* of the Prince of Wales. He was rector of Hanwell in Middlesex, and, setting aside his clerical character, a fitter person, perhaps, could not have been selected to carry on the pecuniary negotiations of the Prince and his coequal, Lord Moira, in extravagance and thoughtlessness. Mr. Glass became one of the most responsible agents of Lord Moira in the city; through him new channels of accommodation were opened, a variety of speculations were entered into, some of which succeeded, and enabled the besieged party in Carton House to hold out against the attacks of the infuriated creditors, by paying a small portion of their demands, with positive promises that ere long the whole should be liquidated.

It was the sagacity of Mr. Charles (to whom we acknowledge our obligations for the particulars of these transactions, which have never before been presented to the public eye,) or rather his attachment to Mr. Fox, that exposed and overthrew all that might have been antici-

pated from some of the intrigues which were then carrying on, in which principle and honor had no share, and which went to undermine the credit and respectability of the first commercial establishment in the world.

Mr. Charles was at that time a clerk in the Bank, and the principal in a considerable mercantile establishment in the Old Jewry. He had for a long time observed the operations which were carrying on in the funds, and he communicated to several of his private friends his opinion of those transactions. The parties known to belong to the junta of Carlton House were regarded as the barometer of the value of the funds; and so correct in general was their information of those events which might occasion a rise or fall, that a suspicion was entertained that such information could only be acquired from one in the immediate confidence of Government, and their motions were subsequently narrowly watched by all those speculators who deal in time bargains, and who are always on the alert to take advantage of any fluctuation in the public securities. Thus, when the persons in immediate communication with Lord Moira found themselves baffled by the adverse progress of the negotiations at Paris, they endeavored to support their falling credit with the name of that nobleman. The fact of the speculation in the funds was reiterated by Mr. M——, the banker in Lombard street; and, at last, it became so public, that the Whig party of the Administration was openly charged by the press as betraying the secrets of Government for corrupt and personal advantages. The known attachment of Mr. Charles to Mr. Fox's principles no longer permitted him to conceal his disgust, and a private communication was made to that minister, at the moment when the disorders of his Constitution began to prognosticate that disease, which shortly after consigned him, with an imperishable name, to the records of a nation's veneration.

In consequence of the critical situation of Mr. Fox, Sir Francis Vincent, his private secretary, transferred the letter which Mr. Charles had written to Mr. Fox into the hands of Lord Grenville, who, on the receipt of it, sent for Mr. Charles to Downing street, where an interview took place in the presence of Lord Spencer. At this meeting, Mr. Charles—by the advice of Mr. Const, since Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for Middlesex—declined to communicate in the presence of a third person, when he was assured by Lord Grenville that Earl Spencer was only called upon to be present, so that Lord Moira might be satisfied with the proceedings which might take place during the meeting; but the *fiat justitia* wanted the *ruat in cælum*, and Mr. Charles was brought to trial, on the joint affidavit of the two noble lords, for a gross and unwarrantable libel.

If any event could prove the divided state of the Cabinet, and the intrigues of the Tories connected with or employed by the Administration, this case would settle the dispute; for, as to the incident in itself, obscure as the individual concerned in the charge may be, and slight as the imputation upon Lord Moira may be, to whom a guilty participation in the alleged transaction was never imputed, yet the charge, in the hands of the Tory portion of the Administration, was vituperated by the then organ of Government, the *Times* newspaper; the conversation which took place in private in part disclosed, and the contents of the letter itself published, though held by the two ministers present, Lords Grenville and Spencer, as, without prejudice, a confidential communication between the individuals named. Lord Moira, of course, had no alternative but to proceed with the prosecution, or lose his seat in the Cabinet.

No doubt can exist of the motives which influenced these disclosures, after the understanding between Mr.

Charles and the noble lords alluded to ; and, in fact, Lord Grenville, during the several interviews which took place on the subject, made a great parade of his impartiality, and of his reluctance to proceed against the writer of the letter, who, in his turn, made the most frank communication of all he knew of the affair, without concealing the slightest circumstance which could fix the blame on the proper shoulders, rather desiring the acquittal of Lord Moira than his condemnation. Mr. Charles was, however, advised to defend the action by those who knew the accuracy of his information, and for some time he considered that no further notice would be taken of it in a legal sense. He was, however, ultimately indicted for the libel ; and the law officers of the crown, Sir Vicary Gibbs and Sir William Garrow, then Attorney and Solicitor General, conducted the prosecution, *ex-officio*, against him.

Nothing more strongly develops the nature of ministerial responsibility than this prosecution ; nothing exposes more fully the secret constructions of a cabinet not actually agreeable to the crown. For many years Mr. Fox had been a stranger to office. On the death, and, it is believed, on the recommendation of Mr. Pitt, he was called into power, and office was divided, so as to balance the opinions of men who could only conduct the business of the nation to any advantage by a cordial and zealous coöperation with each other. Such, however, were the difficulties felt on the first formation of this Administration that an expedient was hit upon which compromised the principles of Mr. Fox, by the introduction of Lord Ellenborough into that Cabinet as a legal arbitrator of political differences ; and it was by his direction that the prosecution against Mr. Charles was undertaken.

It appears, however, that a fresh light broke on a sudden on the minds of the projectors of this prosecution,

and it was strongly suspected that it came from "the rising sun," as some very well founded fears were entertained in that quarter that, in the course of the trial, certain matters might be disclosed which would not contribute to conciliate the affections of the English people, whose minds were already inflamed with reports of certain proceedings at Carlton House, in respect to the Princess of Wales and *other ladies* connected with that establishment; and, therefore, it was wisely considered the times were by no means auspicious for any public proceedings which had any reference to the affairs of the Prince, the public having twice paid his debts, and still found him in a state of comparative insolvency. A few days before the trial was to come on, the proceedings were arranged with Mr. Charles by Messrs. Lowden and Peyter, of Gray's Inn—judgment was suffered to go by default—and the whole affair was settled in court, on Mr. Charles entering into his own recognizance; the same having been previously adjusted at Sir William Garrow's, in the presence of Lord Moira, who then frankly confessed the dangerous conspiracy of professed friends, and complimented Mr. Charles on the honorable frankness which he had evinced through the whole of this delicate affair. "Certainly," said Sir William Garrow, "the conduct of Mr. Charles has been very rash; but the discoveries which you have made will operate to the renunciation of such agencies in future which have led your lordship into your present difficulties."

It is, however, melancholy to reflect that this advice was thrown away upon his lordship. A most extraordinary degree of infatuation appeared to have taken possession of his mind, and his unhappy attachment to the Prince only led him into further errors, as in the case of the Queen, from the public obloquy of which he was only rescued by the gift of the most splendid government belonging to the crown; but which, so far from liberating him from his

pecuniary embarrassments, contributed to augment them, which afterwards involved him with the Messrs. Palmers, suspended the usual pension at the India House, and sent him almost as an exile from his country to die at Malta, leaving a name, endeared to all the social virtues, to the malignity of his enemies, and which even the courage and generosity of friends could not reëstablish.

Perhaps there was no monarch to whom the Prince of Wales bore a stronger resemblance than to Louis XV of France. He had his *parc aux cerfs*, of which Madame Maintenon was the ranger, with a number of other inferior beauties, to gratify the passions of the amorous monarch. Our George IV was less a sensualist than a voluptuary, although his appetite for a variety of women was equally boundless and extravagant. In France it was the fashion of the courtiers to supply the royal harem with their own children, in order to vary the pleasures of the monarch. In England it had been the custom to ransack the abodes of indigent virtue for victims, or to corrupt the confidence of wedded life, to administer to the licentious pleasures of the King. In France the vices of the Court were disciplined by the craft of the priest and the hypocrisy of the devotee. In England the creatures of the Court toiled in their nefarious occupations, and boasted publicly of their success over the innocent, the gay, and the unsuspecting, whom they had hunted into their snares. These persons, composed of parasites, discarded mistresses, and candidates for Court favor, had their several rendezvous and disguises to fascinate, deceive, and allure the unwary. All the obligations of morality were relaxed or broken down by the example of the Court and the licentiousness of its followers; the throne was surrounded by courtesans and flatterers, and access denied to all without the sanction of the favorite concubine of the day.*

* Huish's Memoirs.

But the conduct of the Prince matured, unsatisfactorily, the power of the King, who adopted undisguisedly the political and moral principles of the worst sovereigns of the house of Capet. Thence seduction was conducted systematically by agents, both male and female, instructed and trained for the purpose, and of such various ranks and grades as might obtain for them an introduction to every family, high or low, public or private, where a beautiful victim presented herself, or where the sacred ties of matrimony could be broken, by estranging the wife from the affection of her husband, and leading her into scenes where her ruin was to be accomplished.

The following will show that the portrait which we have drawn of the vice and licentiousness of the Court of Carlton House is not too highly colored, and it must be a subject of deep regret to those who are acquainted with the powerful effect which example possesses over the morality of society in general, that the very highest personages in the realm should, in their conduct, have exhibited a depth of depravity unparalleled, perhaps, in any ancient or modern Court of Europe.

It was about this time that Miss Bolton became a public favorite, and, as usual with persons on the stage, she attracted the attention of some young men of fashion, nor was the Prince of Wales indifferent to that interesting *naivete* which was the peculiar characteristic of her acting. Miss Bolton was, however, too well guarded by her respectable mother, and too serious and circumspect in her own deportment, to run into the snare which was laid for her. The usual prelude to negotiations of this nature, such as presents of diamond necklaces, was punctually adhered to in this instance, but it failed of the desired effect; for every act that was committed, which appeared to have the slightest reference to the conquest of her virtue, was repulsed with an indignation which would have deterred the major-

ity of individuals from proceeding any further in the attempt, and have induced them to relinquish it as a hopeless task. Not so, however, the panderers of the Prince; with every rebuff, with every indication of the most determined spirit to repel all their attempts, their exertions appeared to increase, their plans were distinguished by deeper stratagem and artifice, their whole conduct more strongly marked by an apparent acquiescence to her will, at the same time that they were concocting their diabolical schemes, by which this amiable girl was to be numbered amongst those unfortunate victims who had already fallen a prey to the inordinate appetite of his passions. It would scarcely be deemed credible that the human mind could exhibit such an extraordinary degree of ingenuity in the devising of a scheme for the accomplishment of the ruin of female virtue as was displayed in this instance; and strong and firm, indeed, must have been that virtue which could have escaped uninjured through so severe an ordeal, in the progress of which libertinism assumed the mask of philanthropy and humanity, and treachery put on the garb of friendship and disinterestedness. Whatever part the male panderers of the Prince may have acted in this affair, it was no more than could be expected from the base servility of their characters, and their total disregard for every tie of morality and virtue; but that beings could be found, calling themselves women, and bearing the honorable title of wives and mothers, to aid and abet the infamous seducers in their designs, is a foul blot in human nature, and makes the heart sicken with hatred and disgust whenever their names are mentioned.

The theatrical talents of Miss Bolton, her graceful and elegant person, and, above all, the high character which she enjoyed of an unsullied reputation, so rare and difficult to obtain and maintain in the profession which Miss Bolton had adopted, acquired for her the estimation of many good

and worthy people, who watched over her with that affection and care which the preservation of her virtue demanded, and on which they knew the success of her future life depended. It required a dragon to watch the Hesperian fruit, but it was lulled to sleep and the fruit was gathered; and to that Providence which, in an unexpected moment, sends the wished for relief must be attributed the salvation of Miss Bolton from the ruin which awaited her.

Having obtained a temporary engagement from the manager of the Windsor Theatre, Miss Bolton repaired to that place, and amongst the many aspirants for her acquaintance was a Mrs. Hall, or rather the *chere amie* of Mr. Sykes, but then the reputed wife of Captain Paine. Miss Bolton was a total stranger to the character of Mrs. Hall, and seeing that she was visited and caressed by certain people of *haut ton*, Miss B. considered that no reflection could be cast upon her character by associating with her. Mrs. Hall was a woman whose intercourse with the world had enabled her to acquire that ease and freedom of manners which force their way so imperceptibly on the unsuspecting heart, and she soon acquired such an ascendancy over her young friend as could not fail to be dangerous when exercised by an intriguing woman. The circumstance of Mrs. Hall being the intimate acquaintance of Miss Bolton was soon made public, and the panderers of the Prince saw in that circumstance the consummation of all their designs. A private negotiation was entered into with Mrs. Hall, and everything presented an early prospect of success. In the meantime, this woman ingratiated herself deeper and deeper in the good opinion of Miss Bolton; and on the latter leaving Windsor to resume her professional duties in town, Mrs. Hall proposed to return with her, and it was finally agreed that she should take up her abode with the family, and on such terms as, at that time of day, would aid Miss Bolton's exemplary endeavors to maintain her family.

In order, however, to render this narrative perfectly intelligible, it will be necessary to remark that, in the acceptation of the world, Mrs. Hall was considered as Mrs. Paine, the wife of Captain Paine; but the name of Hall was that by which she was known as the *chere amie* of Mr. Sykes, and at a certain celebrated brothel which was then kept in Duke street, St. James'. This expensive establishment was once maintained by six ladies, all of a particular form and make, combining the *embonpoint* with extreme elegance of carriage, and the most perfect symmetry of shape. Of this nucleus of feminine beauty Mrs. Hall was by no means the least conspicuous member; and amongst the few select individuals who were admitted into this voluptuous harem was the gentleman to whom we are indebted for these interesting anecdotes, and who was fortunately the individual who first put Miss Bolton's family on their guard in respect to the character of their new associate.

Being on intimate terms with the Bolton family, this gentleman, on the arrival of Miss Bolton in Long Acre, proceeded to pay his respects to her, and on entering the drawing room, to his infinite astonishment, he was introduced to Mrs. Paine, in whom he immediately recognized the Mrs. Hall, of Duke street, and consequently a most improper inmate for the house of Mr. Bolton. He hesitated not a moment to caution that gentleman against his new acquaintance, as a dangerous companion for his daughter, especially as Mrs. Paine was soon visited by General F. Turner and Colonel M'Mahon, both persons intimately concerned in promoting the pleasures of Carlton House, and in procuring gratifications for their royal master. The intrigue continued to progress agreeably to the wishes of Mrs. Hall, when a trifling incident disturbed and finally crushed the attempt meditated against the virtue of Miss Bolton.

Among those which the good sense and virtue of this lady had attached to her was the late Dr. Blackborough,

and to whose protection she owed her introduction to many persons of worth and character in the fashionable world. It was fortunate that it was so, as Miss Bolton certainly owed her disentanglement to his advice and fortunate interposition on the following occasion. At this period, a noted milliner, of the name of Brace, resided in Pall Mall, whose house was the resort of the leading fashionables of the day, and many repaired to it for very different purposes than the adjustment of their dress. This house was so situated that it ran back into St. James' square, in which it formed at that time No. 10, but which, for very obvious reasons, has since been altered. At this house, in St. James' square, a person of the name of Watson was supposed to keep a faro table, and therefore the frequent egress and ingress of some of the highest noblemen of the country excited very little surprise; but the house was in reality a place of assignation—the lady entering by the house in Pall Mall, the gentleman by that in St. James' square.

Perhaps no woman was better qualified for the task she had undertaken than Mrs. Hall. The blandishment of her manners, her thorough acquaintance with the forms of society, her fashionable exterior, flexibility of mind, and consummate tact in applying those accomplishments to fascinate and secure her victim, who then can wonder at the infatuation which Miss Bolton manifested in her conduct with this woman? In the meantime the visits of M'Mahon became more frequent; presents succeeded presents, and she was now told of *the unalterable love* which the heir apparent to the Crown had imbibed for her. The Prince, was, it is true, a married man, but his separation from his wife had taken place, and, therefore, no act of matrimonial infidelity could be pleaded against him.

Miss Bolton was now about to appear at the theatre in a new character, and this occasion was seized upon to consummate her ruin; a most splendid dress was to be pro-

vided for her by her secret lover, such as had never before been seen on a British stage. The first step to accomplish the ruin of a female is to excite her vanity—it is the most successful instrument that can be used—and, in the present instance, was very near producing the wished for effect. The person employed to make this superb dress was Mrs. Brace, and an hour was appointed when she was to make her appearance to try it on. At this critical hour Dr. Blackborough was passing from St. James' square into Pall Mall, when he observed the Prince of Wales entering the house No. 10; but the circumstance made no deep impression on his mind until, turning the corner into Pall Mall, he observed Mrs. Hall and Miss Bolton (the latter ignorant that she was about to meet the man who was bent on her ruin) on the point of entering the house of Mrs. Brace. The danger of Miss Bolton was at once apparent to the worthy doctor, who knew the character of Mrs. Hall, and who was now able to account for the visit of the Prince of Wales to the house in St. James' square. He lost not a moment in accosting Miss Bolton—asked in a very unceremonious manner if she were acquainted with the character of her companion—and insisted upon conducting her back to her parents. In a moment Miss Bolton saw the gulf on the brink of which she was standing; with tears in her eyes she threw herself under the protection of Dr. Blackborough, who led her home, and she lived to be the virtuous spouse of Lord Thurlow.

“High events like these
Strike those that make them.”

Notwithstanding the corrupt state of society at this period, there were not wanting those who had the fortitude to protest against the unlimited debaucheries of this royal gallant, and there was more than one noble household where it was deemed no honor when the royal livery of the Prince was seen before its gates.

Chapter Nine.

THE jealousy and hatred of the British nation for Napoleon, after the peace of Amiens, were intensified by his propositions to prevent the appearance of publications in that country offensive to the First Consul. Having nearly all the continental press under his control, the attacks of English news writers excited in him the fiercest resentment, which, as soon as it was known, united the English Government in opposition. In both Houses of Parliament the spirit of indignation glowed with equal ardor. The most brilliant speech ever delivered by Sheridan was when he drew a picture of the relative situations of France and England at this period. "Look," said he, "at the map of Europe; there, where a great man (Mr. Burke) said he looked for France, and found nothing but a chasm. It was in our power to measure her territory, to reckon her population; but it was scarcely within the grasp of any man's mind to measure the ambition of Bonaparte. If, then, it were true, as he had stated, that his ambition was of that immeasurable nature, there were abundant and obvious reasons why it should be progressive—reasons much stronger than any which could have existed under the power of the Bourbons. They were ambitious; but it was not necessary for them to feed their subjects with the spoil and plunder of war. They had the attachment of a long established family applied to them; they had the effect and advantage of hereditary succession. But he saw, in the very situation and composition of the power of Bonaparte, a physical necessity for him to go on in this

barter with his subjects; and to promise to make them the masters of the world, if they would consent to be his slaves. If that were the case, must not his most anxious looks be directed to Great Britain? Everything else was petty and contemptible compared with it. Russia, if not in his power, was, at least, in his influence. Prussia was at his back—Italy was his vassal—Holland was in his grasp—Spain at his nod—Turkey in his toils—Portugal at his feet. When he saw this, could he hesitate in stating his feelings? still less could he hesitate in giving a vote that should put us upon our guard against the machinations and workings of such an ambition.”

The speeches of Sheridan and Lord Moira produced a powerful influence upon the people, and, when hostilities were actually renewed, the national spirit soared to a high pitch. An uprising took place, of which we can form an adequate idea by the recollection of Northern scenes in the Rebellion of 1861. Volunteer associations formed with incredible rapidity in all parts of the land, and persons of the highest rank did not hesitate to serve as privates. The junior members of the royal family held military commands of the highest importance; the Prince of Wales, as heretofore, had never been advanced beyond a Colonel of Dragoons. In this crisis he again petitioned for military rank commensurate with his position, setting forth his claims in a lengthened correspondence which passed between him and the King; but which terminated, as in a former instance, without his being called into service.

During the parliamentary session of 1803 the debts of the Prince again occupied the attention of Parliament; and, if the liabilities of this prodigal were not known to the world, it certainly could not have been from any lack of ventilation by that body.

In 1804, the topic which engaged the public attention was the quarrel between the Prince and his father respect-

ing the education of the Princess Charlotte; the Prince insisted that the mother was an improper companion for the daughter, and resolved that she should be confided to his sole management. The King, on the contrary, maintained that the Prince of Wales was an improper person to have the charge of his own child, and insisted upon the right of the mother. The Prince remonstrated with him, and pronounced the line which the King had taken to be an insult to him. The King, however, was firm, and became himself the guardian of the child.

On the subject of the Prince of Wales not being allowed the education of his own daughter, a writer of that day, in vindication of the Prince, says: "We should be glad to know by what legal process the Prince's daughter is to be taken from him. We do not mean to say that the nation has not such a superior interest in the royal family, particularly those who are immediately allied to the succession, that the care and education of them, as well as their marriages, may call for specific regulations. But positive law has done nothing to transfer the care and education of the children of the Prince of Wales to his father. No act of Parliament has done it, and surely we are not to be amused with second hand civil law from Bracton and Fleta. It is not easy to see good reasons for such transference, unless it be thought important to make a transfer, also, of filial duty and affection. Nothing but strong, particular reasons could possibly justify the taking of the Princess Charlotte from his care; for the very transference must be founded upon the supposition of error or misconduct in him, and with prejudices so excited, perhaps artfully encouraged, it might not be easy afterwards to reconcile the filial reverence, obedience, and duty of the child."

The Prince was certainly the last person who should have been intrusted with the education of his daughter. It is a trite maxim that example is better than precept, and cer-

tainly nothing yet has been delineated in the character of His Royal Highness, nor in that of his immediate associates, which could induce those persons to believe, who were most deeply interested in the education of the Princess Charlotte, that any example which could be set before her eyes, as emanating from the conduct of her father, could be productive of instilling into her mind any fixed notions of virtue and morality. It is certainly true that the Prince declared at a public dinner that his daughter should be educated in the political opinions of those who had been his earliest and most valued associates; but, in regard to private character, what could be expected from the example which would be daily exhibited to her under the roof of her father. Female prostitution on one side, and male libertinism on the other—on one hand she would have been obliged to associate with the Jerseys, the Hopes, and other women of that grade—with the very women who had lighted the flame of discord in the house of her father—and, on the other hand, with that father himself, who had expelled her mother from his house to wanton in the meretricious charms of sordid concubines. It may be alleged against these remarks that, if the education of the Princess Charlotte had been confided to her father, it does not follow that she would have been exposed to such contaminating influences, and that her exalted rank in life would have entitled her to a separate establishment, where it would not have been possible for her to have come into contact with such scenes of profligacy; and, further, it may be urged, that instances are by no means rare in human life, in which a profligate parent has educated his child in the strictest precepts of virtue and religion; but these objections, applicable as they may be in certain cases, have no force when considered in reference to the education of the Princess Charlotte. His natural affection for his daughter, which he manifested on every occasion but *one*; but that one was, of all others, that,

when it should have been the most unremittingly displayed, might have propelled him to have watched over her education with all the care and anxiety of the most virtuous parent; but it should be recollected that the Prince of Wales was not an independent agent; continually subject to the control and influence of some favorite concubine, or some fawning parasite, he was obliged to regulate his conduct according to their dictum; a dangerous interference might have been practised in the change of preceptors, and notions instilled into the mind of the Princess Charlotte, which, had it pleased Heaven to spare her to ascend the throne, might have struck at the root of the welfare and prosperity of the country. We, therefore, cannot but applaud the firmness which was displayed by old George III on this occasion, and the choice which he made of the preceptors of his granddaughter was an evident proof of his parental anxiety to instill into her mind the soundest principles of virtue, religion, and morality.

The following circumstance forms, however, a strong contrast with the foregoing, and which, in its leading features, is of so singular a nature, that no wonder need be excited at the extreme interest which it occasioned at the time, and the extraordinary construction which was put upon it by the scribblers and gossips of the day. We allude to the suit in Chancery respecting the guardianship of Miss Seymour, in which, although the Prince was only a collateral party, his feelings were supposed, notwithstanding, to be as nearly concerned as those of any other person. The question on which the Court was called to pronounce was, whether the infant daughter of the late Lord Hugh Seymour should remain under the guardianship of Mrs. Fitzherbert, to whose care she had been intrusted by her mother, Lady Horatia Seymour, almost from the hour of her birth, or be placed under the care of the same guardians as the other children of Lord Hugh and Lady Horatia?

It appeared from the affidavits exhibited in the Court of Chancery, during the progress of the suit, that both Lord Hugh and Lady Horatia Seymour wished their daughter to remain under the protection of Mrs. Fitzherbert; but as this was not legally provided for in the will of Lord Hugh, who was the survivor, it was contended by the guardians of his other children that it was improper to permit Miss Seymour to remain in the hands of a Roman Catholic, lest, while she continued under such guardianship, her religious principles should be subverted.

Some old statutes provide that no Protestant child shall be intrusted to the care of a Roman Catholic guardian, unless the Protestant relations next of kin shall thereunto consent; and these statutes, in the case of Miss Seymour, were attempted to be enforced. It was shown in evidence that Lady Horatia Seymour, one of the most virtuous and accomplished, as she was one of the most lovely women of her age, on her death had bequeathed her youngest daughter to the care of Mrs. Fitzherbert, who, on account of Lady Horatia's ill health, had had the rearing of the child from her infancy, and, with all the solemnity of a dying request, conjured the Prince to see that her last wishes were carried into effect.

It is not possible to conceive a scene more solemn and affecting than that which was proved on oath to have passed between the Prince and Lady Horatia Seymour a few hours before her decease. Worn out by that insatiable and unconquerable scourge of English beauty, a pulmonary consumption, her ladyship sent for His Royal Highness a few hours previously to her dissolution, and, in the most earnest and pressing terms, conjured him to watch over the future safety of her daughter, who was then, and had been almost from her birth, under the care of Mrs. Fitzherbert. The Prince, deeply affected with the scene, promised to comply with her ladyship's request, and, on the death of Lord Hugh

Seymour, took upon himself the whole charge of maintaining and educating the orphan, so that her own fortune, which was but narrow, might accumulate for her future benefit.

It ought to be mentioned that Lord Hugh Seymour, who was an admiral, and commanded a squadron at Jamaica, died in that station subsequent to Lady Horatia, but without receiving intelligence of her ladyship's death. By his will, he bequeathed the guardianship of his children to his lady, so that had Lady Horatia survived him but a single day, she might have left the guardianship of her daughter to whom she pleased, without anyone having a right to interfere.

It appeared clearly in evidence that the child had been placed under the protection of Mrs. Fitzherbert with the perfect concurrence and approbation of Lord Hugh Seymour, which concurrence and approbation, considering the very questionable relation in which that lady stood with the Prince, reflect no great credit upon the prudence and judgment of his lordship. It was also proved that his lordship had frequently expressed the utmost gratitude for the tenderness which Mrs. Fitzherbert had shown to his daughter; and there appeared no reason whatever to suppose that he would have changed the dispositions which his lady had made, respecting their child, on her death bed.

It appeared, further, that Miss Seymour was a child of an extremely delicate constitution, that she had been with great difficulty reared, and that, in all probability, her life would be endangered were she removed out of the hands of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and committed to the care of another person.

The only answer that was made to all this, and, indeed, the sole objection to Miss Seymour's remaining under the protection of Mrs. Fitzherbert, was that, that lady being a Roman Catholic, the religious principles of her Protestant ward might be endangered. In reply to this, Mrs. Fitzherbert put in an affidavit, denying that she was actuated

by any spirit of proselytism, or had any desire to convert her ward; on the contrary, that she was determined to educate her according to the religious principles of her noble parents. An affidavit of the Prince to the same effect was read in Court, and another of the Bishop of Winchester, who, by-the-by, appears at this time to have been the most complaisant of the whole mitred fraternity, in which his lordship deposed that he had examined Miss Seymour touching her religious instruction, and found that she had received regular lessons on the subject from a clergyman of the Church of England, and was as well and properly instructed in the fundamentals of the Protestant faith as it was possible for a young person of her age to be.

It was not, however, with the religious education of Miss Seymour that the gossiping part of the English people interested themselves; but some strange rumors got afloat as to the actual relationship of Miss Seymour to her alleged parents; and it was hinted that the young lady was more closely related to her guardian than the world knew of; indeed, the extraordinary exertions which were made to retain the guardianship afforded fresh materials for the support of that suspicion, involving, at the same time, the character of the Prince. It was positively stated that the Miss Seymour living under the protection of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and concerning whom the Prince so strongly interested himself, was not the actual child of Lord and Lady Horatia Seymour; but that, with the privity and concurrence of those individuals, the child was sent to Mrs. Fitzherbert as their own, whereas it was the real offspring of the illicit connection between that lady and the Prince. But the extraordinary exertions made to retain the child, which could not be exceeded by parental affection itself, gave coloring to the suspicions, and tended in no degree to abate the virulence with which the character of the Prince was at this time justly assailed.

Whoever has had the patience or the curiosity to peruse one half of the defamatory productions which were published against the Prince, from the year 1783 to the time almost of the Regency, will have run through a tolerable number of volumes, and may be able to form a competent judgment of the licentiousness of the press which existed at that period. Censure, as Swift justly observes, is the tax a man pays for being eminent.

A person who was convicted of a libel on the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York was sentenced by the Court to stand in the pillory opposite the Horse Guards. On the morning on which that part of the sentence was to be carried into execution, it happened that the Prince, perfectly unacquainted with the circumstance, rode past the spot where the pillory was erected, and was detained by the crowd some moments in sight of the offender. Such an occurrence as this, though purely accidental, might have been construed to the disadvantage of the Prince, as an illiberal triumph over an obscure fallen enemy; and, therefore, the next day the Prince sent one of his servants to the individual to apologize for the seeming indelicacy of his being present on the occasion, by showing that it was owing to mere accident.

When the Prince was between the age of thirty and forty, his mask was taken in plaster of Paris by Papiera, an Italian, from which, if we mistake not, the bust by Mr. Banks was modelled. The operation, even when executed by the most skilful, is not very agreeable, to say the least of it. Sometimes the plaster is apt to adhere to the skin; and, had such a circumstance occurred with this illustrious personage, the dilemma would have been of serious consequence perhaps to the operator. "How long, think you, will it require to produce the mask?" inquired the Prince. "Five minutes, Sir," was the response. "Well, then," said the Prince, "we shall see;" so, looking at his watch, he

showed the time to Papiera, laid it upon the table, and kindly added, "Do not hurry yourself, for I am not impatient, and I wish you to perform your task well." Papiera, to use his own words, observed, "So gracious and condescending was the manner of His Royal Highness that I went to my work without embarrassment, and completed it within the time." The Prince expressed his satisfaction at the skill with which it was performed, and entered into familiar chat with the plaster caster. "What is your height, Papiera?" asked His Royal Highness; "I think you are as near as may be to my stature." Papiera answered, "I believe your Royal Highness has the advantage." "Come," said the Prince, "let us measure;" when, placing him against the wall, he unsheathed a small sword, and with the point made the mark. "Now," said he, turning to Lord Moira, who was present, "mark my height; but do it fairly, my lord." The point was fixed, and Papiera proved himself, though a courtier, yet no flatterer, for the Prince had the advantage by half an inch. This courtesy of the Prince extended itself to the ingenious of all classes who had the least personal intercourse with him. Papiera, be it known, was of no higher rank in the arts than a manufacturer in plaster casts.

As a contrast to the above, we will insert another anecdote, which, although it happened at a remoter period of his life, will show that, even when he was a King, decked with all the trappings of royalty, he could take even a reproof without considering his dignity insulted.

Just previous to Mathews coming to America to fulfil his engagement at the old Park Theatre—and there are some old citizens of New York now living who remember him—he exhibited a selection from his popular entertainments by command of His Majesty—as the Prince had now become King George IV—at Carlton Palace. A select party of not more than six or eight persons were present, includ-

ing the Princess Augusta and the Marchioness of Conyng-ham. During the entertainment, with which His Majesty seemed much delighted, Mathews introduced his imitations of various performers on the British stage, and was proceeding with John Kemble, in the *Stranger*, when he was interrupted by the King, who, in the most affable manner, observed that his general imitations were excellent, and such as no one who had ever seen the characters could fail to recognize; but he thought the comedian's portrait of John Kemble somewhat too boisterous. "He is an old friend, and, I might add, a tutor of mine," observed His Majesty; "when I was Prince of Wales he often favored me with his company. I will give you an imitation of John Kemble," said the good humored monarch. "May I request your attention," said the King to his attendants, peers, and lords, who stood near the sofa on which he and the ladies were seated. Mathews was electrified. The lords of the bedchamber eyed each other with surprise. The King rose and prefaced his imitation by observing, "I once requested John Kemble to take a pinch of snuff with me, and for that purpose placed my box on the table before him, saying, 'Kemble, oblige (*obleege*) me by taking a pinch of snuff.' He took a pinch and then addressed me thus: (Here His Majesty assumed the peculiar carriage of Mr. Kemble.) 'I thank your Royal Highness for your snuff, but in future do extend your royal jaws a little wider, and say, OBLIGE.'" The anecdote was given with the most powerful similitude to the actor's voice and manner, and had an astonishing effect on the party present.

At times he would even be jocular on subjects of serious import, and, especially, on one which others could not, and dare not, mention without encountering one of those deep impressive frowns of displeasure which were so much his peculiar characteristic in his later years.

When the two Owyhee chiefs were introduced to him at

Carlton Palace, he was much amused with their conversation—through an interpreter—and he asked them a good many questions; among other things, the elder chief told him he had *six wives*, after which His Majesty good humoredly observed: “Notwithstanding which, you left your country! Well; I have but *one*, and I find that enough to manage.”

To return to the affair of Miss Seymour. As in the majority of cases, where prudence gets the better of the spirit of litigation, and knowing that publicity only tends to expose both parties to contempt, if not to odium, the affair of Miss Seymour was taken out of Court and referred to the arbitration of the head of Miss Seymour’s family, the Marquis of Hertford. Of the decision of that nobleman no particulars transpired; but it may be presumed that it was not unfavorable to the guardianship of Mrs. Fitzherbert, as Miss Seymour continued under the protection of that lady; but it was publicly remarked that submitting the case to the arbitration of the Marquis of Hertford was the same thing as submitting it to the Prince of Wales himself, as that nobleman was then beginning to bask in the beams of royal favor, from a cause which will be explained in its proper place.

In the early part of the year 1804, the Prince had an opportunity of evincing his sincere regard for one of his warmest and most confidential friends. On the death of Lord Elliot, the office of Receiver of the Duchy of Cornwall became vacant, and it was immediately bestowed by the Prince upon Mr. Sheridan, “as a trifling proof of that sincere friendship His Royal Highness had always professed and felt for him through a long series of years.” The Prince also added, in the same communication, the very cordial words, “I wish to God it was better worth your acceptance.”

Who is there that has turned over the pages of the history

of the female sex, and has not been wrapt in admiration at the many acts displayed of conjugal heroism, in which the female appears to soar above the sphere of her nature, and, in defiance of the most appalling dangers, becomes the victim to the force of her affection? Who is there that, whilst reverencing and almost adoring the character of a Lavalette, does not see that woman, notwithstanding the natural weakness of her sex, is able, under the influence of love, to accomplish a deed which sets at naught the boasted exploits of man, and places him, as it were, in the second rank of greatness and of virtue.

Perhaps few females are more richly deserving of the above encomium than the once celebrated Lady Massarene, the avowed favorite of the Prince, and who bestowed upon him all the force of her affection, to be treated, like the majority of his other favorites, with the most cruel neglect and indifference. The history of this celebrated woman is of a truly romantic character, and had she had the good fortune to have bestowed her *first love* on an object worthy of her, or who could have appreciated the value of her transcendent virtues, she would have shone in the world as one of the brightest luminaries in the galaxy of the female sex.

Beauty is, with the most apt similitude, and, we may say, with the most literal truth, called a flower, that fades and dies almost in the very moment of its maturity. Yet there is, we know, a kind of beauty which lives even to old age—a beauty that is not *in* the features, but which, if we may be allowed the expression, *shines through them*. Such was the beauty which shone *through* the features of Lady Massarene, even when the beauty that was *in* the features had given way to the ravages of age. As that beauty is not merely *corporeal*, it is not the object of mere *sense*, nor is it to be discovered but by persons of fine taste and refined sentiment. There are strokes

of sensibility, mere touches of delicacy, sense, and even virtue, which, like the master traits in a fine picture, are not to be discerned by vulgar eyes, which are captivated with vivid colors and gaudy decorations. There are emanations of the mind, which, like the vital spirit of heavenly fire, animate the form of beauty with a living soul. Without this, the most perfect symmetry in the bloom of youth is but a kneaded clod; and with this, the features, that time itself has defaced, have a spirit, a sensibility, an inexpressible charm, which those only do not admire who lack faculties to perceive.

It may be said that, of all the females who were captivated with the handsome person and fascinating manners of the Prince, there were few who remained until their death more sincerely attached to him than Lady Massarene. Of the precise manner in which His Royal Highness succeeded in his amour with Lady Massarene we have not been able to discover any authentic data; on her side, however, it was one of the warmest affection—on his a mere transient ebullition of passion—burning for a time with a Vesuvian ardor, and then sinking into coldness and inanity.

Lady Massarene was a native of France, and a daughter of the keeper of the prison in Paris, in which Lord Massarene had been confined for debt for several years. As persons of condition in France, under the old regime, were not ashamed of the office of jailer, nor were in consequence of their fulfilling that odious situation deprived of the association of the higher classes, no detriment accrued to the beautiful daughter of the jailer, in the extent of her education, nor of her intercourse with the more polished classes of society. Compassion is the nurse of Love. Lord Massarene, during his confinement, excited the compassion of the lovely girl; she gave him her love, worthless and vicious as he was, and they were married in the year 1786.

By some it has been said that it was the rank of Lord Massarene which the jailer's daughter coveted, for that to love him was impossible. To judge, however, by her subsequent actions, she must have been ruled by an almost enthusiastic attachment, or she never would have braved those dangers for him, which place her name in the same scroll with that of a Lavalette or a Matilda of Tuscany.

If the heart of Lord Massarene had not been as impervious to the feelings of gratitude as marble is to the rays of the sun, he must have discovered the inestimable value which he possessed in the heart of his wife, in her meritorious attempt to release him from prison, and which would have terminated successfully had not, just at the moment of its accomplishment, the flooring gave away, which she had undermined from a house contiguous to the prison, and which, being detected, she nearly escaped the forfeiture of her life.

This affair became soon known to the public through the proceedings instituted by the fiscal; and at such a moment, when the revolutionary spirit was on the eve of bursting forth, was enthusiastically applauded by the people, who, in 1792, on the memorable 14th of July, conducted her ladyship to the gates of the Bastille, where she animated the people with the most invincible courage, until the governor surrendered.

This was the first step to a still nobler action, which evinced one of the highest traits of conjugal affection, by making use of her popularity to release her husband, the gates of whose prison were forced, and Lord Massarene liberated at the hazard of her own life.

After such heroic actions Lady Massarene might have fairly anticipated the applause of her country and the gratitude of her husband; but the latter basely withdrew himself from France, without giving her the slightest intimation of his design, leaving her without any pecuniary

means, either to perish upon the theatre of her intrepidity, or to find her way to England in the best possible manner she was able. At last, on reaching England, she found that Lord Massarene had departed for Ireland, where her fame had already reached, and which was rewarded by the generous Irish with the utmost respect and distinction, although the noble lord himself scarcely acknowledged the connection, and treated his generous liberator with the greatest indifference.

On Lord Massarene leaving Ireland for England, his lady accompanied him; but he had not been long resident in this country before he was thrown into the King's Bench prison, where he would have been reduced to the most abject misery but for the generosity and humanity of his ill treated wife. Fortunately for Lord Massarene, a settlement which he made upon her of £500 a year, out of the wreck of his fortune, enabled her to support him in prison, even when the irregularity of the Irish agents threatened to involve her personally in distress and difficulties.

At the period of which we are now speaking, Lady Massarene possessed a finely formed person, brilliant eyes, and a countenance beaming with sensibility and expression. Of course she soon became an object of attraction to the voluptuous and the dissipated; but she was excessively reserved in granting her favors, for selfishness formed no part of her character, and she rejected all emolument and lucre where she could not give her heart. The Prince's jackals, being always on the alert, prowling in quest of their prey for the royal voluptuary, were not long in discovering the beauty of Lady Massarene, and the usual expedients were put in force to obtain possession of it. It was at Mrs. Howe's, in St. James' place, where the first negotiation took place for the transfer of Lady Massarene to the temporary affections of His Royal Highness; and as her ladyship had actually imbibed a strong affection for his person, the negotiation

was not of long duration. On his part, however, the attachment was capricious and transient; it was marked with all the fickleness and inconstancy which were so glaringly apparent in all his other amours, and he soon discarded Lady Massarene to make way for another whose chief recommendation was that of novelty, without, perhaps, possessing a single good quality to render the conquest desirable.

Lady Massarene, however, was a woman who deserved to be beloved; nor was it until she had obtained the most disgusting proofs of the gross and sensual appetites of Lord Massarene that she became enamored of the Prince, and even then her passion was regulated by an exterior deportment the most becoming, and habits of the greatest delicacy and propriety. Courage, constancy, and devotion were elementary parts of her character; in fact, her strong fidelity seemed doomed, in the two connections which she made in England, to be treated with neglect by the highest, while, in the person of her husband, she was disgraced by the lowest of mankind.

Of the general opinion which was entertained at this time of the character of the Prince, the following extracts from the celebrated letters of Neptune and Gracchus, addressed to His Royal Highness, will afford a striking evidence. Of the author of these letters, which, in their style and boldness of expression, bear a strong resemblance to the Letters of Junius, many rumors at the time were afloat; the most prevalent opinion, however, was that they were from the pen of Sir Philip Francis, to whom the Letters of Junius have also been ascribed. Their general tenor is vituperative of Mr. Fox; and to him is attributed all the political offences which the Prince committed, and especially the dissension which existed between him and his illustrious father:

“Your dishonorable intimacy with the most profligate characters in the kingdom has not only excited an alarm amongst all ranks of people at home,

but it has become the common table conversation of every *petit cabaret* in Europe, where you are censured more for your want of pride than your want of prudence; and while foreigners behold with scorn and astonishment the heir to the crown of Great Britain degrading himself below the level of even the meanest of his worthless companions, your fellow citizens lament, with the most affectionate concern, your obstinate attachment to men who have long since forfeited every pretension to the confidence of their country, and who have neither talents nor integrity equal to the employments which they audaciously demand.

“A momentary reflection would be sufficient to awaken you to a sense of your situation; but your associates, aware of the danger of leaving you to yourself, have artfully contrived to keep you in the vortex of dissipation, lest a lucid interval should restore you from the delirium of pleasure to the exercise of your understanding.

“In the black catalogue of their aggravated guilt, the infamy of playing off the son against the father is not the least criminal and injurious. It is perfectly consistent with their principles, and favorable to their designs, to render the *former* a dupe to their artifices, and the *latter* a cipher in his dominions; but, as millions are involved in your fate, it is impossible but the clamors of the multitude must force their way through the sturdy and beggarly phalanx with which you have guarded Carlton House, and compel you to acknowledge a truth which filial duty, independent of every political obligation, ought to have suggested to you.”

In one of the letters of Gracchus, addressed at this period to the Prince, on his general mode of life, are the following energetic passages:

“It has been said, and I fear by some of your intimates—I will not call them friends—with a treachery unparalleled, that a narrow selfishness is the motive of all your actions; that the gratification of the moment is the sole purpose of your existence; yet it remains with you to counteract the malice of such assertions. Let your mind only correspond with the comeliness of your person, and the nobleness of your countenance; be but half as active in acquiring esteem as you have been in losing it, and you will rise to a height of splendor as incomparable as uncommon.

“But let us examine in what, hitherto, your activity has been shown; what have been your Herculean labors. The inquiry is too odious; they would better suit a Silenus or a Satyr. *The history of your own time, if comprised in a volume, would, perhaps, be curious; but the recitals it would contain, instead of tinging your cheek with the glow of vanity, ought rather*

to crimson them with shame, and cover you with confusion. Can a Prince place the point of excellence on such mean endeavors? Debauchery and dissipation distinguish only in proportion as they consign to censure. Let even that idea check your progress towards imperfection—a progress which has hitherto increased with the rapidity of a comet in its approach to the sun.

“If, Sir, your pursuit of women, the most meritorious occupation of your life, had been marked with sentiment or affection in any instance, we might probably, in some degree, have approved your conduct; had you never boasted when you failed, the world would have less condemned you when successful; but, though you can only talk of conquests, there are others who mention defeats.”

It is well known that none can give so accurate an account of any errors or follies as those who have themselves been subject to them, or, at least, connected with some that have. They know the *fort* and the *foible*, the *pour* and the *contre*; to the latter of which may be traced all the vices and virtues by which an individual is distinguished. They know, and they only know because they have *felt*, what was the charm that fascinated, the attraction that drew, and the tie that bound; they therefore can best describe and most effectually expose them.

Who can so well describe the intrigues of a Court as those who, either by choice or necessity, are doomed to inhale its baneful atmosphere? We have, indeed, lived removed from it, but we have lived with those who have passed their lives in it, who have drawn aside and exposed to our view the secret machinery, the motives and the ends of the motley group, which, from the monarch himself to the lowest of his menials, swarm within its precincts.* In the delineation of those characters the greatest danger lies of falling into caricature, and, instead of giving a portrait drawn by the hand of the master, a coarse daubing of a misshapen figure is exhibited, which cannot be recognized as “born either of Heaven or earth,” but as some vile abortion of the

* Huish's Memoirs, vol. 1, page 402.

artist's own imagination. It is a most difficult task, in the delineation of character, to catch the man when his *real self* is exhibited, when the disguise, which the relations of society into which he may have been thrown, is laid aside, and the whole nakedness is presented with all its imperfections and deformities. It may appear paradoxical, but it is nevertheless founded in truth, that the same quality may be delightful in one man and disgusting in another; one man may have a light that wants a shade, another a shade that wants a light; the difficulty lies in giving the due proportion to each, and thereby rendering the portrait true and faithful.

It does not require the rod of the *domine* to whip into us the truth of the axiom, that a man is known by the society that he keeps; if we measure the virtue of the Prince by that of his associates, the result will not be much in his favor.

Let it not be inferred that we would picture the Prince as so wholly engrossed in sensual pleasures as to be insensible to the promotion of art and science. In this year he received six rolls of papyri from the King of Naples, he having in 1800, four years before, commissioned Rev. John Hayter to make investigations at Herculaneum and Pompeii, which resulted in the rescue of valuable manuscripts, that were published both at Naples and London. But it was the policy of M'Mahon to keep his royal master's mind bent upon more ignoble pursuits.

The talents of Colonel M'Mahon were chiefly exercised in furnishing new favorites for the Prince. Perhaps in all history there can be found record of no character so truly despicable; he and his wife thrived by pandering to the worst vices of the Prince. One of the most difficult trials of this parasite, in procuring new candidates for the royal harem, was in the case of the celebrated Hillisberg, and this amour presents the extraordinary feature of His Royal Highness

becoming himself the negotiator of another suitor for her favors, after he had satiated himself with the richness of the fruit, and thought the exterior shell no longer worthy of his keeping. If ever there was a woman dear to the imagination as a dancer, Louise Hillisberg seemed created to realize the Idylls of the ancient poets, when peopling the groves of Greece with the dances and music of nature. She was the *beau ideal* of the voluptuary, when in his fancy he is creating a form gifted with all that can inflame the heart of man, or which can bring the mortal into close resemblance with the angel.

Hillisberg was born in England, of French parents, and was early destined for the stage—an atmosphere teeming with the most baneful influences upon the existence of female virtue. It was, however, in Paris, under the elder Vestris, that she first manifested that dramatic excellence that knows how to awaken the sympathies by a glance of the eye, or to subdue the tumult of the passions by a smile of innocence and love. In private the same graces acquired for her the respect of the higher rank of females, who were delighted to intrust their children to her; while the men of fashion, who sought to attract her notice, and contended for her love, mingled respect with admiration, and the virtue that appeared to surround her kept the passions under control.

She made her *debut* in London at the moment of time when the rivalry of certain noblemen kept the world of fashion in a state of continual excitement. Whenever a youthful beauty presented herself, under circumstances in which it might be supposed that a conquest could be gained, a crowd of candidates immediately presented themselves, outvying each other in their assiduities and pretensions to exclusive favors, and exhausting the utmost force of their inventions in drawing the desired victim into the snares prepared for her.

The opera was, at the *debut* of Hillisberg, at its zenith in London: Banti, Viganoni, Morelli, and Bolla, for the serious and comic opera; the younger Vestris, Hillisberg, Maillaird, Rosa, etc., for the ballet; and Noverre, as the master of the latter, rendered their amusements classical and perfect in their several attractions. Hillisberg, as a dancer, became, in fact, the rage; and the competition for her favors, which she knew how to repel without offending, added to her wealth and influence. Some of those men who were apt to regard the virtue of an opera dancer as equally frangible as the ice of an April morning, and that it would dissolve away with the first warm gust of passion that was breathed upon it, regarded Hillisberg as a being completely *sui generis*. There was that about her which the eye of man looks for in woman, and yet apparently so cold, so frigid, and seemingly as impervious to the influence of love as an oyster. These shrewd observers, however, only saw the exterior; there was a secret flame glowing within, but

“She never told her love;

But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.”

Hillisberg was a woman fit to be wooed and won by royalty; and the Prince, yearning for novelty, no sooner saw her than the abilities of John M'Mahon were called into action to commence the negotiation. She was, however, one of those women who, although yielding to the weakness of their nature, pay great deference to the opinion of the world; and although the Prince acquired a decided ascendancy over her heart, yet she so veiled her partiality as to conceal her connection from the eyes of the public; and this secret amour was so well managed at Carlton House by M'Mahon, who was in the confidence of both parties, that Hillisberg stood in the estimation of the public as an exemplary pattern of female virtue. A stronger proof of the secrecy with which this amour was carried on and consum-

mated cannot be deduced than the circumstance that, at the very time when she was the secret nocturnal guest of Carlton House, the Duke of York was making every exertion in his power to make an impression upon her apparently obdurate heart, little suspecting at the time that that same heart was vivified by an ardent attachment for his own brother.

Among the young men who shone at this period in the hemisphere of fashion was the first Lord Barrymore, whose introduction to Carlton House, where he became initiated in all the vices which were exhibited in that royal brothel, joined to a disposition of his own naturally profligate and extravagant, soon rendered him notorious in the annals of gallantry; and as one of the companions of the Prince he became acquainted with some of the most distinguished beauties of the day. The bacchanalian orgies of Carlton House were at this time of a most extraordinary description, and might be said to resemble more the interior of a Turkish seraglio than the abode of a British Prince, in which it might be supposed that some respect ought to have been paid to the customary forms of decency and morality. The young libertine, with the tide of passion flowing strong upon him, had scenes exhibited to him, which opened at once to him the mysteries of nature, and rendered him on a sudden an adept ere almost he had become a scholar. The dances which were exhibited for the amusement of the companions of the Prince were performed by females, whose sole aim and study appeared to have been, like the dancing girls of the East, to perfect themselves in voluptuousness of attitude, and in a shameless exposure of their person to the unrestrained gaze of the libidinous voluptuary. Lord Barrymore was, at the Opera House, one of the satellites who were continually moving round *the Hillisberg*; but the extraordinary reserve which she maintained in her intercourse with the numerous suitors for her favors, especially when she was in

the performance of her professional duties, drove many away from her presence in despair, whilst in others it only increased the force of their exertions to carry off so splendid a treasure. It was, however, at Carlton House, that Lord Barrymore saw Hillisberg in her real native beauty, free from the garnish and garniture of her profession, and it was at a time when the Prince began to be sated with her charms, and would willingly have relinquished her to another, if that other could be found on whom she could fix her affections. The assiduities of Lord Barrymore were noticed by the Prince, and he doubted not that he had now found the individual who would rid him of an object who possessed no longer the charm of novelty for him, and whose very connection with him, on account of its secrecy, was rendered positively irksome to him. The Prince commenced a negotiation, but he soon discovered that, in regard to any illicit connection, Hillisberg would not enter into any terms which might be considered as a compromise of her character, and thereby expel her at once from that station in life which she had hitherto maintained. The Prince was strenuous in his efforts to obtain a settlement for Hillisberg, and the extreme anxiety which he displayed to transfer her to the arms of another by no means exalted him in her good opinion. Finding, however, that *secondary* measures would not avail, Lord Barrymore, at last, was induced to make a formal offer of marriage, which was accompanied with the proprietorship of the house then building in Piccadilly, and since the residence of the Marquis of Hertford, with all the family diamonds then unsold, and the whole of the personal property, which the extravagant habits of this scion of nobility had yet left for him to dispose of. These offers were, however, all rejected. Hillisberg could not give her hand where she could not bestow her affections, and the Prince, finding that he could not emancipate himself from the chains that enthralled him by throwing her into the arms of another,

took the earliest opportunity of excluding her from his society, and leaving her, like many of the victims who had preceded her, to further her own interest in the world according to the ruling bias of her disposition.

There are three kinds of returns for injuries: abject submission, severe retaliation, and contemptuous disregard. The first is always the worst, and the last generally the best; yet, however different they may be in themselves, the dignity of the last is so much superior to common conceptions that an individual is, perhaps, forced upon the second merely to prove that she did not stoop to the first; Hillisberg, for the treatment she received, sought not for retaliation, although she had it in her power to raise a flame amongst the community of Carlton House which might have extended to a *certain* quarter where it was the least wished for that it should reach. Her subsequent conduct to the Prince was, however, strongly marked by a contemptuous disregard, which, whilst it humbled the royal delinquent, invested Hillisberg with a dignity of character seldom to be met with in the individuals of her vocation, and particularly amongst the female part of it. One evening, shortly after her repudiation (if that strong term, as applied to Hillisberg, may be allowed us,) the Prince was behind the scenes at the Opera House, when, in the most familiar manner, and as if totally unconscious of any previous improper conduct on his part, he accosted Hillisberg as she was leaving the stage. She cast upon him a look of ineffable scorn, saying, "You are the Prince of Wales, Sir, then know that I am Louise Hillisberg," and, without deigning to make any other acknowledgment, passed on.

Hillisberg may, in verity, have been called an amiable woman. She felt, it must be confessed, to the blandishments which royalty strewed around her; and it must be added, to as ardent an attachment as ever vivified a female heart; but the close of her life was miserable. She con-

nected herself with an emigrant of the Court of Marie Antoinette, who squandered her fortune, neglected her person, broke her heart, and furnished another link to that chain, which, although wreathed with flowers that wither and die in the fetid atmosphere of a royal brothel, drags the suffering victim at last to an untimely grave. This individual was Mr. Charles Beaumont, who acted, while in England, in the double capacity of agent of both Governments, but who was exiled from France as the murderer of the virtuous Manuel, and one of the greatest slaves to the Villedo Administration.

There was not, perhaps, any circumstance which contributed more to increase the unpopularity of the Prince than his being in an almost continual state of discord with his illustrious father. It is said that the good can only live with the good; and as George III was known in his habits to be a strictly moral and virtuous man, the reflecting part of the community immediately came to the conclusion that, as the sovereign and his son could not live together on terms of amity and good will, the acting cause was that the virtues of the father could not coalesce with the vices of the son. Could the pious old King have read the excellent sermon of Henry Ward Beecher on the text, "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men" (Romans xii, 18,) he, no doubt, would have come to the conclusion that it was *impossible* to live peaceably with his impious son and heir. It must, however, be acknowledged that this disparity in their moral dispositions had no share in their dissensions, for they were entirely of a political nature. From the very first entrance of the Prince into life, when he emerged from the trammels of parental authority, one of his first steps was to enlist himself under the banners of opposition to his father's Government; and, from that period up to that of which we are now writing, numerous instances can be adduced in which the son arrayed

himself against the father, and by his uniform devotedness to the political principles of the great leader of opposition, clogged the wheels of the machinery of the executive government, and threw every possible obstacle in the way of the accomplishment of its designs. The licentious and immoral conduct of the heir apparent went deep to sting the heart of the royal parent; and the hand of forgiveness was no sooner stretched out, on the promises of reformation, than some new act of profligacy, of a deeper die, perhaps, than any of the preceding ones, came upon the royal ear, and at once closed every avenue to all personal communication.

The disastrous results of the marriage of the Prince, who imputed the entire blame of the ill starred union to the obstinacy of his father, in forcing him into a relation of life which he knew he was unable to fill with propriety, or even common decorum, tended, in a very material degree, to widen the breach between the illustrious parties; to which may be added the decided espousal on the part of the King of the cause of the Princess, and his stern refusal of permitting the Prince to educate his own daughter, on a mere fictitious plea of prerogative.

Thus matters stood between the royal parties at the close of the year 1804, when, by some means never made public, a reconciliation took place, which promised, though falsely, to be productive of the most beneficial consequences. The interview took place at Kew Palace, the Queen and the Princess being present. The meeting, after a long interval, was extremely affecting, marked by every emotion of kindness and conciliation on the one part, and of filial respect on the other. After an hour's conference, His Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Cumberland, returned to Windsor, and the Prince, with the Dukes of Kent and Sussex, to Carlton House, where the Duke of Rutland, Earl Moira, Mr. Sheridan, and others were ready to receive him;

at the same time that an express was sent to Woburn to fetch Mr. Fox to have an audience of the Prince on this happy occasion.

The King, however, had still some misgivings, as appears from the following letter, addressed to the Princess of Wales, to whom the King continued to show the most decided marks of affection. The Princess was at this time living at Montague House, Blackheath, the King having presented her, in the year 1800, with the Rangership of Greenwich Park.

“WINDSOR CASTLE, *November 13, 1804.*”

“MY DEAREST DAUGHTER-IN-LAW AND NIECE: Yesterday I and the rest of the family had an interview with the Prince of Wales at Kew. Care was taken on all sides to avoid all subjects of altercation or explanation; consequently, the conversation was neither instructive nor entertaining, but it leaves the Prince of Wales in a situation to show whether his desire to return to his family is only verbal or real, which time alone can prove. I am not idle in my endeavors to make inquiries that may enable me to communicate some plan for the advantage of the dear child for whom you and I, with so much reason, must interest ourselves, and its effecting my having the happiness of living more with you is no small incentive to my forming some idea on the subject; but you may depend upon their not being decided upon without your thorough and cordial concurrence—for your authority as a mother it is my object to support.

“Believe me at all times,

“My dearest daughter-in-law and niece,

“Your most affectionate

“Father-in-law and uncle,

“GEORGE R.”

The opinion which was held by the public of the actual principle on which this reconciliation took place was variously expressed; for while some persons maintained that it was wholly of a private tendency, others saw in it an approximation of the two great political parties.

It is one of the trite maxims of life that some men are born great, and others have greatness thrust upon them;

but how far the truth of that maxim may regulate the courtesy of a Court, where *one* only can be called great, may furnish matter of distinction between John M'Mahon and his secretary, Mr. Marable. Among those persons, however, whom royal favor raised to the rank of gentlemen, Mr. Marable is one whom it is difficult to denominate by any specific official term, or to fix on the station which he occupied in the royal household. He undoubtedly was retained *for what he knew* more than for any use the Prince required of him after he became sovereign. Both M'Mahon and Marable were employed chiefly in contributing to the gratifications of this princely voluptuary. M'Mahon started the game, and Marable performed the more tedious part of running it down, and, with two such thoroughbred hunters on its scent, the chances for an escape amounted to an impossibility. Among the stars of the British Court at this period was a lady of transcendent loveliness, the wife of a Nottinghamshire gentleman, who, shortly after her advent, became one of the presiding deities of fashion.

Her routs were the gayest, the most brilliant of the season, and at each of them shone conspicuously the Prince.* To effect the conquest of such a woman was now the *ultima*

* The following anecdote, which was related to us by the individual himself, will convey to the reader some idea of the personal charms of this angelic mortal. Mr. Bright was at this time the leading dentist and chiropodist of the fashionable world. He belonged to the society of Friends, but, unlike the members of that decent and modest community, Friend Bright was known to prefer the rosy lips of a lovely girl to witnessing the moving of the spirit in the Sunday conventicle. His whole time was spent in the boudoirs of the female votaries of fashion, and one day he was called in to exercise his professional skill on the feet of Mrs. M——. Having finished the operation, he imprinted a passionate kiss on one of her feet. "Bright!" exclaimed Mrs. M——, "what do you mean by that?" "Thou wert going to pay me in money, friend, wert thou not?" said the chiropodist. "Certainly," answered Mrs. M——; "what is your demand?" "I have taken my payment," said Bright; "and for the same will I attend upon thee at any time."—*Huish*.

thule of the wishes of the Prince, and M'Mahon was set to work to lay the foundation for the accomplishment of the act. It may appear contrary to the manners of the present day, but, at the period of which we are now writing, there were certain houses in the vicinity of town, the resort of the gay and profligate, and at which persons of the highest rank did not think themselves degraded in being seen; for, where all are engaged in the same pursuit, there is no door open for mutual crimination, nor for a public exposure of the delinquency. The favorite house of Colonel M'Mahon and Mr. Marable, where it was their custom to make their assignations with those ladies whose charms had made an impression on the susceptible heart of their royal master, was the Horse and Groom at Streatham, then kept by a man of the name of Higginbottom, who afterwards removed to the British Hotel, Jermyn street. To this house the beautiful Mrs. M—— was invited, for the avowed purpose of joining a hunting party, an amusement to which it was well known she was exceeding partial. For some reason, however, which M'Mahon, if he had pleased, was well able to solve, the hunting expedition did not take place on the day of invitation; but Mrs. M—— found at the house a select party, which was composed of the immediate companions of the Prince, and preparations appeared to be making for an entertainment of a *princely* character. The artful intriguer began to apply his despicable arts; the poison of adulation was instilled into the too credulous ear of the lovely woman; and the effect which her superlative beauty had made upon the heart of the *most amiable and accomplished* individual of the kingdom was painted in such rapturous colors that vanity, the most powerful, and, at the same time, the most dangerous, weakness of the female sex, arose with all its mastery in her breast, and the victory was half won ere the despoiler came to rob the shell of its pearl, never to regain its original brightness and splendor.

It was growing late, and the party were about to return to town, when a carriage and four, the horses covered with foam, drove up to the door of the inn for the ostensible purpose of refreshing the jaded animals, and Colonel M'Mahon, who was then standing at the window with Mrs. M——, immediately recognized the carriage to belong to the Prince, who was alone in it.

There was apparently no disposition on the part of the Prince to alight, for who could suspect for a moment that there was any premeditation, any preconcerted plan, in his arrival at the Horse and Groom, at the critical moment when a party, of whom he was not supposed to possess any previous knowledge that they were actually in the house, were on the eve of their departure for town. Nothing, on the first view of it, could be more natural or more common than that the Prince, on his way from Brighton, should stop to refresh his horses; and, in regard to Mrs. M——, it must not be concealed that she felt a secret pleasure in being thus throne *accidentally* into the immediate society of the *most amiable and accomplished* gentleman of the country, on whose heart her charms were said to have made so deep an impression. Not truer is the needle to the pole than woman to the love of conquest; but the great difficulty lies in maintaining that conquest after it is made, and perhaps with no individual was that difficulty greater than with the Prince. The heart of Mrs. M——, however, beat with some strange emotions when she beheld Colonel M'Mahon assisting him to alight, and in a few minutes afterwards usher him into the room in which she was sitting. To follow the interview through all its minute details would be to depicture a scene on the one hand of the most heartless protestations of an excessive, unbounded love, and, on the other, of all the trembling fears, the hesitation, the almost suffocating emotions which sway the female breast, when virtue is struggling for the mastery against the impetuous

tide of passion, which in force increases every moment, whilst fainter and fainter becomes the opposition, until the eventful hour arrives, and the splendid fabric, which stood beauteous and bright in the morning ray, presents, ere midnight comes, an object of ruin and desolation.

Mrs. M—— returned to town in the Prince's carriage; but we will not follow them to the haunts of their guilty pleasures, sufficient will it be to expose the termination of this amour, which threatened to unsettle the reason of one of the parties; and, if the heart of the other had not been so cauterized by a continual course of libertinism as to render it impervious to the finer feelings of our nature, a pang must have been inflicted upon it which would require the duration of his after life to appease.

It was morning, and the Prince and his beautiful companion were sitting at breakfast, when the conversation happened to turn on certain events in the life of the Prince, as explanatory of some acts in which he had been engaged, and of which perhaps he wished to exculpate himself in the opinion of his then admired favorite. "I know," said the Prince, "that I suffered much at the time in the public estimation. My enemies—for I believe no man has had a greater number than myself—stigmatized me at the time as the actual murderer of the boy; but it was proved that, although he had received a severe chastisement from my hands, yet that his immediate death was not the result of it. The provocation which I received was sufficient to arouse the irascibility of the most phlegmatic person, and I afterwards discovered that he was suborned by the Countess of Jersey, in one of her jealous fits, to trace my steps in order to detect a little *affaire de cœur* in which I was engaged with a beautiful girl in the vicinity of Brighton. And having now mentioned that once beloved favorite to you, I cannot refrain expressing to you that there is something in your shape and figure, in the very form of your

countenance, and in your very manners, that strongly reminds me of her."

"Was she allied to nobility?" asked Mrs. M——.

"Of her immediate station in life," answered the Prince, "I knew but little. She represented herself, and was known in the fashionable circles, as the daughter of a respectable Yorkshire gentleman of moderate fortune. But I frequently heard her speak of her two sisters, one of whom she depicted as far surpassing herself in personal attractions. What that sister must have been in beauty I cannot pretend to say; but I will so far confess that I considered Louisa Howard as one of the most perfect beauties I had ever seen."

"Louisa Howard!" exclaimed Mrs. M——, whilst an ashy paleness came over her countenance.

"And what of her?" asked the Prince. "Did you know her?"

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Mrs. M——, scarcely able to maintain herself; "and have I then been sacrificing myself to the seducer of my own sister?"

"Louisa Howard your sister!" exclaimed the Prince—"it cannot be."

"Oh! it is all too true," exclaimed Mrs. M——. "I had forgotten many things which now rush upon my memory to show me my own guilt. When Louisa became a victim to your stratagems, I was then but just bursting into life. I heard the whispers of her dishonor, but never to this moment did I know the name of him who brought it upon her. For her I weep not—for she is happy. It is for myself I weep. I stand now a dishonored, a guilty, wretched creature, shut out from future happiness, a loathing to myself, the merited scorn and hatred of a malignant world. Henceforth there is no desert too dark for me, no solitude too deep. I shudder when I think of it, that to my sister's seducer—to him who dragged her like a lamb to be immo-

lated on the altar of his unhallowed passion—to him have I now sacrificed all that is dear, all that is valuable to woman. From this moment we part to meet no more. Seek out for another victim, and add another crime to your already overloaded soul.”

They did part to meet no more. This beautiful woman disappeared on a sudden from the world of fashion, like one of those coruscations of heaven, bright and glorious for a moment, when on a sudden not a trace of it is to be seen—lost, annihilated, for ever.*

Deeply must the Prince have felt (that is, if a libertine has any feelings but what originate in his own gratification) when he perused the following lines, the composition of a highly gifted female; there is a dagger in every line, and the heart from which they emanated must have suffered much ere it could bring itself to such severity of reproof:

“Awaken! awaken! 'tis more than the dead
That bids thy dark slumber unseal;
'Tis a heart that has withered, a heart that has bled,
A lip whence the dew of forgiveness had fled,
Bids thee hear what *thou never wilt feel*.

Awaken! awaken! thy adamant trance
Shall avail naught in moment like this;
Know'st thou not of a victim, whose perishing glance
Might well o'er thy profligate threshold advance
To blast all its brightest of bliss?

*Robert Huish says in his Memoirs: “In the year 1805 we were in company with this angel votary of fashion, this matchless specimen of feminine beauty. The worm that gnaweth at the heart had despoiled the cheek of its roseate hue, and had robbed the eye of the greater portion of its brilliant fire; but still the knee might have been bent before her as an object worthy of worship and adoration. It was visible, by the melancholy which overshadowed her brow, that the knell of her terrestrial happiness had rung, and that ere long she would be called upon to join her kindred sisters in another world. She still appeared as the elegant remnant of a masterpiece of creation, when nature found that in her formation she come too near an inhabitant of heaven, and threw away the mould forever. She has long been the tenant of a grave, but it will be long ere earth will see her like again.”

Thy victims are wide; have I witnessed thy worst?

Lol! all thou gavest is thine;

The blood thou hast lent to be harrow'd and curst,

A torrent of vengeance upon thee shall burst,

Here I leave thee the tribute of mine.

No! not for the pride and the power thou can'st see

Shall that voice in its waking be hush'd;

No! not for the thousands who smile upon thee,

To hallow thy crimes, and who shudder at me

For unshrouding the hearts thou hast crush'd.

Oh! that reptiles like thine should have power to control

The thorn of one life on its stem,

To poison and crush the best thoughts of the soul,

Then deafen and drive it with calumny's howl

For an echoing world to condemn."

Some characters are very like certain bodies in chemistry, they may, perhaps, be very good in themselves, yet they fly off and refuse the least conjunction with each other. Carlton House was the domicile of many such characters, and, with the exception of *one* pursuit, Mr. Marable is the very type of them. He was, it is true, not so ambitious as Sir Frederick Watson, although the faithful secretary was not badly rewarded for his services; his station in the household had a considerable salary attached to it; he was one of the commissioners of the Hackney Coach Office; and his brother, until the Board of Customs for the three kingdoms became consolidated, held an appointment in Ireland of about £1,500 per annum; and the secretary himself derived a still more considerable income from his offices, and particularly as a reward for his secret services.

The Prince had now become King, and it has been said that the King should be allowed the choice of his own servants, and that it was the height of presumption to dictate to him by whom he shall be served. "But we do abrogate from the King any right to squander away a considerable sum of money in rewarding persons of no public merit,"

said a writer of the times, "selected from the purlieus of the Court; nor should he influence any appointments in the public departments, which generally supersede long standing merit, and which, in such cases, are generally filled by the nominee of the favorite courtesan for the time being. If the King has a surplus income to dispose of, who has so great a right to receive it back again as those who gave it?*" Why should the people be taxed to reward the procurer, to enrich the auxiliary, and to fill our public offices with the creatures of the royal pleasures? and all in defiance of the dignity of virtue, the decency of public morals, and the injury of men whose meed

"Is won

By all the useful acts they have done;"

and whose honesty and probity should claim and enjoy the fruits of their experience and labor, if not elbowed out by vice and injustice into obscurity and solitude, and, perhaps, reduced to indigence and want."

If such services as Mr. Marable rendered were deserving of *any* reward he surely was not overpaid. If he possessed any sensibility, his last hours must have been embittered by the remembrance of his villanous conspiracy, resulting in the ruin of a most estimable lady, the wife of a respectable merchant, who we will not name out of regard to living connections of the family. This lady was a most beautiful and amiable woman, who, at one time, was the reigning toast of the day. The result of her acquaintance with the Prince, brought about through Marable, may be easily foreseen. The husband soon got intoxicated with the smiles of royalty. To bask in the sunbeams of a prince's favor—to be announced in the fashionable publications of the day

* We write this at a time when the sovereign of England enjoys an annual income of £1,200,000! and the expenditure of the country is fifty-eight millions! to pay which the people of it are taxed in the proportion of seventy pounds in every hundred gained by their industry.

as a member of the convivial parties of Carlton House—to be acknowledged by the Prince of Wales in the drives of Hyde Park, where one fool follows another, merely to try which can be the greater fool of the two—where is the head that would not grow giddy with such an accumulation of honor, with such a sudden transit from the soot of the city to the meridian splendor of a Court? But he might say with the poet:

“ At once my high blown pride
Broke under me, and all my pleasure left me,
Sudden, and sad, and angry, to the mercy
Of a long tongue that must for ever haunt me.”

Her ruin was determined upon; and an easy access to the board of the infatuated, inflated husband was obtained for the usual class of the Prince's friends. The sequel is deeply tragical. She died broken-hearted for the loss of her honor, and the husband languished in prison till his death.

“ To labor in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.”

It is impossible to dwell upon the preceding narratives and conceive that the sensual powers of one man could survive amid such a series of excitement.

It has been said of this profligate Prince that his example was too secluded to operate dangerously on the manners of the people. As a monarch, the saying may have some truth in it; but as a Prince, and as such we are now describing him, we will venture to say that the example which he set, as far as his influence could extend, went further to the demoralization of society than any prince recorded in the pages of history. Can the idea be for a moment entertained that such a man was surrounded by none but moralists, and that the intellectual wants of a Court, from day to day, and from hour to hour, could be supplied by such

men as those whose characters we have already deciphered—the same men whose chief support was to provide for far less meritorious pleasures; and the only shrine at which they knelt was that of the reigning Lais of the palace. Is it possible that such an example as this should not be productive of the most baneful effects? Society is like the carved globe of the Chinese; it has its concentric circles, each possessing its specific individuality, and gradually diminishing to a centre point. We will suppose that point in society to be the point of royalty, and the very next circle to be that of the nobility; is it then possible that the circle of the nobility should not be influenced by the example of royalty? and, in a regular gradation, that the plebeian circle should not take its form and pressure from the example of the nobility. To the arguments of those who may inquire what benefit can accrue from the exposure of those incidents of the private life of George IV, which we have treated in a more extended manner than more partial historians who have glossed over these facts, we would say that, where the *private vices* of any individual high in authority affect the *public morals*, they should be exposed. In this age of inquiry, when the delusions of history are unveiled, it is time that the *true* character of the subject of these memoirs should be known; the private lives of rulers belongs to the world as much as their political history. There are at this present moment documents in existence which, when they are brought to light, as they inevitably must be, will place certain great personages upon pedestals of an entirely different character than those they now occupy in the niches of history.

At this period, the house of Taylor, the shoemaker, in Bond street (as appeared in evidence afterwards, in the affair of Mrs. Clarke and the Duke of York), was a noted rendezvous for fashionable intriguants. The master of the house, "nothing loth," would either aid or connive at the

meetings appointed there; and he has been known to succeed, when every other channel has failed, to complete the delusions of his most fashionable customers. Among the latter was the beautiful Lady R——. She was the daughter of a country gentleman of good fortune, on whose education the utmost care had been bestowed, in order to confirm what nature had ingrafted on a heart of peculiar tenderness and sensibility. In her twentieth year she became the wife of Lord R——, thirty years older than herself, afflicted with an hereditary gout, but an accomplished and amiable man, formed to cement, perhaps, the friendship of a woman more than to awaken those kindlier sympathies with which youth, and pleasure, and flattery gladden the heart and the imagination in the dayspring of a woman's life. Intelligent, grateful, and ardent, she grew attached from principle, and a mutual passion was reciprocated, based on an affection springing from the estimation of each other's virtues.

Young, beautiful, and interesting, Lady R—— soon became an object of fashionable admiration; and, although seldom seen abroad when her lord was confined by the periodical attacks of the gout, still circumstances carried her sometimes into society while he remained at home; and on one of these occasions, at Hertford House, she had the honor of being introduced to the Prince of Wales, and both of them seemed mutually gratified by the introduction. A short time after this interview, Lord R—— went to Bath, taking his lady with him, but who in a few weeks returned to town on some family affairs, which afforded the first opportunity for the Prince to commence his long meditated attack.

A military man, in the person of General Turner, was appointed to commence the siege; and, meeting with her ladyship accidentally at an evening party, he took the opportunity of intimating to her the sensible impression

which she had made on the heart of his royal master, insinuating, at the same time, the unbounded respect which Her Royal Highness entertained for her husband; but, at the same time, he confessed that the difficulty was almost insuperable of rooting out those involuntary feelings, which insensibly combined the finest movements of the affections. Lady R—— was a woman, and therefore, perhaps, not insensible to the flattery so copiously showered upon her; but the emotion was fugitive, and on the following day she intended to join her lord at Bath.

Prior to her ladyship quitting town, she called at Taylor's, in Bond street, to leave an order which it was her intention to carry back with her to Bath; and the obsequious tradesman appointed the next day for her ladyship to call for it. She was punctual to the appointment, when, by various arts, in which the tradesman was a finished adept, her ladyship was induced to walk up stairs, where, however, she was scarcely seated, before, from an adjoining room, the Prince of Wales threw himself at her feet, with protestations of the most ardent love. But the scene was too dramatic to succeed with a woman of honor and sensibility. The royal lover was repulsed with dignity and modest resolution; and, although the attempt was afterwards made by every concession that could reconcile her ladyship to grant him a parting interview, yet the Prince could never succeed, and he retired, abashed and discomfited, to commence an attack in a different quarter. To the honor of the noble lord and his lady, it must be stated, that up to the very hour of the King's death neither of them could be persuaded to visit his Court, nor kiss the hand of a man who had sought to destroy their peace and honor. *O si sic omnia!*

From these scenes of private profligacy and deep moral degeneracy we turn to others of a graver import, but which, in the extent of their criminality, stand the most conspicuous in the history of the "*illustrious*" subject of these

memoirs. If any event were wanting to finish the body of the picture which the Court of the Prince of Wales exhibited at this time, it was that one which now occurred, surpassing in extravagance and cruelty the crimes and perjuries of Henry VIII. We allude to the conduct adopted towards an unhappy and defenceless woman, his wife, Queen Caroline. We regret that the nature of our work admits of little more than the sketch of an episode that must hereafter furnish the most grave and important chapter in the future history of his short but eventful reign.

It is impossible to look back upon the intrigues described, and the character of the actors who played their parts therein, and not form some decided opinion in regard to the number of the agents of all ranks who lent themselves to "this most foul and damnable conspiracy."* Men and women of the highest rank, lawyers of eminence, and their hireling understrappers, even clergymen of honest repute, and the whole of the Prince's Court, without exception, from Lord Moira (who, in this business, lost "the fame of a thousand years") down to the doorkeeper and the scullery wench, combined to destroy one lone woman; whilst her husband, rioting in wantonness and voluptuousness, openly or sincerely encouraged the attacks, which had for their end *her death on the scaffold!* Even the cradle in which her infancy was reared was ransacked for nursery tales; and ere the Princess Caroline could lisp the name of love, or reason and passion develop materials wherewith to adjudge her character, her infancy was slandered, and her puberty corrupted by the inventions of her enemies. By what course of tortuous policy was such a woman selected for the arms of such a reprobate as the Prince? Who advised the connection, or what must that man have been who consented to accept of it?

*The keyhole *espionage* of the Milan Commission, proved during the trial of Queen Caroline, is unparalleled in legal testimony for its infamy.

It is, however, now well known, and a matter of history, that the whole of the tales concerning the young Princess were fabricated in England by the companions of the Prince of Wales and the creatures of his will. Two individuals were given lucrative offices—one at the Cape of Good Hope, and the other at Botany Bay (who, if he had his deserts, should have been sent thither in a different capacity)—whose only services rendered to the country, which was taxed to pay their salaries, consisted in the exertions which they used to prove that the virgin character of Caroline of Brunswick was tainted ere nature had implanted in her breast a single idea of love or passion. In a Court everything is predicated to gratify the wishes of its master; if he frowns, where is the courtly sycophant who dare be seen to smile? If from his Pandemonium he issues his mandate for the immolation of a victim, uprise the executors of his will, as erst the spirits of hell rose from their sulphurous fires at the voice of Satan, and the deed is done, though lasting infamy follow them through every path of their future life.

If we examine the condition of the Court of Carlton House at the arrival of the Princess of Brunswick in England, what a scene presents itself! We find Lady Jersey, the dominant *indoor* favorite, by whose intrigues Mrs. Fitzherbert had withdrawn, giving up to the former lady the suite of apartments which she had occupied, and from which apartments the Prince was seen retiring one morning by his *own wife*. We find Mrs. Fitzherbert still the *outdoor* favorite, with a number of minor satellites, according as the *purveyors* succeeded in their search for novelties; we find John M'Mahon Privy Purse, grand caterer for the royal pleasures, the confidant of the Prince, and his most obsequious and pliant parasite. The interminable link of courtesans and their paramours was struck from the grasp of the panderer, and the Prince sighed over the frag-

ments of the Circean cup which this illfated marriage had dashed from his lips.*

There is a sobriety in the union of the sexes, when virtue is the foundation, which is little calculated to please the taste of the voluptuary. The very stillness of the palace—the decorum of its domestic arrangements—the change of society, and those nameless graces of modesty which steal so imperceptibly upon the heart of man, could not survive in such a tainted atmosphere without being corrupted by it; all this was acknowledged and foreseen, but not provided against. The mistress of his illicit pleasures was introduced by the Prince to the confidence of the wife; nor was there a creature of the establishment changed who had aided in its former excesses or shared in its pollutions. The embraces of the wife were less exciting than those of the courtesan, and the coldness of the husband paralysed that wild tumult of the affections which subsides into sentiments of purity and connubial love. Disgust on the one side, and indifference on the other, ended in a separation, which endangered the State, and brought on the ruin of the woman whom from the first it was designed to destroy.

Of the subordinate actors in this great national tragedy we know not how to speak with even common moderation. By their conduct the character of England and of Englishmen became impeached; it was pronounced as the syno-

*Robert Huish. He further says in his famous Memoirs, from which we quote: "We have been informed that the exposition of the birth, parentage, and education of John M'Mahon, given in a former part of this work, has excited towards us the severe wrath of the surviving branches of his family. The exposure may be to them 'bitter as wormwood;' but we tell them, fearlessly, that we will not conceal the flagrant actions of their relative, as the panderer of the Prince of Wales, to gain either their favor or their approbation. It is the *vice* we reprobate, not the *individual*. But the family of John M'Mahon should be grateful to us—what we have hitherto stated is not a tithe of *what we know*; and, therefore, we consider ourselves entitled to their most special favor for our forbearance."

nyme of all that was base, treacherous, and vile; the native spoke of it with shame, the foreigner with scorn; loyalty fell to a discount, and allegiance was regarded as a thing of mere question and expediency. If there were strong *appearances* of guilt in the conduct of the Princess, still *appearance* is not *fact*. It requires something more than mere semblance to establish positive crime; and until that crime be proved, by unimpeachable, incontrovertible evidence, the accused is fully entitled to all the privileges and consideration which innocence can lay claim to. If she did err, let her separation, her exposure, her enemies, and especially some of her friends, be considered; let her origin, her education, her prospects, her disappointments, her provocations, be taken into account; let the characters of the emissaries employed against her be properly estimated, and the charges which they were *instructed* to prove; and if the head did not madden, and the heart break, with the accumulated injury, they must have been made of sterner stuff than it falls generally to the lot of mortals to be composed of.

There was a time when delicacy for the living, and a desire not to disturb the peace of the country, prompted us to be silent on certain deeds connected with this deepest of England's tragedies; * but, as those reasons exist no more,

* It has been stated that Huish, the author of the suppressed History of George IV, was given office and a pension by the Prince to hold him from telling what he knew of the secret career of the Prince, as he was in a position to see and hear much that was not desirable for the public to know. He says: "In a work published by Fairman, and written by an individual in the service of Queen Caroline (but how she got there, Heaven best can tell,) and which was intended as recriminatory on the part of her Majesty, we are made to enjoy the honor of being a pensioner on the privy purse of the late King of £100 per annum, not as a reward for what we *did* say in a certain book, but for what we did *not* say; and in the same *authentic* work we are made the participator in the delinquency, in conjunction with a servant of the royal family, of the name of Sims,

we are not bound by any further restriction. It may, then, be said of us :

———“ This man's brow, like to a title leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
So looks the strand whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.”

Perhaps there is not anything which tends more to sap the moral principles of a family than the want of concert between the parents. This is felt more or less in all classes of society, though its effects are more fatal to the lower than the upper ranks of the people. The manners of the Court of the Prince had already seduced a number of followers, gay and reckless as the Prince himself, to courses highly injurious to the conservative moral principles which unite society in a common obligation to protect each other. In this instance nothing could be more afflicting than the situation in which the heiress presumptive to the throne was placed, in a national point of view, by the unnatural state which subsisted between the father and the mother, and which her own magnanimity could alone have repelled and mitigated. This magnanimity had, however, nearly proved fatal to her own character and principles. It may scarcely appear credible, but we vouch for the accuracy of the statement, although publicity has never yet been given to it, that insinuations were actually conveyed abroad to several of the German principalities in alliance with the House of Brunswick that the legitimacy of his wife's child, the Princess Charlotte, was doubtful; and thus, in order to accomplish the ruin of the mother, the child was not spared,

of breaking open the desk of the late Princess Charlotte of Wales, for the purpose of extracting the celebrated letter written to her by her ill-fated mother—which letter, *by some means*, fell into the hands of the late Queen Charlotte, and was the chief cause of that deadly feud which ever after existed between them. More of this letter anon. In the meantime, the pension and the felony have a similar foundation in truth.”

on whose head the crown was to devolve in case of her father's decease, how greatly soever the British throne was implicated in the fall.

One of the most memorable epochs in the life of the Prince, and, it may be added, in the history of modern nations, is the conspiracy which was got up against the Princess, and which there is little doubt, but for the force of popular opinion, would have ended, according to English law, in her death on the scaffold, like the unfortunate Anne Boleyn. It began so early as 1801, when the Princess was living at Montague House, where she formed an acquaintance with Lady Charlotte Douglas, which was productive of most extraordinary results. Volumes were written concerning them; the interest and anxiety of the nation were roused to a state of excitation scarcely paralleled at any former period in its history; and in order to substantiate some of the alleged occurrences, which are asserted to have taken place at Montague House, such a tissue of falsehoods was asserted, and ultimately published, as is rarely, if ever, been heard of in any civilized community. These statements, and the transactions connected with them, have been usually designated as the Douglas Conspiracy.

Of Lady Charlotte Douglas, the chief contriver of and actress in this extraordinary drama, the following biographical particulars have been obtained. Her grandfather was an attorney at Gloucester, whose name was Charles Barrow, and who was created a baronet in consequence of his connection with the corporation of that city. Sir Charles acquired a large fortune; he was, however, never married, but he left several daughters, one of whom, the mother of Lady Douglas, married a private soldier, named *Hephinson* or *Hopkinson*, who was soon made a sergeant, and afterwards, by the interest of Sir Charles, he obtained the situation of army agent. He subsequently became a

colonel, possessed of considerable wealth, and a fine estate near Gloucester. Mr. Douglas, whilst on the recruiting service at Gloucester, being then a lieutenant of marines, became acquainted with Miss Hopkinson and married her, but at what period is not precisely known. According to Lady Douglas's statement, their courtship must have been a long one, as she says that she waited for Sir John nine years.

In the month of April, 1801, Sir John and Lady Douglas went to reside at Blackheath, because the air was better for Sir John after his Egyptian services, and it was somewhat nearer Chatham, where his military duties occasionally called him. The person of Lady Douglas was handsome—she certainly appeared much younger than her husband; but the effects of his severe campaigns had produced in his countenance and in his general health an early senescence.

It may be here also necessary to introduce the name of Sir Sidney Smith, another prominent personage in this singular affair. When the Princess first became acquainted with him is not exactly known; but Lady Douglas stated that she understood the Princess knew Sir Sidney before she became Princess. However, soon after Sir John and Lady Douglas went to reside on Blackheath, and also soon after Sir Sidney Smith's return to England from the Mediterranean, his visits to Sir John and Lady Douglas, from his previous intimacy with the former, became very frequent; in short, he became, as Lady Douglas said, a part of the family.

That jealousy, on the part of Lady Douglas, was one of the moving causes of her subsequent conduct, there can be, however, no reasonable doubt. It should not be forgotten that Sir Sidney Smith has not, at any period, come publicly forward to repel any of the insinuations which have been made relative to his conduct at Montague House; his con-

nection with the Douglasses will, it is presumed, fully explain the cause of his silence.

The intimacy of Lady Douglas with the Princess of Wales continued from the month of November, 1801, till about Christmas, 1803; at which time the Douglasses left Blackheath and went into Devonshire. In the month of October, 1804, they returned, when Lady Douglas left her card at Montague House, and on the 4th of the same month received a letter from Mrs. Vernon, desiring her not to come there any more. After receiving Mrs. Vernon's letter, Lady Douglas wrote to the Princess on the subject, but it was sent back unopened. Lady Douglas remarked, in her subsequent statement, "I had never, at this time, mentioned the Princess being with child, or being delivered of a child, to any person, not even to Sir John Douglas."

This assertion, however, is untrue; for it was in consequence of some observations of Lady Douglas reflecting on the character and conduct of the Princess, and communicated to her, that the visits of Lady Douglas were ordered not to be repeated at Montague House. Nor was this the sole reason for the conduct of the Princess; but the levity and improper behavior of Lady Douglas, which was a subject of general animadversion in the circle in which she moved, additionally determined the Princess on relinquishing her acquaintance altogether. But for this determination on the part of Her Royal Highness, Lady Douglas would have continued her intimacy at Montague House.

The visits of Sir Sidney Smith to Montague House, at this time, were more frequent than was agreeable to Lady Douglas; and, whenever he was spending the evening there, her domestics observed that she was agitated and vexed. But Lady Douglas expressly stated in her deposition that she never observed any impropriety of conduct between Sir Sidney Smith and the Princess.

It unfortunately happened for the Princess that she had,

about this time, adopted a child of a poor woman of the name of Austin. Concerning the birth and parentage of this boy there fortunately has not been the least doubt since first the matter was investigated. But Lady Douglas thought this a fit opportunity to assume and assert that this child was the offspring of the Princess; and to convey to the then heir apparent an account of the conduct of his wife (long since, it is true, living apart from him, and whom, in fact, though not in law, he had repudiated,) which, as stated by Lady Douglas, was so wicked and indecent that, if true, demanded from the Prince and the country severe animadversion and reproof, not to say the ulterior proceeding of a regular and legal divorce, accompanied possibly with the higher and dreadful penalty which awaits the crime of high treason. But, if the alleged transactions had even been *true*, of all persons in the world Lady Douglas was the last who should have betrayed her friend and benefactress—a Princess whose benevolence knew no bounds but the utmost limit of her means—a Princess who had heaped on the Douglasses innumerable favors and kindnesses; who had fostered them in her bosom, without being aware that they would soon forget all her kindnesses and become her secret accusers and the projectors of her utter ruin.

The gross misrepresentations of Lady Douglas influenced the Duke of Sussex, early in November, 1806, to acquaint the Prince of Wales that Sir John had communicated to him circumstances relative to the conduct of the Princess which were of the utmost consequence to his honor, adding that the Duke of Kent, father of Victoria, had a partial knowledge of the affair a year before. This information resulted in an interview between the Prince and the Duke of Kent, in which he requested the Duke to give him a distinct statement of the transaction, inquiring why he had kept so long silent upon a subject so vitally affecting the honor of the royal family.

The Duke of Kent, in a written declaration, stated that, about the end of the year 1804, he had received a note from the Princess, stating she had got into an unpleasant altercation with Sir John and Lady Douglas about an anonymous letter and a filthy drawing which they imputed to her, and about which they were making a noise. She requested the Duke of Kent to interfere, and prevent its going further.

His Royal Highness applied to Sir Sidney Smith, and, through him, had an interview with Sir John Douglas, who was greatly enraged, and who seemed convinced that both the anonymous letter and the loose drawing were by the hand of the Princess; and that the design was to provoke Sir John Douglas to a duel with his friend, Sir Sidney Smith, by the gross insinuations flung out respecting the latter and Lady Douglas. The Duke of Kent, however, succeeded in prevailing on Sir John Douglas to abstain from his purpose of commencing a prosecution, or of stirring further in the business, as he was satisfied in his mind of the falsehood of the insinuations, and could not be sure that the fabrications were not some gossiping story in which the Princess had no hand. Sir John, however, spoke with great indignation of the conduct of the Princess; and promised only that he would abstain from further investigation, but could not give a promise of preserving silence should he be further annoyed. The Duke of Kent concluded with stating that nothing was communicated to him beyond this *fracas*; and that, having succeeded in stopping it, he did not think fit to trouble His Royal Highness with a gossiping story that might be entirely founded on the misapprehension of the offended parties.

It is particularly worthy of notice that Sir John Douglas, in the communication which he made to the Duke of Kent, did not refer to any conduct of the Princess, except relative

to the anonymous letter and the drawing; although he and Lady Douglas subsequently deposed to her pregnancy and delivery, and other immoral transactions, which, in their depositions, they state to have been previously committed.

Shortly after this, Sir John and Lady Douglas made formal declarations, not only to this anonymous letter, but also relating generally to the conduct of the Princess during their acquaintance with her. These declarations were made before the Duke of Sussex, and are dated Greenwich Park, December 3, 1805. They contained in substance the matter to which Lady Douglas subsequently deposed, and which will be noticed hereafter, but were combined with much more grossness and improbability.

These declarations were submitted by the Prince to the late Lord Thurlow, who said that His Royal Highness had no alternative—it was his duty to submit them to the King, as, if the allegations were true, the royal succession might be thereby affected. In the meantime it was resolved to make further inquiry, and a Mr. Lowten, Sir John Douglas's solicitor (whose selection was most extraordinary,) was directed to take steps accordingly. The consequence was, that William and Sarah Lampert (servants to Sir John Douglas,) William Cole, Robert and Sarah Bidgood, and Frances Lloyd made declarations, the whole of which, together with those of Sir John and Lady Douglas, were submitted to His Majesty. Having perused them, and advised with Lord Thurlow, he issued his warrant, dated the 29th of May, 1806, directing Lord Erskine, Lord Grenville, Earl Spencer, and Lord Ellenborough to inquire into the truth of the allegations, and to report to him thereon.

It appears, however, that, although in this affair the Prince at first acted upon the advice given to him by Lord Thurlow, his lordship himself advised the Prince to consult Sir Samuel Romilly. The Prince's motives for so doing were (as Sir Samuel many years afterwards stated, in his place

in the House of Commons,) because he, Sir Samuel, was unconnected with the Prince and generally with politics. The information which the Prince had received relative to the conduct of the Princess was accordingly submitted to Sir Samuel Romilly for his advice; and, after having considered it with the utmost care and anxiety, he addressed, in December, 1805, a letter to the King containing his sentiments on this important subject. After he gave that opinion, Sir Samuel said that the King took every possible means to ascertain what credit was due to the parties whose testimony had been given. In the change of Administration which shortly followed after the death of Mr. Pitt, Sir Samuel Romilly was appointed Solicitor General, and in March, 1806, he received the King's commands to confer with Lord Thurlow on this matter; and in a short time afterwards the alleged charges were submitted to some of the King's ministers, and an authority was then issued to certain members of the Privy Council.

Sir Samuel Romilly also, at the same time, stated that he was the only person present, besides the Commissioners, at all the examinations which were conducted by the four noble lords mentioned, he taking down all the depositions. He thought that he was selected for this purpose in preference to the Attorney General, merely because, if it should not be found necessary to institute any judicial or legislative proceedings upon it, it was desirable that the utmost secrecy should be observed. He declared, in the most solemn manner, that no inquiry was ever conducted with more impartiality, nor was there ever evinced a greater desire to discharge justly a great public duty. He subsequently stated that he was present at all the examinations but one, which was the last, and that was of Mrs. Lisle.

The Commissioners in this investigation were prompt in proceeding according to the King's command. The Commission was dated the 29th of May, and on the 1st of June

Lady Douglas and Sir John made their depositions. It has since been ascertained that all the witnesses were examined separately, and enjoined to the strictest secrecy. Mrs. Austin was sent for at ten o'clock at night from Pimlico to Downing street, and conveyed there by one of Lord Grenville's servants; she never communicated the fact of her examination to any person, not even to the Princess, till the year 1813.

On the 14th of July the Commissioners made the following report to His Majesty, which deserves, and should receive particular consideration :

“ May it please your Majesty—

“ Your Majesty having been graciously pleased, by an instrument, under your Majesty's royal sign manual, a copy of which is annexed to this report, to authorize, empower, and direct us to inquire into the truth of certain written declarations touching the conduct of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, an abstract of which had been laid before your Majesty; and to examine upon oath such persons as we should see fit touching and concerning the same, and to report to your Majesty the result of such examination. We have, in dutiful obedience to your Majesty's commands, proceeded to examine the several witnesses, the copies of whose depositions we have hereunto annexed; and, in further execution of the said commands, we now most respectfully submit to your Majesty the report of these examinations, as it has appeared to us. But we beg leave, at the same time, humbly to refer your Majesty, for more complete information, to the examinations themselves, in order to correct any error of judgment into which we may have unintentionally fallen with respect to any part of this business. On a reference to the above mentioned declarations, as the necessary foundations of all our proceedings, we found that they consisted of certain statements, which had been laid before His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, respecting the conduct of Her Royal Highness the Princess; that these statements not only imputed to Her Royal Highness great impropriety and indecency of behavior, but expressly asserted, partly on the ground of certain alleged declarations from the Princess' own mouth, and partly on the personal observation of the informants, the following most important facts, viz.: That Her Royal Highness had been pregnant, in the year 1802, in consequence of an illicit intercourse; and that she had, in the same year, been secretly delivered of a male child, which child had, ever since that period, been brought up by Her Royal Highness in her own house, and under her immediate inspection.

“These allegations, thus made, had, as we found, been followed by declarations from other persons, who had not indeed spoken to the important facts of the pregnancy or delivery of Her Royal Highness, but had related other particulars, in themselves extremely suspicious, and still more so when connected with the assertions already mentioned. In the painful situation in which His Royal Highness was placed by these communications, we learnt that His Royal Highness had adopted the only course which could, in our judgment, with propriety be followed. When informations such as these had been thus confidently alleged, and particularly detailed, and had been in some degree supported by collateral evidence, applying to other points of the same nature (though going to a far less extent), one line could only be pursued. Every sentiment of duty to your Majesty, and of concern for the public welfare, required that these particulars should not be withheld from your Majesty, to whom, more particularly, belonged the cognizance of a matter of state so nearly touching the honor of your Majesty's royal family, and by possibility affecting the succession of your Majesty's crown. Your Majesty had been pleased, on your part, to view the subject in the same light, considering it as a matter which, on every account, demanded the most immediate investigation. Your Majesty had thought fit to commit into our hands the duty of ascertaining, in the first instance, what degree of credit was due to the informations, and thereby enabling your Majesty to decide what further conduct to adopt concerning them. On this review, therefore, of the matters thus alleged, and of the course hitherto pursued upon them, we deemed it proper, in the first place, to examine those persons in whose declarations the occasion for this inquiry had originated, because if they, on being examined upon oath, had retracted, or varied from their assertions, all necessity of further investigation might possibly have been precluded. We, accordingly, first examined on oath the principal informants: Sir John Douglas, and Charlotte, his wife—who both positively swore, the former to his having observed the fact of the pregnancy of Her Royal Highness, and the latter to all the important particulars contained in her former declaration, and above referred to. Their examinations are annexed to this report, and are circumstantial and positive. The most material of those allegations, into the truth of which we have been directed to inquire, being thus far supported by the oath of the parties from whom they had proceeded, we then felt it to be our duty to follow up the inquiry by the examination of such other persons as we judged best able to afford us information as to the facts in question. We thought it beyond all doubt that, in this course of inquiry, many particulars must be learnt which would be necessarily conclusive on the truth or falsehood of these declarations—so many persons must have been witnesses to the appearance of an actually existing preg-

nancy; also, many circumstances must have been attendant upon a real delivery, and difficulties, so numerous and insurmountable, must have been involved in any attempt to account for the infant in question as the child of another woman, if it had been, in fact, the child of the Princess, that we entertained a full and confident expectation of arriving at complete proof, either in the affirmative or negative, on this part of the subject.

“This expectation was not disappointed. We are happy to declare to your Majesty our perfect conviction that there is no foundation whatever for believing that the child now with the Princess is the child of Her Royal Highness, or that she was delivered of any child in the year 1802; nor has anything appeared to us which would warrant the belief that she was pregnant in that year, or at any period within the compass of our inquiries.

“The identity of the child now with the Princess—its parents, age, the place and the date of its birth, the time, and the circumstances of its being first taken under Her Royal Highness’ protection—are all established by such a concurrence, both of positive and circumstantial evidence, as can, in our judgment, leave no question on this part of the subject. That child was, beyond all doubt, born in the Brownlow Street Hospital, on the 11th day of July, 1802, of the body of Sophia Austin; and was first brought to the Princess’ house in the month of November following. Neither should we be more warranted in expressing any doubt respecting the alleged pregnancy of the Princess, as stated in the original declarations—a fact so fully contradicted, and by so many witnesses, to whom, if true, it must in various ways be known, that we cannot think it entitled to the smallest credit. The testimonies on these two points are contained in the annexed depositions and letters. We have not partially extracted them in this report, lest, by any unintentional omission, we might weaken their effect; but we humbly offer to your Majesty this, our clear and unanimous judgment upon them, formed upon full deliberation, and pronounced without hesitation, on the results of the whole inquiry. We do not, however, feel ourselves at liberty, much as we should wish it, to close our report here. Besides the allegations of the pregnancy and delivery of the Princess, those declarations, on the whole of which your Majesty has been pleased to command us to inquire and report, contain, as we have already remarked, other particulars respecting Her Royal Highness, such as must, especially considering her exalted rank and station, necessarily give occasion to very unfavorable interpretations, from the various depositions and proofs annexed to this report; particularly from the examinations of Robert Bidgood, William Cole, Frances Lloyd, and Mrs. Lisle; your Majesty will perceive that several strong circumstances of this description have been positively sworn to by witnesses who cannot, in our judgment, be suspected of any unfavorable bias, and whose veracity in this respect we have seen no ground to question.

“On the precise bearing and effects of the facts thus appearing, it is not for us to decide; these we submit to your Majesty’s wisdom; but we conceive it to be our duty to report on this part of the inquiry as distinctly as on the former facts; that as, on the one hand, the facts of pregnancy and delivery are to our minds satisfactorily disproved, so, on the other hand, we think that the circumstances to which we now refer, particularly those stated to have passed between Her Royal Highness and Captain Manby, must be credited until they shall receive some decisive contradiction; and, if true, are justly entitled to the most serious consideration. We cannot close this report without humbly assuring your Majesty that it was, on every account, our anxious wish to have executed this delicate trust with as little publicity as the nature of the case would possibly allow; and we intreat your Majesty’s permission to express our full persuasion that, if this wish has been disappointed, the failure is not imputable to anything unnecessarily said or done by us; all which is most humbly submitted to your Majesty.

“(Signed),

“June 14, 1806.

“A true copy, I. BECKET.”

ERSKINE,

SPENCER,

GRENVILLE,

ELLENBOROUGH.”

It is to be lamented that this solemn, though secret inquiry, should appear to have originated in His Royal Highness, the heir apparent, because, as it was universally known, he had for a long time lived apart from the Princess; and, from the letters which passed between them in 1806, MORALLY he could have no right to institute any inquiry into the conduct of his wife. But it is said he had advisers, and two of these were Lord Thurlow and Sir Samuel Romilly.

After giving due weight to both these gentlemen’s opinions, it is evident that that advice must have been bad, which, when acted upon, tended to lower the heir apparent to the throne in the eyes of the people, to whom it is always desirable that they should look with respect and esteem. Whether, on account of the *nation*, such an inquiry, on the *mere* statements of Sir John and Lady Douglas, ought to have been instituted, is another question; but the Prince should *not* have been made the most

prominent party in it—indeed, he ought not to have appeared in it at all. It appears, however, that too ready credence was given to the statements of the Douglasses; for, although two of their servants, the Lamperts, were examined (of whose examinations nothing is known, and therefore no observations can be made upon them,) yet, if *other* servants, who were living, or had lived, with Sir John and Lady Douglas at the period when they were intimate with the Princess, had been examined, a very different complexion would have been given to the whole affair, as the real character of Lady Douglas must, by these means, have been known. Whoever, therefore, advised and promoted this inquiry, under the impression that they were discharging “a great public duty,” here, at any rate, evinced a great dereliction of it.

The commission itself was one of those anomalies in jurisprudence, of which it is to be hoped no repetition will ever occur. In the first place, it was **SECRET**, and the secrecy alone is its sufficient condemnation. The witnesses were examined separately, and enjoined to secrecy. One was taken from her home to be examined at ten o'clock at night. The accused was not present, either by herself or by her counsel, consequently no proper cross examination could take place. It must occur to everyone that, if the Princess appeared to be guilty of the *high treason* which was laid to her charge by Lady Douglas (admitting, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, that her conduct ought to have been inquired into,) it was the bounden duty of those who had the welfare of the state in their hands to have instituted a solemn and a *public* examination and trial of the accused lady. Nothing short of this ought to have been attempted. The very existence of a secret tribunal, and the mode of examining the witnesses, excite much suspicion. The Princess complained most strongly, in her letter to the King, of such tribunals. They have, indeed,

a taint in their nature from which it is not possible by any sophistry that they can ever be freed.

As the Princess had been for many months, in consequence of this investigation, excluded from the royal family, and from any communication with the King, who had always shown the greatest disposition of any branch of his illustrious house to do her justice, she naturally expected that, after the report of the Commissioners and the letter containing her defence, that the King would receive her as he had formerly been accustomed to do. After waiting nine weeks from the period of the transmission of her defence to His Majesty, she wrote him a letter, dated the 8th of December, 1806, complaining of not having heard from His Majesty, and most feelingly deplored the delay.

On the 28th of January, 1807, she received a note from the King, informing her that it was no longer necessary for him to decline receiving the Princess into his royal presence; that he saw with satisfaction the decided proof of the falsehood of the accusation of pregnancy and delivery brought forward against her by Lady Douglas, but that there were other circumstances stated against her which he regarded with serious concern; and he desired and expected that such conduct might in future be observed by the Princess as might fully justify those marks of paternal regard and affection which he always wished to show to every part of the royal family. The King added that he had directed that copies of the proceedings should be communicated to the Prince.

The next day the Princess wrote a note to the King, requesting permission to wait upon him the Monday following at Windsor, or that he would name some other early day for that purpose. To this a reply was returned the same day from Windsor, informing her that the King preferred receiving her in London, upon a day subsequent to the ensuing week, and of which he would apprise her.

On the 10th of February the Princess received a note from the King, purporting that, as the Princess might have been led to expect from the King's letter to her, he would fix an early day for seeing her, the King thought it right to acquaint her that the Prince, upon receiving the several documents concerning her conduct, made a formal communication to him of his intention to put them into the hands of his lawyers, and praying that His Majesty would suspend any further steps in the business until the Prince should be enabled to submit to him the statement which he proposed to make. The King, therefore, deferred naming a day until the result of the Prince's intention should be known.

To this note the Princess, on the 12th, addressed a letter, beseeching the King to recall his last determination, and informing him that she should, without delay, represent to him the various grounds upon which she felt the hardship of her case. She said, after suffering the punishment of banishment from the King for seven months, pending an inquiry affecting both her life and her honor; after the termination of that inquiry, and the opinion of his sworn servants, that there was no longer any reason for the King declining to receive her; after all this, she now found a renewed application on the part of the Prince, upon whose communication the first inquiry had been directed; and that that punishment, which had been inflicted pending a seven months' inquiry, was to be continued, and that she was to wait the result of some new proceeding suggested by the legal advisers of the Prince.

On the 16th of the same month, the Princess, according to her last communication, sent the King a long letter, explaining the various grounds on which she felt the hardship of her case.

On the 5th of March the Princess transmitted another letter to the King. She began by informing him that she

had hoped to have heard from him, and to have received his commands to pay her duty to him in his royal presence. That hope being disappointed, she determined to wait a few days longer before she took a step, which, when once taken, could not be recalled. Having, however, assured herself that the King was in town on the 4th, and not having received any command to wait upon him, she abandoned all hope, and informed the King that the publication of the proceedings alluded to would not be withheld beyond the Monday following.

Soon after this letter was sent, the ministry, of which Lord Grenville was the head, retired from office, and were succeeded by those who were confessedly the friends of the Princess. It was, therefore, natural to suppose that the most complete justice would be done her. The new Administration was formed of the very men who had so resolutely and so fully espoused and defended her cause, and who so openly and undisguisedly declared to the King their full conviction of her innocence. She was well aware that the great obstacle to her reception at Court rested with her mother-in-law, and so long as the Grenville Administration remained in office, which was known to be favorable to the views of the Queen, no hopes could be entertained of her restoration to her dignity and rank at Court.

In less than a month after the new ministers came into office the Princess was by them wholly exonerated from the accusations brought against her, and, in consequence, the Princess was received at Court, and apartments were assigned to her in Kensington Palace. She was not, however, on the same footing either at Court or in the royal family as she had formerly been. It was remarkable that when she appeared at Court on the King's birthday, the 4th June, 1807, as she passed through the presence chamber and other rooms where the spectators were assembled, they received her with clapping of hands, and on her return

from the drawing room the same mark of respect was shown her. Such an occurrence in such a place is very extraordinary and unusual. Her triumph was now, therefore, complete; and, having gained the object of her wishes, she seldom appeared at Court, except on the King's birthday; she lived almost in a state of complete estrangement from the royal family, and dedicated her time to acts of benevolence and the improvement of her own mind.

With these proceedings the matter, as far as the public was concerned, appeared to be set at rest; but the fiends of malignity were set privately to work, and the Princess was surrounded by a set of pretended friends, but who were, in reality, spies placed upon her conduct by the Countess of Jersey, who became the depositary of all the scandal that was collected, of all the misrepresentations that were invented, and of all the falsehoods that were fabricated. With her budget of infamy she hastened to the Prince, to whom she knew it would be a welcome offering; he gloated over the contents, and secretly triumphed that his victim was so fast hastening to her ruin. The Prince did not understand the character of Lady Jersey, or he was blind to her vices; or, otherwise, if he had diligently and impartially considered the representations made to him—had he analyzed them in the alembic of truth or probability—he would have seen their constituent principles to have been selfishness, malice, and revenge.

In regard to the members of the royal family, the house became divided against itself. The Queen and the Princesses espoused the cause of the Prince; the King that of the Princess. The former abstained from her society, as if it exhaled some contaminating influence; the latter not only patronized her, but solemnly ratified his approval of her conduct by frequently paying her a visit. The latter circumstance gave great offence to the Prince, and called forth his severest animadversions. The breach which had been

lately closed up between the father and the son now threatened to be far more extensive than on any other previous occasion. When they met, their acknowledgments partook more of the character of the new and formal acquaintance than of the affectionate intercourse between parent and child; on the countenance of the former sat the frown of a father's anger; on that of the latter was visible the disdainful look of a person laboring under a supposed serious injury.

That the conduct of George III, in requiring the marriage of the Prince, was unwise, improper, and impolitic, cannot be disputed. He lived to deplore his determination, and sincerely did he regret it.

From this theme of national disgrace we turn to a subject of melancholy reflection—the death of Pitt and Fox, which took place in this year, 1806. The characters of these statesmen, so identified with the life of George IV, are too well known to need here more than a passing allusion. With Sheridan they formed a triumvirate of brilliant genius such as never since has illuminated the legislative halls of England.

Immediately after the death of Fox, to whose political principles the Prince was strongly attached, he made known his intention of abstaining from personal interference in politics.

Chapter Ten.

THE year 1809 was distinguished by the memorable charges against the Duke of York, so often alluded to in our work, of which other writers have failed to give so full an account as we shall present in our pages.

There was a gay member in the House of Commons, and who, in America, we would call a "fast young man," and, of course, knew perfectly well what was going on in gay society in London. He was Colonel Wardle, a Welshman, and had married a lady of large fortune, and was going through the same as fast as possible. He had received a cut either from the Regent or his equally profligate brother, the Duke of York; in revenge, he thought he would ventilate before the British nation the private scandalous doings of at least one of the "honored" members of the royal family. On the 27th of January, 1809, he rose in his place in the House of Commons, and threw a bombshell into the midst of debate by making some startling charges against that redoubtable commander, the Duke of York, regarding his private life, which involved a question of great national importance.

He said the royal Duke had become infatuated by a beautiful married lady by the name of Mary Ann Clarke, and, by lavish offers, had induced her to take up her abode in a splendid establishment, and become his mistress, to the great scandal of the virtuous British nation; and, in part payment for the prostitution of her beautiful person to his royal passion, had, and was allowing her to traffic, not only in her charms, but in commissions and promotions, in the noble British army of which he was commander, "very

much in the style of Lady Marlborough when her husband was in a similar position."

This announcement created a great excitement in the House, but the excitement was still greater when he continued, "Nor was this all; her trafficking is not in the army alone, not in the commissions of soldiers, but also in the livings and bishoprics of THE CHURCH." He knew of a number of individuals now seeking by bribes the influence of this "public adulteress" to procure from the royal Duke certain livings and bishoprics as well as positions in the army. This raised a great commotion; the friends of the noble Duke tried to ward off discussion, but without avail. Sir Francis Burdett, who was of the same party with Colonel Wardle, seconded the latter's motion when he demanded a committee to make inquiry, and to enable him to prove his assertions. The appointment of a committee was strenuously opposed by the ministers, as many, no doubt, well knew of the truth of the allegations, and they used every exertion to put down all inquiry. A Mr. York essayed a speech, in which he said the whole affair was a conspiracy, and was introduced, not out of the love of virtue and good name of the royal family, but simply as an inspiration of Jacobinical principles and party malice.

Lord Castlereagh, in order to stave off all the main question regarding the Duke and the frail beauty, entered into an elaborate praise of his capital management and improvements in the army, not denying, as he should have done, the truth of the charges. Wardle was not to be put off; he came again to his feet with the profligate Mrs. Clarke and her doings; he had not arraigned the army, but only the amorous Commander-in-Chief, who, in turn, was himself commanded by Mrs. Clarke; so that the great British realm enjoyed the humiliating spectacle of their gallant army being led by a London prostitute! A terrible commotion was

raised both in Parliament and out of it, as the journals of the day illustrate. The gallant Colonel Wardle was determined that the whole scandalous proceeding should receive a thorough investigation by an inquiry of Parliament, through a regular constituted committee. High authority for the improvement in the army was brought by the Duke's friends, the ministers, to prove that the condition of the army was very much improved; that when he took command he found it the worst organized in Europe, and by his skill he had brought it to be the best. The authority for this, they said, was Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterwards the famous Duke.) This all was well enough so far as it went, and a very good set-off against the charges, but did not meet them; for, in fact, the charges were notoriously true, as far as the influence the beautiful harlot exercised over her royal paramour. The opposition came back to the main question regarding Mrs. Clarke, and of her selling commissions in the army and livings in the Church, etc.

Here we are led to the reflection to what an abject state ministers of the Gospel and teachers of the Christian religion must have been brought to by the monarchical system of government, in this enlightened age, to solicit a living over a religious congregation from a known public prostitute. How could they stand up in the presence of their people, before the altar of the Most High, and read these words of the decalogue, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," without a pricking of conscience, when they had procured the situation in their holy calling through one whose very living was obtained by the constant infraction of the holy precept!

The scandal of the immorality of the sinful connection was not once alluded to. The good Wilberforce, of all the members, appeared particularly shocked at the wickedness and crime involved; but other members thought little of it in this light. The details, which certain members well

knew would create surprise and indignation among the religious portion of the community, they wished to keep from the knowledge of the public; and the great philanthropist proposed, for the sake of morality, that all the hideous and indecent details should be confined to a select committee, as the exposure thereof would have a most evil effect upon the morals of the public.

Canning said the whole affair was infamous either to one party or the other, and declared that infamy must attach somewhere, either to the accused or the accuser. It should fall where it belonged. The House was of Canning's opinion also, and determined that wherever the infamy was to fall it should have a full airing and publicity of a committee of the whole House, which was appointed to commence the inquiry. The noble Duke appeared to make light of the affair; but, before the finality was reached, he had to succumb to the ignominy the *exposé* brought upon him. He discovered to his sorrow that "the lips of a strange woman drop as a honeycomb; her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword."

A great excitement was now created throughout England in anticipation of the developments which were expected on the forthcoming examination.

On Wednesday, the 1st of February, 1809, the examination commenced. Mandates were sent out to the fascinating harlot to appear before the high and mighty of the realm. She obeyed the summons, and in an elaborate toilet drove to the House, and appeared before the bar precisely at the time appointed. Her appearance created a sensation. She was perfectly composed and unabashed, and of equal gracefulness of manners, of wit, and impudence. She swept into the House as if she was one of the most exalted peeresses of the land. She made a low, fashionable obeisance to the "noble, grave, and reverend seignors" in the highest style of theatrical grace, and

seemed to carry away the members captive at once by her peculiar fascinations and peerless beauty. This is somewhat remarkable, for she was not now young, but of a mature, matronly age, and for years had lived under the "protection" of one distinguished gentleman or other, and had been the well known mistress of several before she came in the possession of the noble Duke of York. Her costume was in exquisite taste, in the highest style of art and fashion, and, of course, of the richest material. The eyes of the whole House were upon her, and she withstood the questioning without flinching and with great self-possession, and occasionally "bringing the House down" with her ingenious repartees. It must have been a singular scene, that fascinating woman before the collected wisdom of the most mighty British nation, under such very singular circumstances. What a windfall would a like examination in Congress be to our reporters and correspondents in Washington! What would the American nation say? Wouldn't Mrs. Clarke be "interviewed" with a vengeance!

She glanced around at the members, among whom there were various of her old paramours, and the recognition that her speaking looks gave them at once pointed them out. Her examination continued for days, and the wit and the cleverness of her replies, and the cool and good humored style of her demeanor—never ruffled, never put out, but giving keen hits in return for any exposures which were made of her conduct—carried not only the members out of their decorum, but made her at once an object of intense curiosity out of doors. Mrs. Clarke was the heroine of the day. The reformers regarded her as one of themselves, because she was helping them to expose the Duke, who had been a steady enemy of every innovation of Church and state. They were willing to forget that she had been doing her best, so long as the Duke continued his connection with her, to abuse the institutions of the country, and to enrich

herself by the worst corruptions. Whenever she appeared on her way to and from the House, she was followed and surrounded by crowds, who rushed pellmell to get a sight of her, as though she had been the most virtuous woman in the country. She was sung all over London in admiring ballads; the boys ceased to cry "heads or tails" at chuck farthing, but "duke or darling," because a Miss Mary Anne Taylor, on her examination, said she had often heard the Duke call Mrs. Clarke "darling." The Speaker of the House found it almost impossible to preserve order, such was the laughter and applause of the members at the witty sallies or cutting retorts of the charming adultress—an epithet at which she only smiled pleasantly when incidentally applied to her by the counsel. The following *jeu d'esprit* of the amiable Mary Anne convulsed the House with laughter. A Mr. Taylor, the Duke's shoemaker, of Bond Street, had been employed by him as go-between, and he had taken a fine house for her in Gloucester Place, and furnished it by the Duke's orders. When the Attorney General asked her who brought her a particular message, she replied, "A particular friend of the Duke's." "Who was he?" asked the Attorney General. "Mr. Taylor," she replied, "the shoemaker of Bond Street." (At this there was a laugh.) "By whom did you send your address to the Duke?" "By my own pen." "I mean, who carried the letter?" "The same ambassador." "What ambassador?" "Why, the Ambassador of *Morocco!*" It was in vain, at this reply, that the Speaker thundered, "Order! order!" and threatened Mrs. Clarke with the displeasure of the House.

It appeared very clear that the Duke had permitted her to traffic in the sale of commissions, and both Mrs. Clarke and Mary Anne Taylor, whose brother was married to Mrs. Clarke's sister, asserted that the Duke had received part of the money for some of these bargains. Sums of one thou-

and pounds, of five hundred pounds, and two hundred pounds had been paid to her for such services. She had not only made her brother but her foot-boy an officer in the army; and the bargainings with the clergy were particularly scandalous—the particulars of which may be seen in all the newspapers of the time, and in the “Edinburgh Annual Register” of 1809.

It was too late now to save the Duke's reputation. The House of Commons had concluded its examination in March. It acquitted the Duke of any participation in the vile profits on the sale of commissions with his artful mistress, but that she had made such there was no question; and Wilberforce gave great offence to the royal family by declaring that this was not a time, when all the countries on the continent were lying at the feet of Buonaparte, for our Commander-in-Chief to be so easily made the dupe of a woman; that the French Emperor stuck at no means of gaining his ends, and he could afford to pay an insinuating woman at an enormous price—at that of making a duchess or a princess of her—who should be able to get into the confidence of such a commander, and draw from him the most important secrets of the state. The Duke did not await the decision of the Commons, but resigned his office. Lord Althorpe, in moving that, as the Duke had resigned, that the proceedings should go no further, said that the Duke had lost the confidence of the country forever, and therefore there was no chance of his ever returning to that situation. This was the conclusion to which the House came on the 21st of March, and, soon after, Sir David Dundas was appointed to succeed the Duke as Commander-in-Chief, much to the chagrin of the army, and equally to its detriment. The Duke, though, like his brother, very profligate, and, like him—according to a statement made during the debates on his case—capable, as a youth, of learning either Greek or arithmetic, but not

the value of money, seems to have discharged his duty to the army extremely well, of which old General Dundas was wholly incapable.

The corruptions connected with the Duke of York and his mistress were but a small fragment of the wide and universal system that was existing. A demand was made for some law to prevent the high and mighty from prostituting their exalted positions to thus obtain money by the sale of commissions, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought in a bill which was passed afterwards and prevented any fascinating female having the like opportunity to traffic in the livings of the Church or promotions in the army.

The Duke was now disgraced in his conduct. He discovered to his sorrow that the wiles of a "strange woman go down to death, her steps take hold of hell, and that his "honor was given unto others."

A singular *finale* occurred to this affair, as was brought to light some time afterwards, and still further illustrates the wisdom of Solomon in his advice to his son guarding him against the mysterious ways of the "strange woman."

It appears that after the trial Col. Wardle received numerous votes of thanks from many meetings both in the city and country, and had gained great popularity by causing the investigation and putting it to a successful issue. Unfortunately for the gallant Wardle his charming witness perfectly fascinated him, and eventually he fell under the bewitching influence of the artful woman. After the trial the Duke, from the notoriety she had given his connection with her, discarded her, and the virtuous Wardle took her under his own protection—notwithstanding he was a married man with an estimable wife. He took a new and expensive house for her in Westbourne Place, and furnished it in a most lavish fashion. She ran up extravagant bills, which, for awhile, he paid without murmurs, but she becoming too extravagant they quarrelled, and this led to a

grand *exposé*. She had purchased some magnificent fittings from Mr. Wright, the popular and fashionable upholsterer in Rathbone Place, and the Colonel refused to pay the bill. Mr. Wright instituted legal proceedings to compel payment of his bill, and summoned his paramour as a witness against him. The lovely Mrs. Clarke appeared, although Wardle endeavored to prevent her—but failed. He endeavored to stop the trial, but did not succeed, and his whole conduct was as fully exposed before the Court and public as had been the Duke of York's before Parliament, and the fickle female was as vindictive against the humble Colonel as she was on the previous occasion against the noble Duke. Mrs. Clarke deposed that it was with his knowledge that she bought the goods, and had not only gone with her to do so, but had told her he wished to compensate her for the invaluable aid she had rendered in the prosecution of the Duke. Here again the evidence of this treacherous siren carried the day, for the gallant Colonel lost the suit, which, with the costs thereof, amounted to £2,000 (\$10,000). For him it was a rueful *exposé*. Too late for his reputation, he discovered the wisdom of the scriptural maxim that the arts of an abandoned woman are past finding out—that “thou canst not know them.”

Greville describes the Duke of York as having the least of the vices which were unfortunately characteristic of his royal brothers. His connection with Mrs. Clarke and its consequences were his principal deviations from rectitude.

If, it is argued, the Duke did not participate in the profits arising from the traffic of his mistress in the sale of commissions, *indirectly* he was a gainer, inasmuch if these resources had not been available the supply must have been furnished from his income. How profitable this infamous trade became may be inferred from Mrs. Clarke's schedule of prices: \$4,500 for a Majority; \$3,500 for a Captaincy; Lieutenantcy, \$2,000, and an Ensigncy, \$1,000.

There was much corruption and abuse connected with our volunteer recruiting and substitute provision in the late rebellion, but nothing so hideous in its character as this.

That the Duke of York was the dupe of an artful, intriguing, and talented woman cannot for a moment admit of a doubt; in fact, there were few whom she did not make her dupes, if her own interests could be promoted by it; but it was the circumstance of her attempt to involve the subject of these memoirs in the accomplishment of her plans, which rendered it imperative on our part to enter into this detail of one of the most important eras in the history of this country, as far as the members of the royal family were concerned.

“The Prince having received an anonymous letter, stating that the writer had some very important communications to make, the trusty John M'Mahon was despatched to No. 14 Bedford row, Russell square, whence the note was dated. There he was introduced to a lady, who began to question him respecting any knowledge which he possessed of Mrs. Clarke; and, having denied that he had any personal knowledge of her, he was then questioned as to the knowledge which he possessed of her character. The courtier, however, saw not through the snare that was laid for him and expressed himself in very disrespectful terms of the lady, concluding with the observation that nothing which he had heard tended to her advantage. The lady whom he was addressing, and to whom he had given such a questionable character of Mrs. Clarke, was Mrs. Clarke herself! and John M'Mahon stood before her abashed and confounded. He begged her a thousand pardons for the portrait which he had drawn of her, but he disclaimed being the painter. “I know it well,” said Mrs. Clarke, with all that fascination of which she was the mistress, and in which, perhaps, she excelled more than any other woman of her peculiar condition; “I know,”

said she, "who have drawn my character to you; it is Adams and Greenwood;" and she then proceeded to enter upon the business for which the interview was desired. It was evidently the aim of Mrs. Clarke to engender enmity between the Prince and the Duke of York, but on what grounds, or on whose account, M'Mahon refused to disclose when he was examined on the subject at the bar of the House of Commons, of which he was a member for the rotten borough of Aldeburgh, in Suffolk; and, at the same time (although it is enacted by the Legislature that no person holding any office or employment under Government, from which is derived any profit or emolument, shall be deemed eligible for a seat in Parliament) we find M'Mahon member of the Honorable the Council of His Royal Highness as Duke of Cornwall, Deputy Warden of the Stannaries, Auditor and Secretary to the same, Keeper of the Privy and Council Seals, Keeper of the Privy Purse, etc., etc. At a subsequent period of this most extraordinary investigation Mrs. Clarke avowed herself to be the author of the anonymous letter to the Prince of Wales; and, in consequence of the interview which took place between her and M'Mahon, a message was sent by the Prince, regretting that his departure for Brighton would prevent him interfering in the business, but that M'Mahon should be the mediator between herself and his royal brother. It appears, however, that so far from being the mediator, he became, under the guise of friendship, the slavish instrument of extracting particular information from Mrs. Clarke, to be afterwards made use of to her injury, when a phalanx of power was arrayed against her, which would have crushed any spirit, were it a hundred times more firm and daring than her own. To show, however, the duplicity of this man, whose character and honor were deemed so unblemished as to entitle him to the confidence and friendship of the future King of England, we give the fol-

lowing letter, which is but one of a series which was read at the table of the House of Commons, from the same person, and which was purposely done to show M'Mahon's character in its proper light:

"Nothing, Mrs. Clarke may be assured, but indisposition, and wanting in the pleasure of having anything successful to report, could have so long prevented my calling on or sending to her.

In whatever communication may have been made to Mrs. Clarke's lawyer, I am indignant that such terms as 'either deceiving or laughing at you' should form a part of it, having reference to me; for, while I lament my total inability to serve Mrs. Clarke, I am ready to confess that in the few interviews *I had the honor* to hold with her, her conduct and conversation demanded nothing but my respect and the good wishes I bear her.

J. M."

The disgrace of the Duke of York threw a deep gloom over the happiness of the royal family, and undoubtedly was the principal cause which led to the return of the King's malady, from which he never rallied. The poet says:

"Who was it lost Marc Antony the world?
A woman!"

We may parody it, and say:

"Who was it lost the Duke of York his fame?
A woman!"

Chapter Eleven.

WHEN Thackeray's lectures on the Four Georges brought him into conflict with the present reigning house he was accused of disloyalty. At a dinner party given in his honor at Edinburgh, in 1857, he indignantly repelled the accusation, at the same time uttering these words: "I believe, for my part, in speaking the truth of a bad sovereign, we are paying no disrespect to a good one." Lord Neaves, a distinguished Scotch jurist, present upon the occasion, replied to Thackeray's self-defence, and expressed this sentiment: "I am not sorry that some of the false trappings of royalty, or of Court life, should be stripped off. Woe be to the country or crown when the voice of truth shall be stifled as to any such matters, or when the only tongue that is allowed to be heard is that of flattery." These honest words must find an echo in every true American heart, but in the circles of English aristocracy they were regarded as the quintessence of social heresy.

It was at this visit to Edinburgh that Aytoun, the Tory editor of "Blackwood's Magazine," on being asked his opinion of Thackeray's unpalatable lectures on the Georges, is said to have replied: "H—m! Better have stuck to the Jeameses!"

The first suggestion of these opinions on the Georges appeared in *Punch* several years before the delivery of the lectures. It was at the time their statues were prepared for the new Parliament palace. "We have been favored," said the periodical, "by a young lady connected with the Court, with copies of the inscriptions which are to be

engraven under the images of those Stars of Brunswick." They were all sufficiently satirical, but the severity lay in the truth. The first and the last were the most pointed. This was for

"GEORGE THE FIRST—STAR OF BRUNSWICK.

He preferred Hanover to England.

He preferred two hideous Mistresses to a beautiful Wife.

He hated Arts and despised Literature;

But he liked train oil in his salads,

And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters,

And he had Walpole as a Minister:

Consistent in his preferences for every kind of Corruption."

George III is made to say, among other things:

"Ireland I risked, and lost America;

But dined on legs of mutton every day."

And there are some pathetic lines at the close concerning the "crazy old blind man in Windsor Tower" never stirring while his great guns are roaring triumph, and all England is thrilled with joy at the victory over Napoleon.

The inscription for George IV is one of the most pointed satires of its class ever written:

"GEORGIUS ULTIMUS.

He left an example for age and for youth to avoid,

He never acted well by Man or Woman,

And was as false to his Mistress as to his Wife.

He deserted his friends and his Principles.

He had some skill in Cutting out Coats,

And an undeniable Taste for Cookery.

He built the Palaces of Brighton and Buckingham,

And for these qualities and Proofs of Genius

An admiring Aristocracy

Christened him the 'First Gentleman in Europe.'

Friends, respect the King whose Statue is here,

And the generous Aristocracy who admired him."

The appreciation of Thackeray's talents has always been qualified by the English aristocracy, which is easy to understand.

The publication of the Greville Memoirs has done much to destroy "the divinity that doth hedge a king;" it is not so much what Greville has written, however, as what he might have revealed had he been in the interests of reformers, that is now causing so much agitation in the highest circles of English aristocracy. He has said enough, however, to assure us he knew important secrets regarding the social and political corruption of his time. His rank will not protect his memory from the anathemas of the nobility, and already their protests are finding voice.*

The withering satire of Thackeray cut keenly as a surgeon's knife, but the class he pictured with such inimitable skill had their privilege of revenge by regarding him as a sort of irresponsible literary Bohemian; but now the reviler of England's greatness is one of their own rank. Charles C. F. Greville, the patrician, in whose veins run the bluest blood of the realm, a relative of the Earl of Warwick, grandson of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, Clerk of the Privy Council,† the *creme de la creme* of social and political aristocracy, pronounces "the first gentleman of Europe" a "dog" and "beast," and applies epithets of the most disgraceful nature to personages who slumber beneath escutcheoned marble and in the vaults of royal mausoleums.

We echo the sentiments of American society when we argue that, if Greville, with every interest to uphold monarchical institutions, who was farthest from indulging in the dreams of radical reform could thus write, are we not

* The work fairly bristles with points of annoyance. It is running over with deleterious or dangerous matter, and to hurry edition after edition through the press, without regard to consequences, is to act like the lighterman who steers his loosely packed cargo of gunpowder and benzoline through a populous district, a fire in his cabin, and a lighted pipe between his teeth.—*Abraham Hayward in London Quarterly*, 1875. *Review of Greville's Memoirs.*

† This office is now held by the most elegant scholar of England, Sir Arthur Helps.

entitled to credence for the narrations in this work, every page of which is authenticated history? This book will favor rather than otherwise the present reigning family, as it exhibits so marked a difference between royalty as it was and royalty as it is. The simplicity, grace, purity, and homelike virtues of Victoria and her late Consort are the brightest jewels in England's diadem; and if there is any one motive more than another that could induce us to forget the time-honored axiom, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, it is this: to impress upon all rulers that their private lives should be pure and stainless. What would be frailty in less exalted men becomes crime in them, to blight with its shadow nations and unborn generations. They live in the light of the world, and the slightest deviation from rectitude can have no hope of escaping the avenging eye of history. Even in these days of limited monarchy they represent the exponents of law, they are looked to by the people as *examples*, and are by no means as the sign by the wayside, pointing the way to others it is not expected to travel itself. They should not only avoid evil but the appearance of evil in their walk, conversation, and associates. "Cæsar's wife must not be suspected." The ermine of royalty should be as stainless as the snow of alpine heights. Like master, like man. Human nature is so weak and frail that it is ever watching with Argus eye to expose the weaknesses of exalted rank, behind which they may hope to extenuate its own delinquencies. Making due allowance for the increase of refinement growing from the development of æsthetic culture of the past half century, who believes that the aristocracy of England of the present time is any better in its natural instincts than in the reign of George IV? To what, then, can be attributed the *comparative* purity of English high life of today but to the example of its immaculate Queen.

It is said that in one of the royal Cabinets on the conti-

nent the names of all the patriot kings who have reigned since the commencement of history are written in the circumference of a penny, and that there is still a vacancy for more. It is not for us to say if the name of George IV is there inscribed. Like the artist who transfers from his canvas a scene from nature, and then subjects them to the criticism of his judges, so the historian must mirror the deeds of his actors, leaving often the inferences to his intelligent readers.

We now approach an important era in our history. At the close of 1810 it became known that the King (George III) was incapacitated from exercising the royal functions by the return of the disease with which he had been afflicted in 1788. The death of his beloved daughter, Amelia, at Windsor, November 2d, 1810, broke the last hold of his already tottering reason. There is a tie of the human heart which is the founder and preserver of domestic happiness. It is the love of the parent for the child, the love of the child for the parent; but when the supreme hour arrives in which that tie is to be forever broken for this world, then it is that the heart grows sick and reason staggers on its throne. In the contemplation of this scene we would not breathe a whisper that should disturb the awful solemnity of the spectacle. A father, whose reason had fled over the grave of a much loved child, is a sacred being who carries a passport through the world to our sympathy and compassion. The traveler who has been plodding his weary way through the dark gloom of a forest feels his heart cheered when at a distance he beholds a bright ray of light piercing the surrounding shade; so the historian, depicting the tragic scenes of human life emanating from the work of vice and passion, feels relieved when some purer object comes before him in which he can trace the virtues of a Christian life.

The character of the Princess Amelia shines amidst the

vices of royalty with a redeeming light; and the contrast is the greater as the occurrence is so rare. Dignified, though condescending; benevolent, without ostentation; lively, though a prey to sickness, which usually quenches the spirits as well as the health of youth; she was beloved by all who lived within the sphere of hearing of her virtues. In performing the duties of humanity and benevolence she was indefatigable; and the grateful sympathy with which all her acts of this nature were performed was not less soothing and gratifying than the actual tribute of her kindness. In the relations of domestic life nothing could exceed her attention, assiduity, and affection. The last act of her filial tenderness evinced that it was not in the power of sickness, severely as it operated on her, to lessen the amiable temper of her mind; for, languid as she was at some periods, and tortured by pain at others, a desire of testifying her affection for the best of fathers was one of the strongest feelings of her heart. She wished to present her royal father with a token of her filial duty and affection; and she had the satisfaction of placing on his finger a ring made by her own directions for the express purpose, containing a small lock of her hair, inclosed under a crystal tablet, set round with a few sparks of diamonds, accompanied by the impressive words—*Remember me.*

The old monarch, weakened by his many trials, now sunk into that state which involved the nation in sorrow, and rendered it necessary that Parliament should turn its attention to the subject of a Regency. The question of a Regency is, in a hereditary monarchy, a dangerous subject for the statesman to handle. It carries with it the presupposition that a king, in the abstract, can be represented as well by the log as by the stork which Jupiter sent to the frogs; or that it is only setting up one person in the place of another and calling him a king, and a king he is.

Our limits will not permit of even an abstract of the con-

troversy which the question of the Regency and its restrictions excited. A strong antipathy to the restrictions were manifested by every branch of the royal family, as will appear by the following protest made by the Prince, and signed by all the male members of the family:

"SIR—The Prince of Wales, having assembled the whole of the male branches of the royal family, and having communicated to us the plan intended to be proposed by His Majesty's confidential servants, to the Lords and Commons, for the establishment of a restricted regency, should the continuance of His Majesty's ever to be deplored illness render it necessary; we feel it a duty we owe to His Majesty, to our country, and to ourselves, to enter our solemn protest against measures we consider as perfectly unconstitutional, as they are contrary to, and subversive of, the principles which seated our family upon the throne of this realm.

(Signed),

| | |
|------------|---------------------|
| FREDERICK, | AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, |
| WILLIAM, | ADOLPHUS FREDERICK, |
| EDWARD, | WILLIAM FREDERICK. |
| ERNEST, | |

Wednesday night, 12 o'clock, December 19, 1810.

R. H. Spencer Perceval, etc., etc., etc."

On the 11th, at two o'clock precisely, the deputation from the two Houses went up to Carlton House to present to the Prince the resolutions to which the two Houses, after long discussion, had agreed. The lords and gentlemen, all in full dress, were ushered through the superb suite of rooms to the drawing room where the Prince stood; his Chancellor, William Adam, Esq., and Earl Moira, on his right hand; the Duke of Cumberland and Mr. Sheridan on his left; behind him four officers of his household, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Colonel M'Mahon, Colonel Bloomfield, and General Turner. The deputation advanced according to their order of precedence: the Lord President, the Lord Privy Seal, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Secretary Ryder, the President of the Board of Control, and the Master of the Rolls; and they made the usual reverences.

The Lord President then read and delivered to His Royal Highness the resolutions.

The answer was delivered by the Prince with that most graceful and dignified deportment which so peculiarly distinguished him.

The following is merely inserted to exhibit the ceremonies which were performed before the Prince on the first Sunday that he attended divine service after having accepted of the Regency. It took place on the 27th of January :

At 12 o'clock the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Earl of Moira, Lords Dundas and Keith, arrived at the Chapel Royal, St. James', when the service of the day began, which was read with great solemnity by Rev. Mr. Pridden, and the litany by the Rev. Mr. Hayes. On the Bishop of London (the Dean of the chapel) and the Rev. Mr. Holmes (the Sub-dean) entering the altar to read the Communion service, they turned to the royal closet and made their obeisance to the Prince, as is customary when the King is present. A sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Maddy from Acts iv. 12; after which the anthem of "God is our hope and strength" was sung; and, at a quarter past two o'clock, His Royal Highness descended from the closet, and, followed by the three above noble lords, went up the aisle of the chapel, and took his seat under a canopy, and the lords on the opposite side of the altar; when the Sub-dean presented to the Prince a gold dish, and His Royal Highness put in his offering, and afterwards the same was presented to the lords attending him. The Dean, after taking the sacrament himself, administered it to His Royal Highness and to the three noble lords, and Mr. Maddy, who had preached. On His Royal Highness leaving the chapel, he was received with military honors.

The 5th of February being the day appointed for swearing in the Prince of Wales as Regent, before his taking upon himself that important office, about twelve o'clock a

party of the flank companies of the grenadiers, with their colors, the band of the first regiment, drums and fifes, with white gaiters on, marched into the courtyard of Carlton House, where the colors were pitched in the centre of the grand entrance; the band struck up "God save the King," and continued playing that national piece, alternately with martial airs, during the day, till near five o'clock. Colonel Bloomfield, one of the Prince's principal attendants, having written to the Earl of Macclesfield, the captain of His Majesty's yeomen of the guard, informing him it was His Royal Highness' command that as many of the yeoman of the guard should attend at Carlton House as usually attended upon councils being held by the King in state, the noble Earl not being in London, the letter was opened by the person in waiting, who ordered six yeomen and an usher to attend at Carlton House, which they accordingly did; and they, together with the Prince's servants in state, lined the grand hall and staircase. Several of the life guardsmen were also in some of the rooms, in a similar manner as on Court days in St. James' Palace. At about a quarter before two o'clock, the Duke of Montrose arrived, being the first of the privy councillors who attended; he was followed by all the royal dukes and a very numerous assemblage of privy councillors, who had all arrived by a quarter before three o'clock. The whole of the magnificent suite of state apartments were opened, and the illustrious persons were ushered into the Gold Room (so called from the style of the ornaments.) Almost every privy councillor then in town was present, exceeding above a hundred in number.

About half past two o'clock Earl Moira, privy councillor of the King, brought a message from the Prince to the President of the Council, Earl Camden, desiring his attendance on the Prince in an adjoining room, according to the usual form, to communicate to him officially the return to the summons, etc. The noble Earl accordingly went with

Earl Moira, made the necessary intimation to the Prince, and returned to the company, who, during this time of waiting were highly gratified with seeing the Princess Charlotte on horseback, accompanied by two grooms, make the tour of the beautiful gardens in the rear of the Palace. Her Royal Highness appeared to be in excellent health and spirits.

After Earl Camden's return, the Prince approached in grand procession, preceded by the officers of his own household and several of his council, among whom were Earl Moira, Lords Keith, Cassilis, Hutchinson, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. M. Angelo Taylor, Mr. Trywhitt, Colonel M'Mahon, Colonel Bloomfield, General Hulse, Mr. Bicknell, etc., etc. (His Chancellor, Mr. Adam, was by accident not present, and there was a delay, in consequence of His Royal Highness' anxious desire of his presence.) The Prince was also accompanied by all the royal dukes. They passed through the room where the privy councillors were assembled, through the circular drawing room into the grand saloon (a beautiful room in scarlet drapery, embellished with portraits of all the most distinguished admirals who have fought the battles that have given us the dominion of the seas); and here the Prince seated himself at the top of the table, his royal brothers and cousin seating themselves on each hand according to seniority, and all the officers of the household, not privy councillors, ranging themselves on each side of the entrance to the saloon. The privy councillors then proceeded, all in full dress, according to their rank—the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of York, the Lord President, the Lord Privy Seal, etc., etc., etc.—and as they severally entered they made their reverence to the Prince, who made a grateful return to each, and they successively took their places at the table; and lastly, Mr. Fawkener and Sir Stephen Cottrell took their seats as Clerk and Keeper of the Records.

The Prince then spoke to the following effect :

“ My Lords—

I understand that by the act passed by the Parliament appointing me Regent of the United Kingdom, in the name and on behalf of His Majesty, I am required to take certain oaths, and to make a declaration before your lordships, as prescribed by the said act. I am ready to take these oaths, and to make the declaration prescribed.”

The Lord Privy Seal then rose, made his reverence, approached the Regent, and read from a parchment the oaths as follows. The Prince with an audible voice pronounced after him :

“ I do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful, and bear true allegiance to His Majesty King George. So help me God.”

I do solemnly promise and swear that I will truly and faithfully execute the office of Regent of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, according to an act of Parliament passed in the fifty-first year of the reign of His Majesty King George the Third (entitled “ An act, etc.,”) and that I will administer, according to law, the power and authority vested in me by virtue of said act; and that I will in all things to the utmost of my power and ability consult and maintain the safety, honor, and dignity of His Majesty, and the welfare of his people. So help me God.”

And the Prince subscribed the two oaths. The Lord President then presented to His Royal Highness the declaration mentioned in an act made in the 30th year of King Charles II, entitled, “ An Act for the more effectual preserving of the King’s person and Government by disabling Papists from sitting in either House of Parliament,” and which declaration His Royal Highness audibly made, repeated, and subscribed. The Lord President signed first, and every one of the privy councillors in succession signed these instruments as witnesses—and the same was delivered into the hands of the Keeper of the Records.

The Prince then delivered to the President of the Council a certificate of his having received the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper at the Chapel Royal of St. James’, on Sun-

day the 27th of January, which was also countersigned and delivered to the Keeper of the Records, who deposited all these instruments in a box at the bottom of the table.

The Lord President then approached the Regent, bent the knee, and had the honor to kiss his hand. The royal dukes followed, and afterwards the Archbishop of Canterbury, and all the rest according to the order in which they sat at the long table, advancing to the chair on both sides. During the whole of this ceremony the Regent maintained the most dignified and graceful deportment; and it was remarked that there was not the slightest indication of partiality of behavior to one set of men more than to another.

The ceremony being closed, a short levee took place in the drawing room, where the Regent addressed himself to the circle; and afterwards he gave an audience to Mr. Perceval, who had the honor of again kissing his hand as First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The two very magnificent marble busts of the late Duke of Bedford and Mr. Fox, which heretofore had ornamented the Prince's sitting room at Carlton House, were removed by order of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent into the Council Chamber, *to be placed at the head of the room*, a few hours previously to the assembling of the council.

In 1811 the Prince, now installed as Regent, gave a splendid *fete* in honor of the King's birthday, and in the interest of artists and artisans who, by the King's illness and the consequent deprivation of the patronage which Court festivities furnished therefore in their behalf, he requested his guests to attire themselves in materials of home manufacture. In a Republic like ours it can scarcely be conceived how the interests of trade and manufacture suffer during a period of affliction in the royal family. There have not been instances wanting of complaints

against the present Queen for her continued abstinence from Court drawing rooms and royal festivities since the death of Prince Albert, the preparations for which are the means of vast expenditures by the nobility; the Court of George III was as quiet during the Regency as if he was already dead, as, indeed, in a political sense he was. This *fete* was as brilliant as the previous seclusion of the Court had been gloomy.

The company began to assemble at nine. The royal family, with the principal nobility and gentry, came early. The Grecian hall was adorned with shrubs and an additional number of large lanterns and patent lamps. The floor was carpeted, and two lines, composed of yeomen of the guard, the King's, the Regent's, the Queen's, and royal duke's servants, in their grandest liveries, formed an avenue to the octagonal hall, where yeomen were also stationed, and which was decorated with antique draperies of scarlet trimmed with gold color and tied up by gold colored cords and tassels. In the hall were also assembled, to receive the company, Generals Keppell and Turner, Colonels Bloomfield, Thomas, and Tyrwhitt, together with Lords Moira, Dundas, Keith, Heathfield, and Mount Edgecumbe. The Prince entered the state rooms at a quarter-past nine. He was dressed in a field-marshal's uniform, wearing the ribbon and gorget of the Order of the Garter, and a diamond star. The Duke of York was dressed in a military and the Duke of Clarence in a naval uniform. Just after the Prince came in the royal family of France arrived, who had been driven out by the *citizens* of that country who preferred a republic to a rotten monarchy, and were received most graciously. Louis XVIII appeared in the character of the Comte de Lisle. During the evening the Prince Regent passed from room to room, devoid of all ceremony, conversing with the utmost cheerfulness with his guests. The general amusement of the company for some

time was perambulating the halls and apartments on the principal floor. The grand circular dining room excited particular admiration by its cupola, supported by columns of porphyry, and the superior elegance of the whole of its arrangements. The room in which the throne stood was hung with crimson velvet, with gold laces and fringes. The canopy of the throne was surmounted by golden helmets with lofty plumes of ostrich feathers, and underneath stood the state chair. Crimson and gold stools were placed round the room. It contained pictures of the King, Queen, Prince Regent, and Duke of York. We have not space to give a description of the other different apartments on this floor, all of which were of the most magnificent kind. The ball room floors were chalked in beautiful *arabesque* devices. In the centre of the largest were the initials G. III R. It was divided for two sets of dancers by a crimson silk cord; but owing to the great number of persons and the excessive heat of the weather, no dancing took place in this room, nor were the dancers numerous in the ball room. The first dance was led off by the Earl of Percy and Lady F. Montague. Supper was announced at two, when the company descended by the great staircase to the apartments below, and the temporary buildings on the lawn. The room at the bottom of the staircase represented a bower with a grotto, lined with a profusion of shrubs and flowers. The grand table extended the whole length of the conservatory, and across Carlton House to the length of two hundred feet. Along the centre of the table, about six inches above the surface, a canal of pure water continued flowing from a silver fountain beautifully constructed at the head of the table. Its banks were covered with green moss and aquatic flowers; gold and silver fish swam and sported through the bubbling current, which produced a pleasing murmur where it fell, and formed a cascade at the outlet. At the head of the table, above the fountain, sat the Prince Regent, on a plain

mahogany chair with a leather back. The most particular friends of the Prince were arranged on each side. They were attended by sixty *serviteurs*; seven waited on the Prince, besides six of the King's and six of the Queen's footmen, in their state liveries, with one man in a complete suit of ancient armor. At the back of the Prince's seat appeared *aureola* tables covered with crimson drapery, constructed to exhibit, with the greatest effect, a profusion of the most exquisitely wrought silver gilt plate, consisting of fountains, tripods, epergnes, dishes, and other ornaments. Above the whole of this superb display appeared a royal crown, and His Majesty's cypher, G. R., splendidly illumined. Behind the Prince's chair was most skilfully disposed a sideboard, covered with gold vases, urns, massy salvers, etc.; the whole surmounted by a Spanish urn, taken from on board the "Invincible Armada." Adjoining this were other tables, running through the library and whole lower suite of rooms; the candelabras in which were so arranged that the Regent could distinctly see and be seen from one end to the other. The Regent's table accommodated one hundred and twenty-two, including the royal dukes, the Bourbons, and principal nobility. On the right hand of the Regent was the Duchess of Angoulême; on the left the Duchess of York, the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, etc. From the library and room beyond branched out two great lines of tables under canvas, far into the gardens, each in the shape of a cross, all richly served with silver plate, and covered with the delicacies of the season.

When the whole company was seated there was a line of female beauty more richly adorned, and a blaze of jewelry more brilliant, than England ever probably displayed before. Four handsome marquees were pitched on the lawn of Carlton House, with *chevaux de frise* to prevent all intrusion; bands of music were stationed in the tents; and when dancing commenced, the gay throng stepped over floors chalked

with mosaic devices, and moved through thickets of roses, geraniums, and other fragrant sweets, illumined by variegated lights that gleamed like stars through the foliage. The upper servants wore a costume of dark blue, trimmed with broad gold lace; the others wore state liveries. The assistants out of livery were dressed uniformly in black suits with white vests. The company did not separate till six in the morning. The company comprised all the members of the Administration, the foreign ambassadors, the principal nobility and gentry in town, the most distinguished military and naval officers, the lord and lady mayoress, and the principal aldermen and magistrates. The gentlemen wore Court dresses and military and naval uniforms; the ladies wore all new dresses of English manufacture, principally white satins, silks, lace, crape, and muslins, ornamented with silver; head dress, ostrich feathers, and diamonds. For the gratification of the public at large, the magnificent preparations for the *fete* were permitted by the Prince Regent to remain; and many thousands of the middling classes, whose money paid for these splendors, were allowed to gaze upon them. Before the death of General Fox, the office of Paymaster of the Widows' Pensions became vacant. Scarcely was the General cold before the Prince Regent gave the place to Colonel M'Mahon, the recital of whose military exploits could be recorded in a single page, and whose extent of actual service consisted in the putting on and taking off his uniform. It had generally been bestowed upon some veteran officer as a reward for his services; but the time was now arrived when it was given to an individual whose chief merit lay in being purveyor general of female beauty to the royal harem, and professor of sycophancy at the Court of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent of England.

When this appointment came before the House of Commons, when Lord Palmerston moved for sundry sums to

defray the contingent expenses of the army, the Prince Regent was censured for his favoritism. On Lord Palmerston moving that the sum of £61,000 be granted for the payment of widows' pensions, Mr. Bankes moved an amendment—that the £2,000 to Colonel M'Mahon should be omitted, but it was lost by the trifling majority of 15. When, however, the report was brought up, Mr. Bankes renewed his amendment, and carried it in the teeth of the Administration by a majority of eight.

Colonel M'Mahon, being at that time a member of the House, entered into an explanation of his conduct, and declared that in the rewards he had received from his royal master he "had met with such numerous marks of grace and delicacy, as to impress in the deepest manner his whole heart, and life, and soul with the kindness and favor of His Royal Highness."

A reward carries with it the implication of some service rendered, or of some meritorious action committed, and when Colonel M'Mahon talked of rewards which he had received, there were some crabbed, ill natured members in the House who had the impertinence to pry into the nature of the peculiar services which Colonel M'Mahon had rendered to his royal master, and they being found to consist in providing fresh objects for the gratification of his passions, in which character, fame and reputation were considered as merely secondary objects, the voice of the public opinion was turned against him, and at the same time one of the severest lessons on record was read to the Prince Regent by the representatives of the people.

A humorous circumstance occurred during the explanatory speech of Colonel M'Mahon, in which he stated that he had *the affairs of sixteen hundred widows to attend to*, on which Mr. Whitbread rose, and archly declared that, "if the gallant Colonel would produce a voucher from the ladies that he had performed his duty to their entire

satisfaction, he should think him well entitled to the salary annexed to his situation."

This unexpected decision of the House of Commons threw the expectants of Carlton House into a feverish state of alarm. The affair of Colonel M'Mahon had been put forth as a kind of feeler, and if it had succeeded there were other situations ready to be proposed, as a remuneration to other individuals for services similar to those which M'Mahon had rendered to his royal master, and for which they were to be rewarded from the public purse.

To the great surprise, however, of the public, a very short time after the *gallant* Colonel had been shorn of his £2,000 a year, by a majority of the House of Commons, an appointment appeared in the "Gazette" for the same gentleman, as private secretary to the Prince Regent, with a certain salary attached to it, but of the exact amount of that salary no decisive information could be obtained, although it was reported to be the same as the intended salary of the Paymaster of the Widows' Pensions, namely, £2,000 per annum. A confidential appointment of the kind under a Government like that of England is always viewed with great jealousy and distrust. It enables the individual holding it to become possessed of all state secrets. It renders the responsibility of ministers in a great degree a nullity, and so endangers the political relations of the country, that the most consummate diplomatic ability might be frustrated in its designs by the mere intrigues of an unauthorized and unconstitutional dependent.

This appointment was a severe blow to the popularity of the Prince, as it was regarded by the people as unconstitutional.

In extenuation of many acts of the Prince, it may be said that even a man more gifted than himself must have had his reason and judgment in a measure blinded by the sycophantic adulation which was continually offered him

by his favorites. How these parasites thrived upon his bounty has been seen in various portions of our history. For their flattery he had stomach for it all, and his appetite grew by what it fed upon; it was not in the least perceived by the royal cormorant that adulation is always attended by a companion from whom it is necessarily inseparable; this companion is duplicity, without which adulators could not carry on their approaches, nor circumvent those whom they mean to make the dupes of their purposes. The Prince, from his infancy, as far as flattery goes, was, in the true signification of the French phrase, *un enfant gâté*; but it should have been considered, by those who were in the habit of administering such a dangerous aliment to the royal mind, that there are no princes to whom flattery is so pernicious as to those who are born to wear the crown.

To flatter a King of England is not only to deceive but to injure him. It exposes him to the indignation and even to the insults of the meanest of his subjects. These, indeed, from their obscurity, and the absence of all hope or fear from him, will be the readiest to vent their discontent, without restraint. But let not a prince be mistaken, and despise their clamors; they are the faithful interpreters of what their betters do not choose to express in unqualified terms; but where is the monarch that takes warning from such notice, however coarsely given? It was by undervaluing such timely admonitions that Charles I lost his head, and James II his crown.

The bent of the mind of the Prince on his accession to the Regency, unschooled by the past and reckless of the future, boded little good for the general interests of the country; he still indulged in all his former propensities for illicit pleasures and expensive frivolities. The cut of a coat became of greater consequence than the amelioration of the condition of Ireland; and the tie of a neckcloth an

object of greater importance than parliamentary reform, or the adjustment of the threatening disputes with America. The morning hours, which a patriot prince would have employed in devising measures for the good of the country, were idled away with a favorite tailor taking measures of the royal person, and receiving his valuable information on the decided superiority of loose trousers to tight pantaloons.

We can state it as a fact that a council was held once in Carlton Palace on the subject of trousers and pantaloons, at which a certain marchioness presided, assisted by other ladies, whose experience in matters of that sort was never questioned by anyone. The knotty point to be determined (and it was agreed upon *una voce*,) that there was an indelicacy attached to the pantaloons from which the trouser was in a great degree exempt. The decision of the ladies in favor of the trouser was submitted to the approbation of the Prince Regent, who, from a knowledge of the anatomical perfection of his form, requested the ladies to reverse their decision; but, *contra*, the ladies declared it had been formed after the most mature deliberation, and the *closest inspection* of the respective advantages and defects of the two modes of dress; the Prince, therefore, yielded, and from that moment the use of the pantaloons was prohibited at Carlton Palace, and, consequently, wherever fashion was supposed to predominate. Fashion has produced strange monsters in its time; and, perhaps, no place can be mentioned from which a greater number have issued than Carlton Palace. Lord Spencer showed his knowledge of the frivolity of the human character when he cut off the skirts of his coat, and declared that there was nothing too ridiculous which would not be followed by the crowd, if any celebrated individual set the example; and, on this head, the obligations which the world of fashion owes to the Prince of Wales have been

acknowledged by far more sapient heads than ours. We throw no sneer upon hereditary maladies—they belong to the infirmities of our nature; but a malady hereditary in the royal family of England was the cause of the introduction of the stiff starched shirt collar, projecting on each side of the face like a pig's ear, and which has been found exceedingly convenient to those who can afford to buy a collar, but not a shirt. It is rather singular that the Spanish ruff was invented for the same purpose, and on account of the same malady, popularly known as the king's evil, but undoubtedly a relict of syphilis.

The different uniforms of the army became also, at this time, the peculiar objects of the gracious attention of the Prince Regent; and our brothers of York and Cumberland were called in to describe the trappings and fopperies of the German soldiery, the introduction of which into the British army (setting aside the expense to the nation) rendered some of the men the laughing-stock of the public.

With the increase of power increased also his extravagant propensities; his love of show became more vehement, and the thoughtlessness of youth settled into plans of organized dissoluteness and haughty seclusion. With an income for his private use exceeding the national revenue of a third-rate power, there appeared to be no limit to his desires, nor any restraint to his profusion—nor could even a Parliament moulded to his wishes administer sufficiently to satisfy the lavish expenditure for embellishing and beautifying his palaces, intended for no public object, nor tending in any degree to the advantage of his people. Essentially despotic in his notions, notwithstanding the principles inculcated in his youth by the illustrious men by whom he was surrounded, his subsequent conduct clearly proved that he rather upheld the men than valued their principles, and that he repudiated their principles as soon as he had abandoned the men.

France owed to Louis XIV her several royal palaces, the building of which, at the expense of the tears and happiness of his people, obtained for him the title of the *Grand Monarque*. It was the fashion to praise George IV equally for his love of the arts and the magnificence of his improvements, but nothing could be more revolting than the vain-glorious and indifferent conduct of the two monarchs, except the ingratitude of the British sovereign.

If the indulging of his taste for pictures and buildings had been cherished by the love of the antique, and the pure, simple, and severe style of the ancients, in all their public buildings, economy would have been a vice, and parsimony avarice. But where are the monuments of his fame to be found? Are we to look for them in the gilded toy of Virginia Water, in the building and decoration of which thousands were extracted from the public purse to enable royalty, and the paramours of royalty, to angle for minnows and sticklebacks, and which now stands in all the desolate gloom of a forsaken residence, hurrying to decay and dissolution? Are we to look for them in the frippery trellis work of the royal cottage, that *dear* and *beloved* spot, where many an ardent vow has been breathed of *everlasting* constancy and affection, and which, whenever it was graced with the presence of royalty, was also enlivened by the dulcet strains of a certain lovely warbler, breaking on the silence of the enraptured moment with all their witchery, and giving to passion a more than human feeling?

When Carlton House was beautified, as it was termed, who selected the architectural abortions or improved upon the solid comforts of the Brighton Pavilion by the adoption of a style equally barbarous and grotesque? What personals has George Guelph bestowed upon the English people? What palaces and royal edifices have been designed which have not been provided for by a grant in Parlia-

ment, at the expense of a people already overwhelmed by a severe, unjust, and unequal taxation? The Austrian "Godsend," instead of being paid into the coffers of the public, was voted away to be squandered on the stone and mortar of Windsor Castle; but, being found inadequate to satisfy "the rage of improvement," a further demand was made upon the public purse, and the comforts of the people were to be abridged to satisfy the insatiable appetite of royalty for the erection of terraces and towers, which now stand forth obtrusive to the view, as lasting monuments of the vanity and folly of the projector, and the wonder of American travellers at the pliancy of British subjects.

Neither the result of the American wars, nor the triumph of the people over despotism in France, nor the aggravated sufferings of a debt exceeding anything in ancient or modern history—not one of all these powerful circumstances could deter him from attempting to establish and maintain in this country the exploded policy which had embittered his father's life, and brought Louis XVI to the scaffold. The civil liberty which had, though feebly, taken root on the continent, when the universal tyranny of Charles V crumbled into nothingness—which Elizabeth knew how to balance to the advantage of our foreign relations and national honor—which Charles I rejected, and William III was called over to protect, became an object of aversion and suspicion to the Prince of Wales, or, rather, the Regent, and of contumely to his domestic government. Every part of his Administration was modelled on rather what had been than what ought to be, and the worst periods of monarchical principles were consecrated by a tacit adherence to a combination of despots, called the Holy Alliance, directly opposed to the laws and institutions of freedom—those very laws and institutions, the spirit of which he had sworn to maintain and defend.

From the period of his becoming Regent in 1811, to his

accession in 1819, his domestic policy was uniform and invariable, always tending to the increase of his own power at the expense of the liberties of the people. His Court was, perhaps, more refined than the gloomy solitude of Tiberius, but it was no less jealous and exclusive. Hence, the persons about the Court were more slaves than friends—more fawning, truckling sycophants than advisers. Incapable of a durable friendship, he abandoned his early counsellors, in the same heartless manner as he did his successive mistresses, for some new object of caprice and indulgence. Thus, whatever may have been the dissolute habits of Sheridan, whatever may have been the personal foibles of Fox, the incomparable talents and political honesty of the latter should have attached a faithful and grateful master. But at the very moment that he called him his preceptor in the arts of governing, he was about to contract an engagement with those who repudiated his principles and impugned his character, thereby renouncing the glory which awaited the character of a patriotic King. In this spirit he carried on the war and rewarded the victor. The benefits which liberal principles hoped to obtain by the conquest—the diminished taxation expected by the people—the remission of arbitrary laws enacted at a moment of public panic, which were expected to follow on the peace, were evaded or delayed till it pleased God to close the scene at once, and by removing the old King to a heavenly kingdom, perhaps, save a terrestrial one from anarchy and rebellion.

To return chronologically to our history: The Regent had not possessed his power many weeks before it was whispered about that he meant to reinstate the Duke of York in his situation as Commander-in-Chief. While there were many considerations and circumstances which rendered this highly probable, there were others which surrounded it with no small degree of doubt. On the one

hand, it was well known that the Prince, through the whole of the proceedings against the Duke of York, firmly adhered to the belief of his innocence—or, what was nearly tantamount to the same thing, if he did not actually believe in it (and he exhibited the semblance of it,) at all events, he was heard openly to declare it as his opinion that his guilt had been greatly exaggerated; that his accusers were actuated by the worst of motives, and had recourse to the most foul and unjustifiable means to accomplish their malignant purposes; finally, that the punishment which the Duke had suffered, by being obliged to relinquish his situation, was much too severe for his indiscretion.

The two royal brothers presented, at this time, rather a curious spectacle; and, on their meeting, they might, with the utmost propriety, have exclaimed, “Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong!” The elder one was exerting all his power and influence to disgrace and ruin a woman—the younger had been brought to disgrace and ruin by a woman—to which of the two the greater degree of blame ought to be attached is a question which would not require the profundity of a casuist to determine—the Prince was a married man, the Duke of York was also a married man; if, therefore, the former, in a sudden fit of honest indignation, declared it to be an act of moral turpitude in the latter to associate with prostitutes, and to be continually guilty of infringing the seventh part of the Decalogue, although on every Sabbath each of them responded with an audible voice, “Lord incline our hearts to keep this law;” yet the Prince, by so censuring his brother, must have known that he was at the same time passing a severe censure upon himself. In character and *profession* there was scarcely a shade of difference between a Jersey and a Clarke; and we rather opine, that, if the two ladies had been put into scales at the same time, my Lady of Jersey,

in point of lightness of character, would have kicked the beam at once.

We believe it is Milton who makes his devils boast of the possession of superlative virtue, and the irony might hold good in the place in which the said devils are supposed to reside; but Satan, on his throne in Pandemonium, reproaching his compeers for their crimes, must, for the same reason, have distorted their faces with laughter, as the courtiers round the throne of the Prince Regent of England must have smiled to have heard him *lecturing his royal brother on the profligacy and dissipation of his habits*.

With the possession of the sentiments and feelings which the Regent entertained on the topic of his brother's disgrace, it was, therefore, to be expected that he would exert himself to reinstate that brother; and this measure might have been anticipated without any apprehension for the consistency and purity of the Prince's political principles, for the matter itself was rather of a personal nature, as far as the Regent was concerned, although he could not be ignorant that his reinstatement would excite the attention of Parliament, and arouse again the indignant spirit of the country, which, although it had been stifled, was not yet wholly subdued.

On the other hand, it was contended that, however strong might be the fraternal affection which the Prince bore towards his brother, and however deep and sincere his conviction that he had been unjustly and harshly treated, yet that he would have hesitated to take a step which the remembrance of the public sentiments and feelings, at the time the investigation into the conduct of his royal brother was set on foot, must have convinced him would be highly unpopular, if not absolutely dangerous. Still he braved public opinion by reinstating his brother.

Chapter Twelve.

THE ascendancy which has been acquired by female intrigue, aided by beauty and accomplishments, in the national councils of all countries, is too well known to be questioned; could the secret wire pulling which has preceded important bills brought before our legislators at Washington be traced, it would be found, in many instances, that the wiles of female loveliness had been brought into requisition in favor or in opposition to measures affecting the most vital interests of our land. That which Napoleon could not effect with Alexander of Russia, from the combined talent of the most skilful diplomats of his time, was achieved in every point and particular by the fascination of a beautiful opera dancer, sent expressly from Paris for the occasion, and who obtained possession of the secrets of the Russian Cabinet, which led afterwards to the subjugation of Europe, and to the establishment of a Corsican adventurer on the throne of an empire whose limits exceeded those of Rome in the zenith of its power and grandeur.

Perhaps no prince nor monarch was ever more under the control of women than George IV, and that no injury did or could accrue to the country from such an ascendancy can only be promulgated by those who look on the surface of things, and who regulate their opinions, not from any previously acquired knowledge of the human character, but from a fictitious estimate which they have formed for themselves of what man ought to be. Persons of this description feel disposed to reject the belief of that which

is not usual, and to doubt what they do not feel themselves as the criterion of the human capacity for particular kinds of pleasure; and, in regard to the Prince, such people would be inclined to consider it incredible that, although at the period when his wife was living at Montague House, repudiated, it is true, from his bed and board, Lady Jersey was an in-pensioner of Carlton House, Mrs. Fitzherbert an out-pensioner, Mrs. Hope, Mrs. Cholmondeley and Mrs. Hamilton *occasional visitors*; yet, that notwithstanding he was surrounded by this halo of feminine beauty, a certain establishment was kept up in May Fair which had the resemblance of a Turkish mart for Circassian beauties, where noble and ignoble objects were daily presented to the gaze of the royal voluptuary, and honored and flattered was the infatuated girl when royalty condescended to bestow its smile upon her. Neither the names nor the dates of those individuals on whom the beams of royalty descended, nor the duration of their favoritism, admit of chronological proof, nor of general acquaintance, but a sufficient number of well known persons, who have published their own shame and infamy, or who have been mixed up with some flagrant act of the Court, and memoirs of others published by their friends since their death, verify the tale of the dissolute and debauched habits of the Prince.* If the names of more persons be not known, it is owing to the secrecy with which such connections are contracted and conducted, rather than a proof of their non-existence. Messalina is no more a fable of antiquity than Catharine of Russia is in modern times; the prototype of the former was by no means an apparition at the Court of Carlton Palace; the reality was visible to everyone who breathed its corrupted atmosphere; and, in regard to the latter meretricious potentate, the Carlton House conspirators were at this time clandestinely at work to prove to the

* *Vide* Greville's Memoirs. London, 1874.

English people that her prototype was to be found in the wife of the Prince Regent of England.

The immortal Alfred was a patriot King, and Henry IV of France, if he could have been persuaded that any man in his realm had an exclusive right to the possession of a handsome woman, might have nearly approached to that character; the Prince of Wales appears to be subject to the same drawback on his patriotism as the French monarch, for two greater monopolists of female beauty are not to be met with in the records of history, with the exception, perhaps, of King Solomon. It is true that the Prince had no avowed establishment like Louis XV of France for training children for prostitution; but were there no private seminaries "*under covert and convenient seeming*" for the gratification of his passions? Were there no boarding schools *in the vicinity of Hammersmith and Somers Town*, explored by pretended dancing and music masters, for some precocious objects ripening before their time, to be led away by the splendor and show of rank and riches to inhale the polluted air of a royal brothel—were the heart-rending scenes, so beautifully described in the exquisite novel of "*Peggy and Patty*," never realized by the satraps of Carlton Palace? Would, for the sake of humanity, for the sake of the character of our nature, that these questions could be answered in the negative. But, alas! we could point to the spots, we could point to the objects themselves, the sorrows of whom are long since hushed in the grave; we could point to one spot, in particular, where once flourished two lovely rose-buds, bursting in all their glowing beauty on the parent branch, so guarded and protected that scarcely a breath of heaven was allowed to pass over them; but the fated moment came, scarcely was the fulness of the rose put forth, than some treacherous reptile crept into the chalice, the flowerets withered, drooped, and died. A parent's broken heart cries aloud for vengeance; the sinner is gone to ren-

der up his account, and the tears which suffering humanity has shed will be his accusers at a bar where the plea of terrestrial rank will be of no avail.*

The royal purveyor in female beauty to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, John M'Mahon, on one of his visits to Bath—to which place he sometimes retired to recreate himself from the toils of *his profession*, and to dislodge an enemy to his repose, known by the name of the gout, or something worse—the coach in which he was a passenger received an addition to its freight, on leaving Marlborough, in the persons of a respectable looking, venerable gentleman and two young ladies, whose destination was the same town to which the wily courtier was repairing. The tact of the man of the world was soon exhibited by M'Mahon, whose eyes were feasting on the youthful beauty so unexpectedly presented to his view, and he soon elicited from his new companion that he was a minister of the Church of England, living upon the small pittance of a curacy in the vicinity of Marlborough, and that the two ladies were his daughters, whom he was accompanying to Bath on a visit to a distant relative. From that moment the ruin of these lovely girls was determined upon; and, although M'Mahon in person was not of that cast nor make which possesses a great influence over the female heart, yet there was so much of the politeness, the easy familiarity, and the urbanity of the finished gentleman about him, that the clergyman and his daughters were delighted with their new acquaintance, and, on their arrival at the place of destination, the mutual offer of a further intimacy passed between them, and was readily accepted on the part of the panderer to royalty.

We have been allowed to take a transcript of the following letter, which was written by John M'Mahon to his royal master a few days after his arrival at Bath:

* Huish.

“*[Most private.]*”

BATH, *Sunday evening.*

SIR: Ever alive to the obtaining possession of any object which may contribute to your royal pleasures, I hasten to inform your Royal Highness that chance has thrown me into the company of two most lovely girls, the daughters of an indigent curate, and who, from their apparent simplicity and ignorance of the world, may be soon brought to comply with the wishes of your Royal Highness. I shall immediately devise some plan by which they may be induced to visit the metropolis, and the remainder of my task will then not be difficult of execution. The prize is too valuable to be lost sight of. The elder of the girls bears some resemblance in her form and make to Hillisberg, although it is evident that the whole fulness of her growth has not yet developed itself. The other is more of a languishing beauty; but from the knowledge which I possess of your royal taste the elder will be the object of your choice.

I have the honor to remain, etc., etc.,

JOHN M'MAHON.

To His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, etc., etc.”

Although the heart sickens at such a cold-blooded, systematic destruction of female innocence and of a parent's hopes, yet it forms too prominent a feature in the picture which we are drawing to be omitted, without subjecting ourselves to the charge of falsifying the original, or of a want of skill in catching its predominant traits. It exhibits, indeed, a melancholy shade in our portrait, but the display of its dark and gloomy features may not be without its uses. The vices of its princes form an imposing and instructive page in the history of a nation; they display to a people the falsity and inaptness of the political principle of hereditary power, and that the toleration of a vicious monarch on the throne is in direct opposition to the vital interests and prosperity of a country.

The intimacy between John M'Mahon and the clergyman's family daily increased. Youth is too prone to be dazzled by a display of rank, and the knowledge that they were honored with the acquaintance and the personal esteem of the friend and confidant of the Prince Regent

coöperated not a little to instil in the minds of the artless girls an increased opinion of their own importance, and a growing dislike to the secluded mode of life to which they had been hitherto confined. This was the first step to their fall. The poison of adulation was hourly instilled into their too susceptible hearts; the world of fashion, of gaiety and pleasure, had opened upon them, and (must it be owned?) there was a voice within which began to tell them that to love and be loved is the bliss of human life.

John M'Mahon was well versed in the principle that the first step to gain a daughter's confidence and affection is to befriend her father. Gratitude then takes root in the daughter's breast, and the fallacious opinion is formed that he who has shown himself a real friend to her parent cannot be an enemy to herself. The proffers of John M'Mahon to further the promotion of their father, through his influence with the Prince Regent, were received by the lovely girls with all the warmth of the most unsuspecting innocence. They hailed the day which threw them into his society as the most fortunate of their lives; and the enthusiasm of youth—brightest sometimes when it should be the most softened—beheld on every side a vista of happiness opening before it. The entranced imagination of an ardent spirit, bounding over all the ills and accidents of life, was to be read in the sparkling eye, in the rosy cheek, and in the hurried motion of the glowing bosom, redolent with nature's purest, sweetest feelings.

To the great grief of the clergyman and his lovely daughters, their kind and estimable friend was called to town, at the command of his royal master; but some consolation was derived from the promise that he made on his departure that he would seize the first opportunity of laying the worthy minister's case before the Prince Regent, whose goodness of heart, whose universal philanthropy, and whose ardent zeal to promote the interest of the good

and virtuous were too universally known and practised to require any eulogium on his part.

A few weeks had scarcely elapsed from the departure of M'Mahon, when, to the inexpressible joy of the worthy clergyman, a letter was received from him announcing that a vicarage had just fallen vacant in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, which, being in the gift of the crown, he had obtained the presentation to it, and he anticipated the pleasure which he should enjoy in beholding his esteemed friends in their new residence.

With what feelings of delight and boundless gratitude did these hapless victims to perfidy and lust receive this communication! M'Mahon was, at this moment, in their eyes little short of a demi-god; the hour was called a blessed one which threw him into their society; the unsuspecting and credulous father saw before him, for the remainder of his life, content, competency, and independence; the infatuated females saw a world of pleasure opening to their view; the dull monotony of a country life was now complained of as inconsistent with the natural gaiety of youth; and although a tear did fall at bidding farewell to the hallowed scenes of their infantine years, to all the mementoes of their joyous sports, and to the living memorials of those never to be forgotten hours, which shine as brilliant stars in the dark canopy of human life, and the beams of which light us even on the brink of the grave, yet the emotion was transient; the long, last, lingering look hung for a moment on the blissful home of their youth—the tops of the trees which overshadowed it were still present to their view—the spire of the house of God peering between them, in which, responsive to his holy calling, the venerable pastor had preached the Christian doctrine of peace on earth and goodwill towards men; and in the quiet cemetery of which lay the mouldering bones of their sainted mother—one look more—another—it was the last on this

earth. "Farewell," said the pastor, who threw himself into the corner of the carriage and wept.

And could there be such fiends on earth bearing the human shape, who could with such satanic guilt so inhumanly destroy a happiness like this? Could the blessing of a refreshing sleep rest on the eyelids of that man, who, in the midnight hour, when the distraction of the diurnal scenes has ceased, and reflection with its scorpion stings forces itself upon the mind—hears again the agonizing shriek of his conquered victim, feels, in fancy, again, the last expiring struggle, and sees the wild, distracted look, piercing into vacancy for some spirit of consolation. That man may carry to the world the appearance of contentment and happiness arising from an acquitting conscience, but in his own heart he has made for himself a hell; a consuming fire burns within him, to which no mortal power can offer a cooling drop; his death bed is a rack, for *he dare not pray*—the spirits of his victims are hovering around him; terror at *what is coming* shines in his glazed eye—in convulsive horror, shuddering, he dies.

Among the celebrated females who formed at this time the galaxy of beauty encircling the royal Court (for purity of character was by no means a *sine qua non* of admission into the Ottomanic Court of the Prince Regent, whatever it might have been into that of his mother) shone preëminently Mrs. Duff. Her title to that name had not been bestowed upon her by any ordinance of the Church, but from her having been at an early age taken under the protection of a celebrated libertine of that name, who very condescendingly and becomingly transferred her into the arms of the Prince, who, considering that consistency of conduct is a very valuable and laudable trait in the character of a man, and particularly of a Prince, adhered to his usual habits in matters of this kind, and consigned the yielding beauty to the possession of a young sprig of

nobility just then bursting with all his eccentricities upon the fashionable world, and who in his career of dissipation and gambling has been the instrument of the ruin of a greater number of thoughtless and improvident young men than any other individual in the whole volume of the peerage.

To follow this woman in her career of infamy would be to stain our pages with a display of vice scarcely credible but to those who have mingled in the scenes, and who have witnessed the extraordinary exertions which some people take in this world to render themselves notorious, if not by virtue, at least by a systematic adherence to a course of vice, which, although tolerated by fashion and the depraved spirit of the times, still works like a gangrene on the moral body of society, to the total destruction of private and public happiness. We have seen this fashionable demirep from Fop's alley occupying her box on the third tier, surrounded by the libertines of the age, young and old, and particularly by a reverend knight, the incumbent of a valuable living seven miles west of London, and one of the worthy and upright chaplains of Carlton House, and who, being anxious to fill two characters at the same time, took upon himself those of a chaplain-in-ordinary and an ordinary chaplain—the only office of the former being to appear regularly at the ordinary which was then provided daily at Carlton House for the gratification of the appetite of the official dignitaries of the Church, amounting in number to about two hundred and fifty, and the effect of whose example and the efficacy of whose precepts were clearly distinguishable in the morals and habits of those inmates of the Palace who had the good fortune to be under their pastoral and their most holy care.

At the time when the seduction of the clergyman's daughters was resolved upon, we find this woman living in Gloucester place, New road, under the name of Mrs. General

Hamilton. She was considered in the neighborhood as a lady who had moved in the very highest circles, but the death of whose husband had obliged her to retrench her expenditure, and to contract the circle of her acquaintance; still, at the same time, there were those busy-bodies, those pests of every neighborhood, who bruited it abroad that certain transactions were carried on in her house which had no relationship to either morality or virtue. Of female acquaintance she appeared to be almost wholly bereft; but, on the other hand, her intimacy with the other sex was of the most enlarged description. But then it was said by her advocates (for a beautiful woman will always meet with a considerable number, except amongst the immediately ugly) that the widow of a general officer must, from the very nature of the profession of her husband, have contracted an intimacy with many of his brethren in arms; and what could be more natural than that, from a respect to the deceased, they should continue their attentions to his desolate widow. A real man of the world could not, however, have remained long in error in regard to the character of this woman. With the knowledge which every woman of this kind possesses that she is discarded by the world, all her endeavors tend to show that she, in return, contemns the world. The barriers of virtue being broken down, and no possibility existing of her ever being again received within the pale of it, she acts from the immediate impulse of her passions, without reflecting for a moment as to the consequences which may result to herself or to others. The world at war with her, she is at war with the world. She laughs at the factitious institutions with which a bastard kind of morality has clogged the operations of society; she sneers at the virtue of the prude, and rejoices in the true spirit of revenge, if, by her arts, she can reduce another female to the same condition as herself. With the knowledge that the world holds her bad, she has no encour-

agement to induce that world to alter its opinion; and if the heart of such a woman be naturally prone to vice (for we hold not every fallen woman a vicious one), the mischief which she can commit in the destruction of individual happiness can only be compared to the operations of the mole, whose ravages are not immediately seen, but, on a sudden, they break forth, and no after remedy can repair the damage which has been done.

We have been obliged thus to enter at large into the character of this woman, as she was a principal actress in the deep tragedy which we are now reciting. She was one of those creatures—the disgrace of her sex—who, for the sake of private emolument, will take upon themselves the scandalous office of being the first to sap the foundation of female virtue, and, by a cool and deliberate system of villainous stratagem, by machinations and snares beyond the inexperience of youth to compete with, to sacrifice her blooming victim on the unhallowed altar of a prince's lust.

It was said by the Duke of Queensbury that there never was a female, married or single, whichever attracted his fancy, whom this woman did not ultimately succeed in obtaining for him; and the same character may, with the greatest truth, be given of her by the Prince. A systematic seducer knows well that an artful, intriguing woman will do more in one day towards effecting the ruin of female innocence than he would himself be able to effect in a month. The virtuous and innocent girl feels an alarm at the first bold advances of the seducer; her innate sense of modesty rises in opposition to them; the spirit of virtue, still conscious of its strength, interposes its all-powerful shield; and if a deep affection—that potent and irresistible auxiliary—interferes not with its influence, the brilliance of the gem may be retained and its purity unsullied by any art or force that can be brought against it.

Differently, however, is it constituted when the aid of a

professional female seducer is called in to bring the first stain upon the purity of the gem, and slowly and gradually to efface it altogether. The danger is not suspected which lies in the artful expression—in the ambiguous insinuation; in the apparent endeavor not to give a shock to an innate sense of modesty and virtue. The first blush is the first indication of a wound which that modesty has received; it is a silent confession that a feeling has been excited of which the artful and vigilant *intriguante* has only to take the proper advantage, and the half and most difficult part of her task is accomplished.

To John M'Mahon and other such purveyors to the royal pleasures a woman of this description was invaluable; and, in all cases of extreme difficulty, she was resorted to as the sheet anchor on which they could rely for the consummation of their wishes. That the seduction of one or both of the clergyman's daughters would be a matter of difficulty was at once apparent to the wily courtier. The vigilance of a parent was to be lulled; scruples were to be overcome, which fastidiousness or an ignorance of the manners of high life might throw in the way. A rusticated beauty, who has breathed no other air than that of her paternal fields, brought on a sudden to the din and splendor of the metropolis, is like a transplanted flower; it is sometimes long before she can assimilate herself to her new condition; she feels herself in a world of strangers, and is apt to form an opinion of their respective characters according to the dictates of their own unsophisticated mind. Simple, candid and sincere herself, she is not able to discriminate between truth and flattery; and, mistaking the one for the other, the weakness of the female character is basely taken advantage of to effect the destruction of the only remaining principles of virtue and innocence.

In the essentials which go to form the human character the two girls differed widely from each other; nor did this

difference escape the experienced eye of M'Mahon. The elder was all fire, all energy; there was a vivacity of spirit about her which seemed to fit her for an intercourse with the great world, at the same time that it enhanced the difficulty in the accomplishment of her ruin. There appeared also a firmness and decision in her character which led M'Mahon to draw the inference that, if she had once formed a resolution, she could not be brought easily to deviate from it. And how was a character of this description to be won? and, if won, how was it to be retained? Was passion or affection to be excited? Both, it is true, lead to the same result; but the former, although it may be the shorter road, is not always the most certain in its effects. The latter is the effect of time; but, being once established, the conquest soon follows.

Her general demeanor seemed to announce that she was conscious herself that she could *command* the love of her admirers, without any studied art or professed inclination to *acquire* it. The gossips of her native village had lauded her beauty; her mirror had not belied their praises. A novel, which now and then was obtained by stealth from a circulating library at Marlborough, had inflamed her naturally romantic mind with the extravagant idea of the irresistibility of female beauty; and perceiving that the louts and clodpoles by whom she had hitherto been surrounded had no pretensions whatever to become the heroes of her "love's tale," she longed for her transition to another sphere, where the fulness of her personal charms would make their proper impression, and the glowing visions of her secret thoughts assume the form of reality.

That this was a frame and temper of mind dangerous in the extreme to its possessor must be self-evident; that it was a weakness, which a woman of the penetration of Mrs. Hamilton would know how to turn to the advantage of *her employers*, is too unfortunately verified by the sequel.

The younger of these lovely girls was to her sister what the moon is to the sun. There was a soft and mellow chasteness beaming from her eye, which told of a vestal flame that glowed within, pure as the beam when it leaves the source of light, and falling on the human heart with all its heavenly influence—

“Fitted to shine in Courts,
With an affected grace, or walk the plain,
With innocence and meditation join’d
In soft assemblage,”

she grew up under the eye of an affectionate and indulgent parent, his dearest, proudest hope. Her whole heart appeared to be vivified with affection; and, like the ivy, her whole study seemed to be to find some kindred object to which she could cling, and, having once clasped it, to be so identified with its existence that the same power which destroyed the one should also destroy the other.

Such were the characters now destined to fall a sacrifice to the profligate and libertine habits of a British prince. The obligations which this virtuous family conceived themselves to lie under to John M'Mahon, the kind and disinterested promoter of their future welfare, were further increased by the attention which he paid to their comfort and convenience immediately on their arrival in the metropolis; he having informed them that he had procured them lodgings at the house of a Mrs. Hamilton, a widow lady of the highest respectability, and where all the comforts of a genteel establishment would be afforded them.

To the house, therefore, of Mrs. Hamilton, the clergyman repaired with his daughters; and, the day after their arrival, they were delighted to receive a visit from their kind and generous benefactor. He assured the worthy pastor that the necessary arrangements were going on for his induction into his new benefice; and that, in the

interim, his time, and that of his daughters, might be agreeably employed in visiting the different places of amusement in the metropolis, to which, under the auspices of Mrs. Hamilton, it would confer the highest degree of pleasure upon him to be their conductor and companion.

The hearts of the two girls, now on the eve of being introduced to scenes of gaiety and dissipation, bounded with all the warmth of youthful expectation. Anticipation of new and yet untasted pleasures sparkled in their eyes with every opening day; and the kind and maternal solicitude which Mrs. Hamilton evinced, on every occasion in which their comfort or health was concerned, would have lulled the vigilance and suspicions of the most scrupulous parent. The first step was gained—confidence was established—and gradually and imperceptibly approached the last tragic scene of the eventful drama.

Among the numerous visitors who attended the evening parties of Mrs. Hamilton was one individual whose elegance of manners, personal endowments, vivacity of spirit, and refined conversation attracted the particular attention of the youthful beauties. He was introduced by that best of men and kindest of friends, Sir John M'Mahon, as Colonel Fox, a gentleman allied to one of the noblest families of the kingdom, and possessed of a large independent fortune. The circumstance that, in the evenings when Colonel Fox graced the domestic circle with his presence no other visitor was ever admitted, was not considered by the pastor and his daughters as deserving of their particular notice. It could not be the effect of design or premeditation; for, to all appearances, his visits were merely accidental—a kind of *en passant* affair—and the additional circumstance that he was generally accompanied by his friend M'Mahon set all doubt at rest, on their part, of any intended disguise or concealment.

It may be almost needless to state that this Colonel Fox

was the Prince ; and it must not be supposed that “the most accomplished gentleman of Europe ” failed in making that impression on the hearts of the clergyman’s daughters which his superior endowments had so often effected on the hearts of their fellow women. The great difficulty, however, lay in so dividing his attentions that neither of them should assume that she was the favored object of his affections. If a present were made to the one, another, proportionably rich and costly, was made to the other. If, on one evening, a confidential *tête-a-tête* took place with the elder sister, on the following evening his attentions appeared to be studiously directed to the younger. Thus both of them were inhaling a poison destructive of their internal peace, at the same time they were preparing the road for the destruction of their innocence. Mrs. Hamilton, by false representations and artful innuendoes, contrived to keep up this delusion between her unsuspecting victims, at the same time that she extracted from them that secret which a woman generally tells the last, and which, when told, forms the most interesting and memorable epoch of her life. The plans were verging fast to maturity ; the presence of the worthy minister operated, however, in some degree as a drawback to their final accomplishment. His removal was, therefore, necessary, and he was consequently informed that an unexpected obstacle had arisen in the presentation of the benefice which had fallen vacant ; but that an advowson of considerable value had devolved to the crown in a village of Leicestershire, to which, if he pleased, his induction could be instantly confirmed. This intelligence was received by the two girls with evident marks of grief ; it was removing them again to the dull and monotonous scenes of a country life, and from an object from whom a separation was regarded as the greatest calamity that could befall them.

It was, however, proposed to the credulous minister that

he should himself take a personal survey of his intended benefice previous to the confirmation of the grant, and that, in the meantime, his daughters should remain under the hospitable roof of Mrs. Hamilton, who, during the absence of their parent, would watch over their personal interests with all the anxious solicitude of a mother. Joy again sparkled in the eyes of the lovely girls, and they saw their father depart, little thinking that the affectionate kiss which he then gave them was the last which their lips would ever receive from him in this world.

One morning M'Mahon called at an earlier hour than usual, on the plea of having some important business to transact with Mrs. Hamilton relative to the affairs of her late husband, which rendered it advisable that she should see her solicitor immediately on the subject. The carriage was instantly ordered, and, whilst M'Mahon consented to remain as the companion of the younger, Mrs. Hamilton set off with the elder of the girls on her pretended visit to the attorney. "We will drive first to Taylor's in Bond street," said Mrs. Hamilton, "as he has some commissions for me to execute;" and, accordingly, they were driven to that infamous resort of titled demireps and fashionable prostitutes: Mrs. Hamilton and her beautiful *protégée* were requested by the obsequious and accommodating shoemaker to walk up into the drawing room, but which Mrs. Hamilton soon left again, pretending that she had some private business to transact with Taylor. Returning in a few minutes, she exclaimed, "How truly fortunate we are! Colonel Fox has just entered the shop, and, being apprised of your being here, he has solicited permission to keep you company until I return from my solicitor's; you cannot refuse the request," and, without waiting for a reply, she left the room.

The lovely, blushing girl, so taken by surprise, was, in fact, scarcely able to reply, wavering between hope and

fear—prompted by a sense of shame and modesty to refuse—influenced by the commanding voice of an ardent attachment, willing to grant it. The beatings of her heart were audible as she heard the approaching footsteps of the man to whom, in secret, she offered up her virgin vows, and by whom to be beloved she should consider as the attainment of the dearest of her earthly hopes. Irresistible in the power of his personal accomplishments, the trembling victim received her destroyer. In the delirium of passion he seized her hand—vowed that no other love should ever fill his heart—that in the return of his love was centred the future happiness of his life—and that, being once gained, he envied not the distinctions of rank, nor all the splendor of a prince's throne.

Confusion, embarrassment, a perturbation yet unknown, betrayed to the experienced seducer the emotions of her virgin heart. As yet, no confession had escaped her lips, but there is a language more eloquent than words. It spoke in the blush on her cheek—in the tremor of her whole frame—in the faint and powerless opposition to the warm and glowing kiss which was implanted on her lips.

In this hour rang the knell of her maiden innocence; the seducer saw the victory was his, but he advanced towards it gradually and cautiously. The fated hour at length came, and another victim was added to the insatiable passion of the royal voluptuary.

We will here draw the veil over the remaining part of this tragic story. The recital of the various stratagems which were used to draw the two sisters within the power of the seducer would be one continued display of scenes revolting to humanity and the common feelings of our nature.*

From this episode we return to matters of a more public nature, the most prominent of which, at this period, were the dissensions which exhibited themselves among

* Huish's Memoirs.

the royal family in consequence of the disputes existing between the Prince and Princess. The cause of this ill-fated woman appears to have been singularly treated by the ministers of the day; for the same men, who out of office advocated her cause, were no sooner elevated to power than they abandoned her to all the attacks of her enemies, and left her, as it were, to fight single-handed against the confederate power of the phalanx of Carlton House, and all its subordinate agents.

The whole nation at this time, 1812, was thrown into the utmost consternation by the assassination of the Prime Minister, Mr. Percival. He was shot by a probable insane person named Bellingham while passing through the lobby of the House of Commons. This took place May 11th, 1812. His brilliant talents had rendered invaluable aid to the Regent, and through his recommendation an annuity was settled upon his family.

Lords Grey and Grenville were now invited to join the Administration, but their exorbitant demands claiming the whole of the Government patronage were vigorously contested. The difficulties of forming a new ministry by the Marquis of Wellesley induced him to make a resolution, which he subsequently acted upon, of tendering his resignation, which was accepted by the Prince, who was now in the possession of unrestricted authority as Regent, and the most unpopular sovereign* who ever wielded the sceptre of England. The Prince had passed over from a party, certainly not the favorites of the nation, to another party, which, though supported by many classes and ranks of the community, was extremely obnoxious to that class of men who make up for their want of numbers and consequence by their restless and loud clamors. He had also disappointed the hopes and expectations of a very respectable and well meaning class, not numerous indeed, and more

* Suppressed edition.

remarkable for their good principles and good intentions than for the profoundness of their views or the practicability of their schemes; these men had fondly looked forward to the period when the Prince should ascend the throne as the commencement of a new era. He was to banish all speculation, corruption, and war. The Utopian visions with which their imagination had so long feasted their hopes were to be realized, and the Fourth George was to renew the golden age in Britain.

At the period when the restrictions were taken off the Regency may, without impropriety, be regarded as the commencement of a new reign, inasmuch as the Regent then becomes invested with all the rights and prerogatives of the sovereign.

We have hitherto delineated the character of the Prince as divested, in a great degree, of its political properties; although it must have been evident that he had always a certain number of political fantoccini under his control, who were obliged to direct their motions according as their royal patron pulled the strings. The time, however, had now arrived, when, in the assumption of the sovereign power, unfettered by restrictions and independent of all control, in reference to the actually living monarch, he was to exhibit himself to the British people either as a patriotic and dignified sovereign, or as one who, to gratify private prejudices or dangerous passions, was to immolate on their altar the interests and prosperity of his country.

A weak man can never become a great prince, and one of the greatest proofs of weakness in the human character is a love of flattery. On the Prince assuming the unrestricted Regency the buzz of adulation sounded from every quarter, which the greedy ear imbibed, until perfectibility became no longer a doubtful question, and the possibility of committing wrong a wild chimera of the sceptical cynic. The Prince had sycophants instead of advisers, and favorites

in the place of friends. If but one faithful one could be found who preferred royal indignation to national treachery—who preferred his country's weal to sensual gratification—he would have warned his bewildered master of the precipice on which he stood; and, although his prejudice might be inveterate and his principles unchangeable, yet he might have compelled him to adopt other measures by alarming his fears. But it is in policy as it is in religion: whenever either is perverted from its legitimate objects, truth, which is pure, simple, and immutable, becomes offensive, because it is not accommodating—it will neither admit darkness to be called light, nor tyranny to be called protection; it will not permit a prince to be called great, virtuous, good, and patriotic, who, immersed in sensual gratification and libidinous pursuits, sacrifices the interests of the state on the shrine of profligacy and libertinism.

Perhaps no prince ever falsified the character of a man of business more than the Prince. He was one of those negative characters, in subjects of great import, whose mind, not being able to grasp it in all its bearings, is unable to arrive at any positive decision, until sometimes prejudice or passion determines the bias; and the judgment which is then formed is the more obstinately adhered to because error has been its parent. Accustomed to the luxurious ease of the most refined voluptuary—addicted to pursuits which required no mental exertion, the aim and scope of his life being amusement and gratification—he felt, when the time arrived that the whole weight of the executive government rested upon him, like an overburdened beast, tottering beneath its load. Some sparkling flashes of an ardent and an active mind would, at times, break through the gloom, bright and cheering to those who were within their immediate influence; but they resembled more the sudden gleams of an expiring taper than the steady and permanent light of a vestal fire.

It belongs to the part of a good education to instil the idea that kings are always employed for the benefit of their subjects. The march of intellect and republicanism will soon exhibit the error of that conceit, and also the falsity of the notion concerning men in exalted stations, whose heads are believed to be always teeming with some wise project for the good of the state.* The son of Count Oxenstiern, who, by his father, had been appointed to a place of great trust and profit, expressed his earnest desire to decline the acceptance of it, on the score of his incapacity. "Oh, my son," said the Count, "you little know with how small a portion of understanding the world is governed." The Count was not singular in his opinions; for, when the Earl of Stair was ambassador to the Court of France, he was a great favorite with the Duke of Orleans, who was then *Regent*. One morning he was admitted into his bedchamber—the Regent being in bed with his mistress, and his favorite, l'Abbé du Bois, being present. On entering, the Duke said to him, laughing very heartily, "We are on state business, my Lord, and I have admitted you that you might see how the affairs of a large empire may be transacted." We do not mean to insinuate that *our Regent* ever admitted the French ambassador to an interview under similar circumstances; but it may, with truth, be affirmed that he showed, by his example, that he fully coincided in the sentiments of both Oxenstiern and his brother Regent.

The death of Perceval, the Prime Minister, whose tragical fate was strikingly similar to that of our martyred President, deprived the Regent of his services when he most needed them. The domestic character of this man was so worthy of emulation that we cannot forbear a passing tribute to his memory.

No one, indeed, despatched the most important public business with more ease, more simplicity, and less ostenta-

* *Memoirs* by Robert Huish: London.

tion. One of his young boys accompanied him to the House of Commons on the fatal day which proved his last, and his final meeting of his children was at a simple family dinner, taken in the midst of them about half past two o'clock in the afternoon of that ever to be lamented day.

Mr. Perceval and the late Baron Vaughan were for a considerable time the leading counsel of the Midland Circuit. The former was very diminutive in stature, the latter tall and erect. The culprits, by way of distinguishing these two barristers, never mentioned them by name, but by the epithet of "the little man" and "the tall man." At the Assizes, in Nottingham, a culprit had obtained his acquittal by the legal subtlety of Mr. Perceval, and, on rejoining his companions in the prison, being asked his doom, he replied that *the little man* had got him off. "Then," exclaimed another, "I shall be sure to get off, for I have got *the little one* and *the tall one*, too."

Mr. Perceval was not much given either to public amusements or fashionable visiting; and when he did frequent them he was usually accompanied by the greater part of his children. No man, indeed, passed so much of his time in this endearing society. If, on any unexpected emergency in public business, there was a sudden call for him, no one had any difficulty in finding him—everyone knew where to seek him: it was not in the midnight rout, nor the gaming house, nor in the revels of the tavern, but in the society of his own hearth and family.*

* It is a crude conceit engendered in some minds that intellectual talent runs in families, and that the principle of *fortes creantur fortibus* is exemplified in so many instances as to bring it almost within the certainty of a mathematical demonstration. It might, indeed, turn out, on investigation, that the progenitors of Vestris were all dancers as far back as Deucalion, and that all the progenitors of Shakspeare were dramatists as far back as Noah; but, in order to subvert the hypothesis of these sticklers for hereditary talent, we have only to mention the instance that a descendant of the learned and enlightened Spencer Perceval did, in the month of December, 1830, in his

The Regent sustained another heavy loss in the political death of Sheridan.

To the Prince, Sheridan had been a faithful, servile friend. In all cases where the character of the Prince was concerned—and they were not a few—Sheridan appeared as his champion, as his stoutest, ablest defender. Shrouded in his deep and heartless selfishness, the Prince beheld this staunch and steady friend sinking beneath an accumulated load of distress and embarrassment. One hundredth part of the sum which he was then squandering away on French gewgaws and golden baubles—one thousandth part of what he was then expending in the decoration of his palaces which he never inhabited, or which he threw into the lap of his meretricious marchioness, his mistress, would have rescued the individual who had been to him, “in all storms and seasons,” his adviser, his counsellor, his devoted

place in the House of Commons, give an indubitable proof that he possesses the talents of his great progenitor by giving notice that, after the recess, he would move on address to His Majesty to appoint a day for a *general fast*. A GENERAL FAST! What an announcement! at a time when three fourths of the people of this country complain that the fast is much too general already, and that this Lent has been protracted to a period beyond all further endurance. It is a mockery upon the distresses of the people to talk of a general fast relieving them from the pressure which now weighs too heavily upon them. Let the Legislature reduce the taxation; let the leeches who have hitherto fattened upon the life-blood of the nation be restored to the feculence in which they were bred; let the titled paupers who have rendered no service to the country, nor have any service to perform, be mulcted of their princely pensions; let the clergy be respectably and handsomely provided for, but not put into the enjoyment of an income exceeding the whole revenue of the kingdom of Sweden; let the whole herd of tax consumers, with the tax solicitor at their head, be brought to the bar of your Honorable House, Mr. Perceval; the former to establish their claim to the support of the country, and the latter to be punished for adding to the distresses of the people by the infamous issue of his exchequer writs. Do one of all these things, Mr. Perceval, and you will have done more for the benefit of your country than by the ordination of a hundred fasts.—

Memoirs of Geo. IV. Huish: London.

adherent, from the merciless grasp of his vindictive creditors.

The reign of George IV has been called a splendid reign—and justly so, if the Pimlico Palace, the restoration of Windsor, the nicknacks of the Pavilion, the fleet on Virginia Water, the elegant jumble of the royal cottage, and *soi-disant* great public improvements, had either been promoted or encouraged by the King for the happiness of the people. But, although the latter were weighed down by taxes which paralyzed their energies, and were oppressed with wants which accumulated indifference and despair, yet buildings were projected and continued not required for his convenience, nor necessary for the support of his dignity, and accompanied with an expense which was an insult to the distresses of the country, and ultimately exhausted the patience of the people.

We cannot refrain from inserting the following ludicrous description of this palace. (Extract from a letter addressed by a French architect in London to his friend in Paris): “My dear Sair—I shall now give you some account of de royal palace here, called de Buck-and-ham Palace, which is building for de English King, in de spirit of John Bull plum pudding and roast beef taste, for which de English are so famous. It is great curiosity. In de first place, de pillars of de palace are made to reprasant English vegetable, as de sparrowgrass, de leek, and onion; then de entablatures or friezes are vary mouch enriched with leg of mutton, and de pork, with vat dey call de garnish, all vary beautiful carved; then, on de impediment of de front, stand colossal figure of de man-cook with de large English toasting fork in his hand, ready to put into de pot a vary large plum pudding behind him, which is vary fine pudding, not de color of black Christmas pudding, because de architect say it would not look vell in summair time; it is vary plain pudding. Then de small windows of de kitchen, on

each side de impediment at top story of de palace, have before dem trophy of de kitchen, such as pot, and de pan, and othare thing, which look well at de distance, except that de poker and de tong are too big. On de wing of de palace, called de gizzard wing (the othare wing vas cut off,) stand de domestique servant, in neat dress, holding in de trays biscuit and tart, and othare ding. The name of de architect is Mistaire Hash, de King's architect, who, I vas informed, vas roasted vary much (de term I did not comprehend). De English people seem vary much to like dis palace for de King, and do laugh vary much. There is to be in de front of de palace vary large kitchen range, made of white marble, vich I was told would contain von hundred of goose at von time. De palace, ven complete, will be called after von famous English dish, de Toad-in-de-Hole."

We now consider ourselves called upon to exhibit the counterpart of the proceedings which took place between the Prince and his royal brothers, York and Clarence, respecting the raising of a large sum of money on their respective bonds, and the particulars of which have been confidentially intrusted to us, to enable us to complete the picture of some of the most tragical scenes which were ever enacted in a civilized country.

We know that princes are but men, and, like other men, are liable to be entranced "by the magic gaze of vice" to form imprudent associations, to be the dupe of designing men, and hastily to adopt the views of polished parasites. We profess ourselves to be liberal in political principle; we will be so in act and deed. We declare our determination to make no accusation, but, anxious for the development of truth—although we cannot hope at this remote period of producing that fair discussion before which all falsehood, maudlin, and disguise must fall—we shall proceed to publish that which we doubt not would have been highly conducive to the interests and the character of the

royal brothers never to have suppressed. The suppression of any document goes far to the presumption of the guilt of the parties concerned in the implication; for a consciousness of innocence rather courts than shuns inquiry, and will rather meet its accusers boldly face to face than attempt to throw the veil of mystification over its actions.* Where there is no doubt as to the commission of an act, it becomes the indisputable right of the historian to portray that action, whether virtuous or atrocious, and to comment upon its effects, as far as they regard the interests of the state, or the well-being and happiness of society in general. We reiterate our declaration that, in the disclosure of the following facts, we make no personal accusation; we could, indeed, point to several individuals whom we suspect to be deeply implicated in the concoction and accomplishment of the diabolical scheme; and, although their iniquity was concealed at the time by the suppression of every paper and pamphlet which publicly treated of the subject, yet the whole forms so extraordinary a feature in the life of the Prince, and possesses withal such a high degree of interest, that it would be reproachful and unpardonable in us to omit it.

The afflicting malady of George III was hailed by the party of the Prince as the commencement of that fortunate era which was to bring him an accession of power, and with that power an accession also of riches, sufficient to enable him to continue his career of extravagance and profligacy. The Duke of York also required an immediate supply of money to enable him to support the demands of the Tennis Court, where he passed a great part of his time in indiscriminate society, even with the very lowest who infest a public tennis court, and where he lost immense sums of money. The domestic calamity of the father was deemed very propitious for raising money on a contingency

* Suppressed Memoirs.

supposed not to be very distant; and the opportunity it afforded of pecuniary accommodation was eagerly embraced as the means of relieving the Prince from the pressure of his embarrassments. A council of finance was assembled on the occasion, composed of the Prince's most intimate friends, and the dangerous resource of a post obit bond was determined on. Here the Prince should have halted; he had hitherto been improvident, flagrantly imprudent, and the step that follows imprudence presented itself. Did the Prince pause, or did he follow the path unchecked? The post obit bonds were to have been tried in England, under the direction of Mr. Louis Weltjie, Clerk of the Prince's Kitchen; in Ireland, by Mr. Annesley Shee, formerly a lottery office keeper; and in Scotland, by Mr. Dunbar, a money broker in the city. These bonds were to be secured by the Prince, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Clarence. Mr. Weltjie, fearing the consequences, withdrew himself from the concern by introducing to the Prince Mr. Henry Jones, of Frith street, Soho, and Mr. John Cator, of the Adelphi, both men of property and of extensive money connections. When first employed by the Prince, Mr. Cator engaged to pay down ten thousand pounds of a bond treble the amount, payable when *a certain event* should take place. The bargain was perfected on the 16th of December, 1788, witnessed by Andrew Robinson and Charles Bicknell, and on the same day the money was paid.

The form of these bonds may be matter of curiosity to many of our readers, and is as follows :

“KNOW ALL MEN by these presents that we, George, Prince of Wales, Frederick, Duke of York, and William Henry, Duke of Clarence, all living in the City of Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, are jointly and severally, justly and truly indebted to John Cator, of Beckenham, in the County of Kent, Esquire, and his executors, administrators and assigns, in the penal sum of sixty thousand pounds of good and lawful money of Great Britain,

well and truly paid to us at or before the sealing of these presents. Sealed with our seals this 16th day of December, in the 29th year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord George III, by the Grace of God, King, Defender of the Faith, Anno Domini 1788.

The condition of the above written obligation is such that if the above bounden George, Prince of Wales, Frederick, Duke of York, and William Henry, Duke of Clarence, or any or either of them, or any other of their heirs, executors, or administrators shall well and truly pay or cause to be paid unto the above named John Cator, his executors, administrators, or assigns, the full sum of thirty thousand pounds of lawful money of Great Britain, within the space or time of six calendar months next after any one or either of us, the said George, Prince of Wales, Frederick, Duke of York, and William Henry, Duke of Clarence, shall come to and ascend the throne of England, together with lawful interest on the same, to be computed from the day that such event shall happen, up and home to the time of paying off this obligation, then, and in such case, the same shall become null and void; otherwise to be and remain in full force and virtue.

GEORGE, Prince of Wales, L. S.

FREDERICK, L. S.

WILLIAM HENRY, L. S."

These post obit bond transactions began, however, in time to wear a very serious aspect, when Mr. Jones and Mr. Cator withdrew themselves entirely from the business. The purchasers of the bonds became alarmed, and were afraid of acknowledging they held any such obligations. This arose from the treasonable nature of the transactions, inasmuch as the death of the sovereign is anticipated, and therefore subjects the parties to all the penalties of petty treason. Upon this transaction, upon the mode, the inducements to, and the time of its adoption, it would be an easy matter to enlarge in terms of strong and just execration; but we forbear, and pass to circumstances of a still deeper dye.

The Princes were now destitute of resources, when Sir Thomas Dundas, whose *eminent services to his country* in a short time advanced him to the peerage, discovered a new channel. He got introduced to Mr. Hugh Watts, of the Sun

Fire office, Mr. Abraham Goldsmidt, and other moneyed persons. Mr. Goldsmidt, for a reasonable commission, undertook to raise money for the Princes in Holland, from his correspondents, Messrs. Abraham and Simeon Boas, of the Hague, who were bankers of great credit. They consented to advance three hundred and fifty thousand guilders, for twelve years, and receive the joint bond of the three Princes, payable to them, and vesting in them a power of attorney to partition the security and sell it in shares or debentures of one thousand guilders each.

This bond was sent to Holland by Mr. Goldsmidt, who in a short time received the amount in bills payable to his own order, which he discounted, and took the money to the Prince. The Prince paid Mr. Goldsmidt many compliments for his attention, and tendered his services, but said, as the Duke of York, who was to receive part of the money, was not present, *he must beg Mr. Goldsmidt's indulgence for the payment of the commission till he had arranged the division of the money with the Duke.* Mr. Goldsmidt, with great good humor, bowed and retired.

This transaction caused the ruin of the lenders, who sold the entire bond in shares of a thousand guilders each, payable at their own house. To keep up their credit for two years they paid the interest themselves; but, as they received no money from the Princes, they were compelled to stop payment and became bankrupts. Before the last examination under their commission, the French entered Holland and seized all their property, and, as a part of it, the Princes' bond; and *the two Boas put a period to their existence—the one by a pistol, the other by poison.**

Some time after, Mr. Goldsmidt was again applied to, to negotiate another loan on the continent to the utmost extent he could borrow; but Mr. Goldsmidt declined dealing with Princes. On the marriage of the Prince, commissioners were

* Suppressed edition.

Ontario.

appointed a second time to manage his affairs, and to them shares of this bond were presented for payment, which was refused, because the debt was concealed in the schedule presented to Parliament, and no provision was made for its payment. By this concealment of the full amount of his debts the creditors of the Prince were cruelly wronged, the faith of the British Parliament was trifled with and imposed upon, and the generosity of the British people most scandalously abused.

It not being found practicable to raise the money in England, it was at last resolved to try what could be done in Holland and France; and a convenient agent was found in a Mr. John James de Beaume, who undertook the business, and through whom a sum not less than £200,000 in money and jewels, abating the interest and other expenses, was raised for the occasion; and on the 3d of June, 1790, the three royal brothers, George, Frederick, and William Henry, executed a bond in favor of Mr. de Beaume, for £100,000, acknowledging themselves "to be justly and truly indebted to him in the said sum of £100,000 sterling, WELL and TRULY advanced to them as a loan, to be paid to the said John James de Beaume, or his attorney, or his executors, heirs, or assigns, or to any one authorized to receive the same on their behalf, at the time and in the proportions thereafter mentioned. And, further, that the said parties hereto engage and bind themselves, jointly and severally, and all and every their respective revenues, goods, effects, and property, in whatsoever place they may be situate, and of whatsoever nature or kind; and further covenanting to pay the interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, for the term of twenty-five years, to commence the 1st of July, 1791; and the capital sum to be paid as follows; namely, on the 1st of June, 1806, and the other in parts every year, up to the year 1815. And further reciting that the same parties renounce and disclaim all subterfuge, pretext, or reserves,

that might be to the contrary, to the intents of the said agreement; and, further, that to facilitate the said J. J. de Beaume in raising the said sum for the said parties, they give him full power to grant and publish parts or portions of the said loan, under his signature, to such person or persons as may be inclined to take shares in the same, by debentures of £100 each debenture, though in a printed form, to be of valid force, provided the same be verified by the signature of the said J. J. de Beaume signed thereto, and the same to carry equal force and value as the original bond for £100,000, the said parties acknowledging to have received, at the signing the said obligation, the consideration therein named."

It is impossible for the operative parts of a deed to be more binding in law, or freer from exceptions, than the bond of which we have given an abstract; and on this bond Mr. de Beaume proceeded to act, the same being verified by certain notaries, both in London, Paris, and Holland, to the several parties concerned therein.

It is pretended, indeed, that Mr. de Beaume never raised the whole of the money, or, if he did, that he never paid it over to the Prince's trustee, the late Mr. Thomas Hammersley; but, supposing this statement to be correct, does it change the nature of the security on the *bona fide* holders of any of the "parts or portions" of the said loan? It has been held that the demand of a clear title and adequate consideration, evidently intended to embarrass and defer the payment, was known to be clogged with almost insuperable difficulties arising out of the Revolution, and the impossibility of tracing out the heirs and assigns of the original holders of these bonds, amid the confusion of such times as those which shortly succeeded the royal contract. Abundant means, however, were to be found in this country to establish the validity of these bonds, duplicates of which were attested by the notaries, Sutherland and Bonner, and

afterwards deposited with Messrs. Hammersley, through whose hands the whole transaction passed; nor has it been proved, or attempted to be so, that De Beaume ever abused the powers with which he was intrusted by issuing other than the bonds contracted for. If he had done so, the fraud would have been easily detected, as these bonds were numbered and dated in the order in which they were issued, with all the formalities of exchequer or navy bills. When, therefore, these bonds became payable, or interest accrued, the *onus probandi* lay with the trustees to vouch for their genuineness and falsehood, as they would have been ready to do if the originals had been either lost or destroyed.

It has been said, in order to magnify the breach of faith on the part of the three royal swindlers, that several of the bond owners were sent out of the country, under the Alien Act, to avoid the claim; and that, on their return to France, the greater number were massacred or guillotined; and of the latter fact some substantial proofs can be found, especially in the case of Monsieur Viette, a rich jeweller, whose wealth, however, was more likely to have caused his death than the holding of the bonds alluded to, which, neither in the amount nor the object, could offend or alarm the French Government, jealous and barbarous as it proved itself at that period. It was, indeed, asserted very confidently by a journalist in 1823, who seems to have been imperfectly informed on the subject of these loans, and who involves the narrative in much obscurity, for purposes which we are not now called on to investigate, that fourteen persons were executed in Paris for negotiating, or being concerned in circulating, such portions or shares of this loan as bore Mr. de Beaume's signature; but it might be as well insisted upon that, because several of the reputed or actual owners of these securities were lost, on their passage to France, in consequence of the leaky state of the vessel, that such vessel had been scuttled by order of the Home Depart-

ment, as that the revolutionary Government could apprehend a reaction from the fact of this loan, which did not exceed £100,000 sterling. We confine ourselves to this subject, having already touched on the various attempts to relieve the Prince in 1786 as a complete failure.

When Mr. Goldsmidt became a party to the loan of the Boas', the Prince's agents talked of appropriations, savings, etc., to be backed by a parliamentary grant, secured by a mortgage of the revenues of the Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster, of which Mr. Goldsmidt was to be the receiver; instead of which, no preparations whatever were made by the Prince to meet the first quarter's accruing interest on this loan.

No man could urge the matter with more grace and propriety on the attention of the Treasurer of the Household than Mr. Goldsmidt. But punctuality at Carlton House was no part of its economy, the keeping an engagement no voluntary duty; for, although the Prince could not be said to break the engagement, yet he never troubled himself about the conditions of the agreement when broken; nor, when the consequences were pointed out to him, was he at all solicitous of providing against the recurrence of them, or supplying a remedy for the future. Notwithstanding the result of this want of principle being fatal to the credit and destructive of the life of both parties, the orgies at Carlton House were never suspended for a moment, and the claimants under this loan were treated afterwards with the same injustice and cruelty as the subscribers to Mr. de Beaume's loan.

A knowledge of the intrigues of a Court like that of the Prince can alone authenticate its want of principle; and, although remonstrances dropped in, day after day, in private, and the journals obscurely alluded to the facts of the alarming embarrassments with which the princes were at this time surrounded, no notice was taken of them,

nor were any measures devised to avert the consequences which threatened to overwhelm them in ruin. The whole of the plans at last began to excite the attention of Parliament, on account of the manner in which the honor of the Government was compromised by a course of proceedings that would have convicted any other man of inferior rank before the tribunals of the country. And in the case of Mr. Goldsmidt the sympathy of the mercantile world in particular was excited, on account of the injuries which one of the worthiest men in it was sustaining through the profligate and unprincipled manners of the Prince's advisers.

Mr. Goldsmidt's character had for many years been rising into public estimation; his credit was unbounded, and his conduct as a money broker unexceptionable, and esteemed all over Europe. Rather too easy of access, too liberal in his advances, and too confiding in the principles and probity of others, such a disposition was little calculated to resist the importunities of a man of the polished manners of the Prince; and every attempt which flattery could embellish, which promises could satisfy, or personal civility confirm, was made to evade the crisis then impending in Pall Mall, and in which the Prince would have succeeded but for the unconquerable probity of the negotiator. He, however, at length withdrew, alarmed and disgusted; and, without coming to an open rupture with his employer, assisted the Boas' far exceeding what might be deemed prudent in reference to his extensive foreign transactions. But the event preyed upon his mind; it weakened his influence abroad, and was the first cause of those dismal occurrences which led to his death and the ruin of his fortunes.

We may be allowed to speak our humble praise over the grave of this benevolent Jew. Never was a man lamented by his friends more sincerely. The death of Mr. Goldsmidt was a loss to every man who stood in need of his

assistance; and it is no hyperbole to say that the young lost their benefactor, the widow her husband, and innumerable families their friend. The heart of Mr. Goldsmidt was like "the gush of fresh springs," fertilizing what was before barren, and planting flowers amidst the waste of the human affections, to refresh and console the indigent and the unfortunate. Proud Christian! go thou and do likewise.

On recurring to De Beaume's loan, it is impossible to forget the time at which it was raised. Never was there a period of greater public excitement—never one when a temperate and wise policy was less listened to between the rulers of France and England. The prejudices which had existed for centuries between two rival nations, the new position in which France stood with respect to her ancient polity, the strength she displayed, and the doctrines she maintained in asserting her newly acquired power and liberty, and the revolutionary spirit which her example excited among surrounding nations, caused all the monarchies of Europe to unite in misrepresenting both her internal and external administration. It is, therefore, by no means surprising that De Beaume came in for his share of the obloquy; nor, knowing the necessities of the Prince, that his creatures should take advantage of the slander to repudiate and defraud his agent; for, at the same time that De Beaume was afraid of meeting the storm in France, the Prince felt the weight of the censure of his father's Government as likely to end in a parliamentary inquiry. Indeed, all the parties implicated in the transaction began to see the situation in which their time-serving servility had placed them; and they, as well as the Prince, trembled at the idea of a public investigation, yet it was found impossible to withdraw from an obligation, which was perfect in all its parts, without having recourse to chicanery and false pretences. Rather, therefore, than risk the trial, it was pretended that De Beaume had deceived the Prince,

that he was not the man he assumed to be, and had never paid over the consideration stipulated for and agreed upon.

The case of Aslett, the sub-cashier of the Bank of England, must still be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. He may owe his salvation from the scaffold, and his subsequent pardon, to his pecuniary negotiations with the Prince of Wales, and particularly to the active part which he took in assisting Mr. Goldsmidt in raising money on the Prince's bond. Nero was once known to pardon a man for a crime, but then the tyrant was drunk; the Prince of Wales was once known to show his gratitude for previous services by pardoning a criminal, but Nero was not less the tyrant, nor was the Prince of Wales less the libertine.*

But suppose the whole consideration had not been received; still it is acknowledged that it was in part paid, and in such valuables as were most likely to abound in the then state of France, and could be most readily conveyed and parted with. Is it not, therefore, presumptive evidence, at least, that other bonds might have been subscribed for money, in a country like France, where persons then, as now, hoarded the specie, because it was the only circulating medium, or, foreseeing the storm, provided against its explosion by an investment on the security of persons of supposed unimpeachable honor? By either of these means a *bona fide* debt was created which no ultimate chance could repudiate nor invalidate. How could the trustees of the Prince say when and to whom ~~these~~ securities were conveyed? how ascertain the uses to which they had been converted, supposing it a fraud on the part of De Beaume, or impugn and deny the claims of the holders who tendered them for payment? The diamonds transmitted by De Beaume, through Perregaux, were converted into cash, and made use of by the Prince. Did he ever pay for these diamonds? and, if not, how came they in his hands?

* Huish.

If this reasoning be conclusive, it follows that the diamonds being vouched for as a remittance, and the proceeds acknowledged, was a good and sufficient consideration according to the terms of the bonds, and, therefore, that their payment was compulsory on the grantors; that the means taken to frustrate the payment were highly illegal, and the parties concerned in doing so guilty, according to the then law, of a misdemeanor, by a breach of covenant, by which the *bona fide* holder was cheated out of his property.

This is rather an argument on the case before stating it; and we now proceed to give what we know to be nearly the whole of the facts which characterize this extraordinary proceeding, and to which we have alluded in another part of these memoirs.

The plan proposed by Mr. De Beaume to raise a large sum of money on the continent for the use of the princes was very similar to that which was negotiated by the Boas' in Holland, the three princes giving their joint security for the fulfilment of the stipulations. Mr. Bicknell was accordingly directed by the princes to prepare a bond for their execution for £100,000, payable to De Beaume, and vesting in him power to divide it into one thousand pounds each, by printed copies of the bond, which, under the signature of De Beaume, with the amount and number certified by a notary public, should be as binding on the princes as if executed by themselves. They made themselves, their heirs, executors, goods, and effects, liable to these conditions, just as they did in the bond to Messrs. Boas. The original bond was deposited, in trust, in the Bank of Ransom, Morland, and Hammersley; while an attested copy was immediately delivered to De Beaume, and the bankers' acknowledgment of holding such a security was given as De Beaume's authority and credentials, as the agent of the three Princes, who, in this instance, seem to have taken every precaution to secure themselves against imposition.

The bankers, to facilitate De Beaume's plan, gave him a letter of introduction to their correspondent in Paris, M. Perregaux. Thus provided, De Beaume went to Paris as the agent of the Prince, and established himself there in that capacity. The French Revolution then wore a very serious aspect, troubles seemed increasing, and many of the French wished to leave their country till better times. As by remitting bills to England they sustained a very heavy loss, the securities of the British princes were eagerly purchased from De Beaume by those who wished to emigrate, because those securities were not only more portable than specie, but they were purchased without being subject to the fluctuations of the course of exchange, and at the time were considered as the best negotiable securities in the market. The unfortunate Frenchmen who purchased them crossed to England, where they thought themselves perfectly safe; but, as they could not get any money paid on them, they were involved in great difficulty, and consequently became very urgent and clamorous.

The Duke of Portland was then Secretary of State for the Home Department, and to him came many complaints from Carlton House against such of the emigrants as were most troublesome and unjust in demanding their money. The Duke of Portland, whose head, in many instances, partook of the nature of the produce of Portland Island, was very attentive to every complaint made on this subject. They were sent out of the country, as in the former instance, and landed on the continent. Twenty-six foreigners, who were creditors of the princes, and who had placed the most implicit reliance on the honor and faith of a British prince, were sent out of England, *though no charge was preferred against them.* Of these twenty-six unfortunate creditors of the princes so sent out of the country *fourteen are traced to the guillotine*, and their deaths are recorded in the bloody annals of that instrument. The remaining twelve of the

unhappy exiles were creditors under the bond of Messrs. Boas; every effort to trace them anywhere has been in vain. No hint at their fate shall be given; the annals of these times are sufficiently black with crime without our adding unnecessarily to the depth of the coloring. It is, however, an accredited fact that the Prince of Wales, on several occasions and to various persons, did deny the receipt of any consideration for the bond to De Beaume. We presume not to question the confidence which ought to be placed in his royal word; but it requires no small degree of ingenuity to reconcile the truth of his royal declaration with the *incontrovertible* circumstances disclosed in this narrative, which prove him to be (calling things by their right name) *a liar*. For his conduct in the negotiation of this bond poor De Beaume was censured; though, from the facts that appear, it is not easy to say on what just ground the censure could be maintained. He was greatly blamed, however, and the displeasure against him amounted so high as to induce the princes to conceal the bond they had executed, which was actually done, the trustees delivering the bond for the express purpose; which, notwithstanding the manifest injustice of the measure, was cancelled at Burlington House, in the presence of the Duke of Portland, on the 16th of November, 1790—not quite one month after De Beaume had sent to the Prince of Wales more than one third of the whole sum as a single remittance. This remittance was made by De Beaume in diamonds, through the bank of Perregaux at Paris, to the bank of Ransom, Morland, and Hammersley, on account of the princes. The diamonds thus remitted were to the amount of £38,653 10s.

To animadvert upon the conduct of the Prince of Wales on this occasion would be a task which we will not take upon ourselves to perform. We have the bills of parcel of these diamonds now before us—they were disposed of by

the bankers for the benefit of the Prince; on what ground of common justice, then, could the Prince declare that he had received no consideration whatever for the bond? An act of this kind, committed by a private individual, would stamp his character for life; we know not, then, why a prince can do that with impunity which, if done by a more humble individual, would subject him to the extreme penalty of the law. Well, indeed, might every exertion be made, which money or influence could command, to prevent these circumstances from being known by the public. The consequences resulting to the princes from their publicity might have been dreadful. The French Revolution had reduced kingships and princships far below par; the question of an hereditary right to govern was mooted at the foot of every throne in Europe; wherever the chains of despotism clanked, or the fetters of superstition enthralled the human mind, there flashed forth the ethereal fire of reason, thrones tottered, and monarchies trembled; the sceptre was no longer considered as the symbol of government, and allegiance was laughed at as a chimera engendered in the brain of tyrants and despots.

Mr. Perregaux was fully informed by this friendly and intimate correspondent of every circumstance connected with the bond, from the first introduction of De Beaume to him, and was particularly requested to pay attention to the business, and to answer any questions put to him concerning it, as by so doing he would oblige the Prince very much, who, in return, would very readily acknowledge the services of Mr. Perregaux by any mode in the power of the Prince. He was perfectly acquainted with the remittance of diamonds made by De Beaume to the Prince, with the dissatisfaction expressed by the Prince at De Beaume's conduct, with the cancelling of the bond, and with the determination taken by the Prince not to pay either the principal or the interest.

Previous to De Beaume's trial an English gentleman was at Paris who had discharged several considerable employments, and who since that period has become *Right Honorable*, having distinguished himself by the possession of great abilities. In Paris he was a member of the Jacobin Club, and some of his speeches in that assembly were communicated through the press to the British public. At the time alluded to, he had just begun to emerge from obscurity at Paris. His whole history was known to Mr. Perregaux, who at that time had been applied to, on the part of the princes, to get rid of the business entirely. The bond itself had been cancelled in London, and the next step was to get release from De Beaume of the agents employed at Paris. To this gentleman Mr. Perregaux applied for coöperation; and, after some deliberation, it was determined to construe the bond into a treasonable practice against the French nation, for which De Beaume and his coadjutors should be apprehended, and for which it was also determined **THEY SHOULD SUFFER DEATH.**

De Beaume and his associates were accordingly apprehended and imprisoned. The tribunal did not at first consider it expedient to treat the charge of borrowing money as criminal, and without great exertions on that occasion by Mr. Perregaux and his confederate they would have been acquitted. But this gentleman succeeded in impressing the tribunal with a belief in the criminal nature of the loan, by inflaming them against the prisoners, whom he represented as being in connection with the British princes, for the purpose of raising money to assist the French princes in anti-revolutionary measures, and in treasonable attempts against the republic. The very bond negotiated by the prisoners was denounced as treasonable in the face of it, for declaring George III to be King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland. The prisoners were *tried, condemned and executed, within twenty-four hours!*

Thus, in ONE DAY, perished Richard, Chaudot, Mestrierer, Niette, De Beaume, and Aubert, either for negotiating the Prince's securities, or for purchasing shares of them, as was also the case with Viette, a rich jeweler, who had purchased a hundred shares of the bond from De Beaume. The murderous principle thus laid down, and the precedent thus established, were adopted in subsequent instances; and from that time every *foreign* creditor under De Beaume's bond who was sent out of England and landed on the continent was executed in the same merciless mode, upon the same pretence, which was extended even to the creditors who had invested their money in purchasing shares of the bonds. The principals were the real culprits.*

Would that we could here close this black catalogue of crime. The next victim who bled on the scaffold, for having been the purchaser of twenty shares of the Prince's bond, was Charles Vaucher, a banker in Paris, who quitted France with a large fortune in 1792. He fixed his residence in England, where he married an English lady. Having demanded payment of the interest on his shares of the Prince's bond, he was referred to the bank of Ransom & Co., when he was advised, if he wished to remain in England, never again to apply for his money; for, if he did, he would be sent out of the country, as many in his situation had already been. This threat did not deter him; he repeated his application, and was equally unsuccessful. He laid his case before Mr. Shepherd, afterwards Sir S. Shepherd, Solicitor General, who decided that his claim upon the Prince was just and legal; and at the close of the opinion which that eminent lawyer gave are the following remarkable words: "If any action is brought with this case, it will require the clearest proof of the facts, and that there is no collusion between De Beaume and Vaucher, because, as a bill has been passed for the payment of His Royal High-

* Suppressed Memoirs. Huish.

ness' debts, subjecting them to the examination of commissioners, *it will be a strong argument against the justice of a demand that has been withheld from such examination*; however, there is nothing in the bill which prevents a creditor of His Royal Highness from suing, if he chooses, in preference to going before commissioners."

In this opinion the learned counsel seems to have anticipated the very objection that was raised by the commissioners, and the grounds on which they contested the validity of the claim. The Prince inserted it not in his schedule of debts, he disclaimed it *in toto*; and, therefore, as the Prince disavowed it, the commissioners could not be called upon to allow it, and the only redress which Vaucher could hope to obtain was by an appeal to the laws of the country. A copy of the opinion of Mr. Shepherd was sent, with a polite note, to the Prince, hoping he would render all legal measures unnecessary by ordering the interest to be paid. The interest was not paid; the application was renewed to him, adding that, if no satisfactory answer were returned, such measures would be adopted as would *compel* him to pay the amount. This threat sealed the destiny of Vaucher; for, on the 6th of October, an *official* order was given for him to quit England in *four* days. Having other pecuniary matters to arrange, he petitioned the Duke of Portland to allow him to remain until the issue of his claims had been determined. His petition was refused; for, on the 11th of October, a warrant was signed by the Duke of Portland, directing William Ross and George Higgins, two of the King's messengers, to take Mr. Vaucher into custody till he should be sent out of the country. On the 15th he was taken into custody, and on the 20th he was carried to Harwich, to be sent from thence to Rotterdam, where he arrived on the 23d of the same month. Not long after his arrival on the continent, he was apprehended, taken to Paris, and thrown into prison, where he remained till the

22d of December, 1795, when he was tried on the same charges as De Beaume, found guilty, and guillotined!

Our limits will not allow us to enter at full into the cases of Mr. D. Lovell, the editor of the *Statesman*, and that of Mr. Auriol; but proof is on record that, with the diamonds remitted by De Beaume, and the money advanced by Auriol, the sum received by the Prince amounted to between £60,000 and £70,000 sterling.

Our comments shall be short. The pages of history present a melancholy picture of the turpitude of the human heart. If we investigate the character of the Kings of England from the conquest to the reign of George IV, and we were to write a catalogue of all the vices inherent in man's nature, and the crimes which have resulted from those vices, there is not one against which we could not select some individual king to affix his name as having been the perpetrator of it. The country has already determined against which vices the name of George IV ought to be affixed, and the history which we have now given of these bond transactions will invest him with an undisputable claim to that of swindler. The British princes, by their proceedings in the business, appear as if the law had no power over them—as if they could bind themselves with legal solemnity, and discharge their debts by a simple command.

Parliament came three times forward to discharge the debts of the Prince, but three times was Parliament deceived by schedules which concealed the post obits and the foreign bonds. Why this concealment took place must have been best known to the Prince; but a post obit bond for £30,000, a bond for 330,000 guilders, and another of £100,000, besides the Hessian and other debts, are not such items in an account as escape the memory. But be the cause what it may, the sums never appeared in any schedule laid before Parliament.

Chapter Thirteen.

GREAT events distinguished the year 1812, of such national importance that the attention of the people had been in part diverted from the domestic troubles in the royal family, but they were now destined to again revive with absorbing interest, from the fact that Charlotte, the daughter of the Prince, was, with her mother, to figure in important scenes of the coming drama.

During the summer of 1812 the intercourse between Caroline and her daughter was subjected to considerable restriction, so as almost to preclude any interchange of those affectionate attentions which should ever occur between a mother and daughter. Her daughter, Charlotte, resided at this time chiefly at Windsor, and was under the special care and protection of the Queen. Her removal thither, on the plea of ill health, was understood chiefly to be in order to prevent, as much as possible, her intimacy with her mother. On one occasion Caroline wrote a letter to the Queen and offered either to visit her daughter at Windsor, or that her daughter Charlotte might be allowed to attend on her. An answer was returned from the Queen that Her "Royal Highness'" studies were not to be interrupted.

On another occasion Caroline travelled to Windsor expressly to visit her daughter, and as it was Sunday there could not be any fear of interrupting her studies. She was, however, refused that gratification. The Queen said to her, on her leaving Windsor, "I hope you will always preserve the same friendship which you have ever

felt for me." Caroline replied, in a tone of irony, "Oh! certainly, your Majesty." At this interview the Queen offered Caroline no refreshment whatever; and it was stated by the Queen that the Regent had given orders not to allow any meeting at Windsor between Caroline and her daughter. It should be observed that the Queen was always *apparently* civil to Caroline, but she knew too well that she was one of her most inveterate enemies.

The restrictions placed by the Prince on the intercourse of Caroline and her daughter must not, however, be understood to have been such as to have prevented them occasionally seeing each other. But although Caroline was allowed to dine with her daughter once a week, in the presence of her governess and other ladies at Kensington or Warwick House, she was not suffered to see her in private, to pass any time with her, nor to enjoy that happy connection with her child which every mother should feel, which she is anxious to cherish, and which contributes so much to mutual happiness and confidence. Would he have acted thus towards a child by his wife Mary Anne?*

The restrictions were, however, so grievous to Caroline, as well as to her daughter, that she expressed her determination, upon legal advice, to bring her situation before Parliament.

On the 14th of February, 1813, the Princess transmitted a letter to the Prince protesting, with language teeming with the most maternal dignity, against the separation of herself and daughter. This letter was insultingly returned unopened by the Regent, but was subsequently published in the *Morning Chronicle*, and soon found its way into nearly every paper in the kingdom. Caroline now called upon Parliament to become her protector, but her appeal was negatived. The public mind, however, was greatly in her favor. At no time among the masses was the prejudice against the Prince so intense and outspoken.†

* Suppressed Memoirs.

† *Ibid.*

In the month of March of this year an illustrious female, the Duchess of Oldenburg, sister to the Emperor of Russia, made her appearance at the Court of the Prince Regent, and curiosity was all afloat to discover the motive of her visit to England. That the ostensible one—a mere complimentary visit to the Prince Regent—was not the real one, was at once apparent to the most superficial observer; and, in fact, the extraordinary abilities which this lady possessed showed that she was well adapted for any intrigue, private or political, with which she might be intrusted. It is not the first time that the sagacious diplomatists of England have been overreached by the art and stratagem of a woman. The matrimonial alliances of the royal family of England have scarcely ever been founded on an accession of political power; and, in fact, in one point of view, the established religion of the country has been the cause of the royal family being restricted to a very narrow sphere in the formation of their matrimonial connections, the majority of the reigning houses of Europe being of the Catholic religion, and, therefore, by the Act of Settlement, incompetent to intermarry with any of the blood royal of England. It is, therefore, to the poor and haughty Protestant Houses of Germany that the British princes and princesses have almost universally applied for the propagation of the illustrious (?) blood of the Guelphs; and, if an addition to the list of pensioners may be considered as an advantage to the country, the people of it have very good and cogent reasons for congratulating themselves on the number of German grafts which have been imported into England for the meritorious object of perpetuating the Guelphic stock “according to Act of Parliament.”

The legitimate succession of the crown rested solely upon Charlotte, daughter of Caroline; the Duke of York had no issue by his marriage, not one of the other royal dukes was married, and, therefore, it became a subject of the highest

importance to the support of royal legitimacy that the Protestant Courts of Europe should be examined for an individual who might be deemed possessed of those qualities which should render him a fit husband for the heiress presumptive of the English crown, in order to transmit the lecherous blood of the Guelphs in legal manner, that is, by "Act of Parliament."*

In a political point of view, perhaps, there was no individual more proper to fill that envied station than the illustrious prince to whom, at this time, the eyes of the English nation were directed. The Prince of Orange was at this period serving in Spain as aide-de-camp to Lord Wellington, and, in many respects, but particularly in a political one, not a more appropriate consort could have been selected for Caroline's daughter Charlotte. The Prince of Orange was consequently recalled from Spain, as it was then stated in the public prints, owing to the change of affairs in Holland, in which country his presence was imperiously required; but he actually landed in England, and in the month of December, 1813, was introduced to Miss Charlotte at Warwick House by the Prince Regent himself. The introduction passed off with the usual formalities, and it is certain that the impression which the young suitor made upon the heart of his intended consort was by no means unfavorable, but far from being indicative of affection.

Intrigue, stratagem, and manœuvre were now the leading principles of the actions of the different parties according as they espoused or were opposed to the projected union. The Prince stood at the head of the party most favorable to the alliance; and, of course, it was considered that, as he had the control of his daughter's hand, her consent, as a matter of state policy, in which the affections of the heart are never taken into the account, would follow as a matter of course. Supported by such influence, the

* Suppressed edition.

Prince of Orange already saw himself the husband of the heiress presumptive to the first crown in the world ; and, in order to render himself still more worthy of that influence, and to ingratiate himself still deeper with his future father-in-law, he imprudently and impolitically ranged himself on the side of the enemies of Caroline, little suspecting that he would thereby draw down on him the indignation, if not the positive hatred, of his future spouse.

There is something revolting to the feelings of the heart in royal marriages ; and founded, as they generally are, on political motives and national aggrandizement, they cannot be viewed through the same medium as those which take place in the humbler spheres of life ; for, as the object is seldom the choice of the heart, all that can be rationally required is the absence of positive dislike. It is, however, a fortunate case for the daughters of royalty, that, although they possess not the power of selecting the individual on whom they will confer their hand, yet they have the privilege of rejecting anyone selected by others. The laws of England admit of no compulsory marriages, and it is now admitted that the Marriage Act of the country, as far as it regards the royal family, is a stain upon the Legislature that enacted it, and the cause of the grossest breaches of morality on the part of those who are, unfortunately, subject to its provisions.*

It is true that the Prince of Orange appeared before Charlotte with many strong and powerful recommendations—indeed, in a greater degree than any other Protestant Prince of Europe. Charlotte respected him as an individual ; she esteemed him for the possession of many manly and moral virtues ; he had assisted in fighting the battles of her country, and in no instance was he known to tarnish his character as a soldier and a citizen ; but when he appeared before her in the character of a suitor the

* Huish's Memoirs.

affections of the heart were then to be called into play, and, powerfully as those affections might have reigned in her breast if her fate had thrown her into the society of an individual whose temper, habits, and dispositions were congenial with her own, yet, as there was nothing of that marked character in the dispositions of the Prince of Orange, she viewed him with common indifference, and with feelings which had no relation whatever with the passion of love.

Estranged from the world, and restricted to the senseless and depressing ceremonies of what is styled Court etiquette, few opportunities are allowed the parent of becoming acquainted with the ruling dispositions, the strength or weakness of the existing virtues, or even of the actual absence of those which ought particularly to distinguish a sovereign of that country.

The Prince of Orange, in the opinion of Caroline, had offered her a direct personal affront. She was the mother of his intended consort; and, whatever difference might exist between the Regent and herself, which under existing circumstances ought to have been considered as entirely personal, she did not deem it becoming in the individual who had declared himself her future son-in-law to espouse the part of the father against the mother, and to treat the latter with every mark of disrespect.

In the frequent conversations which took place between Caroline and the Prince of Orange this subject was often brought upon the *tapis*; and the latter, being asked by Charlotte to what line of conduct she should be obliged to conform in regard to her mother, she was answered, that, as far as her visits to her mother extended, they would be occasionally allowed; but that her mother should never enter the house of the Prince of Orange. "Then," said Charlotte, rising indignantly from her chair, "never will the Princess Charlotte of Wales be the wife of the Prince of Orange."

We have considered this matter as preliminary to the exposure of as deep a private political intrigue as ever was practised, even in the celebrated ages of skilful diplomacy which marked the reigns of Louis XIV of France and Elizabeth of England. It is not always to our own journals, correct and authentic as they may be in the general mass of their information, that we are to look for an exposition of the secret intrigues of foreign Courts, the depth and result of which can only be ascertained on the spot, assisted by an enlarged intercourse with the great leading characters who are then enacting their parts on the political stage, and who are in possession of those private sources of information which it is the great policy of Courts to keep hermetically sealed from the public.

In accordance with this, the Emperor Alexander of Russia would never have signed the treaty of Tilsit but for the intrigues of a woman; and, having been himself made the dupe, he considered that he was only balancing the account, if he sent a female to the mighty Regent of the British dominions, who, although she might not be gifted with superlative beauty, yet whose endowments were of that superior cast that she would be able to turn the heads of the ministers who presided over the "collective wisdom" of the nation, and so hoodwink the great potentate that he might be led to flatter himself that she had left the rugged shores of the Neva to pay due homage to his transcendent virtues, to applaud his meritorious persecution of an innocent woman, and carry back with her to her less civilized country a true and faithful account of the decorum, the morality, the virtue, justice, and honor which at that period so eminently distinguished the Court of Carlton Palace.

From a work published at Leipzig, entitled "The History of the Most Extraordinary Events of the European Courts in the years 1813-1815, we translate the following extraordinary passage.

"A considerable degree of sensation has been excited at the Court of St. Petersburg by a projected union between the Prince of Orange and the Princess Charlotte of Wales. A matrimonial alliance between the families of Brunswick and Nassau cannot but be regarded by Russia with jealousy and alarm. The maritime power of England is already sufficiently great to contend against the confederated force of Europe, and the addition of Holland to its power would enable it to lay every other maritime state at its feet, and to wage a war of conquest in every quarter of the globe, to the destruction of every colony belonging to the continental states. The Prince Regent of England is known to be more under the influence of female power than any existing potentate of Europe; and it was therefore resolved to despatch a female diplomatist to London, who, under the pretence of paying a visit to his Royal Highness, was secretly to instil into the mind of the Princess Charlotte a repugnance to the union, and to take any other measures which her talents might suggest to prevent the marriage being consummated. This diplomatist is the Duchess of Oldenburg, the sister of the Emperor Alexander; and perhaps there is not a Court of Europe which can boast of a female better adapted to the task, or who, in any affair which requires management and secrecy, can pretend to vie with her."

At the period of the arrival of this female in England extraordinary publicity was given to all her motions. *Fête* followed upon *fête*; the Duchess of Oldenburg the magnet, the great focus of attraction. The Pulteney Hotel, the place of her residence, was the resort of all the nobility of the country. She became the leader of fashion; the vivacity of her manner, her sparkling wit, and the strong natural abilities with which she was endowed rendered her an acquisition to every society in which she was introduced. It would be impossible to follow this female missionary (for politics have their missionaries as well as religion) through the various intrigues which she set on foot to succeed in the object of her mission; and, although it must not be said that the refusal of the Princess Charlotte to accept of the hand of the Prince of Orange was effected by the influence of the Duchess of Oldenburg, yet there can be but little doubt that it coöperated with other causes to bring about that event, and to which it must be added that it was the

Duchess herself who first introduced Charlotte to Prince Leopold.

In the meantime every attempt was made on the part of the Prince Regent to bring the intended alliance to an immediate consummation. Expostulation was used—the interests of the country demanded it; and it was her duty, as the heiress presumptive of the Crown, to sacrifice all personal feelings to the advancement of the welfare of the nation. His daughter, Charlotte, listened with great attention to these sage admonitions. The theory on which the parental advice was given might have been good, but, unfortunately, she had before her a living proof of the misery which generally attends royal marriages. She appealed to the times of the virgin Queen of England to show that it was not absolutely necessary for a Queen of England to be married to raise the glory of the country, to consolidate its power, and to render it flourishing and prosperous in all its commercial and political relations. She flattered the hereditary pride of her father, by referring to the cheering prospects with which the country was blessed in the numerous progeny of her grandfather, and the consequent absence of all alarm of a legitimate succession of the crown in the illustrious House of Brunswick. The expostulations and arguments of the father having failed, recourse was had to threats; insinuations were thrown out that it was in the power of the sovereign, with the sanction of the Legislature, to compel a refractory and disobedient member of the royal family to adopt that course which was essential to the interests of the nation; nor could it be expected from the country that it would contribute to the support of any such individual, who, from mere personal feelings, founded perhaps on whim and caprice, could let an opportunity slip by which the nation could be aggrandized, and the legitimate succession to the crown confirmed and perpetuated in the reigning family.

The threats had the same effect as the expostulations. The Prince Regent saw himself defeated in every quarter, and, judging that the opposition of his daughter arose from the persuasion or influence of the mother, a still greater degree of coercion was resolved upon, and that, in fact, all intercourse should be prohibited between the mother and the daughter.

Circumstances, however, arose which rendered this resolution difficult of execution. The period was at hand when, by the decision of George III, Charlotte was to be declared of age, when she would become the child of the nation, and emancipated from the fetters of parental control. It was, however, now considered requisite that Charlotte should be brought out, and, especially, as it was now generally understood that the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, and other illustrious characters, had expressed their determination to visit the Prince Regent. On the 8th of June they arrived in England, and every distinction which could do honor to the king of a great people, in his reception and entertainment of such illustrious guests, was lavished on the royal visitors. Many persons of interesting and important character composed the suites of the Emperor and King; among them the veteran Blucher more particularly claimed the attention of the people. On his arrival at Carlton Palace, the Prince Regent, in the sight of an assembled multitude, adorned the venerable Marshal with a portrait of himself, circled with diamonds and suspended by a blue riband; this peculiar token of distinction was presented by the Regent's own hand.

Every mark of royal hospitality was visible in the treatment of the illustrious visitors, who appeared astonished at the scenes they witnessed. The naval and military strength of the kingdom was reviewed, its docks and arsenals inspected, its universities visited, its chivalric institutions were made the instruments of new honors to the royal and

imperial visitors, and the ordinances of religion sanctified the whole. What display of pageantry could equal the humiliation and thanksgiving of a powerful nation and her great allies, represented by their monarchs, beneath the mighty dome of St. Paul's ?

The visit of the illustrious strangers to England rendered it necessary that a drawing room should be held ; and, accordingly, two were announced, one of which was for the avowed purpose of introducing Charlotte, and at which her mother, Caroline, was informed that she would *be allowed* to be present.

Various conjectures were afloat as to the necessity of holding two drawing rooms when one might suffice ; and, as it is necessary that every journalist should represent himself as being in the secret of the cause of every action committed by any branches of the royal family, it was immediately bruited that "the reason of holding two drawing rooms could be no other than to allow Caroline to appear at one Court without her husband, and her husband to appear at the other without his wife"—(which wife ?)—which, on the whole, would form a good practical illustration of the Dutch weather glass, in which, when the lady is within, the gentleman turns out, and when the latter enters, the lady leaves it. The conjectures and surmises, and all the fabrics which were constructed upon them, were, however, suddenly thrown to the ground by the following communication from the Queen to Caroline, dated Windsor Castle, May 23, 1814 :

"The Queen considers it to be her duty to lose no time in acquainting the Princess of Wales that she has received a communication from her son, the Prince Regent, in which he states that Her Majesty's intention of holding two drawing rooms in the ensuing month having been notified to the public, he must declare that he considers that his own presence at her Court cannot be dispensed with ; and that he desires it to be understood, for reasons of which he alone can be the judge, to be his fixed and unalterable determina-

tion not to meet *the Princess of Wales upon any occasion, either in public or private.*

The Queen is thus placed under the painful necessity of intimating to the Princess of Wales the impossibility of Her Majesty's receiving Her Royal Highness at the drawing rooms.

CHARLOTTE R."

Caroline remonstrated with the Queen, but in vain. A lengthened correspondence took place upon the occasion, but the Prince Regent appeared determined not to relax a tittle from the line of conduct which he had chalked out for himself, and in which he was most pertinaciously and servilely assisted by his mother. No Court of Europe could at this time present such a scene of intestine feud and discord as was now displayed at the Court of Carlton House. The husband at war with the wife—the wife at war with the husband; the daughter against the father—the father against both mother and daughter; and the grandmother standing between them all, like Hecate, brandishing the flame of discord, and spreading it far and wide wherever her influence extended. We pretend not to be the biographers of the whole *glorious* fraternity of the British royal family, but we opine that it would have been far more creditable to Queen Charlotte to have attended a little more strictly to the backslidings of some of her own immediate offspring than to have shown herself such a merciless persecutor of a female, who, by the judges of the land and the unanimous voice of her inquisitors, had been declared innocent of the crime imputed to her, but whom, for purposes which could not be concealed, her immaculate husband was determined to consider an adulteress, and to visit with all the consequences attached to guilt. Could the Prince have dallied in the lap of a certain marchioness (we mean not she of Conyngham,) and which gave rise to the celebrated kick from "YARMOUTH to WALES," if he had been obliged to conform himself to the more regular habits

of matrimonial life? Could he have wantoned on the dazzling bosom of a certain actress, the *dear companion* of his lonely hours, if he were in dread every moment of being disturbed by the intrusive presence of a burdensome thing, yeleft a wife? To sacrifice pleasures of this kind belonged not to his nature; and, rather than sacrifice them, he allowed his name to descend to posterity stigmatized with cruelty, injustice, oppression, and revenge.

The vanity of the haughty Regent was flattered by the visit of the Russian and Prussian monarchs; and it is well known that they returned to their native countries impressed with the most favorable ideas of the exquisite taste of their accomplished host in the cut of a coat, or in the selection of French toys and glittering gewgaws.

If the royal sovereigns entered the kingdom believing in the great popularity of the Regent, they left it with a very contrary impression on their minds. They could not have mistaken the loud expression of the public opinion of the Prince's conduct towards his wife (by Act of Parliament;) neither could the Prince himself have been insensible to the distinct marks of disapprobation that were directed towards him whenever he appeared in public with the illustrious visitors. We have only to refer for the truth of this remark to the deafening discord of hisses, hoots, and howls with which the Prince was received on his way to dine with the Corporation of London at Guildhall, and the contrast must have been very striking to His Imperial Majesty between the manner in which he was always accustomed to be greeted by his own subjects and that which the Regent of England received from his. In one point, however, the characters of the Prince Regent and the autocrat assimilated well together, and that was in their attachment to feminine beauty. The Petrowitchs were all professed libertines, and the intrigues of the Palace of Zarskoe Seloe and of Carlton House would form,

perhaps, one of the most extraordinary histories which ever appeared in the world of gallantry.

That most profligate wretch, Constantine, the brother of the late Emperor Alexander, was, in regard to his seduction of female virtue, one of the greatest monsters upon record. The facts established against him, and which were the general topic of conversation during our residence in St. Petersburg, are so revolting to humanity as to be a scandal to his race.

The Prince Regent never showed himself as the friend of the people, and therefore the people were no friends of his. Enshrined within the magnificent splendor of his palaces, he sacrificed his time to subjects which had no reference to the removal of any of the burdens which pressed upon the people, which could ameliorate their condition, or which could heal the wounds which his own conduct had inflicted on the tranquillity of the country. As a politician, his change of sentiment and conduct operated mainly to alienate the confidence of the people from him.

The Prince was less identified with his people than even his haughty progenitor, George I, who brought with him from his Hanoverian dominions the idea that *the potentate was everything, the people nothing*. In his company and conduct the Prince was a decidedly living paradox; in his selection of the former he exhibited little or no scrupulousness; the blackleg and the sharper found access to his table, and in some instances to his confidence, even one of the most professed gamblers of the age was his intimate associate. To gain the mother he exhibited himself as a derelict to every principle of honor and virtue, and poured the sunbeams of his royal favor upon the son, as finished a blackguard as could be found in any of the hells of St. James'. And yet this individual held a high official situation about the person of the Regent, must have been daily an eye-witness of the criminal conduct of his mother,

but for which he was compensated by the vast sums of money which he won from the Regent at hazard and faro. It was computed that during the residence of the allied sovereigns in England, when the system of gambling which was carried on in Carlton Palace exceeded anything ever known in a private mansion, that this individual alone won from Blucher, as confirmed a gambler as himself, the enormous sum of £25,000, independent of other large sums from other noble pigeons, who flocked to England in the suite of the monarchs. It is well known that Blucher left England in almost a state of destitution, brought on by his lamentable proneness to gambling. The excitement with these noble gamblers frequently was so great that they would strip their coats and waistcoats off and throw them beneath the tables when staking these enormous sums.

If we compare the want of judgment and of common prudence in the choice of the Prince in his companions with his outward demeanor and conduct, how strong and inexplicable is the contrast! If it could be once imagined that nature, in the formation of an individual, were to invest him with one sole ruling passion, and that she were to despatch him upon the earth as the living type of that passion, to the Prince Regent of England she would have said, "Go forth, PRIDE." There was in him not only the pride of the monarch, but the pride of the man; even in his moments of condescension, when he attempted to throw off the king and sink into the man, ever and anon glimmered forth some sparklings of the ruling passion, which threw a reserve and a coldness over his society, and which are utterly at variance with genuine mirth and hilarity.

Rigidly monarchical in his principles, and which would have degenerated into absolute despotism but for the happy restraint of those laws which confined it within its proper limits, George Guelph seemed to forget that the people had any political rights, or, if they were in possession of

any, that they were to be sacrificed whenever they came into opposition with his Heaven vicegerency. On the other hand, the other party considered, or were supposed to consider, that kingly government was a mere civil institution adopted by the people at their pleasure, maintained by a contract which was mutual and changeable when the terms of that contract were infringed. It was in the principles of these men that the Prince was educated; Fox had endeavored to instil into his mind that the crown was held for the benefit of the people; the Prince reversed the axiom, and acted as if it were held for his own. Burke had told him that an hereditary monarchy could only be perpetuated by a due observance of the laws by the sovereign, and that an infraction of those laws restored to the people, as in the instance of his own family, the right to choose another sovereign, and to dethrone the preceding one. The archbishops and the bishops had inflated him with the idea that his right was from Heaven, and therefore could not be from the people. Let Americans ponder.

It is no easy task to give a correct and full portraiture of the character of the Prince; the outlines may be easily traced, but the *fillings up* require such a heterogeneous mixture of substance and color that it approaches nearer to a harlequinade, or, more correctly speaking, to a positive caricature, than to anything naturally human. He was great and little, noble and mean, generous and selfish; there was no consistency of virtue, no steadiness of morality; all was the ebullition of the predominate passion for the time, or of the deep-rooted and inveterate antipathies of his dispositions. The Prince was great in trifles, little in things of vital import; in this feature of his character he might be compared to the great exile of St. Helena, of whom his biographer thus speaks: "Observe the foresight with which he disposes of the most trivial things which have touched his sacred person: 'Marchand will charge

himself with transmitting to my son six shirts, six cravats, four black neck-stocks, two dressing gowns, two pair of night trousers, one pair of braces, six flannel under waist-coats, and four pair of drawers.'” This august monarch, who dictated these memorable and important words, had visited the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, and of the four kings at Cologne; in the former he had seen a *chemise* of the Virgin Mary, and the swaddling clothes of the infant Jesus; and, in the latter, four staves of the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream, with the marks of the angels' toenails indented therein. These were quite enough to persuade him that posterity would quarrel for his relics, and therefore he ordered the preservation of four pair of drawers for each quarter of the world. Monarchs, however, and the things of monarchs, are not to be treated with ridicule; but we trust we shall not be accused of impertinence if we ask the descendants of the Marchioness of Conyngham whether they have certain articles of dress in their possession which was worn by the Prince of Wales?*

To return to the immediate subject of our history. On the 29th of May Caroline transmitted a letter to the Prince Regent, in which she explained her reasons for determining

* “I went yesterday to the sale of the late King's wardrobe, which was numerous enough to fill Monmouth street, and sufficiently various and splendid for the wardrobe of Drury lane. He hardly ever gave away anything except his linen, which was distributed every year. These clothes are the perquisite of his pages, and will fetch a pretty sum. There are all the coats he has ever had for fifty years, 300 whips, canes without number, every sort of uniform, the costumes of all the orders in Europe, splendid furs, pelisses, hunting coats and breeches, and among other things a dozen pair of corduroy breeches he had made to hunt in when Don Miguel was here. His profusion in these articles was unbounded, because he never paid for them, and his memory was so accurate that one of his pages told me he recollected every article of dress, no matter how old, and that they were always liable to be called on to produce some particular coat or other article of apparel of years gone by. It is difficult to say whether in great or little things that man was most odious and contemptible.”—*Greville*.

not to appear at the drawing room, and expostulated with the resolution which he had taken of never meeting her upon any occasion in public or private. She demanded of "His Royal Highness" what circumstances could justify the proceeding he had thought fit to adopt? She reminded the Prince that, after the open persecution and mysterious inquiries upon the undefined charges, she had been restored by the King to the full enjoyment of her rank at his Court, upon her complete acquittal.

This expostulation having been found useless she determined to appeal to Parliament. She therefore wrote a letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, inclosing copies of the correspondence with the Queen, and the letter to the Regent. These papers were, on the 3d of June, read to the House.

A member thus spoke on the subject: "No man now dares to say that she is guilty. Now, as to an event which, sooner or later, must happen—he meant the demise of the crown—is the Princess of Wales to be crowned? She must be crowned. Who doubts it? It is whispered abroad that a coronation is not necessary. He believed it was. Will the right honorable gentleman say it is not? He dare not say so. Crowned she must be, *unless there be some dark, base plot at work—some black act yet to do; unless the Parliament consent hereafter to be made a party to some nefarious transaction.*"

There was a hidden significance under these words which certain members then well understood. The existence of *another* wife, whose name might be forced before the Christian people of the realm as the only one *eligible in the sight* and by the *laws of God* to be crowned Queen of England, the laws of man and Act of Parliament to the contrary notwithstanding.

Caroline still continuing to be treated with indignity, by being excluded from the Court, and as no notice had been

taken of her during the visit of the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and other distinguished foreigners, on the day after their departure, the 23d of June, Mr. Methuen again called the attention of the House of Commons to this important subject. In justification, however, of the conduct of the allied sovereigns, it must be stated, that both the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia expressed their willingness to visit her, but were restrained only by the information that their noticing her would be personally offensive to the Regent. The part which the allied sovereigns had to act was one of peculiar delicacy. Their sense of justice and of the respect which was due to an illustrious female, and on the one side a very near relative, prompted them to bestow those attentions upon her which her birth and rank demanded ; they had nothing to do with the private differences of the respective parties, and therefore it would have been a very easy task for them so to have steered a middle course, on the broad principle of the most decided impartiality, as to give offence to neither party ; but it appears the Prince Regent dreaded the presence of anyone who had been previously in the company of Caroline, and this dread naturally arose from the consciousness that his own conduct could not bear an impartial scrutiny, and that the inhumanity of her treatment would exhibit itself in blacker colors the more it was sifted and examined. It is true that Lord Castlereagh, in the House of Commons, declared that no restrictions had been placed upon the allied sovereigns respecting their visits to her ; but Mr. Whitbread told him that the impression upon the public mind was very different, and that he had good and substantial grounds for believing that his lordship had been misinformed.

Mr. Methuen, in his place in the House of Commons, after repeating the declaration that the Prince would never meet Caroline again either in public or in private, observed that it was in every way proper that she should be enabled to

support the dignity of her situation, as reconciliation seemed utterly hopeless.

Lord Castlereagh, in reply, observed (and the public were thereby made acquainted with a fact that had never before transpired) that, however much the circumstances of the differences of the royal parties were to be deplored, it was, however, a fact that a final separation had taken place between them. In 1809 a formal deed of separation had been executed, which had the signatures not only of the immediate parties but of the King and his Cabinet ministers. Caroline then declared her entire satisfaction with the provision made for her; but if, on account of the increased expenses of the times, a larger provision was required, he believed there would be no objection to such a parliamentary measure. His lordship also said, notwithstanding all the calumnious reports abroad, "he was perfectly convinced that the Prince harbored no feelings of a vindictive nature, and had no wish to disturb Her Royal Highness in the enjoyment of her social feelings."

On the 4th of July the House of Commons went into a committee on the papers laid on the table respecting Caroline. Lord Castlereagh proposed "that a net income of £50,000 per annum should be granted to Her Royal Highness," which proposition was agreed to; but Mr. Whitbread observed that the "Princess" had never authorized anyone to make any proposition on the subject of increasing her allowance. He had asked for protection, for mercy, for justice from the House for the "Princess of Wales," but never for money, nor had it ever been contemplated by her friends. Whatever she accepted, it must be understood that she gave up nothing of rank, of dignity, and of character.

On the 8th this letter was taken into consideration, and £35,000, instead of £50,000, was voted.

At no period of her life was the popularity of Caroline greater than it was at this time, for her conduct formed a

striking contrast with that of the members of the royal family, and particularly of the Regent himself. Some rumors were afloat, and in a short time were found to be well grounded, that debts of a very large amount had been very recently contracted; and although the precepts of economy had been instilled into him by the Legislature of the country, and he had promised obedience to them, yet he had no sooner obtained his point than he returned to his former excesses and to a lavish system of expenditure, which his finances, ample and affluent as they were, could not support. Disgrace, which has in general a salutary influence on the actions of man, appeared to have lost all power over those of the Prince Regent; he was no sooner bleached of one disgrace than he fell into another of a still deeper nature; his habitual contraction of debt, which in a member of the lower grades of society would have been stigmatized as a gross and culpable departure from the acknowledged principles of probity and integrity, appeared in a certain degree to belong so to his nature as to have become one of those habits which he could not shake off, and into which he fell, as it were, involuntarily whenever the opportunity presented itself. It must, however, be taken into consideration that about this time he had fixed his "*unalterable affections*" on a certain marchioness, and the usual preliminaries were to be gone through before the citadel could be brought to surrender. The first approaches were made by the irresistible power of diamond necklaces, succeeded by miniatures, and other invaluable mementoes of his royal person, typical of the constancy of his affections. The following anecdote will, however, show that in *one* instance, at least, his love was not held in very high estimation: His High Lord Chamberlain had at this time an elegant female under his protection, of the name of Menzies, who sank by degrees till she became the loungee of the lobbies of the theatres, the midnight walker of the streets, and

finished her career of vice and dissipation in a hospital. In the zenith of her beauty (for in form and symmetry she was the *beau ideal* of the artist) her box at the Opera House was the resort of all the *young* nobility, and these were sexagenarian libertines, who moved round her like the satellites of a planet, but whom she repulsed with all the indignity of the most frigid matron. To this lady the Prince sent his portrait, at the back of which was inscribed, in pearls, "*L'amour est le charme de la vie.*" The portrait was returned with the inscription effaced, and the following one substituted: "*L'amour d'un Prince ne vaut pas grande chose.*"*

We believe that we are below the truth when we affirm that the Prince of Wales squandered above half a million of the people's money in presents upon his courtesans. The major part of the diamonds, which were remitted by De Beaume from Paris, became the property of three of his most favored ladies, and some portion of which afterwards, by some means, fell into the possession of a pawnbroker in Wardour street, Soho.

The residence of Caroline in England was now drawing to a close. Deprived of all intercourse with her daughter, she saw that she was the means of greatly disturbing her happiness; and the imputation was openly made that Charlotte was induced by her mother to break off her intended union with the Prince of Orange. This, however, we are enabled

* When he died they found £10,000 in his boxes, and money scattered about everywhere—a great deal of gold. There were above five hundred pocket-books, of different dates, and in every one money—guineas, one pound notes, one, two, or three in each. There never was anything like the quantity of trinkets and trash that they found. He had never given away or parted with anything. There was a prodigious quantity of hair—women's hair—of all colors and lengths, some locks with the powder and pomatum still sticking to them, heaps of women's gloves, *gages d'amour* which he had got at balls, and with the perspiration still marked on the fingers, notes and letters in abundance, but not much that was of any political consequence, and the whole was destroyed."—*Greville.*

positively to contradict; for the rumor was circulated by the agents of the Prince, in order to throw the blame of the rupture on Caroline, and thereby injure her in the estimation of the people, who considered the union with the House of Nassau as the most eligible which could be entered into for the general interests of the nation. The dislike which Caroline had imbibed for the Prince of Orange was entirely of a personal nature; she considered herself insulted by him; he had offered her a personal affront in refusing to visit her, and it was natural that Charlotte should resent any insult that was offered to her mother. It cannot, however, be doubted that this feeling on the part of Charlotte may have contributed to increase and confirm any repugnance to the union, but that it was the primary cause of the rupture cannot for a moment be entertained.

Matters were drawing to a crisis; the storm was gathering fast, and heavy it fell on the heads devoted to its fury. Charlotte, by her kindness and affable manner, had obtained an ascendancy over her establishment at Warwick House, so that the Prince Regent or his advisers were not able to prevent some kind of communication between Caroline and her daughter; and, notwithstanding the severe prohibition, Caroline went once to Warwick House, a short time previously to the final rejection of the Prince of Orange. This circumstance was, however, made known to the Prince, and on the 12th of July he made his sudden appearance at Warwick House, and informed Charlotte that she must immediately take up her residence at Carlton House, and thence go to Cranbourn Lodge; and that five ladies whom he named, among whom were the Countess of Ilchester and the Countess Dowager of Rosslyn, were in an adjoining room in readiness to wait upon her. Charlotte made many expostulations, and some very spirited remonstrances; but the Prince remaining firm, she appeared to acquiesce in his determination, and only asked

permission to retire for a few minutes to compose herself before she was introduced to the ladies. The request was granted, and while the Prince was engaged in a close conversation with Miss Knight, a lady of Charlotte's household, in an agony of despair she privately left Warwick House, and throwing herself into a hackney coach in Cockspur street, gave the coachman a guinea to drive her to Connaught House, the residence of her mother. There she found that she was at Blackheath, and she despatched a servant to her mother to meet her. The surprise of the Prince Regent on finding that his daughter had escaped exceeded all bounds; his anger rose to the highest pitch, and the confusion at Warwick House was beyond description—he raved, cursed, and swore fiercely. The flight of Charlotte, in a fit of passion, was the only fact of which anybody was certain; but whither she had gone, and what was the object of her flight, were merely matters of painful surprise. At length, the probability of her having repaired to Connaught House was suggested, and the old, infirm Archbishop of Canterbury was despatched to bring back the young fugitive. Sicard, however, an old servant of Caroline, bolted the hall door against the prelate, who returned to Warwick House to relate the failure of his mission. The Duke of York was next despatched to bring back the fair runaway *vie et armis*. A very spirited scene took place, in which the juvenile militant would have triumphed over the Field Marshal of England, and have sent him back with the same kind of deathless laurels as he had reaped at Dunkirk, had not Mr. Brougham, who had been sent for by Caroline, informed Charlotte that, by the laws of the land, she must obey her father's commands.

This affair excited considerable anxiety throughout the nation. It was reported that Charlotte was actually placed in a state of *duresse*.

Shortly after this romantic escape of Charlotte from

Warwick House, a report was in general circulation that Caroline had determined to leave England, and to retire to the continent, where her future abode was to be fixed. On the 9th of August, 1814, she sailed from Lancing, near Worthing, and landed at Hamburg on the 16th.

It must be admitted that the character of Caroline was never properly understood in England. As to the charges of general levity and flippancy of conduct, distinct from the main allegation of adultery, it must be conceded, even by her friends, that she possessed in too great a degree the familiarity of the French and the peculiarity of the Italian character. Her conduct was frequently inexplicable. Prudence was a word with which she was not sufficiently familiar, and her virtues were splendid and public, not retired and unassuming. Her friendships were, if possible, too ardent, and her antipathies too inveterate; but she was generous, noble minded, honorable, just, and forgiving. She was all kindness and sensibility; but she was so unaccustomed to sincerity and constancy that when she discovered these virtues in an individual she valued them, if possible, too highly. Alas! she was too much the child of circumstances, and it is a lamentable fact that she was the child of sorrow. If she were imprudent in any of her domestic arrangements, it should not be forgotten that, at the age of twenty-eight, she was practically a widow. Nor did the Queen-consort of George III endeavor to relieve the misery of her situation by her advice or direction. Almost unaided, she had originally to form her establishment, her society, her habits; and she was, after all, a foreigner to English manners and English prejudices.

She quitted the country; left the Prince, her husband, to enjoy, unmolested by her presence, the favors of the hours of his harem and the adulation of his friends. Caroline knew before she left her home to marry George that he was married to Mrs. Fitzherbert, that he already had another

wife wedded to him by the solemn rites of the Church of which she was a professed member. She admitted this, and in after life attributed all her misery and trouble to this one fact; this, she said, when examined by Parliament, and was asked if she had committed no wrong, she should have replied, "None, except her marrying the Prince of Wales."

It cannot be properly contended that, if Caroline had been really guilty of the charges brought against her, she should not have been tried and condemned, for no circumstances can constitute any apology for the commission of crimes so flagrant and detestable, so long perpetrated and so frequently repeated, as those which she was stated to have committed. If she were guilty, then, for the honor of the country, for the benefit of mankind, for the dignity of the crown, it was right that she should be not only exposed but punished. But not condemned unheard; not denied the prayers of the people before one charge was substantiated; not alienated from the society of her only child on a mere imputation of guilt; not held up as an object of universal detestation before one allegation was proved. It was right that, if guilty, she should be punished, but not to be tried by her accusers—by her decided, inveterate enemies.

The subsequent trial of Caroline revealed one of the most villanous conspiracies ever concocted against the purity of woman. One witness unblushingly testified not only to looking through a keyhole, but also cutting the drapery which hung over the other side, in order to obtain an unobstructed view beyond. How would the character of Queen Elizabeth stand in history if she had been subjected to such *keyhole espionage*?

Notwithstanding the American people are at the present moment watching with intense interest the progress of a celebrated trial through the Courts, they can scarcely form

an adequate conception of the unparalleled excitement the trial of Caroline caused throughout the United Kingdom. At the clubs and drawing rooms, as at the village inn and rustic hamlet, it was the sole topic. Greville, the author of the celebrated Memoirs which are now the occasion of so much protestation among the British nobility, was present each day, and speaks in vivid language of the excitement.

Caroline now left a country that must have been hateful to her. Watched, incensed and betrayed at every step by malignity, she fled the presence of a people already inclined to protect and defend her. Hired and venal wretches accompany her flight, and in the end compel her to return to England to vindicate her character. For a wife so treated, so maligned and so abused, it would have been but poetical justice to punish the crowd of her accusers; yet, though it might have justified the moral of the catastrophe, it could not expiate the enormity of the offence. But the close of the drama would hardly have satisfied the cruel intentions of the author. The acquittal of the Queen afforded room neither for further slander nor open defiance. But that which the law could not effect—which the array of justice could not intimidate, nor power persuade her to abandon—was brought about, as is frequently the case in human affairs, by a comparatively trifling and insignificant incident.

It has been admitted that there was no real *state necessity* for the inquiries which were instituted into the conduct of Caroline. The succession was not in danger, for George had two wives; the brothers of the Regent were numerous, although none of them appeared to have any inclination for the married state until after the death of Charlotte, when the whole fraternity ransacked the German Courts and returned to England conferring an additional blessing on it, present and prospective, by the almost certain perpetuation of the Brunswick breed. Caroline being

on the continent, she could be considered in no other light than as an alien; she was practically divorced from her husband, if George was such; and although if she did commit crimes, justice and virtue would have demanded her punishment, yet, as the favorite ladies of the Court of the Regent were well known, and even their names unconcealed, it was not delicate nor proper that punctilios should have been too nicely regarded by the one party, when, if the same rigid principles had been applied to the case of the other, the result would have been far less satisfactory.

It was also intimated, by those likely to know, that the King's first wife—by God's holy law his legitimate one—was *enceinte*, and if an heir was wanted for the enlightened British nation, a *lawful* one would be found; but, perhaps, it might require an "Act of Parliament" to permit the subject to be born; as it appears in all such matters that august body arrogated the powers. Years after "a claimant" was found, or put in an appearance, claiming to have been this lawful subject and rightful heir to the throne; but the writer can find no real authority for belief in this, although Lord Stourton mentions the fact in his letter to the Duke of Wellington when endeavoring to get possession of the document contained in that mysterious box sealed up in Coutts' bank.

When the deceased wife No. 2 of George IV, by grace of God King of England, Defender of the Faith, etc., Heaven help us! was roaming on the continent, she was repulsed from some of the Courts where she should have been received with the exalted honor due her rank had she not borne the stigma of an adulteress.

In Germany, in particular—the country in the defence of the liberties of which her brother had died, and on the plains of which her father had braved the storm which threatened to involve the liberties of Europe—in that very country, the avenues to its stiff and formal Courts were

closed against her, and she left her natal soil to be a wanderer among Arabs and Mahommedans.

Under the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed, it must be acknowledged that she should have conducted herself with peculiar circumspection, and have endeavored to avoid even the appearance of evil. That she indulged in vices of the most immoral description has been falsely and incorrectly stated; yet it must be admitted that, if she had duly and properly estimated the probable effects which many acts that she performed were likely to produce, she would have abstained from their commission, and thus, to a certain extent, prevented evils which embittered her future life and speedily consigned her to the tomb.

The departure of Caroline from England put an end, for a time, to all discussion on the royal differences. The junta of Carlton House gave the huzza of triumph; mirth and jollity resounded in its halls; the Regent looked proudly around him amidst his blaze of beauty, and in the intoxication of love and wine flew his social hours away.

In a political view, never did king or potentate appear in a more exalted state than the Prince Regent of these realms at the close of the year 1814. A treaty had been signed with America, and both hemispheres were once united in the bonds of peace. This epoch in the annals of Great Britain concludes the fifth year of the Regency.

Chapter Fourteenth.

ENGLAND had now reached the zenith of her military renown, and lost some of her naval prestige in the war with America.* Napoleon, her dreaded enemy, who had sat upon a column of thrones, his footstool the neck of princes, was a caged eagle upon a barren rock.

The blessings of a permanent peace were promised to the people, yet the public mind was in a highly feverish state, which subsequently broke out into acts of riot and destruction. The ostensible cause of these disturbances was that never failing source of discord, the Corn Bill, by which the people were brought to a state of comparative famine, well illustrated by a certain caricature representing an emaciated man, lying on a wretched bed, surrounded by all the attributes of abject want and misery. Above him hung suspended, at a distance too high for him to reach, a loaf of bread; while the starving wretch is made to exclaim, "If you do not fall, I must rise."

At this period the public attention was again drawn to another never failing source of disquiet to the country, the debts of the Prince, his unbounded extravagance, and particularly to the mal-appropriation of £100,000 which was voted by Parliament as an outfit for the Prince on his assuming the Regency. At a time when the people were suffering the most accumulated distresses—when the cry resounded through the metropolis, "We will die for bread"—who could read the account of the scandalous extravagance

* Suppressed edition.

carried on by the Prince, as declared in Parliament by Mr. Tierney in referring to the civil list, without an excess of feeling bordering closely on a spirit of rebellion, and eradicating every principle of loyalty from the breasts of the people? The statement of Mr. Tierney was as follows, which staggers an American :

“ The charge for furniture for Carlton House alone, during two years and three quarters, was £160,000, exclusive of the £100,000 on the motion of Mr. Perceval for an outfit—this made £260,000. Mr. Perceval stated that the extra expense was for plate and other ornamental matters. The upholstery expenses last year were £49,000; ormolu was charged £2,900, china and glass £12,000. Linedrapery, etc., an enormous sum; the silversmith and the wardrobe occasioned charges to an immense amount; the former no less than £130,000 in three years. The average expense for plate and jewels was £23,000 a year. To whom,” Mr. Tierney asked, “ did that plate belong? He believed that many of the items ought to be charged to the Prince Regent, who had a privy purse of about £70,000 a year. His object was to put the control of the household expenditure in the hands of responsible persons. No man was more willing that the crown should enjoy becoming splendor, but it should be regulated by strict economy. He believed that if the Prince Regent had some honest advisers about him, who should remind him, when ordering articles to such an enormous amount, that he was only running into expenses that would lead to unpleasant discussions, a great deal might be saved. What occasion was there that His Royal Highness should send to the upholsterer, the furniture man, and other such people? No man could suppose that he could occupy his attention with such frivolous objects.” The tailor, shoemaker, and upholsterer were given the precedence over statesmen and *savants*.

On one occasion the following *equivoque* took place between the Prince and his servant. One morning the servant entered his apartment with the information, "*She* is come, your Royal Highness." "*She!*" exclaimed the Prince, "who is *she*?" "*She* is come," repeated the servant. "I ask," replied the Prince in an angry tone, "who is *she*? where does *she* come from?" "It is *Shea* the tailor from Bond street, your Royal Highness." The Prince smiled, and the *Shea* was admitted immediately into his presence.

In proceeding with his subject Mr. Tierney denied any wish to interfere with the interior economy of the royal household, or to examine the cooks and turnspits, but he would ask was there equal profusion displayed even in the expenditure of the continental princes? The House, he said, would not surely sanction that enormous and merciless expenditure which the papers disclosed. While the people felt that they paid liberally for supporting the dignity of the crown, they did expect that it would show something like sympathy for them in their present burdened state. He concluded by moving that this committee be empowered to send for and examine Mr. Mash, of the Lord Chamberlain's Office.

A disclosure at this time of the shameful extravagance of the Prince Regent might have been productive of the most serious consequences. The minds of the people were already inflamed, and driven almost to desperation by want; and the knowledge that the ruler of the realm, so far from sympathizing in their fate, was actually adding to their burden by a ruthless expenditure and an extravagance unparalleled, might have lighted up the flame of rebellion, and expelled the House of Brunswick from the throne of England. A rumor had been for some time afloat that the £100,000 voted as an outfit for the Prince, on his assuming the Regency, had not been appropriated according to the purpose for which the grant was made; but that it

had been actually applied to the payment of debt, and, as such, a fraud had been committed upon Parliament and the country, which required a full and solemn investigation. The aim of Mr. Tierney was to extract some information on this subject; and Lord Catlereagh, in his reply, admitted the rumor to be true, but glossed it over in such a manner as to make it appear that the people would eventually be the gainers by the false appropriation of the money. The general statement of Lord Castlereagh was, however, by no means calculated to appease the irritation of the people, when he attempted to account for the extraordinary expenditure of the Prince's household. The expense, he said, that was incurred by the visits of the sovereigns was £132,000. Deducting this from the excess in the expense of the three quarters, there would be about £90,000 of *extraordinary* expenditure. Of this there was between £15,000 and £20,000 for the establishment of the Princess Charlotte. There were other charges which reduced the whole excess to £60,000, which he was prepared to admit was the extraordinary expenditure of these three quarters. He would also admit that, in this department, there was an excess in the whole of three years of from £80,000 to £90,000! But his lordship said Mr. Tierney aggravated this by adding to it the £100,000 which the Prince Regent received for outfit. But the House should recollect that, while His Royal Highness acted as restricted Regent, he never received anything from Parliament whatever, although additional expense was necessarily entailed upon him. When unrestricted, that his creditors, as Prince of Wales, might not suffer, he appropriated one half of his income, as Prince of Wales, about £60,000 a year, to their payment. *Neither was the £100,000, granted by way of outfit, applied to the equipment of His Royal Highness, but applied to the liquidation of his debt, by which means the £60,000 a year, devoted to the payment of debt, would be*

a year and a half sooner at the disposal of the public. Of the £39,000 expended in furniture, it should be recollected £17,000 was for furnishing what was called the Cottage at Windsor.* A great deal of ridicule had been thrown on the name, most unfairly. It might be called a cottage, because it was thatched; but the fact was that, though not a residence for a monarch, *it was a very comfortable one for a family*, and the only one of which the Prince could make use when he visited Windsor. His lordship concluded by stating that, for the purpose of watching the expenditure of the civil list, a warrant had recently passed the Privy Seal directing that estimates of every expenditure should be given to a responsible officer, whose approbation and order should be essential to every tradesman for the payment of his accounts.

A very long debate ensued on the motion of Mr. Tierney; and some opinion may be formed of the temper of the House of Commons on the subject, when it is stated that it was only lost by a majority of fifty-six, in a house composed of 294 members.

The matter, however, did not rest here; for, on the 31st of May, Lord Althorp resumed the subject of the Prince Regent's debts, and described at length the nature of the grant of £100,000 to the Prince, and contended that it could be legally only applied to the outfit, whereas it had been applied to the payment of the Prince's debts. The noble

* "Sefton gave me an account of the dinner in St. George's Hall on the King's birthday, which was magnificent, excellent, and well served. Bridge (a) came down with the plate, and was hid during the dinner behind the great wine cooler, which weighs 7,000 ounces, and he told Sefton afterwards that the plate in the room was worth £200,000. There is another service of gold plate, which was not used at all. The King has made it all over to the crown. All this plate was ordered by George IV, and never used; *his delight was ordering what the public had to pay for.*"—Greville.

(a) Of the famous house of Rundell & Bridge, the great silversmiths and jewellers of the day.

lord entered upon the subject of the Prince's debts, adverted to the mode in which the matter had previously been treated by Lord Castlereagh, and said that a delusion had been practised on the House, the money had been obtained for one object, and applied to another. He concluded by moving that a committee be appointed to inquire into the application of £100,000 granted by Parliament to the Prince Regent to defray the expenses of assuming the royal authority, and that the said committee have the power to send for and examine papers and persons.

To those who wish to be in possession of a finished specimen of consummate sophistry in a politician's speech, the following statements, as given by Lord Castlereagh, will furnish them with the most ample materials. He felt himself like a fish entangled in a net, when all its struggling and wriggling only thrust it further into the meshes. He floundered away in the mud, hoping thereby to raise such a density and obscurity about him that no one could discern the real object by which the confusion was occasioned. The noble fish was, however, rather roughly handled. Mr. Tierney seized him by the gills, with all his mud about him; and had it not been for the gross and scandalous corruption which then distinguished the "collective wisdom" of the nation, the Prince Regent would have received a castigation which would have shown him that that which would be termed immoral and guilty in a private individual partakes of the same odium when committed by a prince.

Lord Castlereagh, after adverting to the state of the civil list in the reign of George II, proceeded to the defence of the appropriation of the £100,000. It was said that no estimate had been given of the application of that sum, which was the object of the present motion. He would answer that, according to the direction of the Act, it was applied to the charges incident to the Prince assuming the royal authority—charges considered much greater by the necessary

expenses of the year in which the Prince had been restricted Regent, and for which no public provision had been made, but which were defrayed out of his property as Prince. If the Prince, for the security of his property, has sold out everything, or consigned it to trustees, on assuming the reigns of government, the public would have had to provide an establishment of horses, carriages, furniture, wine, etc., amounting not to £100,000, but to several hundred thousand pounds. But of this £100,000, the sum of £97,000 was applied to *small debts* of the Prince, which, to the amount of £80,000, had been *contracted within the year!* The "noble lord" concluded by observing that the £50,000 voted for His "Royal Highness'" debts had been so applied; and the sum of £100,000 was applied strictly within the intention of the Act, to the charges of his assumption of the sovereign authority.

Mr. Tierney said the real question was whether the £100,000 had been voted in conformity to the Act. He was appealed to by the noble lord, as having been present at a *fête* given by the Prince when this sum was voted.* He certainly remembered that *fête*; it was the last time he had been at Carlton House. He had since lost his ticket. But he denied that the Prince was at any increased expense during the year of his restricted Regency; and he would ask, was it a decent argument of the noble lord to suggest that the *Prince of Wales* should sell his wine and furniture to the *Prince Regent*? But would the Prince have a right to sell his property, as suggested by the noble lord? Had not Carlton House, and everything belonging to it, been

* The £100,000 mentioned here was no sooner received by the Prince than he determined to give a *fête* upon the occasion, although it must not be supposed that the cause which led to it was openly expressed; but, at a time when the country was actually verging on positive famine, this thoughtless, reckless Prince gives a *fête*, the cost of which was calculated at £15,000! extracted from the very bowels of a starving people. Britons, how long? how long?

made royal property by the parliamentary arrangement for paying his debts? Mr. Tierney next proceeded to animadvert on the answer of Mr. Grey, secretary to the trustees who had applied this sum, and described it as a deliberate insult to the House. This sum, he contended, was appropriated by act of Parliament, and that impropriation had been violated. If the House shut its eyes to such a violation in a higher quarter, they could no longer visit with merited reprehension the same misconduct in persons of a humbler description. He looked upon it as a silly argument that horses, carriages, and furniture must have been purchased for the Prince Regent. Did the noble lord mean to say that the Prince was not provided with those articles before he was called to exercise the royal functions, or that the Prince Regent must purchase them from the Prince of Wales? It was always the wish of every friend to his country that his debts should be paid.

On the 5th of June, Mr. Bennett asked Lord Castlereagh, in Parliament, whether he had any objection to state the amount of the debts of the Prince Regent. Lord Castlereagh said that, "up to the 20th of May, there remained £379,000 undischarged against His Royal Highness!" (\$1,695,000!).

Perhaps not a more unseasonable or unpropitious season could have been chosen for the agitation of the Prince's debts. The people were not in a mood to receive any fresh instances of his extravagance; and the flimsy arguments which were used by ministers to palliate the appropriation of the £100,000 only tended further to exasperate the public mind, and to diminish the people's attachment to royalty. This feeling was particularly distinguishable when, in a short time afterwards, the Duke of Cumberland applied for an addition of £6,000 to his income, in consequence of his marriage with the Princess of Salm. This was refused by the House of Commons, with some severe censures on the con-

duct of several of the members of the royal family. The Duke of Cumberland, it is well known, was the most unpopular of all the British princes, and the reasons we do not feel called upon to discuss. His marriage was regarded with complete indifference by the people, and would not have excited the least attention had it not been followed with another attack upon the public treasury. A royal marriage in England means additional burdens upon the people, and, at the present day, are an unfailing source for radicals in their arguments for reform. The following extract from the letter of an intelligent correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* refers to the late marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh and the royal pensions:

"LONDON, *January 12th*, 1874.

* * * * *

The royal marriage is getting to be a theme of common conversation and newspaper comment. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Leopold, and all the rest of them, except the Queen and Princess Beatrice, have repaired to St. Petersburg to witness the ceremony and bring back the happy pair. The republicans, though, and all those who find their exponent in *Reynolds' Newspaper*—all the followers of Bradlaugh and Odger—make this the occasion of all manner of flings at the 'Fiddler Prince,' declare that the marriage is the price paid by England for surrendering gradually her possessions in India, and point to the robbery of these 'imperial paupers and royal horse leeches.' All the radical journals print part of the annual civil list, as follows, and then inform their readers that it is but a mere trifle of what the working people are called upon to pay in pensions:

| | |
|---|----------|
| Princess Royal (Crown Princess of Prussia)..... | £128,000 |
| Prince of Wales..... | 400,000 |
| Princess of Wales..... | 100,000 |
| Prince Alfred..... | 105,000 |
| Prince Arthur..... | 30,000 |
| Princess Alice (of Hesse)..... | 72,000 |
| Princess Helena (of Schleswig, etc.)..... | 42,000 |
| Princess Louise (of Lorne)..... | 12,000 |
| Princess Mary (of Teck)..... | 13,000 |
| Princess Augusta (of Mecklenburg-Strelitz)..... | 90,000 |
| The Duchess of Cambridge..... | 90,000 |
| The Duke of Cambridge..... | 276,000 |

One writer, whose pungency of phrase is something remarkable, declares that 'next year Prince Leopold obtains his majority, and the begging box will be rattled in Parliament for him. Two years afterwards a similarly unpleasant sound will be heard in behalf of Princess Beatrice, and Heaven only knows when this system of royal begging will cease.' "

These are some of the *pensions* paid by the taxpayers of Great Britain. What are the *services* rendered for such imperial reward?

The year 1816, notwithstanding the great and splendid deeds which the British arms had achieved during the preceding year, opened with distress and discontent on the part of the people. The Prince Regent seemed to think that the Battle of Waterloo was to be considered as a panacea for all the calamities under which the people were suffering. Legitimacy was confirmed, the line of a hundred kings was restored, and the Regent of England was, in his own estimation, the greatest monarch on the earth.

The session of 1816 was opened by commission; the Prince Regent declined opening it in person, for he knew well that the speech which he would have to deliver was a direct mockery upon the people, as being founded on falsehoods which the meanest of his subjects, to their great sorrow, could detect at first sight of them. At a time when distress was universal, when the channels of commerce were choked up, the commissioners, in the name of the Prince Regent, were authorized to tell the people that the Prince was happy to inform the House of Commons that the manufactures, commerce, and revenue of the United Kingdom were in a flourishing condition. It was no consolation to the people to tell them that they were covered with glory, at the same time that they had no food wherewith to satisfy the ordinary cravings of their nature. It was an insult upon them for their Regent to talk of economy, when he was spending as much upon a thatched cottage as his predecessors did upon a palace;

when so exquisite was his taste, so magnificent his ideas, that he could not endure to see the same furniture for two years successively. He told the people that the arts and sciences were in a flourishing condition, and by way of practical demonstration he gave eight hundred guineas for a clock, a thousand for a Chinese cabinet, and ninety thousand dollars for jewels to a favorite mistress. He spoke of the necessity of supporting the dignity of the crown, and, by way of illustrating the principle, he appointed an additional number of lords of the bedchamber, as if the dignity of the crown consisted in a batch of titled paupers preceding royalty on its way to its dormitory; whereas the dignity of the Prince Regent would have been much better consulted if one of them, in bowing to him at the door, would have whispered in his ear, as a subject for his midnight lucubrations, that his dignity would have been exalted if he would have apportioned his expenses to the circumstances of the times, and have reminded him that the causes of the French Revolution originated in royal extravagance.

From these proceedings of a public nature the attention of the people was withdrawn to the all-engrossing topic of the marriage of Charlotte. Under the peculiar circumstances which distinguished the royal family at this period, the hopes of the nation were centred in her. The prospects of a legitimate succession to the crown rested on very slender grounds; for, with the exception of her, no other legitimate issue was known in the royal family. The marriage of the Duke of Cumberland did not promise much; his consort had been twice married, and no living issue was the result of those marriages. The Prince of Orange had been formally rejected by Charlotte, on account, it was reported, of an attachment having sprung up in her bosom for Prince Leopold, of Coburg Saalfeld, who had visited London with the allied sovereigns, and who had been introduced to Char-

lotte by the Duchess of Oldenburg. No doubt exists that the duchess used all her talents to foster the attachment which Charlotte had formed; for she was thereby furthering the views of her own Court, although she knew she was acting in direct opposition to that at which she was then a visitor. The remonstrances of her father in favor of the Prince of Orange had no effect; they only seemed to increase her repugnance to the union; and, finding that her affections were placed on another, the interests of the nation demanded that her inclinations should not be thwarted, and accordingly a messenger was despatched to Germany to Prince Leopold, with the unexpected but highly gratifying intelligence that he had been selected by Charlotte as the partner of her throne and bed. Prince Leopold was at Berlin when the invitation of the Prince Regent was sent to him; he immediately obeyed the summons, and hastened to the high destiny to which he was called.

It would be extraneous in this place to enter into any analytical detail of the character of Prince Leopold; we are no strangers to the prejudices which existed in the minds of some people against him, but we have good reason to know that the majority of those prejudices have no foundation in truth. It would, perhaps, have been more consistent in those people, if, before they heaped their abuse upon Prince Leopold, they had looked around them and had examined whether there were or not other illustrious individuals within the sphere of their observation who were prone to still greater vices than Prince Leopold.

The rumors which had been for some time afloat respecting the marriage of Charlotte were eventually fully confirmed, by a message which was presented to the House of Lords, on the 14th of March, relative to the intended marriage of Charlotte to Prince Leopold of Coburg Saalfeld; and on the 15th the subject of their provision came on to be

discussed in the House of Commons. The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed an allowance of £60,000 to the Prince and his intended wife, Charlotte, of which sum £10,000 would form the privy purse of her Royal Highness. In the event of her demise, £50,000 a year would be continued to the Prince. The present allowance of Charlotte being no longer requisite, there would be a saving of £30,000 a year on the civil list. To prevent the royal pair from being encumbered, he should propose an outfit of £50,000; it was computed that £40,000 of this sum would be necessary for plate, wine, carriages, etc., and £10,000 for her dress and jewels. A further application for money would be made, when a suitable residence should be found for their Royal Highnesses. If Charlotte were to become a widow, she was to have the whole £60,000. The eldest child, being presumptive heir to the throne, was to be educated as the king directs. The following article of the marriage treaty we copy at length :

"ART. V.—It is understood and agreed that Her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte Augusta shall not, at any time, leave the United Kingdom without the permission, in writing, of His Majesty, or of the Prince Regent acting in the name and on the behalf of His Majesty, and without Her Royal Highness' own consent. And, in the event of Her Royal Highness being absent from this country, in consequence of the permission of His Majesty, or of the Prince Regent, or of her own consent, such residence abroad shall in no case be protracted beyond the term approved by His Majesty, or the Prince Regent, and consented to by Her Royal Highness. And it shall be competent for Her Royal Highness to return to this country before the expiration of such term, either in consequence of directions for that purpose, in writing, from His Majesty, or from the Prince Regent, or at her own pleasure."

The treaty of marriage was signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the three Secretaries of State, the President of the Council, and, on the part of the husband, by Baron de Just.

It was on the 21st of February, 1816, that Prince Leopold landed at Dover, and the following day proceeded to Brighton, where the Queen, with the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary, were then on a visit to the Regent and his daughter. The reception of the Prince was most cordial on every side; and, on the 5th of the following month, the Queen and Princesses returned to Windsor, to make preparations for the approaching nuptials, which, however, did not take place so soon as was expected, owing to the time necessarily occupied in the settlement of preliminaries, and the severe illness of Prince Leopold, who was confined at Brighton till the middle of April. On the 26th of that month, being the birthday of the Princess Mary, the Queen gave a grand entertainment at Frogmore, where the Prince Regent was received by his royal daughter, the Prince Leopold, and several members of the family, attended by a numerous party of the nobility, who had been invited to dine with the Queen on this occasion. In the evening the Regent returned to London, and three days afterwards the remainder of the family followed, to be in readiness for the nuptials; Charlotte going to Carlton House; Prince Leopold to the apartments of the Duke of Clarence, in St. James Palace; and the Queen, with the Princesses, to Buckingham House, where the next day, being the 30th, a drawing room was held, according to etiquette, for the purpose of giving the young Prince a formal reception at the British Court.

At length the 2d of May arrived, the day appointed for the celebration of the marriage, and, accordingly, the ceremony was performed in the great crimson room, at Carlton House, by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the presence of the Queen, the Prince Regent, the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Kent, the Princesses Augusta, Sophia, Elizabeth, and Mary, the Duchess of York, the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, their Serene Highnesses the Duke and Mademoiselle D'Orleans, the Duke of Bourbon, the

great officers of state, the ambassadors and ministers from foreign states; the officers of the household of the Queen, of the Prince Regent, and of the younger branches of the royal family, assisting at the ceremony. At the conclusion of the marriage service the registry of the marriage was attested with the usual formalities, after which the Queen, the Prince Regent, the bride and bridegroom, with the rest of the royal family, retired to the royal closet. The bride and bridegroom soon after left Carlton House for Oatlands, the seat of the Duke of York. The Queen, the Prince Regent, and the rest of the royal family passed into the great council chamber, where the great officers, nobility, foreign ministers, and other persons of distinction present, paid their compliments on the occasion. Immediately after the conclusion of the marriage the Park and Tower guns were fired, and the evening concluded with other public demonstrations of joy throughout the metropolis.

Prince Leopold was naturalized by an Act of Parliament passed previous to his marriage; and, referring to this subject in the speech of the Regent from the throne at the prorogation, he announced another royal marriage between the Princess Mary and the Duke of Gloucester. Thus, in the course of one year, the prospect of the legitimate succession of the Brunswick line presented itself under the most favorable auspices; but the manner in which that prospect was blighted belongs to a future part of our history.

The marriage of Charlotte had scarcely taken place when the public attention was again drawn to the expensive habits of the Prince, through whose profusion the civil list was constantly in arrear. His rage for the interior decoration of his palaces appeared to bid defiance to every principle of economy or of prudence. If his eyes were dazzled by the splendor of his gewgaws; if he could behold his Adonis-like form reflected from a hundred mirrors; if he could lie

entranced in the lap of some meretricious dame, or brutalize himself with his nocturnal potations of the most stimulating liquors; what were to him the distresses of the country, the impoverished state of its finances, the depression of its commerce, or the starving condition of the people? Heedless of all but the gratification of his own inordinate desires, he persisted in a system of extravagance, profuse as it was vicious, immoral as it was ruinous. Agents were employed abroad to select the most costly pieces of furniture, which, after having been paid for and submitted to his royal inspection, were found not to suit his taste, and were restored to the cases in which they had been imported, to be consigned as tenants of the lumber room. Like Charles II of Spain, he had always some ruling hobby-horse (query, hobby-mare?) which always galloped away with him into the treasury of the country, from which, returning with the requisite load, it was in a short time neglected to make room for another still more expensive in its support and keeping. *De gustibus non est disputandum*; but perhaps no prince ever displayed so much frivolity and littleness in the choice of some of his hobbies as the Prince of Wales, but in the keeping of which he obtained the envied title of a magnificent patron of the arts. The zoologists lauded him because he knew a parrot from a kangaroo. The architects, with Sir Jeffrey Wyattville at their head, praised him because he knew the difference between a Chinese pagoda—*videlicet*, at Virginia Water—and a Turkish mosque, *invented* by Nash at Brighton. The antiquarians placed him at the head of their learned body, because, when the *furor antiquitatis* was upon him, they obtained £250 from him for the candlestick which Paris used when he lighted Helen to her bed; and Mr. Ustonson, of Fleet street, of piscatorial celebrity, bruted it about in the vicinity of Temple Bar that George IV was the greatest monarch that ever filled the throne of his country, because his bill amounted every year to several hun-

dred pounds for fishing rods, blood worms, and gentles. Let not these things be considered as derogatory to royalty, or that they are indicative of a little mind: Napoleon often amused himself at a game of marbles, George III with turning a needle case or a tobacco stopper; a Royal Louis with making clocks; Peter the Great in playing at shipbuilding; Gustavus of Sweden employed his leisure hours in building houses with cards; and a far greater man than any of them, Isaac Newton, delighted at playing at push-pin. Sterne says: "I quarrel not with the hobby of any man's choosing, unless he rides over me, or so bespatters me with mud that my friends cannot recognize me;" and it is on this account that we find fault with the hobbies of the Prince of Wales; for their support he rode roughshod over the people; he so bespattered them with the consequences of his extravagance that nothing but the strong arm of military power could have kept them true to their allegiance, or saved his throne from overthrow and destruction.*

Nothing could exceed the indignation of the people when the civil list came before Parliament in May, 1816, and £50,000 were found to have been expended in furniture at Brighton, immediately after £534,000 had been voted for covering the excess of the civil list, occasioned entirely by the reckless extravagance of the Prince Regent. The exertions of Mr. Tierney to introduce something like economy in the different departments were incessant. "He lamented," he said, "that His Royal Highness was surrounded by advisers who precipitated him into such profusion. At his time of life something different ought to be expected. The whole powers of his mind, the whole force of his ingenuity, appear to be employed in discovering some useless bauble on which money can be expended, merely from the love of spending. He knew, he said, there were those about him who encouraged and promoted those wasteful and

* Huish's Memoirs.

frivolous objects, for the purpose of enriching themselves at the sacrifice of their sovereign's character and reputation." On another occasion, Mr. Brougham, with the most pointed severity, inveighed against the indifference of the distress of the country manifested by the Prince's profusion; and he predicted that, unless some immediate change took place in the expensive habits of the Prince, the same game would be played in England as had latterly been exhibited in France.

These reiterated complaints, to which a deaf and sullen ear was turned, aggravated the distresses of the people. In a season of universal complaint, as then existed, they increased the unpopularity of the Prince Regent, and broke out in a short time in open acts of violence against his person.

It was, however, not only the extravagance of the Prince that tended at this time to keep the public mind in a state of feverish excitation. That plenty and prosperity are not always the concomitants of peace too soon became apparent; and the excitement under which immense sums were lavished away having subsided, the nation, in its sober judgment, began to feel and to repent of its extravagance.

The Prince Regent had now to mourn a private loss. Sheridan, the friend of his youth, the companion of his pleasures, his confidential servant, and the abettor of all his juvenile profligacies, died on the 5th of July, 1816.

It is certain that Sheridan's last days were deeply embittered by the baseness of "friends remembering not;" and, at this trying time, the Prince was much blamed for his want of liberality to Sheridan, and that, too, in his last moments. A friend of Sheridan's, Mr. Vaughan, a few days before his death, assisted him so that he did not actually want.

The innate wit of Sheridan has never been equalled. It illumined the British Senate like flashes of lightning, and

combined with his satire, withered the most illustrious object it might be aimed at. His best speeches are said to have been composed in bed. We could pardon late rising in some senators of to-day, if this habit would conduce to investing their oratory with a tithe of the witty Sheridan's brilliancy.

The early parliamentary life of Sheridan was beset with difficulties. His father was an actor—a profession which society regarded with greater prejudices than now exist. Sheridan himself was a dramatic writer, and at one time a manager of a theatre. His famous comedy, "The School for Scandal," ranks as the most brilliant work in dramatic literature of modern times, and enjoyed a season of three hundred consecutive nights in London, in 1773-74, nearly a century after its original production at Drury Lane. The comedy has recently been produced in New York, with all the lavish and magnificent accessories of modern art. It is to be regretted that Sheridan's mantle could not have fallen upon some of his successors in this school of literature, whose wit is so lamentably "flat, stale, and unprofitable." The anecdotes, repartees, and witty *bon mots* of Sheridan sparkle like gems throughout English literature wherever they are introduced. Our space will only admit the following anecdote, which illustrates his well known dexterity in avoiding his creditors; for, like that creation of his volatile brain, *Charles Surface*, he was an incorrigible spendthrift, and the frequent inability to meet his obligations placed him in the most perplexing straits:

"A carpenter of Drury Lane, to whom Sheridan owed £1,500, laid in wait for him. As the wily manager knew he could not evade his creditor, he put on a bold face, and greeted the carpenter with expressions of delight, asserting he had long wished to see him, to consult him upon some acoustic defects in the construction of the theatre, some complaints having been made that the voices on the stage

were not distinctly audible in the gallery. The carpenter began to allude to the payment of his long out-standing debt. 'Let us,' said Sheridan, 'arrange the projected alteration first, and then we will come to the settlement of the account. Now, in order that I may convince myself of the justness of the complaint, you shall place yourself on the stage, and I will go into the gallery, and we can converse upon the subject of your call equally well in that situation as where we now are.' The carpenter was accordingly placed in the middle of the stage, and Sheridan in a very short time appeared in the gallery. 'Now, my friend, begin,' said Sheridan. "When will it be convenient to settle my account?" cried the carpenter. 'I do not hear distinctly,' said Sheridan, 'speak rather louder.' The carpenter repeated his question in a louder tone. 'That will do,' said Sheridan, and left the gallery. The carpenter waited for some time in expectation of the manager, but no Sheridan appeared; and, on inquiry, he found that the manager had left the theatre by the gallery door, and that he had been made the complete dupe of a very clever stratagem."

To the moralist it is a source of regret that a man of such extensive learning, impassioned oratory, and elegant wit as Sheridan, had not possessed more of those moral attributes without which the most splendid attainments do not attain complete fruition.

This master mind of the British Senate and stage was now dimmed. His death, which was generally regretted, occurred in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The funeral was attended by all the principal nobility of the kingdom, the royal princes, and first officers of state.

The Prince now became fond of seclusion. His habits were those of self-enjoyment—the real *otium cum dignitate* of royalty with very little of publicity; in fact, his unpopularity had at this time risen to that height, that, on his re-

turn from opening the Parliament in 1817, he was fired at from among the crowd by some traitor with an air gun, the bullet of which broke the windows of the carriage. This attempt upon his life, and the marked demonstrations of discontent and anger with which he was received by the populace, produced at last a conviction upon his mind that he was not popular with the people, an idea which it was quite impossible to divest him of; for, at the very height of his unpopularity, there were those sycophants around him whose study it was to persuade him that he was the very idol of the people; that the country, under his wise and energetic government, had reached the zenith of its military fame and its commercial prosperity; and that his name would stand recorded in history as the most patriotic prince that ever swayed the sceptre of the British realms.

The attempt upon his life was immediately communicated to both Houses of Parliament, and measures founded on the communication were immediately adopted. The Act for the security of the King's person, which was passed in 1795, was extended to the person of the Prince Regent; while the various laws in regard to tumultuous meetings, debating societies, and the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, were consolidated into a new form, to strengthen the hands of the ministers. The House of Lords voted a reward of £1,000 for the discovery of the person who had fired the bullet, or who had thrown a stone into the carriage, but the discovery was never made; and some unpleasant rumors were circulated that the whole was a vamped-up business to give a sanction to those very strong measures which ministers then had in contemplation.

There is not, perhaps, any official document which contains a greater number of political falsehoods, or which has a more direct tendency to mislead the people in regard to the real state of the country than that deceptive compila-

tion yeleft the King's Speech on the opening of Parliament. Submit it to the test of sense, intelligence, or wisdom, and the result will be a *caput mortuum*—analyze it in the alembic of truth, the dross will be superabundant—the ore, a grain. The speech of the Prince Regent on opening the Session of Parliament of 1817 was looked for with extraordinary anxiety, as it was expected that some measures would be announced tending to relieve the distresses of the people, and restore the country to its pristine prosperity. In this expectation, however, the people were lamentably disappointed. He alluded to the prevailing discontents, and attributed them to a cause directly opposite to the true one; or, in other words, they were the result of circumstances which could neither be foreseen nor prevented. He was, however, so far candid as to tell the people that he knew so much of the nature of those discontents, that they did not admit of an immediate remedy; which declaration, if any other person than a Prince Regent had made it, would have been construed into the belief that he knew nothing at all about the matter. It was, however, necessary to flatter the people, by telling them that their patience was highly exemplary, that the fortitude with which they endured their trials deserved his highest praise, and that he had the fullest reliance on their loyalty and patriotism, to continue the display of that fortitude until the great wisdom of his ministers, in conjunction with his own, should stumble upon some measures to put an end to the existing distresses. He then proceeded to express his firm persuasion that, although the country was evidently in a state of great distress, its prosperity was still unimpaired; that although starvation might exist to a certain degree, yet there was plenty in the land, and that it would soon manifest itself to the great joy of his loyal and dutiful subjects. He concluded by expressing his confident expectation that his people would continue,

like asses, to bear their burdens patiently; that they would neither bite nor kick at himself, nor at his sage and able ministers.

The Regent returned to Carlton House and his pleasures—to his women, to his marchioness and his hobbies; and he began his example of economy by devising a magnificent plan for altering his stables at Brighton, in which utility was a secondary consideration, and the expense no consideration at all. Alterations were also projected at the Carlton House and the Pavilion; and these alterations were again altered, till the artists could only have been reconciled to the changes proposed by the royal caprice, on account of the immediate source of profit which it opened to them. The people, however, regarded the speech of the Regent as an aggravation of their distresses. Societies were formed in the metropolis, with union branches all over the country, for the purpose of exciting clamor and sedition.

Notwithstanding the alarming state of the country, the Prince Regent relinquished none of his expensive habits; on the contrary, every day was the parent of some extravagant whim, which his highly vaunted classical taste had devised, or which came recommended to him under the sanction of some female favorite. His rage for alterations was boundless; and the only thing which he would not alter, or which he considered did not require altering, was himself. He altered Carlton House, he altered the Pavilion at Brighton, he altered his Cottage at Windsor, and, out of sheer vanity, he altered his birthday. A hint, a single word, would sometimes lead to the dismantling of a room, and to the removal of objects which, but a few months before, had been put up at an enormous expense. On one occasion a room of Carlton House had been fitted up in a splendid manner, and embellished with superb golden eagles, when Sir Edmund Nagle, with less flattery than

royalty usually meets with, and in his usual blunt manner, reminded the Prince that the eagle was profusely used by Napoleon in all his decorations, both military and civil. This hint was conclusive; the eagles were removed, and the general style of the room altered.

The favorite female companion of the Prince Regent at this time was the Marchioness of Hertford;* to her his visits were frequent, but to his other intimates his visits were like those of angels, "few and far between." His Courts and public parties were very infrequent; and, although at no period of his life was he long fond of what is commonly called dropping the King, yet he now began to court what La Bruyère thinks the only want of a prince to complete his happiness, "the pleasure of private life—a loss that nothing can compensate but the fidelity of his select friends, and the applause of rejoicing subjects." The sponging sycophants of the Court give but little of the former, while the lavish expenditure of the Prince gained for him still less of the latter.

The situation of Charlotte now excited an unusual degree of interest in the country. Her approaching accouchement was looked forward to with hope and confidence, but not with dread. Her health had been uniformly good; indeed, it seemed to bear a resemblance to that preternatural state of health from which the great father of physic teaches us to apprehend so much. That no apprehension for the result rested upon the minds of any of the members of the royal family may be collected from the preparations which were, at this important period, carried on for the visit of the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Clarence to Bath, and for the departure of the Prince Regent on a visit to the Marchioness of Hertford at Ragley Hall. The circumstance, however, of the Queen and the Prince Regent taking their

* Greville, speaking of her funeral, says that her only claim to distinction was that she had been one of the mistresses of George IV.

departure for the country at a crisis fraught with so much interest to themselves and the nation at large subjected them to some very acrimonious reflections; and there were not wanting those who placed a construction upon the absence of the Queen, which went to implicate her character in the most serious manner. In justice, however, to Queen Charlotte, it must be stated that she did actually offer to postpone her journey to Bath until after the accouchement, and to give her personal attendance during that trying period, but that the offer was indignantly rejected by Charlotte, who declared that she would not have any of her enemies about her.

It was early in the morning of the 5th of November that symptoms of the approaching delivery of Charlotte exhibited themselves, and a consultation was held between the three professional gentlemen in attendance, Sir Richard Croft and Drs. Baillie and Sims, when, from the report of the former, it was decided that the labor was evidently advancing, though slowly; but that, from the situation of Charlotte, it would be advisable to leave everything to nature, and not to employ any artificial means.

In this stage of this melancholy narrative, it may be necessary to premise that Sir Richard Croft was the acting accoucheur, the other two gentlemen never having been admitted into the presence of the Princess until the fatal symptoms appeared; and that Sir Richard Croft was assisted by Mrs. Griffiths, the officiating nurse, but in the appointment of whom to an office of such tremendous responsibility, patronage and interest seem to have got the better of discretion and sound judgment. Mrs. Griffiths had herself *never been a mother*; and, although she might be considered as the female adjunct of Sir Richard Croft in his obstetrical duties, a more experienced person should have been selected when such an important event was at issue as the legitimate succession to the crown.

At half past five in the morning of the 5th the following bulletin was issued from Claremont :

“The labor of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte has within the last three or four hours considerably advanced, and will, it is hoped, within a few hours, be happily terminated.”

But at a quarter past nine the hope thus encouraged was destroyed by the following annunciation :

“At nine o'clock this evening, November 5, Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte was safely delivered of a stillborn child, and Her Royal Highness is going on favorably.”

On the report that Charlotte was doing well Prince Leopold had retired to rest in the adjoining chamber, but he was among the few who attended the summons on the first indication of indisposition. About eleven o'clock the Princess appeared inclined to sleep; this might, perhaps, have been the effect of mere exhaustion, but, as it was unattended by any of the usual characters of illness, it was construed into a favorable circumstance, and the great officers of state immediately took their departure.

The first alarming symptoms occurred about twelve o'clock, when the patient felt a difficulty in swallowing some gruel, at the same time complaining of being chilly, and of a pain in her chest. Her quiet left her, she became restless and uneasy, and the medical attendants felt alarmed. Drs. Baillie and Sims immediately joined Sir Richard Croft, and every remedy which their united skill could devise was sedulously applied. From that time the fatal issue advanced rapidly; a slight difficulty in swallowing, which soon subsided, in addition to the sickness, was all that had previously occurred; but from this time, pain in the chest, great difficulty in respiration, and extreme restlessness increased, until the fears of the physicians could be no longer dissembled. Expresses were immediately sent off to the Cabinet ministers, conveying their doubts with respect to the event.

Some small supplies of nourishment were now administered to her, but they appeared to create only a nausea. She vomited, but nothing was ejected except a little camphor julep which she had taken; and at this moment her pulse was firm, steady, and under a hundred. She again became composed.

About five minutes before her death Charlotte said to her medical attendants, "Is there any danger?" They replied that they requested her to compose herself. Charlotte replied with great composure, "I understand the meaning of that answer;" and it is stated she added that she had one request to make, and begged that it might be put in writing. It was that she hoped the customary etiquette would be dispensed with at some future day, and that her husband, when his awful time should arrive, might be laid by her side.

The utterance of this request seemed partially to have relieved her departing spirit. She now appeared as if her interest in the concerns of this world were at an end, and a solemn, heart-rending silence followed. For some moments the throbbings of the hearts of the agitated attendants might almost have been heard. The vital spark flashed for a moment brightly, but the power of articulation was gone. The dimness of death was creeping fast upon her sight; still she moved not her eyes from the face of her beloved husband, who stood in speechless agony over her. He hung upon that countenance which had been his delight in health, in strength, and joy; and it now beamed consolation and support on the awful verge of a purer life.

In her last agonies—in that awful moment when the scenes of this earth and all their grandeur were to close upon her forever—scenes in which she had experienced the height of terrestrial bliss—Charlotte grasped the hand of him who had ever been the object of that bliss. It was not the warm grasp of life—it was the convulsive one of

death. Her head fell on her bosom, and, breathing a gentle sigh, she expired.

When this deplorable event took place the Regent had been for a week or ten days at the seat of Lord Hertford, in Suffolk; but having received intelligence that the illness of Charlotte had commenced, he hastened to town on his way to Claremont. During his journey he stopped two messengers with despatches; these, it is said, announced only the slow progress of the labor, and the apparent absence of danger; a third with the account of the still-born child passed him in the night; from which circumstance it was not until after his arrival in town he became acquainted with the full extent of his irreparable loss. He reached Carlton House about four in the morning, when the Duke of York and Lord Bathurst met him as the official bearers of the melancholy intelligence.

The lamentable news was despatched to Caroline, who was then in Italy. The sudden shock, with a retrospect of the cruel manner in which she had been separated from her only daughter, occasioned much bitter suffering. As a tribute of affection she raised a cenotaph to her memory in the garden of Pesaro. Her melancholy increased even amidst the splendid charms of Italian scenery; clear skies and golden sunsets, and the picturesque haunts of wood and grove, and rocky shore could afford no resting place for her sorrow; and from this period, absence strengthened affection and her desire to visit England, and to wail over the grave of her child became redoubled. Nature would have it so, for the child became endeared to the mother by the trials and long suffering which she had endured on her account, and the fondness which the young Princess had shown for her exiled parent, even amidst the scorns and frowns of her royal father. The bereaved mother refused to be comforted; writing to —, in England, she says: "England I now sigh to visit. Over the tomb of

my dear Charlotte I long to weep—again and again to weep.” Such was the plaintiveness of her lament.

The effect which the death of Charlotte had upon the royal family was of the most poignant kind. When the awful intelligence was disclosed to her grandmother she covered her face in anguish and retired to her private apartments. The Prince Regent was so deeply affected by the melancholy tidings that it became necessary to bleed him twice. Prince Leopold was invited to Carlton House that he might be spared the painful sight of the preparations of the funeral, but he refused to be separated from the object which had been so inexpressibly dear to him in life.

The 19th of November was the day fixed upon for the funeral of Charlotte, and truly may it be said to have been a day of prayer and lamentation, not only throughout the vast metropolis, but throughout the whole realm.

It is impossible to have witnessed a more striking contrast than that which presented itself in the town of Windsor, at the funeral of the Princess Charlotte and that of George IV, her father. The former was a display of the deepest national sorrow; the tear stood glistening in almost every eye, and a smile would have been an insult upon the memory of the deceased. The funeral of George IV was a positive jubilee. Crowds hastened to witness the pageantry of the spectacle; but not on a single countenance was observed an expression of grief. The Park was thronged with joyous parties, and shouts of revelry and mirth were interrupted only by the firing of the minute gun, or the rolling of the carriages conveying the *mourners* to the ceremony. Under one tree was heard the glee of “When Arthur first at Court began,” and under another “A merry king, and a merry king, and a right merry king was he;” while in the streets of the town, in the immediate vicinity of the Castle, where lay in all the magni-

ficence of royalty, and all the littleness and insignificance of humanity, the putrifying remains of England's sovereign defunct, a kind of fair was held, where the Life and Portrait of the late King, of blessed memory, were to be had for one penny; and the amours of the Marchioness of Conyng-ham, as a necessary appendix, for a penny also. It was intended to be a "*holy day*," but it was a genuine *bona fide* "*holiday*;" and the staunch sticklers for royalty must have retired from the contemplation of the scene with a very contemptible idea of English loyalty.*

Whoever beheld the crowd which filled the churches on the day of the funeral of Charlotte, the deep attention with which they hung upon the Divine Word, the devout fervency of their prayers, and the tears with which they embalmed the memory of the deceased Princess, must have been convinced that sincere and ardent religion had resumed its empire over their hearts. By an impulse of feeling, as spontaneous as it was universal, all business was suspended throughout the metropolis. Every shop was shut as during the solemnity of the Sabbath; the shutters of most private houses were also closed; and while the deep tolling of bells sounded mournfully above, and the afflicted countenances and the black vestments of woe passed silently along, funeral processions seemed to move in every street, and the whole land to weep in desolation.

Turning from the painful recollection of the severe loss which the country sustained in the death of Charlotte to the consideration of the public interests affected by the sad event, the first, the weightiest in political importance, and that, indeed, at the time which seemed to absorb and swallow up all others, was the succession to the throne. In a monarchy the circumstance is of paramount importance; and the situation in which the country is placed, at the period when we are now writing, exhibits in a very strong

* Huish.

light the serious consequences which have resulted from the death of Charlotte and her infant. By her death the Duke of York became heir presumptive to the crown, from whom no issue was expected; and next in the succession was the Duke of Clarence, at that time unmarried. A very interesting and curious calculation was made at this time, by which it was reckoned that, calculating the duration of life of the several branches of the royal family in direct succession to the crown, there would be nine reigns in the next twenty-one years, and two of them female ones. The Duke of York having died previously to the reigning monarch, left the Duke of Clarence heir presumptive to the crown, to which he actually succeeded on the demise of George IV. The Duke of Clarence having married in 1818, and having no issue, left the succession open to the surviving daughter of the Duke of Kent, who, in the event of William IV dying without issue, would succeed to the throne. By this circumstance the crown of Hanover becomes alienated from that of Britain, unless a matrimonial union can be effected between the young heiress presumptive to the crown of England and Prince George of Cumberland, who will succeed to the crown of Hanover at the decease of his father. We have, in a former part of this work, briefly alluded to the almost incestuous character which would be attached to this marriage; but we doubt not that state policy will overcome every scruple, and the great advantages attendant upon royal legitimacy be held up as an ample equivalent for an infraction of any of the canonical laws relating to marriage.

Among the many political questions which were agitated upon the demise of Charlotte, one of the most important was the incompatibility of the Duke of York, as next in succession to the crown, to hold his situation as Commander-in-Chief; and it was assumed, as a thing definitely settled, that the resignation of His Royal Highness of the

high office which he held would immediately follow. The correspondence of George III, the Duke of York, and Mr. Addington with the Prince, in 1803, was referred to, to show that the command was refused to His Royal Highness on constitutional grounds; and, therefore, as a command of a brigade or a regiment on active service was refused the Prince of Wales, as standing next in succession to the crown, how much greater was the breach of the constitution in allowing the successor to the crown to hold the responsible office of Commander-in-Chief? The question was, however, got rid of by a quibble; for it was asked: "Is the Duke of York really next in succession to the crown?" and they who argued that he was were told that, to establish that point, they must forget that there was such a person in existence as the Prince of Wales. The crown continued to belong to the King; and consequently, the Prince, and not the Duke of York, was next in succession to it. To make good the position, therefore, of the Duke of York standing in that situation, it was necessary to remove either the King or the Prince Regent; and as that could not be effected by the alarmist for this attack on the constitution, the Duke was allowed to maintain his office, and it must be admitted that his holding it was neither against the practice nor the principle of the constitution.

We are now called upon to notice some circumstances connected with the death of Charlotte which excited the most intense curiosity at the time, and to which, even at the present day, some suspicion is attached.

That the Queen and Charlotte were not on a friendly footing with each other was too notorious to be concealed, nor was it attempted to be kept secret. Charlotte regarded the Queen as one of the most inveterate enemies of her mother; and she was aware of some acts which the Queen had committed for the purpose of arriving at some information, which were by no means creditable to her; but that

the Queen could for a moment sanction or connive at any diabolical plan for the removal of Charlotte from this world must be received with the utmost indignation and horror. Nevertheless, there were some circumstances attending the management of Charlotte, as well as in the choice of her immediate attendants, which met with the reprobation of the public; and we can with truth affirm that, in our repeated visits to Esher, for the purpose of obtaining information, that there was scarcely an inhabitant of the town who did not shake the head, with all the expression of suspicion, whenever her death was mentioned. The suspicion was, however, only vented in a low murmur; but still distrust sat upon many a countenance, and a circumstance which took place shortly after the Princess' decease was well calculated to fan that suspicion into a blaze, careless of what might be consumed by its fire. Calumny had been long busy with the names of Sir Richard Croft and Mrs. Griffiths; and some dark insinuations were thrown out in regard to the conduct of the former, which went to prove that he was a very improper person to be intrusted with so responsible an office as accoucheur to Charlotte. The affliction circumstances of her death had excited the particular attention of the members of the medical profession, and especially of those who peculiarly devote themselves to the obstetrical department. By many of them the grossest errors were discovered in the management during the period of her labor; and so prevalent was the opinion that she had not been properly treated, that many called loudly upon Parliament to institute an immediate inquiry into the conduct of her medical attendants; for, although the Prince Regent and Prince Leopold had directed letters to be written to Sir Richard Croft, expressive of their acknowledgments of the zealous care and indefatigable attention manifested by him towards their deceased relative, yet such letters were regarded as mere matters of form, and also that

they had been written before any of the alarming suspicions had been raised or promulgated. The consequence, however, of these rumors—many of which, it must be confessed, were circulated with the most malicious motives—were to Sir Richard Croft of the most fatal nature. The story of his having substituted a male child for a female one, in one of the most noble and opulent families in the kingdom, was revived; and the machinations of the enemies of Sir Richard so far succeeded that letters were daily received by him from some of the most eminent families, declining a continuation of his professional services. These arrows, shot by premeditated malice, pierced into a spirit peculiarly sensitive, and ultimately led to the fatal catastrophe. An excess of delicate feeling, a susceptibility to painful regret, an extreme anxiety in respect to the discharge of professional duty; when such sentiments as these grow too painful for the wounded spirit to bear, and rise into madness, it is difficult to conceive a case appealing more strongly to our sympathy and sorrow.

Agitated as the public mind was in regard to the fate of Charlotte, it required no stimulus to increase the excitation, much less one of that astounding nature which, like some destructive wild fire, circulated through every part of Britain and the continent, when the suicide of Sir Richard Croft was made public. The dreadful act was immediately construed as arising from the compunctions of a guilty conscience; the public beheld in it a confirmation of their suspicions, and loud and vehement was the expression of their indignation. In addition to which, some very strange reports were circulated respecting Mrs. Griffiths; and it must be admitted that there is still a mystery hanging over the fate of that female after the decease of Charlotte, which is sufficient to encourage suspicions of the most alarming kind.

It is a natural and universal conclusion that, where there

is secrecy or mystery, there is generally an accompaniment of guilt; and, with the predisposition which existed in the public mind to attach, not simply professional ignorance, but positive criminality, to the persons officiating about Charlotte, it would have been a very politic measure, in those who had it in their power to allay the ferment of the public mind, to have acceded to the wishes of the people, and to have given the utmost publicity to every particular connected with the conduct of the officiating attendants of Charlotte. On the contrary, the most guarded secrecy was imposed upon them. The lips appeared to be almost magically closed whenever a question was asked which had any reference to the conduct which was pursued with Charlotte; and when it was disclosed on the inquest which sat upon Sir Richard Croft that his derangement arose from the unfortunate event at Claremont, it was said that the act of suicide was not warranted by that event. A professional man might deplore the ill success and the fatal consequences of any act of his professional skill, but, if the consciousness accompanied him that he had in every respect fulfilled his duty to the best of his ability, he had ample consolation within himself to protect him from despondency or madness. Life or death was in other hands than his; and, if the latter were ordained by Heaven, it was not in human power nor skill to prevent it; and, although he might not be able to look upon the past without feelings of the bitterest sorrow, yet he had received the most flattering acknowledgments from the father and the husband for his services; and, therefore, with these consolatory circumstances operating upon his mind, the public looked for the cause of his insanity to other causes than the mere death of his illustrious patient.

There was a cause which made barrenness a reproach with the women of Israel. There was hope to inspire and animate the fruitful; and each of the virgins of Judah

saw herself, in prospect, the blessed mother of the Messiah. The lamented death of Charlotte, and the consequent extinction of the nation's hope of a direct issue in the right line, appears to have revived this kind of patriarchal feeling in the bosoms of the royal family of Great Britain. The Dukes of Clarence, Kent, and Cambridge were all of them at the decease of Charlotte unmarried. It was the reluctance of the Prince to enter the marriage state that induced the Duke of York to marry. The want of issue from this union, and the advance of a sum of money to pay his debts, prevailed upon the Prince to alter his determination. The decease of his only child effected a considerable change in the breasts of all the royal family, as far as a matrimonial union was concerned, and royal marriages became alarmingly prevalent. To the German Courts the British princes repaired, viewed the marriageable stock on hand, had them, as the Tenth would say, trotted out, and in a few months the delightful information was conveyed to England that suitable spouses had been found for the Dukes of Clarence, Kent, and Cambridge. The next grand question was, how these spouses were to be kept, and accordingly Parliament was applied to for an augmentation of the income of the royal dukes, with one year's income as a bonus wherewith to commence the married state. In the case of the Duke of Cumberland, the Prince Regent had received a very severe rebuff, and he was doomed to experience it again on the present occasion. The pliancy of Parliament to the will of the sovereign, in matters of a personal nature, had almost become proverbial; but the Prince Regent was astonished to find that, in some instances respecting himself, a truly asinine sturdiness was exhibited, and a strong mulish disposition not to move in the precise track which he had laid down for them. The subject of the provision for the royal dukes on their marriages came on to be discussed in the House of Com-

mons on the 15th of April, 1818, when it was proposed by Lord Castlereagh that the income of the Duke of Clarence should be raised to £22,000 a year, and that of the Dukes of Kent, Cumberland, and Cambridge to £12,000 a year.

This arrangement was expressed to be the decided will of the Prince Regent, but it appeared not to have been the decided will of his faithful Commons, for a very indignant feeling was expressed by many of the members on the occasion, and a firm and successful opposition was made to this very modest inroad upon the public purse. The ministers of the crown pronounced the usual eulogium on the loyalty of the people, and their inviolable attachment to the reigning family. The marriages of the royal dukes had been consummated under the most auspicious circumstances, and the country had before it the highly pleasing prospect of a legitimate succession to the throne being confirmed. The representatives of the people listened with great attention to the sapient remarks of the haughty minister; they perfectly coincided with him that the English were a loyal people, and that they were in reality attached to the reigning family collectively, but not exactly individually; they did not dispute the delightful prospect of the legitimate succession being confirmed, but they ventured to express an opinion that they might pay too dearly for that prospect, and, therefore, it was again proposed that the grant to the Duke of Clarence should not exceed £10,000, and £6,000 a year to the three junior dukes. On a division, however, of 193 to 184, the augmentation of the Duke of Clarence was put on a level with that of his brothers, which latter was carried by a very small majority, while the allowance to the Duke of Cumberland was negatived by a majority of 143 to 136.

This spirited resistance of the Commons of England occasioned much chagrin to the Prince Regent. He ex-

pected to have made his royal brothers of Clarence, Kent, and Cambridge the stalking horses by which his royal brother of Cumberland was to be let down gently into an augmentation of £6,000 per annum. The shepherds of the people took three of the royal flock under their protection, but there was something so tainted and rotten about the other that they rejected him altogether. In the opinion of the Prince Régent, it was the effect of the most illiberal prejudice; and that the English people, so far from treating his royal brother with contempt and indignation, ought to have bestowed upon him their entire support and approbation for his magnanimous and courageous conduct *when the assassin Sellis attempted his life.*

We have no inclination to comment upon this tragedy, the most hideous in its details, staining the annals of the nation.

While these proceedings were going on, the side winds of scandal brought many malignant stories to the ear of the Prince Regent respecting the habits of Caroline on the continent. Reports occasionally found their way into the public prints unfavorable to her reputation, and before the close of the year 1817 a commission was formally appointed to examine into the reports which had been furnished by a Baron d'Ompeda, charged with the mean and dishonorable office of being a spy upon her movements. The substance of these accusations was communicated to her by some of her friends in England, and several of her letters are extant, in which she predicted the attempts which might be made by means of discharged servants, dishonest couriers, or bribed and even pensioned individuals to invent and establish charges which might affect her happiness, her honor, and her future prospects. Little, however, did she imagine that any person could be found so unprincipled as to invent some of the charges to which they afterwards deposed before the Milan Commis-

sion, and finally before one of the first tribunals in the world. Against such inventions she could not, therefore, prepare herself, nor did she expect a formal trial, although she determined that the calumnies which were now propagating against her should not remain unnoticed.

The remains of Charlotte had been scarcely deposited in the silent tomb before the secret operations which had been for a long time proceeding against her mother, to the indelible disgrace of the Regent of England, who was the author of them, began to be displayed, and a commission was formally appointed to examine into the reports which D'Ompsteda had transmitted to England.

The necessity of a commission of inquiry into the conduct of Caroline was now frequently adverted to, and in a short time its appointment was confirmed. The individuals who were selected as proper persons to conduct such an inquiry were Mr. Leach, since Master of the Rolls; Mr. Cooke, also a barrister; Mr. Powell, a gentleman of private fortune; a Colonel Brown, the impropriety of whose conduct met with general disapprobation; and Lord Stewart, who had repeatedly vilified the character of Caroline, and had even personally insulted her. These persons repaired to Milan, a person of the name of Vimercati being selected as the Italian agent. Colonel Brown was stationed to assist him. Salaries were, of course, attached to their respective offices, and each individual had his post assigned to him. To Vimercati was, indeed, assigned a great part of the management of this affair, and the nature of his conduct and proceedings is such that it could not be perused without mingled feelings of surprise and horror.

By this commission witnesses were first obtained, then examined and reëxamined. Exorbitant prices were offered to them for their testimony, and threats were employed to those who showed or pretended to show any dislike subse-

quently to appear to verify their statements. Rastelli, afterwards a witness, was employed as courier and recruiting sergeant for witnesses, and to him was delegated the all powerful argument of a long purse. Demont, while in the hands of this commission, carried on a correspondence with her sister, who was still in the Queen's service, through the medium of Baron d'Ompteda, for the purpose of obtaining information from her servants, and Omati was paid by some one for stealing papers for the use of the commission from his master, who was the Princess' professional agent at Milan.

The various parts which were taken by the principals in the commission were never distinctly investigated, but the acts of all the inferior agents were subsequently developed in the House of Lords, forming altogether a mass of perjury and villany unheard of before in any Court of British judicature. The unconstitutional, illegal, and improper character of such a commission, it is impossible to express in terms too forcible, or indeed sufficiently to deprecate and loathe. Partaking of the nature of the Court of Star Chamber and all the horrors of the Inquisition. It was first unhappily introduced in the nineteenth century by the Government of a nation distinguished for fertility of soil, for civilization, trade and manufactures, for mental and religious elevation, and for all that can give real dignity to the human mind.

The whole of the year 1818 was distinguished by the exertions of the Milan Commission. The Princess was surrounded by enemies secret or avowed, and it was only at the desire of Mr. Brougham and some other friends that she was induced to remain on the continent. It was to her a year of anxiety and trouble, but she lived in retirement and endeavored to fortify her mind against the troubles which she apprehended she would have to surmount on the death of George III.

On returning to the events which took place in the year 1818, the most memorable was the death of the Queen, mother of George IV. The nature of the disorder under which she labored was so unequivocally marked as to admit of neither doubt nor hope. Her sufferings were very acute; and, on the 17th of November, the following bulletin appeared:

“The Queen’s state last night was of great and imminent danger. Her Majesty continues very ill this morning.”

The groom had not left the palace with the bulletin more than three quarters of an hour when Her Majesty became so much worse that a second messenger was despatched to Carlton House to request the immediate attendance of the Prince Regent. A mortification, which had taken place in Her Majesty’s right heel, now threatened immediate dissolution. Her respiration was laboriously performed, and the tension in the side was painful to suffocation. On the arrival of the Prince Regent and the Duke of York, Sir H. Halford had an audience in the drawing room—Augusta and the Duchess of Gloucester were also present. When Sir Henry announced that there was no longer any hope of their august parent surviving the paroxysm, they immediately hastened to attend her last moments. For more than half an hour they remained surrounding the bed in a state of anxious suspense, the Queen lying before them totally insensible; and she had for some time breathed her last before the Princess absorbed in grief had ceased supporting her. Sir Henry Halford at length announced that all was over, and they were led from the chamber by their royal brothers. The Queen died at twenty minutes past one o’clock, November 17th, 1818, and was buried at Windsor on the 2d of December. The Regent and the Duke of York met the procession at Frogmore. The Prince was the chief mourner; his fine

commanding figure and majestic carriage appeared most strikingly in the solemn scene. His "inky cloak" was long and of "a great amplitude of folds." On his left breast was a star of brilliants, shining most resplendently among his sables, above which he wore four splendid collars of knighthood. Thus did his love of show and splendor accompany him even to the grave of his mother. He appeared, however, to be deeply affected. It is also said that he wept and sobbed aloud. And it must be confessed that as a mother, and especially to him, she deserved the tribute of most poignant grief. Lord Liverpool, who carried the sword of state before him, is reported to have observed that the Prince Regent's tears bedimmed the splendid jewellery of the collars of knighthood which hung in successive rows over his black cloak. His lordship was not given much to hyperbole, but we denounce him guilty of it in the present instance. What an affecting episode must this have been in this scene of royal woe—his sorrow put out the golden glister of regal pomp!

The maternal relations of Queen Charlotte were characterized by strong partiality. The Prince of Wales was her idol; his vices she had seemed to regard as mere juvenile foibles. The manner in which she espoused his cause against Caroline probably alienated from her the good opinion of the English people more than any other act of her life. After her death the Duke of York was appointed by Government to take charge of the King's person, and he received for this—which any other son but a royal one would have considered his duty to have rendered as a filial obligation without remuneration—\$50,000 per annum.

Chapter Fifteen.

AT the beginning of the year 1819 the condition of public affairs in England were not unlike the crisis which the United States passed through in 1873-74. The disbanding of the militia had sent back to their homes thousands of unemployed men. The product of the manufacturer lay undemanded in his storehouse. The extensive channels into which the stream of commerce had been carried under the force-pump of an artificial credit remained dry and stagnant when that impulse was withdrawn. A return to cash payments by the Bank of England was loudly called for. But the great pressure weighed most heavily upon the operative classes. The British people became dissatisfied with their rulers; riots occurred. That in Manchester wore all the features of a civil war; it was the strong arm of military power against the voice of a distressed and suffering people. Blood was shed, Englishman against Englishman, the yeomanry of the country fleshed their maiden swords in the bodies of their compatriots; the times were full of danger, but either an alarm beyond the importance of its cause existed, or the ministry were acquainted with matters connected with these risings unknown to the people of the realm.

In all these tumults the Regent became one of the chief subjects of reproach; but the transactions to which they led belong more properly to the public annals of the reign than to the private memoirs of the individual.

The last year of the Regency ended as it began—with discontent and gloomy anticipations.

It was truly said by the author of the "Night Thoughts:"

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions;"

and the Prince Regent of England now presented a living example of the truth of the remark. The hand of affliction appeared to press sorely upon him. He had seen his only child laid in her tomb, and, before a year had elapsed, he was called upon to follow his mother to the same long resting place, where royal greatness vanishes, and pomp and pageantry become a mockery. From the year 1817 death appeared to run riot in the palaces, one victim falling after another, as if its aim were to extinguish royalty altogether, to render their abodes desolate, and to break asunder every tie of fraternity which bound the family together. The Prince Regent had lost his mother and his child, and he was now doomed to sustain the loss of a brother. The Duke of Kent, the fourth son of the King, died on the 23d of January, 1820, in the fifty-third year of his age, of an inflammation of the lungs, from neglected cold, communicated by wet feet. He left behind a widow, the sister of Prince Leopold, and a daughter, then only eight months old; the present Queen Victoria. The striking similarity of fate between the brother and sister, in their connection with the royal family of England, was not unnoticed. The Duke of Kent was not a politician; he seldom appeared beyond the shade of private life, or presiding at the anniversaries of some of the great charitable institutions, in some of which he appeared to take particular interest.

Almost the last act of the Duke of Kent was the perusal of a letter from the Prince Regent, to whom the Duke had given some offence, for the credit which he gave to the claims of a certain lady, the *soi-disant* Princess Olive of Cumberland, to be admitted as one of the legitimates into the royal circle. The Prince Regent took alarm at this

introduction of a new member of the royal family, and he castigated his royal brother very severely for even giving the semblance of his sanction to so spurious a claim. The death of the Duke following almost immediately put an end to the dispute, and also to the introduction of Mrs. Serres to the distinguished honor of being admitted a member of the royal family.

The fruits of the royal marriages, contracted on the decease of the Princess Charlotte, began to display themselves in the year 1820, a nephew and a niece being born to the Prince Regent by the Duchesses of Kent and Cumberland—the latter, now Victoria, the present virtuous Queen, and whose beautiful character, in contrast with that of George IV, renders his still blacker. The hopes of the advocates for the legitimate succession of the House of Brunswick began to revive, and England looked forward for a continuance of those inestimable blessings which the country has enjoyed under the gracious rule of so glorious a *family*. A blessing was conferred upon the nation by the appointment of Prince George of Cumberland, a boy *ten years* of age, to the rank of lieutenant-general! A lieutenant general, whose boyish strength will scarcely enable him to bear the weight of his uniform and his sabre, carries us back to the good old times of England, when, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of her education, a Miss Wade was on the admiralty books as a *midshipman*! The latter case appears rather farcical, but not more so than this gallant, weather-beaten lieutenant-general kissing hands on his promotion—and all this in the enlightened era of 1831. *Oh, jam satis!*

The monarch who held out his hand to be kissed by such a warrior must have been warmed with a blaze of enthusiasm and pride when he came to reflect that his throne was defended by such a potent arm; and the people, who might be called upon to fight for the maintenance of that throne,

might divest themselves of all fear for the issue of the contest, when led on by such an experienced general. It is impossible to treat a subject of this nature without ridicule.

The patriarch of the Georges expired on the 29th of January, 1820.

The character of the old King, George III, is told in American school-books, and in our Declaration of Independence he is termed a tyrant. The following is a fair character given of him by an English author:*

This patriarch and father of kings may, in some particulars, be considered as among the best men of his time and country; his long life and good bodily health were the indubitable proofs of a sound constitution, preserved and maintained by temperance. He rose early, used vigorous exercise, despised feasting, and knew no long fasts. He was fond of farming, attached to hunting, and devoted to his family. Splendor had no charms for him; but it is to be feared that he loved money for its own sake. In morals he was strict, but not more so in precept than in practice. His mind was not of the highest order, nor had it been highly cultivated; but his understanding was sound, and it had been exercised more in the study of men than in books. His opinions were in some degree fettered by antiquated prejudices, the consequences of a restricted and confined system of education. He was firm to obstinacy, in purpose attached, and unwavering in friendship, uncompromising and direct towards those whom he did not love. The honor and happiness of his people were ever in his view, but the light in which he saw those objects was often strange and new, in some instances approaching the eccentric; and the means which he employed to gain his end were not always the most reasonable, nor likely to insure success. No man was more jealous of his prerogative. In the war of opinion which agitated Europe during the greater part of his long

* Huish. London, 1831.

reign, George III stood nearly alone; but he maintained his ground, and his principles triumphed in the end. Men of various opinions took the lead in his councils, but it was the opinion of the king that prevailed. Whether glory or disaster crowned his efforts, he bore all with temperance; indeed, in some cases, his disasters appeared to invigorate him to fresh exertions, and to an obstinate perseverance in a line of conduct from which discomfiture was almost certain. In his administration of public affairs there was more of the man than the monarch in him. George III was a patron of the arts, but a niggard in his patronage. He was fond of painting, but no critic in the art. Portraits he understood and relished, and he was liberal of his praise and encouragement of rising talent. He had little taste for sculpture, and on the whole his genius was more mechanical than scientific. In music he loved the simple and the devotional, but he could not endure the elaborate nor the intricate; for this reason the Italian Opera was seldom honored with his presence; but he enjoyed a play, and it was a species of enjoyment that he very frequently partook of. His admiration of mechanics condescended to be amused with a pantomimic trick, and in a theatre he preferred laughter to tears. He delighted in all sorts of drolleries, and the exquisite manner in which he seemed to enjoy the swallowing of a carrot by Follett, the clown, was the subject of a most laughable caricature. He could be jocose sometimes even at the head of his levees, as was the case when Colonel Macleod of Colbecks was introduced, attired in the Highland dress; and bowing exceedingly low, the kilt was not sufficiently long to prevent a certain part of the gallant Highlandman's form being displayed—on which his Majesty exclaimed, "Keep the ladies in front, keep the ladies in front!" In his general conduct, George III was affable, kind, and familiar to all beneath him; and what he said of his horse, he might have applied with equal truth to his most

confidential servant: "I know his worth, and I treat him accordingly." The King was always resolute and courageous—when assassination levelled the knife or aimed the pistol at his breast, or when faction threatened the destruction of his political existence."

George III boasted he was the man in his dominions to subscribe to the peace with America; he left his people a debt of *one hundred and thirty million pounds* as the price of his obstinacy, and an abortive attempt to impose on a brave people *taxation without representation*.*

The last attack of his mental malady is traceable to his parting interview with the Princess Amelia, at which she presented him with a ring. There was an interesting mystery about this scene which it would not be decent to remove. It need only be remarked that not one of the *guesses* of the moment was at all felicitous. In his later years blindness was added to his mental deprivation, and he was deaf, yet in his darkness and solitude he talked to himself of past events and characters, remembered with melancholy accuracy. He often conversed with his attendants, but never seemed to forget that he was a king.

His body was committed to the family vault in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, on the 16th of February, 1820.

The usual ceremonies of proclamation and salutation announced the accession of George IV, and another important era commences.

The death of George III brought only a change of title to his successor. All the essential attributes of royalty were his already, and had been his for years before. The first public act of the new King was to summons a privy council, at which the emblems of office were surrendered by the public servants of the crown, to whom, it is unnecessary to add, they were immediately restored. The Cabinet

* Suppressed edition.

and the ministry remained as before. The Earl of Harrowby was President of the Council, and Lord Eldon High Chancellor. The Earl of Liverpool was First Lord of the Treasury, and Viscount Castlereagh Secretary of State for the Home Department. These names, with those of Canning, Sidmouth, Vansittart, etc., involved themselves in the history of both reigns. The national debt, on the accession of George IV, was £633,031,562 12s. 11*d.*, and the annual expenditure was £69,488,899 13s. 7½*d.*; the actual net produce of the kingdom being £74,796,196 4s. 3¼*d.*

A royal salute fired in St. James' Park announced the accession of George IV. At the same moment, the Garter King at Arms appeared in the full dress of his office, and surrounded with the ceremonial paraphernalia; "His Royal Highness," the Commander-in-Chief, and the other princes of the blood, the nobility of England, and a vast concourse of commons, were assembled in front of Carlton House. The proclamation was read, and the concluding "God Save the King!" was reiterated with emphasis by the royal and noble personages who stood around the herald, and echoed by the military and the assembled multitude. The proclamation was repeated at Temple Bar, where the authorities of the city awaited its approach. The ceremonial mummery of ancient times was faithfully preserved; and after sundry knocks, queries, and responses, the gates of the city were opened to the besiegers, and the gaudy mass of mortality moved onwards to the assigned stations, where the necessary forms were again submitted to, till this cumbrous and uncouth mode of announcement had communicated to all concerned the important intelligence which it was its province to convey. O royal humbugger!

After the death of George IV a summary of the royal expenditures, from the accession of his father, George III, to 1820, was published, and which acquainted the masses with what become of the money coming from them in taxes,

representing the produce of their industry and skill. The total amount was *one hundred million pounds* in two reigns. What a text for the agitators for reform! The following is an extract from one of the documents which contributed so much to the Chartist excitement:

“The people of England have been so long familiarized to the lavish expenditures of their rulers, we fear they are unable to appreciate the magnitude of this sum. The best way is to bring the mind to reflect for a moment on the amount of evil it might have averted, or the good it might have accomplished, had it been judiciously appropriated to the attainment of objects of national utility. A republican, perhaps, would contend that nearly the whole of the hundred millions might have been saved to the community, and point to the people of the United States for an example of frugal government. Their King costs only five thousand a year instead of a million; and their other functionaries are equally cheap and reasonable. As for Lords of the Bedchamber, Grooms of the Stole, Master of the Hawks, and Master of the Robes, they have none of those things. And where is the loss they have sustained? Their Government never appeared deficient in dignity or efficiency at home or abroad; and the duties of the executive magistrates have been discharged just as well as in this country. Are not kings the fathers of their people? They are so called, but they are very unlike fathers, since, instead of feeding and protecting their children, their children feed and protect them. * * * * * Burke mentions that one plan of reform set on foot was suddenly stopped, because, forsooth, it would endanger the situation of an *honorable member of the House* who was *turnspit in the royal kitchen*. Whether the duties of this important officer continued to be discharged by a member of the *honorable house* we are not sure, but in looking over a list of the household we observe that two *noble lords* occupy situations little inferior in

dignity; the Duke of St. Albans is Master of the Hawks, salary £1,372, and the Earl of Litchfield Master of the Dogs, salary £2,000. These offices sound rather degrading to vulgar ears, but no doubt it is *love of the sovereign* rather than the public money which actuates these noble personages."

A work recently issued in London gives some curious details of parliamentary life in 1812; one noble lord used to go out hunting followed by six or seven members of Parliament of his own making. Another lord, on being asked who should be returned for member from his borough, named a waiter at White's Club.* It would seem that Tweed had a precedent for some of his municipal appointments in New York.

The flattery of interested and servile sycophants was one of the primary causes of the ruin of the character of George IV, when Prince; and when Napoleon's senators abandoned him and his fortunes, and in a memorable document complained of his despotism, he acknowledged it as candidly as he ascribed it justly to the spell of their incessant flatteries. Here, then, we approach the very cause of that fatuity from which it is so difficult to separate kingly power. A state unnaturally elevated above all fellow men—the anticipated supply of every want which that state commands—the foretaste of every pleasure ere it be desired—the consequent inutility of every mental effort—the *ennui* which must ensue—the pride, fastidiousness, and morbid irritability in which the mind is consequently plunged—the influence of these upon attendants—the scarcely evitable reaction of their minds in every supple and conciliatory device, in every artful and debasing flattery—the absence of all sincerity—the absolute proscription of simple and manly truth—the adoption of gaudy pageantry, which occupies the eye and ear, but touches not the heart, nor

* Earl Russell's Recollections and Suggestions. London, 1875.

the mind—the heartlessness, the coldness, the worthlessness of such a state—such is the precise succession of those circumstances, which, sooner or later, annihilate mind in hereditary royalty and ancient dynasty. The founder of a dynasty who is agitated by plans of succession, or acts of usurpation, or schemes of conquest, may escape this degradation of mind, and so may also the prince on whom misfortune frowns; but it is lamentably true that, in general, the very next successor of such a prince is an imbecile, precisely because the achievements of his predecessors seem to have rendered it unnecessary for him to *think*.

How far the foregoing remarks are applicable to George IV, on his accession to the throne, may be gathered from the first actions which he committed. He was obliged to follow the dull, mill horse course pursued on such occasions; but flattery had spoiled him as a prince—neither misfortune nor adversity could reform him—experience could not correct him. As a regent, so he was a king—his tastes and habits were confirmed and deeply rooted; and, inflated with the ridiculous principle that *kings can do no wrong*, he regarded himself amenable to no other tribunal for his conduct than his own caprice and whim. Fatigued with the exertions of state, borne down with affliction by his family misfortunes, and peculiarly situated with regard to his domestic arrangements, he was attacked by an inflammatory complaint, ascribed to cold, and which brought within a narrow compass, the throne, the sick bed, and the grave. The strength of a wonderful constitution with which he was blessed by nature, and the skill and care of his attendants, preserved so *valuable* a life to the nation. The first bulletin of his illness was issued on the 1st of February, and the last on the 10th; but his complaint left considerable pain and weakness. He was convalescent on the 12th, and on the 17th he received the “loyal and dutiful” addresses of condolence and congratulation from the

city of London, on which occasion Sheriff Parkins declared His Majesty to be one of the most robust looking men in the kingdom. "His limbs," said the sheriff, "retain their fine proportions, and his eye its wonted vivacity."

Little more than a month elapsed, before the King, in Parliament, met the newly chosen representatives of his people. He delivered a long speech on the occasion, full of promises and flatteries, and a great deal of empty sound, signifying nothing.

The substance of it was an assurance that in paternal solicitude for the welfare of the nation, and an increasing attention to the public interest, the King would follow the great example of his father; peace with foreign powers; economy in the estimates, but no reduction in the army; a generous assurance (but broken on the very first occasion) that the regal dignity should be supported without addition to the burdens of the people; confidence restored throughout the country by the vigilance of the magistrates and the firmness of the House; a determination to maintain the public peace and tranquillity; the pressure of distress unhappily aggravated, and the period of relief deferred by turbulence and intimidation; but not a word respecting the reduction of taxation or the erasure of a few human leeches from the pension list; a spirit of loyalty (to be found only in the heads of the ministers and the conceit of the monarch;) submission to the laws, and attachment to the constitution inculcated; and the concluding hope expressed that the misguided might be brought to see the error of their ways. On this occasion a new throne was erected in the House of Lords, according to the old political principle—a new king a new throne; and other improvements were made in that edifice. His Majesty was dressed in purple embroidered with gold; and looked in good spirits, but not in good health. His first levee was held on the 10th of May, and was attended by

one thousand eight hundred persons. On the 6th of June following, an Act was passed for the support of His Majesty's dignity; and in a short time afterwards the "Gazette" announced a commission for hearing and determining claims for suit and service at the approaching coronation. The announcement of this event gave an immediate and important stimulus to trade. Great preparations were made in Westminster Abbey, from which strangers began to be excluded even during divine service. On the 12th of July the coronation was postponed by proclamation, no ostensible cause being given, but the existing one soon displayed itself in the person of spunky Caroline. No definitive day was fixed for the performance of the ceremony; and it was a question whether, under the then existing circumstances, it would take place at all.

We have frequently alluded to the debts of the King when Prince, and also to the loans which he obtained from several foreign princes. At the time of his succession to the crown many of these loans were still unliquidated, particularly that which had been obtained from the Duke of Orleans, the father of the once King of the French. This loan amounted to several millions of livres, the interest of which even had not been regularly paid; but, considering that the circumstance of a King of England being in debt to a foreign prince might form rather a curious subject for future historians, it was judged politic to liquidate the debt of the Duke of Orleans, and accordingly it was one of the first acts which George IV performed after his accession to the throne. We have reason to know that some other obligations given when Prince were also cancelled; but no trace is existing of any part of those debts being liquidated which were known under the title of the foreign bonds, and which George IV, when Prince, bound himself to pay on his accession to the throne. But dead men tell no tales; no sunken bonds ever came to payment.

Six months had scarcely elapsed from the demise of George III before another death occurred in the royal family, in the person of the Duchess of York. She had lived for some time in a state of separation from her husband, but they always entertained for each other a *gentle* regard.

She was merciful to the beast, almost bordering on eccentricity. The tameness and plenty of game and the number of wild creatures on the demesne of Oatlands, became proverbial. To the canine species she was particularly attached, her apartments resembling a dog kennel rather than the abode of a British princess. She was said to have the least foot of any female in England, and we are sorry for our fair American readers we cannot find any record of the lineal extent in inches, or we would put down the important fact.

She was a great favorite of George III, and it was at a ball at Oatlands, in the year 1812, that the Prince of Wales sprained his ankle, in dancing with his daughter, the Princess Charlotte.

The spies and informers, known as the Milan Commission, who had been put upon the track of Caroline, were now nearly ready in their parts and returned to England, to rehearse them before their employer, who was arranging the machinery for her destruction. Like his prototype and brother monarch, Henry VIII, George IV considered he had only one course to pursue; and that was an immediate divorce, founded on the allegations of his worthy commissioners of the Milan junta, which attempted to prove a course of habitual adultery on the part of his expatriated wife. Her name had already been omitted, by his order, from the Liturgy of the Church of England. From this time, and during the succeeding twelve months, her situation engrossed almost all the attention of the people; the nation became divided into two parties—the King's party and the Queen's party—for, be it remembered, since the death of

George III, she was virtually Queen Consort by "Act of Parliament;" while Mrs. Fitzherbert was, by divine law, his wife. Our limits will not allow more than a synopsis of the history of this unfortunate and persecuted woman, which exceeds in interest the most vivid fiction of romance or the drama. Granted that the charges against her propriety were true, she, on her part, had far better grounds against her husband; the accusations against her had not been proved; and the truth of these rested upon a set of witnesses who had been drilled into the service, and who were to be remunerated according to the amount of criminality to which they would swear; whereas, on the other hand, it was well known that since his marriage he had lived in open adulterous intercourse with several females. Although the laws of society distinguish in the degree of culpability of this heinous sin on the part of husband and wife, yet, weighed in the scale of virtue, the guilt is equal. The Queen determined to return to England, despite of the efforts of the ministry to prevent her. She applied to the Admiralty for a royal yacht, which was denied, and, with the precipitancy of an offended woman, she travelled by post to Calais, and embarked in a common packet. Notwithstanding express commands had been given not to acknowledge her station at Calais, upon her arrival at Dover, she was received with a royal salute and a shout of congratulation by the people. The alleged adultery of the Queen being committed with a foreigner, Count Bergami, did not amount to treason, and was not an indictable offence, but a mere civil injury. Time was allowed the mutual friends of both parties to bring about an amicable arrangement.

The King selected the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh, and the Queen appointed Mr. Brougham, afterwards Lord Brougham, and Mr. Denman to manage the negotiation; but their efforts were wholly unavailing.

Accordingly, a Bill of Pains and Penalties was declared by the House, and presented by Lord Liverpool. The subsequent trial, and the noble defence of the Queen by Lord Brougham, are matters of history. As before asserted, the excitement was unparalleled in Great Britain. From Greville's writings on this subject we subjoin the following extracts :

"In the meantime the Queen is coming to England, and Brougham is gone to meet her. Nobody knows what advice he intends to give her, but everybody believes that it is his intention she should come. It is supposed that Lady Conyngham's family (her son and brother) had set their faces against her connection with the King.

June 7th.—The Queen arrived in London yesterday at seven o'clock. I rode as far as Greenwich to meet her. The road was thronged with an immense multitude the whole way from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich. Carriages, carts, and horsemen followed, preceded, and surrounded her coach the whole way. She was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. Women waved pocket handkerchiefs, and men shouted whenever she passed. She travelled in an open landau, Alderman Wood sitting by her side and Lady Ann Hamilton and another woman opposite. Everybody was disgusted at the vulgarity of Wood in sitting in the place of honor, while the Duke of Hamilton's sister was sitting backwards in the carriage. The Queen looked exactly as she did before she left England, and seemed neither dispirited nor dismayed. As she passed by White's she bowed and smiled to the men who were in the window. The crowd was not great in the streets through which she passed. Probably people had ceased to expect her, as it was so much later than the hour designated for her arrival. It is impossible to conceive the sensation created by this event. Nobody either blames or approves of her sudden return, but all ask, "What will be done next? How is it to end?" In the House of Commons there was little said; but the few words which fell from Creevy, Bennett, or Denman seem to threaten most stormy debates whenever the subject is discussed. The King in the meantime is in excellent spirits, and the ministers affect the greatest unconcern, and talk of the time it will take to pass the bills to "settle her business." "Her business," as they call it, will in all probability raise such a tempest as they will find it beyond their powers to appease; and, for all his Majesty's unconcern, the day of her arrival in England may be such an anniversary to him as he will have no cause to celebrate with much rejoicing.

June 9th.—Brougham's speech on Wednesday is said by his friends to have

been one of the best that was ever made, and I think all agree that it was good and effective. The House of Commons is evidently anxious to get rid of the question, if possible, for the moment Wilberforce expressed a wish to adjourn, the county members rose one after another, and so strongly concurred in that wish, that Castlereagh was obliged to consent. The mob have been breaking windows in all parts of the town, and pelting those who would not take off their hats as they passed Wood's door. Last night Lord Exmouth's house was assaulted and his windows broken, when he rushed out, armed with sword and pistol, and drove away the mob. Frederick Ponsonby saw him. Great sums of money have been won and lost on the Queen's return for there was much betting at the clubs.

* * * * *

The town is still in an uproar about the trial, and nobody has any doubt that it will finish by the bill being thrown out and the ministers turned out. Brougham's speech was the most magnificent display of argument and oratory that has been heard for years, and they say that the impression it made upon the House was immense.

October 15th.—Since I came to town I have been to the trial every day. I have occupied a place close to Brougham, which, besides the advantage it affords of enabling me to hear extremely well everything that passes, gives me the pleasure of talking to him and the other counsel, and puts me behind the scenes so far that I cannot help hearing all their conversation, their remarks, and learning what witnesses they are going to examine, and many other things which are interesting and amusing. *Since I have been in the world I never remember any question which so exclusively occupied everybody's attention, and so completely absorbed men's thoughts and engrossed conversation. In the same degree is the violence displayed. It is taken up as a party question entirely, and the consequence is that everybody is gone mad about it.* Very few people admit of any medium between pronouncing the Queen quite innocent and judging her guilty and passing the bill. Until the evidence of Lieutenant Hownam it was generally thought that proofs of her guilt were wanting, but since his admission that Bergami slept under the tent with her, all unprejudiced men seem to think the adultery sufficiently proved. The strenuous opposers of the bill, however, by no means allow this, and make a mighty difference between sleeping dressed under a tent and being shut up at night in a room together, which the supporters of the bill contend would have been quite or nearly the same thing. The Duke of Wellington told Madame de Lieven that he was very tired; "*mais les grands saccès fatiguent autant que les grands revers.*" They look upon the progress of this trial in the light of a campaign, and upon each day's proceedings as

a sort of battle, and by the impression made by the evidence they consider that they have gained a victory or sustained a defeat. Their anxiety that this bill should pass is quite inconceivable, for it cannot be their interest that it should be carried; and, as for the King, they have no feeling whatever for him. The Duke of Portland told me that he conversed with the Duke of Wellington upon the subject, and urged as one of the reasons why this bill should not pass the House of Lords the disgrace that it would entail upon the King by the recrimination that would ensue in the House of Commons. His answer was "*that the King was degraded as low as he could be already.*"

Those only who listened to Brougham's oration can form an adequate idea of its splendor and dignity. Its beauties were as evident as its effect was surprising. To transcribe a part of this address may be regarded as a species of literary sacrilege; yet so just and appropriate is the following summary of the trials to which Caroline had been successively exposed that it is copied into these pages for the purpose of presenting a condensed view of her sufferings, notwithstanding the injustice which is thereby done to Mr. Brougham's oratory, by presenting one of his figures, detached from its appropriate group.

"It was always," said Mr. Brougham, "the Queen's sad fate to lose her best stay, her strongest and surest protector, when danger threatened her; and, by a coincidence most miraculous in her eventful history, not one of her intrepid defenders was ever withdrawn from her without that loss being the immediate signal for the renewal of momentous attacks upon her honor and her life. Mr. Pitt, who had been her constant friend and protector, died in 1806. A few weeks after that event took place, the first attack was levelled at her. Mr. Pitt left her as a legacy to Mr. Perceval, who became her best, her most undaunted, her firmest protector. But no sooner had the hand of an assassin laid prostrate that minister than Her Royal Highness felt the force of the blow by the commencement of a renewed attack, though she had but just then borne through the last by

Mr. Perceval's skilful and powerful defence of her character. Mr. Whitbread then undertook her protection; but soon that melancholy catastrophe happened which all good men of every political party in the state, he believed, sincerely and universally lamented. Then came, with Mr. Whitbread's dreadful loss, the murmuring of that storm which was so soon to burst, with all its tempestuous fury, upon her hapless and devoted head. Her child still lived, and was her friend; her enemies were afraid to strike, for they, in the wisdom of the world, worshipped the rising sun. But when she lost that amiable and beloved daughter, she had no protector; her enemies had nothing to dread; innocent or guilty, there was no hope; and she yielded to the intreaty of those who advised her residence out of this country. Who, indeed, could love persecution so steadfastly as to stay and brave its renewal and continuance, and harass the feelings of the only one she loved so dearly by combatting such repeated attacks, which were still reiterated after the record of the fullest acquittal? It was, however, reserved for the Milan Commission to concentrate and condense all the threatening clouds which were prepared to burst upon her ill-fated head; and, as if it were utterly impossible that the Queen could lose a single protector without the loss being instantaneously followed by the commencement of some important step against her, the same day which saw the remains of her venerable sovereign entombed—of that beloved sovereign who was from the outset her constant father and friend—that same sun which shone upon the monarch's tomb ushered into the palace of his illustrious son and successor one of the perjured witnesses who were brought over to depose against Her Majesty's life."

Nor should the following bold, yet correct, and indeed inimitable, peroration to this incomparable speech be omitted:

“Such, my lords,” said Mr. Brougham, “is the case now before you; and such is the evidence by which it is attempted to be upheld. It is evidence, inadequate to prove any proposition; impotent to deprive the subject of any civil right; ridiculous, to establish the least offence; scandalous, to support a charge of the highest nature; monstrous, to ruin the honor of the Queen of England. What shall I say of it, then, as evidence to support a judicial act of legislature—an *ex post facto* law? My lords, I call upon you to pause. You stand on the brink of a precipice. If your judgment shall go out against the Queen, it will be the only act that ever went out without effecting its purpose; it will return to you upon your own heads. Save the country—save yourselves. Rescue the country—save the people of whom you are the ornaments, but severed from whom, you can no more live than the blossom that is severed from the root and tree on which it grows. Save the country, therefore, that you may continue to adorn it; save the crown, which is threatened with irreparable injury; save the aristocracy, which is surrounded with danger; save the altar, which is no longer safe when its kindred throne is shaken. You see that, when the Church and the throne would allow of no Church solemnity in behalf of the Queen, the heartfelt prayers of the people rose to Heaven for her protection; and here I pour forth my fervent supplication at the Throne of Mercy, that mercies may descend on the people of this country, richer than their rulers have deserved, and that your hearts may be turned to justice.”

On the 24th of October terminated the examination of the witnesses for the Queen; and Mr. Denman, in a speech of transcendent eloquence and great ability, recapitulated the insufficiency of the evidence for the prosecution, and retraced the nature of the counteracting testimony given for the Queen.

Caroline was advised by her counsel to attend at the House of Lords, and sign her protest against the bill, which having signed, she exclaimed, "Regina still, in spite of them!"

The House then went into a committee on the preamble of the bill, and afterwards proceeded to consider its enactments; when the Archbishop of York spoke against the divorce clause, and was followed on the same side by the Bishops of Chester and Worcester. A long debate ensued, and the House adjourned.

The bill was finally withdrawn.

The announcement was received with cheers. Caroline heard the communication without emotion, but the nation evinced satisfaction as sincere as it was universal. Parliament was immediately prorogued, but the excitement which prevailed in the public mind had no precedent in English history. The people caught hold of every circumstance which could afford them an opportunity of loudly expressing their disapprobation of the measures adopted against the Queen; and although the King very wisely and politically kept himself completely private, as if he had no interest in the result, nor had been in the least instrumental to the getting up of the comico-ludicro-tragico drama, yet by his own party he was most exuberantly praised for his royal proof of his delicacy, liberality, and impartiality; but by the other party his conduct was regarded as characteristic of cowardice and injustice, in not daring to step forth, and show himself as the actual prosecutor of his wife, when it was well known that the whole of the proceedings issued from Carlton House, and that ministers themselves entered upon the business with repugnance and hesitation.

The effect of the withdrawal of the bill acted with an electrical force upon the country; even the Funds felt its influence, and address upon address flowed in upon "Her

Majesty," congratulatory of the victory which she had obtained. Prince Leopold and the Duke of Sussex visited her, to which circumstance is to be attributed the prejudice which the King ever after entertained against those illustrious personages, and which was never wholly removed, even on the brink of the grave, so powerful was the hate of this royal debauchee.

Caroline now resolved on returning public thanks to the Great Disposer of all events for the deliverance she had obtained from the evils apprehended, and for the withdrawal of the Bill of Pains and Penalties. It was alleged that she only designed this as an open insult to the King and to the members of the House of Peers, who had voted in favor of the bill; and it cannot be denied that political as well as religious feeling determined Caroline publicly to offer up her acknowledgments to Heaven. Nor can it be disputed that she felt grateful for her deliverance from approaching danger and calamity, and, indeed, she frequently expressed her conviction that the providence of God had interfered in her behalf. It was dignified and correct to appear in the grand cathedral of the metropolis, there to offer up her acknowledgments as a Christian. If she was a believer in divine law, why did she marry George Guelph, whom, as we have elsewhere shown, she knew was already married by that High Court in whose sanctuary she purposed to appear? The publicity of the avowal of her belief in the great doctrines of Christianity was a proceeding neither novel nor improper; but the nature of the procession, and the feelings which the shouts of the populace were calculated to inspire, alas! ill accorded with those feelings of reverence and humility with which a creature should approach the Governor of the Universe.

She was doomed to experience the bitterness of disappointment and the most extreme mortification. An application had been made to the proper authorities that a

sermon might be delivered on the occasion, but the request was refused ; and notwithstanding the abandonment of the Bill of Pains and Penalties, her name was not inserted in the Liturgy. It was in vain urged that she was either acquitted or not acquitted ; that in the latter case ministers ought to bring forward their accusations and commence new proceedings, or that, if she were acquitted, she ought to be put in possession of her rights. She urged her friends, if possible, to obtain the insertion of her name in the Liturgy, or a declaration from Parliament that by its vote it was desired that such insertion might be made, but the application of her friends was unattended with any beneficial result.

It forms not one of the least remarkable features in the conduct of George IV towards Caroline, that, in total ignorance of her real character, he considered that all the grievances of which she complained, all the maltreatment which she endured, and all the odium and obloquy which were heaped upon her, were to be stifled and effaced by a bribe of money. Thus, in the speech which was delivered by the King at the opening of the session of Parliament, he recommended that some provision should be made for the Queen, and it was accordingly proposed by the Administration that the annual sum of £50,000 should be allowed her. (What would Americans say to giving Mrs. Grant \$250,000 per annum ?) What greater proof can be adduced of the noble, generous, and forgiving disposition of the King ? exclaimed his partisans ; how kind and conciliating his heart must be, to make it the first object of his care to provide for the comforts and personal convenience of an individual who had so deeply, grossly injured him ; who had attempted to beard him on his very throne, and who, by her scandalous conduct, had alienated from him the affection and loyalty of his people ! That a man so injured in the relations of a husband, whose whole conduct in that

character could not not be impeached, and who had been compelled by that proper regard which every individual ought to display for the maintenance and support of his dignity and honor, to bring the culprit before the bar of the highest legislative assembly of the kingdom; that an individual of that pure and immaculate character should be able on a sudden to throw aside all animosities, and, in the plenitude of his generous spirit, to call upon the nation for an increased allowance to his disreputable wife, stamped him at once, in the long chronicles of kings, native and foreign, as the most perfect Christian and the best of men.

These sentiments were echoed by the hireling journals, but on the mass of the English people their effect was as visible and permanent as a drop of rain on the breast of the cygnet. They saw through the shallowness of the attempt, and the penetrating few laid open the manœuvre which the King and his ministers practised upon the nation to impart a fictitious gloss to their own oppressive and unconstitutional proceedings.

It must, however, be remarked that the spirit of the parliamentary Queen, so far from having gained an accession of strength by her late victory, appeared rather to bend and to succumb to the trials which oppressed her. Severe as these had been, she was doomed to undergo another, that plunged her into the vales of humiliation, from which she never emerged.

Chapter Sixteen.

MILTON truly says, "the very trappings of royalty cost more than the whole establishment of republics." The ministers of George IV asked Parliament for a grant of £100,000 only to defray the cost of his coronation, but the ceremony turned out something like his palace building estimates, the actual cost of the royal show amounting to £238,000. Upwards of one million dollars to gratify a royal pride of display. Could not Congress grant at least as much to commemorate some event in our centennial history?

In extent, grandeur, costliness, and splendor of costume, no Court pageant since the revels of Kenilworth can be compared with the coronation of George IV. The love of pomp and parade was one of the ruling passions of this luxurious monarch, in the indulgence of which he never stopped to consult the interests of the people or the principles of economy. The pageant of his coronation had long presented itself to his imagination as one richly adapted to please his vanity and to tickle the fools of his Court.

It has been already stated that this ceremony had been delayed on account of the Queen's arrival from the continent and the subsequent trial. It being considered now expedient to withdraw the attention of the public from that subject, it was determined that the coronation should be *got up*, to borrow a theatrical phrase, and probably a more expensive tub was never thrown to a whale. The course of Louis Napoleon was more sensible, for, when he wished to

divert the attention of the Parisians from public grievances, he set them to pulling down old Paris and building new streets and avenues.

At the coronation of kings it had been almost invariably the custom that queen consorts should be crowned, and the propriety of maintaining the custom cannot be disputed. Caroline felt on this occasion that, if she were only nominally queen consort, then all those rights which according to *consuetudo regni* had been enjoyed by them, were at once declared to be nullities. She therefore personally addressed a letter to the King, accompanied by a request that it might not be opened by ministers, but forwarded directly to His Majesty. In that letter she requested she might be crowned, and briefly stated the reasons why she expected that her requisition would not be refused. The King, however, had long directed that no letter from Caroline should be communicated to him until its contents were first perused by his ministers, and Caroline's letter was therefore opened by them. He was, however, apprised of the nature of the application, and, after deliberating with the law officers, he directed Lord Liverpool to transmit the information to Caroline, "that it is His Majesty's prerogative to regulate the ceremonial of his coronation in such a manner as he may think fit; that the Queen can form no part of that ceremonial except in consequence of a distinct authority from the King, and that it is not His Majesty's intention, under existing circumstances, to give any such authority." As a kind of quietus, however, to Her Majesty, the pliant courtier closed his reply with the intimation that the King had dispensed with the attendance of *all ladies* at his coronation.

Caroline was not to be intimidated by the reply, but instantly resolved to memorialize the King, representing to him that, as many manors and lands were held on the express tenure that services should be done by them for

queen consorts at their coronations, it was peculiarly proper that such tenures should not be invalidated, nor such services discontinued, lest their discontinuance should be subsequently construed into a precedent.

It was agreed, even by the advisers of the King, that in England no queen consort had ever been denied a coronation. Henry II, and afterwards Henry VII, delayed the coronation of their consorts, and endeavored to withhold the ceremony altogether, but both were obliged to yield to the general usage, and those consorts were crowned.

It is a matter of no little moment to inquire whether George IV, or, more politically speaking, his ministers, did not actually infringe a law of the land in their refusal to allow Caroline to participate in the ceremonies of the coronation; at all events, it is admitted, now that the passions have subsided and men have shaken off the influence of party spirit, that the whole conduct of the King and his ministers towards Caroline was marked by a malignity and rancor which are in general only residents in a little mind.

We have considered it necessary to make the foregoing remarks as the circumstance of the refusal to allow the Queen to be crowned, led to a most melancholy result, which gave a wholly new feature to the political relations of the country.

The morning of the 19th of July, the day appointed for the coronation, at length arrived. To enter into a full detail of all the minutiae of the pageant would carry us far beyond our limits, we shall, therefore, merely confine ourselves to a brief description. As early as one o'clock in the morning the *privileged* began their approach; crowds of foot passengers hastened to take possession of their places on the temporary hustings, which had been erected through the whole line of the procession by some speculating individuals at an enormous expense. Long lines of vehicles and

the muster of troops distinguished the very dawn of a bright summer morning, which was hailed by the bells of St. Margaret's. Already groups of picturesque and characteristic figures began to assemble, and the combinations were often of the most motley kind. A peer in his coronation robes, a pursuivant, or a gentleman pensioner might be seen mingling with the indiscriminate crowd; diamonds glittered, plumes were waving, and the fair and noble of the land emerged at intervals from the living mass.

Everything being arranged by the marshal, and each person in his place, a signal gun was fired, and the trumpets played "God Save the King," and His Majesty, most splendidly attired, entered the Hall at Westminster exactly as the clock struck ten. The arrangements of the regalia and presentation of the crown being over, the staff of Edward, the spurs, the swords of temporal and spiritual justice, and of mercy, and the sword of state, the sceptre and crown, the orb, St. Edward's crown, the patina, the chalice, and the Bible, were each delivered to its proper bearer, and the grand procession began to move from Westminster Hall to the Abbey. The King, the royal dukes, the prelates, the nobility, the ministry, the army and navy, the House of Commons, and the orders of knighthood, by themselves or their representatives, formed a part of the magnificent spectacle. The costume of distinguished periods of national history was chosen with taste and judgment, and in splendor and effect was well calculated to please the warmest admirer of pomp and pageantry.* It was observed that the King on his way from the Hall to the Abbey received none of those warm and hearty salutations which are the meed of a patriot King, and which are generally given by a people attached to their monarch for his virtues and his principles.

* A copy of the magnificent work illustrating this gorgeous pageant is in Franklin Library, Philadelphia.

The tributary flowers strewn in the pathway of the procession began to be scattered within the Abbey about eleven, and the anthem pealed along the venerable aisles, swelled by one hundred instruments and twice that number of voices, while each place was taken by its appointed tenant, and the blaze of beauty almost eclipsed the glitter of pageantry. The *recognition*, or presentation to the King, was followed by the spontaneous homage of the people; the *oblation* and prayer introduced the religious service of the day; and, at the end of the sermon, the oath was administered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and taken by the King. He was then anointed with holy oil, as "kings, priests, and prophets were anointed." The *spurs* were presented, and then returned as an oblation, and being girt with the *sword* of state, he removed and with his own hand offered it also on the altar. The *armill* and *robe* of state were next disposed around the royal person. The *orb* was placed in the hand of the King, and he was invested with the *ring*. The *sceptre* and the *rod* were successively presented, while the Lord of the Manor of Workshop supported the arm. The *crown*, sanctified by prayer, was raised above the King's head, and as it descended the universal shout of "God Save the King!" spoke the assent of the people to the right of the sovereign. The peers and knights immediately assumed their caps and coronets. The King received the *Bible* with the appropriate admonition to its study. The Archbishop gave his benediction and the choir chanted *Te Deum*, during which the ceremonial kiss was given by the monarch to the spiritual peers assisting in the coronation, and representing the Church espoused in the solemnity as the bride of the sovereign. Being raised unto the throne, and surrounded by the great officers, the King received the homage of the assembled peers, and medals of gold were scattered among the people as *largess* from their ruler.

Solemn and triumphant strains from the choir accompanied this most interesting relic of feudal rites—acknowledgment by all the lieges. The public act of communion as a testimony of faith and of religious gratitude succeeded, and solemn prayer concluded the ceremony.

During the time that these ceremonies were performing in the interior of the Abbey, a very different scene was enacting without. At a very early hour in the morning, in pursuance of her resolution, Caroline proceeded to Westminster in a carriage drawn by six horses. Her approach was announced by loud acclamation, mingled with murmurs of discontent without the barrier, and accompanied with a kind of confusion and anxious agitation within. Her carriage, without the least interruption, passed the barrier and proceeded to the door of Westminster Hall, where she stopped, uncertain what course to take. Great confusion prevailed among the officers and soldiers on and near the platform. Astonishment, hurry, and doubt agitated the minds of the populace, and every heart thrilled either with pity, surprise, or disapprobation. Caroline, after some consideration, accompanied by Lord and Lady Hood, and Lady Ann Hamilton,* demanded admission. This movement produced a considerable sensation within, and the bar was immediately closed; the officer on guard was summoned to the spot, and demanded Her Majesty's ticket; she replied that she had none, and, as Queen of England, needed none. He expressed his regret, but said he must obey his orders, and that he would not admit her without a ticket. She made a similar application at the door of the Duchy of Lancaster, but there she met with the same repulse; accompanied by her attendants, she then demanded admission at a third entrance. When she arrived at the other extremity of the platform, her progress was arrested by a file of a dozen soldiers, who were ordered

* Supposed authoress of a Secret History of Court Life extant.

to form across the platform. Caroline then quitted it, and walked into the House of Lords, there to repeat the same request; in the course of a few minutes she returned, and, ordering the top of her carriage to be taken down, rode off amidst the mingled hisses and acclamations of the people.

The treatment which Caroline received on the morning of this day was to her a most severe trial, but yet she studied to conceal her feelings. When she returned from the Abbey she sent for some friends to visit her, and she appeared to be in excellent spirits; she related to them the refusals with which she had met, and said "the people did all they could." She said that she had put on her jewels to demonstrate to the people that she had not sold them; and when she was complimented for her courage in facing so many dangers, she replied, "I never was afraid of anything in my life; I do not know what fear is; I do not wish to die, but when the moment comes I shall not fear it."

Although she thus feigned to be the gayest among the party during the greater part of the morning, it was evident to her intimate friends that the transactions of that day had tended more completely to subdue her natural heroism and magnanimity than any other occurrences which had hitherto taken place, and that the smile of satisfaction was only adopted as a veil to hide from observation her real mortification and unhappiness. She felt that she was only nominally a Queen, and that after the exertions that had been made by herself and others to effect her recognition in that capacity, and the preservation of her rights, all their efforts had proved abortive, and she was nearly as much degraded as if the Bill of Pains and Penalties had passed both Houses of the Legislature.

The excitement occasioned by the gaudy pageant of the coronation had no sooner subsided than the attention of the people was turned to the enormous expenses which had been incurred, and which were to be defrayed from the

public purse. The single item of £25,000 for the robes of the King, which were only worn for a few hours, and then to be deposited as useless lumber on the shelves of the royal wardrobe, naturally met with the indignant reprobation of the people. They beheld their interests sacrificed, their distresses aggravated, their feelings trifled with, for the mere purpose of satisfying an inordinate love of pomp and pageantry in their sovereign. With the last light that was extinguished at the banquet scene, at which, an hour before, shone the pride of English beauty and of English chivalry; with the last retiring step from the now deserted Hall, gradually subsided also the public interest in the pageant; and it was then discovered that, with the exception of the aristocracy and the immediate dependents of the Court, its retainers and its minions, the public voice deprecated the ceremony; and that, so far from adding to the popularity of the monarch, it abrogated from him all claim and title to the character of a patriotic King. The venal crew, hired for the purpose to exclaim "God Save the King!" and to hiss Caroline, were people of a different stamp and character than those who but a few days before had led the ranks and filled up the van of public opinion. They were the vain, the aristocratic, and the wealthy, who could pay for such exhibitions, while the spacious area in view was filled with the King's partisans, selected from the subordinate station and feeling in society; many even of these hung their heads with shame, as if conscious to themselves of the mean and dastardly part they were acting, in direct opposition to the general voice of their countrymen. This, indeed, was not a time that the King could *stoop* to feel, it was the holiday of hypocrisy and dissimulation. After the day of the coronation the mask dropped from the royal face. The carnival was over, and the royal actor approached the crisis of his policy. The blow had taken effect. It had struck on the heart of the unhappy Caroline. Private in-

sult and secret persecution she could endure, but open insult, in the presence of the people, who but a few days before had attended her in triumph, accomplished her destruction; her former invincible resolution failed to support her; she saw, what the innocent look to after trial and acquittal, to be of no use to her; she was still persecuted, still overlooked, and even her judges shunned her. Human nature could go no further. In secret, and almost alone, she took to her chamber; no complainings broke forth, no attempt was made to impeach the impartiality of her enemies; all was forgotten, all was forgiven in whom the persecution originated, or who could be released by her death. "Their triumph," said Caroline, "only precedes mine by a few hours; it is their turn next, and may God forgive them."

The King was now the crowned monarch of the realm, and, smitten with the love of peregrinating, he resolved first to show himself to his Irish subjects; not doubting that, as the policy of his government had been so eminently directed to the redress of the grievances under which that part of his dominions were oppressed, he should be received with the most enthusiastic loyalty, as one of the greatest benefactors to their country which royalty had produced. Independently of which, he had always heard his subjects styled the lords of the ocean, and he being the lord of the lords, it was flattering to his vanity to see himself riding in his gilded yacht over the waves of that ocean, of which his flatterers, like those of Canute his predecessor, told him he held absolute dominion.

"Now let the silken pennons wave on high;
 Sprinkle the decks with sweets, with rosy scent,
 That no vile stench of aught that's maritime
 May reach the royal nose. Be hushed, ye waves;
 Blow soft, ye gales; rise from your coral caves,
 Ye Tritons, with your conches, with dulcet sounds
 Lull England's King to rest, and with your sports
 Make glad the royal heart."

It was early in the month of August that the King departed on his tour to Ireland, in which country he arrived on the 12th. Not being able to reach the bay of Dublin, he landed at Howth, from the Lightning steampacket, about four o'clock in the afternoon. His Majesty was, however, recognized before he left the steamboat, and the most loyal feelings from "the finest pesintry" in the world welcomed him on shore. He very cordially acknowledged his gratification, and when in his carriage shook hands with many of the throng, and appeared for a time to drop the king, enjoying the absence of etiquette, and indulging in the humor of the moment. Signal guns conveyed the first notice of the King's arrival; the bells of the churches took up the intelligence, and the characteristic enthusiasm of the nation was manifested on all sides. Immense crowds followed the course of the royal carriage, and from the steps of the vice-regal lodge the King addressed the multitude in the following highly classical speech. To analyze this speech in all its parts would be a task of no great difficulty, and from the sentiments expressed in it, and the language in which they were conveyed, we can easily suppose them to have been the genuine effusions of the royal mind. He began as follows :

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, AND MY GOOD YEOMANRY—

I cannot express to you the gratification I feel at this kind and warm reception I have met with on this day of my landing among my Irish subjects. I am *obliged* * to you, very much *obliged* to you; I am particularly *obliged* by your escorting me to my very door. I may not be able to express my feelings as I wish. I have traveled far; that is, I have made a long sea voyage; I have sailed down the English Channel, and sailed up the Irish Channel, and I have just landed from a steamboat; besides which, particu-

* Not all the preceptorship, nor the perseverance of John Kemble, could ever cure the King of this vulgar pronunciation. It became at last fashionable at the royal table, for etiquette would not permit the ears of royalty to be offended, nor such a tacit insult offered to royal dignity, as to pronounce a word differently from the manner in which it escaped the kingly lips."

lar circumstances have occurred, known to you all, of which it is better at present not to speak (he alluded to the death of Caroline;) upon these subjects I leave it to your delicate and generous hearts *to appreciate my feelings*. However, I can assure *you that this is the happiest day of my life*. (Most affectionate husband!) I have long wished to visit you; my heart has always been Irish; from the day it first beat I have loved Ireland. This day has shown me that I am beloved by my Irish subjects. Rank, station, honors are nothing; but to feel that I live in the hearts of my Irish subjects is to me the most exalted happiness. I must now once more thank you for your kindness, and bid you farewell. Go and do by me as as I shall do by you; drink my health in a bumper; I shall drink all yours in a bumper of good Irish whiskey."

We will not follow the steps of the panegyrist of royalty, who discovered in this speech a laudable degree of John Bull bluntness, and who declared it to be one of the most appropriate speeches which ever fell from the lips of royalty. It was said to have had such an impression on the warm and unsophisticated hearts of the Irish, that many, although not used to the melting mood, shed tears; and that they so far obeyed the injunctions of their patriotic monarch that the streets of Dublin were crowded during the whole of the night with drunken people; in fact, the whole spirits of the nation seemed excited to a pitch of intoxication; in their own forcible language, they were mad with joy. The public authorities paid their duty at a private levee on the 15th, and the great and noble of the land, unaccustomed to the smiles of royalty, appeared to partake of the rapture of the lower ranks on the arrival of His Majesty; his apparent affability delighted them; and the most extravagant hopes of national and individual benefit originated in this visit. The public entry into Dublin occurred on the 17th, and the King then took possession of the Castle, which became the Palace. On the 23rd the King dined with the Lord Mayor, and on the 24th he visited the Royal Society; and, after exhausting the pleasures of Irish sociality and visiting the wonders of the capital—he being, himself, the greatest

wonder to the capital—he departed on the 7th of September. His embarkation was greeted with the same enthusiastic cheers that had marked his landing. It is remarkable that stormy and foggy weather, on both occasions, impeded the progress of the royal squadron. On Thursday, the 13th, the King landed at Milford Haven, and immediately afterwards commenced his journey to London.

The greatest expectations were entertained on both sides from this visit of the King to Ireland; but they were fatally disappointed; nor, indeed, do we see on what good grounds those expectations could have been formed; the mere presence of the King possessed in itself no talismanic power to stifle the complaints of the Irish people; nor is it on record that, during the residence of the King in Ireland, he applied himself, in any manner, to a discovery of the means by which the grievances of the people could be redressed. The love of show, of ostentation and parade, appeared to rule all his actions. Kept in a continued whirl of pleasure and dissipation, he left the Irish coast as ignorant of the internal discord and misery of the country as when he landed on it. He came to see the capital, not the *country*; not a single patriotic view was combined with his journey; it was the effect of royal whim; and he could give no other reason for it than that it was his royal pleasure. The consequences of the visit soon manifested themselves; the feverish excitement of the period soon subsided, and the sanguine people, finding no immediate good from the King's presence, agreed to attribute a great portion of their existing evils to that cause. Poverty and misery awakened discontent and disunion; flames were kindled, murders perpetrated, and the most diabolical outrages prevailed. The counties of Limerick, Mayo, Tipperary, and Cavan, being in the greatest state of disturbance, were proclaimed by the Privy Council; a large military force was sent to subdue a spirit that was fostered by midnight meetings,

and betrayed itself in the most atrocious crimes. Religious discord gangrened the wounds of political animosity; revenge and individual hatred dictated the darkest crimes, under the shadow of public good, on the one side, and patriotic impulse on the other. Executions, imprisonments, and military occupation were not sufficient to repress the tumults, nor prevent the dreadful conflagrations and sanguinary struggles to which they gave birth. The Lord Lieutenant was recalled, a special commission for the trial of offenders was sent into the disturbed districts, and punishment followed an excitement that power could not repress. The year ended amidst these horrors; the King's visit to Ireland appeared like a blink of sunshine on the island; but its dubious splendor was only the precursor of the storm; it rolled away, but the sullen lour still continued threatening. Whilst the King, however, was revelling in the hospitality of the Irish capital, a very different scene was enacting in the vicinity of his English one.

The Queen Consort of George IV, after his coronation, had retired to Brandenburg House, with the intention of leading a life of dignified retirement. The extreme agitation and excitement, however, which she had lately undergone had wholly deranged the physical functions of her body; an obstruction of the bowels took place, which subsequently terminated in inflammation and mortification. Her legal advisers, therefore, attended at Brandenburg House, to aid in the arrangement of her property and its disposition by will. Those who before developed no peculiar interest in her cause now hastened to Brandenburg House, and the vicinity of her town residence was incessantly thronged with individuals of all classes of society deeply interested in her welfare, and solicitous for her restoration.

The King, at this momentous period, had quitted England on his Irish excursion, and the intelligence of her illness was transmitted to him, yet no inquiries were ever made at

Brandenburg House by any official agent of Government, and the customary attentions which are due to exalted rank were wholly withheld from her. It would, indeed, have been absurd to expect that the King or his Administration should have been affected by the news of the illness of Caroline, for they had long since ceased to feel any interest respecting her; and although her death might not be exactly desired, yet it was not likely to affect either their minds or their hearts.

Two circumstances occurred at this period of her illness, which are strongly illustrative of her conscious innocence, and the amiability of her disposition. On the 4th of August, when her professional advisers were receiving instructions respecting the disposition of her property, one of them suggested the propriety of sending a messenger to Italy to seal up her papers, to prevent them falling into the hands of her enemies. "And what if they do?" exclaimed Caroline, "I have no papers that they may not see. They can find nothing, because there is nothing, nor ever has been, to impeach my character." One of her legal advisers said he was perfectly aware of that, but he could not but believe that her enemies might put there what they did not find. She replied, "I have always defied their malice, and I defy it still."

Every symptom of approaching dissolution soon afterwards manifested itself, and the continued existence of spasmodic affection convinced her attendants that nature must soon give up the struggle, and that a frame already exhausted by suffering of mind and body must sink under the pressure of accumulated ills. Their apprehensions were well founded; for, after sleeping for some time, her eyes became fixed, her muscles rigid, and a stupor ensued, from which she never awoke, and at twenty-five minutes after ten o'clock, on August 7th, 1821, she expired.

The intelligence of the death of Caroline was immedi-

ately transmitted to the King, then in Ireland; and we here, in the most unequivocal terms, falsify the statements which were got up at the time, expressive of the decorous line of conduct which His Majesty pursued on hearing of the death of his consort. It is certain that he received the intelligence without a single emotion of a painful nature. To him it was certainly an event wholly unexpected; and to him it was almost unimportant. He neither loved nor respected her; the former passion he had never pretended to feel, and the latter sentiment could not be cherished by him if he considered her guilty of the crimes which had been alleged against her, and which he certainly did not wholly discredit.* It has, however, been stated by some of

* The death of Queen Caroline forms a melancholy page in history. Without possessing those finer qualities of mind which invests the character of Mary Stuart, "the Queen of Tears," with such enduring interest, there were many similar features in their lives; both were undoubtedly indiscreet, both possessing high, uncontrollable spirits, at last broken by malignant persecutors, which only ceased with their lives. The axe which fell upon the neck of Mary cut not more keenly than the unseen stabs which severed the heart-strings of Caroline. What a lesson is here for those republicans who see so much to admire in the meretricious glare of royalty! They regard the splendor of their palaces and equipages, the vanity of their pleasures, and the fulsome flattery of courtiers, as evidences of exalted happiness, despite the lessons which history is continually repeating. Look at the vicissitudes of royalty in the past few years: Maximilian falls from a throne to a coffin; Carlotta a lunatic; Napoleon, at once the dread and admiration of Europe, dying a fugitive exile under the protection of that power which banished his great predecessor to St. Helena. Royalty is nothing more than a common humanity decked in a more splendid garb, and regal robes have no intrinsic power to ward off the vicissitudes of life. Language is too feeble to express the universal interest excited by the funeral of the Queen, in the whole proceedings of which Government acted in direct opposition to the wishes of the people; a system of the most mean and pitiful action was adopted, as if the poor mouldering corpse in its gilded coffin was still imbued with power to give further annoyance. The remains were hurriedly removed from Hammersmith, and finally interred in the mausoleum of her forefathers at Brunswick.

his fulsome panegyrist that he never appeared in public from the time of the decease of his consort to the removal of her corpse for interment in her native country. Such conduct, had it been founded in truth, would have gained him the esteem and respect of the reflecting part of the English people; but we know it to have been directly the reverse. Caroline died on the 7th of August; the intelligence was immediately transmitted to Ireland, and the day after the receipt of the information we find His Majesty haranguing his loyal subjects of Dublin, and telling them *that it was the happiest day of his life*; and then he proceeded to pay a very odd kind of a compliment to the Irish nation, by telling them that their *delicate* and generous hearts would know how to *appreciate his feelings* on the intelligence which he had just received. The highest compliment which His Majesty could have paid to the delicate feelings of the Irish would have been to show to them that he possessed some delicacy himself, and, instead of exhibiting his person to the public gaze, to have allowed some degree of decorum to govern his conduct, and have kept himself, to a certain extent, in deep retirement.

The 18th of August was the day appointed for the removal of the corpse of her late Majesty from Brandenburg House to Harwich, and thence to be conveyed to Brunswick. On the 17th of August, when the people of the British metropolis were preparing to pay the last token of their respect to their deceased Queen—when the horses were already caparisoned which were to remove the remains of his broken-hearted wife from a country in which she was brought to reside, only to plunge her into the deepest misery—when the roads leading from her late residence were already lined with crowds of her late subjects, sympathizing with her fate—when companies, communities, and parishes were vying with each other in what manner they could best testify their grief at her death—in these moments

of a nation's sorrow, how do we find the monarch of it employed? Not in restricting himself, as decorum and common sense ought to have taught him, to the chambers of his palace; but, on the contrary, we actually find him making his public entry into his good city of Dublin, casting the gracious smile of his affability upon his Irish subjects, in the midst of his military guard, equipped in all their foppery, and gracefully lolling in his carriage, bloated and puffed up with the incense which a rabble crowd were strewing around him. However deep and unextinguishable might have been the animosity which he entertained for her during life, he ought to have considered that he had the character of a Christian to support, in which he had been *theoretically* well instructed, and that, as the victim of that animosity had been removed from him by death, to answer for her conduct at a higher tribunal than that before which he had cited her, it became him to throw the veil of oblivion over her earthly deeds; and when her corpse was lowered into the ship which was to bear it from the kingdom over which he ruled, he should, instead of revelling in pleasure and dissipation, have shown, by his example, that a good monarch and a good man are inseparable characters.

The death of Caroline was the knell of the popularity of her illustrious husband; and whatever may be advanced by future historians, according to the view which they may have taken of the memorable events of his reign, and how far those events were brought about by his own immediate conduct, still it will be allowed, by the transactions of the King's reign immediately succeeding the demise of Caroline, that from that moment his domestic policy was detested. Nor were the means resorted to which were in any degree competent to diminish the odium which, like some unctuous substance, clung to the creatures by whom he was surrounded. Few or any of the old nobility frequented the Court, for they scarcely knew where to find

the head of it. The King's personal friends, as they were called (for they were only his friends as far as the promotion of their own interests was concerned,) were received into the royal circle as a species of formal appendage, whose value was estimated according to the extent of their servility or their slavish acquiescence to the royal will. Parade, not society, was the cause of their congregation. And although we pretend not, like some modern Asmodeus, to have opened the roof of the royal palace to take a strict cognizance of the scenes that were passing within, yet, were it not that, from very obvious causes, we are restrained from exposing the actors and their actions, we could exhibit the *subjects* which occupied the attention of the royal party, and which had as little connection with the improvement of the country, its Government and institutions, as poverty has to do with a bishop, or honesty with an attorney. All was sensual, selfish, and sycophantic; there was no external sympathy vibrating within to cheer the royal solitude from without. There was *one* note indeed which sounded responsively to his own, but it was not a *natural*, it was a kind of *falsetto* peculiar to the Conyngham family, but the *keeping* of which added not to the good reputation of any of the parties. In all other respects the corridors of the Palace resembled the monotony of an ascetic asylum; and it was only the occasional flash of arms from the terrace, and the rolling of the *réveillé* on the parade, which indicated the habitation of the living and the abode of a British monarch.

Chapter Seventeen.

SHORTLY after the death of Caroline, George IV, in a spirit of Quixotism, resolved to visit his loyal subjects of Hanover. The necessary arrangements having been made, he embarked at Gravesend, and after a rough passage landed at Calais. From here to Lisle, Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, Dusseldorf, and Osnaburgh.

On the day after his departure from Osnaburg the King was met at Nieuberg by the Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge, the Court House there having been previously prepared for their reception. A sumptuous banquet was given by the authorities of the place, at which the three royal brothers attended; and at which the King gave to his Hanoverian subjects the same information which he had given to his Irish ones; assuring them that it was the happiest day of his life, and that the promotion of their prosperity should always be the predominant feeling of his heart.

The Hanoverians believed in reality that Heaven had sent them the best of Kings; and on the day when he was drawn through the capital in an open carriage by eight cream colored horses, exhibiting himself to the gaze of all the inhabitants of the city, they were further convinced that Heaven had also sent them one of the most affable and condescending of monarchs.

It now became necessary to feel the pulse of the Hanoverians, how far they might be disposed to flatter the vanity of their sovereign by putting themselves to the expense of a coronation. It was hinted that such a ceremony

would be highly agreeable to their King, and the national pride was cherished by the promulgation of the most important fact that the inhabitants of the city of Hanover would be able to boast of having witnessed the performance of a ceremony of which the inhabitants of no other German city could boast. Notwithstanding, however, the great loyalty of the worthy Hanoverians, there were some murmuring spirits among them, who, with the knowledge that the public coffers were in a most impoverished state, ventured to insinuate, that as there was no existing law in Hanover which imposed the necessity of the coronation of the monarch, and especially as it was known to all that "His Majesty" had not honored them with his visit with any intent of being crowned, whether, under those circumstances, the incurring of so heavy an expense might not be avoided, without offering the slightest insult to royalty, or detracting a tittle from the royal dignity. The Hanoverian economists also suggested that, as the robes worn by their King a few months before at his coronation in England, could not be much the worse for wear, whether the loan of them could not be procured, which would prove a great saving in the general expenses of the ceremony. To this wise suggestion, however, a positive objection was raised, that the coronation could not be postponed until the arrival of the royal robes from London, independently, of the personal insult which would be offered to their sovereign by the adoption of such a parsimonious system. It was, therefore, finally determined that the coronation should take place in despite of the suggestions of the economists, and it was performed, as the Hanoverian journalist expresses himself, "with a splendor worthy of the august Monarch on whose illustrious head the crown of Hanover was placed, and for whose future health and happiness tens of thousands of his admiring subjects sent forth their prayers to Heaven." On this occasion the whole city was illuminated at night; and

the King, with his two royal brothers, were seen parading the streets enjoying the brilliancy of the scene.

George IV was never much addicted to the sports of the field, whatever he may have been in his late years with his beloved mistresses to the sports of the water; but, as he could not be supposed to have acquired a just knowledge of the manners and habits of his Hanoverian subjects, as displayed in their sports and pastimes (and by which a very just criterion can be formed of the moral character of a people,) without witnessing a German hunt, it was determined that a day should be set apart, when His Majesty was to be inducted into the art of slaughtering a few hundred of rabbits, hares, deer, and wild boars, according to the German fashion, and to which his royal brother of Cambridge was so much attached. This manner of hunting consists in the sportsmen stationing themselves at any given place; whilst a number of huntsmen and peasants, forming themselves into a circle, at a considerable distance, and gradually concentrating themselves, drive all the game into the open place where the sportsmen are stationed. On this occasion, as one of the best *reviers* was chosen for the amusement of the King, two thousand three hundred and twenty-six head of game were killed. The rabbits became the perquisites of the peasants, who merely skin them, as almost all Germans entertain a strong prejudice against that animal as an article of food.

The King spent ten days in his Hanoverian capital amidst rejoicings, public festivals, and private entertainments. The military, of course, were reviewed, and, as a further matter of course, the King was graciously pleased to express his high approbation of the excellent discipline which the troops displayed. He then received the civic deputations, listened with matchless gravity to their hyperbolical effusions, in which he was called upon to believe himself the greatest monarch that ever trod the German

soil. He then visited the University of Gottingen, where he most condescendingly

———“tasted some of the water Gruel, presented to him by the Tutors of the very renowned University of Gottingen.”

He then attended a civic ball, at which he danced a polonaise with the lady of Herr von Schimmelpennick, waltzed with the burgomaster's eldest daughter, who had never before been entwined in the arms of royalty, accommodated himself most aptly to his people by speaking German—that is, such German as is taught in England; he flattered his people by wearing only the Guelphic Order; and, after so many instances of his affability and condescension, he departed from Hanover, and in a few weeks the inhabitants of the city thought no more of the visit of the King than as one of the common occurrences of the day.

The King, on his return to England, and to the society of the Marchioness of Conyngham, devised improvements and alterations in the royal edifices at Virginia Water and the Cottage. “Here Richard was himself again.”

Of the late Marchioness of Conyngham, this celebrated favorite of the King, it is difficult to ascertain when or at what time he added her to the royal circle; it is, however, certain that the sincerest regard subsisted between them, and that her influence over the royal mind, to the very last moments of the life of the King, was, perhaps, greater than had ever been exercised by any other female. The marchioness had been brought up with the greatest care and propriety; her education was accomplished, and her manners polished and refined; the residence of her husband about the Court might have formed a sufficient protection for the honor of his wife; but, when the influence of the marchioness took a political turn, the power superinduced

on the attachment of the King excited surmises; he winked at the fact, and pocketed the profits.

By her influence the highest offices in the church were bestowed on persons scarcely previously heard of; political parties rose and fell, and ministers were created and deposed to gratify the ambition of the female; the palace appeared as if surrounded by some pestilential air; the old hereditary counsellors of the King avoided the Court, as alike fatal to private property and public honor. Another course of policy would have been wiser and less questionable for the character of both parties, and the seclusion of the King, at once dignified and social, would have excited to a greater degree the respect and sympathy of his subjects; but the entrance to Windsor Castle was, as it were, hermetically sealed by the enchantress within to all but the favored few. The privilege of the *entrée* was curtailed to the very old friends of the King, and even the commonest domestics in the Castle were constrained to submit to the control of the marchioness. The Court of George IV certainly differed widely from that of Charles II, although the number and reputation of their several mistresses were nearly the same in favor and character; but George IV had no confiscations to confer on the instruments of his pleasures. The reigns of Charles II and George IV, dissimilar as they might be in some respects, possessed, however, this similarity—that a spurious and illegitimate progeny were in neither case thrust forward to the contempt of all decency, and a heavy tax on the courtesy and forbearance of virtuous society. But if it be true that the King left to this mistress more than half a million of money, the outrage is morally the same as if estates had been alienated, or titles bestowed, to gratify her ambition, and the memory of the King will survive for the lavishment of sums raised on a people already borne down by the weight of taxation. Her son, Lord Francis, was made Earl of Mount Charles. During the reign of her

ladyship, he married into the proud family of the Pagets, which shows that even in this century a great nobleman did not disdain to ally himself with a dishonored line. Our first glimpse of her ladyship is when she coaxes the King to make Sumner a bishop. The Duke of Wellington, who probably imagined that bishops should have a higher recommendation, opposed the appointment, for which the King never forgave him. Her ladyship lived in Marlborough Row, and all the members of her family were supplied with the King's carriages, and so on. She dined with the King every day, but never appeared in public with him. She received magnificent presents. Her daughter Elizabeth, who afterwards became Marchioness of Huntley, was similarly honored.

Greville, in his Memoirs, makes a number of allusions to Lady Conyngham, and by no means very flattering; and why should he speak in any other way of her when he well knew she was but a common mistress of the King's? He says that fortunate female got possession of valuable jewels belonging to the crown; that he saw on her head, at a dinner party, one night, at Devonshire House, a sapphire that belonged once to the Stuarts, and was given by Cardinal York to the King. He gave it to the Princess Charlotte, and when she died it was returned to him, it being a crown jewel, and the crown jewel sparkled in the headdress of the royal mistress at the ball. The Duke of York was indignant at the circumstance.*

Greville, speaking of "Lady" Conyngham and the King, and the power she exercised over him about this time, says:

"Lady Conyngham lives in one of the houses in Marlborough Row. All the members of her family are continually there, and are supplied with horses, carriages, etc., from the King's stables. She rides out with her

* Greville's Memoirs of the Reigns of George IV and William IV.

daughter, but never with the King, who always rides with one of his gentlemen. They never appear in public together. She dines there every day. Before the King comes into the room she and lady Elizabeth join him in the other room, and he always walks in with one on each arm. She comports herself entirely as mistress of the house. She has received magnificent presents, and Lady Elizabeth the same, particularly the mother has strings of pearls of enormous value. Madame de Lieven said she had seen the pearls of the grand duchesses and the Prussian princesses, but had never seen any nearly so fine as Lady Conyngham's. The other night Lady Bath was coming to the Pavilion. After dinner Lady Conyngham called to Sir William Keppel and said, 'Sir William, do desire them to light up the saloon.' (This saloon is lit by hundreds of candles.) When the King came in she said to him, 'Sir, I told them to light up the saloon, as Lady Bath is coming this evening.' The King seized her arm and said, with the greatest tenderness, 'Thank you, thank you, my dear; you always do what is right. You cannot please me so much as by doing everything you please—everything to show that you are mistress here.'"

These Memoirs of Mr. Greville have made a deeper impression in English literary and political circles, and in the United States, than any work since Macaulay's "History of England." Mr. Greville was a grandson of the third Duke of Portland. This proud relationship brought him closely into the first families of England, led to his being appointed early in life to the position of the Clerkship of the Council. An aristocrat, a man of taste, education, and literary acquirements, he embraced his opportunities, which were unusual, to put on record his observations of the reign of George IV. He became Clerk of the Council in 1821, and so remained for forty years. As the remainder of the journal would concern Queen Victoria and many of the men now famous in English public life, Mr. Reeve, it is said, has postponed its publication.

The publication of these Memoirs at this time (1875) are regarded as too *public* an exposition of the *private* doings of "sacred royalty." But the world moves, and the people with it, and what was possible in 1831 in the suppression of "The Secret Memoirs of a King," is *not possible* in this

progressive age of free press, telegraphs, and enlightened public opinion. Men have learned they can do without the "divine right of kings" to rule over them—that they can govern themselves; that REPUBLICANISM is no longer an experiment—that royalty is an expensive bauble which an intelligent people can dispense with, and govern themselves.

The sooner the aristocracy of England understand this fact the better; and, if the governing classes will only yield to this progressive idea, which is becoming pretty generally understood by the humblest Englishman, their monarchy may exist for a few years to come, or be so modified in its cost as to relieve the people of the heavy burdens they now suffer.

The author makes these reflections from the personal knowledge he gained of the feelings of the people during his residence of several years among them, when he was brought in contact with all classes during his business transactions in every county of the kingdom; he heard expressions not to be misunderstood on this head from persons in every walk of life.

Lady Conyngham seems to have held the same relation to George IV as Mme. Pompadour fulfilled in the memorable and happy reign of the most Christian King, Louis XV of France. She was the wife of the Marquis of Conyngham, of whom we have spoken elsewhere, who had been created Viscount Slane, Earl of Mount Charles, and Marquis of Conyngham, in the peerage of Ireland, in 1818, when the King was Prince Regent. After he became King he made the Marquis an English peer, Baron Minister, as well as general officer in the army, and Knight of St. Patrick. In other words, within the present century, we find a King of England showering the honors of nobility upon the wretched husband of his paramour. This mistress took the place of another mistress, one Maria Fagaina, Lady

Hertford. The popular esteem in which these ladies were held is curiously illustrated by a note of Mr. Greville's. "It is odd enough," he writes, "Lady Hertford's windows have been broken to pieces and the frames driven in, while no assaults have been made on Lady Conyngham. Somebody asked Lady Hertford if she had been aware of the King's admiration for Lady Conyngham, and whether he had ever talked about Lady Conyngham. She replied that intimately as she had known the King, and open as he had been with her on every subject, he had never ventured to speak with her about his mistresses!" Her ladyship never seems to have recovered her position in the affections of the King, but she lived for fourteen years after he acceded to the throne, and died in the reign of William IV.

The first time George went to the theatre, after his coronation, it was to Drury Lane the Dukes of York and Clarence and a great suite with him. He was received with immense acclamations, the whole pit standing up, hurrahing and waving their hats. The boxes were very empty at first, for the mob occupied the avenues to the theatre, and those who had engaged boxes could not get to them. The crowd on the outside was very great. Lord Hertford dropped one of the candles as he was lighting the King in, and made a great confusion in the box. The King sat in Lady Bessborough's box, which was fitted up for him. A few people called "The Queen," but very few. A man in the gallery called out, "Where's your wife, Georgy?"* This man perhaps alluded to Caroline of Brunswick, and not to Mary Anne, the rightful Princess of Wales.

The Privy Council would assemble at the several palaces at the King's convenience. The "Clerk of the Council" gives the following account of a meeting at Brighton :

"I came to town, went to Brighton yesterday se'ennight for a council. I was lodged in the Pavilion and dined with the King. The gaudy splendor

* Greville's Memoirs.

of the place amused me for a little and then bored me. The dinner was cold, and the evening dull beyond all dulness. They say the King is anxious that form and ceremony should be banished; and if so, it not only proves how impossible it is that form and ceremony should not always inhabit a palace. The rooms are not furnished for society, and, in fact, society cannot flourish without ease; and who can feel at ease who is under the eternal constraint which etiquette and respect impose? The King was in good looks and good spirits, and after dinner cut his jokes with all the coarse merriment which is his characteristic. Lord Wellesley did not seem to like it, but of course he bowed and smiled like the rest. I saw nothing very particular in the King's manner to Lady Conyng-ham. He sat by her on the couch almost the whole evening, playing at patience, and he took her into dinner; but Madame De Lieven and Lady Cowper were there, and he seemed equally civil to all of them. I was curious to see the Pavilion and the life they lead there, and I now only hope I may never be there again, for the novelty is past, and I should be exposed to the whole weight of the bore of it without the stimulus of curiosity."*

The Pavilion was not completely finished until some time after its owner's accession to the throne, and was forever after a ridicule to all persons of true æsthetic taste, and served its purpose as a model for an American showman to erect a dwelling from; making its grotesqueness answer as an advertisement for his profession.

For some peculiar purpose, not very apparent, George had a secret subterranean passage constructed from the mansion whose exit was somewhere in the vicinity of the stables. The construction of this secret passage is said to have cost alone £5,000!

Why the royal profligate should prefer this residence at Brighton is rather singular, as it was known in the latter years of his life he never took a sea-bath, for which Brighton alone is celebrated.

When the royal voluptuary was growing old he changed his residence repeatedly. One night at the Royal Lodge, Esterhazy, to arouse him, brought down from London some

* Greville's Memoirs. London, 1874.

Tyrolese, who sang and danced before him the entire evening, and with whom he was very familiar. He allowed the females of the troupe liberties with his royal person, the women repeatedly kissing him, which excited the ire of the reigning duenna "Lady" Conyngham, as we are informed by a contemporary who was present.*

State affairs annoyed him, and he would shirk them as long as possible, and spend the money wrung from the tax-paying millions on such low pleasures. Britons, how long? how long?

The King was tenacious about any interference in his appropriation of public money; he was also touchy on the question of his private debts. "Macgregor told me," says Greville, "the other day, that not one of the physicians who attended the Duke of York had ever received the smallest remuneration, although their names and services had been laid before the King." There is a fine picture of His Majesty at a Jockey Club dinner. "I sat opposite to him, and he was particularly gracious to me, talking to me across the table and recommending all the good things. He made me, after eating a quantity of turtle, eat a dish of crawfish soup, until I thought I should have burst. He then ordered paper, pen, and so forth, and began making matches and stakes." The King's fondness for racing was a famous point in his character. "After the council the King called me and talked to me about race horses, which he cares more about than the welfare of Ireland or the peace of Europe." But age was telling on this glorious Prince. "His Majesty keeps everybody at a great distance from him, and all about him are afraid of him. There is not one person about him whom he likes. The King told them the other day that his surgeon, O'Reilly, was the damndest liar in the world." He was especially afraid of Sir William Knighton, a physician who had become Keeper of the Privy Purse, and who seemed

* Greville.

to have a strange influence over him : " He is afraid of him, and that is the reason he hates him so bitterly. He delights in saying the most mortifying and disagreeable things to him. One day, when the door was opened so that the pages could hear, he said, ' I wish to God somebody would assassinate Knighton ! ' The King's indolence was so great that it was impossible to get him to do the most ordinary detail of business, and Knighton was the only person who could prevail upon him to sign papers. His greatest delight is to make those who have business to transact with him wait in his ante-room while he is lounging and talking of horses or any trivial matter ; and when he is told, ' Sire, there is Watson waiting,' he replies, ' Damn Watson ; let him wait ! He does it on purpose, and likes it ! ' "

These stories of this great King's personal life and habits made their own impression upon Mr. Greville. " A more contemptible, cowardly, selfish, unfeeling dog does not exist than this King, on whom such flattery is constantly lavished. The littleness of his character prevents his displaying the dangerous faults that belong to great minds, but with the vices and weaknesses of the lowest and most contemptible order it would be difficult to find a disposition more abundantly furnished." There is another glimpse of the Defender of the Faith, " dressed in a blue greatcoat, all over gold frogs and embroidery ; the greatest master of gossip in the world, and his curiosity about everybody's affairs insatiable." As everything that concerns this glorious monarch must interest the English-speaking world, we carefully gather these illustrations of his character. " He leads a most extraordinary life. He never gets up until six o'clock in the afternoon." It is pleasant to learn that he reads every newspaper quite through, as the Clerk of the Council said ; we hope the present head of the British realm does the same. Newspapers are a power, and when the monarchy of England

trembles, when the great spirits underlying the great Chartist movement rises again, it will be found that newspapers are a power, and that they, in 1876, will speak out more distinctly than they did in 1848. "Three or four hours ago he got up in time for dinner, and retired to bed about ten or eleven. He sleeps very ill, and rings his bell forty times in a night. If he wants to know the hour, though a watch hangs close to him, he will have the *valet de chambre* down rather than turn his head to look at it. The same thing if he wants a glass of water; he won't stretch out his hand to get it." The person who had most control over him was Knighton—"he could do anything, and without him nothing could be done; and after him Lady Conyngham was all powerful." It is pleasant to know that this dear soul interfered for the comforts of the *valets*, and induced the King to make an arrangement lessening their labor. We have all heard of the politeness of "the first gentleman of Europe;" but when O'Connell came to his levee the King would not speak to him, simply saying to those around, "Damn the fellow, what does he come here for?" Most of his time he spent under opiates, in the hands of three doctors—Sir Henry Holland, Brodie, and O'Reilly—O'Reilly, the go-ahead Irish surgeon, "who brought him all the gossip and tittle-tattle of the neighborhood," to the great annoyance of Knighton. The only thing he feared was ridicule; but when it was necessary to decide upon questions of capital punishment in the Council "the King always leaned to the side of mercy. It not unfrequently happens that the culprit escapes owing to the scruples of the King." Let this pleasant trait be remembered to his honor, for there are few things in his life worthy of remembrance. Occasionally the mind of this glorious Prince became absorbed in serious questions. "This morning my brother and the Duke of Wellington were occupied for half an hour in endeavoring to fold a

letter to His Majesty in a particular way which he has prescribed, for he will have his envelopes made up in some French fashion." Sometimes he grew into a terrible tantrum, "so violent and irritable that he must have his own way." Thomas Denman, who had opposed him in his divorce suit, came, as Common Sergeant of London, to make report of the number of people under sentence of death. The King would not see him, "so that business is at a standstill, and the unfortunate wretches under sentence of death are suffered to linger on." "The expenses of the civil list," and this, though Wellington was Prime Minister, "exceeded the amounts in every quarter, but nobody can guess how the money is spent. My belief is that certain persons plunder him." In this, the last year of his life, the country will be gratified in knowing that his annual tailor's bill was between £4,000 and £5,000, and "he is now employed in devising new dresses for the guards." This subject of a dress for the guards evidently grew upon His Majesty's mind; for a month later we find a record to the effect that no council had been held, as the King was occupied in altering the uniforms of the guards, "and has pattern coats with various colors submitted to him every day. The Duke of Cumberland assists him, and this is his principal occupation. He sees much more of his tailor than he does of his ministers." The Duke of Cumberland was his brother, who will be remembered as Earl of Armagh, Knight of the Garter, Knight of St. Patrick, of the Prussian Orders of the Black and Red Eagles, and Field Marshal in the army. His son became King of Hanover, and is now the same blind old gentleman who was turned out of his kingdom by Bismarck, and who wanders over Europe. We have a pleasant trait of his dethroned Majesty which is worth repeating: "The Duke of Cumberland's boy, who is at Kew, diverts himself with making the guard turn out several times in the course of a day to salute him." But

His Majesty would not see Denman. The Duke of Wellington could not compel him, "although there were three men who must be hanged."

Conyngham, the royal concubine, was strongly in favor of Catholic emancipation, and we infer that her influence induced the King to consent to that measure. Life, we fear, cannot have been altogether pleasant to this exalted woman, for we have a glimpse of her at the Royal Lodge, one evening when the Tyrolese were dancing, "looking bored to death." She did not lose her hold upon the King during his life. She and Knighton were all-powerful. "Nothing could be done but by their permission, and they understood one another and played into each other's hands. Knighton opposes every kind of expense except what is lavished on her. The wealth she has accumulated by savings and presents must be enormous. The King continues to lavish all kinds of presents upon her, and she lives at his expense. They do not possess a servant. Even Lord Conyngham's valet is not properly their servant; they all have situations in the King's household, from which they receive pay while they continue in the service of the Conynghams. They dine every day, while in London, at St. James' Palace, and when they give a dinner it is cooked at St. James' and brought up to Hamilton Place in hackney coaches, and in machines made expressly for the purpose. There is merely a fire lit in the kitchen for such things as must be heated on the spot. At Windsor the King sees very little of her except of evenings. He lies in bed half the day or more, sometimes goes out, and sometimes goes to her room for an hour or so in the afternoon, and that is all he sees of her. A more despicable scene cannot be exhibited than that which the interior of our Court presents. Every base, low, unmanly propensity, with selfishness, avarice, and a life of petty intrigue and mystery." Nor did the King confine his attentions to her ladyship, for we find him inviting a parcel

of "eldest sons and lords in possession to the Cottage, in order to find a husband for Lady Maria, her daughter, who, however, was not married until after this good sovereign's death, when she espoused Lord Athlumney, then Sir William Summerville, the motto of whose house was, 'Fear God as long as thou shalt live.'" When the King was dying her ladyship was constant in her attentions. "At that time she was in wretched spirits, and did nothing but pray from morning until night. Her conscience, however, did not seem to have interfered with her ruling passion, avarice, and she went on accumulating." Mr. Greville says, "while the King was dying wagons were loaded every night and sent away from the castle, the supposition being that they were treasures for the house of Conyngham." Her ladyship died in 1861, at a very old age, having covered her family with wealth and honor, won by her dishonor from a dishonest and worn-out King.*

The fact that George IV, with all his wretchedness and frivolity, was actually as powerful in many respects as Charles II, must go far toward the strengthening of that republican sentiment which for a long time has been gathering life in England, and the realization of which will be aided by such books as this of Mr. Greville's more than by any other cause.

The severest attack on Mr. Greville's work is that of Abraham Hayward's in the "London Quarterly," January, 1875, from which we have given a pertinent extract elsewhere. Mr. Hayward, however, is unable to disprove anything. The review in "Temple Bar" is less stringent, and there is such a quiet vein of sarcastic humor running through it that we quote a few paragraphs: "Mr. Stapleton, the accomplished secretary of Canning, has written an article in "Maemillan's Magazine," wherein he states that the historical value of Greville's book is small, but the scandal is amus-

*Greville's Memoirs.

ing to some. Amusing to some! Why, everybody in Great Britain is running about crazy to find the book. From the publisher's library in Belgravia to the remotest railway station bookstall every subscriber is shouting out, "Give us Greville or we die!" Frantic dowagers who love money much, but scandal more, have been induced to abandon parsimonious habits and purchase the book, and we are certain none of them will ever have the opinion that their money has been wasted. What can be more amusing to a loyal people than an impeachment of the house of Brunswick written by a Greville and not by a Bradlaugh, in which George IV, our "religious and gracious King," is described as a "dog and beast;" William IV, "our sailor King," as an "ass, buffoon, and blackguard;" the "good Queen Adelaide" as a "hideous, horrid, spotted Queen;" the Duke of Cumberland as a "Tarquin;" the Duke of Gloucester as a "fool," and the Duchess of Kent a "nuisance." The great nobles, it is true, are treated a little more kindly; the great Duke of Northumberland is only described as "a bore beyond bores;" the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Cleveland, and Lord Lonsdale are gibbeted as personally "the most insignificant of mankind;" the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Grosvenor, afterwards Marquis of Westminster, are called "great, selfish, pampered aristocrats." With respect to Mr. Greville's *friends* of the turf, they are branded as "blackguards and fools." Rather hard on the fools, as we believe they contributed materially to Mr. Greville's income.

But the betting gentlemen will be consoled when they see that the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, headed by the solemn dons, marching to congratulate William IV on his accession, are playfully depicted as "*an academical tag-rag and bob-tail.*" With regard to Mr. Greville's treatment of an inferior, or, as he terms it, a more "degraded class of society," the following entry will suffice:

"LONDON, Feb. 29th.

Dined yesterday at Fortunatus Dwarris', who was Counsel to the Board of Health. One of those dinners that people in that class of society put themselves in an agony to give, and generally their friends in an agony to partake of."

Every one must admit that all classes are kicked about by Mr. Greville with grandest impartiality. But the royal person he most detested was Queen Adelaide, whom he seldom mentions without a sneer at her plainness. She couldn't help her complexion. Fortunately her character was above imputation, although Mr. Greville gives some curious details about Lord Howe. When the Queen was supposed to be *enceinte* he says: "Of course there will be plenty of scandal; Alvanly proposes that the Psalm, 'Lord, how wonderful are thy works!' be sung. *It so happens, however, that Howe has not been to Court for a considerable time.*"

It is the policy of some people never to believe anything which is written against the great. A very shrewd man was of a different opinion; a *parvenu* was once telling the old Duke of Queensbury of some libels published against the aristocracy. "They are infamous," said the *parvenu*; "They are shocking," said the duke; "So false," said the *parvenu*; "Ah! there's the trouble," said the duke; "we shouldn't care for them if they were false, *but they are so confounded true.*"

It is only an aristocrat like Mr. Grevillé who could perform the stern task of analyzing royal society. It is true he is inexorable. There are wretched people running about London prophesying that the remaining volumes are to be cremated in presence of a lord-in-waiting. We cannot believe Mr. Reeve will act so unkindly to his friends and the great English public, who, like Oliver Twist, are "crying for more."

If English writers have, in many instances, ridiculed

Americans, it will be seen they can sometimes be merciless in the treatment of their own countrymen. We are conscious we shall be accused of using upon our canvass colors too dark and sombre, that we have no right to call royalty of a past generation into dispute. In the abstract, we place no more value upon royalty than upon less prominent humanity; and when its acts tend to the demoralization of the people, then it is proper and right that it should be arraigned at the bar of public opinion. Again, there will not be wanting those who will say we have no right to delineate a character but from well authenticated facts. How far we have overstepped the bounds of probability we leave to the judgment of every intelligent reader. As an American writing for Americans, let it not be said, in our strictures of British aristocracy, we are blind to the faults of our own social system. The criterion of English rank is birth, that of America, *gold*. The whole principle of our aristocracy is false, and deserves the satire of Saxe's inimitable poem. The only aristocracy consistent with republican principles is that of intellect. It is a sight over which angels might veil their heads in shame, when man, formed in the image of his Maker, is weighed in the balance against a handful of yellow earth. A smile of the blind goddess may convert the dullest boor into a living money bag; only the Almighty Ruler of the Universe can give him brains.

We have no ambition to be ranked with crazed reformers of social abuses, but we cannot forbear uttering a protest against the dangerous and undue importance which Americans attach to the mere possession of wealth, which is the festering cause of such infamous corruption in its dishonest acquisition.

To return to the more immediate subject of our history. The great event of the year, 1822, was the King's visit to Scotland, the land of cakes. In this year died, by his own

hand, the Marquis of Londonderry, whose ministry was exceedingly unpopular, although in private life he was much esteemed. He cut his throat with a penknife on the King's birthday. It was a singular coincidence that the death of Caroline and the Marquis preceded the King's journeys to Ireland and Scotland, and that both occurred at about the same time of year.

George IV had exhibited himself to his Irish and his Hanoverian subjects, and it would have been considered as a tacit insult if the royal pleasure had not been expressed to receive the adulatory homage of his Scottish ones. He having visited the southern extremity of his European dominions, he now determined to visit the northern extremity.

The report was very judiciously and politically promulgated that the expenses of the northern tour were not to be defrayed by the people but from the privy purse; but the report and the truth were afterwards found to have no relation with each other. Then it was stated that, although the country might have been minus a few thousands, yet, considering the accession of health which "His Majesty" acquired by his maritime trips, and consequently the great benefit which would accrue to the country by the prolongation of the life of *so excellent* a monarch, the expenditure of so small a sum, compared with the great advantages derived, ought rather to be commended than censured. He embarked on the 10th of August.

The visit to Scotland is devoid of interest to an American reader. There were the usual salutes, receptions, addresses, and, according to certain fair dames of Scotia, intrigues also. On the 1st of September, with the sounds of music and the clang of the London bells, his return was announced to the metropolis.

This kingly tour was of such importance that it took two large illustrated volumes to give an account thereof, for the

edification of his "loving subjects," while Southey celebrated the wonderful event in a ponderous poem of laudatory character.

From this era is dated the commencement of the King's exclusion. The last time he appeared in public, with the exception of his prorogation of Parliament, was at the theatres in 1823. The manager of Covent Garden found that his royal visitor had a perceptible influence upon his treasury, the receipts amounting to nearly a thousand pounds. It may be the record of this fact in theatrical history which induced American managers to put forth such extraordinary exertions to secure the presence of our late royal guest, the King of the Sandwich Islands, at their respective establishments.

George IV upon this occasion was received with considerable enthusiasm by the people, which was in part attributed to the comparative prosperity of the nation in 1823. It is in times of national distress and panic that kings and rulers are most unpopular. Perhaps no sovereign ever understood this better than the late Emperor Louis Napoleon.

It may be called American rant and bluster, but what man of sound judgment, capable of discerning the relation of cause and effect, does not know that sooner or latter all monarchical Governments must fall before the liberalism of the age? The English aristocracy see it, and know it, but lull themselves with the hope it will come upon their posterity, and not in their own time.

The following extracts from the "Black Book" of the Chartists prove that so long ago as 1849, when the details of Government abuses were not so well ventilated among the masses as at the present day, the grievances of the down-trodden taxpayers found voice, none the less audible for being smothered. Let intelligent Americans read and reflect:

ARISTOCRATIC GOVERNMENT.

The object and animus of the entire system is but too apparent. Government in this country is not a union of the people to protect themselves, but an *aristocratic contrivance to make the poor men keep the rich—to compel industry to maintain idleness—to make rich men richer, and poor men poorer.*

The aristocratic spirit pervades our entire legislation. The aristocracy control and constitute both Houses of Parliament. *They* are the governors. *They* make the laws. *They* impose the taxes. *They* establish monopolies. *They* command the army. *They* draw the puppet strings about the throne. *They* are "the state."

Aristocracy means the best class—but are they so? Are they not for the most part corrupted by their inordinate wealth, and the unjust means by which it is obtained? Is not their profligacy habitual—though we admit there are illustrious exceptions. But who that knows anything of the peerage does not know of their profligate loves, their gambings in hells and at races, their depraved politics, their recklessness in running into debt, the corruption they practice at elections, and their numerous other iniquities and vices?

They are not industrious men—they are merely consumers and destroyers, game preservers, and rent exactors. They do not teach anything, but themselves stand much in need of being taught. They do not set any good moral example before the people; but are generally wasteful, extravagant, sensual, and often vicious and mean. They do not promote religion, but set it at naught. Though they present fat livings to priests and patronize rich bishops, they consider themselves absolved from all engagements to religion or its practical duties. They live in an atmosphere of fraud, flattery, falsehood, and corruption from birth till death. The parasite tutor continues what the parasite nurse began, and toadies, sycophants, place hunters, and the tribe of adulators who constantly hang on the skirts of "nobility," poison and extinguish the last remnants of manly virtue and honest independence in the aristocratic mind.

The English aristocracy seem to be utterly ignorant of the people and of the country which they govern. Notwithstanding the progress of the age and the revolutions bursting out in every country in Europe, they obstinately determine to stand still. They are intent on governing us only after the old feudal fashion. They make no allowance for the earnest minds and burning hearts of the men of this period. They have neither eyes to see nor hearts to feel, nor brains to comprehend the wants of modern society. They understand nothing of the tendencies of the age. The little mind they have is made up only about this—that they will stand where they are, and never, so

long as they are able to resist, give up their right to plunder the people of the fruits of their industry.

Blind, infatuated, doomed men! They do not see the ruin that is sweeping around them. The sword of Damocles hangs by a single thread. They feel no shock as yet; and they think they stand secure. But the ground under their feet is undermined, and every day renders their position more dangerous. To quote the language of the philosophic De Tocqueville:

“An aristocracy does not expire, like a man, in a single day: the aristocratic principle is slowly undermined in men’s opinion before it is attacked in their laws. Long before open war is declared against it, the tie which hitherto united the higher classes to the lower may be seen to be gradually relaxed. Indifference and contempt are betrayed by one class, jealousy and hatred by the others; the intercourse between rich and poor becomes less frequent and less kind, and rents are raised. This is not the consequence of a democratic revolution, but its certain harbinger; for the aristocracy which has lost the affection of the people is like a tree dead at the root, which is the more easily torn up by the winds the higher its branches have spread.”

What is the number of this aristocratic class? We find this answer, in the fact that the whole land of England is monopolized by not more than 30,000 proprietors—that the soil of Scotland is monopolized by 3,000 proprietors, and that the soil of Ireland is monopolized by probably not more than 6,000 persons. To show how this land monopoly, with its entail laws, has been sweeping round us, it may be stated that in 1780 the number of landed proprietors in England was about 250,000, instead of 30,000 as now; and the process of absorption is still going on rapidly. And look at the fruits of this; an enormous population of hungry laborers engaged in gathering wealth and taxes for the small and idle class who own the land—one million and a half of actual paupers in England, and three millions of actual paupers in Ireland, testifying to the accursed influence of this monstrous aristocratic system.

Surely the tree has thrown its branches high enough—the root has long been decaying—and the strong wind of popular opinion is now alone wanting.

[Here follows a list of the royal pensions, which we omit on account of its voluminousness.]

These pensions are, in many instances, given “in consideration of the circumstances of the parties.” The question will occur, Why don’t their rich and titled relatives keep them? When a man or woman in the humbler ranks of life is overtaken by poverty, do they go at once to the Parish Board for relief? Do they not exhaust every possible resource before throwing themselves on the poor’s rates? Do they not endeavor to find employment

and make an honest living? But it is not so with the proud, poverty-stricken aristocrats. They *will not* work; they look to the laboring classes to keep them; the interest of their titled friends is put in motion, and they secure pensions, varying from a hundred to five thousand pounds a year. Here, in this list, we find the sisters of the rich Duke of Sutherland quartered as paupers on the country! What working-man is there in the receipt of decent wages—what shopkeeper is there—who would stoop to so beggarly a resource as a maintenance for his poor and idle relatives out of the poor's rates, levied on the hard-working and indigent? But, in the case of the aristocracy, they resort at once to the taxes without a blush. In them the extremes meet, of "nobility" and meanness.

* * * * *

The amount expended annually on the military class and their gory captains, the off-shoots of the aristocracy, is positively frightful. After more than thirty years of peace we allow the Government to spend TWENTY MILLIONS a year on the instruments of bloodshed and havoc. But the younger members of the aristocracy must find places! Yes, and it seems the people must both bleed and pay for being bled. "Sport to you, but death to us." And, truly, 'tis no laughing matter to the taxpayers. Yet the evil is an increasing one, which, it seems, nothing but a monstrous tax on the incomes of those who work for their living is competent to provide for, in addition to the enormous taxes levied indirectly on the articles consumed by the working classes.

But the army is the especial favorite of the aristocratic classes, and hence the increased expenses thereof. The navy is sometimes hazardous; the ordnance requires brains; but in the army any aristocratic brainless puppy may lounge away his time in dandyism and moustaches at the public expense. Since the close of the war, in 1815 to 1848, no less than five hundred and forty-nine million pounds (*two billion nine hundred and forty-five million dollars*, in American money) have been spent in keeping up our fighting establishment, mainly that the brothers and sons of the aristocracy may wear epaulets, or, what is more to the purpose, *be maintained at the public cost.*

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| | |
|---|-------|
| <i>Brought forward</i> , £783,195 | |
| Second Junior Commissioner of Woods and Forests.... | 1,200 |
| Four Jun. Lords Admiralty, £1,000 each..... | 4,000 |
| First Secretary to ditto.... | 2,000 |
| Second Secretary to ditto.... | 1,500 |
| Two Secretaries of Board of Control, £1,500 each..... | 3,000 |
| Assistant Secretary to Board of Control..... | 1,200 |
| Vice-President of Board of Trade, and Master of the Mint..... | 2,000 |
| Paymaster-General..... | 2,400 |
| Commander-in-Chief..... | 3,458 |
| Deputy Secretary at War.... | 2,000 |
| Judge Advocate General.... | 2,000 |
| Master Gen. of Ordinance.... | 3,000 |
| Surveyor Gen. of Ordinance.. | 1,200 |
| Secretary to the Board..... | 1,400 |
| Clerk of Ordinance..... | 1,200 |
| Storekeeper of Ordinance.... | 1,200 |

IRELAND.

| | |
|----------------------|--------|
| Lord Lieutenant..... | 20,000 |
| Lord Chancellor..... | 8,000 |
| Chief Secretary..... | 5,500 |

£849,453

Brought forward, £16,891

£16,891

But the contrast does not end here. Our Governors contrive to create places, posts, and sinecure offices, into which they contrive to stuff their sons, brothers, half-cousins, toadies, friends, and political supporters—all at the public cost. There is no end to the Secretaryships and Commissionerships which they have contrived for this purpose. Every peer, almost without exception, has, through his relations, taken a dab at the public purse by turns. By the law of entail the estates descend to the eldest son, all the debts being wiped off on his coming to it; and then the younger sons, and daughters if possible, are quartered on the country. Some get made Secretaries or Under-Secretaries, with salaries ranging from £1,000 to £2,000 a year. Others get on embassies to play themselves at foreign Courts to the tune of £1,000 to £10,000 a year. Others get Commissionerships—at new set of posts, invented by the Whigs, and enormously increased by the Tories. A few get into the law—though this takes too much labor for the idle class, who very much prefer lounging and spending without working. A great number get into the army and navy, and, for their accommodation,

a very large "effective" force of red liveried idlers, and an enormous "non-effective" force of thick-waisted colonels, majors, captains, commanders, generals, lieutenant-generals, admirals, and so on, is maintained at great cost in times even of the profoundest peace. Strange to say, the country bears it quietly!

The House of Lords, or the House of Proud Flesh, is an embodiment of the mean and vulgar idea by which England is governed, and by which, we regret to say, the English people allow themselves to be governed. We mean the vulgar idea of PROPERTY or WEALTH, allied to the mere accident of *birth*.

Does any one suppose that *fitness* forms any part of the qualifications of the member of the House of Lords? It really forms no part of his qualifications. For the only one is this—that he has been born a peer!—a hereditary owner of land, to which a title is attached! Born a peer, it at once follows that he takes his seat in the Lords at twenty-one years of age as a hereditary legislator for the interests of twenty-seven million people.

Think of hereditary painters, hereditary poets-laureate, hereditary philosophers, hereditary lawyers, hereditary doctors! Who would dream of such absurdities? Yet we have hereditary legislators! Will it be said that the painter, the poet, the philosopher, the lawyer, and the doctor, require *brains*, and that the hereditary legislator does not? or that these require a special education, knowledge, and experience, to fit them for the performance of their functions, but that hereditary legislators stand in need of no such qualifications.

Is there any farmer who would trust his sheep to a hereditary shepherd, or his swine to a hereditary gelder? Who is there that does not scout the idea as applied to the most ordinary business of life, requiring the most ordinary qualities? Yet we quietly submit to the continued infliction of this remnant of barbarism, this rag of the feudal system, and consign ourselves, and all our interests, to the keeping of men whose sole qualification to govern us consists in the fact that they are in the possession of certain heritable lands which their ancestors robbed from the people, and made hereditary in their own families many centuries ago, and who are designated by certain titles or nicknames, far too much honored, fixed upon them by the reigning monarchs of the time being.

The last hereditary occupation in Europe was that of hereditary *hangman*, now long since abolished; for it was found that even hangmen required certain "gifts" and practical qualities which did not descend by birth. The only hereditary occupation which is still tolerated is that of legislator; and it were full time that the hereditary legislators, like the hereditary hangman, were put quietly upon the shelf.

Inquire into the origin of our oldest peerages, and what do we find it to be? Successful thievery! That is the qualification, which the law has made eternal. Lords now, lords ever—once a thief, always a thief. First, they stole our lands—they were then chiefs of Norman freebooters. Rob Roys and Turpins of the RED HAND. Their sole title, originally, was the sword. The mottoes of the oldest noble houses unblushingly proclaim the vocation of the aristocracy. "My crown by the spear," boast the Middleton family. "To my power," says the Stamford family, under six gaping boars' heads, with tusks exposed. "Furth fortune and fill the fetters," says Athol, whose scions and associates have filled their fetters with a nation. "The profits of industry increase," says Heytesbury, whose industry has brought him in a pension of £1,700 a year, with fat places for his relatives in the army and the Church. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*—"Accursed be he who thinks there's evil in it," say the Lords of the Garter, who fill their pockets out of the public taxes! "Nothing that belongs to man but belongs to me," say the Talbots—large owners of plundered possessions. "Prepared for every chance," says Earl Combermere, who pockets an annual pension of £4,116. "The red hand of Ireland" is flourished by the O'Neills, the titled head of the house being, appropriately enough, a lieutenant-general. "The dragon's crest is to be feared," says the Marquis of Londonderry, and fearful enough it is when he comes down upon us for our money, which he and his family absorb largely. "Over, fork over," quaintly but emphatically says Marquis Conyngham. "Following the example of his ancestors," says Baron Granville, whose son was ejected even from the corrupt House of Commons, the other day, for practising bribery at Derby. "Spare naught," says Marquis Tweedale, who certainly spares not our pockets. "Thou shalt want ere I want," says Baron Cranston, which last might indeed be adopted as the motto of the entire aristocratic class. "It is thine own," says Earl Cowper, a hereditary pensioner at the rate of £1,600 a year—but it is "his own"—the public spoil—the taxes—they are his heritage, and the heritage of his class. "Watch and pray," says Viscount Castlemaine—watch and *prey* is the true reading.

While the fortunes of many of the peers have been founded in the dark ages of physical force and despotic crime, others have obtained their titles and estates by servile toadying of kings; some by treason to their "legitimate" princes; others by success in modern warfare, and others through the slimy avenues of the law courts.

Allowing that a successful general, or a successful lawyer who has made a fortune, should be elevated to the peerage, is this any reason why his descendants forever should sit as peers too? How many eldest sons have inherited the ability and fame of their fathers? Look at the representatives

of our great military lords now! What are they? Mostly dolts, as unfitted to be legislators as a brewer's horse. Take, for instance, the Duke of Marlborough with his annual pension of £5,000; or the thick-headed sons of the Duke of Wellington? What great lawyer peer has been succeeded by an heir of any note whatever? What philosopher has the House of Lords produced? Is there a single one? But how many boobies could we enumerate who have sprung from it!

We would respect an aristocracy of virtue and of goodness, and even reverence it. But where the aristocracy is one only of brass—of brass in the pocket, brass on the heels, and brass in the face—we can feel for it only indignation and contempt.

It is right that the best and ablest men should govern. But making legislators hereditary gives no security whatever that the legislators shall be either good or able men. On the other hand, it makes them exclusive, proud, hostile to popular rights and liberties, place hunters, pension seekers, abuse preservers, tax consumers, Court haunters—giving more regard to a bit of ribbon or a garter conferred by the monarch than to the peace, the lives, the properties, and the liberties of their fellow men.

The majority of the House of Peers do not possess the qualities of legislators. They are good hunters, horse jockeys, courtiers, some of them great warriors and lawyers, great lovers of display, good living, and large estates; but in sympathy for the mass of their fellow men, knowledge of their condition, lofty guiding principle, and high moral character, they are woefully destitute.

In fact, goodness and virtue have had nothing whatever to do with the creation of the House of Lords, or of any single individual peerage. The peerage has been a great job from the first to the last. Was a great owner of land ambitious of title—he was made a hereditary legislator! Was he a great owner of rotten boroughs—he was made a peer! Was he a large proprietor of Church livings—he was forked into the lords! Was he a slavish lawyer—he was added to the peerage! Was a large landowner troublesome as a "patriot"—he was bought off by a title! Thus the peerage is, and has ever been, the treasury of corruption. Hence a large portion of the peerage now consists of upstart men—but of men who were rich. To be rich and powerful owners of boroughs and, consequently of votes—have, in recent times, been the main qualifications to be a peer.

Thus it happens that the House of Lords is a house full of pensioners, placemen, and sinecurists, who employ their position and power mainly for the purpose of providing for themselves and their families at the cost of the industry, property, labor, and well-being of the industrious millions. "Filthy lucre" is their object. Scarcely one of them but eagerly aspires

after the unclean thing—not even excepting those pillars of Christian self-denial—the well-paid bishops. The peerage is, indeed, the rankest of all jobs in this job-ridden country.

They think no shame of making speculation and plunder their following and profession. Lords in the possession of estates bringing them in from forty to three hundred thousand a year, unblushingly quarter their sons, brothers, cousins, and half-cousins on the public purse.

There are only 47 of the 433 peers who have not relatives in either the army, navy, or church; and of these a considerable proportion are new peers, who have not yet had time to strike their roots deep into the public purse. Others have no families and very few relatives; others are hereditary idiots and lunatics, of both of which classes of individuals the peers are proved, from statistical documents, to be extremely productive. The former class, the idiots, are not, however, debarred thereby from the privilege of sitting in the Upper House as legislators for the nation at large; one of the gross indignities to which this idiotic system of "hereditary legislation" inevitably subjects us.

One of the greatest disturbing causes of royal ease under all monarchical Governments has been the succession, and England has not been exempt from the presence of this skeleton in her royal closet. This explains why the Lord Chancellor used so much vigilance in the suppression of Perceval's book, which cost the British Government £20,000 to keep its secrets from the public eye. The mystery of the suppression of this book is not great when we remember that it was a contemporaneous event with his elevation to the ministry. His duties as commissioner to investigate the charges brought against Caroline acquainted him with all the secret history of the Court. We have had access to a copy of Perceval's suppressed book, and in it we see how diametrically opposite in political views he was to the Prince, and in personal feeling exhibited a feeling little short of hatred. In his plaint for the Princess of Wales he says, in as delicate and considerate language a subject should use in speaking of an erring son to a mother and a Queen, "Much wrong has been done Her Royal Highness by the reckless manner His Royal Highness has obtruded

certain ladies (of whose peculiar connection with His Royal Highness your Majesty is well aware) upon the presence and against the respectful protest of Her Royal Highness. Nor would it be seemly for me to mention names well known to your Majesty of the distinguished ladies who have so officiously interfered in the royal household, as your Majesty has been pleased frequently to manifest your royal disapprobation of their questionable conduct. Nor perhaps should I state, lest your Majesty might construe the statement into a threat, that there are grave political considerations involved, *for facts are known to Her Royal Highness as well as myself* which, if known to your Majesty's subjects at large, might seriously *disturb the succession*, or create a political revolution. Her Royal Highness has intimated the knowledge of these PORTENTOUS FACTS to His Royal Highness."

It was of course all important to those interested in "the succession," that these "portentous facts" should not be known to the "loyal subjects" of the realm, hence the suppression at the enormous cost stated.

The facts referred to were the marriage of the Prince with Mrs. Fitzherbert, the *post obit* bond transaction, by which treason was involved, and that referring to the succession evidently pointed to an issue of his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, which since has been asserted there was, and if so perhaps the "claimant" now living is, as he claims to be, a scion of true royalty, and as such fully entitled to the honors as George V; such an event is not more improbable than the fact of the elevation of Louis Napoleon to the throne of France.

Upon this, the eve of the Centennial Anniversary of our glorious emancipation from the rule of that power whose acts are recorded in these pages, with what additional interest do we regard its historical annals so intimately interwoven in our own history! One hundred years ago from

this present moment of our writing, the proceedings of Parliament record the adoption of that policy by the mother country which shut out all hope of reconciliation with the American colonies. On February 1st, 1775, the Earl of Chatham introduced a bill before the House of Lords tending to a pacification with the colonies, which was bitterly opposed by the Earl of Sandwich, who declared that rebellion already existed in Massachusetts, and called for troops to crush the struggle in its infancy. How futile were the efforts of the greatest power on earth to crush that infant Republic, and what the obstinacy of George III cost his nation are too well known to need recapitulation here.

Chapter Eighteen.

WHEN Parliament opened in 1824 the public affairs of England were comparatively prosperous. The abundance of capital induced a feverish spirit of speculation, and the most extravagant schemes, as in the days of the South Sea Bubble, found ready support; dupes could be found to support any project, whether it were to dive to the ocean's depths for lost treasure, or the erection of a bridge from Gibraltar to the coast of Africa. The inevitable crash which succeeds these epochs was not long delayed. A system of reaction ensued, which shook the most solvent establishments. Bankruptcy after bankruptcy was announced, where positive capital was supposed to abound superior to any possible demand which the exigency of the case might require; a panic, unparalleled in the commercial world, pervaded every department; confidence was wholly annihilated, and the leaning question throughout the whole trading community was, not how much business could be done, but how little.

Enshrined, however, within the precincts of his palatial Cottage at Windsor, the King appeared to take little or no interest in the public or political affairs of the nation. The people heard of him taking his rides, attended with his usual cortege, and his favorite outrider, Hudson, casting his eyes into every brake or thicket to ascertain if some prying, inquisitive intruder, some "peeping Tom," had not there concealed himself to catch a glimpse of the sacred person of royalty. The extent to which this kind of espionage was carried, by the express command of an English King, would lead us to believe that, like some Dionysius

or Nero of old, he expected to see an assassin in every bush, or some seventh bullet, winged with death, shot from some deep recess in revenge for his misdoings. The green rides of Windsor Park, when it was known that the King was out, were completely forbidden ground. The park-keepers were abroad in all directions, invested with the royal mandate to let no human being be seen within the range of the vision of royalty. The Sandpit Gate Lodge was one of the favorite halting places of His Majesty, and where, seated in his pony-chaise, with his favorite cockatoo on his arm, he enjoyed his glass of cherry gin, which was always kept in preparation for him. It was at this place that the King kept his menagerie, from which all beasts of a ferocious kind were excluded, and to which access was most readily and politely allowed, excepting on certain days in the week, when all visitors were prohibited on account of the expected presence of the King. It was one of those days, when the King was actually in one of the parks of the menagerie, admiring his interesting group of kangaroos, that a lady presented herself at the gate, requesting permission to inspect the collection of birds, of which, particularly the peacocks, they were the most beautiful specimens of the kind in the kingdom. The lady was refused admittance on the ground that the King himself was then in the menagerie, and, of course, his commands could not be disobeyed. The lady requested as a favor that His Majesty might be informed of her anxious wish to inspect the menagerie, conceiving, from his proverbial politeness and attention to the female sex, that he would not hesitate to accede to her request. The message was conveyed to him, who put several questions as to the supposed rank and condition of the curious lady, to all of which no decisive answer could be given; and the King gave some directions respecting the improvements which were then in agitation in various parts of the menagerie.

At last, turning round to the attendant who had brought him the message from the lady, he asked, "Is the lady beautiful?" "Extremely beautiful," was the answer. It was decisive. His love of female beauty got the better of his pride and dignity, and he issued his commands for the immediate admission of the fair visitant. He was in the house, inspecting his giraffe, when the lady made her appearance at one of the outer gates, but the King no sooner caught a glimpse of her person than he ordered her to be detained until he had taken his departure, and he hurried to his pony chaise, and drove towards the castle. This lady had been long one of his most acknowledged favorites, and had married a most deserving and amiable officer.

With the year 1823-24 the King discontinued his visits to Brighton, and took up his residence at the Cottage, in Windsor Park. In the former year he held his first Court at Windsor Castle, and £300,000 was voted by Parliament for the repairs and embellishments of that splendid edifice. His retirement from Brighton has been attributed to various causes; but the most authentic is a deep resentment which he felt at some personal affront which was given to the lady steward by some of the inhabitants of the town, and which he considered as almost given to himself. In fact, the extraordinary ascendancy which Lady Conyngham had obtained over the royal mind was now so apparent in all his actions that he may literally be said to be a king governed by one subject, and that subject more influential and powerful in her authority than the first minister of the state.

The royal amusements of the Cottage partook of all the elegant refinements which distinguished the latter part of the King's life. Virginia Water, with its picturesque scenery of forest, lake, cascade, and landscape garden, was one of the King's most favorite retreats. Here, under his own superintendence, he caused a fishing temple to be erected

and another in the Chinese style, which now stand, in their desolate beauty, the monuments of his eccentric taste and his expensive habits. With the substantial glory of Windsor Castle towering in the distance, and the poetical associations of the forest in the vicinity, some surprise may be expressed at the inharmonious introduction of these fantastical buildings amidst the natural luxuriance of the spot. Aquatic excursions were his favorite amusement in the summer months; and his superb yacht, freighted with royalty and noble and ignoble beauty, upon—with one exception—the finest artificial water in the kingdom, must, indeed, have been a voluptuous scene. Temporary pavilions, marquees, etc., were, on such occasions, put up with magic celerity; whilst music, with its silver sounds, floated on the surface of the lake, or sighed with the breeze through the surrounding foliage, the royal band being a constant accompaniment in the lake excursion. Such a species of splendid seclusion might well win the sovereign from the cares of state and political perplexities; but still there was something in that seclusion so decidedly anti-national, so openly at variance with what the English people have a right to expect from their sovereign, that their murmurs began to be expressed in no very measured language, and which, had not his feelings been well cauterized by an habitual contempt of public opinion, would have often interrupted his voluptuous moments by a solemn warning as to the consequences which have often befallen royalty from a neglect of its political and national duties.

To the contemplative observer the view of Virginia Water is an object of the most serious reflection, and of reminiscences which carry him back to the days of its glory and its pride, when all that art could accomplish was lavishly expended to render it a fairy scene, such as some great magician would raise by his potent wand to give to mortals a foretaste of a heavenly paradise; and now

to view it—hushed are the sounds which floated around it in silvery sweetness, filling the heart and soul with those ecstatic feelings which bring humanity into closer connection with the Deity—desolate are the halls which once rang with revelry, and where the eye of female beauty shot its glances around in all their bewitching pride, in all the mastery of their resistless power—where the silken flag of royalty once waved over the stillness of the waters—now glides the lonely water fowl, fearless of intrusion, or the annoyance of man. The contemplatist may now sit where royalty once sat in its exclusive dignity, and which, in a few years, was to be spoken of as some passing wonder, and to be forgotten to make room for the deeds and actions of his successor. The plans and edifices of monarchs crumble into dust, and posterity can scarcely point out the site where they stood; a few more years, and the fantastic erections of Virginia Water will be razed to the ground, and the pencil of the artist alone will tell that ever they existed.*

We cannot be accused of being the panegyrists of royalty; but in the spirit of impartiality we must admit that ever and anon some action springs forth which throws a redeeming shade over many previous errors, and, perhaps, there is no one which imparts a greater lustre to the character of George IV as the *patron of genius* than his *munificent gift* towards the erection of a monument to the memory of James Watt. The incident may appear at the first view as trifling in itself; but a meeting called for the purpose of the erection of a monument to a great benefactor of the human race is worthy of the most civilized nations.

It was on Friday, the 18th of June, 1824, that a public meeting was held, at which the Earl of Liverpool presided, supported by such men as Brougham, Mackintosh, and Wilberforce, for the purpose of entering into a subscription

* Huish.

to defray the expenses of the erection of a monument to the memory of the father of the steam engine. The speech of Lord Liverpool was such as might have been expected from so great and enlightened a mind; and he concluded his speech by observing that George IV had charged him to inform the meeting that he was deeply sensible of the services that had been rendered to Great Britain by him "to whose memory we are about, as I informed you at first, to offer the tribute of our respect and gratitude. His Majesty is anxiously desirous of having his name placed at the head of the proposed subscription for the sum of five hundred pounds." Five hundred pounds manifest for the memory of Watts, and £5,000 for a necklace for his mistress!

Let the parasites of the King look at *this* picture, and then at *that*, which, in the plenitude of their folly and their ignorance, they have attempted to draw of him. The sovereign of a country, which reckons at present more than 100,000,000 of subjects, confers an additional grandeur upon his empire by making amends for a long forgetfulness, and with a true dignity of mind conferring such honor on the productive labors of one of the modest children of industry. This example is worthy to serve as a model to the honors that the sovereigns of other nations may, perhaps, hereafter offer to the memory of those of their subjects who have enjoyed no other social distinctions than the benefits they have conferred by their genius upon society. What a truly royal gift—500 pounds!

But, after all, England as a country is a paradox—noble and great in some things, mean and insignificant in others. Where, after all, is the monument of Watt? The ashes of Garrick, the actor, who conferred no lasting benefit upon his country, are deposited within the sacred walls of Westminster, while the ashes of Watt, the great benefactor of his race, are committed to an obscure corner of some unknown churchyard. England, where is thy shame?

The country, at the commencement of the year 1825, presented a high degree of internal prosperity. The Parliament was opened by commission on the 3d of February, and two important points of the speech became the immediate subjects of discussion; these were the recognition of the South American States separated from Spain, and the affairs of Ireland. An association had been formed for the avowed purposes of agitation and self-defence by influential Catholics, to oppose themselves to those combinations of power and wealth known by the name of Orange Lodges. The ministry, with strict impartiality, brought in a bill to put down all associations, and to render meetings for political purposes, under certain modifications, illegal. The authority of Parliament was instantly obeyed by the Catholic association, and it expired; but the new law was succeeded by a new association, modelled expressly to meet its provisions; and thus qualified, the Catholics continued to assemble, and the association, by its influence, and by the sums which it levied, became a powerful engine either for good or mischief, according as it was directed. A bill for the settlement of the question passed through the earlier stages in the House of Commons; but the unqualified declaration of the Duke of York, as heir presumptive, in the House of Lords, his conviction of its illegality, and his determined opposition, in a conscientious point of view, produced such a sensation that the bill was lost.

George IV was then upon the throne, so that he could decorate his palaces, adorn his apartments, lavish his thousands upon baubles, *angle* for roach and dace in Virginia Water by the side of his *angelic* marchioness, cared little or nothing for the corruption of his Parliament, nor the manner in which the resources of the country were lavished away. Immured within his apartments at Windsor Castle, the English people knew nothing of their sovereign, with the exception that he was still in existence, and that the

functions of the executive were performed in the usual order and regularity. The *Court Circular*, that vehicle of mawkish insipidity, informed the British public, *with its usual accuracy*, of the exact time when the King sallied forth from St. George's Gate at Windsor to recreate his royal person on the green drives of Windsor Park, and the fairy scenery of Virginia Water.

The hisses, shoutings, groans, and missiles, which occasionally assailed the King while in the discharge of his public duty, taught him to estimate correctly the hollowness of those tokens of popular approbation which attended him on occasions which he must have known deserved them less than those which had been visited by the popular indignation. He was a dutiful and affectionate son to his mother; but between his father and himself existed a mutual jealousy, which was often heated to distrust and dislike. His friends were chosen for their accomplishments and banished for their opinions. His family he regarded with pride, and had a very strong sense of the honor of their name, and the dignity of their station. An insult to his family he declared himself incapable of forgiving; yet with one brother he had long since ceased to live on terms of fraternal amity, and postponed the reunion to the precarious chance of a death-bed reconciliation. His passions were strong; their victims not a few; his attachments were lightly made and lightly relinquished; caprice and novelty often directed the disposal of the imperial handkerchief. To one attachment he was steady—his idea of pleasure was sensual, notwithstanding the refinement of his mind. Into one great engagement he entered from the most unworthy motives, and discharged himself from the performance of its duties in the most abandoned manner. No conduct on the part of Caroline could justify the indiscreet selection of her for a partner, nor the behavior adopted towards her afterwards. The most fatal conse-

quences to the whole nation, in its morality, in the tenderest points of domestic happiness, have been the result of that depraved contempt of the most solemn of the religious ceremonies, the most important of civil engagements. To both sides the strongest blame is imputable, but to the subject of the present memoir, as a man and a prince, the greatest portion of the censure is due. The King was totally unacquainted with the value of money, and shamefully careless of the interests of those from whom he withheld it. His lavish expenditure continued to his last hour; nor did he, as is generally the case, gather wisdom from experience. His tastes were magnificent, and their gratification costly to the kingdom. Had he lived at a period when the national wealth had a real existence, and was something more than the shadow of an enormous debt, his grandeur and his expensive habits would have been a blessing to the nation; but, in the state in which he found the country, every shilling should have been husbanded, and whatever may be allowed for national honor and royal magnificence, honesty and the discharge of engagements are as incumbent on the mighty as the mean. In his personal habits George IV was the very reverse of his father. He indulged in the luxuries of the table, was fond of wine, and had a strong taste for animal enjoyment. His robust constitution was not strengthened, nor was his corpulent habit subdued by exercise. Walking was actual fatigue; everything around him breathed of luxury. He was condescending and affable to his servants, but he maintained the keenest sense of personal dignity; no liberty could be taken with impunity. If the lion played with the dog, the dog was not permitted to forget that his playmate was the lion. A well-informed contemporary truly remarks that the King was particular almost to fastidiousness about the manners of those who surrounded his person. He who forgot for a moment that his patient was a King, or presumed to carry the familiarity

of private life within the precincts of the palace, was sure to lose the royal favor. This was spoken of his physicians, but might be applied with equal truth to everyone who approached the person of the King. Indolence was another striking point of the King's character at an advanced period of life; indeed, at no time of it was he ever fond of personal exertion. These may be called the errors and blemishes of his character, and perhaps, with all the frailty of humanity, these are as few in number as generally fall to the lot of human beings, especially where unlimited means of indulgence inflame the passions, and increase of appetite may be allowed to grow with what it feeds on.

On the 21st of November, 1826, the King went in state to open the new Parliament, which had been assembled by proclamation on the 14th, and so long a space had elapsed since his appearance in public, and so little was known of the private life of the King in his retirement, that the most intense curiosity existed to behold him in his progress to the House of Lords on this occasion. The coronation robes once more adorned the person of royalty, and, with a black hat and white feathers, the appearance of the sovereign commanded respect and admiration. Still, on the part of the people, there was wanting that ebullition of joy and delight on beholding their sovereign among them which is generally testified when a king is in the performance of a great national duty.

The principal events of the year 1827 were the deaths of the Duke of York and George Canning, one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of genius which illuminated the reign of George IV. And here let us consider how much claim this monarch had to share any renown which the English nation enjoyed during his regency and reign.

If during the reign of a given king events have taken place which are deemed "glorious," the reign itself is mis-called "glorious," and, by a natural transition, the epithet

is applied to the monarch ; whereas, at the very moment of their occurrence, he was perhaps employing himself in his splendid palaces with viewing his painted brass pans, or frightening the swans and geese upon his fish ponds with the clamor and uproar of his drums and cymbals. If all this be mere matter of formal observance no harm can be considered to arise from it ; but if, as is too often the case, persons be really led to believe that the character of the King is affected by the events happening during his reign, which events he in no way contributed to bring about, then a serious evil does flow from this absurd application of epithets. It may and does happen that, in the reign of a monarch essentially stupid and vicious, many acts are performed, many discoveries made, which conduce greatly to the welfare of the country he governs. If, in spite of his own vicious conduct, the monarch may come to be considered worthy of admiration in consequence of these beneficial acts and discoveries, our notions of right and wrong are perverted—a false and fictitious standard of morality is set up. It is requisite, therefore, completely to separate the acts in which the monarch took a part from those in which he had no share, and to judge him solely by the former class. Thus during the regency of George IV many proofs were given by the British army of extraordinary valor, and by some of our generals of great military skill ; but, as the King had no share in these achievements, they redound not to his credit, and, personally, no admiration is due to him on that account. In such portions of the planning the campaign, as really resulted from the ministers, the King might have had a part ; there is, however, no evidence of it, neither is there any evidence that the plans, as far as regarded the share of the ministers, deserved any praise. For the conduct of the campaigns, it is plain that no praise is due but to the general and his army. No admiration, for example, is due to George IV that the Duke of Wellington, at Water-

loo, was not completely out-manceuvred by Napoleon, and that the soldiers of the British army, by their unconquerable courage, turned the fate of the day. This victory has no more connection with the consideration, personally, belonging to George IV than has the discovery of the spinning jenny by Arkwright, that of the safety lamp by Davy, the principles of population by Malthus, or that of foreign trade by Ricardo. The King is as completely separated from the military as from the philosophic renown.

Catholic emancipation, which will be cited as an instance of the liberality of the King, is another of those acts which, though happening in his reign, does no honor to himself. The measure itself was a highly beneficial one, and the ministry, by yielding wisely to the pressure of circumstances, deserves a little praise for policy—but for policy alone. So long as the measure could be resisted, it was resisted. When opposition became dangerous, emancipation was granted; the principle then seeming to be, not to do all the good possible, not to advance cheerfully with the people, and even to precede them in improvement, but steadfastly to resist every advance, obstinately to retain every pernicious privilege as long as possible; to yield a benefit only on compulsion. However, whatever be the approbation due, it is well known that the measure was, even by the ministry, forced upon the King, that he was frightened into compliance, and that he never ceased to intrigue against the measure till the bill had actually passed. The share he really did take in the proceeding was little worthy of public approbation.

Leaving, then, aside these various acts in which the King had no share, what, it may be asked, is really attributable to him? The King, for his private satisfaction, prosecuted Caroline; thus, for the purpose of gratifying his selfish desires, setting the whole kingdom in a flame, and outraging all the decencies of social and domestic life. The King,

for the purpose of playing a part in a pageant, got up a coronation at an unparalleled expense; he got up another at Hanover, and then fitted up his yacht with all royal magnificence to astound the unbreeched lairds of Caledonia with the view of the most polished gentleman of Europe.

The King squandered enormous sums in fitting up Carlton House, which was afterwards pulled down. He also expended some hundreds of thousands of pounds in repairing the palace of St. James', which he visited not half a dozen times after. He spent still more in repairing Windsor Castle, which was scarcely fit to receive him before he died; and, lastly, he commenced the building of Buckingham Palace, which he never entered at all.

This statement of childish, yet criminal wastefulness, may yet be increased by a list of sundry changes and grotesque exhibitions of taste at Virginia Water; not to mention the expenditure entailed upon the nation by the costly household military establishment—by the maintenance of the establishment of the "Lady Steward"—the decorations of his apartments, which occupied such portion of the royal attention as was not devoted to the more arduous task of adorning his palaces and cottages, laying out and stocking his fish ponds, and other such frivolous considerations, so little worthy of the attention of the sovereign of the greatest and most civilized nation of the world.

The political relations of the country at the close of the year 1827 presented nothing of a cheering aspect. The inefficient ministry succeeding the death of Mr. Canning did not long struggle with its difficulties, but died a natural death in the beginning of the following year. The King, again abandoned, was like a ship at sea without a rudder or a pilot. His retired habits, his luxurious mode of life, with disease rowing rapidly upon him, unfitted him for the toils of his station, and he therefore looked around him

for some man of decision and competent talent to succeed the vacillating and opposing elements of which the late Cabinet had been constructed. The Duke of Wellington soon marshalled his forces; among whom he reckoned the whole strength of the party who had gone out on Mr. Canning's accession, and some portion of the new power acquired by that gentleman. Lord Lyndhurst became Chancellor in consequence of the retirement of the Earl of Eldon, and Lord Dudley filled the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; with these exceptions, and losing Mr. Canning and Lord Liverpool, the Administration was restored to the same state in which the illness of that nobleman had left it. Some further changes were effected on Mr. Huskisson's resignation, which soon afterwards followed, and on the Duke of Clarence's resignation of the Admiralty.

As George grew old he assumed to be religious.

It becomes a part of our duty to investigate how far George IV was entitled to the real character of a genuine religious man; for we believe we are not singular in the opinion, that persons who are excessively orthodox in their belief, and who vehemently insist that others should be so, ought at least to set the example of a strict and full adherence in acts to the consequences deduced as principles from that belief. It is not enough that in mere formal observances there be conformity to principle, it must extend to the substance of the law; for example, a Church of England Christian should be not only a regular attendant on Church, but also a steady resister of the lusts of the flesh. The first observance, if commanded at all, is almost a matter of indifference; whereas the infringement of the latter is a mortal sin. That piety, therefore, which is confined to the former observance is but a poor apology for religious feelings. To a truly religious mind there is something exceedingly revolting in an outward cant and

pretence to piety ; in a godliness in minute and indifferent matters, and an open breach of the leading doctrines of religion, with pretended fervor on our lips, and super-sublimated piety of comportment. Louis XIV, surrounded by a host of mistresses and illegitimate offspring, listening with every symptom of devotion to the ascetic discourse of Bourdaloue or Massillon, and fasting according to the law, exhibits no very edifying example of piety. Neither did the prelate, who reprimanded the King's grand-daughter for appearing at mass in anything but a full dress, betray any very exalted opinion of his mission.

The following picture of another Court is so pertinent, we cannot forbear inserting it :

Louis, the pattern of kings, lived (it is a Court phrase) with the woman Montespan, with the girl Lavalère, and with all the girls which it was his desire to abduct from their husbands or their relations. It was the time of good manners and of religion, and he took the sacrament every day. His mistress entered by the same door at night, and his confessor in the morning ; there Henry did penance between his courtesans and his monks—these were the manners and religion of the good old times.

Huish, in commenting upon the literary character of George IV, relates the following, which recalls the recollection of the late suicide of an American clergyman, who was led into indiscretion for his love of books. "Have you never heard of the Marquis Tacconi, of Naples, Grand Treasurer of the Crown, a great lover of books, and my most particular friend, who has just been sent to the galleys ? His rental was 100,000 livres, and he committed several forgeries to enable him to buy books, at the same time that he never reads. His magnificent library belongs more to me than to him, but still I am very sorry for his fate. Tell me, however, could you believe that the bibliomaniac rage could carry a man so far ?"

There was one taste of the late King which may be correctly said to be an elegant taste, viz., his supposed love of painting. The disposition of his mind, the class and character of his ideas, were here evinced in a no less remarkable manner than in his debasing amusements. As is well known to everyone, the beauties of the art may be, and are usually, divided into two distinct classes: first, such as result from the depicting scenes whose interest depends upon moral causes; and, second, such as result from a correct imitation of mere physical objects. To the first class belong all the grand conceptions of the art—conceptions which make its professors often, for intellectual power, take a rank with the leading minds which from time to time elevate and do honor to our species. They who take delight in the works of these men, they who do so, not from fashion but from a thorough understanding of the high intellectual characteristics which distinguish them, are and must be themselves, *pro tanto*, men of cultivated and exalted tastes. The second portion of the art may again be, and is usually, subdivided; and there is another portion of this division which is no way, or very slightly, connected with human emotions, or, if connected with them, it is with those of the least elevated description. Such, for example, are those exquisite imitations by the Dutch painters of brass pans, large cabbages, glasses of wine and beer, or the light of a candle. Such, to make one step higher in the art, are drinking, dancing, and amorous boors. It is well known that the pleasure which George IV took in painting was in some degree confined to an admiration of this class. His collection of the Dutch masters chiefly occupied such portion of his attention as was bestowed upon painting. His painted brass pans are the best in the world; in fact, in the vulgar walks of the art, he is reported to have had the best collection in this country.

Let us, however, penetrate into his boudoir—that *sanctum sanctorum* in which voluptuousness was dominant, in which the jaded senses, no longer able to enjoy the reality, feasted themselves on the representation, but from which modesty would have veiled her face and decency have shrunk abashed. Where are now those matchless gems, so styled, those *chef-d'œuvres* of the British pencil, the merit of which lay in the greater or less degree in which the voluptuousness of the female form could be exhibited? Where is that once celebrated painting on which he gloated, which, in the years of his senility, reminded him of *what he once was*, and which he deemed cheaply bought at the price of a thousand guineas, and to obtain which a certain artist, not a hundred miles from the Adelphi, gave one hundred guineas to a particular female belonging to the Opera House to sit before him *in paribus naturæ*? Who will panegyricize the taste of that individual as *chaste and pure* who could send his agent to the sale of Sir Mark Sykes' *extraordinary* collection, with a *carte blanche* to purchase, at *any* amount, that rare engraving, of which there is only one in the world, as the first impression was no sooner taken off than the plate was destroyed? It has been hinted to us into whose hands these precious relics of a sovereign's taste have fallen, not by any presumptive right or bequest, but by a very apt method peculiar to certain people of appropriating to themselves what does not belong to them, and which, if falling into the possession of others, would carry with them the conviction of their own shame and infamy.

George IV was a man of most refined, the most exquisite taste, but let it not be whispered by any that his Majesty had a building taste and a dressing taste; let Buckingham House be passed by as if it were a spectre, with a little Nash squatting on the cupola, laughing at the gullibility of the English people—let no one say that there is a

pavilion at Brighton with a harem at one end and a chapel at the other—let no one speak of the Chinese Temple of Virginia Water, or the Chinese Bridge over the stagnant moat of St. James' Park—let every one forget the Guards, and be particularly silent as to the Tenth—let all bury in oblivion those numerous and important orders issuing from the Horse Guards, to determine the position of a button, the adjustment of a sash, or the color of a facing. We say in charity, and in the true spirit of royalty, let no one speak of these things.

Such was the man whose manners, according to the Duke of Wellington, received a polish, whose understanding acquired a degree of cultivation almost unknown to any individual, and who was admitted by all to be the most accomplished man of his age. This most accomplished man of his age could not write his own language correctly; he, whose understanding was cultivated beyond that of all other men, never said, wrote, nor did a single thing which, as a proof of intellectual power, would entitle him to rank above the poorest dabbler in wit, science, or literature.

Let us look through the late King's life, in his public and private character; take every, or any, act well authenticated as his, and then let the question be asked, how many men in this country could do and have done things immeasurably superior, and with means in their hands which stand in the ratio of one to a thousand? Is he to be lauded as the most cultivated man of his age, whose whole life must actually be ransacked to find even one act evincing mental power, and that, too, when the world teems with men whose whole lives has been a series of long uninterrupted efforts of intellectual labor; who day after day have added to the stock of human knowledge, and have rendered service to human nature? We do not mean to say that he should have outvied Charles V of Spain in clock-making, Peter I of Russia in ship-building, the late King of Naples in invent-

ing traps for game, or his own illustrious father in turnery and button-making; but we boldly ask, in what grade of comparison he is to be placed, so as to entitle him, according to the dictum of my Grace of Wellington, to the most accomplished man of his age? Shall we look back and compare him, as to a cultivated mind, even with his own political associates; those great and darling master spirits who shone as a halo around him, and from whose society no one but the consummate blockhead, the mere mass of impenetrable granite, would have emerged, without having stored up a fund of the most profound practical and theoretical knowledge? Where is the man who, placing him by the side of Burke, does not behold the royal compeer shrink to the dimensions of a pigmy? Who can view him in the society of that man as his intimate associate, and who in intellectual capacity shines in the annals of his country as one of its proudest ornaments, that does not feel how low and insignificant the royal scion appears in comparison with the humble plebeian? Can we liken George IV to Fox or Sheridan—those unquenchable luminaries of the intellectual world; men with whom he passed the wild and dissolute hours of his youth, but from whose lips shot forth the genius of the human character, redolent with wit, wisdom, and learning? and we may perhaps be censured for mentioning the following name—dear to genius and to knowledge—but did not Hume live within his day? a name, it is true, which sounds as dissonance to the orthodox, but it will live and increase in repute and veneration in proportion as human intellect advances; and his tomb, situated on one of the proudest sites of Scotia, will be visited as holding the ashes of a man who, having penetrated into the arcana of truth, dared, and nobly dared, to divulge them. To descend from the high estate of talent and of genius, let us go to something even below the ordinary level. Louis XVI and Louis XVIII were both far the superiors

of George IV in every portion of their education; and their tastes, particularly those of Louis XVI, were for the most part the tastes of educated men. To make the assertion of the Duke of Wellington still more ridiculous, let us take as a comparison a man of high rank, brought up in dangerous indulgences, in the enjoyment of wealth and without a ruler—one of dissolute and idle habits—let us, in short, take Lord Byron, and place him beside the King, to be judged as to the cultivation of his mind; in what single circumstance could the King claim superiority? Change their situations; make Byron the King, and the King a peer; and who is there that does not see that his late Majesty would have been undistinguished from the herd of right honorable mediocrity, while Byron for mental power would have stood almost alone in the world's annals of kingship? But it may be said, this is not what is meant by a cultivated mind—neither knowledge nor intellectual power is intended; but, if not, are we to understand by it a power acquired by care over our desires, a good government, in short, of ourselves in life, obtained by watchfulness and training? A review of the King's career at once proves that no such meaning could have been in the speaker's thoughts. Truly polished manners cannot be supposed to be the cultivated understanding spoken of, for these are expressly added in the list of advantages. Let us cut the matter short at once, and avow that the Duke, determined to eulogize, let his imagination get the better of his judgment, and throughout was more solicitous of making flattering than correct assertions.

It may possibly be objected that the whole of the above observations respecting the private character of the late King, and the mode throughout in forming our estimation, have been based upon an incorrect principle. It might be said that, to take isolated transactions—transactions happening at long intervals of time, and on them to form an

estimate which includes the whole of a character—is to pursue an unfair and deceptive method; that a character can only be, in fact, correctly estimated upon a contemplation of the whole of a man's acts, and that any one formed upon consideration of less than the whole must be erroneous. That, for example, in the case of the King, allowing the acts deduced to be far from praiseworthy, it may have happened that the intervals of time between them may have been passed in the most exemplary and meritorious manner, and, consequently, it may be asserted that the impression likely to be left on the mind of the reader by our observations would be wholly incorrect.*

The private life of the King was now as little eventful as the functions of his state were varied. He showed himself to a few thousands of his subjects at Ascot Heath races, and the public heard now and then of the removal of the royal person from Windsor Castle to the Royal Lodge, and from the Royal Lodge to Windsor Castle.

The palaces! the palaces! however, still continued to engage a great portion of the royal attention. The scene of his early vices, every stone of which, if gifted with the power of speech, could "blazon to the world some strange and monstrous deed," was razed to the ground; and Carlton House, which, in its decorations and improvements, has absorbed a million of the people's money, stands no longer obtrusive to the view, the monument of the misdeeds of a dissolute and profligate prince. The Palace of St. James was sometimes still used on state occasions, but George IV never made it his place of residence. Kew was in ruins, Buckingham House was pulled down, and chosen (a proof of exquisite taste) as the site of of a new and splendid mansion, fitted for the residence of England's King. Windsor, however, was the grand scene of the royal rage for building, alteration, and improvement; one week we hear

* Huish.

of His Majesty being driven by the workmen from Windsor Castle to the Royal Cottage; and the next week some vagary started into the royal mind, and the workmen at the Royal Cottage drove him back to Windsor Castle. The royal out-of-door amusements consisted of sailing and fishing in Virginia Water; but from this species of recreation he was ultimately restricted by his physicians, on account of the injury which his health might sustain from the insalubrity of the place. In his now secluded state he enjoyed the lighter literature of the day, and the reading of the drama was a favorite amusement. The latter circumstance led to the introduction of Miss Chester into his establishment as *reader* to His Majesty. It was at the theatre where the graces of the lovely actress attracted the notice of royalty, and he made his *penchant* known through the means of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who was at that time engaged in taking the portrait of the lady as well as His Majesty. A meeting was soon obtained, and a kind of excuse was adopted to have Miss Chester near his person; a dexterous one of appointing her "private reader" was adopted, and a salary of £600 per annum allowed. Thus was Miss Chester placed on the royal establishment, and her name emblazoned in the "Red Book."

Occasional attacks of illness now disturbed the seclusion of the King, while they offered an inducement to its continuance. The people, indeed, had been long inured to the loss of the King's presence, but they could not be brought to reconcile themselves to doubts and difficulties concerning his health, and even his existence. There was another cause of anxiety—trade, which had begun to revive, was almost suspended in apprehension of the royal demise. The usual impulse to the works of dress and fancy, which is given by the approach of spring, was opposed by the idea that taste and fancy would not long be allowed to prevail in dress, but that one suit of sable was about to endue the land.

Notwithstanding the extreme secrecy which was observed by the whole establishment of Windsor Castle, it was generally known that the King was afflicted with a serious illness, but of the exact nature of it no particulars ever transpired until after his death. There is some reason to suppose that His Majesty's medical advisers were aware of the nature of the disorder as early as January, 1830, and had determined it to be an inflammatory dropsy.

In the beginning of March it was stated that His Majesty took exercise every day for three hours in the Great Park, Windsor, by driving himself in his pony phaeton to inspect the Royal Lodge improvements, in which it was his intention to take up his abode on the 1st of June; but so short sighted is human life in regard to the future, that on the 1st of June he was on his death bed. The exercise was probably recommended by His Majesty's physicians as the best means of retarding the progress of the disease.

Towards the end of March His Majesty discontinued his excursions, and it was announced that he had caught a slight cold, which was probably only a symptom of a disease which continues long on the constitution, and is sometimes imperceptible even to the most acute physician. Yet it can hardly be supposed that his illness arose from this cause, although colds do frequently lay the foundation of dropsy. At this time he was confined for a short period to his bedchamber, but he was soon able to meet his distinguished visitors at the social table. About this period, also, he lost one of the oldest and most attached of his attendants, Sir Edmund Nagle—a loss which, added to the increase of his other infirmities, he severely felt.

On the last few days of March the airings in the Park were resumed, and it was announced that the King would leave the Castle for London on the 21st or 22d of April, to reside for five weeks at St. James'.

In the beginning of April the visits of one of the King's

physicians to the Castle were generally noticed; but as they were not of such frequency nor haste as to cause any suspicion of immediate danger, the public forgot that there are some maladies, which, though slow in their operation, are far more dangerous than the most acute diseases. In well informed quarters the nature of the malady had been understood before, though a certain delicacy towards him prevented the announcement of it in the daily newspapers; but receipts for the cure of asthma and dropsy became very numerous in the public prints, even at an earlier period.

The first severe attack of the King appears to have been a spasmodic affection of the bowels, attended with a slight hiccup. The proper methods of cure were applied, and, with the view of allaying the fears and suspicions of the people, preparations were made to hold a levee and birthday Court at St. James'; and on the seventh of April he held a Court at Windsor, but it was well known that no real intention ever existed of holding the Court at St. James'.

On the 8th of April, in company with the Lord Steward, he rode out in his pony phaeton, with several of his attendants in another vehicle. On Monday, the 12th, he again rode out, and for the last time; he returned to his Castle, never to leave it again but as the tenant of a coffin. During the night of the 12th his illness increased, and his physician, according to his usual practice in such cases, slept at the Castle. He left in the morning, but again returned on Tuesday evening. He again went to town on Wednesday morning, but returned to Windsor; and, as his illness still increased, he sent for Sir Matthew Tierney at an early hour on Thursday morning; they immediately held a consultation, and issued the first bulletin a few minutes before one on Thursday, the 15th. The bulletin was as follows:

“WINDSOR CASTLE, *April 15.*”

We regret to state that the King has had a bilious attack, accompanied by an embarrassment in breathing. His Majesty, although free from fever, is languid and weak.”

This bulletin gave rise to many criticisms, and it must be apparent that either the King himself was ignorant of the nature of his disease, and that his physicians wished to keep him so, or that his physicians were themselves, in his case, ignorant of the nature of a disease whose diagnosis is never very difficult; the former supposition is infinitely the more probable of the two. The bulletin was addressed partly to the King himself, and partly to the public; it gave the latter to understand that their sovereign was in danger, while it did not inform His Majesty of what none of his subjects could have desired him to be informed of—that his doom was sealed, and that a few months must terminate his career on earth. To look on certain death for days before hand is, perhaps, the bitterest part of a criminal's sufferings; but surely no one would have inflicted that torture on royalty for months. We never disputed the firmness, physically speaking, of George IV, but this would have been putting it to an unnecessary ordeal.

His sufferings at this period were intense, his groans could be heard by the sentinels upon the quadrangle, at a great distance from the couch of anguish. On Sunday night it was thought necessary that both physicians should remain in attendance on the King, principally for the purpose of issuing a joint bulletin on Monday morning. In regard to this and the other bulletins that were issued, although they may be considered as historical documents, yet we must refrain from inserting them, especially as their great object was to deceive the people as to the real state of his malady. Perhaps in no case of a royal malady were the bulletins so remarkable for their obscurity; and although the final result might have been early predicted with toler-

able accuracy, yet this source of information was closed against the people, and many interests suffered from this unusual and unnecessary ambiguity.

The death-bed scene of a monarch is one of the most impressive lessons that humanity can be taught. It shows the nothingness—the emptiness of earthly grandeur; and that a king, after all, is nothing more than a mere human being, subject to a common destiny, as the meanest beggar of the country. Let us view George IV, in the most splendid palace of the Kings of England, surrounded by elegance and luxuries unknown to his predecessors, lying on his couch of anguish. A life of prosperity was near its close; the poisonous dregs of the cup of pleasure “gnawed his inwards;” the authority of the monarch could not exalt the voice of weakness; the glance of the triumphant opponent of a world in arms could not repel the approach of the last enemy; the powers of a rarely equalled constitution were exhausted; the “mould of form” was pressed out of its fair proportions by pain and decay; the features of beauty were no longer enlightened with the glow of health and the beam of intellect. A poor old man, the wreck of a fine person, loaded with more than the infirmity of age and sickness, he was an object of painful contemplation to his attendants. The offices of duty, which men in humble stations claim from friends and relatives, and which are offered with love and pity, were performed by persons paid to offer them, and whose nearest affections sprung from their own self-interest. This is one of the penalties which the frailty of human nature exacts from greatness. If at any moment the king can be an object of curiosity to the philosopher, it is in the moment of death. George IV had long been the envy of his people; how different were the feelings which the scene we are now about to describe was calculated to excite!

In the course of Friday evening, the 25th, before nine

o'clock, the physicians intimated to the royal patient their inability to give him further relief, and their opinion that his last moments were rapidly approaching. To this communication he replied, "God's will be done;" and in a few moments after he asked, "Where is Chichester?" The Bishop of Chichester was instantly summoned to the royal chamber, and at his hands the dying sovereign received the sacrament. During the administration of this rite he was much less troubled by the cough than he had previously been. The crisis was now approaching.

The King was in bed when the stroke of death fell upon him. The page next to him instantly proceeded to raise him, according to the motion which he signified by his finger. The King was at once assisted to his chair, and a great alteration overcast the royal countenance; the King's eyes became fixed, his lips quivered, and he appeared to be sinking into a fainting fit. The physicians were instantly sent for, and the attendants at once assisted the King with *sal volatile*, *eau de Cologne*, and such other stimulants as were at hand on the table. At this moment he attempted to raise his hand to his breast, faintly ejaculating, "Oh, God! *I am dying;*" and, after two or three seconds of time, he uttered the following words, which were his last: "THIS IS DEATH!" his expiring condition barely enabling him to announce the fatal sensation so as to be heard by the page, on whose shoulder his head had fallen. He died exactly at thirteen minutes past three o'clock on Saturday morning; and, from the moment of his dying exclamation, his dissolution came on so quietly and so gradually that the physicians had some difficulty in ascertaining precisely at what moment he ceased to exist. In the meantime the Bishop of Chichester, and all the principal members of the royal household, with the pages in immediate attendance, were called in, and in their presence, without the slightest indication of suffering, George Guelph calmly expired.

All that is mortal of the subject of these memoirs lies in the grand mausoleum built by George III, expressly appropriated for royalty. He who in life could occupy numberless palaces, adorned with treasures of art and wealth, must now become the tenant of a melancholy vault, subject to the same laws of loathsome decay as the meanest beggar of his kingdom. We have traced the private career of this proud monarch from the cradle to the tomb, beyond whose portals he has long since gone to render his account at that tribunal before which all men must once appear.

We can anticipate the censure we shall incur in certain quarters for this public exposition of the vices of royalty; but exacting history demands the truth, damaging as it may be, and fall who may. The spirit of modern inquiry is aroused, and "woe be to the country or the crown when the truth shall be stifled, or when the only voice heard is that of flattery."

Greville, in his graphic language, says: "There have been good and wise kings, but not many; take them one with another, they are an ordinary set, but George the Fourth is the worst I have ever known." But there is little reason to fear the reign of another with such a record. "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small;" the power of monarchs is becoming less and less circumscribed under the advancing liberalism of the age. The press, the universal schoolmaster, is abroad in England; no hamlet so obscure, no cottage so poor, but what it penetrates. The ploughman, the artisan and mechanic, in the intervals of their labor, read and reflect. Why must we sweat and toil that nobles and princes may fatten upon our labor? We want not anarchy nor revolutions; we only want *our rights*. What claim has the nobility upon our earnings? If they are unable to support their dignity from their own resources, then let them appear in their proper characters as *titled beggars*; if they cannot support them-

selves by useful services, then let them descend from their fictitious rank and assume a lower station, for there is no true dignity that is not founded in justice."

Thus, underlying the surface of English society, are slowly forming the elements of the coming bloodless revolution, when public opinion, in its own good time, will culminate in the majesty of power, and proclaim *the people King*.

My American countrymen, are there not lessons for us in the record of these pages? Our legislation is not so perfect but what it may benefit by heeding the errors of those great powers which were old in age before our Republic had an existence.

When our rulers become demoralized in their private lives, when our legislators frame laws that oppress the people, or when *might* seeks to conquer *right*, then will our ship of state stand in danger of wrecking upon those dangerous rocks and shoals upon which have stranded the rule and power of nations of the past.

APPENDIX.

THE following extracts are taken from Chartist Documents placed in the hands of Mr. Banvard during his residence in England. Other extracts pertinent to the arguments advanced in the *Private Life of a King*, are embodied in the preceding pages. It will be remembered by the American readers that the estimates are calculated to about the period of 1842-43.

In justice to the British Government it may be stated that a few of the abuses of that time have subsequently been modified, but the great grievance, *aristocratic taxation*, yet burdens the toiling millions and keeps them ground into the dust of poverty. Here let us add that all legislation in all lands, be they republican or monarchical, should be in the interests of the laboring classes, and especially should the laws of taxation be such as to press upon them lightly. The general well being of society is of far more consequence to the laborer than to the man of wealth, for he has no accumulated savings or hoarded gold to fall back upon for support in times of commercial panic and distress. The strictures we make upon Monarchical Governments are not given for any incendiary purpose, or with the intent to widen the breach already existing between the upper and lower classes of society. Much rather would we heal these differences, but which we are assured can never be accomplished until the wrongs of the masses are redressed, when their just rights as human beings are admitted and they are privileged to enjoy more of the benefits accruing from the wealth created by their labor, now taxed to a fearful amount that titled nobility may live in luxurious splendor:

THE BLACK BOOK OF THE CHARTISTS.

The foundation of all our political abuses in Church and State lies in the abuses of our representative system, and the narrowness of its basis.

It is one of the "cants" of the day, that we are governed by "Queen, Lords, and Commons." But if we look into the truth of the matter we find that we are governed simply by an Aristocracy, who uses the monarch as their puppet, and the people as their spoil.

The landed aristocracy have the exclusive possession of the legislature; and Lord John Russell has not scrupled to affirm that the Reform Bill was so devised "*as to secure the preponderance of the landed interest in Parliament.*"

We cannot have any law amended, bread untaxed, the pressure on labor lightened, the beggarliest instalments of justice conceded, without almost

going down upon our knees and "petitioning" these landed gentry to do us justice.

After all, the object of government is a very simple affair. It is—protection of the people, by a union of the people. All are shareholders in this great company of citizens; all have an equal interest in its prosperity; and all ought to be equally represented in it, as in other joint stock companies of far less importance.

But see how things are now contrived! The Aristocracy have got into their hands the entire management of the government; and as they find it works exceedingly well for them, they determine to keep things as they are. In fact, nothing short of a revolution will frighten them into compliance with the requirements of right and justice.

They have possession of nearly all the landed property of the country, which they bind up in their own families by laws of entail and primogeniture. They hold possession of the Church, with its revenues of nearly Ten Millions sterling annually—into which they thrust their brothers, sons, and toadies; for, the landed estates going to the eldest sons, the other branches must be quartered on the people, who have no means of resistance. They also keep up an enormous armed force—which, for the same reason, is officered by their relatives, who are well pensioned for figuring in red coats and gold epaulettes. For them, expensive places in connection with the government are created with large retiring salaries—comfortable governorships and embassies abroad; and a host of costly offices about the court and the royal person.

The people pay for all! The Aristocracy levy the taxes—the people pay them. Two thirds of the entire taxation of the country are paid by that immense majority of the British empire who have no representation whatever in the British Parliament!

ROYAL PALACES AND GARDENS.

Expenses of maintenance, 1838–42. (*Partial Return, March, 23, 1843.*)

| | | | |
|--|------------------|-----|----|
| Total public money spent in five years on Royal Palaces, Gardens, Stables, Pleasure Grounds, and Parks..... | £596,061 | 16 | 9 |
| If we deduct from this gross amount the sums expended on the five parks in and about London—Hyde, St. James', Green, Regent's, Greenwich, Hampton, and Richmond Parks—so aptly called "the lungs" of London—and also on the Phoenix Park at Dublin, and the petty sums spent in maintaining the two Royal Palaces in Scotland. | £235,006 | 2 | 5 |
| There remains a sum of..... | £361,055 | 14 | 4 |
| spent on royal accommodation in five years, or an average per year of, in round numbers..... | £70,000 | 00 | 00 |
| which, together with the royal salaries and expenses.... | £699,165 | 00 | 00 |
| Gives the annual direct cost of royalty in England as..... | £769,165 | !!! | |
| | (\$3,845,825 !!) | | |

THE ROYAL PENSIONERS.

But we go a little further, and we find tacked upon the skirts of royalty a host of titled pensioners of all sorts—from the nurses and dancing masters of royal infancy to the ladies of bedchambers, grooms of stole, and ushers of all sorts of colored rods. The servants of all deceased sovereigns, besides having been paid very exorbitant salaries during the period of their service, are pensioned off by a most simple process—that of dipping the official finger into the public pocket. Here are a few specimens:

| | | | |
|--|--------|---|---|
| Servants of the late Queen Charlotte..... | £3,833 | 0 | 0 |
| Ditto ditto King George III..... | 5,282 | 0 | 0 |
| Ditto ditto Queen Caroline..... | 421 | 0 | 0 |
| H. Baremy, Teacher of German to Her present Majesty..... | 100 | 0 | 0 |
| G. Guazzaroni, Teacher of Italian to ditto | 50 | 0 | 0 |
| J. B. Sale, Teacher of Singing to ditto | 100 | 0 | 0 |
| T. Stewart, Teacher of Writing to ditto | 100 | 0 | 0 |
| F. Grandineare, Teacher of French to ditto | 100 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. L. Anderson, Teacher of Music to ditto | 100 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Bourdin, Teacher of dancing to Her present Majesty..... | 100 | 0 | 0 |
| Sophia Wyndard, Services to the Royal Family..... | 200 | 0 | 0 |
| Prince of Mecklenberg Strelitz..... | 2,000 | 0 | 0 |

[This foreign prince was pensioned for no other reason than that he was a *nephew of Queen Charlotte!* The pension was granted in 1798, and, as he is still receiving it, Mr. Hume showed, by a calculation stated to the House of Commons when the pension of the Princess Augusta was under consideration, that this pension alone had increased the National Debt by £335,000! And at the same time Mr. Hume showed that, if the Princess Augusta lived as long, in like manner her pension would be an additional burden of more than HALF A MILLION on the next generation. But aristocrats do not think of these things when they grant pensions.]

| | | | |
|---|--------|---|---|
| Augusta E. D'Este (daughter of the late Duke of Sussex).... | £1,000 | 0 | 0 |
| Col. Sir A. D'Este (in addition to his pay as Colonel)..... | 467 | 0 | 0 |
| Lady Mary Fitzclarenc (now <i>Fox</i>) £500; Lady Elizabeth (now <i>Errol</i>) £500; Lady Augusta (now <i>Gordon</i>) £500; Lady Amelia (now <i>Falkland</i>) £500..... | 2,000 | 0 | 0 |
| [Children of William IV by Mrs. Jordan, the actress] | | | |
| Countess of Munsier [Daughter of Wm. IV]..... | 500 | 0 | 0 |
| Augusta Arthuthnot [For services to George III]..... | 100 | 0 | 0 |
| Arabella Bouverie..... | 300 | 0 | 0 |
| [Granted by George IV, in consideration of her husband's "services" as Groom of the Bedchamber.] | | | |
| Augusta Brudenell [For services in Royal household]..... | 202 | 0 | 0 |
| Baroness Cathcart [Once a governess in Royal Family]..... | 389 | 0 | 0 |

| | | | |
|--|-------|---|---|
| David Davies [For services to William IV] | £938 | 0 | 0 |
| W J and John Dundas..... | 233 | 0 | 0 |
| [For services of their father to George IV.] | | | |
| Charlotte Ernst [The grandfather of this pensioner came over to England in the household of George II—therefore she is pensioned I]..... | 113 | 0 | 0 |
| Lord Falkland [his lordship married a Fitzclarence]..... | 184 | 0 | 0 |
| Ann Hayman [sub-governess to the late Prince of Wales]..... | 266 | 0 | 0 |
| Elizabeth and Sophia Hayton..... | 101 | 0 | 0 |
| [Niece and daughter of a Bishop of London, who were preceptors to George III.] | | | |
| His Royal Highness the Landgravine of Hesse Homberg [related to the Royal Family]..... | 1,000 | 0 | 0 |
| Thomas Jordan [a servant of the late Princess of Wales].... | 78 | 0 | 0 |
| Lady Robert Ker [for "services" to the Royal Family, granted by George IV]..... | 276 | 0 | 0 |
| Rev. William Kuper [German tutor to the Princess Charlotte]. | 400 | 0 | 0 |
| Augusta Nicolay..... | 100 | 0 | 0 |
| [Her father was surgeon to the Princess of Wales.] | | | |
| Miles O'Reilly..... | 222 | 0 | 0 |

[This pension is somewhat mysterious. No one has been able to find out its origin; or, perhaps, if found out, it has been considered discreet not to publish it. The pension was first granted on the Irish Civil List, pursuant to a letter of the Prince Regent in 1812, to Miles O'Reilly and his assigns, during the life of one Helen White.]

| | | | |
|---|-----|---|---|
| Catharine Pelham [one of the bedchamber women of the late Queen Caroline]..... | 233 | 0 | 0 |
| Ann Scott [daughter to a physician of George IV]..... | 250 | 0 | 0 |
| Amelia Sherkin [serv. in the household of Princess Charlotte]. | 102 | 0 | 0 |
| Richard Shirley [had been coachman to the same]..... | 67 | 0 | 0 |
| Rev. A. Starkey [had been one of preceptors to same]..... | 400 | 0 | 0 |
| Family of Sidney [children of Lord de L'Isle, by Lady Sophia Fitzclarence, daughter of William IV]..... | 500 | 0 | 0 |
| Marchioness of Westmeath..... | 386 | 0 | 0 |
| [Was a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen Dowager.] | | | |

SALARIES OF THE UPPER SERVANTS OF ROYALTY.

CIVIL LIST.

| | | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------|--|--------|
| Lord Chamberlain..... | £2,000 | Four Equerries in ordinary | |
| Lord Steward..... | 2,000 | £750 each..... | £3,000 |
| Master of the Horse..... | 2,000 | Mistress of the Robes..... | 500 |
| Master of the Buckhounds.... | 1,700 | Eight Ladies of the Bedchamber, £500 each..... | 4,000 |
| Master of the Household..... | 1,158 | Eight Maids of Honor, £400 each..... | 3,200 |
| Vice-Chamberlain..... | 924 | Eight Lords in waiting, \$702 each..... | 5,416 |
| Treasurer of the Household.... | 904 | Eight Grooms in Waiting, about £335 each, total... | 2,685 |
| Comptroller of the ditto..... | 904 | | |
| Chief Equerry and Clerk Marshal..... | 1,000 | | |

"The Coachmen, Postillions, and Footmen of the Queen alone cost £12,563 per annum, or within £4,000 of the entire cost of the Executive Government of the United States! The eight Lords in Waiting alone receive a sum more than the annual salary of the President of the American Republic!" The following statement is curious:

EXPENDITURE OF THE LORD STEWARD (OR HEAD COOK) OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD, FOR ONE YEAR (CIVIL LIST).

| | | | |
|--------------------------------|--------|--------------------------|---------|
| Bread..... | £2,050 | Wax Candles..... | £1,977 |
| Butter, Bacon, Cheese and Eggs | 4,976 | Tallow Candles..... | 679 |
| Milk and Cream..... | 1,478 | Lamps..... | 4,660 |
| Butchers' Meat..... | 9,472 | Fuel..... | 6,846 |
| Poultry..... | 3,633 | Stationery..... | 824 |
| Fish..... | 1,979 | Turnery..... | 379 |
| Grocery..... | 4,644 | Brazierry..... | 890 |
| Oilery..... | 1,793 | China, Glass, etc..... | 1,328 |
| Fruit and Confectionery..... | 1,741 | Linen..... | 1,085 |
| Vegetables..... | 487 | WASHING TABLE LINEN..... | 3,130 |
| Wine..... | 4,850 | Plate..... | 355 |
| Liquors, etc..... | 1,843 | | |
| Ale and Beer..... | 2,811 | | £63,907 |

THE CROWN.

We must not omit to mention the Royal bauble worn by the Queen on the state display of opening the Houses of Parliament. The following estimate of the value of the jewels in this "magnificent diadem," we quote from the *Polytechnic Review* :

| | |
|---|-------------|
| Twenty diamonds round the circle, £1,500 each..... | £30,000 |
| Two large centre diamonds, £2,000 each..... | 4,000 |
| Fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angle of the former... | 100 |
| Four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds..... | 12,000 |
| Four large diamonds on the top of the crosses..... | 40,000 |
| Twelve diamonds contained in fleurs-de-lis..... | 10,000 |
| Eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same..... | 2,000 |
| Pearls, diamonds, etc., upon the arches and crosses..... | 10,000 |
| Also one hundred and forty-one small diamonds..... | 500 |
| Twenty-six diamonds in the upper cross. | 3,000 |
| Two circles of pearls about the rim..... | 300 |
| Cost of the stones in the crown, exclusive of the metal..... | £111,900 |
| | (\$559,500) |

* * * * *

How is the money got to keep up all this extravagance? By a very simple process—that of thrusting the hand into the public purse, and keep-

ing it there. The aristocracy don't ask the consent of those whom they tax—indeed they take particular care to keep them out of their counsel as much as possible (as we have already shown); they simply tax us, and make us pay, having at their back a tremendous posse of policemen, soldiers, and diabolical agencies of all sorts. What can we do but pay? We may grin and grind our teeth, but pay we must. See how they get it out of us! So much on sugar, so much on coffee and tea, so much on malt, so much on cocoa, so much on soap, so much on window lights, and so on. The middle classes they tax directly in their incomes, but this tax is light compared to the taxes on the great body of consumers among the laboring classes.

* * * * *

In this Black Book of the Chartists is given a full exposition of the Irish grievances, which concludes with the extract below. The complete report is too voluminous to include in our present work.

* * * * *

"It is scarcely necessary that we should proceed further in the exposure of this monster enormity. For the present the above brief facts must suffice, but when we ponder them, need we feel surprise that such a system as this—thoroughly black and corrupt—unredeemed by a single good feature—should have issued in beggary and wretchedness to the Irish people, and kept that nation hanging upon the brink of rebellion ever since it has been connected with the British aristocratic Government."



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The private life of a king

