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CAROLINE THE ILLUSTRIOUS

Caroline,
Princess of Wales.

Walker Lewis, Sc.

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Queen-Consort of George II. and sometime Queen-Regent

A Study of her Life and Times

BY

W. H. WILKINS, M.A. [illegible]

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVE OF AN EMPRESS" [illegible]
"A QUEEN OF TEARS"

NEW EDITION

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK

La beauté est le partage des uns, l'intelligence celui des autres; la réunion de ces dons ne se rencontre que chez certains mortels favorisés des dieux.

LEIBNIZ TO QUEEN CAROLINE.

PREFACE.

It is characteristic of the way in which historians have neglected the House of Hanover that no life with any claim to completeness has yet been written of Caroline of Ansbach, Queen-Consort of George the Second, and four times Queen-Regent. Yet she was by far the greatest of our Queens-Consort, and wielded more authority over political affairs than any of our Queens-Regnant with the exception of Elizabeth, and, in quite another sense, Victoria. The ten years of George the Second's reign until her death would be more properly called "The Reign of Queen Caroline," since for that period Caroline governed England with Walpole. And during those years the great principles of civil and religious liberty, which were then bound up with the maintenance of the Hanoverian dynasty, were firmly established in England.

Therefore no apology is needed for attempting to portray the life of this remarkable princess, and endeavouring to give some idea of the influence which she exercised in her day and upon her generation. The latter part of Caroline's life is covered to some extent by Lord Hervey's Memoirs, and we get glimpses of her also in Horace Walpole's works and in contemporary letters. But Lord Hervey's

Memoirs do not begin until Caroline became Queen, and though he enjoyed exceptional facilities of observation, he wrote with an obvious bias, and often imputed to the Queen motives and sentiments which were his rather than hers, and used her as the mouthpiece of his own prejudices and personal animosities.

Of Queen Caroline's life before she came to England nothing, or comparatively nothing, has hitherto been known,[1] and very little has been written of the difficult part which she played as Princess of Wales throughout the reign of George the First. On Caroline's early years this book may claim to throw fresh light. By kind permission of the Prussian authorities I am able to publish sundry documents from the Hanoverian Archives which have never before been given to the world, more especially those which pertain to the betrothal and marriage of the princess. The hitherto unpublished despatches of Poley, Howe and D'Alais, English envoys at Hanover, 1705-14, give fresh information concerning the Hanoverian Court at that period, and the despatches of Bromley, Harley and Clarendon, written during the eventful year 1714, show the strained relations which existed between Queen Anne and her Hanoverian cousins on the eve of the Elector of Hanover's accession to the English throne.

In order to make this book as complete as possible I have visited Ansbach, where Caroline was

[1] Dr. A. W. Ward's sketch of Caroline of Ansbach in the *Dictionary of National Biography* contains some facts concerning this period of her life, but they are necessarily brief.

born, Berlin, the scene of her girlhood, and Hanover, where she spent her early married years. I have searched the Archives in all these places, and have further examined the records in the State Paper Office, London, and the Manuscript Department of the British Museum. A list of these, and of other authorities quoted herein, published and unpublished, will be found at the end of this book.

In *The Love of an Uncrowned Queen* (Sophie Dorothea of Celle, Consort of George the First) I gave a description of the Courts of Hanover and Celle until the death of the first Elector of Hanover, Ernest Augustus. This book continues those studies of the Court of Hanover at a later period. It brings the Electoral family over to England and sketches the Courts of George the First and George the Second until the death of Queen Caroline. The influence which Caroline wielded throughout that troublous time, and the part she played in maintaining the Hanoverian dynasty upon the throne of England, have never been fully recognised. George the First and George the Second were not popular princes; it would be idle to pretend that they were. But Caroline's gracious and dignified personality, her lofty ideals and pure life did much to counteract the unpopularity of her husband and father-in-law, and redeem the early Georgian era from utter grossness. She was rightly called by her contemporaries "The Illustrious". If this book helps to do tardy justice to the memory of a great Queen and good woman it will not have been written in vain.

W. H. WILKINS.

CONTENTS.

BOOK I. Electoral Princess of Hanover.

BOOK II. Princess of Wales.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

BOOK I.

ELECTORAL PRINCESS OF HANOVER.

CHAPTER I.

ANSBACH AND ITS MARGRAVES.

1683–1696.

WILHELMINA CAROLINE, Princess of Brandenburg-Ansbach, known to history as "Caroline of Ansbach," Queen-Consort of King George the Second of Great Britain and Ireland, and sometime Queen-Regent, was born in the palace of Ansbach, a little town in South Germany, on March 1st, 1683. It was a year memorable in the annals of English history as the one in which Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney were brought to the block, who by their blood strengthened the long struggle against the Stuarts which culminated in the accession of the House of Hanover. The same year, seven months later, on October 30th, the ill-fated Sophie Dorothea of Celle, consort of George the First, gave birth to a son at Hanover, George Augustus, who twenty-two years later was destined to take Caroline of Ansbach to wife, and in fulness of time to ascend the throne of England.

The Margraves of Brandenburg-Ansbach were far from wealthy, but the palace wherein the little princess first opened her eyes to the light was one of the finest in Germany, quite out of proportion to the fortunes of the petty principality. It was a vast building, four storeys high, built in the form of a square, with a cloistered courtyard, and an ornate façade to the west. Yet large as it was, it did not

suit the splendour-loving Margraves of later generations, and the palace as it stands to-day, with its twenty-two state apartments, each more magnificent than the other, is a veritable treasure-house of baroque and rococo art. Some of the interior decoration is very florid and in doubtful taste; the ceiling of the great hall, for instance, depicts the apotheosis of the Margrave Karl the Wild; the four corners respectively represent the feast of the Bacchante, music, painting and architecture, and in the centre is a colossal figure of the Margrave, in classical attire, clasping Venus in his arms. The dining-hall is also gorgeous, with imitation marbles, crystal chandeliers, and a gilded gallery, wherefrom the minstrels were wont to discourse sweet music to the diners. The porcelain saloon, the walls lined with exquisite porcelain, is a gem of its kind, and the picture gallery contains many portraits of the Hohenzollerns. But the most interesting room is that known as "Queen Caroline's apartment," in which the future Queen of England was born; it was occupied by her during her visits to Ansbach until her marriage. This room is left much as it was in Caroline's day, and a canopy of faded green silk still marks the place where the bed stood in which she was born.

The town of Ansbach has changed but little since the seventeenth century, far less than the palace, which successive Margraves have improved almost out of recognition. Unlike Würzburg and Nuremberg, cities comparatively near, Ansbach has not progressed; it has rather gone backward, for since the last Margrave, Alexander, sold his heritage in 1791, there has not been a court at Ansbach.[1]

[1] The last of the Margraves of Brandenburg-Ansbach, Christian Frederick Charles Alexander, was born at Ansbach in 1736. He was the nephew of Queen Caroline, and married first a princess of Saxe-Coburg, and secondly the Countess of Craven (*née* Lady Elizabeth Berkeley), who called herself the "Margravine of Ansbach and Princess Berkeley". Having no heirs he sold his Margravate

A sign of its vanished glories may be seen in the principal hotel of the place, formerly the residence of the Court Chamberlain, a fine house with frescoed ceilings, wide oak staircase, and spacious court-yard. The Hofgarten remains the same, a large park, with a double avenue of limes and oaks, beneath which Caroline must often have played when a girl. The high-pitched roofs and narrow irregular streets of the town still breathe the spirit of mediævalism, but the old-time glory has departed from Ansbach, and the wave of modern progress has scarcely touched it. The little town, surrounded with low-lying meadows, wears an aspect inexpressibly dreary and forsaken.

The honest burghers of Ansbach, who took a personal interest in the domestic affairs of their Margraves, feeling that as they prospered they would prosper with them, could not, in their most ambitious moments, have imagined the exalted destiny which awaited the little princess who was born in the palace on that March morning. The princesses of Ansbach had not in the past made brilliant alliances, and there is no record of any one of them having married into a royal house. They were content to wed the margraves, the burgraves, the landgraves, and the princelets who offered themselves, to bear them children, and to die, without contributing any particular brilliancy to the history of their house.

The margravate of Ansbach was one of the petty German princedoms which had succeeded in weathering the storm and stress of the Middle Ages.

to the King of Prussia in 1791, and came to live in England with his second wife. He bought Brandenburg House, and was very beneficent and fond of sport, being well known on the turf. He died at a ripe old age in the reign of George IV. In 1806 Ansbach was transferred by Napoleon from Prussia to Bavaria, an act which was confirmed by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, and with Bavaria it has since remained. Occasionally some members of the Bavarian royal family visit Ansbach and stay at the palace, but it has long ceased to be a princely residence.

At the time of Caroline's birth, any importance Ansbach might have possessed to the outer world arose from its connection with the Brandenburgs and Hohenzollerns, of which connection the later Margraves of Ansbach were alternately proud and jealous. Ansbach can, with reason, claim to be the cradle of the Hohenzollern kingdom. For nearly five hundred years (from 1331 to 1806) the princedom of Ansbach belonged to the Hohenzollerns, and a succession of the greatest events of Prussian history arose from the union of Prussia and Brandenburg and the margravate of Ansbach. It is not certain how, or when, the link began. But out of the mist of ages emerges the fact, that when the Burgrave Frederick V. divided his possessions into the Oberland and Unterland, or Highlands and Lowlands, Ansbach was raised to the dignity of capital of the Lowland princedom, and a castle was built. The Margrave Albert the Great, a son of the Elector Frederick the First of Brandenburg, set up his court at Ansbach, decreeing that it should remain the seat of government for all time. Albert the Great's court was more splendid and princely than any in Germany; he enlarged the already beautiful castle, he kept much company and held brilliant tournaments, and he founded the famous order of the Knights of the Swan. The high altar, elaborately carved and painted, of the old Gothic church of St. Gumbertus in Ansbach remains to this day a monument of his munificence, and on the walls of the chancel are the escutcheons of the Knights of the Swan, and from the roof hang down the tattered banners of the Margraves.

The succeeding Margraves do not call for any special notice; after the fashion of German princes of that time, they spent most of their days in hunting, and their nights in carousing. They were distinguished from their neighbours only by their

THE CASTLE OF ANSBACH.

more peaceful proclivities. Two names come to us out of oblivion, George the Pious, who introduced the Reformation into Franconia, and George Frederick, who was guardian to the mad Duke Albert Frederick of Prussia, and who consequently managed Prussian affairs from Ansbach. With his death in 1602 the elder branch of the Margraves expired.

Caroline's father, the Margrave John Frederick, was of the younger branch, and succeeded to the margravate in 1667. John Frederick was a worthy man, who confined his ambitions solely to promoting the prosperity of his princedom, and concerned himself with little outside it. When his first wife died, he married secondly, and rather late in life, Eleanor Erdmuthe Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Eisenach, a princess many years his junior, by whom he had two children, a son, William Frederick, and a daughter, Caroline, the subject of this book. There is a picture of Caroline's parents in one of the state rooms of the castle, which depicts her father as a full-faced, portly man, with a brown wig, clasping the hand of a plump, highly-coloured young woman, with auburn hair, and large blue eyes. It is easy to see that Caroline derived her good looks from her mother. Her father died in 1686, and was succeeded by his son, George Frederick, who was the offspring of the first marriage.

As the Margrave George Frederick was a lad of fourteen years of age at the time of his father's death, the Elector Frederick the Third of Brandenburg acted as his guardian, and for the next seven years Ansbach was under the rule of a minor. As the minor was her stepson, who had never shown any affection for his stepmother or her children, the position of the widowed Margravine Eleanor was not a pleasant one. She was friendly with the Elector and Electress of Brandenburg, and looked to them

for support, and on the eve of her stepson's majority she went to Berlin on a long visit, taking with her the little Princess Caroline, and leaving behind at Ansbach her son, William Frederick, who was heir-presumptive to the margravate. The visit was eventful, for during it Eleanor became betrothed to the Elector of Saxony, John George the Fourth.

The betrothal arose directly out of the newly formed alliance between the Electors of Brandenburg and Saxony. At the time of his meeting with the young Margravine Eleanor the Elector of Saxony was only twenty-five years of age. Nature had endowed him with considerable talents and great bodily strength, though a blow on the head had weakened his mental powers, and his manhood did not fulfil the promise of his youth. Before he succeeded to the electorate of Saxony he had conceived a violent passion for Magdalen Sybil von Röohlitz, the daughter of a colonel of the Saxon guard, a brunette of surpassing beauty, but so ignorant that her mother had to write her love letters for her. Magdalen gained complete sway over the young Elector, and she, in her turn, was the tool of her ambitious and intriguing mother. The Elector endowed his favourite with great wealth, gave her a palace and lands, surrounded her with a little court, and honoured her as though she were his consort. The high Saxon officials refused to bow down to the mistress, more especially as she was said to be in the pay of the Emperor of Austria, whereas the popular policy in Saxony at that time was to lean towards Brandenburg.

The Elector of Brandenburg and his consort the Electress Sophie Charlotte came to Torgau in 1692 to strengthen the alliance between the electorates. The two Electors formed a new order to commemorate the *entente*, which was called the "Order of the Golden Bracelet".

The Saxon Ministers hoped by this friendship to draw their Elector from the toils of his mistress and of Austria, and they persuaded him to pay a return visit to the Court of Berlin. While there the Elector of Saxony met the young widow the Margravine Eleanor, and became betrothed to her, to the great joy of the Elector and Electress of Brandenburg. The wedding was arranged to take place a little later at Leipzig, and for a time everything went smoothly; it seemed that the power of the mistress was broken, and she would have to retire. But when the Elector of Brandenburg and the Electress Sophie Charlotte accompanied the Margravine Eleanor to Leipzig for the wedding, they found the Elector of Saxony in quite another frame of mind, and he insulted his future wife by receiving her in company with his mistress. The negotiations had to begin all over again, but after a great deal of unpleasantness and many delays, the Elector of Saxony married, very ungraciously and manifestly under protest, the unfortunate Eleanor.

The Elector of Saxony's dislike to his wife, and his reluctance to live with her, had been so marked even before marriage, that many wondered why the Margravine was so foolish as to enter upon a union which held out so slender a promise of happiness. But in truth she had not much choice; she had very little dower, she was anxious to find a home for herself and her daughter Caroline, and she was largely dependent on the Elector of Brandenburg's goodwill; she was, in short, the puppet of a political intrigue. She returned with the Elector of Saxony to Dresden, where her troubles immediately began. The mistress had now been promoted to the rank of a countess. The Electress's interests were with Brandenburg, and the Countess's with Vienna, and, apart from their domestic rivalries, their political

differences soon led to friction. The Elector openly slighted and neglected his wife, and things went from bad to worse at the Saxon Court; so much so, that the state of morals and manners threatened to culminate in open bigamy. The Countess von Röohlitz, prompted by her mother, declared her intention of becoming the wife of the Elector though he was married already, and though she could not take the title of Electress, and the Elector supported her in this extraordinary demand. He gave her a written promise of marriage, and caused pamphlets to be circulated in defence of polygamy. It was vain for the Electress to protest; her life was in danger, attempts were made to poison her, and at last she was compelled to withdraw from the Court of Dresden to the dower-house of Pretsch, taking her daughter Caroline with her. The mistress had won all along the line, but in the supreme hour of her triumph she was struck down by small-pox and died after a brief illness. The Elector, who was half-crazed with grief, would not leave her bedside during the whole of her illness. He, too, caught the disease, and died eleven days later. He was succeeded by his brother, Augustus Frederick, better known as "Augustus the Strong," and Eleanor became the Electress-dowager of Saxony.

In the autumn of the same year (1694) the Elector and Electress of Brandenburg paid a visit to the Electress Eleanor, whose health had broken down, and assured her of their support and affection, as indeed they ought to have done, considering that they were largely the cause of her troubles. At the same time the Elector and Electress promised to look after the interests of the little Princess Caroline, and to treat her as though she were their own daughter.

The next two years were spent by the young princess with her mother at Pretsch. It was a

beautiful spot, surrounded by woods and looking down the fertile valley of the Elbe, and hard by was the little town of Wittenberg, one of the cradles of the Reformation. Luther and Melancthon lived at Wittenberg; their houses are still shown, and it was here that Luther publicly burned the Papal bull; an oak tree marks the spot. Caroline must often have visited Wittenberg; she was about twelve years of age at this time, and advanced beyond her years, and it may be that much of the sturdy Protestantism of her later life was due to her early associations with the home of Luther and Melanchthon.

In 1696 Caroline was left an orphan by the death of her mother, and was placed under the care of her guardians, the Elector and Electress of Brandenburg, at Berlin.

CHAPTER II.

THE COURT OF BERLIN.

1696–1705.

THE Court of Berlin, where Caroline was to spend the most impressionable years of her life, was queened over at this time by one of the most intellectual and gifted princesses in Europe. Sophie Charlotte, Electress of Brandenburg, who in 1701, on her husband's assumption of the regal dignity, became first Queen of Prussia, was the daughter of that remarkable woman, the Electress Sophia of Hanover, and granddaughter of the gifted and beautiful Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James the First of England. These three princesses—grandmother, mother and daughter—formed a trinity of wonderful women.

Like her mother and grandmother, Sophie Charlotte inherited many traits from her Stuart ancestors; Mary's wit and passion, James the First's love of metaphysical and theological disputations, were reproduced in her, and she possessed to no small degree the beauty, dignity and personal charm characteristic of the race, which even the infusion of sluggish German blood could not mar. Her mother had carefully trained her with a view to her making a great match some day; she was an accomplished musician, and a great linguist, speaking French, English and Italian as fluently as her native tongue, perhaps more so. She had read much and widely, an unusual thing among German princesses of that age.

Sophie Charlotte's religious education was hardly on a level with her secular one, as the Electress Sophia, in accordance with her policy of making all considerations subservient to her daughter's future advancement, decided to bring her up with an open mind in matters of religion and in the profession of no faith, so that she might be eligible to marry the most promising prince who presented himself, whether he were Catholic or Protestant. As a courtly biographer put it: "She (Sophie Charlotte) refrained from any open confession of faith until her marriage, for reasons of prudence and state, because only then would she be able to judge which religion would suit best her condition of life".

Despite this theological complaisance, several eligible matches projected with Roman Catholic princes fell through, and the young princess's religion was finally settled on the Protestant side, for when the Electoral Prince of Brandenburg, son of the Great Elector, came forward as a suitor, Sophia eagerly accepted him for her daughter, notwithstanding that he was a widower, twelve years older than his bride, deformed, and of anything but an amiable reputation. These drawbacks were trifles compared with the fact that he was heir to the most powerful electorate of North Germany. The wedding took place at Hanover in September, 1684, and the bride and bridegroom made their state entry into Berlin two months afterwards. A few years later Sophie Charlotte gave birth to a son, Frederick William, who was destined to become the second King of Prussia and the father of Frederick the Great. Four years later the Great Elector died; and with her husband's accession she became the reigning Electress of Brandenburg and later Queen of Prussia.

The salient points of Sophie Charlotte's character now made themselves manifest. The Court of

Berlin was a brilliant one, and modelled on that of the King of France, for the King of Prussia refused to dispense with any detail of pomp or ceremony, holding, like the Grand Monarque, that a splendid and stately court was the outward and visible sign of a prince's power and greatness. He had a passion for display, and would spend hours debating the most trivial points of court etiquette. This was weariness of the soul to the Queen, for she cared nothing for the pomp and circumstance of sovereignty. She was careful to discharge her ceremonial duties, but she did so in the spirit of magnificent indifference. "Leibniz talked to me to-day of the infinitely little," she wrote once to her friend and confidante, Marie von Pöllnitz. "*Mon Dieu*, as if I did not know enough about that." The young Queen had arrived at a great position, but her heart was empty; she tolerated her husband, but she felt towards him nothing warmer than a half-contemptuous liking. The King, on his part, was proud of his beautiful and talented consort, though he was rather afraid of her. It would have been easy for Sophie Charlotte, had she been so minded, to have gained great influence over her husband, and to have governed Brandenburg and Prussia through him, but though her intellect was masculine in its calibre, unlike her mother, she had no love of domination, and cared not to meddle with affairs of state. These things were to her but vanity, and she preferred rather to live a life of intellectual contemplation and philosophic calm; the scientific discoveries of Newton were more to her than kingdoms, and the latest theory of Leibniz than all the pomp and circumstance of the court.

The King made her a present of the château of Lützenburg, later called after her Charlottenburg, just outside Berlin, and here she was able to gratify her love of art and beautiful things to the utmost.

The gardens were laid out after the plan of Versailles, by Le Nôtre, with terraces, statues and fountains. Magnificent pictures, beautiful carpets, rarest furniture of inlaid ebony and ivory, porcelain and crystal, were stored in this lordly pleasure-house, and made it a palace of luxury and art. The King thought nothing too costly or magnificent for his Queen, though he did not follow her in her literary and philosophic bent, and Lützenburg became famous throughout Europe, not only for its splendour, for there were many palaces more splendid, but because it was the chosen home of its beautiful mistress, and the meeting-place of all the talents. At Lützenburg, surrounded by a special circle of intellectual friends, the Queen enjoyed the free interchange of ideas, and discussed all things without restraint; wit and talent, and not wealth and rank, gave the *entrée* there. At Lützenburg she held receptions on certain evenings in the week, and on these occasions all trammels of court etiquette were laid aside, and everything was conducted without ostentation or ceremony. Intellectual conversations, the reading of great books, learned discussions, and, for occasional relaxation, music and theatricals, often kept the company late into the night at Lützenburg, and it frequently happened that some of the courtiers went straight from one of the Queen's entertainments to attend the King's levée, for he rose at four o'clock in the morning. To these reunions came not only the most beautiful and gifted ladies of the court, but learned men from every country in Europe, philosophers, theologians, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, representatives of literature, science and art, besides a number of French refugees, who did not appear at court in the ordinary way. Since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Berlin had become a rallying-place for Huguenots, many of them men of intellectual

eminence and noble birth, who were banished from their native land. They were made especially welcome at Lützenburg, where everything was French rather than German. At Sophie Charlotte's reunions French only was spoken, and so elegant were the appointments, so perfect was the taste, so refined and courteous were the manners, so brilliant the wit and conversation, that one of the most celebrated of the Huguenot nobility declared that he felt himself once again at Versailles, and asked whether the Queen of Prussia could really speak German.

To Lützenburg came the eloquent Huguenot preacher, Beausobre; Vota, the celebrated Jesuit and Roman Catholic controversialist; Toland, the English freethinker; Papendorf, the historian; Handel, the great musician, when he was a boy; and last and among the greatest, the famous Leibniz. Hither came often, too, on many a long visit, the Electress Sophia of Hanover, "the merry *débonnaire* princess of Germany," who, like her daughter, delighted in theological polemics, and philosophic speculations. Sophie Charlotte's principles were exceedingly liberal, so much so that she became known as "the Republican Queen," and her early religious training, or rather the lack of it, was very noticeable in the trend of thought she gave to her gatherings. She would take nothing for granted, she submitted everything to the tribunal of reason; her eager and active spirit was always seeking to know the truth, even "the why of the why," as Leibniz grumbled once. Her mother, the Electress Sophia, would seem to have been a rationalist, with a stong dash of Calvinism. Sophie Charlotte went a step farther; she was nothing of a Calvinist, but rather leant to the theories of Descartes. "My mother is a clever woman, but a bad Christian," said her son once, and that was true if he meant a dogmatic Christian,

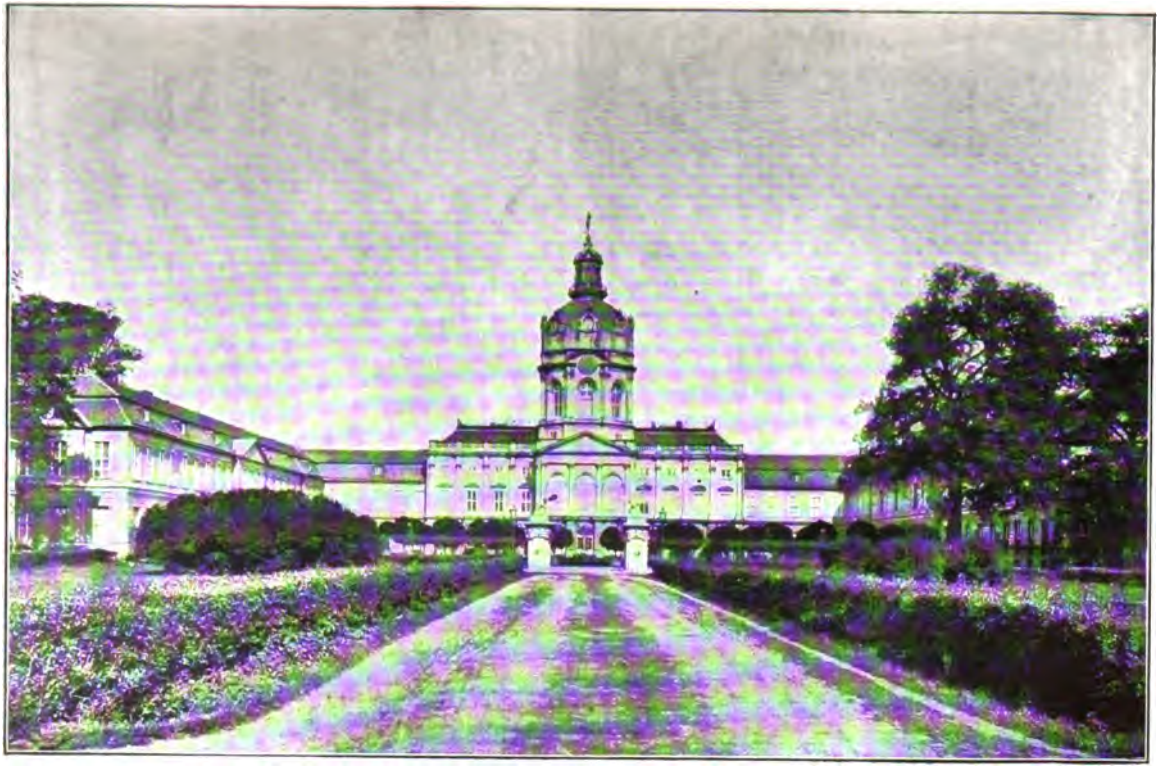
though Leibniz had a theory for reconciling Christianity and reason, which especially commended itself to her. She took a keen interest in theological polemics, and whenever any clever Jesuit came her way, she delighted in nothing so much as to get him to expound his views, and then put up one of her chaplains to answer him. In this way she set the Jesuit Vota disputing with the Protestant Brensenius, and the orthodox Huguenot Beausobre with the freethinking sceptic Toland. Nor were these arguments confined to theological subjects; scientific, philosophic and social questions—everything, in short, came within the debatable ground, and on one occasion we hear of a long and animated argument on the question whether marriage was, or was not, ordained for the procreation of children! The Queen presided over all these intellectual tournaments, throwing in a suggestion here or raising a doubt there; she was always able to draw the best out of every one, and thanks to her tact and amiability, the disputes on thorny questions were invariably conducted without unpleasantness.

This was the home in which Caroline spent the greater part of nine years, and we have dwelt upon it because the impressions she received and the opinions she formed at Lützenburg, during her girlhood influenced her in after years. The King of Prussia was Caroline's guardian, and after her mother's death, Sophie Charlotte assumed a mother's place to the little princess, who had now become an orphan and friendless indeed. Her stepbrother was ruling at Ansbach, and Caroline was not very welcome there; indeed she was looked upon rather as an encumbrance than otherwise, and the only thing to be done was to marry her off as quickly as possible. There seems to have been some idea of betrothing her, when she was a mere child, to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, but

she could hardly have been in love with him, as Horace Walpole relates, for the Duke married some one else when Caroline was only thirteen years of age.

Sophie Charlotte caused her adopted daughter to be thoroughly educated, and carefully trained in the accomplishments necessary to her position. Caroline's quickness and natural ability early made themselves manifest. Sophie Charlotte had no daughter of her own, and her heart went out to the young Princess of Ansbach, who returned her love fourfold, and looked up to her with something akin to adoration. Her admiration led to a remarkable likeness between the two in speech and gesture; nor did the likeness end here. Caroline was early admitted to the reunions at Lützenburg, and permitted to listen to the frank and free discussions which took place there. Such a training, though it might shake her beliefs, could not fail to sharpen her wits and enlarge her knowledge, and there is abundant evidence to show that in later life she adopted Sophie Charlotte's views, not only in ethics and philosophy, but in conduct and morals. But she was more practical and less transcendental than the Queen of Prussia, and, like the Electress Sophia, she loved power, and took a keen interest in political affairs.

In this manner Caroline's girlhood passed. We may picture her walking up and down the garden walks and terraces of Lützenburg hearing Leibniz expound his philosophy, or sitting with the Queen of Prussia on her favourite seat under the limes discussing with her "the why of the why". She was the Queen's constant companion and joy, and when, as it sometimes happened, she was obliged to leave Berlin for a while to pay a visit to her brother at Ansbach, Sophie Charlotte declared she found Lützenburg "a desert".



LÜTZENBURG (CHARLOTTENBURG).

Leibniz, Sophie Charlotte's chosen guide, philosopher and friend, is worthy of more than passing notice, since his influence over the Princess Caroline was second only to that of the Queen of Prussia herself. In Caroline's youth, Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz was a prominent figure at Berlin, whither he frequently journeyed from Hanover. He was one of the most learned men of his time, almost equally eminent as a philosopher, mathematician and man of affairs. He was born in 1646 at Leipzig, and after a distinguished university career at Jena and Altdorf, he entered the service of the Elector-Archbishop of Mainz, and, as he possessed the pen of a ready writer, he was employed by him to advance his schemes. The Archbishop later sent him to Paris, nominally with a scheme he had evolved for the re-conquest of Egypt, really with the hope of distracting Louis the Fourteenth's attention from German affairs, so that Leibniz went in a dual capacity, as a diplomatist and as an author. In Paris the young philosopher became acquainted with Arnauld and Malebranche. From Paris he went to London, where he met Newton, Oldenburg and Boyle. His intimacy with these distinguished men stimulated his interest in mathematics. In 1676, when he was thirty years of age, Leibniz quitted the service of Mainz and entered that of Hanover. For the next forty years his headquarters were at Hanover, where he had charge of the archives, and worked also at politics, labouring unceasingly with his pen to promote the aggrandisement of the House of Hanover, especially to obtain for it the electoral dignity. Leibniz's work threw him much in contact with the Electress Sophia, with whom he became a trusted and confidential friend, and whose wide views were largely coloured by his liberal philosophy.

Leibniz had a positive passion for work, and

in these, the most active years of his life, he not only laboured at political affairs, but worked hard at philosophy and mathematics, turning out book after book with amazing rapidity. At the suggestion of the Electress Sophia, he concerned himself with theology too, and strove at one time to promote the reunion of the Catholic and Protestant creeds, his principal correspondent being Bossuet. The English Act of Parliament, vesting the succession to the throne of England in the Electress Sophia and the heirs of her body, *being Protestant*, put a summary stop to these labours. Henceforth there was no more coquetting with Roman Catholicism at Hanover. The Electress Sophia, Calvinist though she was, affected to manifest an interest in the Church of England, and especially favoured the English Protestant Nonconformists.

To consult archives for his history of the Brunswick-Lüneburg family, which he had been commanded to write, Leibniz travelled to Munich, Vienna, Rome and other cities. At Rome, the Pope, impressed by his great learning and controversial ability, offered him the custodianship of the Vatican library, if he would become a Roman Catholic, but Leibniz declined the offer. Apart from the fact that it involved submission to the Roman Church, it did not offer him a sufficiently wide field for his ambition. It is impossible to withhold some pity from this great scholar. He was one of those who put their trust in princes; he was greedy of money, honours and worldly fame; he loved the atmosphere of courts, and to have the ear of those who sit in high places, and so he deliberately prostituted his giant brain to writing panegyrics of the princes of paltry dukedoms, when he might have employed it to working out some of the greatest problems that interest mankind.

His worldly prospects at this time largely depended on the Queen of Prussia. Sophie Charlotte had known him at Hanover, and she invited him to Lützenburg. Through his influence she induced the King of Prussia to found the Academy of Science in Berlin, and to make Leibniz its first president. At his suggestion also, similar societies were founded in St. Petersburg, Dresden and Vienna, under the immediate patronage of the reigning monarchs, who were thus able to pose as patrons of the arts and sciences. Leibniz received honours from all of them, and the Emperor created him a baron of the empire.

Leibniz often met the Princess of Ansbach at the Queen of Prussia's reunions, and he noted how high she stood in the favour of his royal mistress. He became attracted to her by her wit and conversation, which were unusual in a princess of her years. He spoke of her in glowing terms to the Electress Sophia, who later made acquaintance with the young princess at Berlin, and she, too, was charmed with her talents and beauty. Leibniz, who was much at Berlin in those days, kept his venerable mistress at Hanover acquainted with the movements of the princess. We find him, for instance, writing to tell the Electress that Caroline had returned to Berlin after a brief visit to Ansbach, and of the Queen's pleasure at seeing her again. The Electress Sophia replied from Herrenhausen, desiring him to assure Caroline of her affection, and adding, "If it depended on me, I would have her kidnapped, and keep her always here". This seems to show that, even at this early date, Sophia had it in her mind that she would like Caroline to marry her grandson, George Augustus.

In the autumn of 1704 the Electress Sophia paid a long visit to her beloved daughter, and spent two months with her at Lützenburg. The King of Prussia had great respect for his mother-in-law; she

agreed with him in his love of pageantry, and, like him, was a great stickler for points of etiquette. But she had a larger mind, and was not content with the mere show of sovereignty: she loved the substance—domination and power. The Queen of Prussia received her mother with every demonstration of joy, and the festivities of Lützenburg were set going in her honour. Leibniz and Beausobre were there, and many intellectual tournaments took place. The Princess Caroline was there too, whom Sophia observed with especial interest. Caroline was now in her twenty-first year, and had blossomed into lovely womanhood; her features were regular, she had abundant fair hair, large blue eyes, a tall and supple figure and a stately bearing. The fame of her beauty and high qualities had travelled through Europe. True she was dowerless, the orphan daughter of a petty prince of no importance. but her guardian was the King of Prussia. and she was known to be the adopted daughter of his Queen. Thus it came about that her hand was sought by some of the most powerful princes in Europe, notably by the Archduke Charles, titular King of Spain, and heir to the Emperor, whom he later succeeded. The idea of this marriage had long been in the air, but in 1704 it took definite shape, and the Elector Palatine, who was interested in the matter from political reasons, solicited Caroline's hand for the Archduke. Negotiations were proceeding while the Electress Sophia was at Lützenburg. We find Leibniz writing from there:—

"Apparently the Electress remains here until November, and will stay as long as the Queen is here. Two young princesses, the hereditary Princess of Cassel and the Princess of Ansbach, are also here, and I heard them sing the other night, a little *divertimento musicale*, the latter taking the part of 'Night,' the former that of 'Aurora,' the equinox

adjusting the difference. The Princess of Cassel sings very tunefully; the Princess of Ansbach has a wonderful voice. Every one predicts the Spanish crown for her, but she deserves something surer than that crown is at present, though it may become more important; besides, the King of Spain (the Archduke) is an amiable prince."[1]

The predictions were a little premature, for the Archduke's wooing did not progress satisfactorily. As Leibniz said, the prospects of the Spanish crown were somewhat unsettled, though they were sufficiently dazzling to tempt a less ambitious princess than Caroline, and she was always ambitious. Her heart was free, but if it had not been, she had well learned the lesson that hearts are the last things to be taken into account in state marriages. A more serious difficulty arose in the matter of religion. In order to marry the titular King of Spain it was necessary for Caroline to become a Roman Catholic, and this she could not make up her mind to do. Perhaps she had inherited the Protestant spirit of her famous ancestor, George the Pious; perhaps the influences of Wittenberg were strong upon her. She was certainly influenced by the liberal views of the Queen of Prussia and the arguments she had heard at the reunions at Lützenburg. She was all for liberty of conscience in matters of faith, and shrank from embracing a positive religion, and of all religions Roman Catholicism is the most positive. Besides, it would seem that, though indifferent to most forms of religion, she really disliked Roman Catholicism, and all through her life she was consistent in her objection to it. Her guardian, the King of Prussia, though a Protestant himself, could not sympathise with her scruples. In his view young princesses should adapt their religion

[1] Leibniz to State Minister du Cros, Lützenburg, 25th October, 1704.

to political exigencies, and so he made light of her objections, and urged her to marry the King of Spain. Her adopted mother, Sophie Charlotte, maintained a neutral attitude: she was loath to part with her, but she refused to express an opinion either way. But the Electress Sophia, who was nothing if not Protestant, since her English prospects were wholly dependent on her Protestantism, greatly desired Caroline as a wife for her grandson, George Augustus, and did all she could to influence her against the match. She writes from Lützenburg: "Our beautiful Princess of Ansbach has not yet resolved to change her religion. If she remains firm the marriage will not take place."[1]

Meanwhile Caroline, perhaps with an idea of gaining time, or forced into it, consented to receive the Jesuit priest Urban, and allow him to argue with her. The Electress Sophia again writes: "The dear Princess of Ansbach is being sadly worried. She has resolved to do nothing against her conscience, but Urban is very able, and can easily overcome the stupid Lutheran priests here. If I had my way, she would not be worried like this, and our court would be happy. But it seems that it is not God's will that I should be happy with her; we at Hanover shall hardly find any one better."[2] The result of these interviews was uncertain, for the Electress Sophia writes a few days later: "First the Princess of Ansbach says 'Yes' and then 'No'. First she says we Protestants have no valid priests, then that Catholics are idolatrous and accursed, and then again that our religion is the better. What the result will be I do not know. The Princess is shortly leaving here, and so it must

[1] The Electress Sophia to the Raugravine Louise, Lützenburg, 21st October, 1704.

[2] The Electress Sophia to the Raugravine Louise, Lützenburg, 27th October, 1704.

be either 'Yes' or 'No'. When Urban comes to see the Princess the Bible lies between them on the table, and they argue at length. Of course, the Jesuit, who has studied more, argues her down, and then the Princess weeps."[1]

The young Princess's tears lend a touch of pathos to this picture. Be it remembered that she was absolutely alone, poor, orphaned, dependent on the favour of her guardians, one of whom was strongly in favour of this match. If she consented, she would violate her conscience, it is true, but she would gain honour, riches and power, all of which she ardently desired. The powerful pressure of the King of Prussia, the most persuasive arguments of the Jesuit, and the subtle promptings of self-interest and ambition were all brought to bear on her. It says much for Caroline's strength of character that she did not yield, and shows that she was of no common mould. That she refused definitely is shown by the following letter which the Electress Sophia wrote on her return to Hanover to Leibniz, whom she had left behind her at Lützenburg: "Most people here applaud the Princess of Ansbach's decision, and I have told the Duke of Celle that he deserves her for his grandson. I think the Prince (George Augustus) likes the idea also, for in talking with him about her, he said, 'I am very glad that you desire her for me'. Count Platen (the Prime Minister), to whom I mentioned the matter, is not opposed, but does not wish it so much."[2]

Leibniz had something to do with Caroline's decision, and he drafted the letter for her in which she declined further negotiations. The King of Prussia was angry, and roundly cursed Hanoverian

[1] The Electress Sophia to the Raugravine Louise, Lützenburg, 1st November, 1704.

[2] The Electress Sophia to Leibniz, Hanover, 22nd November, 1704.

interference, as he called it; indeed, he made things so uncomfortable that Caroline thought it advisable to leave Berlin for Ansbach until her guardian should become more amiable. Her step-brother was dead, and her own brother was now Margrave. From Ansbach we find her writing to Leibniz at Berlin:—

"I received your letter with the greatest pleasure, and am glad to think that I still retain your friendship and your remembrance. I much desire to show my gratitude for all the kindness you paid me at Lützenburg. I am delighted to hear from you that the Queen and the court regret my departure, but I am sad not to have the happiness of paying my *devoirs* to our incomparable Queen. I pray you on the next occasion assure her of my deep respect. I do not think the King of Spain is troubling himself any more about me. On the contrary, they are incensed at my disinclination to follow the advice of Father Urban. Every post brings me letters from that kind priest. I really think his persuasions contributed materially to the uncertainty I felt during those three months, from which I am now quite recovered. The Electress (Sophia) does me too much honour in remembering me; she has no more devoted servant than myself, and I understand her pleasure in having the Crown Prince (of Prussia) at Hanover."[1]

The Crown Prince of Prussia, Frederick William, had spent a good deal of time at the Hanoverian Court when a boy. His grandmother, the Electress Sophia, had wished to educate him at Hanover with her other grandson, George Augustus, but Frederick William was of a quarrelsome disposition, and pummelled George Augustus so unmercifully that they had to be separated. Their hatred for

[1] Princess Caroline of Ansbach to Leibniz, Ansbach, 28th December, 1704.

one another lasted through life. Frederick William was a headstrong and violent youth, with ungovernable passions; even when a boy it was dangerous to thwart him in any way. The boy was father to the man. As the Crown Prince grew up, his mother had occasion to reproach him again and again for his unenviable qualities, among which avarice, rudeness and lack of consideration for others were prominent.

The Queen of Prussia would have liked Caroline as a wife for her son, but the King had other and more ambitious views. He was not, however, opposed to the idea, in case all his other plans fell through. Neither Caroline nor the Crown Prince had any inclination for each other, and the scheme never took any definite shape, though it might have done so had the Queen lived. Meanwhile it was resolved to send Frederick William on a tour of foreign travel, in the hope that a greater knowledge of the world would improve his manners and morals. The Queen felt the parting keenly, for she truly loved her son (her only child), and though indifferent about other matters, she was keenly practical in anything that concerned his interest. After he had gone there was found a sheet of notepaper on her writing-table at Lützenburg, on which she had drawn a heart and underneath had written the date and the words "*Il est parti*".

It is probable that this parting preyed upon the Queen of Prussia's health, which was never strong, and made her more anxious to visit her mother. In January, 1705, she set out for Hanover, notwithstanding the opposition of the King and the severity of the weather. The long journey was too much for her. At Magdeburg she broke down, and had to take to her bed; but she rallied, and again took the road. After she had reached Hanover she seemed to conquer her illness, a tumour in the

throat, by sheer force of will. In a few days, however, dangerous symptoms developed, and she became rapidly worse. Doctors were called in, and it was soon recognised that there was no hope left.

When the news was broken to the Queen, with the greatest composure and without any fear of death she resigned herself to the inevitable. Her death-bed belongs to history. A great deal of conflicting testimony has gathered around her last hours, but probably the account given by Frederick the Great, who had exceptional opportunities of knowing the truth, is a correct one. The French chaplain at Hanover, de la Bergerie, came to offer his ministrations, but she said to him: "Let me die without quarrelling with you. For twenty years I have devoted earnest study to religious questions; you can tell me nothing that I do not know already, and I die in peace." To her lady-in-waiting she exclaimed: "What a useless fuss and ceremony they will make over this poor body"; and when she saw that she was in tears, she said, "Why do you weep? Did you think I was immortal?" And again: "Do not pity me. I am at last going to satisfy my curiosity about the origin of things, which even Leibniz could never explain to me, to understand space, infinity, being and nothingness; and as for the King, my husband—well, I shall afford him the opportunity of giving me a magnificent funeral, and displaying all the pomp he loves so much." Her aged mother, broken down with grief, was ill in an adjoining room, and unable to come to her; but to her brothers, George Louis (afterwards George the First, King of England) and Ernest Augustus, she bade an affectionate farewell. The pastor reminded her tritely that kings and queens were mortal equally with other men. She answered, "*Je le sais bien*," and with a sigh expired.

SOPHIA CHARLOTTE, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

From the Original Portrait by Wiedman.

Sophie Charlotte was in her thirty-seventh year when she died, and at her death a great light went out. She would have been a remarkable woman under any conditions; she was doubly remarkable when we remember her time and her environment. In her large brain and generous sympathies, her love of art and letters, and her desire to raise the intellectual life of those around her the first Queen of Prussia strongly resembled one of her successors who has recently passed away—the late Empress Frederick. She resembled her also in that during her lifetime she was often misrepresented and misunderstood, and her great qualities of head and heart were not fully appreciated until after her death.

CHAPTER III.

THE WOOING OF THE PRINCESS.

1705.

THE Queen of Prussia's death was one of the great sorrows of Caroline's life. She was at Ansbach when Sophie Charlotte died, slowly recovering from a low fever. The sad news from Hanover plunged her into the deepest grief, and seriously hindered her convalescence. Leibniz, who had also lost his best friend in the Queen, wrote to Caroline to express his grief and sympathy; he also took this opportunity to explain his views on the Divine scheme of things.

"Your Serene Highness," he writes, "having often done me the honour at Lützenburg of listening to my views on true piety, will allow me here to revert to them briefly.

"I am persuaded, not by light conjecture, that everything is ruled by a Being, whose power is supreme, and whose knowledge infinite and perfect. If, in this present state, we could understand the Divine scheme of things, we should see that everything is ordered for the best, not only generally but individually, for those who have a true love of God and confidence in His goodness. The teachings of Scripture conform to reason when they say that all things work together for good to those who love God. Thus perfect love is consummated in the joy of finding perfection in the object beloved, and this

is felt by those who recognise Divine perfection in all that it pleases God to do. If we had the power now to realise the marvellous beauty and harmony of things, we should reduce happiness to a science, and live in a state of perpetual blessedness. But since this beauty is hidden from our eyes, and we see around us a thousand sights that shock us, and cause temptation to the weak and ignorant, our love of God and our trust in His goodness are founded on faith, not yet lost in sight or verified by the senses.

"Herein, madam, may be found, broadly speaking, the three cardinal virtues of Christianity: faith, hope and love. Herein, too, may be found the essence of the piety which Christ taught—trust in the Supreme Reason, even where our reason fails without Divine grace to grasp its working, and although there may seem to be little reason in it. I have often discussed these broad principles with the late Queen. She understood them well, and her wonderful insight enabled her to realise much that I was unable to explain. This resignation, this trust, this merging of a tranquil soul in its God, showed itself in all her words and actions to the last moment of her life." [1]

Caroline's answer to this letter shows that she had not yet arrived at the heights of Leibniz's philosophy: "Heaven," she says, "jealous of our happiness, has taken away from us our adored and adorable Queen. The calamity has overwhelmed me with grief and sickness, and it is only the hope that I may soon follow her that consoles me. I pity you from the bottom of my heart, for her loss to you is irreparable. I pray the good God to add to the Electress Sophia's life the years that the

[1] Leibniz to the Princess Caroline of Ansbach, Hanover, 18th March, 1705.

Queen might have lived, and I beseech you to express my devotion to her."[1]

To add to Caroline's troubles, the Elector Palatine showed signs at this time of reviving his favourite project of marrying her to the King of Spain, notwithstanding her definite refusal the year before. He probably thought, as the death of Queen Sophie Charlotte had materially affected for the worse the position and prospects of her ward, that the young Princess could now be induced to reconsider her decision. The King of Prussia was of this opinion too, and his tone became threatening and peremptory; he had no objection to keeping Caroline as a possible bride for his son in the last resort, but it would suit his political schemes better to see her married to the future Emperor. But Caroline found an unexpected ally in her brother, the young Margrave of Ansbach, who resented, as much as he dared, the interference of the King of Prussia, and told his sister that she was not to do violence to her convictions, and that she might make her home with him as long as she pleased. Thus fortified, Caroline stood firm in her resistance, though by so doing she refused the most brilliant match in Europe.

With the spring things grew brighter; Caroline could not mourn for ever, and thanks to a strong constitution, youth and health asserted themselves, and she quite recovered her beauty and her vivacity. The Ansbach burghers knew all about her refusal of the future Emperor, and they honoured her for her courage and firmness, and were proud of their beautiful young princess, whom the greatest prince in Europe had sued in vain. Caroline interested herself in many schemes of usefulness in her brother's principality, and went in and out among the people

[1] Letter of Princess Caroline to Leibniz, Ansbach, 2nd April, 1705.

displaying those rare social gifts which stood her in good stead in later years. Perhaps this was the happiest period of her life, and though she was at Ansbach only for a short time, she always retained an affection for the place of her birth, and an interest in the fortunes of her family. Yet she must have felt the contrast between quiet little Ansbach and the brilliant circle at Berlin; her energetic and ambitious temperament was not one which could have long remained content with an equivocal position in a petty German Court, and she must have wondered what the future had in store for her.

Caroline was not destined to regret her refusal of the Imperial diadem. "Providence," as Addison put it later, "kept a reward in store for such exalted virtue;" and her "pious firmness," as Burnet unctuously called her rejection of the future Emperor, "was not to go unrequited, even in this life".[1] In June, the fairest month of all the year at little Ansbach, when the trim palace garden was full of roses, and the lime trees in the Hofgarten were in fragrant bloom, the Electoral Prince George Augustus of Hanover came to see and woo the beautiful princess like the Prince Charming in the fairy tale. George Augustus was not exactly a Prince Charming either in appearance or character, but at this time he passed muster. He was a few months younger than Caroline, and though he was short in stature, he was well set up, and had inherited some of his mother's beauty, especially her large almond-shaped eyes. The court painters depict him as by no means an ill-looking youth, and the court scribes, after the manner of their kind, described him as a prince of the highest qualities, with a grace of bearing and

[1] Gay, in his *Epistle to a Lady*, also alludes to this incident:—
"The pomp of titles easy faith might shake,
She scorned an empire, for religion's sake".

charm of manner. Flatterers as well as detractors unite in declaring him to be possessed of physical courage, as daring and impulsive, and often prompted by his heart. George Augustus had his defects, as we shall see later; they developed as the years went on, but they were not on the surface now, and it was only the surface that the young Princess saw.

The wooing of Caroline was full of romance and mystery; even the bare record of it, as related in the state papers and despatches of the day, cannot altogether keep these elements out. The Elector George of Hanover determined that his son should visit Ansbach in disguise, and, under a feigned name, see and converse with the Princess, so that he might find out if he could love her, if she were likely to love him, and whether she was really so beautiful and charming as rumour had described her. The Elector knew by bitter experience the misery of a state marriage between an ill-assorted husband and wife, and he determined to spare his son a similar fate. Extraordinary care was taken to preserve the Prince's *incognito*, and to prevent his mission being known before everything was settled. There was an additional reason for this secrecy, as the King of Prussia would certainly try to prevent the marriage if he got to know of it in time.

Prince George Augustus rode out of Hanover at night, no one knew whither, but his absence from the court was soon remarked, and the quidnuncs were all agog. The English Envoy at Hanover, Poley, writes home as follows:—

"Our Electoral Prince went out of town at about twelve o'clock at night, attended only by the Baron von Eltz (who had formerly been his governor and is one of these Ministers) and one valet-de-chambre. This journey is a mystery of which I know nothing, but it seems probable that he will make use of the Princess of Hesse's passing through Celle to view

incognito a Princess of that family who is thought to come with her. There is a Princess of Saxe-Zeith, also, said to be the most beautiful in Germany. . . . In what concerns the Prince's own inclination in this business, his Highness hath not hitherto appeared so much concerned for the character and beauty of any young lady he hath account of, as the Princess of Ansbach. The mystery of this journey at least will soon be discovered. There is in this court a real desire of marrying the prince very soon."[1]

Meanwhile George Augustus, in accordance with the Elector's plan, had arrived at Ansbach. He professed to be a young Hanoverian noble travelling for pleasure, who expected to meet at Nuremberg some travelling companions from Westphalia, but as they had failed to appear, he found Nuremberg dull, and came on to Ansbach to see the town and visit its court. He and his companion, Baron von Eltz, presented introductions from Count Platen, the Hanoverian Prime Minister, commending them to the good offices of the Margrave. They were received at the palace and treated with all hospitality; they were invited to supper, and joined the circle afterwards at music and cards. George Augustus, in the guise of a Hanoverian nobleman, was presented to the Princess Caroline, and conversed with her for some time. According to his subsequent declarations he was so much charmed with her that he fell in love at first sight. She far exceeded all that rumour had declared. It may be presumed that he kept his ardour in check, and Caroline had no idea who he was. But whether she had an inkling or not, she betrayed no sign, and played her part to perfection. After a few days' sojourn at Ansbach the young prince departed, apparently to Nuremberg

[1] Poley's Despatch, Hanover, 9th June, 1705.

to meet his friends, in reality to hasten back to Hanover to tell his father that he was very much in love. Here again we quote Poley:—

"The Prince Electoral is returned and gone to Herrenhausen. He was about two hours with the Elector alone, and the Elector's appearing afterwards in good humour at table makes it to be imagined that there hath nothing happened but what he is well pleased with. Some with whom I am acquainted are positively of opinion that his Highness hath been at Ansbach, and that he declared his design himself in person, and hath been very well received, and that we shall soon see some effects of it; others think it is a Princess of Hesse."[1]

But no explanation of the Prince's expedition was forthcoming, and the Elector went off to Pyrmont to take the waters, leaving the Hanoverian Court in mystification. The secret was well kept; even the Electress Sophia was not informed, notwithstanding that this was her darling scheme. The Elector had contempt for women's discretion; he often declared that he could not trust a woman's tongue, and he knew that his mother was a constant correspondent with the greatest gossip in Europe, her niece, Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans.

Matters being thus far advanced at Hanover, Eltz was again despatched to Ansbach. "He hath disappeared secretly," writes the lynx-eyed Poley, who was still much mystified. When Eltz returned to Ansbach, he kept up his disguise and told the Margrave that he had just returned from Nuremberg, where he had left his young friend. The Elector of Hanover's secret instructions to Eltz, and the Envoy's letters to the Elector (preserved in the Hanoverian archives) explain what followed, and

[1] Poley's Despatch, Hanover, 19th June, 1705.

the whole of the negotiations at Ansbach. It will be well to quote them in full :—

The Elector of Hanover to Privy Councillor von Eltz.

"HANOVER, *June 17th*, 1705.

"Whereas, it is already known to our trusty Envoy, that our son, the Electoral Prince, has seen the Princess of Ansbach, and is seized with such an affection and desire for her, that he is most eager to marry her without delay: We therefore should gladly rejoice to see such a union take place, and hope that the Princess may be equally favourably disposed. It is necessary, however, that her inclinations be assured first of all, and, should she consent to this alliance, it is our wish that the marriage contracts may be agreed upon without unnecessary delay.

"We therefore instruct our Envoy to betake himself, secretly and *incognito*, to the Court of Ansbach. On arriving there he must feign surprise that his friends from Westphalia, who had arranged to meet him at Nuremberg on their way to Italy, had not yet arrived. Moreover, he must say that the young friend who had accompanied him the last time he was at Ansbach having been unexpectedly called home, he, our Envoy, found the time of waiting so long at Nuremberg that he returned to Ansbach, and would consider it a special favour if he might be allowed to pass a few more days at that Court.

"Having made this explanation, our Envoy should seek an opportunity of conversing alone with the Princess, and should say to her privately, when no one else is within hearing, that he had matters of importance to bring before her notice, and certain proposals to make, which he hoped would not prove disagreeable to her. He must therefore beg her to

name a convenient time and opportunity to grant him an interview alone, but in such a manner as to cause no comment. He should also ask her, particularly, not to confide to any one the request he had made, the more especially because the Princess would subsequently see that the matter was of so delicate a nature as to require absolute secrecy for the present.

"When our Envoy is admitted to the Princess, he must explain to her that the young friend who accompanied him on his last visit to the Court of Ansbach was our son, the Electoral Prince, who had been so much impressed with the reports of the Princess's incomparable beauty and mental attributes that he arranged to appear *incognito*, and have the honour of seeing and speaking with the Princess without her knowing his electoral rank and station. As he had succeeded in doing this, and had found that the reports were more than verified, our son is so charmed and delighted with her that he would consider it the height of good fortune to obtain her for his wife, and has asked our permission to seek this end. As we, the Elector, have always held the Princess in highest esteem and repute, we are not a little rejoiced to hear that our son cherished these sentiments towards her, and we should be even more glad if he could attain the object of his mission.

"Our Envoy must then declare to the Princess who he himself is, and by whose authority he has come, and he must sound her as to whether she be free from all other engagements, and if so he must discover if her heart be inclined towards our son. Our Envoy, however, must mention, but not in such a way as to suggest that the Princess of Ansbach is a *pis aller* for our son, that this matter would have been broached sooner on our side, if negotiations for our son's marriage had not been going on in

Sweden, as was perhaps known in Ansbach, the result of which had necessarily to be awaited. Besides we had previously to make sure whether the Princess of Ansbach was likely to entertain the King of Spain's suit.

"If the Princess should reply that she is engaged to another, or if she should behave in such a way as to lead our Envoy to suppose that she was desirous of avoiding the proposal of marriage from our son, our Envoy is charged to beg the Princess not to make the slightest mention of the matter to any one, and, under pretext that he has received news that his travelling companions have at last reached Nuremberg, he is to take leave of the Court of Ansbach, and return hither at once as secretly as he left.

"But should the Princess, in answer to our Envoy's proposition, declare, as we hope she will, that she is free from any other matrimonial engagement, and is inclined to an alliance with our House, our Envoy will inquire of the Princess, first, whether she would agree to his having an audience with her brother, the Margrave, and then, on behalf of our son, he will ask her hand in marriage. Also, because this matter must be formally dealt with, and a contract of marriage drawn up, he must find out what trustees, persons well disposed towards the marriage, he shall ask the Margrave to nominate, or whether the Princess would prefer herself to nominate them. The Princess will probably require time to consider the matter, in which case our Envoy will request her to think over the question by herself. Should the Princess delay in coming to a decision, our Envoy, in the most polite and delicate manner possible, will remind her that he must guard in every way against the Princess having any kind of communication with the Court of Berlin until such time as this project of marriage is so far established as to

prevent any possibility of its being upset; and to this end our Envoy will most strongly urge that only trustworthy persons favourably disposed towards this marriage be employed in the drawing up of the contract. Our Envoy will point out that any communication on this subject with the Court of Berlin would only create difficulties and loss of time. Our Envoy knows full well that the sooner our son is married the better. It is, therefore, most important to prevent any whisper reaching Berlin, and to keep in ignorance all those persons who would surely speak against this marriage, and seek to delay it, in the hope of eventually preventing it altogether. Our Envoy can suggest to the Princess that an explanation could easily be given to the Court of Berlin later (with apologies for not having acquainted it before), to the effect that she was so hard pressed by our Envoy for a decision, she could not well refrain from accepting at once, the more especially as it was an offer she had no reason to refuse. Her brother, the Margrave, could say that he knew nothing of the matter until the Princess announced that she had chosen our son."

Privy Councillor von Eltz to the Elector of Hanover.

"ANSBACH, *June 23rd*, 1705.

"On arriving here yesterday evening I went at once to the Court, and was presented to the Margrave and her Highness the Princess, under the name of 'Steding,' by Court Marshal von Gerleheim. I was most graciously received by them both. The Princess commanded me to be shown to her private apartments, and gave me audience in her own chamber. There was no one else present, except at first Fräulein von Genninggen, who stood discreetly apart, and with her back turned to us; she

afterwards, at my suggestion, left the room. I then took the opportunity to carry out the mission with which I had been graciously entrusted by your Electoral Highness. I asked first whether her Highness was free of all other matrimonial engagements, and in that event whether she was favourably disposed to the Electoral Prince's suit?

"Her Highness at first seemed to be surprised and agitated. But she soon composed herself, and said that I could rest assured that she was entirely free from any engagements, as the negotiations between herself and the King of Spain had been completely broken off. Nevertheless, she added, my proposition came to her very unexpectedly, as (I quote her own words) 'she had never flattered herself that any one in Hanover had so much as thought about her'. That they should have done so, she could only ascribe to the will of God and the goodness of your Electoral Highness, and she hoped that you would not find yourself deceived in the favourable opinion you had formed of her from what others had told you. This much, at least, she would admit, that she would infinitely prefer an alliance with your Electoral House to any other; and she considered it particular good fortune to be able to form fresh and congenial ties to compensate for the loss she had suffered by the death of the high-souled Queen of Prussia, and of her own step-brother. In the meantime, as she was absolutely dependent on her brother, the present Margrave, she could not formally give her consent to my proposal until she had spoken with him on the subject. But she did not doubt that he would consider your Electoral Highness's request in a favourable light, and would willingly give his consent in all things as she wished.

"Having expressed my profound thanks to her Highness for her favourable reception of my proposal, I then strongly urged upon her the most

absolute secrecy, especially with regard to the too early announcement of this betrothal to the Court of Berlin. Her Highness at once declared that this was the very request she herself had been on the point of making to me, as the King of Prussia took upon himself to such an extent to command her to do this, that and the other, that her brother and she were obliged to be very circumspect, and to be careful of everything they said and did. Her brother, the Margrave, would most certainly be discreet, and the Princess was glad that Privy Councillor von Breidow was even now going to Berlin to represent the Court of Ansbach at the funeral of the late Queen.[1] Her Highness also undertook to inquire of her brother what settlements she should ask for, and who should be entrusted with the drawing up of the marriage contract, at the same time remarking that she had complete trust in Councillor von Voit, who, although he had originally advised her to accept the proposal of the King of Spain, yet, when she could not make up her mind to change her religion, had not turned against her, and was still her friend, and deeply attached to her brother. In conclusion, her Highness said that it would be best for me to retain the name of Steding for the present, and to come to Court in that name whenever I wished to drive out with her. Thereupon, so as not to create remark by too long an interview, and also to be able to expedite this despatch, I returned to my lodging at once. To-morrow I shall repair to Court again and learn what his Highness the Margrave has to say, whereupon I shall not fail to send my report."

[1] The Queen of Prussia was not buried until six months after her death, and her funeral, as she had anticipated, was conducted on a scale of great magnificence. Von Breidow was an Ansbach official in the pay of Prussia.

Privy Councillor von Eltz to the Elector of Hanover.

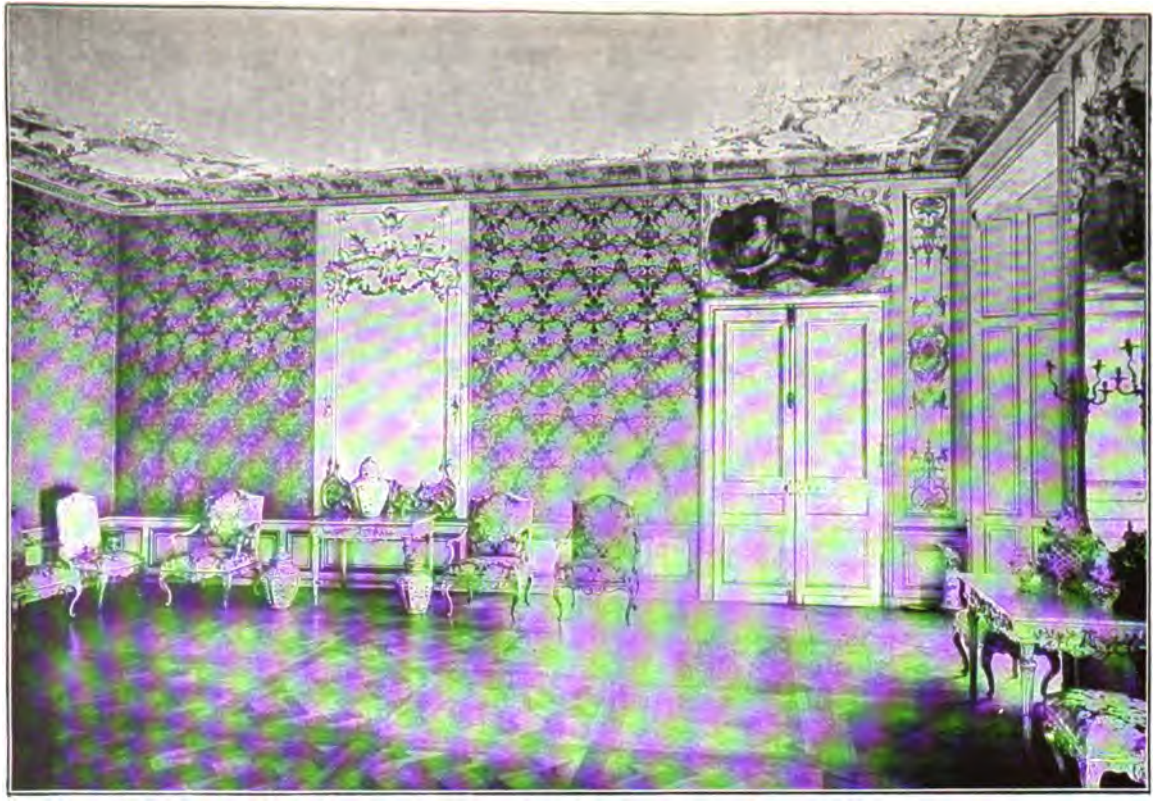
"ANSBACH, *June 25th*, 1705.

"As the Princess of Ansbach promised, and as I mentioned in my despatch of the day before yesterday, her Highness made known my mission to her brother, the Margrave, the same evening, and received his consent, which he gave with great pleasure. They thereupon sent a joint message by an express courier to the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt begging him to be good enough to repair hither without delay; the Princess asked the Landgrave to come in order that he might be an adviser to her and her brother, and help to determine the question of her appanage and her settlements. These will probably be easily settled. There is not likely to be any difference between the Princess and her brother on the question of settlements, except that he wishes to give up to her everything left to her by the will of the deceased Margrave, and she declines to accept so much from him.

"Meanwhile, though my credentials have not yet arrived, acting on the Princess's advice, I had a special audience with the Margrave, and thanked him for his favourable reply, urging at the same time despatch in the matter. Further, I asked that Councillor Voit might act as one of the trustees. To all these requests he replied most politely, and assured me that he considered your Electoral Highness's request as an honour to his House and a piece of good fortune to his family, and he was deeply obliged to your Electoral Highness for it, and would endeavour at all times to show your Electoral Highness devotion and respect.

"Court Councillor Serverit, who is here, and who was private secretary to the late Margrave, and is still intimate with the Princess, received a

letter yesterday from Court Councillor Metsch, wherein he says he has been summoned by both the Emperor and the Elector Palatine, who have commissioned him to make a final representation on behalf of the King of Spain, and he therefore must earnestly request Court Councillor Serverit to repair to some place, such as Nuremberg, where he could meet and confer with him. But her Highness, the Princess, ordered Court Councillor Serverit to reply by special courier to Court Councillor Metsch that it was not worth his trouble to journey to Nuremberg or anywhere else, as she held firmly to the resolution she had already formed, all the more as the matter was no longer *res integra.* Thus your Electoral Highness has chosen the right moment to send me here, not only on account of this message, but also because of the absence of Privy Councillor von Breidow; and if only the courier will bring me the necessary instructions and authorisation from your Electoral Highness with regard to the marriage contract, as everything is in readiness, the matter can be settled at once. I also hope that the Princess will not long delay her departure from Ansbach, and will not break her journey to Hanover anywhere but at Eisenach. It is true she told Councillor Voit, when at my suggestion he mentioned to her that I was pressed for time, that she had no coaches or appanage ready, and the Councillor also gave me to understand that the Margrave would need time to make proper arrangements for the journey. But I, on the other hand, pointed out that your Electoral Highness cared for none of these things, and needed nothing else but to see the Princess in person, and hoped as soon as possible to receive her. Whereupon the Councillor assured me that her Highness would not take it amiss if I pressed the matter somewhat urgently, and that he would do all in his power to



QUEEN CAROLINE'S ROOM IN THE CASTLE OF ANSBACH.

help me. I now only await the courier. . . . I have so much good to tell concerning the Princess's merits, beauty, understanding and manner that your Electoral Highness will take a real and sincere pleasure in hearing it."[1]

The courier from Hanover duly arrived at Ansbach bringing the Elector's warrant, which gave Eltz full powers to arrange the marriage contract and settle the matter of the impending alliance between "our well-beloved son, George Augustus, Duke and Electoral Prince of Brunswick-Lüneburg, and our well-beloved Princess Wilhelmina Caroline, Princess of Brandenburg in Prussia, of Magdeburg, Stettin and Pomerania, of Casuben and Wenden, also Duchess of Crossen in Silesia, Electress of Nuremberg, Princess of Halberstadt, Minden and Cannin, and Countess of Hohenzollern, etc., etc.," as Caroline was grandiloquently described. Her long string of titles contrasted with her lack of dowry, for she brought to her future consort nothing but her beauty and her talents, which, however, were more than enough.

The preliminaries being settled, Count Platen was told by the Elector, who was still at Pyrmont, to acquaint the Electress Dowager with what had been done. The Electress expressed her surprise that "the whole matter had been kept secret from her," but she was so overjoyed at the realisation of her hopes that she waived her resentment at the lack of courtesy with which she had been treated.[2] As the "Heiress of Great Britain" the marriage of her grandson, who was in the direct line of succession to the English throne, was a

[1] These documents (in German) are preserved in the Royal Archives at Hanover. They have never before been published.

[2] An account of this interview is given in a letter from the Count von Platen to the Elector of Hanover; Hanover, 9th July, 1705. (Hanover Archives.)

matter in which she had certainly a right to be consulted. But as it all turned out exactly as she would have wished, she put aside her chagrin and prepared to give the bride a hearty welcome.

The betrothal soon became an open secret, and the Duke of Celle, George Augustus's maternal grandfather, was formally acquainted with the good news, and came to Hanover to offer his congratulations. Poley adds the following significant note: "During the Duke of Celle's being here, the Duchess of Celle goes to stay with her daughter, and probably to acquaint her with her son's marriage".[1] This daughter was the unfortunate wife of the Elector, Sophie Dorothea, the family skeleton of the House of Hanover, whom her husband had put away and kept a prisoner at Ahlden. This was the only notification of the marriage made to her, and she was not allowed to send a letter to her son or to his future wife.

A few days later the good news was publicly proclaimed. Poley writes: "On Sunday, the 26th, just before dinner, the Elector declared that there was concluded a treaty of marriage between his son the Electoral Prince and the Princess of Ansbach, and the Prince received the compliments of the court upon it, and at dinner there were many healths drunk to his good success. So that the mystery is now at an end which hath hitherto been concealed with so much care. . . . The Prince's clothes are now making, and the comedians have an order to be in readiness to act their best plays, of which they have already given in a list, though it is thought the mourning for the Emperor may delay the wedding some weeks longer if the Prince's impatience does not make him willing to hasten it. The Electress told me on Sunday night that

[1] Poley's Despatch, Hanover, 21st July, 1705.

the Elector had left the Prince entirely to his own choice, and the Electress herself hath a very great kindness for her, and since her last visit to Berlin, the Princess of Ansbach hath been always talked of at this court as the most agreeable Princess in Germany."[1]

After this there was no long delay, and everything was done to hasten forward the marriage. The Princess of Ansbach only asked for time to make necessary preparations for departure, and agreed to waive all unnecessary ceremony. At Hanover it was settled that the Electoral Prince and Princess should have the apartments in the Leine Schloss formerly occupied by Sophie Dorothea of Celle when Electoral Princess, and the same household and establishment allotted to them—"nothing very great," remarks Poley.

The air was full of wedding preparations when the rejoicing was suddenly marred by the death of the aged Duke of Celle, who died of a chill caught hunting. The Princess of Ansbach, accompanied by her brother, the Margrave, had actually started on her journey to Hanover when the news of this untoward event reached her, and the Electoral Prince had gone to meet her half-way. As all arrangements were completed for the wedding, and delays were dangerous owing to the jealousy of the Courts of Vienna and Berlin, it was decided to suspend the mourning for the Duke of Celle for a few days, and to celebrate the marriage on the arrival of the bride.

George Augustus and Caroline were married quietly on September 2nd, 1705, in the chapel of the palace of Hanover. The only account of the marriage is to be found in Poley's despatch: "The Princess of Ansbach and the Margrave, her brother,

[1] Poley's Despatch, Hanover, 28th July, 1705.

arrived here, and were received with all the expressions of kindness and respect that could be desired. The marriage was solemnised the same evening after her coming, and yesterday there was a ball, and in the evening there will be a comedy for her entertainment, and there are the greatest appearances of entire satisfaction on all sides. The Court left off their mourning, and has appeared these three days in all the finery which the occasion requires, and the Marquess of Hertford, Mr. Newport, Mr. Onslow, Mr. Austin, and some other English gentlemen, who are come hither to have their share of the diversions, have made no small part of the show."[1] Thus early did Caroline make the acquaintance of representatives of the English nation over which, with her husband, she was one day to reign.

[1] Poley's Despatch, 4th September, 1705.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COURT OF HANOVER.

1705–1706.

THE Court of Hanover at the time of Caroline's marriage was one of the principal courts of North Germany, not equal in importance to that of Berlin, or in splendour to that of Dresden, but second to no others. During the reign of the first Elector, Ernest Augustus, and his consort, the Electress Sophia, Hanover had gained materially in power and importance. The town became the resort of wealthy nobles, who had before divided their attentions between Hamburg and Brunswick. Handsome public buildings and new houses sprang up on every side, and outside the walls, especially towards Herrenhausen, the borders of the city were extending. Few of the houses were large, for the wealthy Hanoverian nobility resided for the most part at their castles in the country, and only came to the capital now and then for the carnival or the opera, which was one of the best in Germany, or to pay their respects to the Elector.

The Hanover of that day, after the model of German mediæval cities, was a town with walls and gates. The old town within the walls was composed of rough narrow streets, and timbered, gabled houses with high sloping roofs. Some of these old houses, such as Leibnizhaus, a sandstone building of the seventeenth century, still remain, and so do

the old brick Markt Kirche, the Rathhaus, and other quaint buildings characteristic of mediæval Germany; they make it easy to conjure up the everyday life of the old Hanoverian burghers.

Caroline found that Hanover was a more important place than Ansbach, and everything was on a larger scale. For instance, it possessed three palaces instead of one, the small Alte Palais, since Sophie Dorothea's disgrace seldom used, the Leine Schloss, a huge barrack of a palace on the banks of the Leine, and last, but not least, Herrenhausen, about two miles without the walls, approached by a magnificent double avenue of limes. The grounds of Herrenhausen were designed in imitation of Versailles, and, though the palace itself was plain and unpretending, the beauty of the place consisted in its great park, full of magnificent limes, elms, chestnuts and maples, and in its garden, one hundred and twenty acres in extent, laid out in the old French style with terraces, statues and fountains, and fenced about with maze-like hedges of clipped hornbeam. The Electress Sophia loved Herrenhausen greatly, though since her widowhood she had been relegated to one wing of it by her son the Elector. He would not permit her any share in the government of the electorate, and she had therefore ample time to devote herself to her philosophic studies. But she also employed her active mind in looking after her English affairs, in which she was deeply interested. The fact that she was in the direct line of the English succession attracted to Herrenhausen many English people of note, and it became a rallying-point of those who favoured the Hanoverian succession.

The Electress Sophia was the widow of Ernest Augustus, first Elector of Hanover. She was a great princess in every sense of the word, and with her husband had raised Hanover from a petty

dukedom to the rank of an electorate. She was the granddaughter of King James the First of England; the daughter of the Princess Elizabeth of England, Queen of Bohemia; the sister of Prince Rupert, who had fought for the royal cause throughout the great rebellion; the niece of Charles the First, and first cousin to Charles the Second and to James the Second, the old King who had lately died in exile at St. Germains.[1] By Act of Parliament the succession to the throne of England was vested in the Electress Sophia and the heirs male of her body *being Protestant*, and according to this Act the only life between her and the British crown was that of the reigning Queen, Anne, who was childless and in bad health. Sophia was inordinately proud of her English ancestry, and though she had never been in England, or had seen any of her English relatives since Charles the Second mounted the throne of his ancestors, she was much more English than German in her habits, tastes and inclinations. She had unbounded admiration for "her country," as she called it, and its people; she spoke the language perfectly,

[1] Short genealogical table showing the descent of his Majesty King Edward VII. from James I., the Electress Sophia and Caroline of Ansbach :—

James I.
|
Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia.
|
Sophia, Electress of Hanover.
|
George I.
|
George II. = Caroline of Ansbach.
|
Frederick, Prince of Wales.
|
George III.
|
Duke of Kent.
|
Queen Victoria.
|
Edward VII.

and kept herself well acquainted with events in England. She even tried to understand the English Constitution, though here, it must be admitted, she was sometimes at fault. She had her mother's soaring ambition: "I care not when I die," said she, "if on my tomb it be written that I was Queen of England". In her immediate circle she loved to be called "the Princess of Wales," though, of course, she had no right to the title, and she frequently spoke of herself by the designation which was afterwards inscribed upon her tomb, "The heiress of Great Britain".

When Caroline came to Hanover, this wonderful old princess, though over seventy years of age, was in full possession of her physical and mental faculties. Her step was firm, her bearing erect, and there was scarcely a wrinkle on her face, or a tooth out of her head. She read and corresponded widely, and spoke and wrote in five languages, each one perfectly. Notwithstanding her many sorrows (she had lost four sons and her dearly-loved daughter), vexations and deprivations, she maintained a cheerful and lively disposition, largely due to a perfect digestion, which even a course of solid German dinners—for she was a hearty eater and drinker—could not upset. One of her rules was never to eat nor walk alone, and she imputed her sound health largely to her love of company and outdoor exercise. Like her illustrious descendant, Queen Victoria, she never passed a day without spending many hours in the open air; she sometimes drove, but more often walked for two or three hours in the gardens of Herrenhausen, pacing up and down the interminable paths, and talking the whole time in French or English to her companions. In this way she gave audience to many Englishmen of note, from the great Marlborough downwards, and it is on record that she tired out many of them.

Her eldest son, George Louis (later George the First of England), who succeeded his father, Ernest Augustus, as Elector of Hanover in 1698, was in all respects different to his mother, who had inherited many characteristics of the Stuarts. He in no wise resembled them; he seemed to have harked back to some remote German ancestor, for, while his father, Ernest Augustus, was a handsome, genial, pleasure-loving prince, with a courtly air, and a genius for intrigue, the Elector George was ungraceful in person and gesture, reserved and uncouth in speech, and coarse and unrefined in taste. He was profligate, and penurious even in his profligacy. Unlike his mother, he had no learning, and unlike his father, he had no manners. On the other hand he was straightforward; he never told a lie, at least an unnecessary one; he had a horror of intrigue and double-dealing, and he had great personal courage, as he had proved on many a hard-fought field. His enemies said that he was absolutely devoid of human affection, but he had a sincere liking for his sister, Sophie Charlotte, Queen of Prussia, and a good deal of affection for his daughter, and what proved to be a lasting regard for his unlovely mistress, Ermengarda Melusina Schulemburg. The care he took that his son should make a love match also shows him to have possessed some heart. But few found this out; most were repelled by his harsh manner.

The Electress Sophia was not happy in her children; "none of them ever showed the respect they ought to have done," writes her niece, Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans. Of all her seven children, only three were now living: George the Elector, who disliked her; Maximilian, a Jacobite and Roman Catholic, in exile and open rebellion against his brother; and Ernest Augustus, the youngest of them all. Of her grandson, George

Augustus, we have already spoken, and he, too, frequently treated her with disrespect. There remained his sister, the Princess Sophie Dorothea, a young princess of beauty and promise, whose matrimonial prospects were engaging the attention of the old Electress.

Such was the electoral family of Hanover which Caroline had now joined. There was one other member of it, poor Sophie Dorothea of Celle, consort of the Elector, but she was thrust out of sight, divorced, disgraced, imprisoned, and now entering on the eleventh year of her dreary captivity in the castle of Ahlden, some twenty miles from Hanover. Caroline had doubtless heard of the black business in the old Leine Schloss that July night, 1694, when Königsmarck mysteriously disappeared coming from the Princess's chamber, for the scandal had been discussed in every court in Europe. But there is nothing to show that she expressed any opinion on the guilt or innocence of her unhappy mother-in-law, whether she took her husband's view, who regarded his mother as the victim of the Elector's tyranny, or the view of the Electress Sophia, who could find no words bad enough to condemn her. Caroline was much too discreet to stir the embers of that old family feud, or to mention a name which was not so much as whispered at Herrenhausen. But one thing may be noted in her favour; she showed many courtesies to the imprisoned Princess's mother, the aged Duchess of Celle, who, since her husband's death, had been forced to quit the castle of Celle, and now lived in retirement at Wienhausen. The favour of George Augustus and Caroline protected the Duchess of Celle from open insult, but history is silent as to whether the Duchess attempted to act as a means of communication between them and her imprisoned daughter.

Caroline's bright and refined presence was sorely

needed at the Hanoverian Court, which had changed for the worse since George had assumed the electoral diadem. Under the rule of the pleasure-loving Ernest Augustus and his cheerful spouse Sophia, their court had been one of the gayest in Germany, and splendid out of proportion to the importance of the electorate. The Elector George kept his court too; he maintained the opera and dined in public, after the manner of Louis the Fourteenth, but he was as penurious as Ernest Augustus had been extravagant, and he cut down every unnecessary penny. The Duchess of Orleans, who cordially disliked all the Hanoverian family except her aunt, the Electress Sophia, writes about this time: "It is not to be wondered at that the gaiety that used to be at Hanover has departed; the Elector is so cold that he turns everything into ice—his father and uncle were not like him".

This was a prejudiced view, for the Court of Hanover was still gay, though its gaiety had lost in wit and gained in coarseness since the accession of the Elector George. A sample of its pleasures is afforded in the following description, written by Leibniz, of a *fête* given at Hanover a year or two before Caroline's marriage.[1] The entertainment was modelled on Trimalchio's banquet, and suggests a parallel with the grossest pleasures of Nero and imperial Rome. Leibniz writes:—

"A *fête* was given at this Court recently and represented the famous banquet described by Petronius.[2] The part of our modern Trimalchio was

[1] Letter of Leibniz to the Princess of Hohenzollern-Heckingen, Hanover, 25th February, 1702. Some passages in this letter are omitted as unfit for publication.

[2] Nero is satirised under the name of Trimalchio by Petronius Arbiter in the *Satyricon*, and the description of his banquet is gross in the extreme. A comparison of Petronius's account of the banquet in the *Satyricon* with Leibniz's description of the *fête* at Hanover will show how closely the Electoral Court followed the Roman original.

played by the Raugrave, and that of his wife, Fortunata, by Fräulein von Pöllnitz, who managed everything as did Fortunata of old in the house of her Trimalchio. Couches were arranged round the table for the guests. The trophies displayed of Trimalchio's arms were composed of empty bottles, and there were very many devices, recording his fine qualities, especially his courage and wit. As the guests entered the banqueting hall, a slave called out, 'Advance in order,' as in ancient time, and they took their places on the couches set apart for them. Eumolpus (Mauro) recited verses in praise of the great Trimalchio, who presently arrived carried on a litter, and preceded by a chorus of singers and musicians, including huntsmen blowing horns, drummers and slaves, all making a great noise. As the procession advanced, Trimalchio's praises were sung after the following fashion :—

À la cour comme à l'armée
On connait sa renommée ;
Il ne craint point les bâtards,
Ni de Bacchus ni de Mars.

"After the procession had made several turns round the hall, Trimalchio was placed on his couch, and began to eat and drink, cordially inviting his guests to follow his example. His chief carver was called Monsieur Coupé, so that by calling out 'Coupé' he could name him, and at the same time command him to carve, like the carver Carpus in Petronius, to whom his master called *Carpe*, which means much the same as *coupez*. In imitation, too, a pea-hen was brought in sitting on her nest full of eggs, which Trimalchio first declared were half-hatched, but on examination proved to contain delicious ortolans. Little children carried in pies, and birds flew out from them, and were caught again by the fowlers. An ass was led in bearing a load of olives. Several

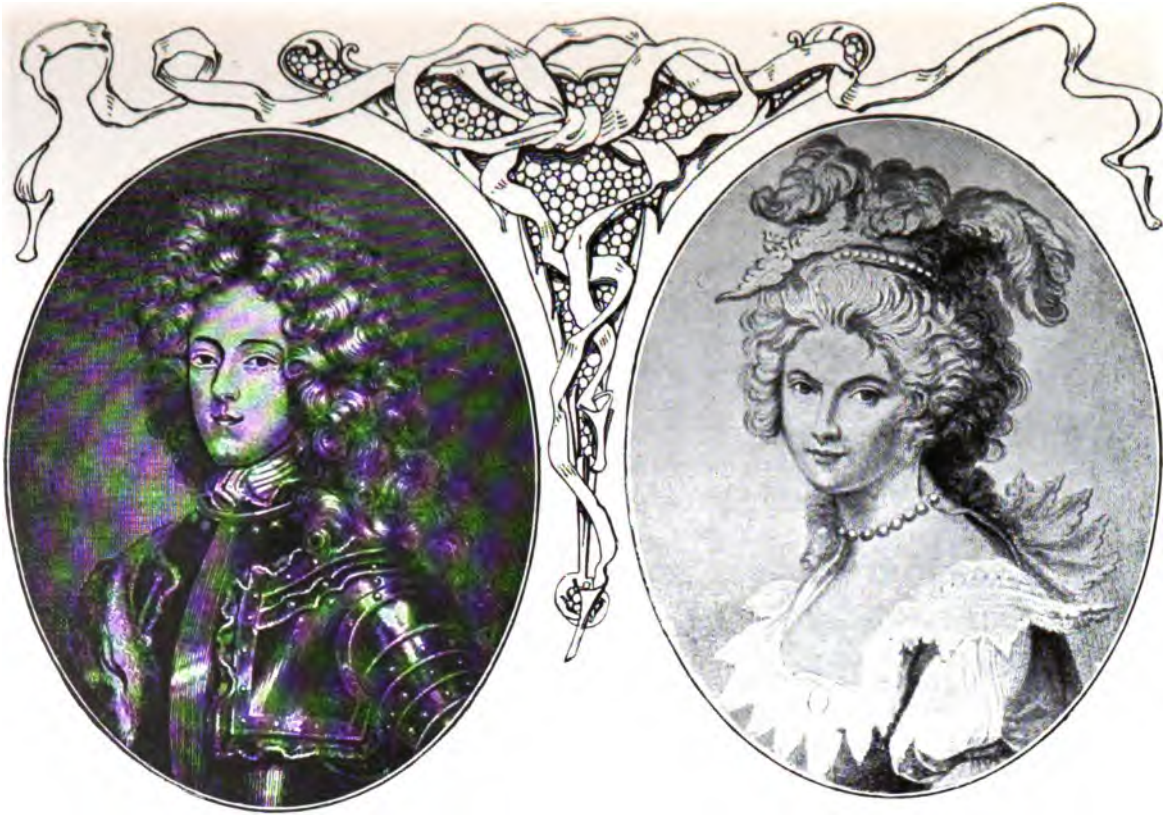
other extraordinary dishes enlivened the banquet and surprised the spectators; everything was copied strictly from the Roman original. There was even a charger, with viands representing the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and Trimalchio gave utterance to some very amusing astrology. Fortunata had to be called several times before she would sit down to table—everything depended on her. Trimalchio being in an erudite mood, had the catalogue of his burlesque library brought to him, and, as the names of the books were read out, he quoted the finest passages, and criticised them. The only wine was Falerno, and Trimalchio, who naturally preferred Hungarian to any other, controlled himself out of respect to his guests. It is true, as regards his personal necessities, he put no constraint upon himself. . . . Finally, after moralising on happiness and the vanity of things in general, he sent for his will and read it aloud; in it he left orders how he was to be buried, and what monument was to be erected to his memory. He also announced what legacies he would leave, some of them very funny, and he freed his slaves, who during the reading of the will were grimacing and howling in lamentable fashion. During the banquet he granted full liberty to Bacchus, pretending to be proud of having even the gods in his power. Some of the slaves donned caps, the sign of liberty. When their master drank these same slaves imitated the noise of the cannon, or rather of Jove's thunder. . . .

"But in the midst of these festivities the Goddess of Discord cast down her apple. A quarrel forthwith arose between Trimalchio and Fortunata, whereupon he threw a goblet at her head, and there ensued a battle royal. At last peace was restored, and everything ended harmoniously. The procession, with the singers, dancers, horns, drums and other instruments of music, closed the banquet as it

had been opened. And to say nothing of Fortunata, Trimalchio certainly surpassed himself."

The fact that such a revel as this could take place under princely patronage shows the grossness of the age in general and Hanover in particular. But a good deal of the coarseness at the Hanoverian Court was due to the fact that it was, at this time, reigned over by mistresses who had not the saving grace of refinement. The Electress Sophia was old, and her taste for court entertainments had dulled, and even if it had not, the Elector was too jealous to permit her to take the lead. His daughter, Sophie Dorothea, was too young to have any influence. The advent of the Electoral Princess supplied the elements that were lacking, beauty and grace, and a sense of personal dignity and virtue.

Caroline was in every way fitted to queen it over a much larger court than Hanover. Like her adopted mother, the Queen of Prussia, Caroline's intellect was lofty, and she scorned as "paltry" many of the things in which the princesses of her time were most interested. The minutiæ of court etiquette, scandal, dress, needlework and display did not appeal to her; some of these things were all very well as means to an end, but with Caroline emphatically they were not the end. Her natural inclination was all towards serious things; politics and the love of power were with her a passion. She had little opportunity of indulging her taste in this respect at Hanover, for the Elector gave no woman a chance of meddling in politics at his court, and her husband, the Electoral Prince, professed to be of the same mind. So Caroline had for years to conceal the qualities which later made her a stateswoman, and the consummate skill with which she did so proved her to be an actress and diplomatist of no mean order. She had more liberty to follow her literary and philosophical bent, for both



GEORGE II. AND QUEEN CAROLINE AT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

the Elector and his son hated books, were indifferent to religion, and treated philosophers and their theories with open contempt; these questions were all very well for women and bookmen, but they could not be expected to occupy their lofty minds with such trifles. Caroline, therefore, and the Electress Sophia, who was even more learned than her daughter-in-law, were able to indulge their tastes in this respect with comparative freedom, and they enjoyed many hours discussing philosophy with Leibniz or arguing on religious questions with learned divines. They kept themselves well abreast of the intellectual thought of the time, and even tried in some small way to hold reunions at Herrenhausen, after the model of those at Charlottenburg, but in this Caroline had to exercise a good deal of discretion, for her husband, like the Elector, though grossly illiterate, was jealous lest his wife's learning should seem to be superior to his own. Much of Caroline's reading had to be done in secret, and the discussions in which she delighted were carried on in the privacy of the Electress Sophia's apartments.

Within the first few years of her marriage Caroline found that she had need of all her philosophy, natural or acquired, whether derived from Leibniz or inherent in herself, to accommodate herself to the whims and humours of her fantastic little husband. She quickly discovered the faults and foibles of his character, she was soon made aware of his meanness, his shallowness and his petty vanity, of his absurd love of boasting, his fitful and choleric temper, and his incontinence. George Augustus had inherited the bad qualities of both his parents, and the good qualities of neither, for he had not his father's straightforwardness, nor his mother's generous impulses. He was a contemptible character, but his wife never manifested any contempt for him; her conduct indeed was a model of all

that a wife's should be—from the man's point of view. The little prince would rail at her, contradict her, snub her, dash his wig on the ground, strut up and down the room, red and angry, shouting at the top of his voice, but, unlike her mother-in-law, Sophie Dorothea, Caroline never answered her husband; she was always submissive, always dutiful, always the patient Griselda. The result justified her wisdom. George Augustus became genuinely attached to his wife, and she preserved his affection and kept her influence over him. Shortly after her marriage she was attacked by small-pox; it did not seriously impair her beauty, but for many days her life was in danger. Her husband was beside himself with anxiety; he never left her chamber day or night, and caught the disease from her, thus risking his life for hers. Caroline never forgot this proof of his devotion. She was shrewd enough to see from the beginning, what so many wives in equal or less exalted positions fail to see, that her interests and her husband's interests were identical, and that as he prospered she would prosper with him, and, on the other hand, everything which hurt him or his prospects would react on her too. She realised that she could only reach worldly greatness through him, and ambition coloured all her life. The rôle of the injured wife would do her no good, either in her husband's eyes or in those of the world, so she never played the part, though in all truth he early gave her cause enough. Her life was witness of the love she bore him, a love that was quite unaccountable. From the first moment of her married life to the last, she was absolutely devoted to him; his friends were her friends and his enemies her enemies.

Caroline was soon called upon to take sides in the quarrel between the Electoral Prince and the Elector, which as the years went by became in-

tensified in bitterness. As to the origin of this unnatural feud it is impossible to speak with certainty; some have found it in the elder George's cruel treatment of his wife, Sophie Dorothea, which the son was said to have strongly resented. This may be partly true, for though the young Prince was only a boy when his mother was first imprisoned, he was old enough to have loved her, and he had sufficient understanding to sympathise with her wrongs, as her daughter did. Besides, he often visited his maternal grandparents at Celle, and though the old Duke was neutral, the Duchess warmly espoused her daughter's cause, and hated George Louis and his mother, Sophia, who were her worst enemies. She may have instilled some of these sentiments into her grandson, for his treatment of his grandmother, the Electress Sophia, left much to be desired, though she was devoted to him, and always ready to plot with him against his father. All these currents of emotion, and cross-currents of jealousy and hatred were in full flood at the Hanoverian Court when Caroline arrived there, and she must have found it exceedingly difficult to steer a straight course among them. She at once decided to throw in her lot with her husband, and to make his cause hers. She soon, therefore, came to be viewed with disfavour by her father-in-law.

In all matters, except those which militated against her husband's interests, Caroline endeavoured to please the Elector. George openly maintained three mistresses, and he expected that the Electoral Princess should receive them and treat them with courtesy. Caroline raised no difficulties on this score, and made the best of the peculiar circumstances she found around her. The subject is not a pleasant one, but it is impossible to give a true picture of the Hanoverian Court and ignore

the existence of these women, for they influenced considerably the trend of affairs, and occupied positions only second to the princesses of the electoral family.

Of the Elector's favourites, Ermengarda Melusina Schulemburg was the oldest, and the most accredited. She was descended from the elder branch of the ancient but impoverished house of Schulemburg; her father had held high office in the Court of Berlin, her brother found a similar place in the service of the Venetian Republic. Melusina having no dower and no great charm, except her youth, made her way to Hanover about 1690, in the hope of improving her fortunes, honourably or dishonourably as chance offered. Melusina attracted the attention of George Louis, Prince of Hanover, as he was then called. He made her an allowance, and procured for her a post at court as maid of honour (save the mark) to his mother, the Electress Sophia. Schulemburg's appearance was the signal for furious quarrels between George Louis and his unhappy consort, who, though she detested her husband, was jealous of his amours. But her protests were useless, and only served to irritate the situation. After Sophie Dorothea's divorce, Schulemburg lived with George Louis to all intents and purposes as his wife, and when he succeeded to the electorate, her position became the more influential. It was not easy to understand how she maintained her sway; it was certainly not by her person. She was very tall, and in her youth had some good looks of the passive German type, but as the years went by she lost the few pretexts to beauty that she possessed. Her figure became extremely thin, in consequence of small-pox she lost all her hair, and was not only marked on the face but wore an ugly wig. She sought to mend these defects by painting and

ruddling her face, which only made them worse; her taste in dress was atrocious. Schulemburg was a stupid woman, with a narrow range of vision, and her dominant passion was avarice; but she was undoubtedly attached to her protector, and remained faithful to him—not that any one ever tempted her fidelity. She had an equable temper, and she was no mischief maker. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu says of her: "She was so much of his (George's) own temper that I do not wonder at the engagement between them. She was duller than himself, and consequently did not find out that he was so."

As the years went by Schulemburg's ascendency was threatened by another and even less attractive lady, Kielmansegge, *née* Platen, whom the Elector had elevated to a similar position. Her mother, the Countess Platen, wife of the Prime Minister, had been for years mistress of his father, Ernest Augustus. She had destined her daughter for a similar position, but at first it seemed that her plans were foiled by the young countess contracting a passion for the son of a Hamburg merchant named Kielmansegge, whom she married under circumstances that gave rise to scandal. After her mother's death she separated from her husband, returned to Hanover, and gave herself up to pleasure. She was exceedingly extravagant in her personal tastes, and soon squandered the sum of £40,000 left her by her mother. She was of a sociable disposition, and having many admirers was not disposed to be unkind to any. George Augustus, who hated her, declared that she intrigued with every man in Hanover, and this being reported to her, she sought an audience of the Electoral Princess, and denied the imputation, producing, as a proof of her virtue, a certificate of moral character signed by her husband, whom she had now deserted.

Caroline laughed, and told her "it was indeed a bad reputation which rendered such a certificate necessary". Kielmansegge was clever, and a good conversationalist, and she maintained her somewhat precarious hold over the Elector by amusing him. She had more wit and cunning than Schulemburg, but her morals were worse, and her appearance was equally unattractive, though in another way. Her wig was black, whereas Schulemburg's was red, and she was of enormous and unwieldy bulk, whereas Schulemburg was lean to emaciation. Schulemburg had to heighten her charms by rouge; Kielmansegge, on the other hand, was naturally so highly coloured that she sought to tone down her complexion by copious dressings of powder; the effect in either case was equally unlovely. The Electress Sophia mocked at them both, and had nicknames for them both; Schulemburg she called "The tall malkin," and used to ask the courtiers what her son could see in her. Kielmansegge she dubbed "The fat hen".

There remained yet another of these ladies—the beautiful Countess Platen, a sister-in-law of Madame Kielmansegge, and wife of Count Platen the younger. The family of Platen seem to have formed a sort of hereditary hierarchy of shame. When the young countess first appeared at court after her marriage, in the height of her beauty, the Elector took little notice of her. And as the Elector's favour was counted a great honour among the Hanoverian ladies, Countess Platen was deeply mortified at this ignoring of her charms. She determined on a bold stroke of policy—she sought an audience of his Highness, and with tears in her eyes besought him not to treat her so rudely. The astonished Elector declared that he was ignorant of having done anything of the kind, and added gallantly that she was the most beautiful woman at his court.

"If that be true, sir," replied the countess, weeping, "why do you pass all your time with Schulemburg, while I hardly receive the honour of a glance from you?" The gallant George promised to mend his manners, and soon came to visit her so frequently that her husband, objecting to the intimacy, separated from her, and left her wholly to the Elector. The Countess Platen was the best loved of all the Elector's favourites, but, like Kielmansegge, she was not faithful to him. Among the Englishmen who came to Hanover about this time was the younger Craggs, son of James Craggs, a Whig place-hunter of the baser sort. According to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the elder Craggs had been at one time footman to the Duchess of Norfolk, and was employed by her in an intrigue she had with King James the Second. He acquitted himself with so much secrecy and discretion that the duchess recommended him to the Duke of Marlborough, who employed him for purposes of political and other intrigues. Thus, by trading on the secrets of the great and wealthy, Craggs at length acquired a fortune and entered parliament. His son James Craggs was an exceeding strong, good-looking youth, with great assurance and easy manners, though Lady Mary declares that "there was a coarseness in his face and shape that had more the air of a porter than a gentleman". But coarseness was no drawback at the Court of Hanover, and the Countess Platen soon became enamoured of the well-favoured young Englishman, and introduced him to the notice of the Elector, who, ignorant or careless of the intrigue, showed him a good deal of favour, and promised him a good appointment if ever he became King of England. George amply redeemed this promise later, and young Craggs was one of the few Englishmen admitted to his private circle.

Since the passing of the Act of Succession in 1700 under King William, and Lord Macclesfield's mission to Hanover in 1701, when he presented a copy of the Act to the Electress Sophia, and since the recognition by Anne of the *status quo* on her accession in 1702, the English prospects of the electoral family had sensibly improved, and the Hanoverian succession had quitted the region of abstract theories to enter the realm of practical politics. The time-servers in England showed their sensible appreciation of this by turning their attention from St. Germains to Hanover. Marlborough, the arch time-server of them all, was at Hanover at the end of 1704, and Prince Ernest Augustus, the youngest son of the Electress Sophia, had fought under him in one of his campaigns. Marlborough was said at one time to have entertained the project of marrying his third daughter to the Electoral Prince as a return for his powerful aid to the electoral family, but the scheme fell through, if it were ever seriously considered. It might have been, for Marlborough's support was very valuable. Party feeling ran very high in England, and there was a strong Jacobite faction which heavily discounted the prospects of the Hanoverian succession. At the beginning of her reign, Anne, apprehensive that the Jacobites might become too powerful and shake her position on the throne, to which her title was none too sure, leant, or appeared to lean, in the direction of Hanover. The question was complicated, too, by the fact that the Scottish Parliament had rejected the Bill for the Hanoverian succession with every mark of contempt, and had passed a measure which seemed to settle the succession of the Scottish crown upon the Duke of Hamilton. At least, it excluded the House of Hanover as aliens, and for a time there was the anomaly that though the Electress Sophia might

have succeeded to the throne of England, she could not have worn the crown of Scotland, and the kingdoms would again have become divided. It was largely to end these complications that the Act of Union between England and Scotland was brought forward, and one of its most important clauses was that the succession of the crown of Scotland, like that of England, should be vested in the Electress Sophia, and her heirs, being Protestant, a clause which was hotly debated. An Act was also passed to naturalise the electoral family.

Elated by these successes, the next move of the Whigs was to suggest to the Electress Sophia that she should come over to England on a visit, in order that the people might see "the heiress of Great Britain," and so strengthen their affection to her person. If she could not come, they suggested that her son or her grandson should take her place. The Electress Sophia would gladly have visited England with the Electoral Prince and the Electoral Princess, but she was far too shrewd to make the journey at the bidding of a faction, and, while expressing her willingness, she stipulated that the invitation must come from the Queen herself. That invitation was never given, for Anne had a positive horror of seeing her Hanoverian successors in England during her lifetime. She declared that their presence would be like exposing her coffin to her view before she was dead. The electoral family were very well to use as pawns to check the moves of the Jacobites, but to see them in London would be more unpleasant to her than the arrival of James himself. The Whigs, despite the Queen's opposition, were determined to bring them over if possible, and they talked of giving the old Electress, should she come, an escort into London of fifty thousand men, as a warning to the Queen, whose leanings towards her brother they suspected, not to

play fast and loose with the Protestant succession. The Whig agent at Hanover was instructed to sound the Elector, but, to his credit be it said, George would have nothing whatever to do with the scheme. He hated intrigues of all kinds, and cared very little about the English succession, except as an influence to help his beloved electorate. He felt that he could never be sure of England, and he was too practical to miss the substance for the shadow.

Hanover was certainly a substantial possession. It became the fashion later in England to deride it as an unimportant electorate, and George as a petty German prince. But for years before George the First ascended the throne of England, Hanover had been gradually increasing in influence, and was a factor to be reckoned with in the great political issues of western and northern Europe. William of Orange recognised its importance, Louis the Fourteenth made frequent overtures to it, and the Emperor sought to conciliate it.[1] By the death of his uncle, the Duke of Celle, George became the ruler of all the Brunswick-Lüneburg dominions, and gained considerably in wealth and influence. He had not his mother's ambition, and he was loath to imperil his prosperous and loyal electorate and an assured position for an insecure title to a throne beset with dangers and difficulties. He shared with Europe the belief that the English were a fickle and revolutionary people. Within living memory they had risen in rebellion, beheaded their king and established a republic. Then they had forsaken the republic and restored the monarchy. In the following reign they had had a revolution, driven their king into exile, and brought over a Dutch prince to reign

[1] Dr. A. W. Ward, the greatest English authority on Hanoverian history, has brought this point out clearly in his *Notes on the Personal Union between England and Hanover.*

over them. Undoubtedly they were not to be trusted, and what they might do in the future no one could say.

At the time of Caroline's marriage the English prospects of the electoral family were bright. Though the visit to England was for the moment postponed, Anne was compelled to temporise, for the Whigs carried everything before them. Poley the English envoy was recalled, and Howe, who was in favour with the Whigs, was sent over to Hanover in his place. The Electress was given to think that the invitation would shortly come, and Caroline thought the same. All things English were in high favour at Hanover at this time. Howe celebrated the Queen's birthday by a dance, which was honoured not only by George Augustus and Caroline, but also by the Electress Sophia. Howe writes:—

"The Queen's birthday happening to be upon the Wednesday, I thought it proper to keep it the next day, and accordingly I invited ten or twelve couples of young people to dance at night. The Electoral Prince and Princess with the Margrave, her brother, and the young Princess of Hanover hearing of it, told me the night before that they would come and dance. Half an hour before the ball began, they brought me word that the Electress was also coming. The Electress gave the Queen's health at supper, and stayed till two o'clock."[1]

The same year the bells at Hanover rang out to celebrate the wedding of Princess Sophie Dorothea with her first cousin, Frederick William, Crown Prince of Prussia. This marriage was one after the Electress Sophia's own heart, and it at once gratified her ambition and appealed to her affections. The young Princess had a good deal of beauty, an

[1] Howe's Despatch, Hanover, 18th February, 1706.

equable temper, and a fair share of the family obstinacy; she had something of her mother's charm, but not much of her grandmother's commanding intellect. The Electress Sophia had busied herself for some time with matrimonial schemes on Sophie Dorothea's behalf. There had been a project for marrying her to the King of Sweden, but it fell through, and though it had been known for a long time that Frederick William loved his pretty Hanoverian cousin, there were obstacles in the way, notably the opposition of the King of Prussia, who had no desire to draw the bonds between Prussia and Hanover any closer. He was angry at having been outwitted in the matter of the Electoral Prince's marriage to the Princess of Ansbach. After the Queen of Prussia's death, the King busied himself to find a suitable bride for his son, but Frederick William rejected one matrimonial project after another, and obstinately declared that he would wed his cousin, Sophie Dorothea, and none other. Knowing the violence of his temper, and the impossibility of reasoning with him, his father had to give way, which he did with the better grace as he was anxious to secure the future of the dynasty. The marriage was celebrated at Hanover in 1706. The King of Prussia seized the opportunity to gratify his love of pageantry, and the festivities were prolonged for many days.

They were graced, too, by the presence of a special embassy from England, with Lords Halifax and Dorset at its head. Queen Anne had been compelled by the Whig administration to send them over to Hanover to present to the Electress Sophia a copy of the recent Act of Parliament naturalising the electoral family in England. The mission was a very welcome one to the old Electress, and she gave the English lords a formal audience at Herrenhausen, when after delivering his credentials Lord

Halifax proceeded to address her in a set speech. In the middle of the address, the Electress started up from her chair, and backing to the wall remained fixed against it until the ceremony ended. Lord Halifax was much mystified by this unusual proceeding, and eventually discovered that the Electress had in her room a portrait of her cousin, James, her rival to the throne. She suddenly remembered it was there, and fearing the Whig lords (Halifax was a noted Whig leader) would suspect her of Jacobitism if they saw it, she adopted this means of hiding it. It was the fashion among the Whigs to call James the "Pretender," and to pretend to doubt his legitimacy, but the Electress Sophia knew that he was as truly the son of James the Second as George was her own, and though she was eager to wear the crown of England, she would not stoop to such a subterfuge to gain it, preferring to base her claim on the broader and surer ground of the will of the people, and the interests of the Protestant religion.

Lord Halifax was accompanied on this mission by Sir John Vanburgh in his official capacity of Clarenceux King of Arms, who invested the Electoral Prince with the insignia of the Garter. Another and more famous Englishman, Joseph Addison, came with Halifax as secretary to the mission. It was on this occasion Addison first saw Caroline, his future benefactress, and he expressed himself enthusiastically concerning her beauty and talents.

The presence of the English mission added in no small degree to the brilliance of the wedding festivities, which after tedious ceremonial at last came to an end, and the bride and bridegroom departed for Berlin. It was not a peaceful domestic outlook for Sophie Dorothea, nor did it prove so; but she and her husband were sincerely attached to

one another, and despite many violent quarrels and much provocation on either side, they managed to live together until their union was broken by death. Seven years after his marriage, by the death of his father, Frederick William ascended the throne, and Sophie Dorothea became the second Queen of Prussia. But what will cause her name to be remembered throughout all generations is that she was the mother of Frederick the Great.

CHAPTER V.

THE HEIRESS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

1706–1713.

QUEEN ANNE's invitation to the electoral family still tarried in the coming. Meanwhile the old Electress, despite her assurances to the Queen, was listening to the suggestions put forward by the English Whigs, through their emissaries in Hanover. Her favourite plan was, that though she herself, as heiress to the throne, could not visit England without an express invitation from the Queen, yet the Electoral Prince and Caroline might do so. She seems thus to have prompted her grandson to court popularity with the English at the expense of his father. The Elector placed little faith in Queen Anne, who he considered was merely playing him off against her brother, James. He had soon an opportunity of showing his displeasure publicly. An important event took place in the electoral family, which had a direct bearing upon the English succession; Caroline, on February 5th, 1707, more than a year after her marriage, gave birth to the much wished-for son and heir. Howe, the English envoy, writes: "This Court having for some time past almost despaired of the Princess Electoral being brought to bed, and most people apprehensive that her bigness, which has continued for so long, was rather an effect of a distemper than that she was with child, her Highness was taken ill last Friday at dinner, and last

night, about seven o'clock, the Countess d'Eke, her lady of the bedchamber, sent me word that the Princess was delivered of a son."[1]

Considering that, according to Act of Parliament, the infant now born was in the direct line of succession to the English crown, it was extraordinary that the English envoy should not have been present at the birth, or the event notified to him with proper ceremony; the more extraordinary when it is remembered that this was an age much given to inventing fables about the births of princes, and the lie that a surreptitious child had been introduced into the Queen Mary Beatrice's bedchamber in a warming pan was largely relied upon by the Whigs to upset the Stuart dynasty.

This was not the only affront which the Elector put upon Queen Anne's representative. The infant prince was christened a few days later in the Princess's bedchamber, and given the name of Frederick Louis. The Electress Sophia was present at the ceremony, but no invitation was sent to the English envoy, nor was he allowed to see either the Princess or the infant until ten days later, and he writes home that he considers such proceedings "unaccountable". After repeated representations, he was admitted to the Princess's chamber, and writing home he mentions the fact, and says that he found "the women all admiring the largeness and strength of the child". That these proceedings were directly due to the Elector may be gathered from the English envoy's next despatch, which also shows that thus early there was bad feeling between the father and the son.

"Being at the Court," he writes, "the other day, the Prince Electoral took me away from the rest of the company, and making great professions of duty

[1] Howe's Despatch, Hanover, 5th February, 1707. The son now born was Frederick Louis, later Prince of Wales, the father of George III.

THE ELECTRESS SOPHIA OF HANOVER.

to the Queen, he desired me that I would represent all things favourably on his side, and *he* was not the cause that matters were arranged at the Princess's lying-in and the christening of the child with so little respect to the Queen, and so little regard to England. For my part I have taken no notice of it to any of them, but I think the whole proceeding has been very extraordinary. Wherever the fault is, I won't pretend to judge."[1]

There is little doubt that the Elector George had learned of the Electress Sophia's and his son's intrigues, and had determined to show his independence and his indifference to the English succession in this manner. He might have been more polite without any sacrifice of principle. But Queen Anne had to swallow the affront, and after the birth of Prince Frederick she was forced to create Prince George Augustus, Baron Tewkesbury, Viscount Northallerton, Earl of Milford Haven, Marquis and Duke of Cambridge, and to give him precedence over the whole peerage. The patent of the dukedom was sent over to the English envoy at Hanover, with instructions that he was to deliver it with ceremony. The Whigs had, however, reckoned without the Elector, who was jealous of these English honours to his son, and regarded them as a proof of his mother's desire to oust him from the succession. When Howe notified to the Elector that the patent had arrived, and asked for an opportunity to deliver it in due form, the Elector did not condescend to reply, but sent his footman to bring it to the palace. The envoy very properly refused to deliver the Queen's patent to such a messenger, and explained with some indignation that it was "the highest gift the Queen had to bestow". To this representation no answer was returned, and Howe writes home

[1] Howe's Despatch, Hanover, 25th February, 1707.

complaining of the "delay and disrespect" with which the Queen's gift was treated, and states that though he pressed repeatedly for a public audience, the Ministers could not decide upon giving him one, and he adds: "They would have me think it is the Elector's jealousy of the Prince that would have it otherwise; the Electress is much concerned".[1]

This difficulty continued for some time, but it was finally got over by the Electoral Prince receiving the patent privately from the English envoy, and the Prince, on the occasion of its presentation, made "many expressions of duty and gratitude for the great honour and favour the Queen had been pleased to show him. He also made many excuses, and desired me to represent that it was not *his* fault the receiving of the patent was not performed in the most respectful manner."[2]

Anne again had to ignore the Elector's affront, though she did not hesitate to quote it to the Whigs as an additional reason why she should not invite any member of the Hanoverian family to England, and, by way of marking her displeasure in a diplomatic manner, she recalled Howe, and replaced him by D'Alais, who was in every way his predecessor's inferior; he could not speak or write the English language, and was the less likely to have any direct communication with the disaffected in England. Still Anne was compelled to disguise her dislike, and when Caroline gave birth to a daughter,[3] the Queen became godmother to the infant, who was named after her, though she contrived to distil a drop of bitterness into the cup by nominating the Duchess of Celle, who was hated by the Electress Sophia, to act as her proxy.

[1] Howe's Despatch, Hanover, 11th March, 1707.
[2] Howe's Despatch, Hanover, 11th March, 1707.
[3] Anne; born in 1709. She was afterwards Princess Royal of England, and married in 1733 the Prince of Orange.

Though the Queen was successful, now on one pretext, now on another, in preventing the arrival of any member of the electoral family in England, the fact remained that the Hanoverian succession was the law of the land, and the Queen's bad health made it likely that in all human probability that succession would not long be delayed. These considerations led many eminent Englishmen to cultivate good relations with the Court of Hanover, and caused many well-born adventurers, too, who had not been particularly successful at home, to journey to Herrenhausen with the object of ingratiating themselves with the electoral family against the time when they should come into their kingdom. Among these worldly pilgrims were the Howards, husband and wife. Henrietta Howard was the eldest daughter of a Norfolk baronet, Sir Henry Hobart, and had married, when quite young, Henry Howard, third son of the Earl of Suffolk, a spendthrift who possessed no patrimony, and probably married her because of her fortune of £6,000, a fair portion for a woman in that day. £4,000 of this sum was settled on Mrs. Howard, the rest her husband quickly got rid of. He was a good-looking young fellow, but dissipated and drunken, with no principles, and a violent temper. It soon became evident that he and his wife could not afford to live in England as befitted their station, and Howard's character was so well known that he could not obtain any appointment at home; they therefore resolved to repair to Hanover, where living was much cheaper than in England, and throw in their fortunes with the electoral family.

Mrs. Howard, at the time of her arrival in Hanover, had pretensions to beauty; she was of medium height and a good figure, with pretty features and a pleasing expression. Her greatest beauty was her abundant light brown hair, as fine as

spun silk. This she is said to have sacrificed, either to pay the expenses of the journey or to defray the cost of a dinner the Howards gave to certain influential Hanoverians after their arrival. They were often in great straits for money, even at Hanover. They took lodgings in the town, and duly paid their court to the "heiress of Great Britain" at Herrenhausen. The Electress Sophia was delighted with Mrs. Howard; she was English and well-born, which constituted a sure passport to her favour; she was pleasant and amiable, and, though not the prodigy of intellect some of her admirers subsequently declared her to be, she was well-informed and well-read, much more so than the Hanoverian ladies. She soon became a welcome guest in the apartments of the Electress Sophia and the Electoral Princess, where she could even simulate an interest in the philosophy of Leibniz. Mrs. Howard possessed in a consummate degree the artfulness which goes to make a successful courtier, and she knew exactly how far flattery should go.[1] Caroline grew to like her, and appointed her one of her *dames du palais*; she found in Mrs. Howard a companion naturally refined in speech and conduct, and thus a welcome change to the coarseness of many of the Hanoverian ladies.

But the Howards had not come all the way to Hanover to figure at the coteries of the Electress and the Electoral Princess. They sought more substantial rewards, and these they knew rested with the princes rather than the princesses of the electoral house. George Augustus, whose vanity led him to desire a reputation for gallantry, which had mainly rested on hearsay, was early attracted to Mrs. Howard, and before long spent many hours in her society. The acquaintance soon ripened into

[1] *Vide* Swift's character of Mrs. Howard, *Suffolk Correspondence.*

intimacy, and the lady found herself not only the servant of the Electoral Princess, but also the friend of the Electoral Prince. If we bear in mind the laxity of the manners and morals of courts in general at this time, and the Hanoverian Court in particular, it is puerile to regard this intimacy as "Platonic," as some have described it. George Augustus was not of a nature to appreciate intellectual friendship between man and woman; and such friendships were not understood at the Court of Hanover, where Mrs. Howard, though not occupying the position of accredited mistress to the Electoral Prince, as Schulemburg did to the Elector (for she would probably have objected to such publicity), came to be universally so regarded. The fact that, despite her intimacy with George Augustus, she continued to be received by the Electress Sophia, and was still admitted to the society of the Electoral Princess, goes for nothing. Both Princesses were women of the world, and both had been reared in courts not conspicuous for their morality. The Electress Sophia had for years tolerated, nay more, had recognised and received the Countess Platen as the mistress of her husband, the late Elector, and Schulemburg as the mistress of her son, the present Elector. Her daughter, Sophie Charlotte, had followed the same policy towards the mistress of her husband, the King of Prussia, and Caroline, who had spent her childhood in the corrupt Court of Dresden, her girlhood at Berlin, and had married into the family of Hanover, was not likely to take a different line. If she had been tempted to do so, she had the fate of her unhappy mother-in-law before her eyes, who, largely in consequence of her lack of complaisance, was now dragging out her life in dreary Ahlden. At Hanover even the court chaplain would probably have found excuses for these irregularities; he

would have pleaded that princes were not like other men, and as they were obliged to make marriages of policy, they were not amenable to the laws that govern meaner mortals. Caroline's was not wholly a marriage of policy; there is abundant evidence to prove that she was attached to her husband, and he, so far as it was in his nature to be so, was devoted to her. But he must have been very tiresome sometimes, with his boasting and strutting, his silly vanity and absurd stories, his outbursts of temper and his utter inability to understand or sympathise with the higher side of her nature, and she was doubtless glad when he transferred some of his society to Mrs. Howard, provided always that Mrs. Howard kept her place. To do Mrs. Howard justice, she showed no desire to vaunt herself, or take advantage of the intimacy. She must indeed have been content with very small things, for the Electoral Prince, like his father, was mean; but had he been generous, he had at this time neither money to give nor patronage to bestow, the rewards were all in the future. The Electress Sophia was pleased rather than otherwise with her grandson's intimacy with Mrs. Howard: "It will improve his English," she is reported to have said. Regarding such affairs as inevitable she thought he could not have chosen better than this lady, who had a complaisant husband, and whose conduct to the world was a model of propriety, verging on prudishness.

Caroline, at any rate, accepted the situation with philosophy. She knew her husband's weaknesses and made allowance for them. She had greater things to occupy her mind than his domestic irregularities, for, though outwardly indifferent to the English succession, she was in reality keenly concerned about it. She did not dare to show her interest too prominently, for the Electoral Prince

had his own views on the subservience of women generally, and wives in particular, and was jealous of his wife taking any public part in politics, lest it should be said that she governed him, as in fact she did. To better qualify herself for her future position, Caroline took into her service a girl from England, but born in Hanover, named Brandshagen, who read and talked English with her daily. It is a pity that she did not engage a native-born Englishwoman while she was about it, as such a teacher might have corrected the future Queen's English, which was impaired by a marked German accent until the end of her life.

Queen Anne showed her interest in Caroline, or at least her knowledge of her existence, by frequently sending her "her compliments" through the English envoy, and, a little tardily, she sent over a present to Hanover for her godchild, the Princess Anne, and a letter full of good wishes.

Within the next few years Caroline gave birth to two more daughters, Amelia and Caroline.[1] The Queen of England sent neither gifts nor letters on the occasion of their birth, nor took any notice of them. For the state of political parties had now changed in England, and with the change the need of conciliating the Hanoverian family had receded into the background.

The popular feeling expressed at the time of Sacheverell's trial had shown the Queen that the nation was weary of the Whigs, and when the new Parliament met in November, 1710, it was found that the Tory party largely predominated, and sweeping changes were made in the Ministry. Harley, Earl of Oxford, became Lord Treasurer, and stood highest in the Queen's confidence; St. John, shortly afterwards created Viscount Boling-

[1] Princess Amelia was born in 1710, Princess Caroline in 1713. They both died unmarried.

broke, became Secretary of State; and the Duke of Ormonde, a noted Jacobite, was appointed to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland. Anne had broken at last with the imperious Duchess of Marlborough, and had taken a new favourite, one Abigail Hill, afterwards Lady Masham, whose interest was all for the Tories. Marlborough still retained command of the army, but resigned all the places held by his duchess, and absented himself from court.

It is difficult to follow Anne's mind at this time, or the tortuous policy of her Ministers with regard to the Hanoverian succession, since one act contradicted another, and one utterance was at variance with the next. There must have been some hard lying on both sides, and there was certainly no standard of political honour, morality or truth. The Queen's health was bad, and her life uncertain, and the policy of most of her Ministers was dictated by the wish to stand well with both claimants to the throne, so that they might be on the safe side whatever happened. Such, at least, was the policy of Oxford, who was personally in favour of the Hanoverian succession, yet corresponded with Marshal Berwick for the restoration of the Stuart dynasty, on condition of Anne retaining the crown for life, and due security being given for religious and political freedom. Marlborough, on the other hand, while corresponding with St. Germains, did not scruple to approach the Electress Sophia with assurances of absolute devotion, and to denounce Oxford and Bolingbroke as traitors desirous of placing James on the throne of England. Marlborough frequently visited Hanover, and in return for his support, and also because he favoured the continuance of the war between the Allies and France, the Elector upheld Marlborough's command of the English army in Flanders.

England, however, was weary of the war, which

had been dragging on for years, and had cost her thousands of men and millions of money, without her having any direct interest in it, however advantageous its prosecution might be to the Elector of Hanover and others. The Tory Ministry, upon reflection, determined to withdraw England from the Allies, and to make peace with France, partly, no doubt, because this policy would be the means of breaking the power of Marlborough. The death of the Emperor Joseph, which occurred in 1711, furnished an excuse for England to reconsider her position and to begin negotiations for peace. Queen Anne addressed a personal letter to the Electress Sophia, and sent it by Lord Rivers, praying her to use her influence to promote the peace of Europe. But the Electress was much hurt by the Queen's behaviour, and the fact that, after all these years of effort, neither she nor any member of her House had yet been invited to England, and she replied very coldly. The interests of Hanover were all in favour of the prosecution of the war, and of England continuing her share, or more than her share, of the burden, so the Elector departed from his usual policy of abstention in English affairs, to oppose both the Queen and her Ministers. He even went so far as to instruct his envoy, Bothmar, who had come over to London with Marlborough, to present a memorial against the peace. This was regarded as an unwarrantable interference on the part of a foreign prince with English affairs, and both the Queen and the House of Commons were extremely indignant. The House of Lords, which had a Whig majority, supported Marlborough and the Elector, but the Queen, to overcome their opposition, created twelve new peers, and, supported by popular feeling, triumphed all along the line. Bothmar was denounced by Bolingbroke as a "most inveterate party man," and

the Queen insisted on his recall. Marlborough was dismissed from all his employments, and retired to Antwerp in disgrace. England withdrew from the Allies, and the Peace of Utrecht was signed, after protracted negotiations, on March 31st, 1713. There is no need to enter here into the question of its merits or demerits; it will suffice to say that the peace was undoubtedly popular in England, and, when proclaimed, was hailed by the people with demonstrations of joy.

The popular enthusiasm looked ominous for the Hanoverian succession. The Elector had departed for once from his wise policy of abstention, and the result was disastrous. England left Hanover to shift for itself; moreover, it emphatically resented Hanoverian interference. The Act guaranteeing the succession to the Electress Sophia and her heirs still remained on the Statute Book, but in the present temper of the House of Commons and the nation it might be repealed any day. The gravity of the situation was fully realised at the Electoral Court; the coveted crown of England seemed to be receding into the distance. The Elector shrugged his shoulders and said nothing, but the Electress Sophia and the Electoral Prince were greatly exercised by the untoward turn of events, and put their heads together to see what could be done. Caroline was also very anxious—how much so is shown by the letters which passed between her and Leibniz at this time. Leibniz, who was at Vienna, wrote to Caroline to send her his good wishes for Christmas, and at the same time to condole with her on the outlook in England. His letter runs as follows:—

"VIENNA, *December 16th*, 1713.

"I have not troubled your Highness with letters since I left Hanover, as I had nothing of interest to tell you, but I must not neglect the opportunity

LEIBNIZ.

which this season gives me of assuring your Highness of my perpetual devotion, and I pray God to grant you the same measure of years as the Electress enjoys, and the same good health. And I pray also that you may one day enjoy the title of Queen of England so well worn by Queen Elizabeth, which you so highly merit. Consequently I wish the same good things to his Highness, your consort, since you can only occupy the throne of that great Queen with him. Whenever the gazettes publish favourable rumours concerning you and affairs in England, I devoutly pray that they may become true; sometimes it is rumoured here that a fleet is about to escort you both to England, and a powerful alliance is being formed to support your claims. I have even read that the Tsar is only strengthening his navy in order to supply you with knights of the round table. It is time to translate all these rumours into action, as our enemies do not sleep. Count Gallas, who is leaving for Rome in a few days, tells me that well-informed people in England think that the first act of the present Tory Ministry will be to put down the Whigs, the second to confirm the peace, and the third to change the law of succession. I hear that in Hanover there is strong opposition to all this; I hope it may be so, with all my heart."

To this Caroline replied:—

"HANOVER, *December 27th*, 1713.

"I assure you that of all the letters which this season has brought me yours has been the most welcome. You do well to send me your good wishes for the throne of England, which are sorely needed just now, for in spite of all the favourable rumours you mention, affairs there seem to be going from bad to worse. For my part (and I am a woman and like to delude myself) I cling to the

hope that, however bad things may be now, they will ultimately turn to the advantage of our House. I accept the comparison which you draw, though all too flattering, between me and Queen Elizabeth as a good omen. Like Elizabeth, the Electress's rights are denied her by a jealous sister with a bad temper (Queen Anne), and she will never be sure of the English crown until her accession to the throne. God be praised that our Princess of Wales (the Electress Sophia) is better than ever, and by her good health confounds all the machinations of her enemies."

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAST YEAR AT HANOVER.

1714.

THE history of the last year of Queen Anne's reign, with its plots and counter plots, strife of statesmen and bitter party feuds, has often been written, so far as England is concerned. But comparatively little is known of how this eventful year, so important in fortunes of the dynasty, passed at Hanover. Every one, both in England and Hanover, felt that a crisis was imminent, yet no one, on either side of the water, prepared for it. The Queen's death was likely to be accelerated by her own mental struggles with regard to the succession to her crown, and by the fierce quarrels and jealousies that raged among her advisers. The rival ministers could scarce forbear coming to blows in her presence, the rival claimants to her throne were eager to snatch the sceptre from her failing hand almost before she was dead. James, flitting between Lorraine and St. Germains, was in active correspondence with his friends in England waiting for the psychological moment to take action. Over at Herrenhausen, the aged Electress watched with trembling eagerness every move at the English Court, straining her ears for the summons which never came. Though she knew it not, in these last months she and Anne were running a race for life.

The news that came to Sophia from England

was bad, as bad as it could be. The Tories were in power, and what was worse, the Jacobite section of the Tories, headed by Bolingbroke and Ormonde, were gaining swift ascendency over Oxford, who still, outwardly at any rate, professed himself in favour of the Hanoverian succession, and so, for that matter, did Bolingbroke too. The Queen, it is true, continued to profess her friendship to the House of Hanover, but her professions were as nothing worth. As her health failed, her conscience reproached her with the part she had played towards her exiled brother. There was another consideration which weighed with her more than all the rest, one that does not seem to have been given due weight in the criticisms which have been passed on her vacillating conduct, either from the Hanoverian or the Jacobite point of view. Like her grandfather, Charles the First, Anne was fervently attached to the Church of England; her love for it was the one fixed point in her otherwise tortuous policy. Like Charles the First, she saw the English Church through the medium of a highly coloured light, as a reformed branch of the Church Catholic, and as the *via media* between Protestantism and Popery. Her love for the Church was a passionate conviction, and her zeal for its welfare was shown by many acts throughout her reign. The excuse urged by her friends for her conduct to her father was that she had been actuated by zeal for the Church, which was in danger at his hands.

The question now presented itself again. How would the Church fare with a Roman Catholic as her successor? James, it was true, spoke fair, and declared his determination to maintain the Church of England in all its rights and privileges as by law established, but the Queen remembered that King James the Second had promised the same, and had persecuted the Church beyond measure. The people

had not forgotten the expulsion of the Fellows of Magdalen, or the committal of the seven bishops to the Tower. Would not her brother also, in the same spirit of blind bigotry, seek to destroy one of the strongest bulwarks of the throne? "How can I serve him, my lord?" she once asked Buckingham. "You know well that a Papist cannot enjoy this crown in peace. All would be easy," she continued, "if he would enter the pale of the Church of England."[1] But that was what James would not do. On the other hand, the Church would gain little, and probably suffer much, if its temporal Head were the Electress Sophia, a German Calvinist, with a strong bias towards rationalism, as was shown by her patronage of the sceptic Toland and others of the same way of thinking. In truth, some sympathy must be extended to Queen Anne, and those of her many subjects who thought with her. It is no wonder they were undecided how to act, for they were between the Scylla of Popery and the Charybdis of Calvinism.

Yet the impassioned appeal which James had addressed to his sister that she would prefer "your own brother the last male of our name, to the Electress of Hanover, the remotest relation we have, whose friendship you have no reason to rely on, or to be fond of, and who will leave the government to foreigners of another language, and of another interest,"[2] could not fail to awaken a responsive echo in the Queen's heart. Other considerations weighed too. She was by temperament superstitious, and as her health failed and she saw herself like to die, childless, friendless and alone, she

[1] Macpherson Stuart Papers, vol. ii.

[2] Letter of James to Queen Anne, May, 1711. In this letter he styles himself "The Chevalier St. George". It is to be noted that he does not speak of the Electress Sophia as a foreigner, but only of her descendants.

came to think that the restoration of the crown to her brother was the only atonement she could make for the wrong she, his best-loved child, had done her father. This sentiment of Queen Anne's was well understood, and for the most part approved, by the Courts of Europe, with whom, almost without exception, the Hanoverian claims were unpopular, and considered to have little chance of success. The ambitions of the Electress Sophia met with no sympathy, and the idea of her becoming Queen of England was scouted as preposterous. Even her beloved niece and confidante, the Duchess of Orleans, gave her cold comfort. "Queen Anne," she wrote to her, "must be well aware in her heart of hearts that our young king is her brother; I feel certain that her conscience will wake up before her death, and she will do justice to her brother".[1]

Neither the Electress Sophia nor the Duchess of Orleans realised that the crown of England was not in the Queen's gift, or that there was a power behind the throne greater than the throne. If this power had been vested in the people, there is little doubt that James would have come into his own. In 1714 the fickle tide to popular feeling seemed to be flowing in his favour. For the last year or two the birthday of James had been celebrated as openly as if he had been *de facto* and not *de jure* the heir to the crown, and his adherents were to be found everywhere—in the Army, in the Navy, in the Church, in both Houses of Parliament, and even in the councils of the Queen herself. But as a result of the Revolution Settlement of 1688, the balance of power rested, not with the people, nor with the Queen, nor even with her chosen advisers, but with the Whig

[1] Letter of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, to the Electress Sophia, 12th January, 1714.

oligarchy. The Electress Sophia did not appreciate fully the extent of this power; indeed it was impossible for any one who had not a close acquaintance with English politics to do so, but she was shrewd enough to see that with the Whigs was her only hope.

The situation became so desperate that she determined to depart for once from her policy of outward abstention from English politics, and to take action independent of the Queen. The Whigs represented to her that the presence in England of some member of her family was imperatively necessary at this juncture. She agreed with them, and the Electoral Prince was most eager to go, and so was the Electoral Princess Caroline. A good deal has been written about the honourable conduct of the House of Hanover in refusing to embarrass Queen Anne, and certainly its conduct in this respect contrasted most favourably with that of William of Orange towards James the Second. But though this was true of the Elector George, who would do nothing behind the Queen's back, it could hardly be held to apply to the Electress Sophia and her grandson. The Elector, had he been consulted, would certainly have opposed the idea of the Electoral Prince going to England before himself, as he would have regarded it as another intrigue to supplant him in the favour of the English by his son; so it was decided not to consult him at all. The Electress Sophia, George Augustus and Caroline put their heads together, and with the advice of certain Whig emissaries who were at Hanover, and of Prince Eugene of Savoy and Leibniz, they resolved that the Electress should order Schütz, the Hanoverian Envoy in England, to demand the writ for the Electoral Prince to take his seat in the House of Lords as Duke of Cambridge. As they knew that it would be useless

to make such a request of the Queen, to whom it ought to have been made, Schütz was instructed to apply direct to the Lord Chancellor, in the hope that, when the knowledge of his demand got abroad, the Whig Lords would take the matter up, and make such a point of it that the Queen would be forced to give way. They little knew the strength of her resistance, for her determination to reign alone amounted to a mania. She would infinitely have preferred James's coming to that of George Augustus, if she had to endure the presence of one claimant or the other.

The demand was duly made. What followed is best told in the despatch which Bromley, the Secretary of State, wrote to Harley, a relative of Lord Oxford, who had been sent to Hanover a few days previously. Rumours had reached the Queen's ears that intrigues were on foot there, and Harley had been despatched to find out the state of feeling and temporise matters. But before he arrived at Hanover the Electress's orders had been given to Schütz, and the move which Anne hoped to prevent had been made. Bromley wrote :—

"Baron Schütz went to the Lord Chancellor, and said he was ordered by the Electress Sophia to demand a writ for the Duke of Cambridge to take his seat in Parliament, to which his Lordship answered that his writ was sealed with the writs of the rest of the peers, but he thought it his duty to acquaint the Queen before he delivered it. Her Majesty was very much surprised to hear that a writ should be demanded for a prince of her blood, and whom she had created a peer, to sit in Parliament without any notice taken of it to her, and her Majesty looks upon Mr. Schütz's manner of transacting this affair to be so disrespectful to her, and so different from any instructions he could possibly

have received from the Electress, that she thinks fit you should immediately represent it to the Electress, and to his Electoral Highness, and let them know it would be very acceptable to her Majesty to have this person recalled, who has affronted her in so high a degree."[1]

On receipt of this despatch Harley had an interview with the Elector, who assured him that he had given no instructions to Schütz, and he had acted without his knowledge or approval. The Electress Sophia took refuge in an evasion: "It is said that Madame l'Electrice wrote a letter to Schütz only to inquire whether the Duke of Cambridge might not have a writ as well as other peers".[2] So writes Harley home. He was charged with the less ungrateful task of making the Queen's compliments to the Electress and her family, and of asking them to state what they wanted. The Electress Sophia's hopes were raised again by Harley's request, and she and the Elector jointly drew up a memorial to the Queen setting forth their wishes. The Elector was very angry with his mother and his son, but where his interests were concerned he sank family differences. The memorial,[3] which did not err on the side of ambiguity, may thus be summarised:—

First. That the "Pretender" be forced to retire to Italy, seeing the danger that existed to the Protestant succession by his being allowed to remain so long in Lorraine.

Secondly. That the Queen should take measures to strengthen her Army and Fleet against an invasion of England in the interests of the "Pretender," and for the better security of her Royal person and the Protestant succession.

[1] Despatch of Bromley to Harley, 16th April, 1714.
[2] Harley's letter, 11th May, 1714.
[3] Memorial of the Electress Dowager of Brunswick-Lüneburg and the Elector of Hanover to Queen Anne, 4th May, 1714.

Thirdly. That the Queen should grant to those Protestant princes of the Electoral House, who had not yet got them, the usual titles accorded to princes of the blood of Great Britain.[1]

The Elector and Electress also expressed themselves strongly in favour of the establishment of some member of the electoral family in England. Harley promised to present the memorial to the Queen, and added that her answer to the several points would be sent by special envoy. He then departed from Hanover.

Meantime intrigue ran high in England. Bolingbroke had managed to persuade the Queen that Oxford had privily encouraged the demand of the writ for the Electoral Prince. The Queen, excited by this, began to have doubts whether Harley, his relative, was to be trusted, and whether he was not betraying her interests at the Hanoverian Court. So, to make matters more explicit, she wrote a letter with her own hand to the Electress Sophia, reiterating in the strongest and most peremptory terms her objection to having any member of the electoral family in her dominions during her lifetime. Similar letters were also sent to the Elector and the Electoral Prince. The wording of them was generally ascribed to Bolingbroke.

When Anne's letters arrived at Hanover they created a feeling of consternation at Herrenhausen, at least in that wing of the palace which was occupied by the Electress Sophia. She, her grandson and Caroline were depressed beyond measure at the failure of their scheme, and incensed that the Queen should address them in so unceremonious a

[1] This would apply to the Elector, the Electoral Prince, Prince Ernest Augustus, brother of the Elector, and the young Prince Frederick, son of the Electoral Prince. It would exclude Prince Maximilian, brother of the Elector, who had become a Roman Catholic.

manner. A few days previously Leibniz, who was then at Vienna, had written to Caroline, saying :—

"God grant that the Electoral Prince may go to London soon, and that all possible success may attend him. I trust that your Highness may either accompany him or follow him immediately. Well-informed people here are persuaded that, in the event of his Highness going to London, the Corporation would not fail to make him a present, even if the Queen and Parliament did nothing. But if, against the expectation of the nation and the hopes of all well-affected people, the project comes to nothing, or if it be thought at Hanover that the Prince's going would not yet be wise, it will be necessary to take great care to attribute the cause of the delay to the English Ministers' public and ill-founded resentment. In that case the nation in the end will force them to consent to the Prince's coming. But if the English Court can make the nation believe that there is dislike of, or indifference to, England at the Court of Hanover, it will have a bad effect, and the last state will be worse than the first."[1]

To this communication Caroline now replied, and her letter shows how keenly the Queen's letters had been taken to heart :—

"Alas! It is not the Electoral Prince's fault that, as desired by all honest folk, he has not gone to London before now. He has moved heaven and earth in the matter, and I have spoken about it very strongly to the Elector. We were in a state of uncertainty here until yesterday, when a courier arrived from the Queen with letters for the Electress, the Elector and the Electoral Prince, of which I can only say that they are of a violence worthy

[1] Letter of Leibniz to the Electoral Princess Caroline, Vienna, 24th May, 1714.

of my Lord Bolingbroke. The Electoral Prince is now in despair about going to take his seat in the English Parliament, as he had hoped. I do not know how the world will judge of the policy which keeps us still at Hanover. I do not so much regret the loss we personally may suffer, as that we may seem to have abandoned for the moment the cause of our religion, the liberty of Europe and so many of our brave and honest friends in England. I have only the consolation of knowing that everything possible has been done by the Prince to obtain the Queen's permission. The Electress joined him in this, and they now both intend to send the letters they have received from the Queen to their friends in England. I can find no comfort anywhere beyond the belief that Providence orders all things for our good. In fact I may say that never has any annoyance seemed to me so keen and insupportable as this. I fear for the health of the Electoral Prince, and perhaps even for his life."[1]

There was another life, more valuable than that of the Electoral Prince, trembling in the balance. The day after Caroline wrote this letter was a fatal day to the Electress Sophia. She, the "Heiress of Britain," had felt the Queen's rebuff far more than her grandson or Caroline; her haughty spirit resented the manner in which she was addressed by her royal cousin of England, and her wounded pride and her thwarted ambition combined to throw her into an extraordinary state of agitation, which at her age she was unable to bear. Mollineux, an agent of the Duke of Marlborough who was at Hanover at the time, declared later that the shock of "these vile letters has broken her heart and brought her in sorrow to the grave".

[1] The Electoral Princess Caroline to Leibniz, Hanover, 7/17th June, 1714.

The Queen of England's letter was delivered to the Electress on Wednesday evening about seven o'clock when she was playing cards. She got up from the card-table, and when she had read the letter, she became greatly agitated, and went out and walked up and down the garden for about three hours. The next morning she was not very well, but though still very much annoyed she recovered during the day, and on Friday she had apparently regained her composure. Meanwhile she determined that the Queen's letters to herself and her grandson should be published, so that the world in general, and her friends in England in particular, might know the true state of affairs. The Elector refused to join them in this, and withheld the Queen's letter to himself. She dined in public with the Elector that day as usual, and late in the afternoon went out for her walk in the garden of Herrenhausen with the Electoral Princess and her suite. She began to talk to Caroline about the letters, and gradually became more and more excited, walking very fast. The most trustworthy account of what followed is given in the following despatch of D'Alais, the English envoy:—

"The Electress felt indisposed on Wednesday evening, but she was better on Friday morning, and even wrote to her niece, the Duchess-dowager of Orleans. The same evening, about seven o'clock, whilst she was walking in the garden of Herrenhausen, and going towards the orangery, those with her perceived that she suddenly became pale, and she fell forwards in a fainting fit. The Electoral Princess and the Countess von Pickenbourg, who were with her, supported her on either side, and the chamberlain of her Electoral Highness helped them to keep her from falling. The Elector, who was in the garden hard by, heard their cries, and ran forward. He found her Electoral Highness uncon-

scious, and he put some *poudre d'or* in her mouth. Servants were promptly called, and between them they carried the Electress to her room, where she was bled. But she was already dead, and only a few drops of blood came out. The Electress was in the eighty-fourth year of her age. The doctors say that she has died of apoplexy. On the Saturday night they carried her body into the château."[1]

Thus died one of the greatest princesses and most remarkable women of her time. The Electress Sophia was a worthy ancestress of our good Queen Victoria, whom in some respects, notably her devotion to duty, and her large and liberal way of looking at things, she closely resembled. No English historian has yet done justice to the eventful life of Sophia of Hanover, who missed, by a bare two months, becoming Queen of England. It was largely in consequence of her able policy, maintained throughout a critical period, no less than her Stuart descent, that her descendants came to occupy the English throne.

The Electress Sophia's death was soon known in England, but no official notice was taken of it until Bothmar arrived to announce it formally in July. The choice of Bothmar for this mission shows that the Elector George, now heir-presumptive, was manifesting more interest in the English succession. Bothmar had been in England before, and was by no means a favourite with Bolingbroke and the Tories. At the same time, through Bothmar, George caused a fresh instrument of Regency to be drawn up in the event of the Queen's death, containing his nominations of the Lords of the Regency. This document was entrusted to Bothmar, and the seals were to be broken when the Queen died. On receiving the Elector's

[1] D'Alais's Despatch (translation), Hanover, 12th June, 1714. This has not before been published.

notification of his mother's death, Queen Anne commanded a general mourning, and very reluctantly inserted George's name in the prayer-book as next heir to the throne in place of that of the late Electress Sophia. The death of the Electress came to the Queen as a relief. She regarded her as one embarrassment the less, for she had heard of her cousin George's indifference to the English succession, and she anticipated comparatively little trouble from him. Sophia's death also enabled her to ignore some awkward points in the memorial, which had now reached her by the hands of Harley, such as had reference to the Electress's English household and pension. But though Sophia was dead, the memorial had to be answered. A reply was drawn up in writing, and the Earl of Clarendon, the Queen's first cousin, of whose attachment to her person she had no manner of doubt, was despatched as Envoy Extraordinary to Hanover—the second special mission within a few months.

The Queen's answer to the Hanoverian memorial ran as follows :—

"That her Majesty has used her instances to have the Pretender removed out of Lorraine, and since the last addresses of Parliament has repeated them, and has writ herself to the Duke of Lorraine to press it in the strongest terms. This her Majesty hath done to get him removed, but it can't be imagined it is in her power to prescribe where the Pretender shall go, or by whom he shall be received. His being removed out of France is more than was provided for by the Peace at Ryswick. Correspondence with the Pretender is by law high treason, and it is her Majesty's interest and care to have this law strictly executed.

"The vain hopes entertained at Bar-le-Duc and the reports thence are not to be wondered at. Her Majesty thinks herself fully secured, as well by

treaties as by the duty and affection of her people, against all attempt whatsoever. Besides these securities, her Majesty has a settled militia and such other force as her Parliament, to whose consideration she has referred that matter, judged sufficient for the safety of her kingdom. And it cannot be unknown that a standing army in time of peace, without consent of Parliament, is contrary to the fundamental laws of this realm. Her Majesty is so far from being unfurnished with a fleet that she has at this time more ships at sea, and ready to be put to sea, than any other power in Europe.

"Her Majesty looks upon it to be very unnecessary that one of the Electoral family should reside in Great Britain to take care of the security of her Royal person, of her kingdom, and of the Protestant succession, as expressed in the memorial. This, God and the laws have entrusted to her Majesty alone, and to admit any person into a share of these cares with her Majesty would be dangerous to the public tranquillity, as it is inconsistent with the constitution of the monarchy.

"When her Majesty considers the use that has been endeavoured to be made of the titles she has already conferred, she has little encouragement to grant more. Granting titles of honour in the last reign to persons of foreign birth gave such dissatisfaction to the nation as produced a provision in the Act of Parliament whereby the succession is established in the Electoral House, that when the limitation in that Act shall take effect, no person born out of the kingdom of England, Scotland and Ireland, or the dominions thereunto belonging, though naturalised or made a denizen (except such as are born of English parents), shall be capable to be of the Privy Council, or a member of either House of Parliament, or to enjoy any office or place of trust, or to have a grant of land, tenements or hereditaments from

the crown to himself, or to any other in trust for him."[1]

Clarendon arrived at Hanover on July 26th, 1714, imbued with a strong sense of the importance of his mission, and requested an audience at once. But he found, to his surprise, that the Elector was in no hurry to receive him, and could not see him for more than a week. At last he had audience. The account of that interview and what followed is best given in his own words:—

"On Saturday last I had my first audience of the Elector at noon at Herrenhausen. He received me in a room where he was alone; a gentleman of the Court came to my lodgings here, with two of the Elector's coaches, and carried me to Herrenhausen. I was met at my alighting out of the coach by Monsieur d'Haremberg, Marshal of the Court, and at the top of the stairs by the Chevalier Reden, second chamberlain (the Count de Platen, great chamberlain, being sick); he conducted me through three rooms, to the room where the Elector was, who met me at the door, and being returned three or four steps into that room, he stopped, and the door was shut. I then delivered my credentials to him, and made him a compliment from the Queen, to which he answered that he had always had the greatest veneration imaginable for the Queen, that he was always ready to acknowledge the great obligations he and his family have to her Majesty, and that he desired nothing more earnestly than to entertain a good correspondence with her. . . .

"I then delivered to him the Queen's answer to his memorial, and the other letter, and I spoke upon all the heads contained in my instructions, and in your letter of the 22nd of June, O.S. When I told

[1] The Queen's Answer to the Memorial of their Electoral Highnesses the late Electress Dowager and the Elector of Hanover, June, 1714.

him that, as the Queen had already done all that could be done to secure the succession to her crown to his family, so she expected that if he had any reason to suspect designs are carrying on to disappoint it, he should speak plainly upon that subject, he interrupted me and said these words: 'I have never believed that the Queen cherished any designs against the interests of my family,' and 'I am not aware of having given her Majesty any reason to suspect that I wished to do anything against her interests, or which might displease her in any way. I love not to do such things. The Queen did me the honour to write to me, and ask me to let her know what I thought would be of advantage to the succession. We gave a written memorial to Mr. Harley to which I have yet had no reply.' I told him I had just then had the honour to deliver him an answer to the memorial, and that if, when he had perused that answer, he desired to have any part explained, I did believe I should be able to do it to his satisfaction. Then I proceeded to speak upon the other points, and when I came to mention Schütz's demanding the writ for the Duke of Cambridge, he said these words: 'I hope that the Queen does not believe that it was done by my commands. I assure you it was done unknown to me; the late Electress wrote to Schütz without my knowledge to ask him to find out why the Prince had not received his writ, which she believed was sent to all peers, and instead of that he demanded the writ even without the Electress's commands. I would do nothing to annoy the Queen to whom we owe so many obligations.' My speaking to him and the answers he made took up something above an hour.

"Then I had audience of the Electoral Prince and of Duke Ernest, the Elector's brother, in the same room, and then of the Electoral Princess.

HERRENHAUSEN.

After that I had the honour to dine with them all, and after dinner, here in the town, I had audience of the Electoral Princess's son and three daughters. At dinner the Elector seemed to be in very good humour, talked to me several times, asked many questions about England, and seemed very willing to be informed. It is very plain that he knows very little of our Constitution, and seems to be sensible that he has been imposed upon. The Electoral Prince told me he thought himself very happy that the Queen had him in her thoughts, that he should be very glad if it were in his power to convince the Queen how grateful a sense he had of all her favours. Duke Ernest said the Queen did him a great deal of honour to remember him, that he most heartily wished the continuance of her Majesty's health, and hoped no one of his family would ever be so ungrateful as to forget the very great obligations they all had to her. The Electoral Princess said she was very glad to hear the Queen was well, she hoped she would enjoy good health many years, that her kindness to this family was so very great that they could never make sufficient acknowledgments for it. Thus I have acquainted you with all that passed at the first audience."[1]

We find Clarendon writing again a few days later: "The Elector has said to some person here that I have spoken very plain, and he can understand me, and indeed I have spoken plain language on all occasions. I hope that will not be found a fault in England."[2]

Clarendon soon had reason to regret his speaking so "very plain," for at the very hour when the English envoy was haranguing the Elector, Queen Anne was dead. The sword so long suspended had

[1] Clarendon's Despatch, Hanover, 7th August, 1714. The Elector's words are translated from the French.

[2] Clarendon's Despatch, Hanover, 10th August, 1714.

fallen at last. The Queen had frequently declared in the course of the last month that the perpetual contentions of her Ministers would cause her death. She had striven to end the bitter strife between Oxford and Bolingbroke by compelling the former to give up the Treasurer's staff, which he did on Tuesday, July 27th. Thus Oxford had fallen; Bolingbroke had triumphed, but his triumph was not to last long. The same night a council was called at nine o'clock in the evening, over which the Queen presided; but the removal of Oxford seemed only to add fuel to the flames. The partisans of the displaced Minister and those of Bolingbroke, regardless of the presence of the Queen, her weakness, the consideration due to her as a woman, and the respect due to her office, violently raged at one another until two o'clock in the morning, and the scene was only closed by the tears and anguish of the Queen, who at last swooned and had to be carried out of the council chamber. Another council was called for the next day; the recriminations were as fierce as before, nothing was settled, and the council was again suspended by the alarming illness of the Queen.

A third council was summoned for the Friday. The Queen wept, and said, "I shall never survive it". And so it proved, for when the hour appointed for the council drew nigh, the royal victim, worn out with sickness of mind and body, and dreading the strife, was seized with an apoplectic fit. She was carried to bed, and her state was soon seen to be hopeless. The news of the Queen's illness got known to Bolingbroke and his friends first, probably through Lady Masham, and they hurried to the palace. Lady Masham burst in upon them from the royal chamber in the utmost disorder, crying: "Alas! my lords, we are undone, entirely ruined—the Queen is a dead woman; all the world cannot

save her". The suddenness of this blow stunned the Jacobites; they had been so eager to grasp at power that they had killed their best friend. All was confusion and distracted counsel. The Duke of Ormonde declared that if the Queen were conscious, and would name her brother her successor, he would answer for the soldiers. But the Queen was not conscious, and they hesitated to take a decisive step. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, was all for action, and then and there offered to go forth in full pontificals and proclaim King James at Charing Cross and the Royal Exchange. But the others resolved to temporise and call a formal council for the morrow to see what could be done. Meantime the Queen was sinking, and her only intelligible words were: "My brother! Oh! my poor brother, what will become of you?" There is no doubt that Bolingbroke, Ormonde and Atterbury, had they been given time, would have tried to obtain from the Queen the nomination of James as her successor, and have acted accordingly, but time was not given them. The favourable moment passed, and the Whigs, and those Tories who favoured the Hanoverian succession, were alert.

Before the assembled council could get to business next morning, the door opened, and the Dukes of Argyll and Somerset entered the room. These two great peers, representing the Whigs of Scotland and England respectively, announced that though they had not been summoned to the council, yet, on hearing of the Queen's danger, they felt bound to hasten thither. While Bolingbroke and Ormonde sat silent, fearing mischief, afraid to bid the intruding peers to retire, the Duke of Shrewsbury rose and welcomed them, and asked them to take seats at the council table. It was then clear to the Jacobites that the presence of Argyll and Somerset was part of a concerted plan with

Shrewsbury. The plan rapidly developed. On the motion of Somerset, seconded by Argyll, Shrewsbury was nominated Lord Treasurer, but he declined the office unless the Queen herself appointed him. The council then sought audience with the dying Queen. She was sinking fast, but she retained enough consciousness to give the white wand into the hands of Shrewsbury, and bade him, with the sweet voice which was her greatest charm, to "use it for the good of my people". Then indeed the Jacobites knew that all was over, for Shrewsbury was a firm adherent of the House of Hanover. Bolingbroke and Ormonde withdrew in confusion, and the "best cause in the world," as Atterbury said, "was lost for want of spirit".

The Whig statesmen were not slow to follow up their advantage. They concentrated several regiments around and in London, they ordered the recall of troops from Ostend, they sent a fleet to sea, they obtained possession of all the ports, and did everything necessary to check a rising or an invasion in favour of James. Craggs was despatched to Hanover to tell the Elector that the Queen was dying, and the council determined to proclaim him King the moment the Queen's breath was out of her body. They had not long to wait. The Queen died early next morning, August 1st, and on the same day the seals of the document drawn up by George appointing the Council of Regency were broken in the presence of the Hanoverian representative, Bothmar. Without delay the heralds proclaimed that "The high and mighty Prince, George, Elector of Brunswick and Lüneburg, is, by the death of Queen Anne of blessed memory, become our lawful and rightful liege lord, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith". The people heard the proclamation without protest, and

some even were found to cry, "God save King George".

The moment the Queen died two more messengers were despatched to Hanover, one, a State messenger, to Lord Clarendon, the other, a special envoy, Lord Dorset, to do homage to the new King on behalf of the Lords of the Regency, and to attend him on his journey to England. Hanover was in a state of great excitement. Craggs had arrived on August 5th, bringing the news of the Queen's serious illness. The messenger to Lord Clarendon arrived next day late at night, and found that the envoy was not at his lodgings, but supping with a charming lady. But the news brooked of no delay, and seeking out Clarendon, the messenger handed him his despatches, which ordered him to acquaint George with the death of the Queen. There could be no more unwelcome tidings for Lord Clarendon. "It is the only misfortune I had to fear in this world," he exclaimed. Anne was his first cousin, and all his hopes were bound up with Bolingbroke and the Jacobite Tories, whose day, he shrewdly guessed, was now over. He forthwith called his coach, and late though the hour was, drove off to Herrenhausen, which he reached at two o'clock in the morning. George was asleep when Clarendon arrived, but the envoy dared to penetrate into his chamber, and, falling on his knees by the bedside, "acquainted his Majesty that so great a diadem was fallen to him," and asked his commands. "He told me I had best stay till he goes, and then I was dismissed."[1]

George's curtness is explained by the fact that he had heard the great news already. Eager though Clarendon was, another had been before him. On August 1st Bothmar had despatched his secretary,

[1] Clarendon's Despatch, 10/17th August, 1714.

Godike, in hot haste to Hanover, who had reached Herrenhausen earlier the same evening (August 5th). Still, Clarendon could claim the honour of being the first Englishman to bend the knee to King George. It availed him little in the future, for George never forgave him his "plain speaking," and Clarendon, finding all avenues of public advancement closed to him, retired into private life.

Lord Dorset arrived at Hanover the next day, bringing the news of George the First's proclamation and despatches from the Lords of the Regency informing the King that a fleet had been sent to escort him from Holland to England, where his loyal subjects were impatiently awaiting his arrival. Soon Hanover was thronged with English, all hastening to pay their homage to the risen sun of Hanover, and to breathe assurances of loyalty and devotion. George received them and their homage with stolid indifference. He showed no exultation at his accession to the mighty throne of England, and was careful not to commit himself by word or deed. His policy at this time was guided, not by anything that the Lords of the Regency might say or do, but by the secret despatches which his trusted agent, Bothmar, was forwarding him from England. Had Bothmar informed him that his proclamation was other than peaceable, or that rebellion was imminent, it is probable that George would never have quitted Hanover. But as he was apparently proclaimed with acclamation, there was no help for it but to go. "The late King, I am fully persuaded," writes Dean Lockier soon after the death of George the First, "would never have stirred a step if there had been any strong opposition."

George Augustus and Caroline had shown themselves eager to go to England, but when the great news came, they were careful to dissemble their eagerness, lest the King, mindful of their intrigues,

should take it into his head to leave them behind at Hanover. Apparently he came to the conclusion that they would be less dangerous if he took them with him; so he commanded George Augustus to make ready to depart with him, and told Caroline to follow a month later with all her children except the eldest, Prince Frederick Louis. Leibniz hurried back from Vienna on hearing of Anne's death, and prayed hard to go to England, but he was ordered to stay at Hanover and finish his history of the Brunswick princes. This was a bitter disappointment, and in vain Caroline pleaded for him. The King knew that she and the late Electress had employed him in their intrigues, and he was determined to leave so dangerous an adherent behind. Leibniz had sore reason to regret the loss of the Electress Sophia.

If his loyal subjects in England were impatient to receive him, the King was not equally impatient to make their acquaintance. He had a good deal to do at Hanover before leaving, and he refused to be hurried, however urgent English affairs might be. He conferred some parting favours on his beloved electorate, and vested its government in a council presided over by his brother, Ernest Augustus. George left Hanover with regret, comforting his bereaved subjects with assurances that he would come back as soon as he possibly could, and that he would always have their interest at heart. Both of these promises he kept—at the expense of England.

A month after the Queen's death the new King departed for the Hague, without any ceremony. He took with him a train of Hanoverians, including Bernstorff, his Prime Minister, and Robethon, a councillor, two Turks, Mustapha and Mahomet, and his two mistresses, Schulemburg and Kielmansegge. The former was even more reluctant than her master

to quit Hanover, and feared for the King's safety. But George consoled her with the grim assurance that "in England all the king-killers are on my side," and like the others she came to regard England as a land of promise wherein she might enrich herself. Kielmansegge was eager to go to England, but she did not find it so easy, as she was detained at Hanover by her debts, which George would not pay. After some difficulty she managed to pacify her creditors by promises of the gold she would send them from his Majesty's new dominions; they let her go, and she caught up the King at the Hague. The Countess Platen did not accompany him. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu says that this was due to the enmity of Bernstorff, who hated her because she had obtained the post of cofferer for her favourite, the younger Craggs. "Bernstorff was afraid that she might meddle in the disposition of places that he was willing to keep in his own hands, and he represented to the King that the Roman Catholic religion that she professed was an insuperable bar to her appearance in the Court of England, at least so early; but he gave her private hopes that things might be so managed as to make her admittance easy, when the King was settled in his new dominions."

George was warmly welcomed at the Hague, where he stayed a fortnight, transacting business, receiving Ministers and Ambassadors, and waiting for the remainder of his Hanoverian suite to join him. At the Hague he determined that Bolingbroke should be dismissed from all his offices, and appointed Lord Townshend Secretary of State in his place. On September 16th George embarked at Oranje Polder, in the yacht *Peregrine*, and, accompanied by a squadron of twenty ships, set sail for England.

BOOK II.

PRINCESS OF WALES.

CHAPTER I.

THE COMING OF THE KING.

1714.

GEORGE THE FIRST landed at Greenwich on Saturday, September 18th, 1714, at six o'clock in the evening. The arrival of the royal yacht was celebrated by the booming of guns, the ringing of bells, the flying of flags, and the cheers of a vast crowd of people, who had assembled along the riverside. A great number of privy councillors and lords, spiritual and temporal, hurried down to Greenwich, eager to kneel in the mud, if need be, and kiss the hand of the new sovereign. This was not the first visit of George to England; he had come here thirty-four years before, as a suitor for the hand of Queen Anne, then Princess Anne of York, whose throne he was now to fill. On that occasion his barque was left stranded all night at Greenwich, and no one was sent from Charles the Second's court to meet him or bid him welcome. If he had any sense of the irony of events, he must have been struck by the contrast between then and now, when he landed on the same spot, and gazed at the servile crowd of place-hunters who elbowed and jostled their way into the royal presence. Tories and Whigs were there, and Jacobites too, all fervent in their expressions of loyalty, which George knew how to value for what they were worth. He wished them and their lip service far away, for he was both tired and cross;

he had had a rough voyage, and the yacht had been detained some hours off Gravesend by a thick fog. He dismissed them all with scant ceremony and went to bed.

The next day, Sunday, King George held his first levée, at which he particularly noticed Marlborough and the Whig Lords, but ignored Ormonde and Lord Chancellor Harcourt altogether, and barely noticed Oxford, "of whom your Majesty has heard me speak," said Dorset in presenting him. Bolingbroke was not received at all. The Whigs were jubilant; it was evident that the King had no intention of conciliating the Tories. As it was Sunday, a great many citizens came down from London by road and water to catch a glimpse of the new King, and in the afternoon a large crowd assembled outside the palace of Greenwich and cheered for hours. To quote one of the journals of the day: "His Majesty and the Prince were graciously pleased to expose themselves some time at the windows of their palace to satisfy the impatient curiosity of the King's loving subjects".[1]

On the morrow, Monday, George the First made his public entry into London, and his "loving subjects" had ample opportunity of seeing their Sovereign from Hanover, whose "princely virtues," in the words of the Address of the loyal Commons, "gave them a certain prospect of future happiness". It was king's weather. The September sun was shining brightly when at two o'clock in the afternoon the procession set out from Greenwich Park. It was not a military procession after the manner of royal pageants in more recent years, though a certain number of soldiers took part in it, but it was an imposing procession, and more representative of the nation than any military display that could have

[1] *The Weekly Journal*, 22nd September, 1714.

been devised. In it the order of precedence set forth by the Heralds' Office was strictly followed. The coaches of esquires came first, but as no esquire was permitted to take part in the procession who could not afford a coach drawn by six horses and emblazoned with his arms, it could not fully represent the untitled aristocracy of England. Then followed the knights bachelors in their coaches, with panels painted yellow in compliment to the King, though in truth he was of a very different calibre to the last foreign monarch who affected that colour, William of Orange. Then came the Solicitor-General and the Attorney-General, and after them the baronets and younger sons of barons and viscounts. Then followed the majesty of the law as represented by the Barons of the Exchequer, his Majesty's Judges, the Lord Chief Justice, and the Master of the Rolls. The Privy Councillors, such as were not noble, came next, and then the eldest sons of barons, the younger sons of earls, the eldest sons of viscounts, and, all by himself, the Speaker of the House of Commons, in wig and gown. The barons and the bishops came next, fully robed, followed by the younger sons of dukes, the eldest sons of marquesses, the earls, the Lord Steward, the two lords who jointly held the office of Earl Marshal, the eldest sons of dukes, the marquesses, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the dukes, the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord President of the Council, the Lord High Treasurer, the Archbishop of York and the Lord Chancellor. From some unexplained cause the Archbishop of Canterbury was absent.

Then, the climax and focus of all this splendour, came King George himself and Prince George Augustus in an enormous glass coach, decorated with gold, emblazoned with the royal arms, and drawn by eight horses with postillions. The Duke of Northumberland, the Gold Staff, and Lord

Dorset, who had now been made a gentleman of the bedchamber, were on the front seat. The King leaned forward and bowed to the cheering crowds from time to time, with his hand upon his heart, but his countenance showed never a smile. The Prince, on the other hand, was all smiles, but having been commanded by his royal sire not to bow, he had perforce to sit upright, and content himself with smiling. Immediately after the royal coach came other coaches bearing the King's suite of faithful Hanoverians, including his two mistresses *en titre*, Schulemburg and Kielmansegge, whose quaint appearance was the signal of some ribald remarks from the mob, which, fortunately for the German ladies, they did not understand. The whole of the way was lined with cheering crowds, and men and boys climbed up the trees along the route to wave flags and shout "God save the King".

As the procession entered London cannon roared from the Tower. There was a temporary halt in Southwark, where the Lord Mayor and City Fathers, in brave array, were drawn up to meet the King. The Recorder stepped up to the royal coach and read a long speech, in which he assured his Majesty of the impatience with which the citizens of London, and his subjects generally, awaited "his Royal presence amongst them to secure those invaluable blessings which they promised themselves from a Prince of the most illustrious merit". The King listened stolidly, and bowed his head from time to time, or gave utterance to a grunt, which presumably was intended to convey the royal approval, but as George understood barely a word of English, the loyal address could hardly have been intelligible to him. The procession then moved slowly over London Bridge, through the City, by St. Paul's, where four thousand children sang "God save the King," and so wended its way to St.

James's. The roadway was lined with troops, and people looked down from windows and balconies, shouted and threw flowers; flags waved and draperies hung down from nearly every house, triumphal arches crossed the streets, the bells of the churches were ringing, and the fountains ran with wine. But the King throughout the day remained stolid and unmoved; the English crowd might shout for King George as loud as they pleased, but he knew full well in his heart that, given the same show and a general holiday, they would have shouted as loud for King James.

It was eight o'clock in the evening before the procession broke up at St. James's Palace, and even then the festivities were not over, for bonfires were lighted in the streets and squares, oxen roasted whole, and barrels of beer broached for the people, who enjoyed themselves in high good humour until the small hours of the morning. The day was not to end without some blood being spilled. A dispute took place that night at St. James's between one Aldworth, the Tory member of Parliament for Windsor, and Colonel Chudleigh, a truculent Whig. The colonel called Aldworth, who had been in the royal procession, a Jacobite. Aldworth resented this as an insult, and, both being the worse for wine, the quarrel grew. Nothing would settle it but to fight a duel with swords, and the pair set off at once with seconds to Marylebone Fields. Aldworth was killed, "which is no great wonder," writes an eye-witness, "for he had such a weakness in both his arms that he could not stretch them, and this from being a child it is suppos'd not to be a secret to Chudleigh".[1]

The King and Prince slept that night in St.

[1] Lord Berkeley of Stratton to Lord Strafford, 24th September, 1714. Wentworth Papers.

James's Palace. Did the ghosts of their Stuart ancestors mock their slumbers?

The next day King George held a levée, which was largely attended, and the day after he presided over a meeting of the Privy Council, when George Augustus was created Prince of Wales. In the patent the King declared that his "most dear son is a Prince whose eminent filial piety hath always endeared him to us". Yet, though the Prince was nominally a member of the Privy Council, the King was careful not to allow him the slightest influence in political affairs, or to admit him to his confidence or to that of his Ministers.

We get glimpses of the King during the first few weeks of his reign in contemporary letters of the period. We find him and the Prince supping with the Duke of Marlborough, whose levées were more largely attended than ever, and whose popularity was far greater than that of his royal guests. The duke improved the occasion by offering to sell the Prince of Wales Marlborough House, and showed him how easily it might be joined to St. James's Palace by a gallery; the King would not hear of it.[1] We also find the King supping at Madame Kielmansegge's with Lady Cowper, for whom he evinced undisguised, if not altogether proper admiration, and the lovely Duchess of Shrewsbury, whose conversation, if we may believe Lady Cowper, "though she had a wonderful art of entertaining and diverting people, would sometimes exceed the bounds of decency". On this occasion she entertained his Majesty by mocking the way the King of France ate, telling him that he ate twenty things at a meal, and ticking them off on her fingers. Whereupon the astute Lady Cowper said: "Sire, the duchess forgets that he eats a good deal more

[1] Wentworth Papers.

than that". "What does he eat, then?" said the King. "Sire," Lady Cowper answered, "he devours his people, and if Providence had not led your Majesty to the throne, he would be devouring us also." Whereupon the King turned to the duchess and said, "Did you hear what she said?" and he did Lady Cowper the honour of repeating her words to many people, which made the Duchess of Shrewsbury very jealous.

The Duchess of Shrewsbury was by birth an Italian, the Marchesa Paleotti, and scandal said that she had been the duke's mistress before she became his wife. The Duchess of Marlborough made many slighting remarks about her when she first appeared at Queen Anne's Court, where she was coldly received. But after the Hanoverian accession she came to the front and stood high in the favour of King George, who loved a lady who was at once lively and broad in her conversation. Lady Wentworth declared that "the Duchess of Shrewsbury will devour the King, for she will not let any one speak to him but herself, and she says she rivals Madame Kielmansegge". Be that as it may, the King found great pleasure in her society, and often went to her little supper parties to play "sixpenny ombre". She had a great advantage over the English ladies in that she could speak admirable French. The King later obtained for her a post in the household of the Princess of Wales, not without some reluctance on the part of the Princess.

The King lost no time in forming his Government. All the members, with the possible exception of Lord Nottingham, the President of the Council, who, despite his leaning to High Church principles, had long been identified with the Whigs, were of the Whig party. Lord Townshend was confirmed in Bolingbroke's place as chief Secretary of State, and must henceforth be regarded as Prime Minister.

He was not a statesman of first-rate ability, but he was a just man and free from the prevailing taint of corruption; his considerable position among the Whigs had been strengthened by his marriage with Robert Walpole's sister. Robert Walpole was given the minor appointment of Paymaster-General to the Forces, but he was promoted the following year to the post of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The second Secretary of State, James Stanhope (afterwards Earl Stanhope), was a much stronger personality than Townshend; he had shown himself a dashing soldier, and he was an accomplished scholar.

These three men were the dominant Ministers in the Government. The Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been more instrumental than any man in England in bringing George over from Hanover, resigned the Treasurer's staff, and the Treasury was placed in commission, with Lord Halifax at its head. Shrewsbury was appointed Lord Chamberlain, Lord Cowper became Lord Chancellor, and the Duke of Argyll commander of the forces in Scotland. Marlborough was again entrusted with the offices of Commander-in-Chief and Master of the Ordnance; the King was afraid to overlook him, but it was evident that he did not trust him, and so gave him only the shadow of power. Events showed that his instinct was right, for even now, while holding high office under the Hanoverian dynasty, Marlborough lent a large sum of money to James, which must materially have helped forward the Jacobite rising a year later. Like most English politicians of that day, he was uncertain whether Stuart or Guelph would ultimately triumph, and, having no fixed principles, he determined to be well with both sides.

Perhaps the most important of the King's actions at this time was his selection of seven great officers

of state, to form the Cabinet Council of the Sovereign. It created a precedent which has lasted to this day, though now the Cabinet, swollen in numbers, has lost much of its former collective authority. Another and equally important precedent was set by George the First. At his first council, he frankly told his Ministers that he knew very little about the English Constitution, and he should therefore place himself entirely in their hands, and govern through them. "Then," he added, "you will become completely answerable for everything I do." In pursuance of this policy, and also because he could speak no English, the King determined not to preside over the meetings of his council, as all previous English monarchs had done, and from the beginning of his reign until now, Cabinet Councils have been held without the presence of the Sovereign. Of course the King retained some influence in the councils of the realm, especially with regard to foreign policy, but this power was exercised by George the First, largely by indirect methods, on which we shall presently have occasion to dwell.

The King, however, showed himself by no means a man to be ignored; he was a shrewd if cynical judge of character, and though by no means clever, he avoided many pitfalls into which a more brilliant man might have fallen. He had always to be reckoned with. He kept the appointments in his own hands, and his care to exclude the great Whig Lords from his Government, in favour of younger men with less influence, showed that he was determined not to be dictated to. But his policy of forming his first Administration entirely of Whigs made him of necessity the King, not of the whole nation, but of a faction. George the First was not a great statesman, and his little knowledge of English affairs made it difficult for him to include in his

first Government some of the more moderate among the Tories. Coalition Governments had failed under William the Third and Anne, and were hardly likely to succeed under George the First. But the total exclusion of the Tories from office undoubtedly had a bad effect upon the nation at large. There were many Tories who were loyal to the Hanoverian succession; there were others who were determined to uphold the monarchy and the Church, even though the monarch was a German prince with, to them, scarce a shadow of title to the throne. These men, who represented a large and influential class of the community, were now left without any voice in the councils of the nation. The immediate result was to drive many waverers over to Jacobitism, and to render others apathetic in upholding the new dynasty.

Many office-seekers at first paid their court to the Prince of Wales, but they soon perceived that the King allowed him no voice in appointments, except the purely personal ones of his own household. The Prince thus early found interested friends among the English nobility who were willing to urge his claims to a larger share in the regality—for a consideration. His love of intrigue induced him to lend a ready ear, and he soon had a trustworthy ally in the person of his consort Caroline, who had now set out from Hanover.

"The Princess, Consort to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," writes a Hanoverian gazette, "having received letters from the Prince whereby he desires her to follow him immediately to England, has resolved to send her baggage forward next Saturday for Holland, and on Monday following two of the Princesses, her daughters, will set out at the Hague, and she herself will depart Thursday following, in order to go to England. The Duchess of Celle is expected at Herrenhausen to-morrow

night, and the Duchess of Wolfenbüttel the next day, to take their leave of her Royal Highness."[1]

Caroline arrived at the Hague a few days later, and was formally received by the Earls of Strafford and Albemarle and their countesses, and by the deputies who were appointed by the States of Holland to welcome her and attend her during her stay. She was accompanied by two of her children, the Princesses Anne and Amelia; the youngest, Princess Caroline, had been left behind on account of indisposition, and her eldest child, Prince Frederick, by command of the King remained at Hanover.

Caroline was in the highest spirits at the realisation of her hopes, and began with zest to play her new rôle of Princess of Wales. That night, tired from her long journey, she supped in private, but the next morning she received a deputation from the States-General, and in the afternoon, the weather being fine, she drove in the Voorhout, or fashionable promenade, attended by a numerous train of coaches. In the evening the Princess held a drawing-room, which was largely attended by all the persons of distinction at the Hague. On the morrow she gave audience to the French Ambassador and other foreign ministers, and to many lords and ladies, who, we are told, "could not enough applaud the agreeable reception they found, and the admirable presence of mind of her Royal Highness. The two Princesses, her daughters, were not less the subject of admiration for the excellent behaviour they showed, much above what their age could promise, one being but three and a half and the other but five years old."[2]

The Princess of Wales stayed at the Hague three days, and then set out for Rotterdam, Lord Strafford, the English envoy at the Hague, attend-

[1] The *Leiden Gazette*, Hanover, 29th October, 1714.
[2] *The Daily Courant*, 19th October, 1714.

ing her part of the way. At Rotterdam the Princess embarked on the royal yacht, *Mary*, and, escorted by a squadron of English men-of-war, set sail for England. Her coming was eagerly awaited in London. To quote again: "By the favourable wind since the embarkation of Madam the Princess of Wales, it is not doubted that her Royal Highness, with the Princesses, her daughters, will soon safely arrive. The whole conversation of the town turns upon the charms, sweetness and good manner of this excellent princess, whose generous treatment of everybody, who has had the honour to approach her, is such that none have come from her without being obliged by some particular expression of her favour."[1]

The Princess of Wales landed at Margate at four o'clock on the morning of October 15th, and was met there by the Prince, who, accompanied by the Duke of Somerset and the Duke of Argyll, had travelled by coach from London to welcome her. The Prince and Princess slept that night at Rochester, and on Wednesday, in the afternoon, they made a progress through the city of London to St. James's. The Tower guns were fired as they came over London Bridge, and those in the park when they arrived at St. James's Palace. At night there were illuminations and bonfires, and other demonstrations of joy.

It was at once made manifest that the policy of the Prince and Princess of Wales was to please everybody. They were ready of access, and courteous to all with whom they came into contact. "I find all backward in speaking to the King, but ready enough to speak to the Prince," writes Peter Wentworth.[2] The night after her arrival the Princess made her first appearance at the English Court. Wentworth writes: "The Princess came into the drawing-room at seven o'clock and stayed until ten. There was

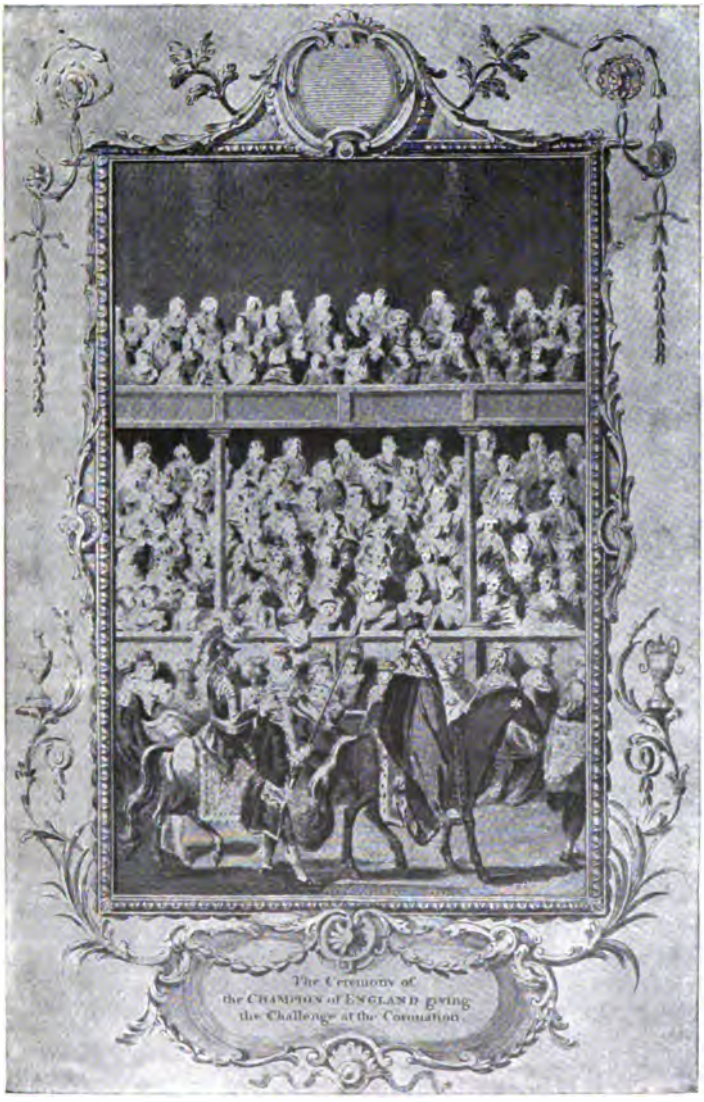
[1] *The Daily Courant*, 12th October, 1714.
[2] Peter Wentworth to Lord Strafford, 18th October, 1714.

a basset table and ombre tables, but the Princess sitting down to piquet, all the company flocked about to that table and the others were not used." She charmed all who were presented to her by her grace and affability. The next morning the Prince and Princess took a walk round St. James's Park, with the Duchess of Bolton, the Duchess of Shrewsbury and Lady Nottingham in attendance. The Mall was then the fashionable promenade, and they were followed by a large concourse of people. It was jealously noted that the Princess talked much to Lady Nottingham, whose High Church views were well known, and it was rumoured that she would make her the governess of her children, a post for which Lady Nottingham must surely have been qualified by experience, as she had given birth to no less than thirty children of her own. For the next few days the Princess of Wales appeared at the drawing-rooms every evening, and received in her own apartments as well; indeed she complained that she was so beset that she had scarcely time to get her clothes together for the coronation.

The coronation of George the First took place on October 20th, 1714, and was largely attended, it being remarked that no such a gathering of lords, spiritual and temporal, had been seen since the Conquest. As the ceremony marked the inauguration of a new line of kings, it was determined to celebrate it with unusual splendour. The Jacobites prayed for rain, but the day broke fine and cloudless. The King drove down to Westminster in a State coach early in the morning, and retired to the Court of Wards until the peers and Court officials were put in order by the heralds. They then came in long procession to Westminster Hall, where George the First received them seated under a canopy of state. The sword and spurs were presented to the King, the crown and other regalia, the Bible, chalice and

paten, and were then delivered to the lords and bishops appointed to carry them. The procession to the Abbey was formed in order of precedence. The Prince of Wales followed the Lord Great Chamberlain, wearing his robes of crimson velvet, furred with ermine; his coronet and cap were borne before him on a crimson velvet cushion. No place was found in the procession for the Princess of Wales, but a chair was placed for her in the Abbey, under a canopy near the sacrarium. The King walked immediately after the officials bearing the regalia, in his royal robes of crimson velvet, lined with ermine, and bordered with gold lace, wearing the collar of St. George, and on his head the cap of estate of crimson velvet turned up with ermine and adorned with a circle of gold enriched with diamonds. He was supported on either side by the Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells, and walked under a canopy borne by the Barons of the Cinque Ports. He was not a majestic figure despite the bravery of his attire.

When the King arrived at the Abbey, the Archbishop of Canterbury began the Coronation service with the Recognition. The King stood up in his chair, and showed himself to the people on every four sides, and the Archbishop went round the chair, calling out at each corner: "Sirs, I here present to you King George, the undoubted King of these realms. Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?" The people shouted, "God save King George," and the trumpets sounded. Then his Majesty made his first oblation, and the lords who bore the regalia presented them at the altar, the Litany was sung, and the Communion service proceeded with as far as the Nicene Creed, when the Bishop of Oxford preached what can only be described as a fulsome sermon from the text: "This



The Ceremony of
the CHAMPION of ENGLAND giving
the Challenge at the Coronation.

is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it". After the sermon the ceremonial proceeded. The King repeated and signed the declaration against Roman Catholicism, also made at their coronation by William and Mary, and by Anne, which was the reason of his presence there that day. He took the coronation oath, in which he swore to the utmost of his power "to maintain the Laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by Law". This done, he seated himself in King Edward's chair, which was placed facing the altar. He was anointed, presented with the spurs, girt with the sword, vested with his purple robes, and having received the ring, the orb and the sceptres, was crowned about two o'clock, amid loud and repeated acclamations, the drums beating, the trumpets sounding, and the cannon blaring. The Prince of Wales and the other peers then put on their coronets. The Bible was presented to the King by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his Majesty sat on his throne and received the homage of the Prince of Wales and the lords, spiritual and temporal. The second oblation was made, the King received the Holy Communion, and at the close of the office retired to King Edward's chapel. He was there revested in his robes of velvet, but now wore his crown, the procession was re-formed, and he returned to Westminster Hall. The coronation banquet followed, the King having on his left the Prince of Wales. It was all over by seven o'clock, when the King returned to St. James's.[1]

Several amusing incidents occurred at the coronation of George the First. It was attended by men of all parties, Tories, Whigs and even Jacobites were

[1] A long and detailed account of the coronation of George I. is given in *The Political State of Great Britain*, vol. viii., pp. 347 *et seq.*, from which these particulars are taken.

present, and their emotions varied according to their views. George was crowned "King of France," and in proof of this nominal right, two hirelings, a couple of players in fact, attended to represent the Dukes of Picardy and Normandy. They wore robes of crimson velvet and ermine, and each held in his hand a cap of cloth of gold. They did homage to the King with the other peers, and when the nobles put their coronets on their heads, the sham dukes clapped their caps on too. This part of the performance afforded much amusement to the Jacobites, who remarked derisively that the sham peers were worthy of the sham king. On the other hand, Lady Cowper, who was a thorough-going Whig, writes: "I never was so affected with joy in all my life; it brought tears into my eyes, and I hope I shall never forget the blessing of seeing our holy religion preserved, as well as our liberties and properties". But her pious joy did not prevent her commenting on the ill-behaviour of her rival, Lady Nottingham, who, not content with pushing Lady Cowper aside, taking her place and forcing her to mount the pulpit stairs in order to see, "when the Litany was to be sung, broke from behind the rest of the company, where she was placed, and knelt down before them all, though none of the rest did, facing the King and repeating the Litany. Everybody stared at her, and I could read in their countenances that they thought she overdid her High Church part."[1]

Bolingbroke was present, and did homage to the King, who, not having seen him before, asked the Lord Chamberlain who he was, whereupon Bolingbroke turned round, faced the throne, and made three very low obeisances. He was more complaisant than many of the Jacobite peers and peeresses, who,

[1] Lady Cowper's Diary.

though they were present, could hardly conceal their feelings. For instance, when the Archbishop went round the throne demanding the consent of the people, Lady Dorchester, who was an ardent Jacobite (for she had been mistress of James the Second, and raised to the peerage as the price of her dishonour), asked the lady next her: "Does the old fool think anybody here will say 'no' to his question, when there are so many drawn swords?" Owing to the King's ignorance of English, and to the high officials standing near him knowing neither German nor French, the ceremonies incident upon his coronation had to be explained to him through the medium of such Latin as they could muster. This circumstance gave rise to the jest that much bad language passed between the King and his Ministers on the day of his coronation. The King's repetition of the anti-Catholic declaration was so impaired by his German accent as to be unintelligible, and he might have been protesting against something quite different for all that loyal Protestants could know. But if George did not understand the English language, he understood who were his enemies, and when Bishop Atterbury came forward, as in duty bound, to stand by the canopy, the King roughly repulsed him. The King had hitherto shown stolid indifference to everything prepared in his honour, determined not to be surprised into any expression of admiration, but when the peers shouted and put on their coronets, even his German phlegm was moved, and he declared that it reminded him of the Day of Judgment.

It is probable that the new-born interest in the House of Hanover reached its height at George the First's coronation, but even on that day all was not quite harmony. There were Jacobite riots in Bristol, Birmingham and Norwich. In London, though all passed off quietly, the loyalty of the mob showed signs of change; affronts were offered to the King,

and shouts were heard of "Damn King George". If we may believe Baron Pöllnitz, there was one present at Westminster Hall who openly refused to acknowledge George the First as king on the very day of his coronation. When the champion, armed from head to foot in mail, rode into the banqueting hall, and, in a loud voice, challenged any person who did not acknowledge George as King of England, a woman threw down her glove, and cried that his Majesty King James the Third was the only lawful owner of the crown, and the Elector of Hanover was a usurper. But this story is unsupported by any other authority. Everything goes to show that for the first few months, until the English people came to know more of their Hanoverian King, there was little open opposition. The Jacobites were for the moment dumfoundered by the ease and smoothness of the change, while the Tories, divided amongst themselves, were in hopeless confusion. Even Louis the Fourteenth, that bulwark of Jacobite hopes, acknowledged George as King of England. The great mass of the nation acquiesced in the new *régime*, but without enthusiasm, and were willing to give it a fair trial. But the Whigs made amends for the lack of general enthusiasm, and were jubilant at the turn of events, which had exceeded their most sanguine hopes.

A month or two later the Government appointed "A day of public thanksgiving for his Majesty's happy and peaceable accession to the crown," and the King, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, and all the great officers of state, attended a special service in St. Paul's Cathedral, where a *Te Deum* was sung and a sermon preached by the Bishop of Gloucester. Everything passed off harmoniously, and the royal procession was loudly acclaimed on its way to and from St. Paul's. Truly the stars in their courses were fighting for the House of Hanover.

CHAPTER II.

THE COURT OF THE FIRST GEORGE.

1714-1715.

CAROLINE'S duties as Princess of Wales began almost from the first hour of her arrival in England. The Court of George the First lacked a Queen, and all that the presence of a Queen implies. The King's unhappy consort, Sophie Dorothea, whose grace, beauty and incomparable charm might have lent lustre to the Court of St. James's, and whose innate refinement would have toned down some of the grossness of the early Hanoverian era, was locked up in Ahlden. Caroline had to fill her place as best she could; she laboured under obvious disadvantages, for no Princess of Wales, however beautiful and gifted, and Caroline was both, could quite take the place of Queen, and in Caroline's case her difficulties were increased by the jealousy of the King, who viewed with suspicion every act of the Prince and Princess of Wales to win popularity as directed against himself. Caroline at first managed by tact and diplomacy to avoid the royal displeasure, and she would probably have continued to do so had it not been for the inept blundering of the Prince of Wales, who, in his efforts to gain the popular favour, was apt to overdo his part. But at first the Princess kept him in check, and gave the King no tangible excuse for manifesting his disapproval. "The Princess of Wales hath the genius,"

quoth Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who hated her, "to fit her for the government of a fool," forgetting that she was really paying a tribute to Caroline's powers, for fools are proverbially difficult to govern, especially so vain and choleric a fool as little George Augustus.

The Princess of Wales possessed that consummate art which enabled her to govern without in the least appearing to do so, and so effectually did she hoodwink even those admitted to the inner circle of the Court, that many were disposed at first to treat her as a mere cypher, knowing that she had no influence with the King, and thinking she had none with her husband. But others, more shrewd, paid her their court, recognising her abilities, and realising that in the future she might become the dominant factor in the situation. Even now she was the first lady of the land, and whatever brilliancy George the First's Court possessed during the first two or three years of his reign was due to her. From the beginning she was the only popular member of the royal family. Her early training at the Court of Berlin stood her in good stead at St. James's and she was well fitted by nature to maintain the position to which she had been called. She still retained her beauty. She was more than common tall, of majestic presence; she had an exquisitely modelled neck and bust, and her hand was the delight of the sculptor. Her smile was distinguished by its sweetness and her voice rich and low. Her lofty brow, and clear, thoughtful gaze showed that she was a woman of no ordinary mould. She had the royal memory, and, what must have been a very useful attribute to her, the power of self-command; she was an adept in the art of concealing her feelings, of suiting herself to her company, and of occasionally appearing to be what she was not. Her love of art, letters and science, her lively spirits, quick appre-

hension of character and affability were all points in her favour. She had, too, a love of state, and appeared magnificently arrayed at Court ceremonials, evidently delighting in her exalted position and fully alive to its dignity.

The Prince and the Princess of Wales had a great advantage over the King in that they were able to speak English; not very well, it is true, but they could make their meaning plain, and understood everything that was said to them. In her immediate circle Caroline talked French, though she spoke English when occasion served. When she was excited she would pour forth a volley of polyglot sentences, in which French, English and German were commingled. The Prince and Princess of Wales loudly expressed their liking for England and things English: "I have not a drop of blood in my veins dat is not English," exclaimed the Prince, and Lady Cowper relates how she went to dinner at Mrs. Clayton's, and found her hostess in raptures over all the pleasant things the Prince had been saying about the English: "That he thought them the best, handsomest, the best-shaped, best-natured and lovingest people in the world, and that if anybody would make their court to him, it must be by telling him that he was like an Englishman". And she adds, "This did not at all please the foreigners at our table. They could not contain themselves, but fell into the violentest, silliest, ill-mannered invective against the English that was ever heard."[1] Caroline, too, was full of England's praises, and on one occasion forcibly declared that she would "as soon live on a dunghill as return to Hanover". All these kind expressions were duly repeated, and greatly pleased the people, and the popularity of the Prince and Princess of Wales grew daily.

[1] Diary of Lady Cowper.

Places in the household of the Princess of Wales were greatly sought, and as there was no Queen-Consort, they assumed unusual importance. Among the earliest appointments to the Princess's household were those of the Duchesses of Bolton, St. Albans and Montagu to different positions; the Countesses of Berkeley, Dorset and Cowper as ladies of the bedchamber; and Mrs. Selwyn, Mrs. Pollexfen, Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Clayton as bedchamber women. Some of these names call for more than passing comment. The Duchess of Bolton was the natural daughter of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, by Eleanor, daughter of Sir Richard Needham, and all of Monmouth's blood had good reason to hate James the Second and his descendants. The Duchess of St. Albans was an heiress in her own right, and the duchess of the Protestant Whig duke, who was a natural son of Charles the Second, by Eleanor Gwynne; he also had suffered many affronts from James the Second. The Duchess of Montagu was a daughter of the Duke of Marlborough. The Countesses of Berkeley and Dorset were both the ladies of great Whig lords. Lady Cowper was the wife of the new Lord Chancellor; she came of a good Durham family, the Claverings, and had married Lord Cowper with a suddenness and secrecy that had never been satisfactorily explained. Rumour said that as Molly Clavering her reputation had not been unblemished, and she was spoken of familiarly by the rakish part of the town. We find her denying this gossip with a vigour which tempts us to believe that there must have been something in it. But it is certain that after her marriage to Lord Cowper she was a virtuous matron of highly correct principles, and devotedly attached to her husband and children. Like her lord she had fixed her hopes upon the Hanoverian succession. She tells us how "for four years past I had kept a constant correspondence with the Prin-

cess, now my mistress. I had received many, and those the kindest letters from her," which shows not only the interest which Caroline, while yet Electoral Princess, took in English affairs, but also the astuteness of some of the Whig ladies, who were anxious to take time by the forelock, and pay their court to the powers that might be. Very soon after the Princess's arrival, Lady Cowper was rewarded by being given this post in her household, and for some years she stood high in Caroline's favour. If we may believe her, she also enjoyed the favour of Bernstorff and of the King, for she tells us how she rejected Bernstorff's addresses, and of her virtuous discouragement of the King's overtures.

Among the Princess of Wales's women of the bedchamber two names stand out pre-eminent, those of Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Clayton. The first came over from Hanover with her husband in the train of the Princess of Wales as a *dame du palais*, and Caroline further showed her complaisance to her husband's favourite by consenting to her appointment in her household. Howard was consoled by being made a gentleman usher to the King. In England, as at Hanover, Mrs. Howard behaved with great discretion, and was exceedingly popular at Court and much liked by the other ladies of the household (except Mrs. Clayton), who, however much they might quarrel among themselves, never quarrelled with her. Mrs. Clayton, *née* Dyves, was a lady of obscure origin. She married Robert Clayton, a clerk of the Treasury and a manager of the Duke of Marlborough's estates. Clayton was a dull man and his wife ruled him completely. He would never have risen in the world had not his wife been a friend and correspondent of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. The duchess, through Bothmar's influence, procured a post in the Princess's household for Mrs. Clayton. She became a favourite with the

Princess, and gradually exercised influence over her, especially agreeing with her mistress in her views on religion. She was a woman of considerable ability, and of no ordinary share of cunning.

In addition to these ladies Caroline surrounded herself with a bevy of maids of honour, most of them still in their teens, all well born, witty and beautiful, who lent great brightness to her Court. Of these beautiful girls Mary Bellenden came first. She was the daughter of John, second Lord Bellenden, and was one of the most attractive women of her day. She was celebrated for her beauty, and especially for her wit and high spirits, which nothing could damp. She was the delight and ornament of the Court; the palm, Horace Walpole tells us, was given "above all for universal admiration to Miss Bellenden. Her face and person were charming, lively she was even to *étourderie*, and so agreeable that she was never afterwards mentioned by her contemporaries but as the most perfect creature they had ever seen."

With Mary Bellenden was her sister (or cousin), Margaret Bellenden, who was only a little less lovely, but of a more pensive type of beauty. Another maid of honour was Mary Lepel, the daughter of General Lepel, and if we may believe not only courtiers like Chesterfield and Bath, but independent critics like Gay, Pope and Voltaire, she was one of the most charming of women. She was of a more stately style of beauty than Mary Bellenden, her spirits were not so irrepressible, but she had vivacity and great good sense, which, together with her rare power of pleasing, won for her the admiration of all. Chesterfield writes of her: "She has been bred all her life at Courts, of which she has acquired all the easy good breeding and politeness without the frivolousness. She has all the reading that a woman should have, and more than any woman need have; for she

understands Latin perfectly well, though she wisely conceals it. No woman ever had more than she has *le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie, les manières engageantes et le je ne sçais quoi qui plaît*".

Pretty Bridget Carteret, *petite* and fair, a niece of Lord Carteret, was another maid of honour. Prim, pale Margaret Meadows was the oldest of them all, and did her best to keep her younger colleagues in order. She had a difficult task with one of them, giddy Sophia Howe. This young lady was the daughter of John Howe, by Ruperta, a natural daughter of Prince Rupert, brother of the old Electress Sophia; perhaps it was this relationship which led the Princess of Wales to appoint Sophia as one of her maids of honour. She was exceedingly gay and flighty, very fond of admiration, and so sprightly that she was laughing all the time, even in church. Once the Duchess of St. Albans chid her severely for giggling in the Chapel Royal, and told her "she could not do a worse thing," to which she saucily answered: "I beg your Grace's pardon, I can do a great many worse things".

In these early days the Hanoverian family were especially anxious to show their conformity to the Church of England, and the King and the Prince and Princess of Wales made a point of regularly attending the Sunday morning service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, attended by a numerous following. The Princess of Wales brought in her train a whole bevy of beauties, who were not so attentive to their devotions as they ought to have been, for the Chapel Royal soon became the fashionable resort of all the beaux of the town, and a great deal of ogling and smiling and tittering went on, especially during the sermon. At last Bishop Burnet complained to the Princess of the ill-behaviour of her

maids of honour. He dared not complain to the King, as his Majesty was the most irreverent of all, habitually going to sleep through the sermon, or carrying on a brisk conversation in an audible voice. In justification he could have pleaded that Burnet's prosy homilies were exceptionally long, and he did not understand a word of them. The Princess expressed her contrition to the Bishop and rebuked her ladies, but as the gallants still continued to come and to gaze, she at last consented to Burnet's suggestion that the pew of the maids of honour should be boarded up so high that they could not see over the top. This excited great indignation on the part of the imprisoned fair and their admirers, and in revenge one of the noblemen about the Court, it was said Lord Peterborough, wrote the following lines:—

Bishop Burnet perceived that the beautiful dames
Who flocked to the Chapel of hilly St. James
On their lovers alone their kind looks did bestow,
And smiled not on him while he bellowed below.
To the Princess he went, with pious intent,
This dangerous ill to the Church to prevent.
"Oh, madam," he said, "our religion is lost
If the ladies thus ogle the knights of the toast.
These practices, madam, my preaching disgrace:
Shall laymen enjoy the first rights of my place?
Then all may lament my condition so hard,
Who thrash in the pulpit without a reward.
Then pray condescend such disorders to end,
And to the ripe vineyard the labourers send
To build up the seats that the beauties may see
The face of no bawling pretender but me."
The Princess by rude importunity press'd,
Though she laugh'd at his reasons, allow'd his request;
And now Britain's nymphs in a Protestant reign
Are box'd up at prayers like the virgins of Spain.

Rhyming was the vogue in those days, and all fair ladies had poems composed in their honour. Of course King George and the Prince and Princess of Wales were not forgotten by the bards. The poet Young hailed the King on his arrival as follows:—

> Welcome, great stranger, to Britannia's Throne,
> And let thy country think thee all her own.
> Of thy delay how oft did we complain;
> Our hope reached out and met thee on the main.

With much more in the same strain. The Prince of Wales was celebrated by Congreve in his song on the Battle of Oudenarde :—

> Not so did behave young Hanover brave
> On this bloody field, I assure ye;
> When his war-horse was shot he valued it not,
> But fought still on foot like a fury.

It was unfortunate that the Prince, on having this effusion quoted to him, asked, "And who might Mr. Congreve be?" This ignorance gives us the measure of the House of Hanover respecting everything English, for Congreve was the most celebrated dramatist of his day. Addison summoned his muse to extol the Princess of Wales. He assured her that

> She was born to strengthen and grace our isle,

and speaks of her :—

> With graceful ease
> And native majesty is formed to please.

The Royal Family were very much in evidence at first. They were anxious, no doubt, to impress their personalities upon the English people, and they lost no opportunity of showing themselves in public. In pursuance of this policy, soon after the coronation, the King and the Prince and Princess of Wales, together with the young Princesses Anne and Amelia, went to see the Lord Mayor's Show, attended by the great officers of state, many of the nobility and judges, and a retinue of Hanoverians, including, no doubt, though they were not specified in the official lists, Schulemburg and Kielmansegge. The royal family took up their position in a balcony over against Bow Church, with a canopy of crimson

velvet above them; the Prince of Wales sat on the King's right hand, the Princess on his left, and the two young Princesses were placed in front. The royal party and their Hanoverian suite were highly delighted with the show, which far exceeded anything of the kind they had seen before, and when it was over, the King offered to knight the owner of the house from whose balcony he had looked down upon the procession. But the worthy citizen was a Quaker, and refused the honour, much to the astonishment of his Majesty. After the procession the Sheriffs and Aldermen came to escort the royal family to the Guildhall, where a magnificent feast was prepared. The Lord Mayor, Sir William Humphreys, knelt at the entrance of the Guildhall and presented the City sword to the King, who touched it, and gave it back to his good keeping. The Lady Mayoress, arrayed in black velvet, with a train many yards long, came forward to make obeisance to the Princess of Wales. It was a moot point, and one which had occasioned much discussion between the Princess and her ladies-in-waiting, whether she should kiss the Lady Mayoress or not; but some one remembered that Queen Anne had not done so, and so the Princess determined to be guided by this recent precedent. The Lady Mayoress, however, fully expected to be saluted by the Princess, and advanced towards her with this intent, but finding the kiss withheld, she, to quote Lady Cowper, "did make the most violent bawling to her page to hold up her train before the Princess, being loath to lose the privilege of her Mayoralty. But the greatest jest was that the King and the Princess both had been told that my Lord Mayor had borrowed her for the day only, so I had much ado to convince them of the contrary, though she by marriage was a sort of relation of my Lord's first wife. At last they did agree that if he had

borrowed a wife, it would have been another sort of one than she was."

The King soothed the Lady Mayoress's wounded feelings by declaring that she should sit at the same table with him, and harmony being restored, the royal party proceeded to the banqueting hall, which was hung with tapestry and decked with green boughs. The Lord Mayor, on bended knee, presented to the King the first glass of wine, which, it was noted with satisfaction, his Majesty drank at one gulp, and then again asked if there was any one for him to knight. Apparently knighthoods were not in the programme, but the King showed his appreciation of the civic hospitality by making the Lord Mayor a baronet, an honour that dignitary had striven hard to obtain, for he had been zealous in suppressing Jacobite libels, and sending hawkers of ribald verses and seditious ballad singers to prison. The King was also very gracious to Sir Peter King, the Recorder, and told him to acquaint the citizens of London with "these my principles. I never forsake a friend, and I will endeavour to do justice to everybody." When the banquet was ended there was a concert, and late in the evening the royal party departed, expressing themselves much pleased with their reception.

The Prince and Princess of Wales showed themselves continually in the West End, and in places where the quality of the town most did congregate. At first they walked in St. James's Park every day, attended by a numerous suite, and followed by a fashionable, and would-be-fashionable, crowd. But after a time the Princess, who was as fond of outdoor exercise and fresh air as the old Electress Sophia, declared that St. James's Park "stank of people," and she migrated to Kensington, driving thither by coach, and then walking in the gardens. Kensington was at that time in the country, and separated from

the town by Hyde Park and open fields. The palace, a favourite residence of William and Mary and Queen Anne, was the plainest and least pretending of the royal palaces, though Wren was supposed to have built the south front. But the air was reckoned very salubrious, and the grounds were the finest near London. The gardens were intersected by long straight gravel walks, and hedges of box and yew, many of them clipped and twisted into quaint shapes. Pope made fun of them, and gave an imaginary catalogue of the horticultural fashions of the day, such as: "Adam and Eve in yew, Adam a little shattered by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in a great storm, Eve and the Serpent very flourishing". "St. George in box, his arm scarce long enough, but will be in condition to stick the dragon by next April." "An old Maid of Honour in wormwood." "A topping Ben Jonson in laurel," and so forth.

As soon as the Princess of Wales took to walking at Kensington, the gardens became a fashionable promenade. The general public was not admitted except by ticket, but persons of fashion came in great throng. The poets now began to sing of Kensington and its beauties. Tickell gives a picture of these promenades in the following lines:—

Where Kensington, high o'er the neighb'ring lands,
'Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabrick stands,
And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A snow of blossoms and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To groves and lands and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sunshine and see azure skies;
Each walk, with robes of various dies bespread
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chintz, the rival of the showery bow.
Here England's Daughter,[1] darling of the land,
Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,

[1] The Princess of Wales.

Gleams through the shades. She towering o'er the rest,
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confess'd ;
Form'd to gain hearts that Brunswick cause denied
And charm a people to her father's side.

The Kensington promenades were only a small part of the busy Court life of the day. Almost every evening drawing-rooms were held at St. James's Palace, at which were music and cards. The latter became the rage in season and out of season, and high play was the pastime of every one at Court. On one occasion at the Princess's court the Prince was "ill of a surfeit" and obliged to keep his bed, so that the ordinary levée could not be held. But he was not to be cheated of his game, and the ladies in waiting were summoned, tables were placed, and they were all set to play at ombre with the lords of the Prince's bedchamber. And on another occasion Lady Cowper writes of the King's drawing-room at St. James's: "There was such a Court I never saw in my life. My mistress and the Duchess of Montagu went halves at hazard and won six hundred pounds. Mr. Archer came in great form to offer me a place at the table, but I laughed and said he did not know me if he thought I was capable of venturing two hundred guineas at play, for none sat down to the table with less." Deep drinking went with the high play. One George Mayo was one night turned out of the royal presence "for being drunk and saucy. He fell out with Sir James Baker, and in the fray pulled him by the nose."

The Court was no longer exclusive as in the days of Queen Anne, almost every one of any station came who would, and in the crowded rooms there was a good deal of pushing and hustling to get within sight of the Royal Family. The Venetian ambassadress, Madame Tron, a very lively lady, was so hustled one night that she kept crying, "Do

not touch my face," and she cried so loud that the King heard her, and turning to a courtier behind him said: "Don't you hear the ambassadress? She offers you all the rest of her body provided you don't touch her face." A pleasantry truly Georgian. These crowded drawing-rooms were a great change to what St. James's was in Queen Anne's time, where, according to Dean Swift, who gives us an account of one of her receptions, "the Queen looked at us with a fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some one who was near her. Then she was told dinner was ready and went out." Now every event in the Royal Family was made the pretext for further gaiety. "This day, 30th October" [1714], writes Lady Cowper, "was the Prince's birthday; I never saw the Court so splendidly fine. The evening concluded with a ball, which the Prince and Princess began. She danced in slippers very well; the Prince better than anybody."

The King and the Prince and Princess of Wales were very fond of the theatres. In the gazettes of the time frequent mention is made of their being present at the opera to hear Nicolina sing or witnessing a play at Drury Lane. We find the Royal Family, together with a great concourse of the nobility, at a masquerade and ball at the Haymarket,[1] which was attended by all the town, and the company was numerous rather than select. It was the pleasure of the royal personages to don mask and domino and go down from their box and mingle freely with the company. It was on this occasion, probably, that a fair Jacobite accosted the King. "Here, sirrah, a bumper to King James." "I drink with all my heart to the health of any unfortunate prince," said his Majesty, and emptied his glass, without disclosing his identity.

[1] *The Flying Post*, 21st February, 1716.

KING GEORGE I.

From the Painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery.

Caroline said she liked to go to the play to improve her English, and her taste was very catholic, ranging from Shakespeare to the broadest farce. She rather scandalised the more sober part of her Court by witnessing a comedy called "The Wanton Wife," which was considered both improper and immoral; it had been recommended to her by the chaste and prudish Lady Cowper, of all matrons in the world. The Duchess of Bolton often recommended plays to the King. She was very lively and free in her conversation, making many droll slips of the tongue when she talked French, either designedly or by accident. At one of the King's parties she was telling him how much she had enjoyed the play at Drury Lane the night before; it was Colley Cibber's "Love's Last Shift". The King did not understand the title, so he said, "Put it into French". "*La dernière chemise de l'amour*," she answered, quite gravely, whereat the King burst out laughing.

The Royal Family were also assiduous in honouring with their presence the entertainments of the great nobility, provided they were Whig in politics. We hear of their being at a ball at the Duchess of Somerset's, a dinner at the Duchess of Shrewsbury's, a supper at my Lady Bristol's, and so on. At Lady Bristol's the King was never in better humour, and said "a world of sprightly things". Among the rest, the Duchess of Shrewsbury said to him: "Sir, we have a grievance against your Majesty because you will not have your portrait painted, and lo! here is your medal which will hand your effigy down to posterity with a nose as long as your arm". "So much the better," said the King, "*c'est une tête de l'antique*". But the virtuous Lady Cowper adds: "Though I was greatly diverted, and there was a good deal of music, yet I could not avoid being uneasy at the repetition of some words in French which the Duchess of Bolton said by mistake, which

convinced me that the two foreign ladies" (presumably Schulemburg and Kielmansegge) "were no better than they should be". A good many ladies "who were no better than they should be" attended the drawing-rooms of George the First, and their conversation was very free. Old Lady Dorchester, the mistress of James the Second, came one night, and meeting the Duchess of Portsmouth, mistress of Charles the Second, and Lady Orkney, mistress of William the Third, exclaimed, "Who would have thought that we three whores should have met here!" It was certainly an interesting meeting.

The Princess of Wales was in great request as godmother at the christenings of children of the high nobility. Apparently this form of royal condescension was somewhat expensive, for there was a lively dispute among the Princess's ladies as to the sum she ought to give the nurses at christenings. When she stood godmother to the Duchess of Ancaster's child she and the Prince sent thirty guineas, which was thought too little, though, on inquiry into precedent, it was found that King Charles the Second never gave more on such occasions than five guineas to an esquire's nurse, ten to a baron's, twenty to an earl's, and then raised five guineas for every degree in the peerage. Sometimes the Royal Family acted as sponsors to the children of humbler personages. On one occasion the King stood as godfather and the Princess of Wales as godmother to the infant daughter of Madame Darastauli, chief singer at the opera. Though they frequently attended christenings, there is not a single record in the *Gazette* of any of the Royal Family having honoured a wedding, or having been present at a funeral, even of the most distinguished personages in the realm. Christenings and funerals were then the great occasions in family life. If my lord died it was usual for his bereaved lady to receive her friends sitting upright in the

matrimonial bed under a canopy. The widow, the bed and the bedchamber (which was lighted by a single taper) were draped with crape, and the children of the deceased, clad in the same sable garments, were ranged at the foot of the bed. The ceremony passed in solemn silence, and after sitting for a while the guests retired without having uttered a word.

The London to which Caroline came was a very different London to the vast metropolis we know to-day. Its total population could not have exceeded seven hundred thousand, and between the City of London proper and Westminster were wide spaces, planted here and there with trees, but for the most part waste lands. The City was then, as now, the heart of London, and the centre of business lay between St. Paul's and the Exchange, while Westminster had a life apart, arising out of the Houses of Parliament. The political and fashionable life of London collected around St. James's and the Mall. St. James's Park was the fashionable promenade; it was lined with avenues of trees, and ornamented with a long canal and a duck-pond. St. James's Palace was much as it is now, and old Marlborough House occupied the site of the present one, but on the site of Buckingham Palace stood Buckingham House, the seat of the powerful Duke of Buckingham, a stately mansion which the duke had built in a "little wilderness full of blackbirds and nightingales". In St. James's Street were the most frequented and fashionable coffee and chocolate houses, and also a few select "mug houses". Quaint signs, elaborately painted, carved and gilded, overhung the streets, and largely took the place of numbers; houses were known as "The Blue Boar," "The Pig and Whistle," "The Merry Maidens," "The Red Bodice," and so forth.

It was easy in those days to walk out from London into the open country on all sides. Maryle-

bone was a village, Stepney a distant hamlet, and London south of the river had hardly begun. Piccadilly was almost a rural road, lined with shady trees, and here and there broken by large houses with gardens. It terminated in Hyde Park, then a wild heath, with fields to the north and Kensington to the west. Bloomsbury, Soho and Seven Dials were fashionable districts (many old mansions in Bloomsbury are relics of the Queen Anne and early Georgian era), though the tide of fashion was already beginning to move westward. Grosvenor Square was not begun until 1716, and Mayfair was chiefly known from the six weeks' fair which gave it its name. One feature of the London of the early Georges might well be revived in these days of crowded streets and increasing traffic. The Thames was then a fashionable waterway, and a convenient means of getting from one part of London to another. Boats and wherries on the Thames were as numerous and as fashionable as gondolas at Venice, and the King, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and many of the nobility, had their barges in the same way that they had their coaches and sedan-chairs, and often "took the air on the water".

London, though quainter and more interesting then than now, had its drawbacks. Fogs had scarcely made their appearance, but the ill-paved streets, except for a few lamps which flickered here and there, were in darkness, and link boys were largely employed. After dark the streets were dangerous for law-abiding citizens. The "Mohocks," who were the aristocratic prototypes of the "Hooligans" of our day, had been to some extent put down, but many wild young bloods still made it their business at night to prowl about the streets molesting peaceable citizens, insulting women and defying the Watch, who, drunken and corrupt, often played into their hands. Conveyances were difficult to procure; the old and

dirty hackney coaches were few, and dear to hire. There were sedan-chairs, but they had not yet come into general use, and were the privilege of the few rather than of the many. The town must have been very noisy in those days, a babel of cries went up from itinerant musicians, ballad-singers, orange girls, flower girls, beggars, itinerant vendors, rat-catchers, chair-menders, knife-grinders and so forth. Idle and disreputable persons stood in the gutters, and shook dice boxes at the passers-by and pestered them to gamble. Drunkenness was common, and accounted for the many fights and brawls that took place in the streets.

In the fashionable world dinner was taken in the middle of the day, or from two to four o'clock, and supper was the pleasanter and more informal meal. Card parties and supper parties generally went together. There were lighter hospitalities also; and among the less wealthy many pleasant little gatherings were held in the evening around coffee and oranges. Ladies of quality passed most of their afternoons going from house to house drinking tea, which at the high prices then asked was a luxury. Men of fashion idled away many hours in the coffee and chocolate houses, of which some of the most famous were White's Chocolate House (now the well-known club), the Cocoa Tree, also in St. James's Street, Squire's near Gray's Inn Gate, Garraway's in 'Change Alley and Lloyd's in Lombard Street. Clubs were in their infancy when George the First was king. A few had come into being, but they were chiefly literary or political societies, such as the brief-lived Kit-Cat Club, which was devoted to the House of Hanover, and flourished in Queen Anne's reign, or the October Club, chiefly formed of Jacobite squires. There was also the Hellfire Club, a wild association of young men, under the Duke of Wharton, which did its best to justify the name.

London lived more out of doors at the beginning of the eighteenth century than it does now; we read of fêtes in the gardens and parks, the ever popular fairs, pleasure parties on the Thames in the summer, and bonfires in the squares and on the ice in winter, and many street shows.

Any picture of social life of the period would lack colour which did not give some idea of the quaint dress of the day. Men thought as much about dress as women, and though it is impossible to follow all the vagaries of fashion as shown in the waxing and waning of wigs, the variations of cocked hats, coats, gold lace and sword hilts, yet we may note that men of fashion began to wear the full-bottomed peruke in the reign of George the First, and their ordinary attire consisted of ample-skirted coats, long and richly embroidered waistcoats, breeches, stockings, and shoes with buckles, and three-cornered hats. The beaux or "pretty fellows" of the day blazed out into silks and velvets, reds and greens, and a profusion of gold lace; they were distinguished not only by the many-coloured splendour of their attire, but by their scents of orange flower and civet, their jewelled snuff-boxes, their gold or tortoise-shell rimmed perspective glasses, and especially for their canes, which were often of amber, mounted with gold, the art of carrying which bespoke the latest mode.

The ladies, naturally, were no whit behind the men in the variety and novelty of their attire. They bedecked themselves with the brightest hues, and their hair, piled up or flowing, with head-dresses high or low, as fashion decreed, arranged in ringlets or worn plain or powdered, went through as many fluctuations as their lords' big-wigs, periwigs and perukes. The fan played a large part in conversation and flirtation, and patches and powder were arranged with due regard to effect. Muffs were a prodigious size. It is impossible for the mere man to give a

particular description of the silks, velvets, jewels, laces, ribbons and feathers which formed part of the equipment of a lady of quality, or to follow the mysteries of commodes, sacks, *négligés*, bedgowns and mob-caps. But the walking dresses, if we may judge from the fashion plates, seem to have left an extraordinary amount of bosom exposed, to have been very tight in the waist, and to have carried an enormous number of flounces. The hoop, which gradually developed through the Georgian era, was the most monstrous enormity that ever appeared in the world of fashion. The lady who wore a hoop really stood in a cage, and when she moved, she did not seem to walk, for her steps were not visible, but she was rather wafted along. So stepped fair ladies from their sedan-chairs, or floated down the avenues of Kensington and Hampton Court. Servants wore clothes almost as fine as their masters and mistresses, and aped their manners and their vices. All great mansions supported throngs of idle servants in gorgeous liveries, and my lady often had her negro boy, who waited on her, clad in scarlet and gold, with a silver collar around his neck.

Society in the early Georgian era, though marred by excess in eating and drinking and by coarseness in conversation, which the example of the King had made fashionable, was characterised by a spirit of robust enjoyment. Judging from the letters, journals, plays, poems and caricatures of the period, social life was exceedingly lively and varied, though too often disfigured by bitter party animosities, scurrilous personal attacks and brutal practical jokes. The tone was not high. The beaux and exquisites were given to drunkenness, vice and gambling; the belles and ladies of quality to scandal, spite and extravagance, to a degree unusual even among the rich and idle, and the marriage vow seemed generally to be held in light estimation. But we

should not be too hasty in assuming that the early Georgian era was necessarily much worse than the present day. If there was more grossness there were fewer shams. Its sins were very much on the surface; it indulged in greater freedom of manners and licence of speech, and many leaders of society, from the King downwards, led lives which were notoriously immoral; but there were plenty of honest men and virtuous women in those days as now, probably more in proportion, only we do not hear so much about them as the others. In many respects life was purer, simpler and more honest than it is to-day, beliefs were more vital, and the struggle for existence far less keen.

Such was the London to which Caroline came, and such was the society which she, as the first lady in the land, might influence for good or evil. Let it be recorded that in her own life and conduct she did what she could to set a good example. She was a good wife and a good mother, no word of scandal was ever whispered against her, and in her own circle she strove to encourage the higher and intellectual life, and to purify and refine some of the grosser elements around her. More than that she could not do, for it must be remembered that the duty of moral responsibility was not greatly accounted of in the days of the early Georges.

CHAPTER III.

THE REACTION.

1715.

As the tide of popular feeling seemed flowing in favour of the new King, the Government took advantage of it to dissolve Parliament, which had now sat for nearly six months since the death of Queen Anne. This Parliament behaved with dignity and circumspection at a crisis of English history. The majority of the members of the House of Commons were Tory, but, despite a certain element of Jacobitism, they had shown their loyal acquiescence in the Hanoverian succession in a variety of ways. They had voted to George the First a civil list of £700,000 per annum, of which £100,000 was for the Prince of Wales; they had even agreed, though with wry faces, to pay £65,000 which the King claimed as arrears due to his Hanoverian troops. The Tories had certainly earned more consideration from the King than they received. But the fiat had gone forth that there was to be no commerce with them, and Ministers were determined to obtain a Whig majority. To this end they not only employed all the resources of bribery and corruption by lavish expenditure of secret service money, but were so unconstitutional as to drag the King into the arena of party politics. In the Royal Proclamation summoning the new Parliament, the King was made to call upon the electors to baffle the designs

of disaffected persons, and "to have a particular regard to such as showed a fondness to the Protestant succession when it was in danger". This was perhaps to some extent justified by a manifesto which James had issued the previous August from Lorraine, in which he spoke of George as "a foreigner ignorant of the language, laws and customs of England," and said he had been waiting to claim his rights on the death "of the Princess our sister, of whose good intentions towards us we could not for some time past well doubt". This manifesto compromised the late Queen's Ministers, and the Government determined to challenge the verdict of the country upon it.

The Jacobites were quite willing to meet the issue. Riots broke out at Birmingham, Bristol, Chippenham, Norwich and other considerable towns in the kingdom. In the words of the old Cavalier song, it was declared that times would not mend "until the King enjoyed his own again," and James's health was drunk at public and private dinners by passing the wine glass over the water bottle, thus transforming the toast of "The King," into "The King over the water". The hawkers of pamphlets and ballads openly vended and shouted Jacobite songs in the streets, and many of them were prosecuted with great severity. Two forces, opposite enough in other ways, the Church and the Stage, were found to be united against the Government, and a Royal Proclamation was issued commanding the clergy not to touch upon politics in their sermons, and forbidding farces and plays which held Protestant dissenters up to ridicule.

The violence of the Jacobites played into the hands of the Government and considerably embarrassed the moderate section of the Tory party, who, under the leadership of Sir Thomas Hanmer, were opposed to the restoration of a Roman Catholic prince, and were willing to support the monarchy as

represented by the House of Hanover, provided that they had some voice in the government of the country. But the Whigs pressed home their advantage, and raised the cry of "No Popery," with which they knew the nation as a whole thoroughly agreed. The Tories could only fall back on their old cry, "The Church in danger," declaring that George the First was not a *bonâ-fide* member of the Church of England, but a Protestant Lutheran, and pointing to the fact that he had brought with him his Lutheran chaplain. But this was clearly inconsistent, for though the King was not a sound Churchman, he was not a man to make difficulties about religious matters, and he had unhesitatingly conformed to the Church of England, and had attended services in the Chapel Royal and received the sacrament, together with the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Church would be obviously in far greater danger from a Roman Catholic prince who refused to acknowledge the validity of Anglican sacraments or orders, and who regarded the Church of England as heretical.

The result of the General Election was a foregone conclusion, for though only a year or two before the people in many parts of England had shown themselves well disposed towards a Stuart restoration, they were easily led by those in authority. The mob is always ready to shout with the stronger, and in this instance the Whigs and the Hanoverians had clearly shown themselves the stronger. There had been an improvement in trade and a good harvest, and this told in favour of the new *régime*. In short the great mass of the people were utterly weary of political strife and revolutions; all they wanted was to be left to live their lives, and do their work in peace, and, provided they were not overtaxed, or their liberties and religion menaced, they were quite indifferent whether a Stuart or a Guelph reigned

over them. Outside London and the great cities politics did not affect the people one way or another, but prejudice goes for something, and there is no doubt that the people of England, by an overwhelming majority, were prejudiced against the Roman Catholic religion, and a Roman Catholic claimant to the throne, after their experience of James the Second was naturally regarded with suspicion. The English people knew little as yet about George from Hanover, and cared less; the only thing they knew was that he was not a Roman Catholic, and that was in his favour. They sighed too for a settled form of government, and this the Hanoverian succession seemed to promise them.

When the new Parliament met in March, the Whigs had an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons. The King opened Parliament in person, but as he was unable to speak English, his speech was read by Lord Chancellor Cowper. In it George the First was made to declare that he was "called to the throne of his ancestors," and he would uphold the established constitution of Church and State. It was soon evident that the Whigs meant to follow up their victory at the polls by persecuting their opponents. In the House of Lords the Address contained the words "to recover the reputation of this kingdom," and Bolingbroke made his last speech in Parliament in moving an amendment to substitute the word "maintain" for the word "recover," which, he eloquently objected, would cast a slur upon the reign of the late Queen. Of course the amendment was lost. The temper of the new Parliament was soon made manifest, and threats of impeachment were the order of the day. At one time it seemed likely that Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, would be impeached, for Walpole declared in the House of Commons that, "Evident proofs will appear of a meeting having been held by some considerable

persons, one of whom is not far off, wherein it was proposed to proclaim the Pretender at the Royal Exchange". This, of course, was an allusion to the hurried meeting which had been held in Lady Masham's apartments when the Queen lay dying, and Atterbury's offer to go forth and proclaim James. But all the Ministers were not so zealous as Walpole, and more moderate counsels prevailed; they were afraid of arousing the old cry of "The Church in danger," and Atterbury was left alone. But Bolingbroke in the House of Lords sat and heard that he and some of his late colleagues were to be impeached of high treason.

Bolingbroke affected to treat the threat with contempt, and for some days he went about in public as usual, saying that he was glad to be quit of the cares of office, and to be able to devote his leisure to literature. On the evening of March 26th (1715), he ostentatiously showed himself in a box at Drury Lane, discussed plans for the morrow, and laughed and talked with his friends. When the performance was over, he went back to his house, disguised himself as a serving man in a large coat and a black wig, and stole off under cover of the darkness to Dover, whence he crossed in a small vessel to France. It was said that Bolingbroke's flight, a grave mistake, was largely determined by Marlborough, who, being anxious to get him out of the way, pretended he had certain knowledge that it was agreed between the English Ministers and the Dutch Government that he was to be beheaded.

A Committee of Secrecy was now formed to examine into the conduct of the last Ministry of Queen Anne with regard to the Treaty of Utrecht and James's restoration. This committee consisted of twenty-one members, all Whigs, and when at safe distance he saw the list, Bolingbroke must have known that he had little chance of a fair trial, for the

chairman of the committee was his bitter enemy, Robert Walpole. The Tories in Parliament still believed, or pretended to believe, that matters would not be carried to extremities, and talked much of the clemency of the King, but they were mistaken. When the committee reported it was found that Oxford, Ormonde and Bolingbroke were to be impeached of high treason, and Strafford, who was one of the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, was accused of high crimes and misdemeanours. Ormonde was living at Richmond in great state, and, since his dismissal, had ostentatiously ignored the House of Hanover. He was very popular with the people, and had powerful friends in both Houses of Parliament, many of whom urged him to seek an audience of the King at once, and throw himself on the royal clemency. Others wished him to go to the west of England, and stir up an insurrection in favour of James. Ormonde did neither. Like Bolingbroke, he was seized with panic, and determined to fly to France. Before he went he visited Oxford and besought him to escape also. Oxford refused, and Ormonde took leave of him with the words: "Farewell, Oxford, without a head," to which the latter replied: "Farewell, duke, without a duchy".

Of the threatened lords Oxford was now the only one who remained. He was in the House of Lords to hear his impeachment, and when it was moved that he should be committed to the Tower, he made a short and dignified speech in his defence. He was escorted to the Tower by an enormous crowd, who cheered loudly for him and the principles he represented. The cheers were ominous to the Government, and showed that the Whigs in their lust for vengeance had shot their bolt too far. These impeachments were in fact merely the result of party animosity, and could not be justified on broad grounds. The Treaty of Utrecht, whether bad

or good, had been approved by two Parliaments, and the responsibility for it therefore rested not upon the ex-Ministers, but upon the nation, which had sufficiently punished those Ministers when it drove them from power. From the report of the committee it seemed that the impeached lords had contemplated the restoration of James as a political possibility, but they had left no evidence to show that they had determined to restore him. On the contrary, both before and after the proclamation of the new King, they had made professions of loyalty to the House of Hanover.

It is impossible to say what George the First thought of these impeachments, probably he understood the principles of political freedom better than his Ministers. But the people had not yet divested themselves of the idea of the political responsibility of the King, and the persecuting spirit of the Ministers provoked a reaction not only against the Government, but against the monarch. The cheers which at first greeted the King's appearance in public now gave place to hoots and seditious cries.

For this unpopularity the King himself was largely responsible. The result of the election made him feel surer of his position on the throne, and he no longer troubled to conceal his natural ungraciousness. Unlike the Prince and Princess of Wales, he made no effort to court popularity or to feign sentiments he did not feel, and he openly expressed his dislike of England and all things English; he disliked the climate and the language, and did not trust the people. His dissatisfaction expressed itself even in the most trivial things. Nothing English was any good, even the oysters were without flavour. The royal household were at their wits' end to know what could be the matter with them, until at last some one remembered that Hanover was a long way from the sea, and that the King had probably

never eaten a fresh oyster before he came to England. Orders were given that they should be kept until they were stale, and the difficulty was solved —the King expressed himself satisfied and enjoyed them. But his other peculiarities were not so easily overcome. Notwithstanding that Parliament had been so liberal with the civil list, George showed himself extremely penurious in everything that related to his English subjects. "This is a strange country," he grumbled once; "the first morning after my arrival at St. James's I looked out of a window and saw a park with walks and a canal, which they told me was mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a brace of my carp out of my canal, and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's man for bringing my own carp, out of my own canal, in my own park." A reasonable complaint, it must be admitted, but his niggardliness had not always the same excuse. For example, it had been the custom of English sovereigns on their birthdays to give new clothes to their regiment of Guards, and George the First grudgingly had to follow precedent, but he determined to do it as cheaply as possible, and the shirts that were sent to the soldiers were so coarse that the men cried out against them. Some even went so far as to throw them down in the courtyard of St. James's Palace, and soon after, when a detachment was marching through the city to relieve guard at the Tower, the soldiers evinced their mutinous disposition by pulling out their undergarments and showing them to the crowd, shouting derisively, "Look at our Hanoverian shirts". The King's miserliness did not extend to his Hanoverians. When his Hanoverian cook came to him and declared that he must go back home, as he could not control the waste and thefts that went on in the royal kitchen, the King laughed outright, and said:

"Never mind, my revenues now will bear the expense. You rob like the English, and mind you take your share." The King also wished to shut up St. James's Park for his private benefit, and when he asked Townshend how much it would cost to do so, the Minister replied, "Only three crowns, sire". Whereat the King remarked it was a pity, as it would make a fine field for turnips.

George the First had nothing of majesty in his demeanour or appearance. He disliked uniforms, and generally appeared in a shabby suit of brown cloth, liberally besprinkled with snuff. He was a gluttonous eater and frequently drank too much. When he came to England his habits were set, and he was too old to change them even if he had the will to do so, which he had not. The English people might take him, or leave him, just as they pleased. He had never made any advances to them, and he was not going to begin now. George's abrupt manner and coarse habits must have been a severe test to the loyalty of his courtiers, who had been accustomed to the grace and dignity of the Stuarts. Certainly not his most fervent supporters could pretend that he ruled by right Divine, nor was it possible to revive for him the old feeling of romantic loyalty which had hitherto circled around the persons of the English kings. Yet in fairness it must be said that behind his rude exterior he had some good qualities, but they were not those which made for popularity.

His great error as King of England was that he wantonly added to his unpopularity by the horde of hungry Hanoverians, "pimps, whelps and reptiles," as they were called in a contemporary print, whom he brought over with him, and who at once set to work to make themselves as unpleasant as possible. Much of the King's regal authority was exercised through what has been called "The Hanoverian Junta," three Ministers who came in his suite, Both-

mar, Bernstorff and Robethon. Bothmar's position in England immediately before Queen Anne's death had been difficult and delicate, and he was hated by Bolingbroke and the Tories, a hatred which, when his royal master came into power, he was able to repay fourfold. His knowledge of English affairs was unrivalled by any other Hanoverian. As George became more acquainted with his new subjects, Bothmar ceased to be so useful, but at first his influence was paramount, and he amassed a large fortune from the bribes given him by aspirants to the royal favour. Bernstorff had been prime minister in Hanover since the death of Count Platen, and for many years previously had held the position of chief adviser to the Duke of Celle. He had earned George's goodwill by prejudicing the Duke of Celle against his daughter, Sophie Dorothea—indeed Bernstorff may be said to have contributed to the Princess's ruin, and he was even now largely responsible for her strict and continued imprisonment. In foreign affairs Bernstorff gained considerable influence, and worked for the aggrandisement of Hanover at the expense of England, with the full consent and approval of the King. He found his schemes, however, thwarted by Townshend on many occasions, and so he too directed his surplus energies to the sale of places. Robethon was a Frenchman of low birth. He had been at one time private secretary to William of Orange, and had been employed by the Elector of Hanover in carrying on a confidential correspondence with England—"a prying, impertinent, venomous creature," Mahon calls him, "for ever crawling in some slimy intrigue". He, too, was most venal, and seized every opportunity of enriching himself.

These three men brought with them two women, who were familiar figures at the Court of George the First. One was a Mademoiselle Schütz, a niece of

Bernstorff, and probably a relative of the envoy who had been recalled by order of Queen Anne. She was of pleasing appearance, but made herself exceedingly offensive to the English ladies by giving herself great airs, and wishing to take precedence even of countesses. She also was a bird of prey, but as she had little influence, her opportunities of plunder were limited, and she seems mainly to have occupied herself with borrowing jewels from English peeresses, wherewith to bedeck her person, and forgetting to return them. By the time she went back to Hanover, it was computed that she carried off with her a large box of treasure obtained in this way. The other woman was Madame Robethon, wife of the secretary aforesaid, who, being of mean birth, squat figure, and harsh, croaking voice, was generally known in court circles as *La Grenouille*, or "The Frog".

But the avarice of all these was as nothing compared with that of the mistresses, Schulemburg and Kielmansegge, who were now nicknamed the "Maypole" and the "Elephant" respectively. These ladies were sumptuously lodged in St. James's Palace, but their suites of rooms were situated far apart, with King George between them, a wise precaution, as they hated one another with an intense and jealous hatred. Of the two, Schulemburg had immeasurably more influence, and, consequently, far greater opportunities of amassing a fortune. She was brazen and shameless in her greed for gold. When, as a protest against the arrest of his son-in-law Sir William Wyndham in 1715, the Duke of Somerset, the proudest nobleman in England, and the premier Protestant duke, resigned the Mastership of the Horse, Schulemburg had the impudence to propose that the office should be left vacant and the revenues given to her. To every one's disgust, the King consented and handed over to her the profits of this

appointment, amounting to £7,500 a year. Schulemburg was a veritable daughter of the horse-leech, always crying "Give, give," and it says very little for English morals or honesty to find that, much as she was despised, her apartments at St. James's Palace were crowded by some of the first of the Whig nobility, and not only they, but their wives and daughters paid the mistress their court.

The Princess of Wales always treated Schulemburg with politeness, and recognised the peculiar relationship which existed between her and the King. Towards Kielmansegge she was not so complaisant, and when, shortly after her arrival in England, that lady prayed to be received by the Princess, Caroline sent word to say that "in these matters things go by age, and she must, therefore, receive the oldest first," namely, Schulemburg. Caroline had a strong dislike to Kielmansegge, whom she regarded as a most mischievous woman, and declared that "she never even stuck a pin in her gown without some object". Kielmansegge did not get nearly so many perquisites as her companion in iniquity. Incidentally she secured a prize, such as a sum of £500 from one Chetwynd for obtaining for him an appointment in the Board of Trade, with the additional sum of £200 per annum as long as he held it. This was rather a heavy tax upon his salary, but as the appointment was a sinecure, and Chetwynd quite incompetent to fill it even if it had not been, he was content to get it on any terms. The indignation of the people was especially directed against these two women. The English people had been accustomed by the Stuarts to royal mistresses; they could forgive the Hanoverian women their want of morals, and even their avarice had they kept it within bounds; but they could not forgive their lack of beauty, and when they set out in the King's coaches to take the air, they

were often greeted with jeers and yells. On one of these occasions, when the crowd was more than usually offensive, Schulemburg, who had picked up a little English by this time, thrust her painted face out of the window of the coach and cried: "Goot pipple what for you abuse us, we come for all your goots?" "Yes, damn ye," shouted a fellow in the crowd, "and for all our chattels too."

There were two more members of this strange household who incurred their share of odium, the King's Turks, Mustapha and Mahomet, who alone were admitted into the royal bedchamber to dress and undress the monarch—duties which until this reign had been performed by English officers of the household appointed by the King. These Turks, although occupying so humble a position, were paid much court to, and were able to acquire a considerable sum of money by doing a trade in minor appointments about the royal household, such as places for pages, cooks, grooms, and so forth.

The King, who disliked state and ceremonial, after the first year of his reign appeared at the drawing-rooms at St. James's only for a brief time, leaving the honours to be done by the Princess of Wales. He liked best to spend his evenings quietly in the apartments of one of his mistresses, smoking a pipe and drinking German beer, or playing ombre or quadrille for small sums. To these parties few English were ever invited. "The King of England," says the Count de Broglie, "has no predilection for the English nation, and never receives in private any English of either sex."[1] But to this rule there were two notable exceptions. One was the younger Craggs, and the other Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose beauty and vivacity, and free and easy manners

[1] *La Correspondance Secrète du Comte Broglie.*

and conversation, made her peculiarly acceptable to Schulemburg and the King.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who was the eldest daughter of the wealthy and profligate Duke of Kingston, was one of the most remarkable women of her time. Her upbringing had given an impetus to her natural originality; she had lost her mother when she was a child, and had grown up under the care of her father, who made much of her, but who was far from a judicious guardian. As a girl Lady Mary was allowed to run wild among the stables and kennels, but her sense and thirst for knowledge prevented her from abusing her freedom. She read widely anything and everything, taught herself Latin, and acquired a thorough knowledge of Greek and French. Her father was very proud of her, and proposed her as a toast to the famous Kit-Cat club, at one of their festive gatherings at a tavern in the Strand. The members demurred on the ground that they had never seen her. "Then you shall!" said the duke with an oath, and he forthwith sent his man home to say that Lady Mary was to be dressed in her best and brought to him at once. The child, for she was then only eight years old, was received with acclamations by the assembled company whom she delighted with her ready answers; her health was drunk with enthusiasm, and her name engraved upon the glasses. Lady Mary afterwards declared that this was the proudest moment of her life; she was passed from the knee of a poet to the arms of a statesman, and toasted by some of the most eminent men in England. While she was still quite young Lady Mary fell in love with Edward Wortley Montagu, who was a young man of good presence, good family, well mannered and well educated. She was never much in love with him, and she showed herself quite alive to his defects, but she clung to him with a curious persistency. The old duke

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

(IN EASTERN DRESS.)

peremptorily forbade the marriage, but after many difficulties Wortley Montagu persuaded Lady Mary to elope with him, and they were privately married by special licence.

When George the First came to the throne Wortley Montagu, who was a Whig, obtained, through the patronage of his powerful friends, a lordship of the Treasury. The duties of his office brought him to London, and his wife came with him. Her wit, beauty and originality made a sensation at the early drawing-rooms of George the First. With all her charms there was in Lady Mary a vein of coarseness, the result no doubt of her upbringing, which made her particularly sympathetic to the coarse and sensual King. He talked with her, admired her French, and admitted her into his special intimacy, though there is nothing to show that he entertained any feelings for her beyond those of paternal friendship for a young and beautiful girl, for she was then little more. But the Prince of Wales, who fancied himself a great gallant, soon began to pay her marked attention. His admiration was open and confessed, and one evening when she appeared at Court radiant in her beauty and splendidly attired, he was so struck with admiration that he called to the Princess, who was playing cards in the next room, to come and see how beautifully Lady Mary was dressed. The Princess, though the most complaisant of wives, objected to being interrupted in her game to look at the beauty of another woman, and so with a shrug of her shoulders she merely answered: "Lady Mary always dresses well," and went on with her cards. It was soon found impossible by the courtiers at St. James's to maintain the favour of both the King and the Prince; they had to choose between one and the other, and Lady Mary was no exception to the rule. The favour shown her by the King soon

earned her the dislike of the Prince of Wales, a matter about which she was indifferent, as she had no liking for him. She distrusted him, and declared that "he looked on all men and women he saw as creatures he might kick or kiss for his diversion". Of the two she preferred his sire, whom she credited with being passively good-natured. She, alone among English ladies, enjoyed the card parties and beer-drinkings in the King's private apartments, with Schulemburg and Kielmansegge. She and the younger Craggs, who could talk French and German well, and who was rather a favourite of Schulemburg's, often went to make a four at cards with Schulemburg and the King, and passed many a pleasant evening, according to their tastes, in this wise.

Lady Mary relates an amusing incident which happened at one of these royal parties. She was commanded to appear one evening, and went as in duty bound, but she explained to Schulemburg that she had a particular reason for wishing to leave early, and prayed her to ask the King's leave. George, who disliked to have his parties broken up, remonstrated, but finding the lady anxious to go, gave her leave to depart. But when she rose he returned to the point, saying many other complimentary things, which she answered in a fitting manner, and finally managed to leave the room. The rest may be quoted: "At the foot of the great stairs she ran against Secretary Craggs just coming in, who stopped her to inquire what was the matter—was the company put off? She told him why she went away, and how urgently the King had pressed her to stay longer, possibly dwelling on that head with some small complacency. Mr. Craggs made no remark, but, when he had heard all, snatching her up in his arms as a nurse carries a child, he ran full speed with her up-stairs, deposited her within the ante-chamber, kissed both her hands respectfully

(still not saying a word), and vanished. The pages, seeing her returned, they knew not how, hastily threw open the inner doors, and, before she had recovered her breath, she found herself again in the King's presence. 'Ah! la re-voilà,' cried he extremely pleased, and began thanking her for her obliging change of mind. The motto on all palace gates is 'Hush!' as Lady Mary very well knew. She had not to learn that mystery and caution ever spread their awful wings over the precincts of a Court, where nobody knows what dire mischief may ensue from one unlucky syllable babbled about anything, or about nothing, at a wrong time. But she was bewildered, fluttered, and entirely off her guard; so, beginning giddily with, 'O Lord, sir, I have been so frightened!' she told his Majesty the whole story exactly as she would have told it to any one else. He had not done exclaiming, nor his Germans wondering, when again the door flew open, and the attendants announced Mr. Secretary Craggs, who, but that moment arrived it should seem, entered with the usual obeisance, and as composed an air as if nothing had happened. 'Mais comment donc, Monsieur Craggs,' said the King, going up to him, 'est-ce que c'est l'usage de ce pays de porter des belles dames comme un sac de froment?' 'Is it the custom of this country to carry about fair ladies like a sack of wheat?' The Minister, struck dumb by this unexpected attack, stood a minute or two not knowing which way to look; then, recovering his self-possession, answered with a low bow, 'There is nothing I would not do for your Majesty's satisfaction'. This was coming off tolerably well; but he did not forgive the tell-tale culprit, in whose ear, watching his opportunity when the King turned from them, he muttered a bitter reproach, with a round oath to enforce it, 'which I durst not resent,' continued she, 'for I had drawn it upon myself;

and, indeed, I was heartily vexed at my own imprudence'."[1]

It was a peculiarity of George I. that he had no friends in the world, not even his Hanoverian minions and mistresses, who followed him here from interested motives, with the exception of Schulemburg. The English, even those who were admitted to his intimacy, like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, had little good to say of him. "In private life he would have been called an honest blockhead," she writes, "and Fortune, which made him a King, added nothing to his happiness, only prejudiced his honesty and shortened his days."[2] If this were the case with people who were near him and benefited by his favours, how can it be wondered that he was unpopular with his subjects at large? There was nothing to be spread abroad in his favour, not one gracious act, not one gracious word or kindly speech. The more his subjects knew of him the more they disliked him, and the reaction was soon setting in full flood. The foreign policy of the Government, which was directly influenced by the King and Bernstorff, tended to increase George's unpopularity. The quarrel with Sweden on the purely Hanoverian question of Bremen and Verden, and the despatch of an English fleet to the Baltic, brought home to the nation the fact that it would be liable to be constantly embroiled in continental quarrels for the sake of Hanover.

The King, like his Hanoverians, considered his tenure of the English throne a precarious one. "He rather considers England as a temporary possession to be made the most of while it lasts than as a perpetual inheritance to himself and his family," wrote the French ambassador; and, says Lady

[1] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters and Works, edited by Lord Wharnecliff. [2] Ibid.

Mary Wortley Montagu, "the natural honesty of his temper, joined with the narrow motives of a low education, made him look upon his acceptance of the crown as an act of usurpation which was always uneasy to him". At any rate, George was too honest to feign a belief in James being a pretended son of James the Second, and he knew, but for the accident of his Protestantism, that he had no claim to the English crown. To benefit Hanover at the expense of England was the keynote of his policy, and when the nation began to be aware of it, the tide of discontent ran higher and higher, and Jacobite plots were reported in all directions. There were riots on the King's birthday, the crowds wore turnips in their hats in derision of George's wish to turn St. James's Park into a turnip field, effigies of dissenting ministers were burned, and their chapels wrecked. James's health was publicly drunk on Ludgate Hill and in other places; the mob loudly shouted "Ormonde" and "No George," and the following doggerel was sung in the streets:—

> If Queen Anne had done justice George had still
> O'er slaves and German boobies reigned,
> On leeks and garlic still regaled his feast,
> In dirty dowlas shirts and fustians dressed.

Disaffection spread everywhere, and recruiting for James went on even among the King's guards. In many quarters there was something like a panic, but the King went about as usual, indifferent to danger. England, he frankly owned, had disappointed him, and perhaps he did not greatly care whether he was sent back to Hanover or not. So things continued through the summer and autumn, until in November they came to a crisis, and mounted messengers galloped south with the news that James's standard had been unfurled in the Highlands.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WHITE ROSE.

1715–1716.

JAMES FRANCIS EDWARD STUART, known to the Jacobites as King James the Third of England and Ireland and the Eighth of Scotland, to the Tories as the Chevalier de St. George (a title he had himself assumed when Anne was living), and to the Whigs as the "Old Pretender," was now twenty-seven years of age, having been born in June, 1688, at St. James's Palace. The birth of this son, so long desired, was the immediate cause of his father's ruin. James the Second was well advanced in years, and no children had been born to him by his second wife, Mary of Modena, except such as had died in infancy. His persecuting zeal in favour of Roman Catholicism had given great offence to his subjects, even to those who were most loyal to his throne and person, but they had made up their minds to bear with him, in the confident hope that, when he died, his crown would devolve on his daughter Mary, wife of William of Orange, and then on his daughter Anne, both of whom were devoted members of the Church of England. These hopes were ruined by the birth of this son, who would be educated in his father's faith, and brought up under the narrow and tyrannical influences which already menaced the laws and liberties of the realm. It was this feeling of bitter disappointment which led to the absurd legend that the King and Queen had leagued

with the Jesuits to impose a supposititious child upon the nation, and so ensure the maintenance of the Roman Catholic faith. It was gravely stated, and even credited, by many who should have known better, that the infant Prince had been introduced into the royal bedchamber in a warming-pan; and for nearly a century later little tin warming-pans were sometimes worn by the Whigs in their buttonholes to show their contempt for Jacobite pretensions. More care should have been taken by the King to secure the attendance of the great officers of state at the birth of the Prince, but there was abundant evidence to prove that the child was really and truly the King's son. The young Prince's sojourn in the land of his birth was of brief duration, for, a few months after he was born, the greater part of the nation rose against the King, and in December of the same year, after the landing of William of Orange, the Queen fled from England to France, taking with her her infant son. She was followed a week or two later by the King.

The royal fugitives were received with every mark of honour by Louis the Fourteenth, the magnificent palace of St. Germains was placed at their disposal, and a handsome pension was given them wherewith to maintain a numerous court. Prince James grew up surrounded by Jesuit priests and fugitive Jacobites. The influences of St. Germains were bigoted and reactionary, and a profound melancholy brooded over all, an atmosphere more likely to produce a seminarist than a man of action. Otherwise, unlike George the First, James received an English education; he could speak and read English fluently, and he was taught to love the land of his birth, and to believe himself the heir to its throne by right divine.

William the Third made overtures to the old King to adopt the Prince and educate him in England, but as this involved not only the recognition of the usurper,

but also that the Prince should be brought up in the faith of the Church of England, William's offer was contemptuously refused. If Prince James had become a member of the Church of England (and many attempts were made to win him over on the part of those attached to his cause), he would have succeeded to the throne of England almost without protest, and the Hanoverian family would never have stood in his way. But the old King flatly refused to listen to such a thing, and after his father's death, when James had come to man's estate, he, to his honour, refused to forsake his religion even to gain the crown of England, being of a contrary opinion to the Protestant Henry of Navarre, who was easily converted to Roman Catholicism, holding that "Paris was well worth a mass".

Prince James had certain natural advantages in his favour. He was every inch a Stuart, he was tall and well made, with graceful, dignified manners, and his face wore the expression of haunting Stuart melancholy with which Vandyck has made us familiar. But for a certain vacuity of countenance, and a lack of fire and animation, he would have been counted handsome. But his character was colourless, he lacked ambition and determination; he had no initiative, and not feeling enthusiasm himself, he could not inspire it in others. He was something of a fatalist, and early made up his mind that misfortune was his portion. Much of this was due to temperament, but training was responsible for more.

On the death of his father, James was proclaimed King of England by Louis the Fourteenth with all ceremony at St. Germains, and the French King helped to fit out for him the abortive expedition of 1706, when he took leave of him with these words: "The best thing I can wish you is that I may never see your face again". He saw it very quickly, for the expedition came to naught, and soon after Louis was

so involved in his own affairs that he was unable to render further material assistance to the Stuart cause. James fought with the French army in Flanders, where he served with the household troops of Louis, distinguishing himself with bravery at Oudenarde and Malplaquet. He thus took arms against the English, not a wise thing for a prince to do who one day hoped to wear the English crown, but gratitude no doubt led him to place his sword at Louis's disposal. By a coincidence, the Electoral Prince George Augustus fought at Oudenarde too, but on the side of the English, and thus the two claimants to the throne had opposed one another in battle. The Treaty of Utrecht, which contained a clause providing for the removal of James from French dominions, was a blow to him, but before the treaty was signed he had anticipated the inevitable by removing to the neutral territory of Lorraine, where he was well received by the duke. In Lorraine he remained during the critical period immediately before and after the death of Queen Anne, trying in vain to induce the French King to help him. But Louis the Fourteenth refused to give active assistance, holding that the initiative ought rather to come from his friends in England. James had therefore to content himself with a manifesto and correspondence with his English supporters, who, unable to agree among themselves upon a plan of action, looked to him in vain to give them a lead.

This was the position of affairs when Bolingbroke arrived in France. He was prostrated on a bed of sickness for the first few weeks, and while in this condition received a visit from an emissary of James, who was then holding his small court at Barr. Bolingbroke hesitated. If his enemies had shown any sign of relenting, or if there had been any hope that he might, at some future time, be taken into the service of King George, he would not have com-

mitted himself to the Stuart cause, for he had absolutely no sympathy with Roman Catholicism or absolutism, and he despised not only many of the principles but the personal character of James. But, while he hesitated, news came that he had been attainted, his property confiscated, and his name erased from the roll of the House of Lords. It was then, as he afterwards expressed it, "with the smart of a Bill of Attainder tingling in every vein," that he hastened to James, and, full of revenge, accepted the seals of office from his hand.

Bolingbroke began to repent of this step almost at once. Speaking of the first interview he had with his new master, he said: "He talked to me like a man who expected every moment to set out for England or Scotland, but who did not very well know for which". James's little court afforded ample field for Bolingbroke's satire. Like his rival, George the First, James had his mistresses, but, unlike George, he allowed them a voice in political affairs, and told them all his secrets. Bolingbroke soon found that their influence was much greater than his.

Advices received from England told James of the discontent and disaffection which were rapidly ripening there, and Louis the Fourteenth seemed more inclined to lend active aid to an expedition. Bolingbroke counselled judicious delay. He knew—none better—that the golden chance of a Stuart restoration passed when he hesitated to act upon Atterbury's advice to proclaim James when Queen Anne lay dying. But that chance had gone and the only thing that remained was to wait for the inevitable reaction in favour of the Stuarts, which George's ungracious personality was fast helping to bring about. But James and his advisers were eager for action. Ormonde, it was understood, would head the rising in the west, Mar would raise the flag in Scotland, and at the same time James was to make his appearance

in Scotland and himself take the field. Such was the plan for the expedition of '15: like all other plans it read very well on paper, but scarcely was it set afoot than the misfortunes which dogged the steps of the Stuarts came thick and fast.

The first blow was the death of Louis the Fourteenth, the most powerful friend the Jacobite cause ever had. "When I engaged," said Bolingbroke later, "in this business, my principal dependence was on his personal character, my hopes sank as he declined, and died when he expired." The Duke of Orleans, who succeeded him as Regent, leaned rather to the dynasty now established in England, and thought that the interests of France would be best served by keeping friends with it. He refused to help James in any way, and even acted against him by preventing the sailing of certain vessels which were intended for an expedition to England. The second blow was the arrival of Ormonde, a fugitive from England—he the powerful and popular leader, who, according to the paper plan, was to raise the standard in the west. His appearance in France showed Bolingbroke that the attempt was hopeless and the expedition must be postponed. He had great difficulty in persuading James to this, for, as he was ignorant of English affairs, he desired to set off at once. Bolingbroke succeeded in stopping him, and sent a messenger to Scotland imploring Mar to wait awhile. The messenger arrived too late.

Mar, acting on his own initiative, had already set up James's standard in the Highlands, and the heather was afire. The Highland clans were flocking in daily, and under these circumstances it was impossible that either James or Ormonde could remain inactive; to do James justice he was only too eager to be gone. Ormonde left Barr and sailed from the coast of Normandy for Devonshire. On October 28th James himself set out from Lor-

raine with the intention of making his way to Scotland as quickly as possible, but his unfortunate habit of admitting women into his confidence betrayed his secret, and every move he made was known—almost before he made it—to Lord Stair, the English ambassador in Paris, and he was thwarted at every turn. While hiding in Brittany the first news of ill-success was brought to him by Ormonde, who now returned to France after an abortive attempt to land at Plymouth. He found nothing prepared and no signs of a rising in the west. This, however, did not daunt James, who, after many delays, at last embarked at Dunkirk on a small vessel, and sailed for the coast of Scotland.

We must now go back a few weeks, and see what had been passing on the other side of the channel.

John Erskine, eleventh Earl of Mar, who had raised the standard of James in Scotland, was a man of great courage and some ability, but he acted too much upon impulse, and as a general he was unskilful, and lacking in decision and command. Like many other public men during the reign of Anne, he vacillated between Whig and Tory, and on the accession of George the First he professed his devotion to the House of Hanover. But George refused to listen, and Mar threw in his fortunes with James.

On August 1st, 1715, Mar attended one of the levées at St. James's to disarm suspicion, and the next day he set off in disguise for the Highlands. On August 27th he summoned a great hunting match to which all the principal Jacobites were invited. The Marquesses of Huntly and Tullibardine, eldest sons of the Dukes of Gordon and Athol, the Earls of Southesk, Marischal, Seaforth, Errol, Traquair, Linlithgow, the Chief of Glengarry and several other Highland chieftains assembled. Mar addressed them in a long and eloquent speech, in which he

lamented his own past error in having helped forward "that accursed treaty," the Union, and declared that the time was now ripe for Scotland to regain her ancient independence under her rightful Sovereign, King James. All present pledged themselves to the Stuart cause, and then the assembly broke up, each member returning to his home to raise men and supplies.

On September 6th, at Kirkmichael, a village near Braemar, Mar formally raised the standard of James. As the pole was planted in the ground the gilt ball fell from the top of the flagstaff, and the superstitious Highlanders regarded this as an ill-omen, though the flag was consecrated by prayer. Mar's little band at that time numbered only sixty men, but the news of his action was noised abroad, and the rising spread like wildfire. The white cockade, the Stuart emblem, was assumed by clan after clan. James was proclaimed at Brechin, Aberdeen, Inverness and Dundee, and many of the leading noblemen of Scotland flocked to his standard. In a very short space of time the whole country north of the Tay was in the hands of the Jacobites, and, by the time Mar marched into Perth, on September 16th, his army had swollen to five thousand men.

In another part of Scotland a plot had been made to capture Edinburgh Castle, and if it had been successful the whole of Scotland would probably have submitted to James. Lord Drummond, with some eighty Highlanders, had bribed three soldiers of the garrison, and it was determined to scale the castle rock at a point where one of their friends would be sentinel on September 9th, at nine o'clock at night. When they had obtained possession of the castle, cannon was to be fired, and in response to this signal fires were to be kindled on the heights on the opposite coast of Fife, and these beacons, spreading northward from mountain to mountain,

would inform Mar at Perth that Edinburgh had fallen, and be the signal for him immediately to push southward. Unfortunately, one of the conspirators told his brother, who told his wife, and the secret being entrusted to a woman soon ceased to exist. The woman sent an anonymous letter to the Lord Justice telling him of the plot. The letter did not reach him until ten o'clock of the very night the castle was to be taken, so that had the conspirators been punctual, and begun operations at nine o'clock as they had planned, they would probably have succeeded. But they were drinking at a tavern, and did not bring the ladders to the castle rock until nearly two hours later. The delay proved ruinous, for scarcely had the soldiers begun to draw up the ladders than the officers of the garrison were aroused by an express telling them of the plot. The garrison was at once alarmed, and the Jacobite sentinel, seeing that all was over, fired his piece and called down to those below. The conspirators immediately made off, and most of them escaped, only four being taken. Thus women and wine, always the two most baleful influences in Jacobite plans, defeated this scheme.

There was great alarm in England when the news of Mar's action travelled south. The persecuting policy of the Whigs had driven many moderate men over to the Jacobite cause, and the personal unpopularity of the King had taken the heart out of his adherents. So far as could be judged on the surface, popular feeling all over England was in favour of James. Mysterious toasts were proposed at dinners, like "Job," whose name formed the initial letters of James, Ormonde and Bolingbroke; or "Kit," because in the same way it stood for King James the Third; or the "Three B's," which was a synonym for the "Best Born Briton," James, who had the advantage over George the German in having been born in England. The University of Oxford

PRINCE JAMES FRANCIS EDWARD STUART (THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE).

From the Picture in the National Portrait Gallery.

was especially disaffected, and burst forth into white roses, though owing to the time of the year they had mostly to be made of paper. The friends of the Hanoverian succession felt something like panic, which penetrated to the royal palaces, and even to the immediate *entourage* of the King and the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Hanoverian Ministers and mistresses were in great alarm, and Schulemburg renewed her former fears, and urged the King to pack up without ado, and make haste to Hanover, for, as she had always said, the English were a false and fickle people, who chopped off their kings' heads on the least pretext. And this was the view generally taken in Europe. "The English are so false," wrote the Duchess of Orleans, "that I would not trust them a single hair, and I do not believe that they will long put up with a King who cannot speak their language". She expressed herself in favour of an amicable settlement of the dispute by allowing James to keep Scotland, and George England, and her views probably represented those of the Court of France. But George the First remained unmoved, and scorned the idea of flight or compromise; perhaps he knew that the worst that would happen to him was that he would be sent back to Hanover under safe escort by his Stuart cousin, and he would not have been wholly sorry. The Prince and Princess of Wales also showed courage, and went about everywhere as usual, unattended by any but the ordinary escort.

The Government were in a tight place; they had only eight thousand soldiers in Great Britain, and with this slender force they had to grapple with conspiracies, open disaffection and threatened landings in many places; moreover, they had to keep the peace, which was in hourly danger of being broken. Disturbances in London were so many and so great that it was thought advisable to form a camp in Hyde

Park, and a large body of troops were established there and many pieces of cannon. These troops were reviewed by the King, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Marlborough, and the establishment of the camp certainly had effect, for it not only quelled the rising spirit of disaffection, but frightened those lawless spirits who found in a time of national disquiet an opportunity to rob, murder and outrage.

The Government, advised in military matters by Marlborough, acted promptly and vigorously. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and the Riot Act was frequently read. Six thousand Dutch troops were sent for, twenty-one new regiments were raised, and a reward of £100,000 was offered for seizing James alive or dead. The principal Jacobites, and even those Tories who without any suspicion of Jacobitism opposed the Government, were arrested; Lords Lansdowne and Dupplin and other noblemen were sent to the Tower, and six members of the House of Commons, including Sir William Wyndham, were also imprisoned. Wyndham had great influence in the western counties, and his arrest was followed up by troops being marched into that quarter of the kingdom, and Bristol and Plymouth were garrisoned. Thus Ormonde's attempt, as we have seen, was forestalled. The University of Oxford also felt the iron hand of power; several suspected persons were seized, and a troop of horse was quartered there. On the other hand, the University of Cambridge testified its loyalty to the House of Hanover, which the King rewarded later by a valuable gift of books to the university library. This gave rise to Dr. Trapp's Oxford epigram:—

> Our royal master saw, with heedful eyes,
> The wants of his two Universities,
> Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why
> That learned body wanted loyalty;
> But books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning
> How that right loyal body wanted learning.

Sir William Browne smartly retorted for Cambridge :—

> The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
> For Tories know no argument but force,
> With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
> For Whigs admit no force but argument.

The Duke of Argyll, Commander-in-Chief of the royal forces in Scotland, was despatched thither with all speed. He arrived at Stirling in the middle of September, and a camp was formed. At the beginning he had only about fifteen hundred men under his command, including the famous Scots Greys, and his prospect of getting more was not bright. He could not therefore attempt at first any forward movement. If Mar had then marched from Perth and surrounded Argyll at Stirling, the result might have been very different. But the whole of the history of the Stuart cause is a record of "ifs" and "might-have-beens".

The vigorous action of the Government crushed the rising in the bud in the greater part of England. However disaffected the Jacobites might be, and however numerous, they had no concerted plan of action, and their efforts to communicate with one another were checked by the vigilance of the Government. This was certainly the case in the south, but the mailed arm of the Government took longer to reach the north, and Lancashire and Northumberland contained many Roman Catholics who were Jacobites to a man, besides others who were lukewarm in the Hanoverian succession. When Forster, a wealthy Northumberland squire, and a member of the Church of England, and Lord Derwentwater, a young nobleman of great influence, and a zealous Roman Catholic, heard that the Government had issued orders for their arrest, they both determined to rise in arms rather than surrender, and on October 7th they proclaimed King James at Warkworth.

They were soon joined by a number of Roman Catholic noblemen across the border, including Lord Kenmure and the Earls of Nithisdale, Wintoun and Carnwath. These reinforcements from the south-west of Scotland found that the Northumbrian Jacobites were more imposing in names than in numbers, and the combined forces did not amount to much more than five hundred horse. Forster was placed in command, and by Mar's orders he marched to Kelso, where he was joined by Brigadier Macintosh with a large company of foot soldiers. Macintosh urged an advance upon Edinburgh, which, as it lay between the forces of Forster and Macintosh and those of Mar, would probably have capitulated; but Forster, a fox-hunting squire, who had no military knowledge, and little courage or ability, overruled him, and determined upon an invasion of Lancashire.

After a good deal of discussion between the Scots and the English, a senseless march began along the Cheviots. The Jacobite forces received no assistance from the Roman Catholics of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and many of the Scots deserted; but on arriving in Lancashire, Forster picked up a number of ill-armed and undisciplined recruits, who were more a hindrance than a help. He entered Lancaster without resistance, and proceeded to Preston. At Preston he was soon surrounded by the royal forces, according to Berwick,[1] not exceeding one thousand men, but, small or great, they were sufficient to frighten Forster, who retired to bed instead of to battle. When presently routed out by his officers, he was so disheartened that he sent to propose a capitulation. When the news of this cowardly surrender became known, many of the Jacobite soldiers were filled with the fiercest indig-

[1] *Mémoires de Berwick*, vol. ii.

nation. "Had Mr. Forster," says an eye-witness, "appeared in the street, he would have been slain, though he had had a hundred lives." The Scots threatened to rush on the royal troops with drawn swords, but the leaders saw that it was now too late, and prevailed on their followers to lay down their arms. Among those who surrendered were Lords Derwentwater, Widdrington, Nithisdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, Kenmure and Nairn, also Forster and the representatives of many ancient families in the north of England.

While all this had been taking place south of the Tweed, Mar still persevered in his policy of inaction in Scotland. Every day's delay meant that Argyll was getting stronger, and every day's delay also tended to exasperate and discourage Mar's followers. If Mar had only been a general of moderate capacity, or even a stout-hearted man, he could have become master of Scotland while he was lingering in Perth. As Sir Walter Scott has put it: "With a far less force than Mar had at his disposal, Montrose gained eight victories and overran Scotland; with fewer numbers of Highlanders, Dundee gained the battle of Killiecrankie; and with about half the troops assembled at Perth, Charles Edward, in 1745, marched as far as Derby and gained two victories over regular troops. But in 1715, by one of those misfortunes which dogged the House of Stuart since the days of Robert the Second, they wanted a man of military talent just at the time when they possessed an unusual quantity of military means."[1] On November 10th Mar, goaded into action by the expostulations of his followers, marched from Perth. The next day he was joined by Gordon and some of the western clans, and his combined force amounted to upwards of ten thousand men. Argyll,

[1] Sir Walter Scott's note to Sinclair's MS.

hearing of Mar's approach, advanced from Stirling, and the two forces met in battle on Sunday, November 13th, at Sheriffmuir. The Highlanders fought with great gallantry and courage. After a prolonged fight, the result of the battle was uncertain; neither army could claim a victory, for each had defeated the left wing of the other. The Duke of Argyll lost more men, but on the other hand he captured more guns. The bolder spirits among the Highland leaders urged Mar to renew the conflict, but timid counsels prevailed. Mar retired to Perth and resumed his former inactivity. Despatches were sent to James, who was then waiting in Brittany, describing Sheriffmuir as a great victory, and so it was reported in Paris.

It was at this juncture that James came to Scotland. He sailed from Dunkirk in a small vessel of eight guns, accompanied by six adherents disguised as French naval officers. He landed at Peterhead on December 22nd, 1715. He passed through Aberdeen *incognito* and went to Fetteresso, the seat of the Earl Marischal. Here Mar hastened to meet him and do him homage. The first act of James was to create Mar a duke. His next was to constitute a Privy Council, and issue proclamations under the style and title of James VIII. of Scotland and III. of England, and his coronation was appointed to take place on January 23rd, 1716, at Scone. The magistrates of Aberdeenshire and the clergy of the Episcopal Church of Scotland presented James with enthusiastic addresses of welcome. Thus returned the grandson of Charles the First to the land of his birth.

On January 2nd, 1716, James began his journey southwards. He made a state entry into Dundee, and was received with acclamation. He then went to Scone Palace, where he established his court with all the ceremonial and etiquette apper-

taining to royalty. Active preparations were made for his coronation, and ladies stripped themselves of their jewels and ornaments that a crown might be made for the occasion. But the Stuart cause was not to be redeemed by the empty parade of royalty, but by vigour and action in the field, and that, alas! was lacking. Mar's delay and inaction had been fatal, and before James landed in Scotland his cause was almost lost. Time had been given Argyll to call up reinforcements, and the six thousand Dutch troops summoned by the Government had arrived, and were in full march to Scotland.

James could hardly be blind to the fact that his cause was desperate, but if it had not been, his was not a personality to inspirit his followers. His speech to his council, which was circulated about this time, contained a characteristic note of fatalism, though it did not lack dignity: "Whatsoever shall ensue," he said, "I shall leave my faithful subjects no room for complaint that I have not done the utmost they could expect from me. Let those who forget their duty, and are negligent for their own good, be answerable for the worst that may happen. For me it will be no new thing if I am unfortunate. My whole life, even from my cradle, has shown a constant series of misfortunes, and I am prepared, if so it please God, to suffer the threats of my enemies and yours." Mar spoke of James as "the first gentleman I ever knew," but when their long-expected King came among his nobles and chieftains at Perth, he frankly disappointed them. "I must not conceal," wrote one of his followers later, "that when we saw the man whom they called our King, we found ourselves not at all animated by his presence, and if he was disappointed in us, we were tenfold more so in him. We saw nothing in him that looked like spirit. He never appeared with cheerfulness and vigour to animate us. Our men

began to despise him ; some asked if he could speak. His countenance looked extremely heavy. He cared not to go abroad amongst us soldiers, or to see us handle our arms or do our exercise."[1]

If James had acted with spirit, if he had shown belief in himself and his cause, and had taken measures promptly and decisively, there was a chance that, even at the eleventh hour, he might have redeemed his fortunes. His Highlanders were more than willing to fight, and only wanted a man to lead them. When it was rumoured that Argyll was advancing, James's council sat in deliberation the whole night, but came to no resolution. "What would you have us do?" said a member of it next day to a tumultuous crowd that had gathered in the street. "Do!" cried a Highlander. "What did you call us to arms for? Was it to run away? What did the King come hither for? Was it to see his people butchered by hangmen, and not strike one stroke for their lives? Let us die like men, and not like dogs."[1] Another added that if James were willing to die like a Prince, he would find that there were ten thousand men in Scotland who were not afraid to die with him. There was another factor in the situation which might have been worked in favour of the Stuart cause, had James but known it, and that was the lukewarmness of Argyll. If Mar delayed, Argyll wavered and procrastinated too, and sent excuse after excuse to the Government in London for not advancing. Sentiment goes for something, and the spectacle of the true heir of Scotland's ancient monarchs striving to regain the throne of his hereditary kingdom may well have influenced a Scottish nobleman like Argyll, who at one time in his career had shown himself not disinclined to espouse the interest of James. The

[1] True account of the proceedings at Perth, by "A Rebel," 1716.

Government certainly suspected him, for they sent him peremptory orders to advance, and later showed their opinion more clearly by depriving him of the command in Scotland.

When Argyll found that the Government were determined, the Dutch troops were marching, and Mar remained inactive, he made virtue of necessity and ordered an advance. He had given James's cause every chance, but it was impossible to help those who would not help themselves. Directly Argyll's advance became known, James's council determined on a retreat from Perth. The Highlanders obeyed in sullen silence, or with muttered mutiny, which would have broken into active rebellion, if they had not been told that the army was only retreating to the Highlands in order that it might better attack Argyll. The retreat was by way of the Carse o' Gowrie and Dundee to Montrose. During the march Mar told James that all hope was lost, and urged him to fly to France. James resisted this proposal, and only consented to it when told that his presence would help no one, and increase his adherents' danger. At Montrose a French vessel was lying in the harbour, and on the evening of February 4th James secretly left his lodging. Accompanied by Mar, he went to the water side, pushed off in a small boat, and embarked on the vessel for France.

James left behind him a letter addressed to Argyll, enclosing a sum of money, all that he had left, desiring that it might be given to the poor people whose villages he had been obliged to burn on his retreat, so that, "I may at least have the satisfaction of having been the destruction of none, at a time when I came to free all".[1] The Highlanders were indignant and discouraged at the flight of their King, but as Argyll's advancing army was close on

[1] The original letter is printed in Chambers's History.

their heels, they marched to Aberdeen, their numbers getting fewer and fewer as they went along, and from Aberdeen they retired into their Highland fastnesses, dispersing as they went. Very few were taken prisoners, partly because of Argyll's lack of vigilance, and partly because of the inaccessible nature of the country. The men, safe in their obscurity, went back to their homes, the chiefs hid for a time until the storm blew over, or made good their escape to the Continent.

Thus ended the rising of 1715, and putting aside sentiment (and it must be admitted that sentiment was all on the side of James), it probably ended for the best. From the personal point of view England would have gained little by a change of King. James was a more attractive personality than George, but he had his failings and his vices too. His mistresses would have been French instead of German, and more beautiful, but little less rapacious. His advisers, instead of being hungry Hanoverians, would have been French and Italian Jesuits, quite as objectionable, and far more dangerous. From the national point of view, the cause of civil and religious liberty would have sustained a severe check. But when all this is admitted, the fact remains that James was the heir of our ancient kings. It is impossible to withhold sympathy from those who, so long as he and his sons lived, refused allegiance to the House of Hanover, or to the many more whose sentiments, though they acquiesced in the established order of things, were expressed in the epigram of John Byrom:—

> God bless the King, God bless our faith's Defender,
> God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender;
> But who Pretender is, and who is King,
> God bless us all! that's quite another thing.

By the death of James's younger son Henry Benedict, Cardinal York, at Rome, in 1807, these

dynastic disputes came to an end. By the accession of Queen Victoria, in 1837, the reigning dynasty gained a lustre before denied it, and became consecrated in the hearts and affection of the English people. And this holds equally good of his present gracious Majesty, King Edward the Seventh, who is a lineal descendant of King James the First, and has inherited many of the generous and lovable characteristics of the Stuarts.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER THE RISING.

1716.

WHEN James landed in France he proceeded to St. Germains, but the Regent declined to receive him, and desired him to withdraw to Lorraine. Instead of doing so, he went for a time to Versailles, to "a little house," according to Bolingbroke, "where his female ministers resided". Here James gave Bolingbroke audience, and received him graciously. "No Italian ever embraced the man he was going to stab with a greater show of affection and confidence," wrote Bolingbroke after. The next morning Bolingbroke received a visit from Ormonde, who handed him a paper in James's writing, which curtly intimated that he had no further occasion for his services, and desiring him to give up the papers of the secretary's office. "These papers," Bolingbroke said contemptuously, "might have been contained in a small letter case." The reason of James's extraordinary conduct to the man who was his ablest adherent has always remained a mystery. Some said it was because of Bolingbroke's not raising supplies, others that James had never trusted him, and in some way blamed him for the failure of his enterprise, others that it was due to the influence of James's woman advisers and the jealousy of Mar. It was probably a combination of all these. Lord Stair has another reason: "They use poor Harry (Boling-

broke) most unmercifully, and call him knave and traitor, and God knows what. I believe all poor Harry's fault was, that he could not play his part with a grave enough face; he could not help laughing now and then at such kings and queens."[1]

Be the reason what it may, Bolingbroke never forgave the insult, and when the Queen-Mother, Mary Beatrice, sent him a message later saying that his dismissal was against her advice and without her approval, and expressing the wish that he would continue to work for her son's cause, he returned an answer saying that he hoped his arm would rot off and his brain fail if he ever again devoted either to the restoration of the Stuarts. Henceforth he concentrated his energies on getting his attainder reversed and returning to England.

The Jacobite rising had a painful sequel in England in the punishment of its leaders. In Scotland no men of note were taken. But in England many fell into the hands of the Government at the surrender of Preston. These were treated with great severity, some of the inferior officers were tried by court martial and shot forthwith. The leaders were sent to London, where they met with every possible ignominy. They came into London with their arms tied behind their backs, seated on horses whose bridles had been taken off, each led by a soldier. "The mob insulted them terribly," says Lady Cowper, "carrying a warming-pan before them, and saying a thousand barbarous things, which some of the prisoners returned with spirit; the chief of my father's family was amongst them; he was about seventy years old. Desperate fortune drove him from home in hopes to have repaired it. I did not see them come into town, nor let any of my children do so. I thought it would be an insulting

[1] The Earl of Stair (English ambassador in Paris) to the elder Horace Walpole, 3rd March, 1716.

of my relations I had there, though almost everybody went to see them." Lords Derwentwater, Kenmure, Nithisdale, Widdrington, Nairn, Carnwath and Wintoun were impeached. All these, except Wintoun, who was sent to trial, pleaded guilty and threw themselves on the King's mercy, and sentence of death was pronounced on them. The peers were all confined to the Tower, but Forster and Macintosh were thrust into Newgate, and both of them eventually managed to make their escape.

Great interest was felt in the fate of the six Jacobite peers. In the interval which passed between their being found guilty and the day fixed for their execution, every effort was made by their friends to obtain their pardon. Ladies of the highest rank used their influence, either directly with the King, or indirectly with his Ministers. Lord Derwentwater's case especially excited compassion; he was little more than a boy, greatly beloved for his virtues in private life, his open-hearted liberality, and his high standard of honour. His young countess, dressed in the deepest mourning, and supported by the Duchesses of Bolton and Cleveland, and a long train of peeresses all clad in black, sought an audience of the King, and prayed him on her knees to have mercy. The young wife pleaded, with justice, that her lord had taken no action in the rising until forced to do so by the news that a writ was issued for his arrest, but neither her tears nor her prayers, nor those of the ladies who knelt before him, availed anything with the King. He returned an evasive answer, and said the matter was in the hands of his Ministers. Lady Nairn also pleaded for her husband to the King, without moving him. But the most intrepid of all these devoted wives was Lady Nithisdale, who determined to save her lord though she should die for it. The King refused to see her, but she found a way into his presence. The manner in

which she effected this and the brutal way in which he repulsed her is best told in her own words:—

"My lord," she says, "was very anxious that a petition might be presented, hoping that it would at least be serviceable to me. I was in my own mind convinced that it would answer no purpose, but as I wished to please my lord, I desired him to have it drawn up, and I undertook to make it come to the King's hand, notwithstanding all the precautions the King had taken to avoid it. So the first day I heard that the King was to go to the drawing-room, I dressed myself in black, as if I had been in mourning, and sent for Mrs. Morgan, the same who had accompanied me to the Tower, because, as I did not know his Majesty personally, I might have mistaken some other person for him. She stayed by me and told me when he was coming. I had also another lady with me, and we three remained in a room between the King's apartments and the drawing-room, so that he was obliged to go through it, and as there were three windows in it, we sat in the middle one that I might have time enough to meet him before he could pass. I threw myself at his feet, and told him in French that I was the unfortunate Countess of Nithisdale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my person. But perceiving that he wanted to go on without receiving my petition, I caught hold of the skirt of his coat that he might stop and hear me. He endeavoured to escape out of my hands, but I kept such strong hold that he dragged me upon my knees from the middle of the room to the very door of the drawing-room. At last one of the blue ribbands who attended his Majesty took me round the waist, whilst another wrested the coat out of my hands. The petition which I had endeavoured to thrust into his pocket fell down in the scuffle, and I almost fainted away through grief and disappointment."

The Archbishop of Canterbury, many of the Bishops, and the whole of the Tory party were in favour of mercy, and some of the Whigs urged it too. The Princess of Wales did everything in her power to obtain pardon for the condemned lords, especially for Lord Carnwath. "The Princess has a great mind to save Lord Carnwath," writes Lady Cowper. "She has desired me to get Sir David Hamilton to speak to him to lay some foundation with the King to save him, but he will persist in saying he knows nothing." And again: "Sir David Hamilton followed me with a letter for the Princess from Lord Carnwath. I told her of it, and said if she had not a mind to receive it, I would take the fault upon myself. She took the letter and was much moved in reading it, and wept and said: 'He must say more to save himself,' and bade Sir David Hamilton go to him again and beg of him for God's sake to save himself by confessing. 'There is no other way, and I will give him my honour to save him if he will confess, but he must not think to impose upon people by professing to know nothing, when his mother goes about talking as violently for Jacobitism as ever, and says that her son falls in a glorious cause.'" Lord Carnwath confessed, and was reprieved as the Princess promised. Caroline pleaded hard for the others. Though her interests were all in the other camp, she had much sympathy for the Jacobites, and a great pity for the exiled James. But she was able to effect little either with the King or his Ministers. Lord Nairn was saved by the friendship of Stanhope, who had been at Eton with him. Stanhope threatened to resign office unless Nairn were reprieved, and the other Ministers had to give way.

Walpole took the lead against mercy, and declared in the House of Commons that he was "moved

with indignation to see that there should be such unworthy members of this great body who can without blushing open their mouths in favour of rebels and parasites". To stifle further remonstrance, he moved the adjournment of the House until March 1st, it being understood that the condemned peers would be executed in the interval. He only carried his resolution by a narrow majority of seven, but it sufficed. Lord Nottingham, in the House of Lords, although a member of the Government, carried an Address to the King pleading for a reprieve for the condemned lords. This gave great offence at Court, for the King strongly objected to being brought into the matter, and wished to throw all the responsibility of the executions upon his Ministers. Nottingham was compelled to resign office, but his interposition had some effect. The King sent an answer to the Address, in which he merely stated that "on this and on other occasions he would do what he thought most consistent with the dignity of his crown and the safety of his people". But Ministers were so far moved that they called a council that night, and announced not only the reprieve of Carnwath and Nairn, which had already been decided on, but also of Widdrington. Then to cut short further agitation they decreed that the execution of Derwentwater, Nithisdale and Kenmure should take place at once.

The news of Nottingham's action in the House of Lords, though not the meeting of the Cabinet, was quickly known to the condemned lords in the Tower, but it gave them little hope. Lady Nithisdale, who had no hope of the King's clemency, determined, if possible, to effect her lord's escape. That same night, accompanied by a woman who was in her confidence, she went to the Tower. The guards were lenient with regard to the visitors of those condemned to death, and she had free access

to her husband's room. Lady Nithisdale represented that her companion was a friend who wished to take a last farewell of the condemned man. She and her companion were left alone with him, and then divested themselves of sundry female garments which they had concealed about their persons. Presently the other woman left. Lady Nithisdale dressed her lord up in woman's clothes, painted his cheeks, and put on him a false front of hair. She then opened the door, and, accompanied by her husband who held his handkerchief before his face as though overcome with grief, walked past the guards. It was dusk, and Lord Nithisdale's disguise was so complete that he got safely outside the Tower, and hid with his wife that night in a small lodging hard by.[1]

Nithisdale's escape became known within an hour or two after he left the Tower, and the news ran like wildfire round the town. In the apartments of the Princess of Wales there was the liveliest satisfaction, but as to the way the King received it, testimony is divided. Some said that George laughed good humouredly, and even said he was glad, but Lady Nithisdale has a different tale to tell. According to her, "Her Grace of Montrose said she would go to Court to see how the news of my lord's escape was received. When the news was brought to the King, he flew into an excessive passion and said he was betrayed, for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly despatched two persons to the Tower to see that the other prisoners were well secured."

On the other hand, no very vigilant efforts were

[1] A full account of Lord Nithisdale's escape from the Tower is given in a letter written by Lady Nithisdale to her sister, Lady Traquair. It may be read in the *Transactions of the Societies of Antiquaries of Scotland*, vol. i., pp. 523-38. These particulars are taken from it.

LORD NITHISDALE'S ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER.

From an old Print.

made to recapture Nithisdale. The fugitives remained in their hiding for two days, and then Nithisdale went to the Venetian ambassador's—one of the servants had been bribed to help him, of course unknown to the ambassador. There Nithisdale put on the Venetian livery and travelled down to Dover. At Dover he made his escape across the Channel, and his wife soon joined him. They eventually went to Rome, where they lived until a ripe old age.

Derwentwater and Kenmure were not so fortunate. They were led out to execution on Tower Hill early on the morning of February 24th—the morning after Nithisdale's escape. An immense concourse of people had assembled, and the scaffold was covered in black. The young and gallant Derwentwater died first. As he was a Roman Catholic he was refused even a priest to attend his last moments, and he ascended the scaffold alone. When he had knelt some minutes in prayer, he rose and read a paper in a clear voice, in which he declared that he deeply repented having pleaded guilty, and he acknowledged no King but James the Third as his lawful Sovereign. He concluded: "I intended to wrong nobody, but to serve my King and country, and that without self-interest, hoping by the example I gave, to induce others to do their duty, and God, who knows the secrets of my heart, knows that I speak the truth". As he laid his head down on the block he noticed a rough place, and he bade the executioner chip it off, lest it should hurt his neck. Then he exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul," the appointed signal, and the executioner severed his head with one blow. Kenmure was executed immediately after. His demeanour was firm, like that of Derwentwater, and he also said that he repented of his plea of guilty, and died a loyal subject of King James. As Kenmure was a

Protestant, he was attended by two clergymen in his last moments, as well as by his son and some friends.

Of the impeached peers there remained now only Lord Wintoun, who had refused to plead guilty, and his trial did not come off until March (1716). He was said to be of unsound mind, and a plea for mercy was put forward by his friends on that ground, but he showed great cunning at his trial. He was condemned and sent back to the Tower, but he found a means of making his escape some time afterwards, and there is little doubt that his flight was winked at by the Government. The reprieves of Carnwath and Nairn were followed by their pardon; Forster also escaped from Newgate, walking out in daylight. The executions of Derwentwater and Kenmure had shocked the public conscience. The Tories were loud in their condemnation of the violence and severity of the Government. "They have dyed the royal ermines in blood," wrote Bolingbroke. Nor did the King escape odium, but rather drew it upon himself by having the bad taste to appear at the theatre on the evening of the very day of the execution of the condemned lords. It is difficult to say whether he endeavoured to exert his royal prerogative of mercy, or how far he was able to do so, when the most powerful of his Ministers were crying for blood. On a subsequent occasion, when urged by Walpole to extreme measures against the Jacobites, he stoutly refused, saying, "I will have no more blood or forfeitures". He would have strengthened his position if he had refused before. The penalty of treason in those days was death, but it could hardly be maintained that Derwentwater and Kenmure had been guilty of ordinary treason, since it was founded on a loyal attachment to the undoubted heir of the ancient Kings of Scotland and England.

The Government had put down the rising with an iron hand. They had driven James from the country; they had imprisoned, shot and beheaded his adherents, and now the time was drawing nigh when, according to the Constitution, they would have to appeal to the country, and obtain the country's verdict upon their work. In accordance with the Triennial Bill of 1694, Parliament having sat for almost three years would have soon to be dissolved, and the judgment of the nation passed upon the rival claims of James and the Hanoverian dynasty. The omens were not propitious. The country was seething with discontent, and eager to revenge the severities of the Government. On the anniversary of Charles the Second's restoration green boughs were everywhere to be seen, white roses were worn openly in the streets, and Jacobite demonstrations were held, more or less openly, all over the country.

The Princess of Wales was the only member of the Royal Family who kept her popularity. She had won goodwill by having been on the side of mercy, and she maintained it by many little acts of grace. The winter that had passed was the coldest known for years. The Thames was frozen over from December 3rd to January 21st,[1] and oxen were roasted and fairs held upon the ice. The long-continued frost occasioned much distress among the watermen and owners of wherries and boats. The Princess, who often used the Thames as a waterway, ordered a sum of money to be distributed among them, and got up a subscription. Her birthday was made the occasion of some rejoicing. We read that the Society of Ancient Britons was established in her honour, and the stewards of the society and many Welshmen met at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, where a service was held in the Welsh tongue. My

[1] *The Weekly Journal*, 28th January, 1716.

Lord Lumley also, one of the young beaux attached to the Court, "had a load of faggots burned before his father's (Lord Scarborough's) door in Gerard Street, and gave three barrels of ale and beer, and a guinea to his servants, to drink the health of the Princess".[1] The Prince shared his consort's popularity, in a lesser degree, chiefly because he was known to be hated by the King. But one night at Drury Lane he was shot at by a half-witted man. The bullet missed the Prince, but hit one of the guards, who in those days used to stand sentinel at the back of the royal box. There was great confusion and uproar. Some one shouted "Fire!" the ladies shrieked and climbed over the boxes, the actors came down from the stage, and there was an ugly rush in the pit. Only the Prince remained unmoved, and kept his seat. His example had the effect of reassuring the audience; the man was arrested, and the play proceeded. The Prince and Princess did not allow this unpleasant incident to make any difference to them, and they went about as freely among the people as before, though they might well have been afraid in the excited state of public feeling.

Indignation was especially directed against the King and his mistresses, and the flood of scurrilous pamphlets and abusive ballads grew greater and greater. So hostile became the crowd that a society, called "Ye Guild of Ye Loyall Mug Houses," was formed to protect the King from personal violence and insult. It was composed mostly of young bloods from the coffee-houses who used to fight the Jacobites when they used expressions detrimental to the Royal Family, and as both sides were spoiling for a fight, street rows were frequent. Even women were not safe from violence, and it is noteworthy that nearly all the women who took part in politics were

[1] *The Weekly Journal*, 3rd March, 1716.

on the side of the exiled James. Addison was hired to write against these "she-Jacobites," as he called them in the *Freeholder*—poor stuff most of it was, too, and justified Swift's sneer about Addison "fair-sexing" it. "A man," writes Addison, "is startled when he sees a pretty bosom heaving with such party rage as is disagreeable even in that sex which is of a more coarse and rugged make. And yet, such is our misfortune, that we sometimes see a pair of stays ready to burst with sedition, and hear the most masculine passions expressed in the sweetest voices." It will hardly be believed that these effusions were highly inflammatory. Yet on one occasion, while the *Freeholder* was running its brief-lived course, a Whig, seeing a young lady walking down St. James's Street with a bunch of white roses on her bosom, sprang out of his coach, tore off the roses and trampled them in the mud, and lashed the young lady with his whip. She was rescued by the timely appearance of some Jacobite gentry, who carried her home in safety, but a street fight, assuming almost the proportions of a riot, was the consequence.

These things, it may be urged, were merely straws, yet straws show the way the wind blows, and Ministers saw enough to be sure that it was not blowing in their favour. They were afraid to face the country. They therefore brought forward the Septennial Act, which repealed the Triennial Act, and enacted that Parliament should sit, if the Government thought fit, for the space of seven years. The Bill was carried through both Houses, and became the law of the land. The action of the Government in thus shirking an appeal to the country certainly lent colour to the Jacobite contention, that the nation, as a whole, was in favour of the return of the Stuarts, and that it desired nothing so much as to send George and the Hanoverian family

back to Hanover at the earliest opportunity. Allowing for Jacobite exaggeration, it seems probable that the people who, less than three years before, had voted in favour of the Hanoverian succession, would now, had an opportunity been given them, have voted against it. These violent vacillations of public opinion may be used as an argument against popular government. But the Whigs posed as the party of popular government, and if it be admitted, as they declared, that the people have a right to choose their King, it is difficult to see how the Whigs could logically have been justified in maintaining upon the throne a prince who was not supported by the suffrages of the people. But such speculation is merely academic. For good or evil the Septennial Act was passed, and its passing, far more than the failure of James's expedition, fixed the House of Hanover upon the throne. That was one result, and perhaps the most important. Another was that it gave an impetus to the bribery and corruption by which Walpole, and those who succeeded him, were able to buy majorities in the House of Commons and the constituencies, and thus for more than a century prevented the voice of the nation making itself effectively heard. It led to the establishment, not of government by the people, for the people, but of a Whig oligarchy, who were able to hold place and power in spite of the people.

The immedfate result of the Septennial Act was one which Ministers had hardly reckoned with. The rising being quelled, and this Act, which seemed to make his occupation of the throne certain for the next few years, safely passed, the King announced his intention of revisiting his beloved Hanover, from which he had now been exiled long. It was in vain that Ministers pointed out to George the unpopularity which would attend such a step, and the dangers that might ensue. The King's im-

patience was not to be stemmed, and he told them frankly that, whether they could get on without him or not, to Hanover he would go. To enable him to go, therefore, the restraining clause of the Act of Settlement had to be repealed, and a Regent or a Council of Regency appointed. The first was easily managed by the docile House of Commons; the second was more difficult. It was naturally assumed that the Prince of Wales would be appointed by the King to act as Regent in his absence. But to this the King objected. It was already an open secret about the Court that the King and the Prince hated one another thoroughly, and the King was especially jealous of the efforts which the Prince and Princess of Wales were making to gain popularity. The Prince looked forward with eagerness to the regency, and he and the Princess already reckoned on the increased importance it would give them. The King, who did not trust his son, refused to entrust him with the nominal government of the kingdom unless other persons, whom he could trust, were associated with him in the regency, and limited his power by a number of petty restrictions. The Prime Minister, Townshend, however, declared that he could find no instance of persons being joined in commission with the Prince of Wales, or of any restrictions on the regency, and that the "constant tenor of ancient practice could not conveniently be receded from".

The King, therefore, had grudgingly to yield his son the first place in his absence, but instead of giving him the title of Regent, he named him "Guardian of the Realm and Lieutenant," an office unknown in England since the days of the Black Prince. He also insisted that the Duke of Argyll, the Prince of Wales's trusted friend and adviser, whom he suspected of aiding and abetting him in his opposition to the royal will, should be dismissed

from all his appointments about the Prince. The Prince bitterly resented this, and Townshend supported the Prince, thereby incurring the disfavour of the King. The Princess of Wales also threw herself into the quarrel, and the bitterness became intensified. "The Princess is all in a flame, the Prince in an agony," writes Lady Cowper, and she adds, "I wish to give them advice. They are all mad, and for their own private ends will destroy all." But resistance was of no avail, the King was obdurate, and in the end the Prince declared himself "resolved to sacrifice everything to please and live well with the King, so will part with the Duke of Argyll".

The King, having gained his point, and made matters generally unpleasant for his son and his Ministers, relented sufficiently to pay a farewell visit to the Princess of Wales. She told him that he looked ill, and he laughed and said, "I may well look ill, for I have had a world of blood drawn from me to-day," and then he explained that he had given audience to more than fifty people, and every one of them had asked him for something, except the Lord Chancellor. He held a drawing-room on the evening of his departure. "The King in mighty good humour," writes Lady Cowper. "When I wished him a good journey and a quick return, he looked as if the last part of my speech was needless, and that he did not think of it."

George set out for Hanover on July 9th, 1716, accompanied by Stanhope, as Minister in attendance, Bernstorff, who was to help him in certain schemes for the benefit of Hanover and the detriment of England, and a numerous retinue, chiefly Hanoverian, which included Schulemburg, Kielmansegge and the Turks.

The King-Elector was received at Hanover with demonstrations of joy, and a succession of *fêtes* was

carried out in his honour. There was plenty of money at Hanover now—English money—and the Hanoverians could have as many entertainments as they desired without thinking of the expense. The King's brother, Ernest Augustus, welcomed him on the frontier. He had acted as Regent entirely to George's satisfaction, and he showed it by creating him Duke of York. The King's grandson, Frederick, was also there, and he had held the courts and levées at Herrenhausen in the King's absence. It was not a good training. He was a precocious youth, showing signs, even at this early age, of emulating his father and grandfather in their habits and vices. He already gambled and drank, and when his governor sent a complaint against him to his mother in England, she good-naturedly took his part. "*Ah*," she wrote, "*je m'imagine que ce sont des tours de page.*" The governor replied, "*Plût à Dieu, madame, que ce fussent des tours de page! Ce sont des tours de laquais et de coquin.*" His grandfather thought him a most promising prince, and created him Duke of Gloucester, as a sign of his approval.

The return of the King brought many people to Hanover—ministers, diplomatists and princes all came to pay their respects, and to see if they could not arrange matters in some way for their own benefit. Lady Mary writes: "This town is neither large nor handsome, but the palace capable of holding a greater Court than that of St. James's. The King has had the kindness to appoint us a lodging in one part, without which we should be very ill-accommodated, for the vast number of English crowds the town so much it is very good luck to get one sorry room in a miserable tavern. . . . The King's company of French comedians play here every night; they are very well dressed, and some of them not ill actors. His Majesty dines and sups constantly

in public. The Court is very numerous, and its affability and goodness make it one of the most agreeable places in the world."[1] To another correspondent she writes more critically: "I have now got into the region of beauty. All the women have literally rosy cheeks, snowy foreheads and bosoms, jet eyebrows and scarlet lips, to which they generally add coal black hair. These perfections never leave them until the hour of their deaths, and have a very fine effect by candle-light. But I could wish them handsome with a little more variety. They resemble one of the beauties of Mrs. Salmon's Court of Great Britain,[2] and are in as much danger of melting away by approaching too close to the fire, which they, for that reason, carefully avoid, though it is now such excessive cold weather that I believe they suffer extremely by that piece of self-denial."[3] She much admired Herrenhausen. "I was very sorry," she writes, "that the ill weather did not permit me to see Herrenhausen in all its beauty, but in spite of the snow I think the gardens very fine. I was particularly surprised at the vast number of orange trees, much larger than any I have ever seen in England, though this climate is certainly colder."[4]

The King mightily diverted himself at Hanover, passing much time in the society of his mistress, Countess Platen, whom he now rejoined after two years' separation, and holding a crowded Court every night. Lady Mary, too, had a great success, and some of the English courtiers thought that she ran Countess Platen hard in the King's favour. Lord

[1] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to the Countess of Bristol, Hanover, 25th November, 1716.

[2] A celebrated waxwork show in London.

[3] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to the Lady Rich, Hanover, 1st December, 1716.

[4] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to the Countess of Mar, Blankenburg, 17th December, 1716.

Peterborough, who was in the King's suite, declared that the King was so happy at Hanover, that "he believed he had forgotten the accident which happened to him and his family on the 1st August, 1714".

CHAPTER VI.

THE GUARDIAN OF THE REALM.

1716.

If the King were happy at Hanover, no one regretted him in England, least of all the "Guardian of the Realm" and the Princess of Wales, who delighted in the authority and importance which his absence gave to them. They were gracious to every one, kept open house, and lived from morning to night in a round of gaiety, playing the part of king and queen in all but name. In July they moved from St. James's to Hampton Court, making a progress up the river in state barges hung with crimson and gold, and headed by a band of music. At Hampton Court they remained all the summer, and lived there in almost regal state, holding a splendid court daily. They occupied Queen Anne's suite of rooms, the best in the palace, but they were not magnificent enough for their Royal Highnesses, so they had them redecorated. The ceiling of their bedchamber was painted by Sir James Thornhill, and was an elaborate work of art, depicting Aurora rising out of the ocean in her golden chariot, drawn by four white horses, and attended by cupids; below were allegorical figures of Night and Sleep. In the cornice were portraits of George the First, of Caroline, of the Prince of Wales, and of their son Frederick.[1]

During their brief months of semi-sovereignty at

[1] This room, with its beautifully painted ceiling, may still be seen at Hampton Court.

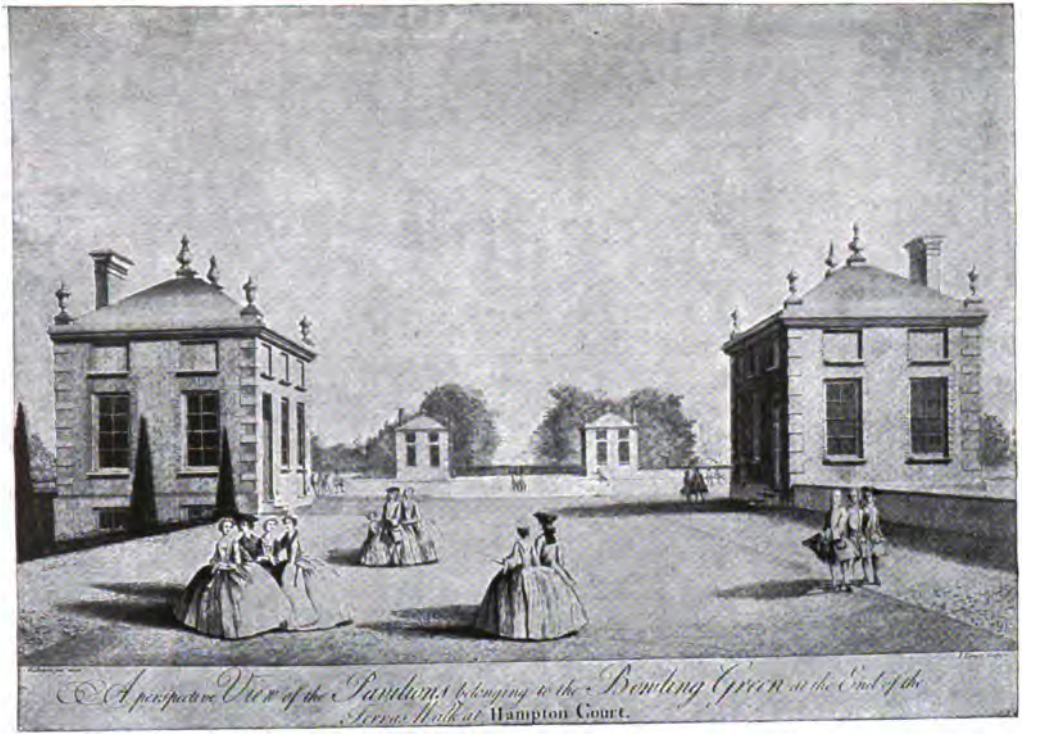
Hampton Court, everything the Prince and Princess did was done on a grand scale. They determined to show how brilliant a Court they could hold, and how gracious they could be; their object being to bring out in sharp contrast the difference between their regency and their father's reign. They gathered around them a galaxy of wit and beauty; the youngest, wealthiest and most talented among the nobility, the wittiest among men of learning and letters, the fairest and youngest of the women of quality, all came to Hampton Court in addition to the lively and beautiful ladies of the Princess's household.

The days passed in a prolonged round of gaiety, which reads almost like a fairy tale, and Caroline was the centre and the soul of the festive scene. It was the finest summer England had known for years, and the Court spent much time in the open air. Often on the bright August mornings the Prince and Princess would "take the air upon the river" in barges richly carved and gilt, hung with curtains of crimson silk, and wreathed with flowers. They were rowed by watermen clad in the picturesque royal liveries, and were accompanied by young noblemen about the Court, and a bevy of ladies and maids of honour. So they drifted away the golden hours with flow of laughter, and lively talk, an epigram of Pope's or a pun of Chesterfield's enlivening the conversation. Or the oars would be stilled for a while, and they would float idly down the stream to the music of the Prince's string band. Sometimes they would tarry under the trees, while the lords and ladies sang a glee, or pretty Mary Bellenden obeyed the Princess's commands and favoured the company with a ballad, or my Lords Hervey and Bath recited some lines they had composed overnight in praise of the Princess, or her ladies.

Every day the Prince and Princess dined in

public, that is, in the presence of the whole Court; the royal plate was produced for the occasion, and the banquet served with a splendour which rivalled the far-famed Versailles. Dinner was prolonged well into the afternoon, for dinner was a serious matter in the eighteenth century in England, and the Hanoverian love of eating and drinking had tended to make it a heavier meal still. When dinner was over the Prince would undress and retire to bed for an hour or two, according to German custom; but the Princess, after a brief rest, arose to receive company, and to gather all the information she could from the men of all ranks whom she received. Her reception over, she would retire to write letters, for she kept up a brisk correspondence with many, and especially with that indefatigable letter-writer, Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, "Madame," who since the death of the Electress Sophia had bestowed many letters upon Caroline. Their correspondence extended over a number of years, until Madame's death in 1722. Madame was fond of dwelling on the past, and in her letters to Caroline she recalls much of the gossip of the Court of Louis the Fourteenth, and dwells upon the iniquities of her enemy, Madame de Maintenon, whom she invariably designates "the old toad". Like Caroline, she was an exile from the fatherland, and condoles with her on the loss of favourite German dishes. "Sausages and ham suit my stomach best," she writes. And on another occasion she reminds her, "There have been few queens of England who have led happy lives, nor have the kings of that country been particularly fortunate".

As the afternoon wore on, the Prince, having slept off his dinner, arose from bed, and took the Princess out for a walk of two or three hours in the gardens, among the fountains and trim flower beds, beneath the shady chestnuts and limes, or



(TEMP. GEORGE I.)

along the side of the canals which Dutch William had made. They were both very fond of outdoor exercise, and these perambulations formed a part of their daily lives. The members of the Court would follow, the maids of honour, as usual, surrounded by a crowd of beaux. By-and-by the company would repair to the bowling-green at the end of the terrace by the river side, and the Prince would play a game of bowls with the gentlemen of the Court, while the Princess and her ladies looked on from the pavilions. These pavilions, at each corner of the bowling-green, were comfortably furnished, and in them the company would play cards, chat and drink coffee and tea until it was dusk. The Princess, as often as not, would then start off on another walk, attended by one or two of her ladies. One night, when it was very dark, and the rain came on suddenly, the Countess of Buckenburg (sometimes called Pickenbourg), one of the Hanoverian ladies, who was very stout, tripped and sprained her ankle as she was hurrying home, and after that accident the Princess did not stay out so late.

This same Countess of Buckenburg, like the other "Hanoverian rats," had the bad taste to abuse the English whose hospitality she was enjoying. One night at supper she had the impudence to declare before several of the ladies-in-waiting that, "Englishwomen do not look like women of quality, they make themselves look as pitiful and sneaking as they can; they hold their heads down and look always in a fright, whereas foreigners hold up their heads and hold out their breasts, and make themselves look as great and stately as they can, and more noble and more like quality than you English". Whereto Lady Deloraine sarcastically replied: "We show our quality by our birth and titles, madam, and not by sticking out our bosoms".[1]

[1] Lady Cowper's Diary.

Sometimes in the evening the Prince and Princess would sup in public, and after supper there would be music, or cards, or dancing, but more often they passed the evening in private, or what was known as private in Court parlance, for they were never alone. Caroline would have little gatherings in her own apartments, to which she would ask a few privileged friends, such as the aged Duchess of Monmouth, "whom the Princess loved mightily," who would tell her racy tales of the Court of Charles the Second with all the life and zest of youth. Or Dr. Samuel Clarke and a few other learned men would be bidden, and there would be discussions on metaphysics or theology, after the manner of Lützenburg in the old days. Dr. Samuel Clarke, at that time the rector of St. James's, Westminster, was regarded as the first of English metaphysicians, and was the founder of the so-called "intellectual school". His writings were widely read by rationalists, both within and without the Church of England, but he gave offence to the extreme men on both sides. He became intimate with Caroline soon after her arrival in England, and she had weekly interviews with him. At her request he entered upon a controversy with Leibniz (who was still at Hanover hoping to come to England) upon the nature of time and space, which Leibniz said were imaginary, but which Clarke maintained were real, and a necessary consequence of the existence of God. They also had a correspondence on free will. These letters of Leibniz and Clarke were read out at Caroline's reunions, and the Princess, who took the liveliest interest in the controversy, conducted a discussion upon these abstruse questions in which her learned guests took part. Her intellectual life was lived wholly apart from her husband. The Prince, too, had his social suppers in private, but no learned men were bidden, nor were there any metaphysics or theology. In

fact, on the evenings when the Prince and Princess did not receive in the magnificent Queen's Gallery, there were little parties going on all over the palace. Mrs. Howard's pleasant supper parties were often honoured by the Prince. The maids of honour used to speak of her rooms as the "Swiss Cantons," and of Mrs. Howard as "The Swiss," on account of the neutral position which she occupied between conflicting interests at Court. Mrs. Howard's social talents, despite her deafness, were very great, and her goodness of heart and freedom from the spite and jealousy all too common at court made her little parties extremely popular.

This bright summer at Hampton Court was looked back upon in after years by those who had taken part in it as the pleasantest time in their lives: "I wish we were all in the Swiss Cantons again," sighs Mary Bellenden, after her marriage, and many years later Molly Lepel, then Lady Hervey, fondly recalls Hampton Court, in answering a letter Mrs. Howard had written to her from there: "The place your letter was dated from recalls a thousand agreeable things to my remembrance, which I flatter myself I do not quite forget. I wish I could persuade myself that you regret them, or that you could think the tea-table more welcome in the morning if attended, as formerly, by the Schatz (a pet name given to Molly Lepel). . . . I really believe frizelation (flirtation) would be a surer means of restoring my spirits than the exercise and hartshorn I now make use of. I do not suppose that name still subsists; but pray let me know if the thing itself does, or if they meet in the same cheerful manner to sup as formerly. Are ballads and epigrams the consequence of these meetings? Is good sense in the morning, and wit in the evening, the subject, or rather the foundation, of the conversation? That is an unnecessary question; I can answer it myself,

since I know you are of the party, but, in short, do you not want poor Tom, and Bellenden, as much as I want 'Swiss' in the first place, and them?"

Nothing could be happier than the long golden days at Hampton Court, but there was a serpent even in this paradise, and that was Bothmar, who was there nearly all the time, playing the spy and reporting the growing popularity of the Prince and Princess to the King in Hanover. George the First had told him to keep his eye on the Prince, "to keep all things in order, and to give an account of everything that was doing". Politics, too, intruded to break the harmony. The Prince and Princess seemed determined to be of no party—or rather to create one of their own. They received malcontent Whigs, Tories, and even suspected Jacobites at Hampton Court; and Argyll, though dismissed from his offices by the King's command, still stood high in their favour. Townshend and Walpole, the two most powerful Ministers, complained greatly at first: "By some things that daily drop from him" (the Prince), wrote Walpole to Stanhope in Hanover, "he seems to be preparing to keep up an interest of his own in Parliament, independent of the King's. . . . We are here chained to the oar, working like slaves, and are looked upon as no other."[1] It was felt that something must be done by the Government to gain the Prince's confidence and to counteract Argyll's influence, and therefore Townshend determined to go oftener to Hampton Court and ingratiate himself with the Prince. At first he made the mistake of leaving the Princess out of his calculations, "even to showing her all the contempt in the world," while he paid a good deal of attention to Mrs. Howard. As he got to know the Prince's household better, he discovered that the Prince told everything to the

[1] Walpole's Letters to Stanhope, 30th July and 9th August, 1716.

Princess, and she, without seeming to do so, influenced him as she wished. Lady Cowper says that she and her husband, the Lord Chancellor, pointed out to Townshend "how wrong his usage of the Princess was, and how much it was for his interest and advantage to get her on their side". But Lady Cowper was apt to claim credit to herself when it was not due. Townshend was sufficiently astute to find out for himself the way the wind blew, and to trim his sails accordingly. Before long he stood high in the favour of the Prince and Princess, and had anxious discussions with them, for the King at Hanover had begun his favourite game of trying to drag England into war for the benefit of the electorate. Townshend, knowing how unpopular this would be, and dreading its effect upon the dynasty, opposed it with such vigour that he incurred the resentment of the King, more especially as he frequently quoted the Prince of Wales as being at one with the Government in this matter. The friction became so great that Lord Sunderland, who was a favourite of the King, was despatched to Hanover by the Government to confer with Stanhope.

Sunderland, knowing the King's sentiments towards Caroline, had also treated her with scant courtesy. Before setting out for Hanover, he came to Hampton Court to take his leave. The Princess received him in the Queen's Gallery, a magnificent room with seven large windows looking on to the Great Fountain Garden.[1] During the interview some political question arose, probably to do with the message to be sent to the King at Hanover. The Princess gave her opinion freely, and Sunderland answered her as freely. They became so excited that they paced up and down the gallery,

[1] This room was also redecorated by order of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the fine tapestry which still adorns the walls was placed there about this time.

and the conversation grew so loud and heated that the Princess desired Sunderland to speak lower, or the people in the garden would hear. Whereupon he rudely answered: "Let 'em hear". The Princess replied: "Well, if you have a mind, let 'em; but you shall walk next the windows, for in the humour we both are, one of us must certainly jump out of the window, and I am resolved it shan't be me". This is the first instance we have of Caroline's openly taking a hand in politics, though she had long done so secretly, always upholding her husband against the King.

Late in October the Prince and Princess of Wales left Hampton Court for St. James's Palace, returning by water in state barges in the way they had come. "The day was wonderfully fine, and nothing in the world could be pleasanter than the passage, nor give one a better idea of the riches and happiness of this kingdom," writes Lady Cowper. The brief vice-reign was nearing its end. A few days after they returned from Hampton Court the Princess fell ill in labour, and her danger was increased by a quarrel between her English ladies and the German midwife. "The midwife had refused to touch the Princess unless she and the Prince would stand by her against the English 'Frows,' who, she said, were 'high dames,' and had threatened to hang her if the Princess miscarried. This put the Prince in such a passion that he swore he would fling out of window whoever had said so, or pretended to meddle. The Duchesses of St. Albans and Bolton happened to come into the room, and were saluted with these expressions."[1] The courtiers' mood then changed, and they all made love to the midwife, including the Prime Minister, Townshend, who "ran and shook and squeezed her by the hand,

[1] Lady Cowper's Diary.

and made kind faces at her, for she understood no language but German". The upshot of this dispute was that the poor Princess, after being in great danger for some hours, gave birth to a dead Prince.

As soon as the Princess had recovered, the Prince set out on a progress through Kent, Sussex and Hampshire, though without his consort, who was too weak to accompany him. His progress was a royal one, and he played the part of a king, receiving and answering addresses from Jacobites and others, and being greeted everywhere by the acclamation of the people, who lit bonfires, held holiday, and gave themselves up to feastings and merriment wherever he appeared. He also increased his popularity by several acts of grace, such as dispensing with passports between Dover and Calais.[1] All this coming to the King's ears made him determined to end it.

The King's differences with his English Ministers, and especially with Townshend, had now reached an acute stage. The cession of Bremen and Verden by the King of Denmark to Hanover, on condition that England should join the coalition against Sweden and pay the sum of £150,000, was a matter of certain benefit to Hanover, which had for years been casting covetous eyes on these provinces, but could be by no possibility of service to England. But the King and his Hanoverian Junta had set their hearts on it, and were ready to drag England into war with Sweden and Russia, and waste English blood and treasure. The English Government had so far yielded to the King's wishes as to despatch a squadron the previous year to the Baltic, ostensibly to protect English trade, but really to compel Sweden to forego her claims to Bremen and Verden.

[1] Tindal's *History*, vol. vii.

But Sweden found a powerful ally in Peter the Great. George at Hanover strongly resented the Tsar's interference, and sent Bernstorff to Stanhope with a plan "to crush the Tsar immediately, to seize his troops, his ships, and even to seize his person, to be kept till his troops shall have evacuated Denmark and Germany". These were brave words, but easier said than acted upon, for Russia was a great and a rising power, and however much George and his Hanoverians might bluster and threaten, they could do nothing without the English Government. Stanhope wisely referred the matter to his colleagues in England.

When Stanhope's despatch reached London it gave great uneasiness to the Cabinet. Townshend was determined not to declare war, and speaking in the name not only of the other Ministers but of the Prince of Wales, he strongly represented to the King the dangers of his policy, and insisted that peace ought to be made with Sweden, even at some sacrifice, and a rupture with Russia avoided. This made the King very angry, especially when he learned from Bothmar of the friendship between the Prime Minister and the Prince of Wales. He was convinced that they were in league against him, Townshend unwittingly lent colour to this in another despatch, wherein he asked the King to fix a date for his return from Hanover, or, if he could not return, to grant a discretionary power to the Prince of Wales to open Parliament. This was the last straw. Reluctant though the King was to leave Hanover, he was determined that the Prince of Wales should have no increase of power. He peremptorily dismissed Townshend, and made Stanhope Prime Minister in his place, a hasty action which he soon after modified by appointing Townshend Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

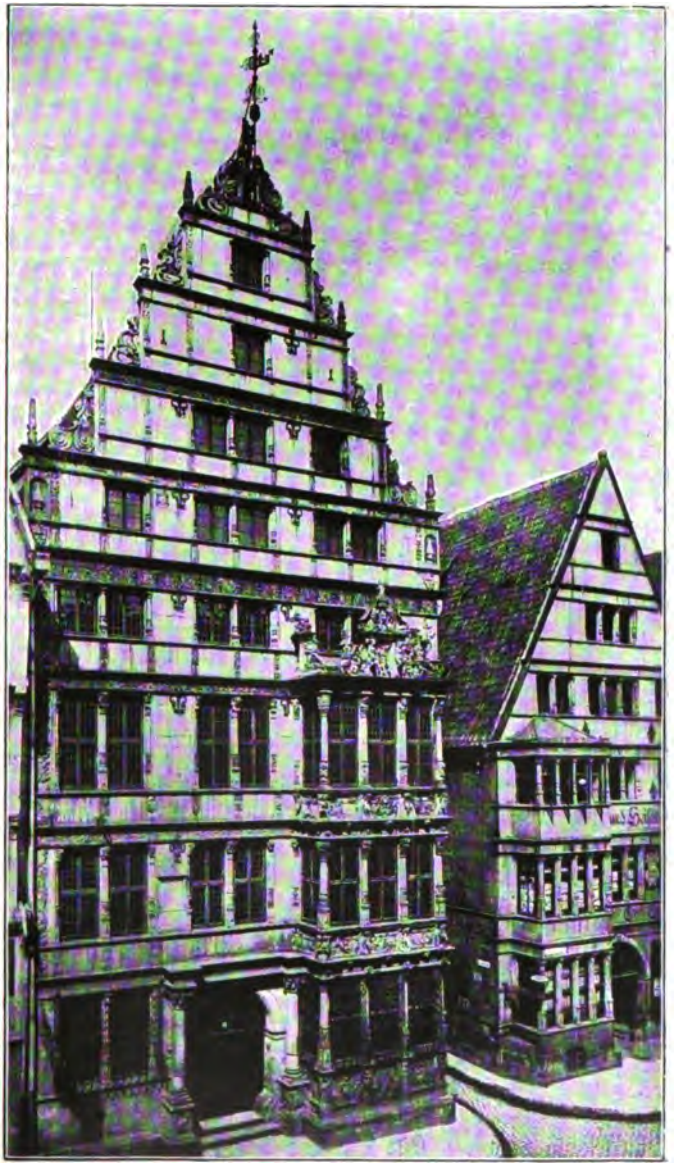
The fall of Townshend was in part due to the

treachery of Stanhope and Sunderland, but was chiefly the work of the Hanoverian Ministers and mistresses. Bothmar and Bernstorff were anxious to obtain English peerages and sit in the House of Lords, which would involve a repeal of the Act of Settlement, for that act would not allow aliens, even if naturalised, to become peers. This Townshend refused, as well as Schulemburg's demand to become an English peeress. He had also earned the Hanoverians' hatred by repeatedly complaining of the scandal attending the sale of offices. Loudly therefore did they rejoice at his downfall, but they gained little by the change. Stanhope had neither the power, nor the will, to repeal the Act of Settlement, but he was so far complaisant as to permit the King to make Schulemburg a peeress of Ireland with the titles of Baroness of Dundalk, Countess of Dungannon and Duchess of Munster. This did not satisfy the lady, who wished to become a peeress of Great Britain, but the King pacified her by saying that in these things it was necessary to proceed by degrees. Kielmansegge also requested to be created a peeress, but for the present she was left out in the cold. The remaining mistress, Platen, was quieted by a large grant from the King's privy purse (English money of course), and as she had no wish to meddle in English politics, she was content to stay in Hanover, and await the King's comings and goings, which he assured her would be more frequent henceforth.

Leibniz, another suppliant for the royal favour, was not so fortunate. On this, the King's first visit to Hanover after his accession, he renewed his prayers to be allowed to come to England. Caroline had held out hope to him, and it had formed the subject of many letters between them. But Leibniz could not have chosen a worse moment to approach the King. George was furious with the Prince and

Princess, and he remembered that Leibniz had aided them and the Electress Sophia to cabal against him in the old days. He was determined that they should not have so able an advocate in England, so he repulsed Leibniz with brutal rudeness, and turned his back upon him at a levée at Herrenhausen. This treatment broke the old man's heart; he went back to his house in Hanover, and never left it again. He died a few weeks later, neglected and alone. The King took no notice of his death, the courtiers followed suit, and only his secretary followed him to his grave. "He was buried," said an eye-witness, "more like a robber than what he really was, an ornament to his country." Leibniz had worked harder than any man for the House of Hanover, and this was his reward. Truly his career was an object-lesson of the old truth, "Put not your trust in princes".

During the King's stay at Hanover an important treaty was concluded with France. The Jacobite rising had made it desirable that James should quit Lorraine, and the Regent of France was willing to enter into an alliance with England. A treaty was signed between England and France on November 28th, 1716. The Dutch subsequently entered into this alliance, which became known as the Triple Alliance. In consequence of this treaty James was forced to quit Lorraine, and went to Italy, where he resided, sometimes at Rome, and sometimes at Urbino. Soon after his arrival at Rome he contracted a marriage by proxy with the Princess Clementina, a granddaughter of John Sobieski, the late King of Poland, a princess remarkable for her beauty and grace. The Princess set out for Italy, where the full marriage was to take place; but the British Government, having knowledge of her movements, meanly prevailed on the Emperor of Austria to detain her at Innsbrück. She was kept there nearly three years, and James was left waiting for his bride.



LEIBNIZHAUS, HANOVER.

(Where Leibniz Died.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE ROYAL QUARREL.

1716–1718.

GEORGE the First landed at Margate at the end of November. It was the King's intention to open Parliament immediately, and to settle scores with the Prince of Wales, who now retired into comparatively private life. But his mind was diverted for the moment by the discovery of a fresh Jacobite plot for the invasion of Scotland by twelve thousand Swedish soldiers. The affair was planned by Gortz, the Swedish Prime Minister, and the headquarters of the plot were found to be at the Swedish legation in London. Gyllenborg, the Swedish envoy, was arrested, and his papers seized, despite his protest that the law of nations was being violated. The King of Sweden, Charles the Twelfth, was communicated with, but as he would neither avow nor disavow Gortz, the envoy was kept in durance for a while, and then sent across the Channel, and set at liberty in Holland.

The King opened Parliament on February 20th, 1717, and a schism in the Ministry soon became apparent. Townshend voted against the supplies required for the Swedish difficulty, and Walpole, who was very lukewarm in the matter, also headed a revolt against Sunderland and Stanhope, who, he considered, had betrayed Townshend and English interests. For this Townshend was dis-

missed from the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland and all his offices. The next morning Walpole resigned his places as First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, though the King expressed great regret at parting with him. Horace Walpole (the elder) gives the following account of the scene: "When my brother waited upon the King to give up the seal as Chancellor of the Exchequer, his Majesty seemed extremely surprised, and absolutely refused to accept it, expressing himself in the kindest and strongest terms, that he had no thoughts of parting with him; and, in a manner begging him not to leave his service, returned the seal, which my brother had laid upon the table in the closet, into his hat, as well as I remember, ten times. His Majesty took it at last, not without expressing great concern, as well as resentment, at my brother's perseverance. To conclude this remarkable event, I was in the room next to the closet waiting for my brother, and when he came out, the heat, flame and agitation, with the water standing in his eyes, appeared so strongly in his face, and, indeed, all over him, that he affected everybody in the room; and 'tis said that they that went into the closet immediately, found the King no less disordered."[1]

The Ministry was then reconstituted. Stanhope remained Prime Minister, and was shortly raised to the peerage. Sunderland and Addison were made Secretaries of State, and James Craggs achieved his ambition by becoming Secretary for War.

The dismissal of Townshend was very unpopular with the nation at large. It was felt that he had stood up for England's interests, and his fall was regarded as proof that the Hanoverians had gained the upper hand. Stanhope's Ministry was at first nicknamed the "German Ministry". The Prince

[1] Coxe's *Life of Walpole.*

and Princess of Wales, who had sided with Townshend, shared his popularity, and in consequence became more disliked by the King. The new Ministry redeemed itself to some extent by what was known as the Act of Grace, which set free many Jacobites, who, until now, had been languishing in prison. They also reduced the army by ten thousand men. On the other hand, they pressed forward laws against the Roman Catholics, laws so severe that it was said, if all Roman Catholics were not Jacobites, the Government did their best to make them so. They also suppressed Convocation, nominally on account of the Hoadley, or Bangorian, controversy, really because the clergy showed themselves opposed to the Whig ascendency. Convocation, thus silenced, did not meet again until the reign of Queen Victoria. This severity towards Roman Catholics and the Church of England was contrasted by indulgence towards Protestant Dissenters, and the Schism Act was repealed. The King and the Prince and Princess of Wales strongly favoured its repeal—it was the only domestic legislation in which the King showed any interest throughout his reign.

The trial of Harley, Lord Oxford, who had now been two years in the Tower, took place at the end of June, in Westminster Hall. Oxford was conducted from the Tower and placed at the bar with the axe before him. The whole body of the peerage were present, the House of Commons, the King, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the ambassadors. Public excitement had cooled down since Oxford was committed to the Tower, and Walpole, his greatest enemy, was no longer in office. After a dispute about the procedure, and a quarrel between Lords and Commons, the trial was adjourned, and when it was resumed, as no prosecutors put in an appearance, Oxford was set at liberty. He took

no part in politics after his release, but retired into private life, and died some years later, almost forgotten.

The relations between the King and the Prince of Wales had gradually become more and more strained. They rarely addressed one another in public, seldom met in private, and the Prince's friends were regarded by the King as his enemies. This ill-feeling, which had been simmering for nearly a year, culminated in an open quarrel on an occasion which should rather have conduced to domestic harmony. In November (1717) the Princess gave birth to a son, and as this was the first prince of Hanoverian blood born on British soil, the event was regarded with great satisfaction. To quote the official notice:[1] "On Saturday, the 2nd instant, a little before six o'clock in the evening, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was safely delivered of a Prince in the Royal Palace of St. James's; there being then present in the room his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duchesses of St. Albans, Montagu and Shrewsbury, the Countess of Dorset, the Lady Inchinbroke, the Lady Cowper, being the ladies of her Royal Highness's bedchamber; the Duchess of Monmouth, the Countess of Grantham, the Countess of Picbourg (the Governess of their Highnesses the young Princesses), all the women of her Royal Highness's bedchamber, and Sir David Hamilton and Dr. Steigerdahl, physicians to her Royal Highness. Their Royal Highnesses despatched the Lord Hervey to Hampton Court to acquaint his Majesty with it, and to make their compliments, and his Majesty was pleased to send immediately the same evening the Duke of Portland with his compliments to their Royal Highnesses. Her Royal Highness's safe de-

[1] *London Gazette*, 4th November, 1717.

livery being soon made public by the firing of the cannon in St. James's Park and at the Tower, a universal joy was seen that evening among all sorts of people throughout London and Westminster, of which the greatest demonstrations were shown by ringing of bells, illuminations and bonfires."

The christening of this infant gave rise to an open rupture. The Prince, anxious to invest the occasion with every dignity, asked the King and his uncle the Duke of York to stand as godfathers. The King consented, but, at the eleventh hour, commanded the Duke of Newcastle to stand in the place of the Duke of York. The Duke of Newcastle was a mean-spirited and ill-favoured nobleman, whose eccentricities rendered him the laughing-stock of the Court, and he had made himself especially obnoxious to the Prince and Princess of Wales. All this the King knew full well, and to appoint him godfather to the Prince's child was a studied insult. The Prince of Wales was furious, but his royal sire refused to give way, and the christening took place, as arranged, in the bedroom of the Princess of Wales at St. James's. The Princess remained in bed, not so much because she was unable to get up, as because it was the custom. The Prince of Wales and the Princess's ladies-in-waiting were grouped on one side of the bed, the King, the Duke of Newcastle and the godmother on the other. The Archbishop of Canterbury, standing at the foot of the bed, baptised the infant, and gave him the names of George William. There was an air of suppressed excitement in the royal bedchamber throughout the ceremony, the Prince with difficulty restraining his indignation. No sooner was the service over and the King retired from the room, which he did before the concluding prayers, than the Prince ran round the bed, and going up to the duke shook his fist in his face, and shouted in great rage: "You are von

rascal, but I shall find you". There was a great scene; the Archbishop, who had scarcely closed his book, remonstrated, the Princess half rose from her bed, the ladies huddled together in a fright and the pages tittered. The duke, who considered himself grossly insulted, went at once to report what had happened to the King; the Prince, meanwhile, regardless of his wife's condition, stamped and strutted about the room, swearing that he would be revenged for the indignity put upon him.

The King too was greatly enraged, regarding the attack upon the duke as an insult offered to himself, and Schulemburg and Kielmansegge were greatly shocked by this filial disrespect. The duke believed, or pretended to believe, that the Prince had said: "I will *fight* you," and so had practically challenged him to a duel. The long smouldering resentment of the King burst into a flame; he had more self-control than his son, he did not stamp about and make scenes, but his anger was more deadly. When he had relieved his feelings by a few round oaths, he gave orders that the Prince was to be put under arrest. The Princess declared that if her husband were arrested she would be arrested too, and so he remained the night in his wife's chamber under guard. "What was my astonishment," says Mrs. Howard, "when going to the Princess's apartment next morning the yeomen in the guard chamber pointed their halberds at my breast, and told me I must not pass. I urged that it was my duty to attend the Princess, but they said, 'No matter, I must not pass that way'."

The news of the disturbance ran through the Court, and soon was noised abroad over the town. The frequenters of the coffee-houses and mug-houses talked of nothing else, and the Jacobites, who saw in this quarrel another proof of the unfitness of the House of Hanover to reign over them, were

greatly elated. The Prime Minister went to the King and represented that something must be done, as the present situation was clearly impossible; the heir to the throne could not be kept shut up in his room as if he were a recalcitrant schoolboy, and the absurdity of the situation was increased by the fact that the Princess was locked up with him. The King was for sending them both to the Tower, but more moderate counsels prevailing, he ordered them to quit St. James's Palace forthwith. No time was given them to pack up their effects, and so getting together what they most needed, the Prince and Princess left the palace before the day was over, and sought temporary shelter in Lord Grantham's house in Albemarle Street. The Princess swooned on arriving at Lord Grantham's, and continued for some days in a serious condition. It had been represented to the King that the Princess of Wales, being hardly yet over her confinement, was not in a fit state to be moved, and he sent her word that if she liked to separate herself from her husband, and hold no communication with him, she might remain with her children. But she sent back a defiant message, saying that whither he went she would go, and that "her children were not as a grain of sand compared to him". The maids of honour were all in tears, and it must have been a melancholy procession that made its way up St. James's Street between seven and eight o'clock that November evening. All the ladies of the Princess's household were greatly depressed, except Mary Bellenden, whose high spirits were equal even to this sad flitting, if we may believe the *Excellent New Ballad*:—

> But Bellenden we needs must praise,
> Who, as down stairs she jumps,
> Sings "O'er the hills and far away,"
> Despising doleful dumps.

The King would take no further advice from

his Ministers, and determined to do exactly what he pleased. On the evening of the next day he commanded the Dukes of Roxburgh, Kent and Kingston to go to the Prince and demand an explanation of his conduct. The Prince was not at all in a mood to make an explanation, and was quite as obstinate, and much more excited than his royal sire. He stated that he had not said he would fight the Duke of Newcastle, but he declared, "I said I would *find* him and I vill find him, for he has often failed in his respect to me, particularly on the late occasion, by insisting on standing godfather to my son when he knew it was against my vill". The Duke of Roxburgh reminded the Prince that Newcastle had not thrust himself forward, but merely acted as godfather because the King commanded him, whereupon the choleric little George Augustus said roundly: "Dat is von lie," and assumed the patriotic rôle, declaring that he was an English Prince, and all Englishmen had a right to choose the godfathers for their children, and he should insist on his rights as an Englishman, and allow no one to abuse him or ill-treat him, not even the King himself, and much more to the same effect. So the three dukes went back empty-handed. Roxburgh, who considered himself insulted by being given the lie by the Prince, refused to have anything more to do with the matter.

The Prince's fits of anger, however, were apt to be shortlived, and the Princess pointed out that it would be both unwise and impolitic for him to put himself in the wrong by taking up an unyielding position. Acting on her advice, therefore, within the next day or two he wrote a letter to the King, in which he said he hoped that: "Your Majesty will have the goodness not to look upon what I said, to the duke in particular, as a want of respect to your Majesty. However, if I have been so unhappy as

to offend your Majesty contrary to my intention, I ask your pardon, and beg your Majesty will be persuaded that I am, with the greatest respect, your Majesty's most humble and most dutiful son and servant." But the King took no account of this letter. He said that professions were one thing and performance was another, and he had had enough of the Prince and Princess's professions in the past "to make him vomit". If the Prince were sincere in his desire for pardon, he must show his sincerity by signing a paper which he had drawn up. This paper ordained, among other conditions, that the Prince should give up to the King the guardianship of his children, and that he should cease to hold any communication "with, or have in his service, any person or persons distasteful to the King". This the Prince, and the Princess with him, absolutely refused to sign, and made up their minds for the worst. On the Sunday following, a notice having been sent them that they would not be admitted to the Chapel Royal, they with all their suite attended divine service in St. James's parish church and received the Holy Communion.

The King, enraged at their disobedience, now resolved to make his son feel the full weight of his royal displeasure. He could not take away without the consent of Parliament, the Prince's allowance of £100,000 a year (though he endeavoured to do so), and he could not prevent him from succeeding to the throne; but he did everything that he could to humiliate his son, and to wound the Princess. They were deprived of their guard of honour and all official marks of distinction. A formal notification was made by the King's order to the foreign ambassadors and envoys that if they visited the Prince they would not be received at St. James's. All peers and peeresses, privy councillors and their wives, and official persons

received similar notices. Orders were sent to all persons who had employment both under the King and the Prince to quit the service of one or the other, and the ladies whose husbands were in the King's service were likewise to quit the Princess's.[1] This applied to Mrs. Howard, whose husband had a little appointment under the King, but she refused to leave her mistress, and so separated from her husband. But all were not so decided as Mrs. Howard, and this order gave great alarm to the time-servers, who had now to make up their minds whether to be well with the father or the son. "Our courtiers," writes a scribe, "are reduced to so hard a dilemma that we may apply to them what the Spanish historian says of those in his day, when the quarrel happened between Philip II. of Spain and his son, Don Carlos. 'Our courtiers,' says he, 'looked so amazed, so thunderstruck, and knew so little how to behave themselves, that they betrayed the mercenary principles upon which they acted by the confusion they were in. Those who were for the Prince durst not speak their minds because the father was King. Those who were for the King were equally backward because the son would be King; these because the King might resent; those because the Prince might remember.'"[2]

But the cruellest blow was depriving the Prince and Princess of their children. The three young Princesses, Anne, Amelia and Caroline, were kept at St. James's Palace. Even the infant prince, to whom the Princess had just given birth, was taken, literally, from his mother's arms. The King was very bitter against the Princess, whom he denounced as "*Cette diablesse Madame la Princesse*," and at first refused

[1] Several authorities say that the King inserted a notice in the *London Gazette*. But I can find no such notice in the *Gazette*—the King's orders were not published.

[2] *The Historical Register*, 1718.

her permission to see her children. In the case of the unfortunate infant, who had unwittingly been the cause of all this trouble, the restriction was fatal, for, deprived of his mother's breast, he pined away. When the doctors found that the child was in a precarious condition, they informed the King, and recommended that his mother should be sent for, but as the King was obdurate, they applied to the Ministers, who, moved by the tears and anguish of the Princess, and conscious of the effect it would have on public opinion if the child died without its mother's care, insisted that she should be admitted, and the King had to give way. The Princess was allowed to come to St. James's Palace to see her child, but the King found her presence under the same roof as himself so unpleasant that he sent the infant to Kensington, notwithstanding its dangerous condition. This move was fatal. The child immediately became worse, and when on the morrow it was seen that he was dying, the Prince and Princess both set off to Kensington Palace, and remained with the young prince until he died that same evening about eight o'clock. "His illness," says the *Gazette*, "began with an oppression upon his breast, accompanied with a cough, which increasing, a fever succeeded with convulsions, which put an end to this precious life." The child was buried privately by night in Henry the Seventh's chapel in Westminster Abbey, and public sympathy went out greatly to the bereaved mother, not only in England, but in all the courts of Europe, where the scandal excited curiosity and derision. The Duchess of Orleans writes: "The King of England is really cruel to the Princess of Wales. Although she has done nothing, he has taken her children away from her. Where could they be so well and carefully brought up as with a virtuous mother?"[1] And

[1] Letter of the Duchess of Orleans to the Raugravine Louise, 10th February, 1718.

again: "The Princess assures me that her husband did everything in his power to conciliate the King's good graces; he even begged his pardon, and owned that he had been to blame as humbly as if he had been addressing himself to God Almighty".[1] And again: "The poor Princess is greatly to be pitied. There must be something else at the bottom of all this, when everything is given a double meaning. They say that the King is himself in love with the Princess. I do not believe this, for I consider that the King has in no ways a lover-like nature; he only loves himself. He is a bad man, he never had any consideration for the mother who loved him so tenderly, yet without her he would never have become King of England"[2]

The excitement created by this quarrel did not abate for many months. The Jacobites exultingly quoted the well-known text about a house divided against itself. Any number of skits and pasquinades, some of them exceedingly scurrilous, were circulated in connection with it. The most popular was that called *An Excellent New Ballad*, from which we have already quoted one verse, and may give a few more, omitting the coarsest:—

God prosper long our noble King,
  His Turks and Germans all;
A woeful christ'ning late there did
  In James's house befal.

To name a child with might and mane
  Newcastle took his way,
We all may rue the child was born,
  Who christ'ned was that day.

His sturdy sire, the Prince of Wales,
  A vow to God did make,
That if he dared his child to name
  His heart full sore should ake.

[1] Letter of the Duchess of Orleans to the Raugravine Louise, 29th February, 1718.
[2] *Ibid.*, 6th March, 1718.

CAROLINE, PRINCESS OF WALES, AND HER INFANT SON, PRINCE GEORGE WILLIAM.

From an old Print.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEICESTER HOUSE AND RICHMOND LODGE.

1718–1719.

LEICESTER HOUSE, "the pouting place of princes," as Pennant wittily called it, is chiefly known in history as the residence of two successive Princes of Wales of the Hanoverian dynasty who were at feud with the head of the House, but it has other titles to fame. It was built in the reign of James the First by Lord Leicester, the famous ambassador, as his town house, and in subsequent reigns it became the residence, for short or long periods, of many celebrated personages, such as the patriot, Algernon Sidney, the Queen of Bohemia, during the last years of her life, Peter the Great, on his visit to England, and Prince Eugene of Savoy. It was situated on the north side of Leicester Fields, as the square was then called, and stood a little way back from the road, with gardens behind it. It was a long, two-storied house, shut off from the square by a large court-yard, and in front of the court-yard, on either side of the entrance gate, was a low range of shops. Inside, the house was large and spacious, with a fine staircase, and handsome reception rooms on the first floor, but externally it was ugly, and the neighbourhood was hardly an ideal place for a royal residence. Leicester Fields was an ill-lighted and not very well-kept district; in the previous reign it had an evil reputation as being a favourite place for

duelling, and that band of wild bloods, the Mohocks, had raced about it after nightfall, wrenching knockers and slitting noses, to the terror of all peaceable citizens.

But when the Prince and Princess of Wales repaired to Leicester House, Leicester Fields soon became the fashionable part of the town. At night it was crowded with coaches and sedan-chairs, bearers and runners, linkmen with flambeaux and gorgeously liveried footmen. Lords and men of fashion in gold-laced coats, with enormous periwigs, and ladies in hoops and powder, tripped across the court-yard of Leicester House at all hours of the day and far into the night, for the Prince and Princess of Wales kept a brilliant court here, especially in the first years of their occupation. The discontented among the politicians, especially the Whigs, rallied around the Prince. "The most promising of the young lords and gentlemen of that party," says Horace Walpole, "and the prettiest and liveliest of the young ladies, formed the new Court of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The apartment of the bedchamber woman-in-waiting became the fashionable evening *rendezvous* of the most distinguished wits and beauties." A drawing-room was held every morning, and three times a week receptions took place in the evening, which were thronged by the most elegant beaux, the most accomplished wits, and the most beautiful of the ladies of quality. Balls, routs and assemblies were the order of the day, or rather of the night, at Leicester House, and on the evenings when there were none of these entertainments, the Prince and Princess showed themselves at the theatre, the opera, or some other public resort, always followed by a splendid suite. Leicester House became a synonym for brilliancy, and if it was the wish of the Prince and Princess to outshine the old King's court, they quickly achieved it. The

fashion they set of a court of pleasure was soon followed by many of the nobility, who sought to excel each other in the splendour of their entertainments. At no time had the social life of London been more brilliant, or more varied, than in these early days at Leicester House. Lord Chesterfield, that most polished of courtiers, writes of this period: "Balls, assemblies and masquerades have taken the place of dull, formal visiting-days, and the women are more agreeable triflers than they were designed. Puns are extremely in vogue, and the licence very great. The variation of three or four letters in a word breaks no squares, in so much that an indifferent punster may make a very good figure in the best companies." He was as ready with puns as Lord Hervey was with epigrams, or Lord Bath with verses.

Lord Chesterfield—he was Lord Stanhope then, but we use the title by which he was afterwards famous—was about twenty-five years of age. He had proved himself at Cambridge an accomplished classical scholar, and on leaving the university he made the then fashionable tour of Europe. He wasted a good deal of money gaming at the Hague —a vice to which he was much given—and then went to Paris, where, as he was young, handsome and wealthy, he achieved a great success. "I shall not give you my opinion of the French," he writes, "as I am very often taken for one; and many a Frenchman has paid me the highest compliment he thinks he can pay to any one, which is, 'Sir, you are just like one of us'. I talk a great deal; I am very loud and peremptory; I sing and dance as I go along; and, lastly, I spend a monstrous deal of money in powder, feathers, white gloves, etc." When he came back to England he was appointed a gentleman of the bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, and at the court of Leicester House he was

one of the most shining ornaments. Johnson speaks of him as "a wit among lords and a lord among wits". He warmly espoused the cause of the Prince against his father, and he often delighted the Princess by ridiculing the dull court of the King, and especially the mistresses, whom he described as "two considerable specimens of the King's bad taste and strong stomach". The Princess was mocking one day at Kielmansegge's painted face. "She looks young—if one may judge from her complexion," she said, "not more than eighteen or twenty." "Yes, madam," replied Chesterfield, "eighteen or twenty stone." And then he went on to say: "The standard of his Majesty's taste, as exemplified in his mistress, makes all ladies who aspire to his favour, and who are near the suitable age, strain and swell themselves, like the frogs in the fable, to rival the bulk and the dignity of the ox. Some succeed, and others—burst." Whereat the Princess and her ladies laughed heartily. But Chesterfield's wit was a two-edged sword, which he sometimes directed against the Princess herself, mimicking her gestures and her foreign accent the moment her back was turned. She soon became aware through her ladies, who, of course, told tales, that she was mocked at by him, and once she warned him, half in jest and half in earnest. "You have more wit, my lord, than I," she said, "but I have a bitter tongue, and always repay my debts with exorbitant interest"—a speech which he had later reason to remember. Of course he denied, with exquisite grace, that he could possibly have dared to ridicule the most charming of princesses, but Caroline did not trust him. His sarcasms made him many enemies, though his great object, he declares, when a young man, was "to make every man I met like me, and every woman love me".

Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, the soldier and statesman, also came to Leicester House from time to time. His days of adventure were now over, so he had leisure to indulge in his love of gallantry and the arts. He tempered his wit with a vein of philosophy. He affected a superiority over the ordinary conventions of life, and never lost an opportunity of showing his contempt for fops and fools. One day, seeing a dancing-master picking his way along with pearl-coloured silk stockings, he was so irritated at the sight of this epicene being, that he leaped out of his coach and ran at him with drawn sword, driving the man and his stockings into the mud. As this was an age of over-dressed beaux, Peterborough would sometimes show his disregard for outward appearances by going to the opposite extreme. Mary Lepel, then Lady Hervey, wrote once from Bath: "Lord Peterborough is here, and has been so some time, though, by his dress one would believe he had not designed to make any stay; for he wears boots all day, and as I hear, must do so, having brought no shoes with him. It is a comical sight to see him with his blue ribbon and star and a cabbage under each arm, or a chicken in his hand, which, after he himself has purchased from market, he carries home for his dinner."[1] If we may believe the Duchess of Orleans, Peterborough was in love with the Princess of Wales, and often told her so, but she certainly did not encourage him. Her conduct was a model in this respect, notwithstanding that the King about this time spread many injurious reports against her: "He will get laughed at by everybody for doing this," says the Duchess, "for the Princess has a spotless reputation".[2]

[1] Letter of Lady Hervey to the Countess of Suffolk, Bath, 7th June, 1725.

[2] Letter of the Duchess of Orleans to the Raugravine Louise, Paris, 28th July, 1718.

A more frequent figure at Leicester House than Peterborough was John, Lord Hervey, eldest son of the first Earl of Bristol, who was a gentleman of the bedchamber to the Prince, and a great favourite with the Princess of Wales. He was considered an exquisite beau and wit, and showed himself in after life to be possessed of considerable ability, both as writer[1] and orator. He was an accomplished courtier, and possessed some of the worst vices of courtiers; he was double-faced, untrustworthy and ungrateful. He had a frivolous and effeminate character; he was full of petty spite and meannesses, and given to painting his face and other abominations, which earned for him the nickname of "Lord Fanny". He is described by some of the poets of the time as a man possessed of great personal beauty; the Duchess of Marlborough was of an opposite opinion. "He has certainly parts and wit," she writes, "but is the most wretched, profligate man that ever was born, besides ridiculous; a painted face, and not a tooth in his head." Despite his affectations and his constitutional ill-health, he had great success with the fair sex, and two or three years later he wedded one of the beauties of Leicester House, the incomparable Mary Lepel.

The eccentric Duchess of Buckingham, "mad with pride," was also wont to attend the drawing-rooms at Leicester House, not because she had any affection for the Prince and Princess of Wales—on the contrary, she hated the Hanoverian family, and was always plotting against them—but because she thought that by going she would annoy the King. She was the acknowledged daughter of James the Second, by Katherine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, and she was inordinately proud of her Stuart ancestry, though Horace Walpole, who was among her enemies,

[1] He was the author of the famous *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*

declares that her mother said to her: "You need not be so vain, daughter, you are not the King's child, but Colonel Graham's". Graham's daughter, the Countess of Berkshire, was supposed to be very like the duchess, and he himself was not unwilling to claim paternity, though she stoutly denied the suggestion. "Well, well," said Graham, "kings are all powerful, and one must not complain, but certainly the same man was the father of those two women." On the other hand, James the Second always treated the duchess as his child, bestowed upon her the rank and precedence of a duke's daughter, and gave her leave to bear the royal arms with a slight variation. She first married James, Earl of Anglesey, and later became the third wife of the magnificent John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, and survived him. At Buckingham House the wealthy duchess lived in semi-regal state, and she made journeys to Paris, which were like royal progresses, to visit the church where lay the unburied body of James the Second, and to weep over it. She refused to visit Versailles unless the French Court received her with the honours due to a princess of the blood royal, which, of course, were not granted her. She had her opera box in Paris decorated in the same way as those set apart for crowned heads, and she sometimes appeared at the opera in London in royal robes of red velvet and ermine. On one occasion, when she wished to drive through Richmond Park, she was told by the gatekeeper that she must not pass as the road was reserved for royalty. "Tell the King," she cried indignantly, "that if it is reserved for royalty, I have more right to go through it than he has." She was inordinately vain, and had a great love of admiration and society, always wishing to see and be seen.

But if the court of the Prince and Princess of Wales had consisted only of duchesses, young

noblemen and beautiful women of fashion, it would have been much like any other court. What gave Leicester House its peculiar distinction was the presence of poets, writers and learned men, who were drawn thither by the Princess. The Prince, like his father, had a great contempt for men of letters, and for literature generally. He did not love "boetry," as he called it, and once when Lord Hervey was composing a poem he said to him testily that such an occupation was unbecoming to a man of his rank; he should leave the scribbling of verses to "little Mr. Pope". But Caroline thought differently, and she endeavoured at Leicester House to set up a court modelled upon the one she had known in her early years at Lützenburg, and she held, as far as she could, the same réunions. Learned and scientific men were more familiar figures at courts in those days than now. Louis the Fourteenth had set the fashion among royal personages for appreciating "learned incense". In the latter part of the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth century the more famous writers were to be met as a matter of course in the highest social and political circles, and the position of men of letters never stood higher in England than during the reign of Anne. Tories and Whigs vied with one another in winning over to their side the ablest writers of the day. It is not contended that this advanced the higher interests of literature, but an age which produced Pope, Addison, Swift, Congreve, Defoe, Gay and Steele (to name only a few) cannot be considered barren. There was an intimate link between diplomacy and letters. Matthew Prior, in return for scribbling some indifferent verses, rose to become ambassador at Paris; Addison, who undertook a good deal of diplomatic work, became eventually Secretary of State; Gay had dabbled in diplomacy; and Steele, from being a trooper in the Guards, was advanced

to a lucrative position in the Civil Service. Many men of letters, at the advice of their patrons, took Holy Orders, and the Church was regarded as a convenient way of providing for their necessities; Swift was an instance of this, and many another besides. The press, as we understand it to-day, was then only in its infancy; but in the patronage extended by statesmen and noble lords who wished to play the part of Mæcenas to pamphleteers, playwrights, poetasters and so forth, we see the first recognition of what is now known as the power of the press. When George the First ascended the throne, nearly all the cleverest pamphleteers were Tories or Jacobites, and the King was indifferent whether they were so or not. But Caroline saw the necessity of employing some able writers on the side of the dynasty, and so counteracting the Jacobite publications. In pursuance of this policy, after the Jacobite rising, Addison was employed by the Government to write up, in *The Freeholder*, the Hanoverian succession and Whig policy, and he was rewarded shortly after by a lucrative appointment. His social ambition led him to marry the Dowager Countess of Warwick, a haughty virago, who treated him more like a lackey than a husband. Both Addison and the countess were often to be seen at Leicester House.

Pope, who had just had his famous quarrel with Addison, often came to Leicester House, and was on friendly terms with Mrs. Howard and many of the maids of honour. He was probably brought before the notice of the Princess of Wales by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu before she left for Constantinople. He had already achieved fame by his *Rape of the Lock* and his *Pastorals*, and he had published the first four books of his translation of the *Iliad*. He was a Roman Catholic, had entered upon his career as a Tory with a leaning to Jacobitism;

his patrons had been Oxford, Harcourt and Bolingbroke, all fallen statesmen now. But these things made no difference to Caroline, who quickly recognised the poet's genius, and with her genius stood before every other consideration.

Gay, the poet, found his way here too, careless, good-humoured, popular with every one. He had first made Caroline's acquaintance at Hanover, whither he went as secretary to Lord Clarendon on his special mission just before the death of Queen Anne. He wrote to Swift from there, speaking of himself as strutting in silver and blue through the clipped avenues of Herrenhausen, perfecting himself in the diplomatic arts "of bowing profoundly, speaking deliberately, and wearing both sides of my long periwig before". He was a very necessitous poet, always in difficulties, and he hit upon a plan of making a little money, and at the same time winning the favour of the Court. He wrote a long poem to the Princess of Wales, in which he mingled her praises with his necessities. The only practical result of this effusion was that Caroline went to Drury Lane to honour the first performance of Gay's next effort, which he described as a tragi-comi-pastoral-farce, "*What d'ye call it?*" a burlesque on the plays of the time; it was a failure, notwithstanding this distinguished patronage. Gay at this time was a far greater social success than a literary one, and the maids of honour especially delighted in his sunny, cheery presence.

Tickell, the poet-laureate, a favourite of Addison, also paid his court to the Princess, and wrote odes to the Royal Family, notably his *Royal Progress*, but Caroline did not care for him, despite his fulsome verses. Voltaire and Swift did not come until later, towards the end of the reign. Arbuthnot, the fashionable physician and the friend of Chesterfield, Pulteney and Mrs. Howard, was often seen at

Leicester House, though he no longer held a position at court, and through him Caroline made the acquaintance of many of the rising writers of the day. Arbuthnot was the "friend, doctor and adviser of all the wits". Pope wrote of him in dedicating one of his volumes :—

> Friend of my life, which did not you prolong,
> The world had wanted many an idle song.

Of course the broad-viewed Dr. Samuel Clarke came to Leicester House to continue Caroline's weekly discussions on metaphysical, theological and philosophical subjects. He brought with him many of his way of thinking, notably Whiston, who had been compelled to resign his Cambridge professorship in consequence of having written a book to show that the accepted doctrine of the Trinity was erroneous. He then came to live in London, and started a society for promoting what he called "Primitive Christianity". This society held weekly meetings at his house in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, and it is very likely that Caroline sometimes attended these gatherings *incognito*. Whiston was extremely plain-spoken, and often at the Princess's discussions used her roughly, treating her remarks with contempt; but Caroline took his reproofs good-humouredly, and helped him all she could.

Newton, an old man then, came sometimes to Leicester House, carried across in his chair from his house in St. Martin's Street, hard by. Caroline had a great veneration and love for him, and she always gave him the first place at her gatherings, and listened with reverence to all he had to say. She often saw Newton in private, and consulted him about the education of her children. It was Caroline who made the remark, absurdly credited to George the First, that it was the greatest glory of the House

of Hanover to have such subjects as Newton in one country and Leibniz in another.

These intellectual friendships were the delight of Caroline's life, yet she had frequently to interrupt them to amuse her pompous little husband, and enter into the brilliant inanities of the court. She combined with these higher joys a keen sense of more material pleasures, and she loved music and the dance and the gaming table as much as any of her courtiers. These grave, learned and scientific men did not follow the Princess to her crowded saloons, but her assemblies always contained a sprinkling of the more famous men of letters. Literature became the fashion of the hour, and Leicester House had quite a literary atmosphere. Of course all the witty young noblemen and poets set their talents to work to praise the charms of the Princess and her ladies. "Characters" were all the vogue, and every lady, from the Princess down to the youngest maid of honour, had her character elaborately written in prose, or was immortalised in verse. If all the poetry written about Caroline and her ladies were collected, it would fill a large volume.

The most be-rhymed of all the beauties after the Princess was Mary Lepel. The honours were divided between her and Mary Bellenden; an old ballad runs:—

> What pranks are played behind the scenes,
> And who at Court the belle—
> Some swear it is the Bellenden,
> And others say la Pell.'

After Mary Lepel married Lord Hervey, Voltaire, who met her during his visit to England, celebrated her beauty in English verse, as follows:—

> Hervey, would you know the passion
> You have kindled in my breast?
> Trifling is the inclination
> That by words can be expressed.

In my silence see the lover;
True love is by silence known;
In my eyes you'll best discover,
All the power of your own.

Gay wrote of her:—

Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepel.

Miss Lepel was married secretly to Lord Hervey, and when her marriage became known, Lords Chesterfield and Bath indited a string of verses, and sent them to her under the name of a begging poet. The young lady sent the usual fee, and when the authorship was disclosed she was much "miffed," not at the licence of the verses, to which she might well have objected, but to being "bit," to use the fashionable slang of the period. Some of the verses are unquotable, others run as follows:—

Bright Venus yet never saw bedded
So perfect a beau and a belle,
As when Hervey the handsome was wedded
To the beautiful Molly Lepel.

So powerful her charms, and so moving,
They would warm an old monk in his cell,
Should the Pope himself ever go roaming,
He would follow dear Molly Lepel.

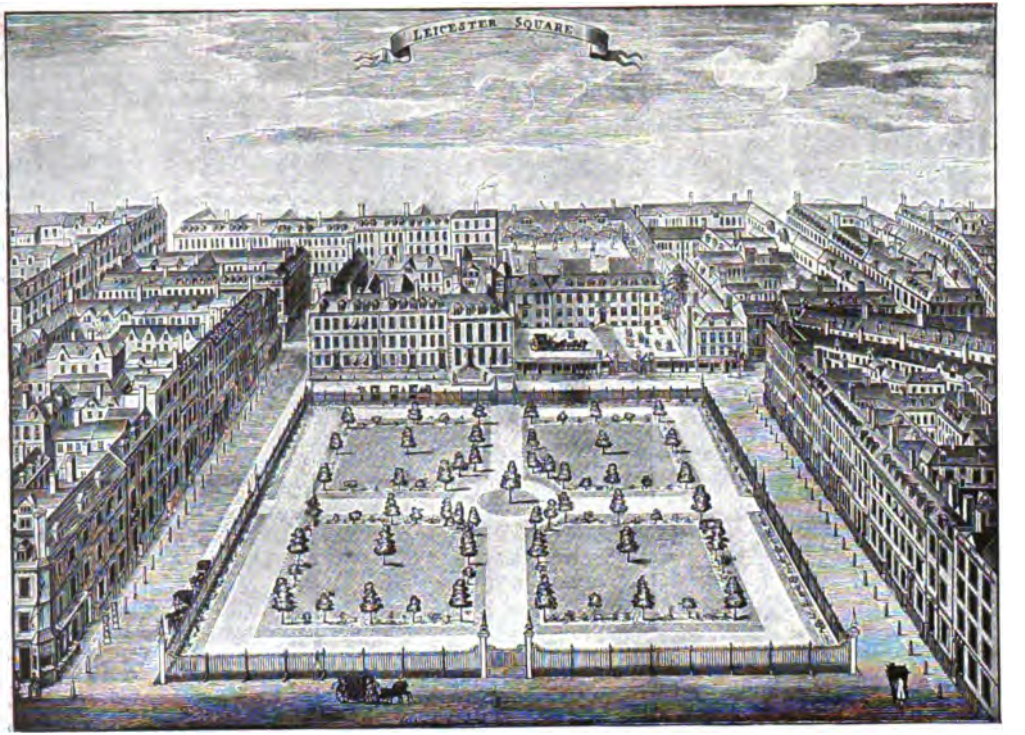
Had I Hanover, Bremen, and Verden,
And likewise the Duchy of Zell!
I'd part with them all for a farthing,
To have my dear Molly Lepel.

Should Venus now rise from the ocean,
And naked appear in her shell,
She would not cause half the emotion,
That we feel for dear Molly Lepel.

Old Orpheus, that husband so civil,
He followed his wife down to hell,
And who would not go to the devil,
For the sake of dear Molly Lepel.

In a bed you have seen banks of roses;
Would you know a more delicate smell,
Ask the fortunate man who reposes
On the bosom of Molly Lepel.

Or were I the King of Great Britain
To choose a minister well,
And support the throne that I sit on,
I'd have under me Molly Lepel.



LEICESTER HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE, TEMP. GEORGE I.

Mary Bellenden rivalled Mary Lepel in loveliness. Gay writes of her in his *Ballad of Damon and Cupid*:—

> So well I'm known at Court
> None ask where Cupid dwells;
> But readily resort,
> To Bellenden's or Lepel's.

And again he mentions her and her sister Margaret in his *Welcome to Pope from Greece*:—

> Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land,
> And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down.

Like many of the Princess's young ladies, Mary Bellenden was often in want of money. On one occasion she writes to Mrs. Howard from Bath: "Oh Gad, I am so sick of bills; for my part I believe I shall never be able to hear them mentioned without casting up my accounts—bills are *accounts*, you know. I do not know how your bills go in London, but I am sure mine are not dropped, for I paid one this morning as long as my arm and as broad as my ——. I intend to send you a letter of attorney, to enable you to dispose of my goods before I may leave this place—such is my condition."[1]

The Prince of Wales, who was early attracted by Mary Bellenden's charms, made addresses to her which she did not reciprocate. The Prince was not accustomed to having his advances slighted, and knowing that Mary Bellenden had her little bills, as a hint by no means delicate, he sat down one evening by her side, and taking out his purse began to count his money. The lively Bellenden bore it for a while, but when he was about to tell his guineas all over again, she cried: "Sir, I cannot bear it; if you count your money any more, I will go out of the room". This remonstrance had so little

[1] Mary Bellenden (Mrs. John Campbell) to Mrs. Howard, Bath, 1720.

effect that he proceeded to press his attentions upon her, and jingled the gold in her ear. Thereupon she lost her temper and knocked the purse out of his hand, scattering the guineas far and wide, and ran out of the room. In other ways, too, she showed her disapproval of his advances, for, writing later to Mrs. Howard, about a new maid of honour, she says: "I hope you will put her a little in the way of behaving before the Princess, such as not turning her back; and one thing runs mightily in my head, which is, crossing her arms, *as I did to the Prince*, and told him I was not cold, but I liked to stand so".[1] Mary Bellenden had a great bulwark to her virtue in the fact that she was deeply in love with Colonel John Campbell, many years later the Duke of Argyll, who was then one of the Prince's grooms of the bedchamber. The Prince discovered that she was in love, though he did not know with whom, and, so far from showing resentment, he told her that if she would promise not to marry without his knowledge, he would do what he could for her and her lover. But Mary Bellenden distrusted the Prince's good faith, and a year or two later secretly married Campbell. The Prince did not dismiss Colonel Campbell from court, but he never forgave Mary, and whenever she came to a drawing-room, he would whisper reproaches in her ear, or shake his finger at her and scowl. The lady did not care, as she had married the man she loved.

Even the prudish Miss Meadows found a poet, for Doddington in one of his trifles couples her name with that of Lady Hervey :—

> As chaste as Hervey or Miss Meadows,

and Pope, in some lines addressed to Sophy Howe, introduces Meadows in no amiable light :—

[1] *Suffolk Correspondence.*

What is prudery?
'Tis a beldam
Seen with wit and beauty seldom,
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows;
'Tis (no 'tisn't) like Miss Meadows;
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old and void of all good nature,
Lean and fretful; would seem wise
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly envious shrew
That rails at dear Lepel and you.

Sophia Howe, whose wild spirits were responsible for many lively scenes at Leicester House, often figured in verse. Gay alludes to her giddiness when he says:—

Perhaps Miss Howe came there by chance,
Nor knows with whom, nor why she comes along.

This young lady's flightiness is shown in her letters. She thought no life worth living except the life at court, and when she was in the country on a visit to her mother, she wrote to Mrs. Howard: "You will think, I suppose, that I have had no flirtation since I am here; but you will be mistaken; for the moment I entered Farnham, a man, in his own hair, cropped, and a brown coat, stopped the coach to bid me welcome, in a very gallant way; and we had a visit, yesterday, from a country clown of this place, who did all he could to persuade me to be tired of the influence and fatigue of a court life, and intimated that a quiet country one would be very agreeable after it, and he would answer that in seven years I should have a little court of my own. I think this is very well advanced for the short time I have been here."[1] And again, when she was anxious to return to Leicester House, she writes: "Pray, desire my Lord Lumley[2] to send the coach to Godalming next Wednesday, that I

[1] Miss Howe to Mrs. Howard, The Holt, Farnham, 1719 (*Suffolk Correspondence*).

[2] Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales, eldest son of Lord Scarborough.

may go off on Thursday, which will be a happy day, for I am very weary of The Holt, though I bragged to Carteret[1] that I was very well pleased. . . . If my Lord Lumley does not send the coach, he never shall have the least flirtation more with me. Perhaps he may be glad of me for a *summer suit* next year at Richmond, when he has no other business upon his days. Next Wednesday the coach must come, or I die. . . . One good thing I have got by the long time I have been here, which is, the being more sensible than ever I was of my happiness in being maid of honour; I won't say God preserve me so neither, that would not be so well."[2]

Alas! poor Miss Howe did not long remain a maid of honour. Soon after these letters were written she was betrayed into a fatal indiscretion; she was expelled from court, and died a few years later of a broken heart. Her fall made a great sensation in the Princess's household, so great that it shows that such cases were uncommon, for however much the maids of honour might flirt, and however free might be their wit and conversation, like their mistress, they kept their virtue intact. Poor Sophia's betrayer was Anthony Lowther, brother of Lord Lonsdale; he was base enough not to marry her. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in a poem written nearly twenty years later, introduces the tale of this unfortunate girl's ruin:—

> Poor girl! she once was thought extremely fair,
> Till worn by love, and tortured by despair.
> Her pining cheek betray'd the inward smart;
> Her breaking looks foretold a breaking heart.
> At Leicester House her passion first began,
> And Nunty Lowther was a proper man:
> But when the Princess did to Kew remove,
> She could not bear the absence of her love,
> But flew away. . . .

[1] The Hon. Bridget Carteret, a maid of honour.

[2] Miss Howe to Mrs. Howard, The Holt, Farnham, 1st October, 1719.

Mrs. Howard was the most be-rhymed of the more mature ladies. Lord Peterborough penned her praises in both prose and verse. Perhaps the best known of his effusions is the poem beginning :—

> I said to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
> "Thou wild thing that always art leaping or aching,
> What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
> By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-pat-ation,"

and ending :—

> Oh wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
> Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season;
> When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
> Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she?

Pope, who held her in high esteem, coins a compliment even out of her deafness :—

> When all the world conspires to praise her
> The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

And Gay :—

> Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies.

Mrs. Howard continued to be the recipient of the Prince's attentions in the intervals of his unsuccessful overtures to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Mary Bellenden and others; yet she conducted herself with so much discretion, and was so popular, that every one about the court, from the Princess downwards, conspired to ignore the *liaison* existing between them. But Mrs. Howard's spendthrift husband was so inconsiderate as to interrupt this harmony. He held the post of a gentleman of the bedchamber to the King, and under the new rule the ladies whose husbands were in the King's service were to quit the service of the Princess. Mrs. Howard had refused, but Howard now insisted that his wife should leave Leicester House and return to him. Howard's

action was instigated by the King, who saw in this an opportunity of annoying the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mrs. Howard again refused to obey, and the aggrieved husband went one night, half-tipsy, to Leicester House, and noisily demanded his wife. He was promptly turned out by the lackeys, but the scandal went abroad. Howard then adopted a loftier tone, and made an appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury, beseeching his Grace to use his influence to induce his wife to return to her lawful spouse. Thereon the aged Archbishop wrote a lengthy letter to the Princess, pointing out the obligations of the married state, the duties of the wife and the privileges of the husband, as laid down by St. Peter and St. Paul, and asking her to send Mrs. Howard back to her husband. The Princess took no notice of this homily, and Mrs. Howard remained where she was.

Howard, therefore, went to Leicester House and forced himself into the Princess's presence. He made a great scene — he declared that he would have his wife even if he had to pull her out of the Princess's coach. Caroline spiritedly told him "to do it if he dared". "Though," she said years later, when relating this scene to Lord Hervey, "I was horribly afraid of him (for we were *tête-à-tête*) all the while I was thus playing the bully. What added to my fear on this occasion was that as I knew him to be *so brutal*, as well as a little mad, and seldom quite sober, so I did not think it impossible that he might throw me out of the window. . . . But as soon as I got near the door, and thought myself safe from being thrown out of the window, *je pris mon grand ton de Reine, et je disois*, 'I would be glad to see who should dare to open my coach door and take out one of my servants. . . .' Then I told him that my resolution was positively neither to force his

wife to go to him, if she had no mind to it, nor to keep her if she had." Howard blustered and swore without any respect for the Princess's presence, and declared that he would go to the King. Whereupon the Princess said: "The King has nothing to do with my servants, and for that reason you may save yourself the trouble." So Howard took his leave.

Poor Mrs. Howard was in great alarm, as she dreaded to return to her husband, who had neglected her and used her cruelly. Some of the lords about Leicester House formed a guard to protect her against forcible abduction, and when the Prince's court moved from Leicester House to Richmond for the summer, as etiquette did not permit her to travel in the same coach as the Princess, it was arranged that she should slip away quietly, and so evade her husband. Therefore, on the day the court set out, the Duke of Argyll and Lord Islay, who were her great friends, conveyed Mrs. Howard very early in the morning to Richmond in a private coach. But this state of affairs could not continue. If Howard carried the matter into the law courts, he could force his wife to return to him, willy-nilly, and the spectacle of the Prince and Princess of Wales defying the law by detaining her was not one which could be allowed. Therefore, after a good deal of negotiation, the matter was settled by Howard's allowing his wife to remain in the Prince's household in return for the sum of £1,200 a year, paid quarterly in advance. He had never really wished her to come back, and the whole dispute at last narrowed itself into an attempt to extort money on the one hand, and to withhold it on the other—a dispute far from creditable to any one concerned in it.

As the royal palaces of Windsor, Hampton Court and Kensington were now closed to the

Prince and Princess of Wales, it was necessary that they should have some country house, and Richmond was fixed upon as their summer residence. Richmond Lodge, situated in the little, or old park of Richmond, had been the residence of Ormonde before his flight, and he had lived here in great luxury. "It is a perfect Trianon," says a contemporary writer; "everything in it, and about it, is answerable to the grandeur and magnificence of its great master." The house itself was not very large; it is described as "a pleasant residence for a country gentleman," but the gardens were beautiful. Ormonde's estates were forfeited for high treason, and Richmond Lodge came into the market. The Prince of Wales bought it for £6,000 from the Commissioners of the Confiscated Estates Court, though not without difficulty, for the King endeavoured to prevent his obtaining it.

Richmond was much more in the country then than now, and there were very few houses between it and Piccadilly, except Kensington Palace. The road thither was lonely, and infested with highwaymen and dangerous characters. At night it was very unsafe. Bridget Carteret, one of the maids of honour, when attending the Princess on one of these journeys, had her coach stopped by highwaymen, and was forced to give up all her jewels.[1] The Princess gave her a diamond necklace and gold watch in place of the trinkets she had lost. There were other drawbacks, too, for we read: "Richmond Lodge having been very much pestered with vermin, one John Humphries, a famous rat physician, was sent for from Dorsetshire by the Princess, through the recommendation of the Marchioness of Hertfordshire, who collected together five hundred rats in his Royal Highness's

[1] *Weekly Journal* and *Saturday's Post*, 13th June, 1719.

Palace, which he brought alive to Leicester House as a proof of his art in that way".[1] He must have been a veritable Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Richmond Lodge soon became quite as gay as Leicester House; a great number of the nobility drove down by road on their coaches, or came by water in their barges, during the summer months. Lady Bristol, who was one of the Princess's ladies, writes from here: "Yesterday there was a horse race for a saddle, etc., the Prince gave; 'twas run under the terrace wall for their Royal Highnesses to see it. There was an infinite number of people to see them all along the banks; and the river full of boats with people of fashion, and that do not come to court, among whom was the Duchess of Grafton and Mr. and Mrs. Beringer. They all stayed, until it was late, upon the water to hear the Prince's music, which sounded much sweeter than from the shore. Every one took part in the Prince and Princess's pleasure in having this place secured to them when they almost despaired of it, and though such a trifle, no small pains were taken to disappoint them."[2]

From Richmond the Prince and Princess of Wales hunted several days in the week, going out early in the morning and coming back late in the afternoon, riding hard all day over a rough country. It was a peculiarity of the Prince's court that all its pleasures were in excess. The hunt was largely attended, and many of the maids of honour rode to hounds; some of them would have shirked this violent exercise had they dared, but the Prince would not let them off. Pope writes: "I met the Prince, with all his ladies on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. Bellenden and Mrs. Lepel took me under their protection (contrary to the laws against harbouring

[1] Brice's *Weekly Journal*, 30th December, 1719.

[2] The Countess of Bristol to the Earl of Bristol, Richmond, 14th July, 1719.

Papists), and gave me dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. Howard. We all agreed that the life of a maid of honour was of all things the most miserable, and wished that every woman who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times), with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simper an hour, and catch cold in the Princess's apartment; from thence (as Shakspeare has it), to dinner with what appetite they may, and after that, till midnight, walk, work or think, which they please."

Richmond boasted of springs of water which were supposed to have health-giving properties. As soon as the Prince and Princess of Wales settled in the place, the value of these wells greatly increased, and the number of ills they were declared to cure was quite extraordinary. A pump-room and an assembly-room were built, ornamental gardens were laid out, and a great crowd of people of quality flocked thither, nominally to drink the waters, really to attach themselves to the Prince's court. Balls, bazaars and raffles were held in the assembly-rooms, and an enterprising *entrepreneur*, one Penkethman, built a theatre on Richmond Green, and to his variety entertainments the Prince and Princess were wont to resort. Thus we read: "On Monday night last Mr. Penkethman had the honour to divert their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princesses of Wales, at his theatre at Richmond, with entertainments of acting and tumbling, performed to admiration; likewise with his picture of the Royal Family down from

the King of Bohemia to the young princesses, in which is seen the Nine Muses playing on their several instruments in honour of that august family".[1]

Caroline grew very fond of Richmond. She interested herself closely in the prosperity of the village, and in the welfare of its poorer inhabitants, aiding the needy, and subscribing liberally to the schools and charities. In later years she always came back to Richmond as to home, and though her grandson George the Third, who resented her attitude to his father Frederick Prince of Wales, tried to destroy every sign of her occupation, it still remains identified with her memory.

[1] *Daily Post*, 23rd August, 1721.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RECONCILIATION.

1718–1720.

THE life of the Princess of Wales at this time was apparently an endless round of pleasure. Her days were full of interest and movement, and in the eyes of the world she seemed perfectly happy. But she had her secret sorrow, and a good deal of her gaiety was forced to please her husband. He came first with her, but she was a devoted mother, and there is abundant evidence to show that Caroline felt acutely the separation from her children. The King would not allow them to visit their parents, nor would he suffer the Prince to come and see them, and upon the occasions when the Princess was admitted to St. James's or Kensington, to visit her children, he at first refused to receive her. She went whenever she could spare an hour from her exacting duties at Leicester House, but she had always to obtain leave from the King. In spite of this separation the little princesses kept their love for their parents, and always greeted their mother with demonstrations of joy when she came, and cried bitterly when she went away. "The other day," writes the Duchess of Orleans, "the poor little things gathered a basket of cherries and sent it to their father, with a message that though they were not allowed to go to him, their hearts, souls and thoughts were with their dear parents

always."[1] Every effort was made by the Prince and Princess to obtain their children, and the law was set in motion, but after tedious delays and protracted arguments, the Lord Chief Justice, Parker, gave it as his opinion that the King had the sole right to educate and govern his grandchildren, and their parents had no rights except such as were granted to them by the King. This monstrous opinion was upheld by nine other judges. It was strongly opposed by the Lord Chancellor, Cowper, who soon afterwards found it advisable to resign the Chancellorship. The King appointed the complaisant Parker in his room, and further rewarded him by creating him Earl of Macclesfield.

The King's hatred of his son grew greater as time went on; everything that took place at Leicester House and Richmond Lodge was reported to him by spies in the Prince's household, and the brilliancy and popularity of the Prince's court were regarded as signs of impenitent rebellion. George the First had the reputation of being an easy-natured man, slowly moved to wrath, and not vengeful to his Jacobite opponents. But his domestic hatreds were extraordinarily intense. He pursued his unfortunate wife with pitiless vindictiveness, and his hatred of her son was only one degree less bitter. To such an extent did it go, that he drew up a rough draft of an Act of Parliament whereby the Prince, on succeeding to the throne of England, should be forced to relinquish Hanover. This project, which would have been the best possible thing for England, perished still-born, for even the time-serving Parker told the King it was impracticable. George then went so far as to receive without rebuke a proposal which Lord Berkeley had the audacity to make, namely, that the Prince should

[1] The Duchess of Orleans to the Raugravine Louise, St. Cloud, 30th June, 1718.

be spirited off quietly to America. Though the King did not dare act upon it, this plan was put on paper, and after George the First's death, Caroline, in searching a cabinet, came across the document.

Though the nation as a whole cared little about the disputes of the Royal Family, this unnatural strife between father and son was well known, and formed a common subject of conversation. As time went on and the quarrel showed no signs of healing, it began to tell seriously against the dynasty. In Parliament the subject was never touched upon, but there was always a dread that it might crop up during debate. On one occasion, when the Prince of Wales was present in the House of Lords, Lord North rose to take notice, he said, "of the great ferment that is in the nation"—and then paused. The Prince looked very uncomfortable, and the whole House was in a flutter, but Lord North went on to add, "on account of the great scarcity of silver," a matter to which Sir Isaac Newton, as Master of the Mint, was giving serious attention.

Caroline was sensible of the harm this disunion was doing the dynasty, and tried to keep up appearances as far as she could. When the first soreness was over, she attended occasionally the King's drawing-rooms (the Prince, of course, never went), and by addressing him in public forced him to make some sort of answer to her remarks. At first it was thought that the Princess's appearance at the King's drawing-rooms foreshadowed a reconciliation. The subsidised organs in the press hailed it as imminent. One scribe wrote: "It is with extreme joy that I must now congratulate my country upon the near prospect there is of a reconciliation between his Majesty and his Royal Highness. The Princess of Wales's appearance at court can forebode no less. A woman of her consummate conduct and goodness, and so interested in the issue, is such

a mediator as one could wish in such a cause. And when it is known that she has been in long conference with the King, there can be no doubt but she has first won upon the Prince to make that submission without which 'tis absurd to think of healing the breach."[1] A petition was also drawn up praying the Princess to act as mediator, which ran as follows:—

"To her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

"The petition of several loyal subjects, Englishmen and Protestants,

"Humbly sheweth,

"Whereas the difference between his Majesty and the Prince is of such a nature, as not easily to be decided by any subjects; neither can a Ministry presume to intercede with all the freedom requisite to the determination of it: That by this means it still continues to the unspeakable detriment of the public, the deep sorrow of the well affected to your Royal Highness's family; and the fresh hope and merriment of the disloyal, who were otherwise reduced to the saddest despair. That in such a dismal conjecture we can apply to none so proper as your Royal Highness to assuage these jealousies and reduce both parties to a reunion. Your petitioners therefore beg and entreat your Royal Highness to put in practice that persuasive eloquence by which you are distinguished, and to employ all your interest for this purpose; before the breach be made too wide to admit of a cure, and we involved in irretrievable confusion.

"And your Royal Highness's petitioners will ever pray, etc."

[1] *The Criticks: Being papers upon the times*, London, 10th February, 1718.

The Princess was both unable and unwilling to mediate in the way suggested, for her sympathies were wholly with her husband. The situation was still exceedingly strained; the King only received the Princess formally and under protest. Caroline probably went to the King's Court in the hope of softening his heart, and of being allowed to have her children. She was also anxious that her son Prince Frederick, Duke of Gloucester, should be brought over from Hanover, for he was growing up a stranger to her, and the accounts which reached her of his manners and morals were far from reassuring. The malcontent Whigs also considered this a grievance, on the ground that the young Prince should early become acquainted with the country over which he would one day reign. But the King was obdurate. He held that his prerogative gave him absolute power over all the royal children without reference to their parents, and quoted as a precedent Charles the Second's authority over the daughters of the Duke of York.

Caroline was deeply wounded by this refusal, and shed many bitter tears. But it made no difference to her policy of keeping up appearances at all cost. Outside her immediate circle she ignored the fact that there was a difference in the Royal Family, and was careful always to speak of the King in public with great respect. She paid several visits to seats of the principal nobility and gentry near London—we read of her supping with General Harvey at Mitcham, dining with Lord Uxbridge at Drayton, and so forth—and tried in all ways to maintain the credit of the dynasty with the people. When, therefore, a low fellow insulted her and spat in her face one day as she was crossing Leicester Fields in her chair, he was nearly torn to pieces by the crowd, who resented this gross insult upon a woman, and the only popular member of the Royal Family. The

man was handed over to the authorities for punishment, who certainly did not spare the rod if we may judge from the following account :—

"On Thursday morning last, Moore the chairman, who insulted the Princess, was whipped, pursuant to his sentence, from Somerset House to the end of the Haymarket. 'Twas observed that during the performance of this corporal exercise (in which the executioner followed his work pretty close), he wore about his neck, tied to a piece of red string, a small red cross ; though he needed not to have hung out that infallible sign of his being one of the Pope's children, since none but an inveterate Papist would have affronted so excellent a Protestant Princess, whom her very worst enemies cannot charge with a fault. The respect her Royal Highness has among all parties was remarkable in the general cry there was all the way he pass'd of 'Whip him,' 'Whip him'; and by the great numbers of people that caressed and applauded the executioner after his work was over, who made him cry, 'God bless King George' before he had done with him."[1]

The King's court became duller and duller after the departure of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Official personages were bound to attend, but the general circle of the nobility absented themselves, and all the youth, wit and beauty of the town migrated to Leicester House or Richmond. Sometimes not more than six ladies attended the royal drawing-rooms at St. James's. The first year of the breach the King spent the summer at Hampton Court, accompanied by his mistresses Schulemburg and Keilmansegge, who had now, thanks to the complaisance of Stanhope and his "German Ministry," been transformed into English peeresses, under the titles of Duchess of Kendal and Countess of

[1] *Weekly Journal* or *British Gazeteer*, 18th April, 1719.

Darlington respectively. No doubt they took their "nieces" with them, as they called their illegitimate daughters by the King. The Duchess of Kendal's "niece," Melusina, was now grown up, and some years later married Lord Chesterfield. Lady Darlington's "niece," Charlotte, was younger, and she, too, in time made an equally good match, marrying Lord Howe.[1] These ladies have left no trace of their occupation of Hampton Court, unless it be the "Frog Walk," which is said to be a corruption of *Frau* or *Frow* walk, so called because the German mistresses used to pace up and down it with George the First. But they made their reign infamous by driving the eminent architect, Sir Christopher Wren, from the office of Surveyor-General, at the age of eighty-six, and after a lifetime spent in the public service. The King was instigated to this shameful act by the Duchess of Kendal. Wren had refused to allow her to mutilate Hampton Court with her execrable taste, and in revenge she sold his place to one William Benson.

Under the unlovely auspices of the dull old King and his duller mistresses, Hampton Court was a very different place to what it had been during the summer of the Prince of Wales's regency. "Our gallantry and gaiety," writes Pope to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "have been great sufferers by the rupture of the two Courts, here: scarce any ball, assembly, basset-table or any place where two or three are gathered together. No lone house in Wales, with a rookery, is more contemplative than Hampton Court. I walked there the other day by the moon, and met no creature of quality but the King, who was giving audience all alone to the birds under the garden wall."[2] The King tried to remedy this state of affairs by com-

[1] Lady Chesterfield had no children, but Lady Howe became mother of the celebrated admiral, Earl Howe.

[2] Pope to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, 1718.

MARY, COUNTESS COWPER.

From the Original Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

manding the Drury Lane Company to come down to Hampton Court and give performances there. The magnificent Great Hall was fitted up as a theatre, and seven plays were performed, of which the favourite was *King Henry the Eighth.* Steele wrote a prologue, and Colley Cibber tells us that the King greatly enjoyed these plays, "as the actors could see from the frequent satisfaction in his looks at particular scenes and passages".[1] In that case the King must have read translations beforehand, as he knew no English—certainly not Shakespeare's English. The expenses of each representation amounted to only £50, but the King was so delighted that he gave the company £200 in addition, which the grovelling Cibber declares was "more than our utmost merit ought to have hoped for".[2] Basking as he did in the sunshine of the royal favour, Colley Cibber was a stout upholder of the House of Hanover, and a contemner of the House of Stuart. In his comedy *The Non-Juror*, he roundly abused the Jacobites, and his dedication of it to the King will remain as one of the most fulsome dedications of a fulsome age. It began: "In a time when all communities congratulate your Majesty on the glories of your reign, which are continually arising from the prosperities of your people, be graciously pleased, dread Sire, to permit the loyal subjects of your theatre to take this occasion of humbly presenting their acknowledgements for your royal favour and protection".

Apparently George liked this gross flattery, for he often went to see Cibber's plays at Drury Lane. The King hated ceremony, so he dispensed with his coach when he went to the theatre, and set out from St. James's Palace in a sedan-chair, with his guards and the beef-eaters marching alongside, and

[1] Colley Cibber's *Apology for My Life*, ed. 1740. [2] *Ibid.*

two other sedan-chairs carried behind him, which contained the Duchess of Kendal and Lady Darlington respectively. The King would not occupy the royal box, but would choose another in some less prominent position, and would sit far back, behind his two mistresses, taking a pinch of snuff now and then, and laughing at their jokes. None of the English officers of the household were admitted to this box, and the King entered and left the theatre by a private door. Once, when going to the theatre in his chair, the King was shot at by a youth named James Shepherd, but the bullet was very wide of the mark. The lad was condemned to be hanged. On account of his youth, Caroline interceded for him, but without success. He died declaring James to be his only King. Concerning this incident, the Duchess of Orleans writes: "The Princess of Wales has told me about the young man that the King has caused to be killed. The lad was only eighteen years of age, but the King is not in the least ashamed of what he has done; on the contrary, he seems to think that he has done a noble action. I fear the King will come to a bad end. His quarrel with the Prince of Wales gets worse every day. I always thought him harsh when he was in Germany, but English air has hardened him still more."[1]

Domestic differences had prevented the King from seeing Hanover for nearly two years; but in May, 1719, his impatience could no longer be restrained, and, despite the remonstrances of his Ministers, he determined to pass the summer in his German dominions. He so far relented towards the Princess of Wales as to send her word that she might spend the summer at Hampton Court with her children. The Princess returned a spirited reply

[1] The Duchess of Orleans to the Raugravine Louise, Paris, 10th March, 1718.

to the effect that unless her husband could go with her she would not go. On this occasion a Council of Regency was established, in which no mention whatever was made of the Prince. The Prince and Princess of Wales were not even allowed to hold levées and drawing-rooms during the King's absence; and his Majesty, by a notice in the *Gazette*, decreed that these functions should be held by the three young princesses, his grandchildren. The Prince and Princess showed their indignation by leaving town at once for Richmond.

The King then set out for Hanover, taking with him Stanhope as Minister in attendance, and accompanied by the Duchess of Kendal. It was perhaps on this journey to Hanover that the following incident took place, which deserves to be quoted, as offering one of the few incidents George the First gave of good taste: "On one of his journeys to Hanover his coach broke down. At a distance in view was a château of a considerable German nobleman. The King sent to borrow assistance; the possessor came, conveyed the King to his house, and begged the honour of his Majesty accepting a dinner while his carriage was repairing; and in the interim asked leave to amuse his Majesty with a collection of pictures which he had formed in several tours to Italy. But what did the King see in one of the rooms but an unknown portrait of a person in the robes, and with the regalia, of a sovereign of Great Britain. George asked him whom it represented. The nobleman replied, with much diffident but decent respect, that in various journeys to Rome he had been acquainted with the Chevalier de St. George, who had done him the honour of sending him that picture. 'Upon my word,' said the King instantly, ''tis very like to the family'."[1]

[1] Horace Walpole's *Reminiscences*.

The hopes of James and his little Court at Rome now began to revive. The prolonged strife between George the First and his son helped to play the game of the Jacobites; and their agents throughout Europe did not hesitate to exaggerate the facts of the unseemly quarrel, and to declare that England was weary of the Hanoverian family (which it was) and eager for a Stuart restoration (which it was not). Mar had been urging Charles the Twelfth of Sweden to send an expedition to Scotland, and Charles was inclined to listen, when his sudden death put an end to James's hopes. But Spain espoused his cause. Spain was then governed by Cardinal Alberoni. By birth the son of a working gardener, he had begun life as a village priest, and had gradually, by virtue of his many abilities and extraordinary knowledge of men, raised himself from poverty and obscurity to the proud position of a cardinal of the Church and first minister of Spain. Philip, the King, was old and feeble, and entirely ruled by his Queen, and the Queen was governed by Alberoni. The trust was not ill-placed, for the Cardinal's administrative abilities were great. Under his direction trade revived, public credit was increased, a new navy was fitted out, and the army was reorganised. "Let your Majesty remain but five years at peace," said he to the Spanish King, "and I will make you the most powerful monarch in Europe." Unfortunately for his plans Alberoni was of a restless, intriguing disposition. He disliked the trend of England's foreign policy, and therefore entered into correspondence with James at Rome, and employed agents to foment dissensions in England. The English Government met this with vigorous measures, and a new treaty was concluded with France and the Emperor, which, after the accession of the Dutch, was known as the Quadruple Alliance. Stanhope went to Madrid to see if he

could smooth matters with Alberoni, but he did not succeed. The Spanish troops had landed in Sicily, and to prevent the loss of the island, Admiral Byng was despatched to the scene of action with twenty ships of the line. On July 31st, 1718, a naval fight took place between the English and the Spaniards, which resulted in the defeat of the latter. In revenge Alberoni fitted out an armament of five ships to support James. This little fleet was to land on the coast of Scotland, but in the Bay of Biscay it was overtaken by a tempest, and only two of the frigates reached Scotland, having on board the Earls Marischal and Seaforth and the Marquis of Tullibardine, with some arms and three hundred Spanish soldiers. They were joined by a few Highlanders, but, after an insignificant skirmish with the King's troops, were dispersed.

Meantime James had arrived at Madrid, in response to a special invitation from Alberoni, where he was received with royal honours as King of England, and magnificently lodged in a palace set apart for him and his suite. But when the news of the complete failure of the expedition reached Madrid some months later, Alberoni realised that James was a very expensive guest, and his presence at Madrid was a hindrance to the peace with England that he already wished to make. James, too, was anxious to leave, and a pretext was afforded by the escape of the Princess Clementina, whom he had wedded by proxy. She had at last escaped from Innsbrück, where she had been detained nearly three years. She stole away by night in the disguise of a Scottish maid-servant, and after a long and perilous journey on horseback arrived safe in Venetian territory. On the receipt of this news James took his leave of the Court of Spain, and returned to Rome, where his long-deferred marriage was duly solemnised and consummated.

While these events were taking place, King George had remained at Hanover, heedless of the discontent in England. He returned to London in November, 1719, and a few days later opened Parliament in person. Caroline, true to her policy of keeping up appearances, waited upon the King to congratulate him upon his safe return, and he gave her audience, but controversial matters were not touched upon, and though rumours of reconciliation arose from the interview they were rumours merely. On the contrary, the principal Government measure was aimed indirectly at the Prince of Wales. Stanhope brought forward the Peerage Bill, to limit the royal prerogative in the creation of new peerages. The Prince of Wales had made use of some rash and unguarded expressions as to what he would do when he came to the throne, and the King was induced by jealousy of his son to consent to this limitation of his royal prerogative. The measure was strongly opposed in both Houses, but the head and front of the opposition was Walpole, who had identified himself with the opposition court of Leicester House. He made an eloquent speech in the House of Commons against the measure, with the result that it was defeated by a large majority. The Government did not resign, but they saw the advisability of conciliating Walpole and the malcontent Whigs, and a political reconciliation took place. Walpole and Townshend accepted minor offices in the Government.

Walpole's accession to the Ministry took the heart out of the Whig opposition, with which the Prince of Wales had more or less identified himself. Having failed to upset the Government, Walpole cast in his lot with them. He set to work with such goodwill that, though for a time he held a subordinate office, he soon became the most powerful member of the Government ; he was already the

man with the greatest authority in the House of Commons. From this time may be dated Walpole's alliance with Caroline, and he henceforth played a prominent part in her life.

Robert Walpole, the third son of a Norfolk squire, Walpole of Houghton, was born in 1676. His family had belonged to the landed gentry of England since the days of William the Conqueror, but they had never distinguished themselves in any way. Walpole was educated at Eton, where he had as his school-fellow his future rival, Bolingbroke, and thence proceeded to King's College, Cambridge. On quitting the university he went back to Houghton with a view to becoming a country squire as his father was. The future statesman spent his days at cattle fairs and agricultural shows, with fox-hunting and hard drinking thrown in by way of recreation. Old Squire Walpole was of a very hospitable turn of mind, and kept open house to his neighbours, who often assembled around his jovial board. "Come, Robert," he used to say, "you shall drink twice to my once; I cannot permit my son, in his sober senses, to be a witness of the intoxication of his father." Walpole was married at the age of twenty-five to the beautiful and accomplished Catherine Shorter, a daughter of John Shorter, of Bybrook, Kent. His domestic life was not a model one, both husband and wife arranging to go much as they pleased. Walpole, like his enemy Bolingbroke, was profligate and fond of wine and women, and his young wife also had her intrigues. She had one particularly with Lord Hervey, and her second son (Horace Walpole the younger) was said to be really the son of Lord Hervey. He closely resembled the Herveys in his tastes, appearance and manner; especially in his effeminacy, which was characteristic of the men of the Hervey family. He was quite unlike his reputed father, Walpole,

who was a burly county squire, with a loud voice, heavy features and no refinement of manner or speech. Walpole's wife also (so Lady Cowper says) had an intrigue with the Prince of Wales, and Walpole was cognisant of it, if he did not even lend himself to it, with a view to obtaining the goodwill of the Prince. Both Robert Walpole and his wife were often at Leicester House.

Soon after his marriage Walpole succeeded to the family estate, with a rent-roll of some two thousand a year. He was elected a member for Castle Rising, and he sat in the two last Parliaments of William the Third. In 1702 he was returned as member for Lyme Regis, in the first Parliament of Queen Anne, a borough which he continued to represent for nearly forty years. He quickly made his mark in the House of Commons, and his history from this time onward is to a great extent the history of his country. He was a Whig by conviction and education; he had a passion for work, and a fixed ambition which carried him step by step to the highest offices in the State. His zeal in furthering the Whig cause early won for him the hatred of the Tories, and at the instigation of Bolingbroke, when the Tories came into power, Walpole was charged with corruption and other misdemeanours, and thrown into the Tower. It was perhaps the best thing that could have happened to him, for it called public attention to his personality, and awoke the admiration of his friends. So crowded was his room in the Tower that it resembled a levée; some of the first quality of the town went there, including the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. His confinement in the Tower was not a long one. On the accession of George the First Walpole's attachment to Whig principles and the House of Hanover was rewarded by his being given a place in the Administration of Lord Townshend, who had married his sister. The rest has been told.

Walpole's first step after he rejoined Stanhope's Government was to bring about a reconciliation between the Prince of Wales and the King, and to this end he addressed himself to the Princess of Wales. During the winter of 1719 Walpole had often been twice a day at Leicester House, and he realised, what many were still ignorant of, the great and increasing influence which the Princess exercised over her husband. Moreover, the Princess had recently received the King's compliments on her birthday for the first time for two years. To the Princess, therefore, Walpole first went with the suggestion of reconciliation, and begged her to induce the Prince to write a submissive letter to the King. Caroline was willing to do all she could to bring about a reconciliation, but she stipulated for one thing above all others—that her children should be returned to her. This Walpole promised, though he must have known at the time that he had no power to make such a promise. The Prince at first blustered and swore, and said that nothing would induce him to make any overtures to the King, and he stipulated that he should have the Regency again, the *entrée* of the royal palaces, his guards, and, of course, the custody of his children. Walpole told him he would do what he could, and he so "engrossed and monopolised the Princess to a degree of making her deaf to everything that did not come from him".[1] He then went to the King and told him that the Prince was anxious to submit himself.

The King at first was obdurate, and refused to see his son under any circumstances whatever. "Can't the Whigs come back without him," he grumbled to Sunderland. Then he said he would receive him, provided he were brought back "bound hand and foot". When conditions were hinted,

[1] Lady Cowper's Diary.

the King at once said that he would have nothing more to do with the matter, and was only persuaded to reconsider his words by his Ministers representing that, unless he could meet them half-way, they would not be able to get his debts paid, which by this time had amounted to £600,000 in excess of the ample Civil List. As the King kept practically no court in England, most of the money must have been spent in Hanover, or given to his Hanoverian minions and mistresses. Ministers argued that a reconciliation would do something to restore public credit, and the long quarrel had seriously affected the popularity of the Royal Family. The Prince was also amenable to this argument, as he, too, was in debt some £100,000, the result, no doubt, of the state he had kept up at Leicester House. Walpole gave the Prince to understand that this sum would be paid, and by way of showing his goodwill, he put him and the Princess in the way of making a little money in South Sea stock.

The Princess was prepared to let everything go if she could only have her children back again, and the Bishop of Norwich went down on his knees to Townshend and Walpole, and swore that the Princess should have her children. She said: "Mr. Walpole, this will be no jesting matter to me; you will hear of this, and my complaints, every day and hour, and in every place, if I have not my children again". Walpole suggested that the Princess should make overtures to the Duchess of Kendal, who had more influence than any one with the King, and even to this crowning humiliation the Princess stooped, but all to no purpose; the King absolutely refused to agree to any such stipulation. He had become attached, after his fashion, to the three princesses, and he knew that to retain them would be the surest way of wounding the feelings of his daughter-in-law. The Prince, unlike the Princess, was not obdurate

on this point, and he was quite willing to let his daughters go for what he considered more substantial benefits. Walpole promised to pay his debts if he would yield this point, and gave him some more South Sea stock; to the Princess he declared that the King was inexorable, and that she must leave everything in his hands, and all would be well. The Princess wept, and said that she was betrayed, and the Prince had been bribed, but her tears and lamentations were all to no effect. It was on this occasion she uttered the exceeding bitter cry: "I can say since the hour I was born, I have not lived a day without suffering".

Matters having gone thus far, the Prince wrote the required letter, which was delivered to the King on St. George's Day, April 23rd, 1720. On its receipt Craggs was sent back with a message to the Prince to say that the King would see him. The Prince at once took his chair and went to St. James's Palace, where the King gave him audience in his closet. The Prince expressed his grief at having incurred his royal sire's displeasure, thanked him for having given him leave to wait upon him once more, and said that he hoped all the rest of his life would be such as the King would have no cause to complain of. The King was much agitated and very pale, and could not speak except in broken sentences, of which the Prince said the only intelligible words were: "*Votre conduite, votre conduite*". The audience was over in five minutes, and the Prince then went to see his daughter, the Princess Anne, who was ill of small-pox in another part of the palace. He then set out on his way back to Leicester House, with this difference, that whereas he had come in a private manner, he now departed with the beef-eaters and a guard around his chair, and amid the shouts of the crowd that had assembled outside the palace gates. In Pall Mall he met the

Princess, who was on her way to visit her daughter. She had not been told that the King had sent for her husband, and she was much startled to see him there, thinking he had a bad account of the Princess Anne. He said he had seen the King, and told her the great news. They returned together to Leicester House. "He looked grave," said Lady Cowper of the Prince, "and his eyes were red and swelled as one has seen him on other occasions when he was mightily ruffled. He dismissed all the company at first, but held a drawing-room in the afternoon." By that time the royal guards were established at the gates of Leicester House, and the square was full of coaches. Inside "there was nothing but kissing and wishing of joy". The Prince was so delighted that he embraced Lady Cowper five or six times, whereat the Princess burst into a laugh, and said: "So, I think you two always kiss on great occasions". The Ministers came to offer their congratulations, including the younger Craggs, who was supposed to have inflamed the King's mind against the Prince, and to have called the Princess an opprobrious name. He now protested to her that he had done nothing of the kind, offering to swear it on his oath. She replied: "Fie! Mr. Craggs; you renounce God like a woman that's caught in the fact".

The King received Caroline the next day when she went to visit her daughters at St. James's. He gave her a longer audience than he had given his son, for they went into his closet and stayed there an hour and ten minutes. When the Princess at length came out of the royal closet, she told her attendants that she was transported at the King's "mighty kind reception". But Walpole had another version of the interview, to the effect that the King had been very rough with her and had chidden her severely. He told her she might say what she pleased to excuse

herself, but he knew very well that she could have made the Prince behave better if she had wished, and he hoped henceforth that she would use her influence to make him conduct himself properly. These private interviews over, it was decided to celebrate the reconciliation in a public manner. The Ministers gave a dinner to celebrate the Whig and the royal reconciliation at one and the same time; the King held a drawing-room at St. James's, to which the Prince and Princess went with all their court. The King would not speak to the Prince nor to any of his suite, except the Duchess of Shrewsbury, who would not be denied. When she first addressed him he took no notice, but the second time she said: "I am come, Sir, to make my court, and I will make it," in a whining tone of voice, and then he relented so far as she was concerned. But otherwise the drawing-room could hardly be described as harmonious. "It happened," writes Lady Cowper, "that Lady Essex Robartes was in the circle when our folks came in, so they all kept at the bottom of the room, for fear of her, which made the whole thing look like two armies in battle array, for the King's court was all at the top of the room, behind the King, and the Prince's court behind him. The Prince looked down, and behaved prodigious well. The King cast an angry look that way every now and then, and one could not help thinking 'twas like a little dog and a cat—whenever the dog stirs a foot, the cat sets up her back, and is ready to fly at him."

The reconciliation thus patched up was a hollow one, but it served to hoodwink the public, and it depressed the Jacobites, who had been saying everywhere that even outward harmony was impossible. Neither side was satisfied; the King was indignant at having to receive the Prince at all, and unwilling to make concessions. He would not grant the Prince and Princess the use of any of the royal

palaces, and refused to let them come back to live under the same roof with him. He gave them leave to see the three princesses when they liked, but he refused to part with them, and the Ministers conveniently ignored the payment of the Prince's debts, which indeed were not settled until he came to the throne. All that the Prince and Princess regained were the royal guards and the honours paid officially to the Prince and Princess of Wales, the leave to come to court when they wished, and permission to retain the members of their household, which at one time the King had threatened to discharge *en bloc*. But the great gain to the Government, and to the House of Hanover, was that a formal notification of the reconciliation was sent to foreign courts, and a domestic quarrel, which had become a public scandal, and threatened to become a public danger, was officially at an end.

CHAPTER X.

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

1720.

In June, soon after the reconciliation, the King, attended by Stanhope, set out for Hanover. He had intended to make a longer stay than usual, for everything appeared prosperous and peaceful when he left England. The Ministry was in the plenitude of its power, the Whigs were reconciled, the wound in the Royal Family was healed, or at least skinned over, and the Jacobites were in despair. But this proved to be merely the calm before the storm. In a few months the storm burst with unprecedented violence, and the King's visit was cut short by an urgent summons from the Government, who, like the nation, were plunged into panic and dismay by the collapse of the South Sea Bubble.

The South Sea Bubble was one of the most glittering bubbles that ever dazzled the eyes of speculators. The South Sea Company had been established by Harley, Lord Oxford, in 1711, to relieve taxation. The floating debts at that time amounted to nearly ten millions, and the Lord Treasurer wished to establish a fund to pay off that sum. The interest was secured by making permanent the duties on wine, vinegar, tobacco, and certain other commodities; and creditors were attracted by the promise of a monopoly of trade with the Spanish coasts of America. This scheme was regarded by friends

of the Government as a masterpiece of finance, and it was sanctioned both by Royal Charter and Act of Parliament. The leading merchants thought highly of the scheme, and the nation saw in it an El Dorado. People recalled the discoveries of Drake and Raleigh, and spoke of the Spanish coasts of America as though they were strewn with gold and gems. The Peace of Utrecht ought to have done something to destroy these illusions, for instead of England being granted free trade with the Spanish colonies in America, Spain only gave England the Asiento treaty, or contract for supplying negro slaves, the privilege of annually sending one ship of less than five hundred tons to the South Sea, and establishing certain factories. The first ship of the South Sea Company, the *Royal Prince*, did not sail until 1717, and the next year war broke out with Spain, and all British goods and vessels in Spanish ports were seized. Nevertheless, the South Sea Company flourished; its funds were high, and it was regarded as a sort of rival to the Bank of England.

At the close of 1719 Stanhope's Administration was anxious to buy up and diminish the irredeemable annuities granted in the last two reigns, and amounting to £800,000 per annum. Competing schemes to effect this were sent in by the South Sea Company and the Bank of England, and the two corporations tried to outbid one another; they went on increasing their offers until at last the South Sea Company offered the enormous sum of £7,500,000, which the Government accepted. The South Sea Company had the right of paying off the annuitants, who accepted South Sea stock in lieu of Government stock, and two-thirds of them agreed to the offer of eight and a quarter years' purchase. There seemed no shadow of doubt in any quarter that this was a most satisfactory solution

of the difficulty. The South Sea Company was everywhere regarded as prosperous.

Throughout the summer of this year, 1720, speculation was in the air. The example of John Law's Mississippi scheme in Paris had created a rage for it. Law was a Scottish adventurer, who had some years before established a bank in Paris, and afterwards proceeded to form a West Indian company, which was to have the sole privilege of trading with the Mississippi. It was at first an enormous success, and Law was one of the most courted men in Europe. "I have seen him come to court," says Voltaire, "followed humbly by dukes, by marshals and by bishops." He became so arrogant that he quarrelled with Lord Stair, the English ambassador, and the fact that Lord Stair was recalled shows how great was the financier's power. A great number of Frenchmen amassed large fortunes, and Law's office in the Rue Quincampoix was thronged from daybreak to night with enormous crowds. One little hunchback in the street was said to have earned no less than 50,000 francs by allowing eager speculators to use his hump as their desk!

As soon as the South Sea Bill had received the royal assent in Parliament, the South Sea Company opened large subscriptions, which were filled up directly. For no reason whatever, its trade, which did not exist, was regarded as a certain road to fortune. The whole of London went mad on the South Sea, and in August the stock, which had been quoted at 130 in the winter, rose to 1,000. Third and fourth subscriptions were opened, the directors pledging themselves that, after Christmas, their dividends should not be less than 50 per cent. Nothing was talked of but the South Sea, and it was gratefully remembered that Oxford, the fallen Minister, had started it. "You will remember when the South Sea was said to

be Lord Oxford's bride," wrote the Duchess of Ormonde to Swift. "Now the King has adopted it and calls it his beloved child, though perhaps you may say, that if he loves it no better than his son, it may not be saying much."[1]

If operations had been confined to the South Sea Company ruin might have been averted, or at least postponed, but the town was seized with the lust for speculation. A variety of other bubbles were started simultaneously, and so great was the infatuation that they were seized upon by an eager public. To give the Government its due, it had striven to prohibit such undertakings, describing them in a proclamation as "mischievous and dangerous". But the proclamation was not worth the paper it was written on, and immediately after the King's departure for Hanover, the Prince of Wales himself lent his name as governor of a Welsh copper company. "It is no use trying to persuade him," declared Walpole, whose own hands were far from clean, "that he will be attacked in Parliament, and the 'Prince of Wales's Bubble' will be cried in 'Change Alley." The Prince eventually withdrew, but not until the company was threatened with prosecution, and he had netted a profit of £40,000. The Duchess of Kendal and Lady Darlington were also deeply pledged, and with the examples of such exalted personages before them, the greed of the people at large cannot be wondered at. 'Change Alley repeated the scene in the Rue Quincampoix; it was crowded from morning to night, and so great was the throng that the clerks had to set up tables in the streets. The whole town seemed to turn into 'Change Alley. In the mad eagerness for speculation all barriers were broken down; Tories, Whigs and Jacobites, Roman

[1] The Duchess of Ormonde to Swift, 18th August, 1720.

Catholics, Churchmen and Dissenters, nobility, squires from the country, clergymen, ladies of quality and ladies of no quality at all, all turned gamblers, and and rushed to 'Change Alley. The news-sheets of the day were full of nothing else, and the theatres reflected the popular craze. To quote, a topical ballad :—

Here stars and garters do appear,
  Among our lords the rabble;
To buy and sell, to see and hear,
  The Jews and Gentiles squabble.
Here crafty courtiers are too wise
  For those who trust to fortune;
They see the cheat with clearer eyes,
  Who peep behind the curtain.

Our greatest ladies hither come,
  And ply in chariots daily;
Oft pawn their jewels for a sum
  To venture in the Alley.
Young harlots, too, from Drury Lane,
  Approach the 'Change in coaches
To fool away the gold they gain
  By their impure debauches.

At Leicester House, and in all the great houses, lords and ladies talked of nothing but reports, subscriptions and transfers, and every day saw new companies born, almost every hour. Fortunes were made in a night, and people who had been indigent rose suddenly to great wealth. Stock-jobbers and their wives, Hebrew and Gentile, were suddenly admitted to the most exclusive circles, and aped the manners and the vices of the aristocracy who courted them for what they could get. They drove in gorgeous coaches, decked with brand-new coats of arms, which afforded much opportunity for ridicule. Only the mob, who hooted them in the streets, was not complaisant.

Some of the companies hawked about were for the most preposterous objects, such as companies "To make salt water fresh," "To build hospitals for bastard children," "For making oil from sunflower

seeds," "For fattening of hogs," for "Trading in human hair," for "Extracting silver from lead," for "Building of ships against pirates," for "Importing a number of large jackasses from Spain," for "A wheel with a perpetual motion," and, strangest of all, for "An undertaking which shall in due time be revealed".[1] For this last scheme the trusting subscribers were to pay down two guineas, "and hereafter to receive a share of one hundred, with the disclosure of the object". So gullible was the public, that one thousand subscriptions were paid in the course of the morning. The projector levanted in the evening, and the object of the undertaking was revealed.

The disenchantment was not long in coming. The South Sea directors, jealous of all who came in opposition to their schemes, began legal proceedings against several bogus companies, and obtained orders and writs of *scire facias* against them. These companies speedily collapsed, but in their fall they dragged down the fabric of speculation on which the South Sea Company itself was reared. The spirit of distrust was excited, and holders became anxious to convert their bonds into money. By the end of September South Sea stock had fallen from 1,000 to 150. The panic was general. Money was called up from the distant counties to London, goldsmiths were applied to, and Walpole used his influence with the Bank of England—but all to no purpose, so great was the disproportion between paper promises and the coin wherewith to pay. Public confidence had been shaken, and could not be restored. The news of the crash in Paris, caused by the failure of Law's Mississippi scheme, completed the general ruin. Everywhere were heard lamentations and execrations. The Hebrew stock-jobbers and their

[1] *The Political State of Great Britain* gives a list of these bubbles, in July, 1720, amounting to 104.

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

From an old Cartoon.

wives made their exit from English society as suddenly as they had entered it, and for at least a century were no more seen in noble mansions.

Though a few persons had managed to amass large fortunes by selling out in time—Walpole was one of them, selling out at 1,000—thousands of families were reduced to utter beggary, and thousands more within measurable distance of it. A great cry of rage and resentment went up all over the country, and this cry was raised not only against the South Sea directors, but against the Government, the Prince of Wales, and even the King himself. There was a very general feeling that some one ought to be hanged, and public indignation was directed chiefly against the heads of the Treasury, the South Sea directors, and the German Ministers and mistresses, who were suspected of having been bribed with large sums to recommend the project. So threatening was the outlook against them that the Hanoverian following, at least that part of it which the King had left behind in England, were in a great panic, and in their fright gave utterance to the wildest schemes. One suggested to the Prince of Wales the resignation of the Royal Family, and flight to Hanover; another that it would be well to bribe the army, and proclaim an absolute power; and yet another advised the Government to apply to the Emperor for foreign troops. But such mad plans, though proposed, were never seriously considered by the English Ministers, who, at their wits' end what to do next, sent to the King at Hanover urging his immediate return. George landed at Margate on November 9th, but so far from his presence having any effect on the falling credit of the South Sea funds, they dropped to 135 soon after.

Parliament met on December 8th thirsting for vengeance. It was thought that the South Sea directors could not be reached by any known laws,

but "extraordinary crimes," one member of Parliament declared, "called for extraordinary remedies," and this was the temper of the House of Commons. A Secret Committee was appointed to inquire into the affairs of the South Sea Company, and while this committee was sitting a violent debate took place in the House of Lords, when the Duke of Wharton, the ex-president of the Hell-Fire Club, vehemently denounced the Ministry, and hinted that Lord Stanhope, the Prime Minister, was the origin of all this trouble, and had fomented the dissension between the King and the Prince of Wales. He drew a parallel between him and Sejanus, who made a division in the Imperial family, and rendered the reign of Tiberius hateful to the Romans. Stanhope rose in a passion of anger to reply, but after he had spoken a little time he became so excited that he fell down in a fit. He was relieved by bleeding, and carried home, but he died the next day. He was the first victim, and the greatest, of the South Sea disclosures.

The Prime Minister was happy, perhaps, in the moment of his death, for when the committee reported, a tale of infamous corruption was disclosed. It was found that no less than £500,000 fictitious South Sea stock had been created, in order that the profits might be used by the directors to facilitate the passing of the Bill through Parliament. The Duchess of Kendal, it was discovered, had received £10,000, Madame Platen another £10,000, and two "nieces," who were really illegitimate daughters of the King, had also received substantial sums. Against them no steps could be taken. But among the members of the Government who were accused of similar peculations were the younger Craggs, Secretary of State, his father, the Postmaster-General, Charles Stanhope, Aislabie and Sunderland. The very day this report was read to Parliament the younger

Craggs died; he was ill with small-pox, but his illness was no doubt aggravated by the anxiety of his mind. A few weeks later his father poisoned himself, unable to face the accusations hurled against him. Charles Stanhope was acquitted by the narrow majority of three. Aislabie was convicted; he was expelled from Parliament, and sent to the Tower, and the greater part of his property forfeited. There were bonfires in the city to celebrate the event. Sunderland was declared to be innocent, but the popular ferment against him was so strong that he was unable to continue at the head of the Treasury, and resigned. Some months later he died so suddenly that poison was rumoured, but the surgeons, after a post-mortem examination, declared that it was heart disease. The South Sea directors were condemned in a body, disabled from ever holding any place in Parliament, and their combined estates, amounting to above £2,000,000, were confiscated for the relief of the South Sea sufferers. They were certainly punished with great severity; some of them at any rate were innocent of the grosser charges brought against them, but public opinion thought that they were treated far too leniently. The "Cannibals of 'Change Alley," as they were called, were, if we may believe the pamphlets of the day, fit only for the common hangman.

In the Ministry now reconstituted the chief power was placed in the hands of Robert Walpole, who became, and remained for the next twenty years, the first Minister of State. The hour had brought the man. It was felt by everyone, even by his enemies, that there was only one man who could restore the public credit, and he was Walpole. Nevertheless, when he brought forward his scheme, into the details of which it is unnecessary to enter, many were dissatisfied. It was, of course, impossible

to satisfy everybody, though Walpole's scheme was the best that could be devised, and as far as possible did justice to all parties. The proprietors of the irredeemable annuities were especially dissatisfied, and roundly accused Walpole of having made a collusive arrangement with the Bank of England, and concerted his public measures with a view to his personal enrichment. The accusation may have been true, but whether it was so or not, the fact remains that he was the only man who stood between the people and bankruptcy, and carried the nation through this perilous crisis.

The general election of the following year, 1722, gave the Government an overwhelming majority, and made Walpole master of the situation, with almost unlimited power.

A great man, as great as or greater than Walpole, died at this time—John, Duke of Marlborough. His career lies outside the scope of this book, it belongs to an earlier period, but this at least may be said: whatever his faults, his name will always remain as that of one of the greatest of Englishmen. He had had a paralytic stroke in 1716, so that he had retired from active politics for some time, and his death made no difference to the state of affairs. He left an enormous fortune to his widow, Duchess Sarah, who survived him more than twenty years. So great was her wealth that she was able in some degree to control the public loans, and affect the rate of interest. She was a proud, imperious, bitter woman, but devoted to her lord, and though she had many offers of marriage, especially from the Duke of Somerset and Lord Coningsby, she declared that she would not permit the "Emperor of the World" to succeed to the place in her heart which was ever devoted to the memory of John Churchill. Marlborough was buried with great magnificence at Westminster Abbey, but none of the Royal Family attended the

funeral, though the Prince and Princess of Wales and the little princesses viewed the procession from a window along the line of route. The King did not even show this mark of respect to the dead hero, who, at one time, had he been so minded, could have effectually prevented the Elector of Hanover from occupying the throne of England.

The confusion and discontent which followed the South Sea crash were favourable to the Jacobites, and the unpopularity of the King was increased by the recent revelations of the rapacity of his mistresses. "We are being ruined by trulls, and what is more vexatious, by old, ugly trulls, such as could not find entertainment in the hospitable hundreds of old Drury,"[1] wrote a scribbler, who for this effusion was sentenced to fine and imprisonment by the House of Commons. Moreover, at this time the Jacobites were further elated by the news that James's Consort had given birth to a son and heir at Rome in 1722, who was baptised with the names of Charles Edward Lewis Casimir, and became in after years the hero of the rising in 1745. A second son, Henry Benedict, Duke of York, and afterwards cardinal, was born in 1725. James's little court seemed to be living in a fool's paradise, for this year (1722) James issued an extraordinary manifesto in which he gravely proposed that George should restore to him the crown of England, and he in return would make him King of Hanover, and give him a safe escort back to his German dominions.

A new plot was set afoot by the Jacobites for the landing of five thousand foreign troops under Ormonde, and to this end they opened negotiations with nearly every court in Europe. The Regent of France revealed this to the English ambassador.

[1] Letter of Decius in *Mist's Journal.*

ambitions. She even went so far as to change her religion lest her being a Roman Catholic should prejudice him further with the Court of England. The marriage was kept a secret for a long time, and Lady Bolingbroke, as Madame de Villette, came over to England to see what she could do to bring her lord back again. She was received by George the First and at Leicester House. It was thought very likely that she would gain the goodwill of the Princess of Wales, whose views of philosophy, religion and literature had much in sympathy with those of Bolingbroke; and in Voltaire they had a friend in common. But in some way Madame de Villette failed at Leicester House; perhaps she overdid her part, perhaps Walpole had effectually prejudiced the Princess against his rival. Caroline believed that Bolingbroke had betrayed James, and said later that Madame de Villette had told her that Bolingbroke had only entered James's service to be of use to the English Government and so earn his pardon. "That was, in short," said Caroline, "to *betray* the Pretender; for though Madame de Villette softened the word, she could not soften the thing; which I owned was a speech that had so much villainy and impudence mixed in it, that I could never bear him nor her from that hour; and could hardly hinder myself from saying to her: 'And pray, Madam, what security can the King have that my Lord Bolingbroke does not desire to come here with the same honest intent that he went to Rome?[1] Or that he swears he is no longer a Jacobite with more truth than you have sworn you are not his wife?'"

Having failed with the Princess of Wales,

[1] This was a mistake, as Bolingbroke never went to Rome. He entered James's service at Barr and quitted it at Versailles.

HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

Madame de Villette next addressed herself to the Duchess of Kendal through her "niece," the Countess of Walsingham, with such good effect that for a bribe of £12,000 the duchess persuaded the King to let Bolingbroke return to England. The duchess hated Walpole for having thwarted her on more than one occasion in some favourite scheme, and her hatred gave her zest to urge the King to grant a pardon to the Minister's great rival and bitterest foe. It says much for the duchess's influence over the King that she was able to obtain it at a time when Walpole was in the zenith of his power. The pardon, however, at first amounted to little more than a bare permission for Bolingbroke to return to England. His attainder remained in force, his title was still withheld, and he was incapable of inheriting estates, and precluded from sitting in the House of Lords, or holding any office. But Walpole had to acquiesce in his return, and no sooner had the pardon passed the great seal than Bolingbroke came back to England, and at once set to work to get his remaining disabilities removed.

He was unfortunate in the moment of his return, for the King and Bolingbroke's friend at court, the Duchess of Kendal, had already set out for Hanover with Townshend and Carteret, and Walpole was carrying on the Government alone. Bolingbroke at first made overtures to Walpole for peace between them, and, if we may believe Horace Walpole (the younger), even went to dine with him at Chelsea. But this effort was too much for the fallen statesman; he choked over the first morsel at dinner, and was obliged to retire from the room. After remaining in England some months, during which he renewed his political friendships, especially with Sir William Wyndham and Lord Harcourt, Bolingbroke went to Aix-la-Chapelle, hoping to

obtain permission to pay his respects to the King at Hanover. Failing in this, he returned to Paris, where, on the sudden death of the Regent, he gave valuable information against the Jacobites to the elder Horace Walpole, then ambassador, by way of showing his devotion to the House of Hanover, but though Horace Walpole made use of Bolingbroke's information, he treated him ungraciously.

The King remained in Hanover some time, and later in the year, 1723, went to Berlin on a visit to his son-in-law, King Frederick William of Prussia, and his daughter, Queen Sophie Dorothea.

The Court of Berlin was very different to what it had been in the days of the splendour-loving King Frederick and his brilliant consort, Sophie Charlotte. The penurious habits which Sophie Charlotte had lamented in her son when he was a youth had now developed into sordid avarice, and his boorish manners into a harsh and brutal despotism. At the Prussian Court economy was the order of the day, and in the State everything was subservient to militarism. The misery and squalor of the King of Prussia's household are graphically told in the Memoirs of his daughter Wilhelmina.[1] The half-mad King was subject to fits of ungovernable fury, in which he sometimes kicked and cuffed his children, starved them, spat in their food, locked them up, and cursed and swore at them. His Queen, except for the beatings, was subject to much the same treatment, and the home life was made wretched by perpetual quarrels.

Queen Sophie Dorothea had much beauty and considerable ability, and despite her frequent disputes

[1] *The Memoirs of Wilhelmina, Margravine of Baireuth.* Carlyle drew largely on these Memoirs for the first two volumes of his *Frederick the Great.* But the book has since been admirably translated into English by H.R.H. the Princess Christian, and the quotations which follow are taken from her translation.

with her husband, she was, after her fashion, much attached to him, and he to her. But she had a love of intrigue and double-dealing, and she was incapable of going in the straight way if there was a crooked one. She was a woman of one idea, and this idea she clung to with an obstinacy and tenacity which nothing could weaken. For years—almost from the moment of the birth of her children—she had become enamoured of what was afterwards known as the "Double Marriage Scheme," a scheme to unite her eldest daughter Wilhelmina, to Frederick, Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Prince of Wales), and her son, Frederick William (afterwards Frederick the Great), to the Princess Amelia, second daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales. By continual arguments, and perpetual intrigues, she had brought her husband round to her way of thinking, and she had also worked upon her father, George the First, to the extent of gaining his consent to the marriage of the Princess Amelia, when she should be old enough, to the Crown Prince Frederick.

But King George did not approve of the idea of marrying his grandson Frederick to Wilhelmina; Lady Darlington had given him a bad account of her. "She said that I was *laide à faire peur* and deformed," writes Wilhelmina indignantly, "that I was as bad as I was ugly, and that I was so violent that my violence often caused me to have epileptic fits." Wilhelmina declared that Lady Darlington maliciously spread these falsehoods because she knew the young princess was exceedingly clever, and she did not want any more clever women about the English Court; Caroline was more than enough for her. But Lady Darlington was not the only opponent: the Princess of Wales also did not favour the double marriage scheme so far as Wilhelmina was concerned, and the Prince of Wales did not favour it at all. He hated his cousin and brother-in-law,

the King of Prussia; he had hated him as a boy, and he hated him more when he was a rival for the hand of Caroline. He also disliked his sister, for whom he had never a good word. But at this time, what the Prince and Princess of Wales might think about the marriage of their children was of no importance to the Queen of Prussia. What King George thought was a different matter, and, acting on the advice of the Duchess of Kendal, who had been brought round to favour the scheme by a judicious expenditure of money, she implored her father to come to Berlin and see Wilhelmina for himself, as the best way of answering Lady Darlington's malicious fabrications.

To Berlin accordingly George the First came. He arrived at Charlottenburg on the evening of October 7th, where the King and Queen and the whole court were assembled to welcome him. Wilhelmina was presented to her grandfather from England. "He embraced me," she says, "and said nothing further than 'She is very tall; how old is she?' Then he gave his hand to the Queen, who led him to her room, all the princes following. No sooner had he reached her room than he took a candle, which he held under my nose, and looked at me from top to toe. I can never describe the state of agitation I was in. I turned red and pale by turns; and all the time he had never uttered one word." Presently the King left the room to confer with his daughter, and Wilhelmina was left alone with the English suite, including my Lords Carteret and Townshend, who at once began their inspection by talking to her in English. She spoke English fluently, and after she had talked to them for more than an hour, the Queen came and took her away. "The English gentlemen," said Wilhelmina, "said I had the manners and bearing of an English woman; and, as this nation

considers itself far above any other, this was great praise."

King George, however, remained undemonstrative. Wilhelmina calls him "cold-blooded," and so "serious and melancholy" that she could never muster up courage to speak to him all the time he was at Berlin. There was a great banquet in the evening, though King Frederick William must have sorely grudged the expense. "The Queen," says Wilhelmina, "kept the conversation going. We had already sat for two hours at table when Lord Townshend asked me to beg my mother to get up from the dinner-table as the King was not feeling well. She thereupon made some excuse, saying he must be tired and suggested to him that dinner was over. He, however, several times declared that he was not the least tired, and to prevent further argument on the subject, she laid down her napkin and got up from her chair. She had no sooner done so than the King began to stagger. My father rushed forward to help him, and several persons came to his aid, and held him up for a while, when he suddenly gave way altogether, and had he not been supported, he would have had a dreadful fall. His wig lay on one side, and his hat on the other, and they had to lay him down on the floor, where he remained a whole hour before regaining consciousness. Every one thought he had had a paralytic stroke. The remedies used had the desired effect, and by degrees he recovered. He was entreated to go to bed, but would not hear of it till he had accompanied my mother back to her apartments."

The rest of the visit was spent in *fêtes*, balls and so forth, but a good deal of business was transacted also, and the preliminaries for the double marriage were settled before King George left Berlin for Göhr, a hunting-place near Hanover.

CHAPTER XI.

TO OSNABRÜCK!

1723–1727.

AFTER the reconciliation of the Royal Family the Princess of Wales resumed the place she had occupied at the King's court in the early days of the reign, but in a modified degree. She was restored to her position and precedence, and she regularly attended the drawing-rooms at St. James's, and would make a point of addressing the King in public and so compel him to answer her. After a while the King relented towards her, and asked her to take the lead at ombre and quadrille, as she used to do, and her card-table was surrounded by courtiers as in former days. But he maintained his resentment against his son, to whom he seldom addressed a syllable in public, and rarely received him in private. The King's quarrel from the first had been with the Prince of Wales rather than with the Princess, and Caroline incurred his displeasure only because she insisted on siding with her husband against her father-in-law. George the First had always recognised her character and abilities, and he knew how great her influence was over the Prince. It was because she would not use this influence to further the King's ends that he disliked her, but he liked talking to her, or rather listening to her talk, for he was a man of few words himself. During the sermon in the Chapel Royal, he often discussed public men and questions with her, a favour

he never extended to his son. The King was so surrounded by favourites and mistresses that the royal pew was the only place where Caroline could be sure of an uninterrupted conversation with him, an opportunity of which she freely availed herself, often to the discomfiture of the preacher, for the King would sometimes raise his voice very loud. On one of these occasions the Princess and the King were discussing Walpole. "*Voyez quel homme*," said the King, "he can convert even stones into gold"; an appreciation Caroline noted at the time, and tested later when need arose.

Walpole now carried everything before him. He was the King's first Minister, and enjoyed his unbounded confidence; he was practically dictator in the Government, and his word was law in the House of Commons. But he no longer stood high in the favour of the Prince of Wales; he had not been able, or he had not been willing, to fulfil the promises he had made at the reconciliation. The Prince disliked him because his debts were still unpaid, because he was given no share in the Regency, and because Walpole had "betrayed him," as he said, "to the King". The Princess, too, owed him a grudge, because he had not restored her children to her, and because on more than one occasion he had spoken of her with great disrespect. In the matter of invective Caroline, however, was able to repay the debt with interest, Walpole's gross bulk, coarse habits, and immoral life all lending barbs to her satire. Despite these amenities, there was a tacit understanding between the Princess and Walpole. Though in adverse camps each respected the other's qualities; Walpole saw in Caroline a woman far above the average in intellect and ability, the tragedy of whose life was that she was married to a fool; while the Princess needed not the King's

recommendation to discover the great abilities of the powerful Minister.

Though Caroline frequently pressed Walpole on the subject of her children, he always pleaded that he could do little, the King was inexorable, and the Princesses Anne, Amelia and Caroline remained until the end of the reign in the King's household under the care of their state governess, Lady Portland. The Princess, however, gained concessions as time went by; in addition to the free access to her daughters at all times guaranteed at the reconciliation, they were allowed to visit her at Leicester House and Richmond, and sometimes to appear at the opera with her in the royal box. The enforced separation made no difference to the affection the princesses bore to their mother, but they gradually assimilated some of the contempt for their father which was freely expressed at the King's court, and in later years they (except the gentle Caroline) often spoke of him with disrespect.

During the next few years the Princess of Wales gave birth to three more children, one son, William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, at whose birth there were great rejoicings, and who was ever his mother's favourite child, and two daughters, Mary and Louisa.[1]

[1] GEORGE II. = CAROLINE OF ANSBACH.

- Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales, b. at Herrenhausen, 1707. M., 1736, Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, d. 1751. Had issue, George III. and others.
- Anne, Princess Royal, b. at Herrenhausen, 1709. M., 1733, Prince of Orange, d. 1759.
- Amelia Sophia Eleanora, b. at Herrenhausen, 1710, d. 1786, unmarried.
- Caroline Elizabeth, b. at Herrenhausen, 1715, d. 1757, unmarried.
- George William, b. 1717, at St. James's Palace, died in infancy.
- William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, b. at Leicester House, 1721, d. 1765, unmarried.
- Mary, b. at Leicester House, 1722. M., 1740, Frederick of Hesse Cassel, d. 1772.
- Louisa b. at Leicester House, 1724. M., 1743, King of Denmark, d. 1751.

The Prince of Wales was anxious to have another son, and when the courtiers came to congratulate him on the birth of the Princess Louisa, he said testily, "No matter, 'tis but a daughter". These children were all born at Leicester House, and remained under the care of their parents, the King only claiming the elder children, Frederick, Duke of Gloucester, who was still at Hanover, and the three eldest princesses. The younger family helped Caroline to bear the separation from her elder children.

As George the First grew old his court became duller; not even Caroline could infuse much life into it, or restore the gaiety of the early days of the reign. Many causes contributed to this. One was the depression brought about by the bursting of the South Sea Bubble. The after-effects were felt for a long time, and many of the nobility, who had lost heavily, retired to their country seats to retrench, and had perforce to give up the pleasures of town. As Lord Berkeley wrote in 1720: "So many undone people will make London a very melancholy place this winter. The Duke of Portland is of that number, and indeed was so before."[1] London continued depressed for some years. The Prince and Princess of Wales did their best to make society a little brighter, but they did not throw themselves into court festivities with the same zest as of yore. They were older, their taste for pleasure had lost its keenness, and the novelty of the first Hanoverian reign had quite worn off.

The glory of Leicester House had to a great extent departed also; the reconciliation robbed it of its attractiveness as a centre of opposition, and now that the Prince and Princess went to St. James's again, all the royal festivities took place there. Moreover, the courtiers who had thrown in their

[1] Wentworth Papers. Lord Berkeley to Lord Strafford, 12th November, 1720.

lot with the Prince of Wales frankly owned themselves disappointed; in spite of all the Prince's loud boasting and defiance, the reconciliation was little short of an unconditional surrender. Events clearly proved that they had overrated his influence, and underrated the King's power. The King had won all along the line; he was likely to live to a green old age, perhaps even to outlive the Prince, and the sycophants were anxious to bask in the royal favour again and catch some sprinklings from the fountain of honour. So they turned their backs on Leicester House, which, in truth, was not so attractive as it had been, for it had lost some of its brightest ornaments. The beautiful Bellenden was married, and in the Prince's disfavour; the fair Lepel had wedded Lord Hervey, and retired to the country, where she occupied herself in writing tedious letters to Mrs. Howard and others, which, though they bear witness to the correctness of her principles, almost make one doubt the sparkling wit with which her contemporaries have credited her. Perhaps marriage had exercised a sobering influence, though she showed not the slightest affection for her husband. Poor Sophia Howe was dying in obscurity of a broken heart. The maids of honour who had taken the place of these had not the *esprit* and beauty of their predecessors. But the popularity of the Princess of Wales continued unabated, and Leicester House was always crowded at her birthday receptions. Thus in 1724 we read:—

"Sunday last, being St. David's Day, the birthday of the Princess of Wales, the Stewards of the Societies of Ancient Britons, established in honour of the said anniversary, went and paid their duty to their Royal Highnesses at Leicester House, where they had a most gracious reception, and their Royal Highnesses were pleased to accept of the leek. On Monday the court at Leicester House, to con-

gratulate her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales on her birthday, was the most splendid and numerous that has been known, the concourse being so great that many of the nobility could not obtain admittance and were obliged to return without seeing the Prince and Princess. The Metropolitans of Canterbury and York, together with most of the other bishops, met at the Banqueting House at Whitehall, and proceeded thence in their coaches to Leicester House. The Lord High Chancellor in his robes, and such of the Judges as are in town, went also thither to pay their compliments, as did most of the foreign Ministers, particularly the Morocco Ambassador; but they who were thought to surpass all in dress and equipage were the Duchesses of Buckingham and Richmond, the Earl of Gainsborough and the Countess of Hertford. At one o'clock the guns in the park proclaimed the number of her Royal Highness's years, and at two their Royal Highnesses went to St. James's to pay their duty to his Majesty, and returned to Leicester House to dinner, and at nine at night went again to St. James's, where there was a magnificent ball in honour of her Royal Highness's birthday."[1]

In 1725 the rejoicings were if possible more general; there were bonfires and illuminations in the principal streets of London and Westminster, and several of the nobility illuminated their mansions. For instance: "Monday last, the anniversary of the birthday of the Princess of Wales was celebrated by his Grace the Duke of Leeds in a very extraordinary manner in his house upon Mazy Hill, near Greenwich, there being planted before his Grace's door three pyramids, which consisted of a great number of flambeaux, and two bonfires, one between each pyramid, besides which the house was very finely

[1] *The Weekly Journal* or *British Gazetteer*, 7th March, 1724.

illuminated on the outside, the novelty of which drew a great concourse of people to the place, where the Royal Family's health, together with those of the Ministers and State, were drunk with universal acclamations, to which end wine was served to the better sort and strong beer to the populace."[1] In 1726 we are told: "There was the most splendid and numerous Court at Leicester Fields that has ever been known; a great number of ladies of quality were forced to return home without being able to procure access to the Princess".[2] And in 1727: "The English at Gibraltar celebrated the 1st March, being her Royal Highness's birthday, in a very extraordinary manner, the ordnance of the garrison and the men-of-war discharging vast quantities of shot at the Spaniards, and there was also a most numerous and shining Court at Leicester House".[3] Certainly no such honours have been paid to any Princess of Wales as those paid yearly to Caroline, and the record of them shows that she succeeded in impressing her personality upon the nation, even when she occupied a difficult and subordinate position.

The Prince and Princess of Wales had to be very careful to avoid arousing afresh the hostility of the King. The Prince was never again admitted to any share in the Regency, but when the King was away at Hanover they indulged in some little extra state, which was immediately put down on his return. At one time they contemplated a visit to Bath for the Princess to take the waters, and thence to make a semi-state progress through Wales, but the plan was frustrated by the King's jealousy. They sought to make themselves popular with all classes. We read of their attending a concert at

[1] *The Daily Post*, 3rd March, 1725.
[2] *The Daily Journal*, 14th March, 1726. [3] *Ibid.*, 1st April, 1727.

the Inner Temple and a ball at Lincoln's Inn, and on one Lord Mayor's Day, when the civic procession went on the Thames to Westminster by barges, the Prince and Princess of Wales and their little son, Prince William, witnessed the show from Somerset Gardens. "Some barges rowed up to the wall, and the liverymen offering wine to their Royal Highnesses, they accepted the same, and drank prosperity to the City of London, which was answered by acclamations of joy."[1] One year the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by many of their court, went to St. Bartholomew's Fair, and enjoyed themselves heartily among the booths and roundabouts, mingling with the crowd, and staying there until a late hour at night.

The King did not behave generously to his daughter-in-law; all his gold and jewels went to his mistresses, but when he came back from one of his last visits to Hanover, he brought with him a curious specimen of humanity, called the "wild boy," whom he gave to the Princess. Great curiosity was excited in Court circles by this strange present. We read: "The wild boy, whom the King hath presented to the Princess of Wales, taken last winter in the forest by Hamelin, walking on all fours, running up trees like a squirrel, feeding on twigs and moss, was last night carried into the drawing-room at St. James's into the presence of the King, the Royal Family and many of the nobility. He is supposed to be about twelve or thirteen, some think fifteen, years old, and appears to have but little idea of things. 'Twas observed that he took most notice of his Majesty, whom he had seen before, and the Princess giving him her glove, he tried to put it on his own hand, and seemed much pleased with a watch which was held to strike at his

[1] *The Daily Journal*, 31st October, 1726.

ear. They have put on him blue clothes lined with red, and red stockings, but the wearing of them seems extremely uneasy to him. He cannot be got to lie on a bed, but sits and sleeps in a corner of the room. The hair of his head grows lower on the forehead than is common. He is committed to the care of Dr. Arbuthnot, in order to try whether he can be brought to the use of speech and made a sociable creature. He hath begun to sit for his picture."[1]

Caroline may possibly have had some influence with the King in delaying the Queen of Prussia's cherished scheme of the double marriage. An incident also contributed to delay it. There had always been jealousy between the Hanoverian Government and the Court of Berlin, and a very trifling matter served to stir up bad blood. The King of Prussia had formed a regiment of giants in which he took great pleasure and pride. In order to get men of the necessary height and size, he had to seek for recruits all over Europe, and his recruiting sergeants often took them by force. King George had sent his son-in-law some tall Hanoverians, and would have sent him some more, but when the King was absent in England the Hanoverian Government threw difficulties in the way. Frederick William's recruiting sergeants, chancing to light upon some sons of Anak in Hanoverian territory, carried them off by force. This made a great turmoil at Hanover; the men were demanded back, the King of Prussia refused, and the relations between Berlin and Hanover became strained. When King George came to Hanover again, in 1726, the King and Queen of Prussia paid him a visit, the King to smooth matters with his father-in-law, and the Queen to

[1] Brice's *Weekly Journal*, 8th April, 1725. This picture may still be seen at Kensington Palace.

settle the details of the proposed alliance. King George, however, wished to postpone the marriage on the ground that the parties were too young; Wilhelmina was then only fifteen years of age, and the Duke of Gloucester seventeen. But the Queen of Prussia pointed out that the precocious youth had already set up a mistress of his own, and therefore the plea of youth was unavailing. George then excused himself on the ground that the English Parliament had not yet been consulted about the marriage, but he gave the Queen a definite promise that, when he came to Hanover again, the marriage should be celebrated. He never came again—alive.

The Queen of Prussia had to be content with this promise, and she probably felt that she could afford to wait, as she had won over to her side the Duchess of Kendal, whose influence was all-powerful with the King. The Duchess, who had now been created Princess of Eberstein, enjoyed in her old age a powerful position, and she was paid court to, not only by the Queen of Prussia, but directly or indirectly by the most powerful monarchs of Europe. She was in correspondence with the Emperor at Vienna, and no doubt receiving money from him on the plea of furthering his interests, and she was in indirect communication with the King of France. The curious correspondence between Louis the Fifteenth and his Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, Count de Broglie, reveals how much importance was attached to gaining her influence. In one of his despatches the envoy says:—

"As the Duchess of Kendal seemed to express a desire to see me often, I have been very attentive to her; being convinced that it is highly essential to the advantage of your Majesty's service to be on good terms with her, for she is closely united to the three

Ministers[1] who now govern."[2] And again: "The King visits her every afternoon from five till eight, and it is there that she endeavours to penetrate the sentiments of his Britannic Majesty, for the purpose of consulting the three Ministers, and pursuing the measures which may be thought necessary for accomplishing their designs. She sent me word that she was desirous of my friendship, and that I should place confidence in her. I assured her that I would do everything in my power to merit her esteem and friendship. I am convinced that she may be advantageously employed in promoting your Majesty's service, and that it will be necessary to employ her, though I will not trust her further than is absolutely necessary."[3] The King of France was quite convinced that it was necessary to gain her friendship, for he writes: "There is no room to doubt that the Duchess of Kendal, having a great ascendency over the King of Great Britain and maintaining a strict union with his Ministers, must materially influence their principal resolutions. You will neglect nothing to acquire a share of her confidence, from a conviction that nothing can be more conducive to my interests. There is, however, a manner of giving additional value to the marks of confidence you bestow on her in private, by avoiding in public all appearances which might seem too pointed; by which you will avoid falling into the inconvenience of being suspected by those who are not friendly to the duchess; at the same time a kind of mysteriousness in public on the subject of your confidence, will give rise to a firm belief of your having formed a friendship mutually sincere."[4]

[1] Walpole, Townshend and the Duke of Newcastle.

[2] *La Correspondance Secrète.* Count de Broglie to the King of France, 6th July, 1724.

[3] *Ibid.*, 10th July, 1724.

[4] *Ibid.* Letter of the King of France to the Count de Broglie, 18th July, 1724.

These backstair intrigues of France with the Duchess of Kendal probably helped forward the defensive alliance which England concluded at Hanover with France and Russia, commonly known as the Treaty of Hanover, a treaty in which English interests were sacrificed for the benefit of Hanover. "Thus Hanover rode triumphant on the shoulders of England," wrote Chesterfield of it. Yet bad as it was from the English point of view, its provisions did not altogether satisfy the grasping Hanoverians, and Walpole was blamed by them for not having done more for them. Walpole had long realised that the duchess was a force to be reckoned with. "She is in effect as much Queen of England as ever any was," he said of her once, and he declared the King "did everything by her." He soon had occasion to feel her power.

The Duchess of Kendal resented Walpole's influence with his master. It was a peculiarity of this strange creature that she was jealous of any one who enjoyed the confidence of the King, were he man or woman; she had been largely responsible for the fall of Townshend in the early days of the reign, she had been a thorn in the side of Stanhope, and she now directed her energies to undermining the power of Walpole. At first she did not make any impression, for the King was fond of "*le gros homme*," as he called his Prime Minister. He made him a Knight of the Bath, an order which he revived, and afterwards gave him the Garter, the highest honour in the power of the Sovereign. He openly declared that he would never part with him. In his favour he even broke his rule of not admitting Englishmen to his private intercourse, and spent many an evening with Walpole at Richmond, where he had built a hunting lodge. He would drive down there to supper, and he and the Prime Minister would discuss politics over a pipe,

and imbibe large bowls of punch, for they both habitually drank more than was good for them. The Duchess of Kendal became jealous of these convivial evenings, and bribed some of the King's Hanoverian attendants to repeat to her what passed, and to watch that the King did not take too much punch. But the effort was not very successful, for the servants could not understand what was said. Walpole could speak no German and little French, and so he and George conversed mainly in Latin, the only language they had in common. Walpole used afterwards to say that he governed the kingdom by means of bad Latin.

The Duchess of Kendal gained an able ally in Bolingbroke, who had now returned again to England, and through the influence of the duchess had gained the restoration of his title and estates, though not his seat in the House of Lords. "Here I am then," he wrote to Swift, "two-thirds restored, my person safe, and my estate, with all the other property I have acquired or may acquire, secured to me; but the attainder is kept carefully and prudently in force, lest so corrupt a member should come again into the House of Lords, and his bad leaven should sour that sweet untainted mass." Bolingbroke now entered into an alliance with the opposition in the House of Commons, and intrigued with the Duchess of Kendal to oust Walpole from the King's favour. Had they been given time, they might have succeeded. The Duchess of Kendal presented to the King a memorial, drawn up by Bolingbroke, on the state of political affairs, and she persuaded him to grant the fallen statesman a private audience. Walpole declared years later that the King showed him the memorial, and it was at his suggestion that George the First consented to receive Bolingbroke. During the whole time Bolingbroke was closeted with the King, Walpole stated that he was waiting

in the ante-chamber, and when the audience was over, he asked the King what Bolingbroke had said. The King replied indifferently: "Bagatelles, bagatelles". But the fact that the King, who had dismissed Bolingbroke from office, and refused to receive him in 1714, when he first came to England, (though that was before his attainder), now consented to give him a special audience looked ominous for his great rival. Bolingbroke boasted that the King was favourably inclined to him, and only deferred making him Prime Minister until his return from Hanover, where he was soon setting out. But he could have had no grounds for the latter statement, though what he and the Duchess of Kendal might have achieved in time it is impossible to say.

Since the King's visit to Hanover the previous summer, his divorced wife, Sophie Dorothea, had died at Ahlden (November 13th, 1726), after thirty-three years' captivity in her lonely castle, where she had never ceased from the first hour of her imprisonment to demand release. Prince Waldeck arrived in England with secret despatches giving an account of the ill-fated princess's last moments, and the Courts of Hanover and Berlin assumed mourning, for the deceased Princess was the mother of the Queen of Prussia, and by birth Princess of Celle. It would have suited the King better to ignore the death of his hated consort altogether, but he was unable to do so after the public notice that had been taken of it by the Court of Berlin. So he had a notice inserted in the *London Gazette* to the effect that the "Duchess of Ahlden" had died at Ahlden on the date specified. He countermanded the court mourning at Hanover, and he would not allow the Prince and Princess of Wales to assume mourning for their mother, or make any allusion to her death. He himself, the very day he received the news, went

ostentatiously to the theatre, attended by his mistresses. But he was superstitious, and therefore a good deal worried by remembering a prophecy that he would not survive his wife a year.

It was rumoured that the King morganatically married the Duchess of Kendal soon after Sophie Dorothea's death, and that the Archbishop of York performed the ceremony privately. But there was nothing to prove the rumour, and the duchess was never acknowledged as the King's wife, either morganatically or otherwise. She always assumed airs of virtue and respectability, and was regular in her attendance of the services at the Lutheran Chapel Royal, though one of the pastors in years gone by had refused to administer the sacrament to her, on the ground that she was living with the King in unrepentant adultery. He was soon replaced by another more complaisant. It is exceedingly unlikely that a morganatic marriage took place, for the King, shortly after the death of his ill-treated consort, took to himself another mistress, who in time might have proved a formidable rival to the old-established favourites. On this occasion he selected an Englishwoman, Anne Brett, a bold and handsome brunette, who was the daughter of the divorced Countess of Macclesfield by her second husband, Colonel Brett. Anne demanded a coronet as the price of her complaisance and the old King was so enamoured that he promised her everything she wished. He lodged her in St. James's Palace, gave her a handsome pension, and promised the title and coronet on his return from Hanover. He set out thither on June 3rd, 1727, accompanied by the Duchess of Kendal, and Lord Townshend as Minister in attendance.

Mistress Brett was left in possession of the field, for Lady Darlington had ceased to count, and she soon gave the court a taste of her quality. Her

apartments adjoined those of the King's grand-daughters, Anne, Amelia and Caroline, and Mistress Brett ordered a door leading from her rooms to the garden to be broken down. The Princess Anne ordered the door to be blocked up again, whereat Mistress Brett flew into a rage, and told the workmen to pull down the barriers. But she had met her match in the Princess Anne, who, haughty and determined beyond her years, immediately sent other men to enforce her orders. When the dispute was at its height, news came from Hanover that the King was dead. Anne Brett was turned out of St. James's Palace, her coronet vanished into air, and she was more than content, some years later, to marry Sir William Leman, and retire into obscurity. The King's death foiled more than Anne Brett's expectations; it shattered Bolingbroke's hopes to the dust, and postponed indefinitely the double marriage scheme so dear to the heart of the Queen of Prussia.

The King had landed in Holland four days after leaving Greenwich, and he set out to accomplish the overland journey to Hanover, apparently in his usual health. The Duchess of Kendal stayed behind at the Hague to recover from the crossing, which always made her ill. Attended by a numerous escort, the King reached Delden, on the frontier of Holland, on June 9th. Hard by he paid a visit to the house of Count Twittel, where he ate an enormous supper, including several water-melons. His suite wished him to stay the night at Delden, but after resting there a few hours to change horses, he set off again at full speed in the small hours of the morning. According to Lockhart it was here that the letter was thrown into the King's coach which had been written by the ill-fated Sophie Dorothea, upbraiding her husband with his cruelty, and reminding him of the prophecy that he would

meet her at the divine tribunal within a year and a day of her death.[1] Whether it was the letter, or the supper, or a combination of both, it is impossible to say, but soon after leaving Delden the King became violently disordered and fell forward in a fit. When he partly recovered, his attendants again urged him to rest, but he refused. The last stage of the journey was accomplished in furious haste, the King himself urging on the postilions and shouting: "To Osnabrück, to Osnabrück!" Osnabrück was reached late at night, but by that time the King was insensible. His brother, the Duke of York, Prince-Bishop of Osnabrück, came out to meet him. The King was borne into the castle, and restoratives were applied, but he never recovered consciousness, and breathed his last in the room where he had been born sixty-seven years before.

Thus died the first of our Hanoverian Kings. To judge him impartially we must take into consideration his environment and the age in which he lived. So viewed, there is something to be said in extenuation, something even in his favour. His profligacy was common to the princes of his time, his coarseness was all his own. He was a bad husband, a bad father, bad in many relations of life, but he was not a bad king. He kept his compact with England, he was strictly a constitutional monarch, he respected the rights of the people, and his views on civil and religious liberty were singularly enlightened. His excessive fondness for Hanover was an undoubted grievance to his English subjects, but, on the other hand, it did him honour, as it showed that he did not forget his old friends in the hour of prosperity. Though as King of England he was a stranger in a strange country, and surrounded by

[1] *Lockhart Memoirs.* This letter, Lockhart states, was shown him the year of the King's death by Count Welling, Governor of Luxemburg.

faction and intrigue, he played a difficult part with considerable skill. The great blot upon his reign was the execution of the Jacobite peers; the great stain upon his private life, the vindictive cruelty with which he hounded his unfortunate wife to madness, and death. For the first he was only partly responsible, the second admits of no palliation. Yet with all his failings he was superior to his son, who now succeeded him as King George the Second.

BOOK III.

QUEEN CONSORT AND QUEEN REGENT.

Queen Caroline,
and the Duke of Cumberland

[illegible]

CHAPTER I.

THE SUCCESSION.

1727.

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Walpole arrived at Richmond [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] at [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW REIGN.

1727.

ws of George the First's death reached four days after he had breathed his last at ..orück. A messenger, bearing sealed despatches from Lord Townshend, arrived at Sir Robert Walpole's house in Arlington Street at noon on Wednesday, June 14th. He was told that the Prime Minister was at Chelsea, and he at once repaired thither. He found the great man at dinner. Walpole was thunderstruck at the news, for the old King was of so strong a constitution that, despite his occasional fainting fits, every one expected him to live to a green old age, as his mother had done before him. His sudden death, too, might mean the end of the Prime Minister's political career. But there was no time for vain regrets—the King was dead, long live the King. So ordering his horse to be saddled, Walpole rode off at full speed to Richmond, where George Augustus then was, to announce the tidings and pay homage to his new Sovereign. The day was hot, and so furiously did he ride that he killed, his son tells us, two horses between Chelsea and Richmond; but then his son was given to exaggeration.

Walpole arrived at Richmond Lodge about three o'clock, and requested to be shown at once into the royal presence. The Duchess of Dorset,

who was in waiting, said it was impossible, as the Prince had undressed and gone to bed after dinner according to his custom, and the Princess was resting also, and no one dared disturb them. But Walpole explained that his business brooked of no delay, and the duchess went to wake them. The King (as he must now be called), very irate at being disturbed, came into the ante-chamber in haste with his breeches in his hand—he was one of those princes who are fated to appear ridiculous even at the greatest moments of their lives. Walpole fell on one knee, kissed the hand holding the breeches, and told his Majesty that his royal sire was dead, and he was King of England. "Dat is von big lie," shouted King George the Second, as he had shouted at the Duke of Roxburgh on a memorable occasion some time before. But Walpole, unlike the duke, showed no resentment at being given the lie, and for all answer produced Townshend's despatch, which gave particulars of the late King's death. George snatched the letter from him and eagerly conned it; but his face did not relax as he read, nor did his manner unbend towards the Prime Minister. Walpole uttered some words of formal condolence, but they were ungraciously ignored. After an awkward pause, he asked the King his pleasure with regard to the Accession Council, the Proclamation, and other matters necessary to be done at once, naturally expecting that he should be commanded to attend to them. "Go to Chiswick, and take your directions from Sir Spencer Compton," said the King curtly, and turned his back as an intimation that the interview was at an end. George the Second then went to tell the great news to his Queen, and the crestfallen Minister withdrew, to go, as ordered, to Compton.

Walpole's reflections on his ride to Chiswick must have been bitter indeed. Well might he ex-

claim, as his fallen rival, Bolingbroke, had done under a similar reverse: "What a world is this and how does Fortune banter us!" For years he had been Prime Minister with almost absolute power, enjoying to the full the confidence of his Sovereign. Suddenly he was stripped of every shred of authority, and dismissed (for the King's bidding him go to Compton was tantamount to a dismissal) without the slightest consideration, like a dishonest servant. Walpole knew that George the Second owed him a grudge for not having kept his promises at the reconciliation, and disliked him, as he disliked all who enjoyed the late King's favour. But the Prime Minister hoped that time and Caroline's influence would put things right. He did not know that Pulteney had repeated certain remarks he had incautiously made soon after the reconciliation, when Pulteney asked him what terms he had got for the Prince of Wales. Walpole answered with a sneer: "Why, he is to go to court again, and he will have his drums and guards, and such fine things". "But," said Pulteney, "is the Prince to be left Regent as he was when the King first left England?" Walpole replied, "Certainly not, he does not deserve it, we have done more than enough for him; and if it were to be done again, we would not do so much".[1] George the Second's little mind resented slights of this kind more than greater wrongs, and he now took his revenge.

Sir Spencer Compton, to whom the disconcerted Minister sadly made his way, had been Speaker of the House of Commons, Treasurer of the Prince of Wales's Household, and Paymaster of the Army. Compton was much more of a courtier than a politician. He was a man of the mediocre order of ability that often makes a good and safe official;

[1] Pulteney's *Answer to an infamous Libel.*

he knew all about forms, procedure, and precedents, but he was not a leader of men, and he was quite unprepared for, and quite unequal to, the great position now thrust upon him. Walpole, who knew the man with whom he had to deal, felt towards Compton no personal resentment. He acquainted him briefly with George the First's death, gave him the new King's commands, and added on his own behalf: "Everything is in your hands; I neither could shake your power if I would, nor would if I could. My time has been, yours is beginning; but as we all must depend in some degree upon our successors, and as it is always prudent for these successors, by way of example, to have some regard for their predecessors, that the measure they mete out may be measured to them again—for this reason I put myself under your protection, and for this reason I expect you will give it. I desire no share of power or business, one of your white sticks,[1] or any employment of that sort, is all I ask, as a mark from the Crown that I am not abandoned to the enmity of those whose envy is the only source of their hate."[2]

Though Compton was astonished at the news, he did not conceal his delight at the unexpected honour that had fallen upon him. Walpole's speech flattered his vanity, and perhaps also touched his heart; he grandiloquently promised him his protection, and, thinking he had nothing to fear from the fallen statesman, took him into his confidence and consulted him as to how he should proceed. The two Ministers then drove together to Devonshire House to see the Duke of Devonshire, President of the Council, and arrange for an immediate meeting of the Privy Council. At forms Compton was an adept, but when it came to the speech that had to

[1] The officers of the Royal Household carried white wands.
[2] Hervey's *Memoirs*.

be put into the King's mouth he was nonplussed. He took Walpole aside, and asked him, as he had composed all the speeches of the late King, to compose this one also. Walpole pretended to demur, but as Compton persisted, he consented and withdrew to a private room in Devonshire House to draft the speech, while Compton set off to do homage to the King and Queen. Walpole must have chuckled over his task, for if the precedent-loving Compton had only consulted the back folios of the *Gazette* he would have found plenty of models for the King's speech; but he was so fussed with forms and ceremonies, and so elated with the sense of his new importance, that he was incapable of thinking coherently.

The King and Queen had driven up from Richmond in the afternoon, and were now arrived at Leicester House. The great news had spread abroad, and all London was flocking to Leicester Fields. When Compton arrived there, the square was so thronged with people who had assembled to cheer their Majesties that the coaches and chairs of the mighty, who were hurrying to pay their court, could scarce make way through the crowd. Inside Leicester House the walls were already hung with purple and black, and the Queen appeared in "black bombazine"; but these were the only signs of mourning, all else wore an aspect of rejoicing and congratulation. The new King and Queen held a court, the rooms were thronged with the great nobility and high officials, and persons of divers parties and creeds struggled up and down the stairs, all anxious to kiss their Majesties' hands, and to profess their loyalty and devotion. The Queen, who had a keen sense of irony, must have smiled to herself when she contrasted the crowded rooms before her with the thinly attended receptions which Leicester House (except on great occasions

such as birthdays) had witnessed during the past few years.

This was the proudest hour of Caroline's life. She had reached the summit of her ambition, she had become Queen. But the mere show of sovereignty did not content her, she was determined to be the power behind the throne greater than the throne. It was not enough for her that she had become Queen through her husband, she was determined to rule through him also. Did this inscrutable woman, we wonder, in this her hour of glory, recall the parallel Leibniz had drawn long before, when the prospects of the House of Hanover were darkest, between her and England's greatest Queen, Elizabeth? May-be, for, like Elizabeth, Caroline determined to have her Cecil. She knew there was but one man in England capable of maintaining the Hanoverian dynasty upon the throne in peace, and that one was Walpole. She had been dismayed when the King told her that he had sent for Compton, for she knew Compton's weakness. But, like a wise woman she did not attempt to thwart her husband in the first heat of his resentment against his father's favourite minister, who had been, willingly or unwillingly, the late King's mouthpiece for many slights to him, and perhaps, too, she thought it would be good for Walpole to be taught a lesson. She bided her time.

Compton at once had audience of the King. When he came out from the royal closet he walked across the courtyard to his coach between lines of bowing and fawning courtiers, all anxious to bask in the rays of the rising sun. They knew full well what this audience portended. Compton, greatly flattered by this homage, drove back to Devonshire House, where he found that the man whom he had superseded had finished the King's speech. Compton was graciously pleased to approve

the draft; he took it and copied it in his own handwriting. He then again repaired to Leicester House to present it to the King. On this occasion he was accompanied by the Duke of Devonshire and other privy councillors, including Walpole, who were to be present at the Accession Council. George the Second liked the speech well enough, but found fault with one paragraph and desired that it should be altered. Compton wished it to stand, for he knew not how to change it, but the King was obdurate and very testy at being opposed. Compton was then so incredibly foolish, from the point of view of his own interest, as to ask Walpole to go to the King's closet and see what he could do. Walpole went, nothing loath, and improved the occasion by declaring to the King his willingness to serve him either in or out of office. This was the Queen's opportunity. According to some, it was she who suggested that Walpole should be sent for; she certainly suggested to the King that perhaps he had been a little hasty, and it would be bad for his affairs to employ a man like Compton, who had already shown himself inferior in ability to the Minister whom he was to succeed. But Caroline could do no more at this juncture than suggest, and leave the leaven to work in the King's mind.

George the Second held his Accession Council that same night at Leicester House. He read his speech to his faithful councillors in which he lamented "the sudden and unexpected death of the King, my dearest father," he spoke of his "love and affection" for England and declared his intention of preserving the laws and liberties of the kingdom, and upholding the constitution as it stood. If he felt any relenting towards Walpole it was not visible in his manner. Compton took the first place, and the man who had hitherto dominated the councils of the King, and was still nominally Prime Minister, was

completely ignored by the new Sovereign. The office-seekers were not slow to follow the lead. For the next few days Leicester House was crowded every day, but whenever Walpole appeared the courtiers shrank away from him as though he had the plague. Walpole himself, though he knew the utter weakness of Compton, had no hope of being continued in office, and hourly expected to receive the King's command to give up the seals. "I shall certainly go out," he said to his friend Sir William Yonge, after the Council, "but let me advise you not to go into violent opposition, as we must soon come in again." Yonge quickly had experience of going out, for he was dismissed the next day, the King had always hated him and called him "stinking Yonge"; Lord Malpas, Walpole's son-in-law, was dismissed also. But the public announcement of the Prime Minister's dismissal tarried unaccountably—unaccountably that is to those who were not behind the scenes.

The Queen's influence was now beginning to tell. At first she persuaded the King to delay, for she knew that if he delayed he would reflect, and if he reflected he would change his mind. She reminded him of the trouble a change of Ministers would involve before he was comfortably seated on the throne, and she knew the King hated trouble. The King objected to Walpole's notorious greed for gold, but the Queen met this by saying that, with so many opportunities of amassing wealth, he must by this time have become so rich that he would want no more, and this, in a lesser degree, applied to his colleagues. "The old leeches," she cynically added, "will not be so hungry as the new ones, and will know their business much better." The critical situation of foreign affairs was another of the arguments used by the Queen in favour of Walpole, for no one had the same grasp of the

tangled skeins of foreign policy as he. The European courts, which did not understand the working of the English Constitution, might become alarmed at a sudden change of Ministry and imagine that it foretold a change in England's foreign policy, thus creating a general distrust, which would be dangerous to the reigning dynasty, more especially as there was always the fear of secret negotiations going on between James and the Roman Catholic courts of Europe. This was particularly true of France, with whom it was of the utmost importance to maintain good relations at the present juncture. Whilst Caroline was thus arguing, as luck would have it, Horace Walpole, the Prime Minister's brother, who was ambassador to France, arrived in England with a letter which his diplomacy had obtained from Cardinal de Fleury, pledging his master to maintain the treaties France had entered into with the late King, and to show goodwill towards George and ill-will to James. All these considerations told. But the most cogent argument which the Queen urged, and the one which had undoubtedly the most weight with the King, was the settlement of the Civil List. The new Civil List, Caroline reminded the King, was pressing, but a change of Ministers was not. There was nobody so able as Walpole to secure for them a handsome increase of the Civil List, for, as the old King said, he "could turn stones into gold". Why then let private resentment lead to personal inconvenience?

Nothing was done during the King's stay at Leicester House, and in the eyes of the world Compton was still first in the King's favour. At the end of the week the Court moved to Kensington, and by that time the Queen had worked so well that the King sent for Walpole, and asked him about the Civil List. The new monarch mentioned a sum

so large that Walpole was staggered, accustomed though he was to Hanoverian rapacity; but he showed nothing of his feeling in his face, and promised to do his utmost to serve his Majesty. He then had an audience of the Queen, who confided to him that Compton's estimate had by no means satisfied the King's demands, and he had proposed that she should have only a poor £60,000 a year. Walpole at once grasped the situation. He declared that he would obtain a jointure for her Majesty of £100,000 a year, which was £40,000 more than Compton had proposed, and he would force Parliament to meet the King's wishes. It was said that Walpole bought his influence with the Queen for this extra £40,000 a year, but that was not wholly true. Quite apart from money, Caroline had wit enough to see that the interests of the House of Hanover could best be served by Walpole, and of all English statesmen he was the one who could most be trusted to frustrate the Jacobites—for the rival claims of the Stuarts were an ever present danger to the Hanoverian family until 1745. She was, of course, not averse to receiving something in return for her support, and Walpole, it must be admitted, paid, or rather made the nation pay, for it handsomely. In addition to the Queen's £100,000 a year, Somerset House and Richmond Lodge were made over to her. Her income was double what any queen-consort had enjoyed before, and more than any has been granted since.

Walpole now realised that all that lay between him and power was a question of money. He therefore went next morning to the King with carefully prepared estimates. He proposed that his Majesty's Civil List should consist primarily of the £700,000 a year paid to the late King; £100,000 more, which had been paid directly to the Prince of Wales in the last reign, but which would now be vested in the

KING GEORGE II.

From the Painting by John Shackleton in the National Portrait Gallery.

King to make what allowance he pleased to his eldest son; and a further increase of £130,000 a year arising out of certain funds. In all, therefore, the King would receive the enormous sum of more than £900,000 a year. This George agreed to, for though he would have liked more, he had the sense to see that it was impossible to get it. The Queen had impressed upon him that Walpole was the only man who could carry such a large increase through the House of Commons. Pulteney and other Opposition politicians were ready to promise more to gain office, but their promises were nothing worth, for they had neither the ability nor the power to carry a large grant through Parliament. The King therefore took Walpole by the hand, and said that he had considered the matter, and intended to continue him in office on the understanding that he would carry through the Civil List, at the sum named. He added significantly: "Consider, Sir Robert, what makes me easy in this matter will prove for your ease too; it is for my life it is to be fixed, and it is for your life".

Matters thus being settled, the Queen that night at the drawing-room made known her approval of Walpole in a characteristic manner. Lady Walpole had come to court to pay her respects to the King and Queen, but she could not make her way to the royal daïs, for the lords and ladies turned their backs on the wife of the fallen Minister (as they considered him), and refused to yield her place. By dint of much struggling she managed to reach the third row, where she was espied by the Queen, who, beckoning to her, called out: "There, I am sure, I see a friend". The crowd in front immediately divided, and Lady Walpole performed her obeisance in the sight of the wondering court. The King and Queen smiled, and chatted with her some little time. All the courtiers noted it, and,

"as I came away," said Lady Walpole afterwards, "I might have walked over their heads had I pleased". Thus Compton's brief dream of authority vanished, and Walpole's tenure in power was assured. The crowd of placemen who had surrounded Compton transferred their attentions once more to Walpole, and the former was now as much deserted as the latter had been. The most extraordinary part of the whole affair was that, though Compton's friends, chief among whom were Mrs. Howard, the Duke of Argyll and Lord Chesterfield, were plunged into despondency by his fall, Compton himself heeded little these vicissitudes, and was content to be given, by way of compensation, a place about the court, the garter, and a peerage under the title of Earl of Wilmington. If the man had not been such a fool, he might almost have passed for a philosopher.

When Parliament met a week later it was seen by all the world that Walpole retained his old place. It was Walpole who proposed and carried through Parliament the bloated Civil List. Such was the Minister's power that no one in the House of Commons dared raise his voice against it except Shippen the Jacobite, who was known as "Downright Shippen" for his outspokenness. He had been sent to the Tower in 1717 for proclaiming in the House of Commons the obvious truth that George the First "was a stranger to our language and constitution"; yet, avowed Jacobite though Shippen remained, Walpole never repeated this error. Walpole had a great respect for him and used to say he was the only man in Parliament whose price he did not know. Shippen on his part declared: "Robin and I are two honest men, he is for King George and I am for King James, but these men in long cravats only desire place under King George *or* King James". Parliament, having

duly passed the Civil List, was dissolved by the King in person, who had one great advantage over his father in that he was able to read his speeches in English, albeit with a broad German accent. Walpole now had it all his own way. All the old King's Ministers were kept in office, even the Duke of Newcastle whom the King had especially hated—all, that is, except Lord Berkeley, who was forced to resign in consequence of the Queen having found in the late King's cabinet a paper (of which mention has already been made) containing a plan to kidnap the Prince of Wales and send him off to America. Berkeley, who had drawn up the document, found it convenient to withdraw to the Continent. No other changes of importance were made. Malpas was reinstated; Yonge had to remain out of office for a little time longer, but was eventually given a small post.

The Jacobites had always expected that the death of George the First would, in some way, benefit the Stuart cause—in what way it is not clear, for George the Second when Prince of Wales was less unpopular than his father. But the Jacobites hugged the hope that the death of the first Hanoverian king would plunge the country into confusion, and so it might have done, if George the First had not been so inconsiderate as to die at a moment when the Jacobites were in great confusion themselves. For the last two or three years James's little court had been distracted by internal jealousies and intrigues. Lord Mar, who superseded Bolingbroke, had, notwithstanding all his services, been superseded by Hay, whom James appointed his Secretary of State and created Earl of Inverness. Hay had a wife, who shared in these barren honours, which, it was said, she had done much to win. Her brother, Murray, James created Earl of Dunbar. This trio, of whom the lady was

the most arrogant, entirely governed James, who, like a true Stuart, was swayed by favourites. They created great dissatisfaction at his court. It was not long before his consort, Clementina, who was a princess of great beauty and virtue, but extremely high-spirited, had cause to complain of the insolence of Inverness and his wife. It was said that Lady Inverness was James's mistress, and colour was lent to the rumour by the fact that Clementina insisted upon her dismissal from her court. James refused, and she withdrew from her husband's palace and retired to the convent of St. Cecilia at Rome. A long correspondence ensued between James and Clementina, but she declined to return unless Lady Inverness was dismissed, and so brought about a virtual separation. This domestic scandal did great harm to the Stuart cause among the Roman Catholic princes of Europe, all of whom warmly espoused Clementina's side. The Emperor, who was her kinsman, was highly displeased, the Queen of Spain, who was her friend, was indignant, the Jacobites in England were divided amongst themselves, and in Scotland James's followers fell off everywhere in numbers and in zeal. The strongest representations were made to James from every side, but for a long time he turned a deaf ear to them all. At last, after protracted negotiations, he accepted Inverness's resignation and Lady Inverness went with her husband. Clementina agreed to leave her convent and rejoin her husband who was then at Bologna. She was actually on the road when the news arrived of George the First's death. Immediately all domestic considerations were swallowed up in the political necessities of the moment.

Seeing the advisability of being nearer England at this crisis, James set out from Bologna on the pretext of meeting his consort, but turning back half-way, he posted with all speed to Lorraine. As

soon as he arrived at Nancy in Lorraine he sent a messenger to Atterbury, who was acting as his agent in Paris, another to Lord Orrery, his agent in London, and a third to Lockhart at Liège, who was acting as his agent for Scotland. James had no lack of courage, and was anxious to set out for the Highlands at once, though he had neither a settled scheme nor promise of foreign aid. But the news he received from the north of the Tweed was discouraging, and the despatches from England were worse. Lord Strafford wrote to him[1] saying that the tide in favour of the "Prince and Princess of Hanover," as he called them, was too strong at present for the Jacobites to resist, and it would be better to wait until dissatisfaction broke out again, which he anticipated would not be long. "I am convinced," he wrote, "that the same violent and corrupt measures taken by the father will be pursued by the son, who is passionate, proud, and peevish, and though he talks of ruling by himself, he will just be governed as his father was. But his declarations that he will make no distinction of parties, and his turning off the Germans make him popular at present." Strafford, like many others, made the mistake of leaving Queen Caroline out of his calculations.

It was impossible for James to stay in Lorraine, for the French Government, at the instigation of Walpole, ordered the Duke of Lorraine to expel the "Pretender" from his territory. The duke, who was only a vassal of France, was forced to obey, and urged his unwelcome guest to leave Lorraine within three days. So James withdrew under protest. "In my present situation," he wrote to Atterbury, "I cannot pretend to do anything essential for my interest, and all that remains is that the world should see that

[1] The Earl of Strafford to James, 21st June, 1727.

I have done my part."[1] It must be admitted that he was ready to do it bravely.

James first sought refuge in the Papal State of Avignon, but here again the relentless English Government, acting through the French, managed to hunt him out, and the following year the heir of our Stuart Kings was forced to return a fugitive to Italy. He was joined by Clementina and afterwards lived harmoniously with her. Unfortunate in all else, James was at least fortunate in his consort, for all authorities unite in praising her grace and goodness, her talents and charity.

The immediate danger of a Jacobite rising was thus warded off, but so long as James and his two sons lived the House of Hanover could not enjoy undisputed title to the throne of England. In these early days, as Caroline knew well, it behoved the princes of the new dynasty to walk warily and court the popular goodwill, for there was always an alternative king in James, who by a turn of Fortune's wheel might find himself upon the throne of his fathers. Though the official world and most of those in high places were all for the Hanoverian succession, and though Walpole had the means to corrupt members of Parliament and buy constituencies as he would, yet the heart of the people remained very tender towards the exiled royal family and felt a profound compassion for their misfortunes.

The excitement consequent on the new reign continued for some months, and the King, not having had time to make himself enemies, was, to outward semblance, popular. A good deal was due to interested motives. The court was crowded with personages struggling for place. Lord Orrery wrote to James inveighing bitterly against "the civility, ignorance and poor spirit of our nobility

[1] James to Atterbury, 9th August, 1727.

and gentry, striving who shall sell themselves at the best price to the court, but resolved to sell themselves at any". Yet he is constrained to add: "There do not appear to be many discontented people".[1] Pope, too, who was now quite out of favour at court, wrote to a friend that the new reign "has put the whole world into a new state; but," he adds enviously, "the only use I have, shall, or wish to make of it, is to observe the disparity of men from themselves in a week's time; desultory leaping and catching of new modes, new manners and that strong spirit of life with which men, broken and disappointed, resume their hopes, their solicitations, their ambitions". The political Jeremiahs of the time bewailed the wholesale trafficking in places, and the universal corruption. The King himself did not set a high example of public or private honesty; he had wrung the highest sum he could from Parliament for his Civil List, and at one of his early Councils he distinguished himself by an act which can only be described as dishonest. The timid and time-serving Archbishop of Canterbury, old Dr. Wake, produced the late King's will, which had been entrusted to him, and handed it to George, fully expecting him to open it and read it to the Council. The King took it without a word, put it into his pocket, and walked out of the room. The Archbishop was so taken aback at this proceeding, that neither he nor the other privy councillors present raised a word in protest. George probably burnt the will after reading it, in any case it was never seen again. But the old King, who probably feared that some such fate would befall his testament, had taken the precaution to make a second copy, which he entrusted to the safe keeping of his cousin, the Duke of Wolfenbüttel.

[1] Lord Orrery to James, August, 1727.

The duke soon intimated this fact to the new King of England, and at the same time hinted that he had no wish to make matters disagreeable (which he could easily do if he wished, for the King and Queen of Prussia were furious), if his silence were made worth his while. George took the hint, and despatched a messenger to Wolfenbüttel promising the duke a subsidy. In return the messenger brought back the duplicate of the will, and this too was destroyed.

The only excuse that can be urged for the King's conduct, which probably defrauded among others his sister, the Queen of Prussia, and his son Prince Frederick, was that George the First had treated the will of his consort, Sophie Dorothea of Celle, in the same way, to the detriment, it was suspected, of both his son and his daughter. George the Second also, when Electoral Prince of Hanover, had reason to believe that his father had unjustly deprived him of a substantial inheritance which had been left him by his maternal grandfather, the Duke of Celle. The burning of wills seems to have been a peculiarity of the Hanoverian family at this time, for a year or two later, Frederick, Prince of Wales, accused his father of destroying the will of his uncle Ernest Augustus Duke of York and Bishop of Osnabrück. He died a year after his brother, George the First, and both Prince Frederick and the Queen of Prussia declared that they would have largely benefited by his death had it not been for the chicanery of George the Second. Queen Caroline always stoutly denied this imputation, and maintained that the Duke of York had nothing to leave, except £50,000 which he left to his nephew King George, and his jewels which he bequeathed to his niece the Queen of Prussia, to whom they were immediately sent. But neither the King nor the Queen of Prussia were satisfied with this explana-

tion, and they also had a further dispute with George about the French possessions of his mother, Sophie Dorothea, which she had inherited through her mother, Eléonore d'Olbreuse, who was descended from an ancient Huguenot family of Poitou.

The person who probably lost most by the destruction of George the First's will was the Duchess of Kendal, but she did not venture to lift her voice in protest. George the Second no doubt felt that she had amassed more than she deserved during the late King's lifetime, and if he allowed her to remain in peaceable possession of her plunder it was as much as she had any right to expect. The duchess seems to have thought so too, but her daughter, Lady Walsingham, who was also the late King's daughter, was not so complaisant. When a few years later Lord Chesterfield married her in the belief that she was a great heiress (in which hope he was disappointed), she confided to him that George the First had left her £40,000 in his will, which had never been paid. Lord Chesterfield, who was then out of favour at court and had no hope of regaining it, instituted, or threatened to institute, legal proceedings to recover the legacy. The case never came into court, for half the sum, £20,000, was offered, and accepted, as a compromise.

The aged Duchess of Kendal was the only person in the world who really mourned the late King. Within a week of his death George the First was as completely forgotten as though he had never been ; the only reminder of his reign was the official mourning. The Duchess of Kendal had accompanied him on his last journey, but, being indisposed by the sea voyage, she had tarried at the Hague a day to recover, and, like Lord Townshend, was following the King on the road to Hanover, when a messenger rode up to her coach with the tidings of

his death. The duchess was overwhelmed with grief; she beat her breast, tore her hair, and rent the air with her cries. But her sorrow did not get the better of her prudence, for, not being sure of the reception that awaited her from the new King, she resolved to remove herself from his Hanoverian dominions, and repaired to the neighbouring territory of Wolfenbüttel. Her fears proved to be groundless, for Queen Caroline harboured towards the ex-mistress no feelings of ill-will, and it followed that the King did not either. On the contrary, Caroline had liked the duchess, who, unlike Lady Darlington, was no mischief-maker, and had personally interceded with George the First, though unsuccessfully, to restore her children to the Princess. Moreover she was such an old-established institution that Caroline had come to look upon her almost in the light of the late King's wife. The Queen wrote the following letter to her within a fortnight of George the First's death :—

"KENSINGTON, *June 25th*, 1727.

"My first thought, my dear Duchess, has been of you in the misfortune that has befallen us; I know well your devotion and love for the late King, and I fear for your health; only the resignation which you have always shown to the divine will can sustain you under such a loss. I wish I could convey to you how much I feel for you, and how anxious I am about your health, but it is impossible for me to do so adequately. I cannot tell you how greatly this trouble has affected me. I had the honour of knowing the late King, you know that to know him was sufficient to make one love him also. I know that you always tried to render good service to the King (George II.); he knows it too, and will remember it himself to you by letter. I hope you

realise that I am your friend, it is my pleasure and my duty to remind you of the fact and to tell you that I and the King will always be glad to do all we can to help you. Write to me, I pray you, and give me an opportunity to show how much I love you.—CAROLINE."

It is impossible to accept literally these expressions of affection. Allowing for exaggeration they do credit to Caroline's heart, but the letter was probably dictated as much by prudence as by sympathy, for the Duchess of Kendal was then at Wolfenbüttel, and the Duke of Wolfenbüttel had the duplicate of the late King's will. Caroline was anxious to avoid a family scandal, for she knew by experience how bad these things were for the dynasty, and in the negotiations which passed between George the Second and the duke it is probable that the Duchess of Kendal played a part, though it is improbable that she received any portion of the subsidy. That matters were amicably arranged is shown by the fact that a few months later the duchess returned to England, and took up her abode at Kendal House, Twickenham, where she lived in comfortable retirement until the end of her days. She no longer appeared at court, but the King and Queen would never permit her to be molested in any way—so she may be said to have enjoyed their protection. She made a cult of her George's memory, dressing always as a widow and wearing the deepest weeds. She was of a pious, not to say superstitious, turn of mind, and declared that George the First had told her that his devotion was so great that he would return to her even after death. So one day when a raven hopped in at the window the bereaved duchess took it into her head that this was the reincarnation of the dead King. She captured the bird, put it into a golden cage, kept it always

by her, and provided for it in her will. Her death took place in 1743, at the advanced age of eighty-five years. Her wealth was divided among her German relations, and Kendal House was converted into a tea garden and afterwards pulled down.

CHAPTER II.

THE QUEEN AND WALPOLE.

GEORGE THE FIRST was buried at Herrenhausen in accordance with his expressed wish. His funeral did not take place until some three months after his death, and the new King was represented at it by his uncle the Duke of York. His decision not to go to Hanover for his father's obsequies gave rise to much satisfaction in England, and this combined with his summary dismissal of the Hanoverian favourites was quoted as a proof of his English predilections.

The court mourning came to an end soon after the funeral, and preparations were pushed forward with all speed for the coronation. George the Second determined that it should be a pageant from which no splendid detail was missing. The King and Queen ordered robes of extraordinary richness, but Caroline was badly off for jewels. Queen Anne had possessed a great number of beautiful gems, but Schulemburg, Kielmansegge, and the other German favourites had so despoiled Anne's jewel-chest, that nothing was left for the new Queen but a solitary pearl necklace. Caroline, however, rose to the occasion and gathered together for the coronation not only all her personal jewels which went to make her crown, but many more. When the great day arrived she appeared, we are told, wearing "on her head and shoulders all the pearls she could borrow from ladies of quality from one end of the

town, and on her petticoat all the diamonds she could hire of the Jews and jewellers at the other".

The coronation of King George the Second and Queen Caroline took place on October 11th, 1727, with all the solemnity suitable for the occasion, and more than the usual magnificence. The day was gloriously fine, and multitudes of people lined the gaily decorated streets. Caroline was the first Queen Consort to be crowned at Westminster Abbey since Anne of Denmark, consort of James the First, from whose daughter Elizabeth the House of Hanover derived its title to the British Crown. The coincidence was hailed as a propitious omen. The Queens-Consort subsequent to Anne of Denmark had been Roman Catholics, and Anne and Mary the Second were Queens-Regnant. Caroline was determined that she would not be relegated to the background, and, so far as circumstances permitted, the ceremonial at this coronation followed more closely that of William and Mary than of James the First and Anne of Denmark. Yet Mary was a Queen-Regnant who placed all her power in her husband's hands; Caroline was a Queen-Consort who took all her power from her husband's hands. No two women could be more unlike.

On the day of the coronation the King and Queen set out from St. James's Palace before nine o'clock in the morning. The King went to Westminster Hall direct. The Queen, who put on everything new for the occasion "even to her shift," was carried down through St. James's Park in her chair to Black Rod's Room in the House of Lords. There she was vested in her state robes, and waited until the officials came to escort her to Westminster Hall. She took her place there by the King's side at the upper end of the hall, seated like him in a chair of state under a golden canopy; the Queen's chair

was to the left of the King's. The ceremony of presenting the sword and spurs was then gone through, and the Dean and Canons of Westminster arrived from the Abbey bearing the Bible and part of the regalia. The King's regalia was St. Edward's crown, borne upon a cushion of cloth of gold, the orb with the cross, the sceptre with the dove, the sceptre with the cross, and St. Edward's staff. The Queen's regalia consisted of her crown, her sceptre with the cross, and the ivory rod with the dove. All these were severally presented to their Majesties, and then delivered to the lords who were commissioned to bear them.

At noon a procession on foot was formed from Westminster Hall to the Abbey. A way had been raised for the purpose, floored with boards, covered with blue cloth, and railed on either side. The procession was headed by a military band, and began with the King's herbwoman and her maids who strewed flowers and sweet herbs. It was composed in order of precedence from the smallest officials (even the organ blower was not forgotten) up to the great officers of state. The peers and peeresses wearing their robes of state and carrying their coronets in their hands walked in this procession in order mete, from the barons and baronesses up to the dukes and duchesses. The Lord Privy Seal, the Archbishop of York and the Lord High Chancellor followed. Then, after an interval of a few paces came the Queen, preceded by her crown which was borne by the Duke of St. Albans. The Queen was supported on either side by the Bishops of Winchester and London, and she majestically walked alone "in her royal robes of purple velvet, richly furred with ermine, having a circle of gold set with large jewels upon her Majesty's head, going under a canopy borne by the Barons of the Cinque Ports, forty gentlemen pen-

sioners going on the outsides of the canopy, and the Serjeants of arms attending".[1] The Queen's train was borne by the Princess Royal and the Princesses Amelia and Caroline, who were vested in purple robes of state, with circles on their heads; their coronets were borne behind them by three peers. The princesses were followed by the four ladies of the Queen's Household, the Duchess of Dorset, the Countess of Sussex, Mrs. Herbert and Mrs. Howard. Immediately after the Queen's procession came the Bishop of Coventry bearing the Holy Bible on a velvet cushion. Then, under a canopy of cloth of gold, walked "His Sacred Majesty, King George II., in his royal robes of crimson velvet, furred with ermine and bordered with gold lace, wearing on his head a cap of estate of crimson velvet, adorned with large jewels, and turned up with ermine". The King was supported on either side by bishops, and his train was borne by four eldest sons of noblemen and the Master of the Robes, and he was followed by a numerous and splendid company of officials. At the great west door of the Abbey the procession was met by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Westminster and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. It moved slowly up the nave to the singing of an anthem.

The King and Queen seated themselves on chairs of state, facing the altar, and the coronation service, which is really an interpolation in the office of Holy Communion, began. The Archbishop proceeded with the Communion service until the Nicene Creed, after which a special sermon was preached by the Bishop of Oxford. The sermon over, the King

[1] "A particular account of the solemnities used at the Coronation of His Sacred Majesty King George II. and of his Royal Consort Queen Caroline on Wednesday the 11th October, 1727," London, 1760. From the pamphlet the other particulars of the coronation are taken.

subscribed the Declaration against Transubstantiation and took the Coronation Oath.

The King then approached the altar, and knelt to be crowned. He was anointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury upon his head, his breast, and the palms of his hands. He was presented with the spurs, girt with the sword, and vested with the armills and the imperial pall; the orb with the cross was placed in his left hand, and the ring was put upon the fourth finger of his right hand. The Archbishop also delivered to the kneeling King the sceptre with the cross, and the rod with the dove, and, assisted by the other bishops present, "put the crown reverently upon His Majesty's head, at which sight all the spectators repeated their loud shouts, the trumpets sounded, and upon a signal given the great guns in the Park and the Tower were fired. The peers then put on their coronets." When the shouts ceased the Archbishop proceeded with the divine office. He delivered the Bible to the King and read the benedictions. "His Majesty was thereupon pleased to kiss the Archbishops and Bishops as they knelt before him one after another." Then the *Te Deum* was sung and the King was lifted upon his throne and the peers did their homage. During this ceremony medals of gold were given to the peers and peeresses, and medals of silver were thrown among the congregation.

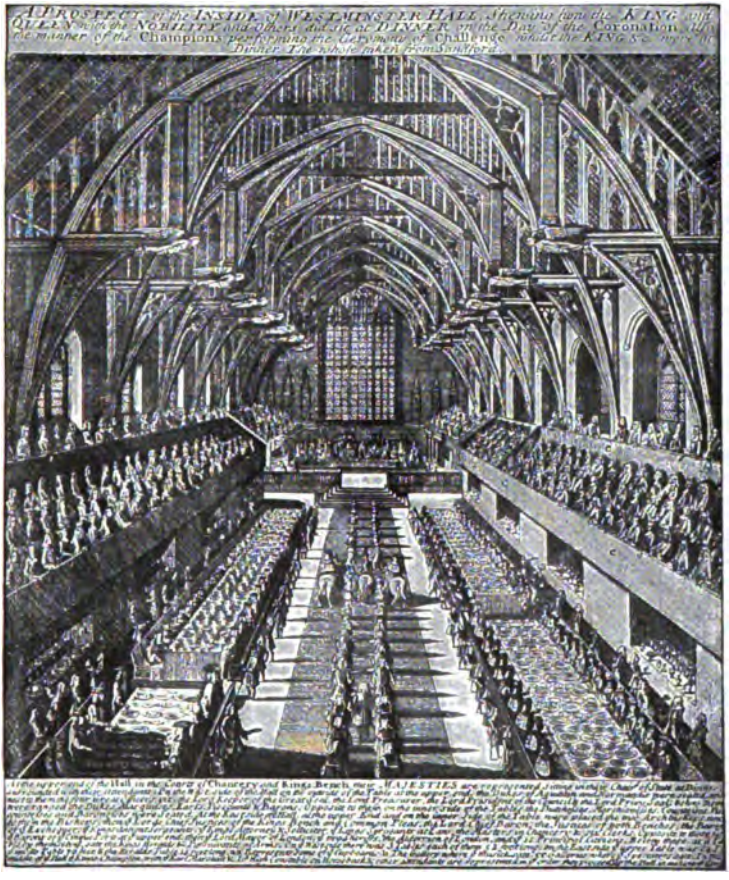
The Queen now advanced for her coronation. "Her Majesty, supported by the Bishops of London and Winchester, knelt at the steps of the altar, and, being anointed with the holy oil on the head and breasts, and receiving the ring, the Archbishop reverently set the crown upon her Majesty's head, whereupon the three princesses and the peeresses put on their coronets, and her Majesty having received the sceptre with the cross and the ivory rod with the dove, was conducted to her throne."

The King and Queen then made their oblations and received the Holy Communion.

When the long service was over their Majesties proceeded to St. Edward's Chapel, where the King was arrayed in a vesture of purple velvet, but the Queen retained her robes of state. Their Majesties, wearing their crowns, then returned on foot to Westminster Hall, and the long train of peers and peeresses, all wearing their coronets, followed.

In Westminster Hall the King and Queen took their seats on a daïs at a high table across the upper end of the hall; the three princesses sat at one end of this table. The nobility and other persons of quality bidden to the feast seated themselves at tables running down the hall, and the coronation banquet began. After the first course had been served, the King's Champion, who enjoyed that office by virtue of being Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire, entered. He was completely armed in a suit of white armour and was mounted on a "goodly white horse richly caparisoned". The Champion carried a gauntlet in his right hand, and his helmet was adorned with a plume of feathers—red, white, and blue. Approaching their Majesties' table the Champion proclaimed his challenge in a loud voice :—

"*If any person of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay Our Sovereign Lord King George II., King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc., son and next heir to Our Sovereign Lord King George I., the last King deceased, to be the Right Heir to the Imperial Crown of this Realm of Great Britain, or that he ought not to enjoy the same; here is his Champion who saith that he lyeth and is a false Traytor, being ready in person to combat with him and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed.*"



THE CORONATION BANQUET OF GEORGE II. AND QUEEN CAROLINE.

Then the Champion cast down his gauntlet, which, when it had lain some few minutes, was picked up by a herald and re-delivered to him. The Champion went through this performance three times, and after the third he made a low obeisance to the King. Whereupon the cup bearer brought to the King a gold bowl of wine with a cover, and his Majesty drank to the Champion and sent him the bowl by the cup bearer. The Champion, still on horseback, put on his gauntlet, received the bowl and drank from it, and after making a second reverence to their Majesties, departed from the hall, taking with him the bowl and cover as his fee. As soon as the Champion had gone out, the heralds, after three obeisances to the King, proclaimed his style as follows in Latin, French and English:

"*Of the Most High, Most Mighty and Most Excellent Monarch George II., by the Grace of God King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith.*"

These ceremonies over the King and Queen proceeded with their dinner. "The whole solemnity," we read, "was performed with the greatest splendour and magnificence, and without any disorder; and what was most admired in the hall were the chandeliers, branches and sconces, in which were near two thousand wax candles, which being lighted at once, yielded an exceeding fine prospect." Their Majesties did not leave Westminster Hall until eight o'clock in the evening, when they returned to St. James's Palace to rest after their labours. But their loyal subjects prolonged the rejoicings far into the night with bonfires, illuminations, ringing of bells, and other demonstrations of joy.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who was present at the coronation, wrote a lively account of the scene, though she was more concerned with the deportment of her friends and acquaintances than

with details of the ceremonial. She comments on the "great variety of airs" of those present. "Some languished and others strutted," she writes, "but a visible satisfaction was diffused over every countenance as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greater number of eyes was indisputably Lady Orkney. She exposed behind a mixture of fat and wrinkles, and before a very considerable protuberance which preceded her. Add to this the inestimable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which by good fortune stood directly upright, and 'tis impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making, if my Lady St. John had not displayed all her charms in honour of the day. The poor Duchess of Montrose crept along with a dozen black snakes playing round her face, and my Lady Portland, who has fallen away since her dismissal from Court,[1] represented very finely an Egyptian mummy embroidered over with hieroglyphics."[2]

The magnificence of the coronation was the talk of the town for a long time. As London was very full of persons of quality who had come from far and near to attend it, the theatre of Drury Lane seized the opportunity to give a highly ornate performance of *King Henry the Eighth*, with the coronation of Anne Boleyn at the end of the play, a scene on which £1,000 (an unheard of sum to spend upon mounting a scene in those days) was expended. The scene at Drury Lane rivalled in mock splendour the ceremonial at the Abbey. All

[1] She had been appointed governess to the three eldest princesses by George I., but was dismissed by Queen Caroline.

[2] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's *Letters and Works*. Edited by Lord Wharncliffe.

the town flocked to see it, both those who had been present at the real coronation and those who had not. The King and Queen and the young princesses came more than once, and graciously expressed their approval. "The Coronation" was repeated in the provinces for a year or two later.

The City of London was not backward in showing its loyalty to George the Second; an address was presented to the King, and the Lord Mayor's Show was conducted on a scale of unprecedented splendour. The King and Queen attended in state the banquet at the Guildhall, and some idea of the entertainment may be gathered from the fact that two hundred and seventy-nine dishes adorned the feast, and the cost amounted to £5,000.

When the excitement and loyal emotions called forth by the coronation had subsided the English people were better able to take the measure of their second King from Hanover. The process of disillusion soon set in. George the Second had even fewer good qualities than his father. On the battlefield, like all princes of his house, he had shown physical courage, though he had no claim to generalship. He had a certain shrewdness and a vein of caution which kept him from committing any flagrant errors, however foolishly he might talk. But this was the most that could be said in his favour. He was vain and pompous, mean, spiteful and avaricious. All he cared for, it was said, was "money and Hanover". He neither spoke nor acted like a King, and his small mind was incapable of rising to the height of his position. If he were straightforward it was because he was too stupid to dissemble, and if he seldom lied it was because it involved too great a strain upon his narrow imagination. On the surface it would be impossible to imagine two persons more unsympathetic than the King and Queen, yet the fact remains

that they were devoted to one another. George knew that his consort was absolutely loyal to his interests, and in the great loneliness that surrounds a throne he could appreciate the benefit of having one disinterested person whom he could trust and in whom he could confide. In his heart of hearts he knew that his Queen was infinitely his superior, though he would never admit it to himself, to her, or least of all to the world. Yet in public affairs she swayed him as she would.

From the time that Caroline became Queen, until her death, she governed England with Walpole; she did not merely reign but she ruled, and though she was only Queen Consort, admitted by the English Constitution to no share in affairs of state, yet practically she was Queen Regnant, and a more powerful one than any England had known except Elizabeth. Caroline regarded Elizabeth as her great exemplar, and resembled her in many ways—in her love of dominion, her jealousy of any rival near her throne, her diplomatic abilities, her breadth of view in matters of religion, her contempt for trivialities, and her superiority to mere convention. She differed from Elizabeth in that she had a good heart, and though she loved to rule, she was neither tyrannical nor despotic. Elizabeth exercised her power directly, appropriating even the credit due to her Ministers; Caroline's power was indirect and found its way through tortuous channels. The extent of her power, though suspected, was never fully realised during her lifetime, except by a few persons such as Lord Hervey, who came into daily contact with her, and of course Walpole. Caroline had to be careful not to arouse the King's jealousy, for, like many weak men, he loved the outward semblance of authority, and this the Queen was more than ready to yield him. The King could have all the show provided she had the substance.

The Queen and Walpole soon came to an understanding, and in the governing of the King and the kingdom they worked in accord. The Prime Minister discussed fully with her affairs of state, and together they planned what should be done. When everything was settled between them, Caroline undertook to bring the King round to their way of thinking. This process generally took place in private, but sometimes, if the matter were urgent, Caroline and Walpole would play into each other's hands in another way. The Prime Minister would have a conference with the Queen over-night, and the next morning, when he was summoned by the King, Caroline would, as if by accident, enter the royal closet. She would make a deep obeisance and humbly offer to withdraw. The King would tell her to stay; she would take a chair, occupy herself with knotting or something of the kind, and apparently take no interest in the conversation. The King would ask her opinion. "I understand nothing of politics, your Majesty knows all," she would modestly answer. Delighted with this tribute to his powers George would press for an answer to his question, and then the game of hoodwink would begin. From certain secret signs agreed upon between her and Walpole, the Queen spoke or was silent, gave a qualified opinion or expressed herself plainly. It was all so well managed that neither the King nor other ministers present, if there were any, noticed the least thing. Walpole played with his hat, fidgeted with his sword, took snuff, pulled out his pocket handkerchief or plaited his shirt frill: each detail of this dumb show had its secret meaning. This farce was played not once but many times, over and over again, and though the means were sorry enough, the end was the good of the nation. The personal rule of the monarch as it had existed in the days of the Stuarts was

gone for ever; still the King was a force to be reckoned with, and, in foreign politics especially, Walpole would have found the choleric little George a terrible stumbling-block in his path had it not been that the Queen bent him to her will. The King would often announce his intention of doing something incredibly foolish, she would apparently agree with him, yet before long she would bring him round to her point of view, though it was in flat contradiction to his first declaration. When the King set his face against a certain plan of the Prime Minister's or a certain appointment, Walpole would leave the matter in the Queen's hands, and by and by the King would suggest to him the very policy or appointment he had opposed, as though it were an idea of his own. Caroline talked her sentiments into her husband's mind and he reproduced them as faithfully as words talked into a phonograph.

In public the Queen was always obedient, and her manner to the King was submission itself. "She managed this deified image," says Lord Hervey, "as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favourites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief *priestess* ever received a favourable answer from our god; storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection; calms and sunshine those who obtained it." The most farcical thing about it was that the little domestic tyrant took all this homage as his due, and to hear him talk his courtiers might think that he was as despotic as the Cæsars and as autocratic as the Tsar. On one occasion his mind ran back

over English history (with which, by the way, he was imperfectly acquainted), and he recalled his predecessors on the throne and contrasted them unfavourably with himself. To quote the same authority: "Charles I.," he said, "was governed by his wife; Charles II. by his mistresses; James II. by his priests; William III. by his men; and Queen Anne by her women-favourites. His father, he added, had been by anyone that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about smiling to one of his auditors, and asked him—'And who do they say governs now?'"

The courtier, we may be sure, was too discreet to say, but ill-affected persons blurted out the truth, and the disaffected journals, from the *Craftsman* downwards, railed at Walpole for having bought the Queen, and at the King for being governed by her. This was repeated over and over again in ribald verse of which the following will serve as a specimen:—

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

The Queen and Walpole were always striving to keep these lampoons away from the King, but some one about the court, probably in the apartments of Mrs. Howard, told him of the existence of this one, and he was exceedingly annoyed. He asked Lord Scarborough if he had seen it. Scarborough admitted that he had. George then asked him who had shown it to him, but he said he had pledged his honour not to tell. The King flew into a passion, and said: "Had I been Lord Scarborough in this situation and you King, the man

would have shot me, or I him, who had dared to affront me, in the person of my master, by showing me such insolent nonsense". Scarborough replied that he had not said it was a *man* who had shown it to him, which made the King, who regarded this as a pitiful evasion, angrier than ever. By way of showing his independence the King for some time after was more than usually testy with the Queen, contradicting her flatly before all the court whenever she ventured an opinion, snubbing her unmercifully, pooh-poohing her wishes, and generally treating her with almost brutal rudeness. The Queen received this with meekness, and abased herself before the King more than ever. But all the while her power increased.

Soon after the coronation the country was plunged into a general election. The Jacobites came off very badly at the polls, and the Tories little better. Even with the aid of the malcontent Whigs, the Opposition made a poor muster in point of numbers, and when the new Parliament met in January, 1728, the Ministerial majority was even greater than in the last reign. Walpole had won all along the line. The result no doubt was largely due to the way in which the Government had bought owners of pocket boroughs, and to the wholesale bribery wherewith its agents seduced the voters; under such a system of corruption it was impossible for the voice of the nation to make itself effectually heard. Even many of those members of Parliament who were returned to the House of Commons in opposition to Walpole were eventually bought by him. "Every man has his price" was his cynical maxim, and he acted upon it so thoroughly that his name became a byword for corruption. True, the standard of political morality was not high in those days, the party in power, whether Whig or Tory, frequently abused the public trust and misused

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

From the Painting by J. B. Van Loo in the National Portrait Gallery.

the public money. But it remained for Walpole to bring organised corruption to such a pitch that it paralysed popular government, and placed the balance of power, neither in the Sovereign, nor in the people, but in the hands of a Whig oligarchy. Such an oligarchy was at this period synonymous with Walpole himself, for the great Minister brooked no rivals in the King's (or rather in the Queen's) councils. "Sir Robert," said the shrewd old Sarah of Marlborough, "likes none but fools and such as have lost all credit." His earlier Administrations had included a few strong men, but one by one they had to go, unable to work with so jealous and domineering a chief. By bribery Walpole also reduced Parliament to such a condition of impotence that it was hardly more to be reckoned with than the King. The Prime Minister had really no one to consider but the Queen, with whom he had a perfect understanding.

Thus did Caroline and Walpole rule England. The means whereby they ruled were tainted at the source; the end may, or may not, have justified the means, but at this distance of time, when the fierce controversies which gathered around Walpole's policy have passed into history, it must be admitted that the results were good. England was sick unto death of internal and external strife, what she needed was a strong hand at the helm and a settled government, and under Caroline and Walpole she secured both, and ten years of peace abroad and plenty at home in addition. This long peace enabled England to recover herself within her borders; British credit, which had sunk to zero, rose higher than it had been for years, trade and commerce increased, land went up in value, wheat became cheaper, and everywhere signs of prosperity were manifest. By degrees, and it was here that Caroline's tact came in, the different classes of the community were re-

conciled to the Hanoverian dynasty; the Church and the country squires held out the longest, but though they retained a tender sentiment for the exiled Stuarts they came in some vague way to connect their material prosperity with the maintenance of the Hanoverian *régime*. This result was not achieved without some loss, chiefly to be found in the lowering of the old ideals. The clergy, from causes on which we shall dwell more fully later, became indifferent, and the Church sank into apathy; the country gentry lost, together with their old passionate loyalty to the King, some of their sense of personal responsibility towards their poorer neighbours, and took a lower view of their duties to the State. Much of the grossness and selfishness which disfigured the eighteenth century was due to an excess of material prosperity, and a consequent lowering of ideals in our national life.

Very soon the King, who when Prince of Wales had always posed as English in all his sentiments, began his father's game of sacrificing English interests to those of Hanover. So subservient was the new House of Commons, and so unscrupulous were Walpole's tactics, that only eighty-four members were found to vote against a proposal to pay £280,000 to maintain Hessian troops for the benefit of Hanover; and the subsidy of £25,000 a year for four years to the Duke of Wolfenbüttel, in return for his promise to furnish troops for a similar purpose, was passed with very little opposition. The maintenance of the Hessian troops was part of the price Walpole had to pay the King for preferring him to Compton, and the Duke of Wolfenbüttel's subsidy was hush-money pure and simple, paid for his handing over the late King's will.

Though the Opposition was weak in numbers, and suffered from a lack of cohesion in its different groups, it was strong in the quality of its individual

members. Pulteney headed the opposition to Walpole in the House of Commons, more especially that part of it which included the malcontent Whigs and the more moderate Tories who supported the Hanoverian succession. It was Bolingbroke who built up this party, and he invented for it the name of "Patriots". Carteret, and later Chesterfield, were among its leading lights, but Pulteney was the chief. This remarkable man was in the prime of life, and endowed with natural and acquired advantages. He was of good birth, and the owner of great wealth; he had a handsome person, a dignified manner and a cultured mind. His wit and scholarship almost rivalled Bolingbroke's, and as an orator he had few equals, and no superior, in his generation. Pulteney's abilities as a statesman were of the highest order; he had been a colleague of Walpole in earlier days, and stood by him in many a hard fought fight. He had therefore the strongest claims for place. But Walpole, jealous of Pulteney's powers, passed him over for Cabinet office and offered him a minor post in the Government, and a peerage. The latter was refused, the former accepted for a time, but Pulteney soon resigned and went into active opposition. He joined forces with Bolingbroke, and the first fruit of their union was the *Craftsman*, a journal which fiercely attacked Walpole and his policy, the second was the formation of the Patriots' party. Bolingbroke, though still excluded from the House of Lords, was able through the medium of the *Craftsman* to address himself to the wider constituency of the nation. His articles against his lifelong enemy were masterpieces of damaging criticism and polished invective. Besides Bolingbroke, the ablest political writers of the day contributed to the *Craftsman*.

The most remarkable feature of the Opposition was the fact that it included men who, though differing widely among themselves, were united in

common hatred of Walpole. There became practically only two parties in the State, those who were for Walpole and those who were against him; and the differences between malcontent Whig and Tory, Jacobite and Hanoverian, sank into comparative insignificance. Thus Pulteney and Carteret were staunch Hanoverians and Whigs, Barnard was a Hanoverian Tory, Wyndham a Tory with Jacobite leanings, and Shippen a Jacobite out and out; Bolingbroke stood among these parties, partaking a little of them all, and concentrating into himself the essence of their hatred of Walpole.

No English Minister has ever been hated more than Walpole and none has had abler foes. The combination of two such master-minds as Bolingbroke and Pulteney would, under ordinary circumstances, have broken down any Minister. But the circumstances were not ordinary, and no statesman was more successful than Walpole in overcoming his enemies. His success was largely due to the steady support he received from the Queen. To her wise counsels was also something due. Walpole now refrained from violent measures against his political opponents, even under intense provocation. Hitherto in English politics the party in power had consistently persecuted the party in the minority. But now a new era set in; it was possible to oppose a powerful Minister and yet not be sent to the Tower or impeached as a traitor. This more generous policy may be directly traced to Queen Caroline, for Walpole in George the First's reign had been anything but conciliatory, and no Minister had urged more fiercely than he the impeachment, the exile, and even the death of his political opponents. It was he who had clamoured for the execution of the Jacobite peers. But Caroline now exercised a restraining hand. During her ten years of queenship great freedom of speech was allowed in Parliament and outside it, and the widest

liberty was given to the press. Impeachment, fining and imprisonment of politicians in opposition to the Government were things unheard of, and Caroline was careful to conciliate, or to endeavour to conciliate, such members of the Opposition as were loyal, or professed themselves to be loyal, to the Hanoverian dynasty. She remained on good terms with John, Duke of Argyll, who had been the King's favourite when he was Prince of Wales, but who had now gone into the cold shade of Opposition, and resigned all his offices about the court. She even received Pulteney much against Walpole's wish, and she had a smile and a gracious word for many of the Patriots when they came her way, always excepting Bolingbroke, whom she never would admit to the least atom of her favour. In Caroline's wise policy may be seen the germs of that strict impartiality which the Sovereign ought to show towards prominent statesmen, whether they are in office or in opposition. This has now become almost an unwritten law of the English Constitution.

In a far lesser degree Caroline's influence may also be traced in the way in which Walpole, though possessing the power to force through Parliament any measure he would, refrained from running counter to the popular will, when that will was unmistakably declared. True, here his own inherent statesmanship came in, and counselled moderation. But Caroline also had theories about the popular will and civil liberty which she had acquired in her youth from Sophie Charlotte of Prussia, the "Republican Queen," and this at least may be claimed for her, that she taught Walpole the art of making his concessions gracefully. Her love of liberty in matters of religion showed itself in the zeal with which she urged indulgence to Protestant dissenters; the time was not supposed to be ripe for the repeal of the penal laws against them, but annual Acts

of Indemnity were passed which practically gave them the relief they desired, and drew the fangs of the Test and Corporation Acts. Caroline's power was most noticeable in the dispensing of patronage; it is not too much to say that in all the ten years she was Queen no important appointment, either in Church or State, was made without her having some voice in it. In this transition period the judicious distribution of patronage influenced largely the future of the nation, and the Queen, who saw further ahead than most of her contemporaries, was fully conscious of its importance. Thus this princess, who little more than a decade before was a stranger to the English laws and constitution, was able to shape and guide the destinies of England.

CHAPTER III.

THE COURT OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

THE court of King George the Second and Queen Caroline was conducted on a larger scale than any court England had known since the days of Charles the Second, though it lacked much of the gaiety and more of the grace that enlivened and adorned the court of the Merry Monarch. George the Second was a great lover of show, but he had neither wit nor good taste, and when he assumed the crown he seemed to think that he ought also to assume a stiffness and pomposity of manner to maintain his regal dignity. Like all German princes he was a great stickler for etiquette, and he modelled his court not only on Versailles, which then served as a pattern for all the courts of Europe, but imparted to it some of the dulness of Herrenhausen, and further regulated it with strict regard to English precedents in previous reigns. The court officials were often very hard put to it to unearth them. But the King was exceedingly precise and resented the most trifling breach of etiquette as a reflection on his royal dignity. He was a great authority on dress and ceremonial; he could tell to a hair's-breadth the precise width of the gold braid which should adorn the coat of a gentleman of the bed-chamber, and recall with accuracy the number of buttons required for the vest of a page of the backstairs. The Queen encouraged and applauded his bent in this direction;

it occupied his mind and left her free to arrange with Walpole the weightier affairs of the nation.

Leicester House was given up and the court made St. James's Palace its headquarters in London. All the Hanoverian mistresses and favourites who had occupied apartments there during the last reign were turned out without ceremony. The court of Queen Caroline was more select than that of George the First. Drunkenness was still a venial offence, but it was not approved of in the royal presence, and women of notoriously ill repute were no longer received at St. James's. When the court was at St. James's, drawing-rooms were held several times a week, public days as they were called, and the King and Queen gave frequent audiences besides. Court balls often took place, and at the evening drawing-rooms cards and high play were still in vogue. Every movement of the King and Queen in public was made the occasion of ceremonial; they attended divine service at the Chapel Royal in state; they walked in St. James's Park followed by a numerous suite, the way kept clear by guards; they seldom drove out unless preceded by an escort; their visits to the theatre or opera were always announced beforehand, and their coming and going made the occasion of a spectacle. The people, with whom the pomp and circumstance of Royalty is always popular, loved these sights mightily, and all classes were pleased that there was once more a court in London. The King and Queen also revived the custom of dining in public on Sundays. One of the large state rooms of St. James's Palace was set apart for the occasion, and at a flourish of trumpets the King and Queen and the Royal Family entered and sat down to table in the centre of the room surrounded by the officers of the household. The courses were served with much ceremony on bended

knee. The table was decked with magnificent plate and a band played during dinner. The enclosure was railed around, and the public were admitted by ticket, and allowed to stand behind the barriers and watch the royal personages eat, a privilege of which they freely availed themselves. After dinner the King and Queen withdrew to their apartments, their going, as their coming, being made the occasion of a procession.

One of the first acts of the new King and Queen was to make a tour of the royal palaces, which had been practically closed to them since their rupture with George the First. The old King had disliked Windsor and rarely went there, its grandeur oppressed him, and he and his German mistresses felt out of their element in a place steeped in traditions essentially English. George the Second did not care for Windsor any more than his sire, and excused himself from going there often on the ground that it was too far from London. He visited the castle chiefly for the purpose of hunting in the forest. But Caroline loved royal Windsor greatly, and used to go there during the King's absences at Hanover. In one of the recesses of the picture gallery, now the library, she arranged an extensive and valuable collection of china; the collection was afterwards dispersed, but some of the china remains at Windsor Castle until this day, and is the only relic of Queen Caroline's occupation.[1]

The King and Queen paid their first visit to Windsor in the autumn of 1728, and great preparations were made to welcome them to the royal borough. "Last Saturday," we read, "when their Majesties arrived at Windsor, the Mayor, aldermen,

[1] After Queen Caroline's death George II. rarely went to Windsor, and so neglected the Castle that when George III. ascended the throne it was found to be in a ruinous condition.

and capital burgesses were ready in their formalities to receive them, and the balconies were hung with tapestry and vast crowds of spectators, but their Majesties came the Park way. The King and Queen walked in the Park till dinner time. The next day their Majesties dined in public, when all the country people, whether in, or out of, mourning, were permitted to see them."[1] On this occasion George the Second assumed his stall in St. George's Chapel as Sovereign of the Order of the Garter, and made his offering at the altar. The Queen, with the Duke of Cumberland, the Princess Royal, and the Princesses Caroline, Mary and Louisa, were present, and the Queen was seated under a canopy erected on the south side of the choir. A ball was given in the evening. The royal pair hunted the stag in Windsor Forest frequently during the visit, and on one occasion remained out until nine o'clock at night, and on another hunted all day through the rain, chasing the stag as far as Weybridge. The Queen followed the hounds in a chaise with one horse, in the same way that Queen Anne used to hunt in Windsor Forest. During their sojourn at Windsor the King and Queen received one Mrs. Joy, "a widow lady in the ninety-fourth year of her age, who had kissed Charles the First's hand; she was very graciously received".[2] The Queen celebrated her first visit to Windsor by giving £350 at Christmas for releasing insolvent debtors confined in the town and castle gaol—her favourite form of charity. The prisoners, to the number of sixteen, were set free.

Kensington was George the Second's favourite palace, as it had been his father's. King George the First rebuilt the eastern front and added the

[1] *Stamford Mercury*, 19th September, 1728.
[2] *Daily Post*, 27th December, 1728.

cupola. He also improved the interior, notably by making the grand staircase. Then, as now, Kensington Palace was an irregular building with little pretence to beauty and none to grandeur. But our first Hanoverian kings loved it; its homeliness reminded them of Herrenhausen. The Kensington promenades were now revived, and the King and Queen accompanied by the Royal Family would pace down the walks between an avenue of bowing and smiling courtiers. Throughout this reign, and far into the next, Kensington Gardens formed a fashionable resort, and with the promenades are associated many of the great names of the eighteenth century. People were admitted to the gardens by ticket obtainable through the Lord Chamberlain. Thus the promenades developed into a sort of informal court and were much resorted to by persons who did not attend drawing-rooms and levées in the ordinary way, as well as by those who did. The King and the Queen on these morning walks would make many a person happy by singling him out from the crowd with a bow, a smile, or the honour of a few words; or, on the other hand, they would plunge many an aspirant to Court favour into gloom by ignoring him. The origin of these promenades may be traced to the daily walks of the Electress Sophia in the gardens of Herrenhausen, when she used to give audience to her supporters. Like the old Electress, her grandson and his Queen were great walkers. The little King used to walk very fast, with a curious strutting step, and generally forged ahead, leaving his taller and stouter consort to pant along behind him. In a political skit of the day there is an amusing reference to Caroline's custom of dropping behind her husband. It is headed: "*Supposed to be written on account of three gentlemen being seen in Kensington Gardens by the King and*

Queen while they were walking". It was written either by Pulteney or Chesterfield, and these two were doubtless represented in it, the third being Wyndham or Bolingbroke. "The great river Euphrates" is the Serpentine, which Caroline created out of a string of ponds. It runs:—

"Now it came to pass in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon, in the eighth month, of the sixth year, the beginning of hay harvest, that the King and Queen walked arm in arm in the gardens which they had planted on the banks of the river, the great river Euphrates, and behold there appeared on the sudden three men, sons of the giants. Then Nebuchadnezzar the King lifted up his voice and cried: 'Oh men of war, who be ye, who be ye, and is it peace?" They answered him not. Then spake he and said: 'There is treachery, oh my Queen, there is treachery,' and he turned his face and fled. Now when the Queen had seen what had befallen the King she girt up her loins and fled also, crying: 'Oh my God!' So the King and Queen ran together, but the King outran her mightily, for he ran very swiftly; neither turned he to the right hand nor the left, for he was sore afraid where no fear was, and fled when no man pursued."

The King and Queen probably saw Pulteney, Chesterfield and Bolingbroke coming towards them, and as they were no doubt just then opposing some pet measure of Walpole and of the court, the King not wishing to receive their salutations, and not caring to ignore them, turned on his heel, and, followed by the Queen, hurried off as fast as he could.

Richmond Lodge had now become Caroline's personal property, and the Queen continued to be very fond of it, and spent large sums of money in enlarging the gardens. Soon after Caroline became Queen she gave £500 for railing and improving

Richmond Green, and we read: "A subscription is set on foot among the inhabitants of the town of Richmond for erecting the effigy of her Majesty in the middle of the green".[1] But this intention was apparently never carried out. The Queen also had a cottage at Kew where she often drove to breakfast from Richmond. She gave the use of it to her favourite, Mrs. Clayton, afterwards Lady Sundon.

Hampton Court, more than any other royal palace, has memories of Queen Caroline, and many of its rooms remain to this day much as she left them. The Queen's dressing-room is almost the same as it was one hundred and seventy years ago; her high marble bath on one side of the room may still be seen, and on the other side is the door that led to her private chapel. Under Caroline's supervision Hampton Court was altered in many ways, and in some improved. The great staircase was completed and decorated; the Queen's presence chamber and the guard chamber were altered in a way characteristic of the early Georgian period. The public dining room, which is one of the finest rooms in the palace, was also redecorated, and the massive chimney-piece of white marble which bears the arms of George the Second was placed in it. Nor did the Queen confine her alterations only to the palace. She had a passion for gardening, especially landscape gardening, and the grounds of Hampton Court were considerably changed under her supervision. It was she who substituted wide sweeping lawns for the numerous fountains and elaborate flower beds which until then had ornamented the great fountain garden. Her alterations in many respects were severely criticised.[2]

[1] *Country Journal*, 22nd June, 1728.

[2] Most of them, both in the palace and the gardens, were carried out by Kent, an unworthy successor to Sir Christopher Wren. Some of Kent's work at Hampton Court is very incongruous and inferior.

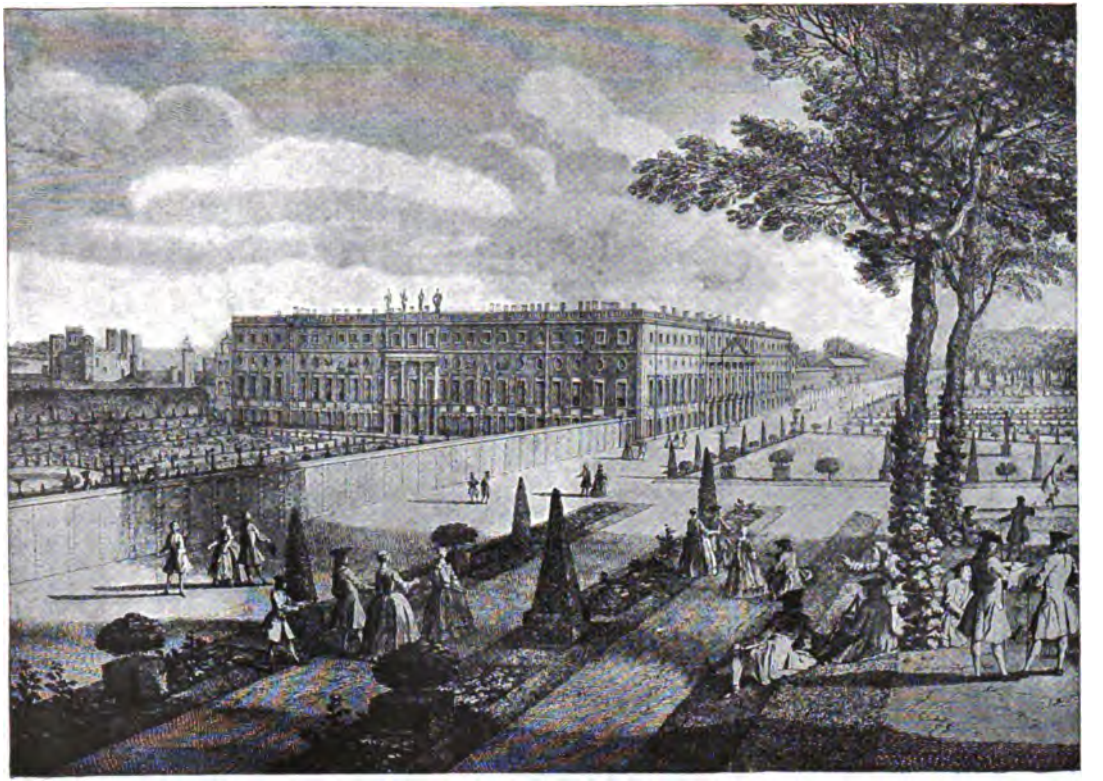
Both the King and the Queen had pleasant memories of the place where they had celebrated their only regency when Prince and Princess of Wales. The summer after the coronation they came to Hampton Court for some time, and, as long as the Queen lived, a regular practice was made of spending at least two months there every summer. From Hampton Court the King did a great deal of stag hunting; he was especially fond of the pleasures of the chase and would not forego them on any account. His enthusiasm was not shared by the lady members of the royal household. "We hunt," writes Mrs. Howard from Hampton Court to Lady Hervey, "with great noise and violence, and have every day a very tolerable chance to have a neck broke;"[1] and her correspondent, writing of the same subject, declares her belief that much of Mrs. Howard's illness was due to this violent riding. The following is a description of one of these expeditions:—

"On Saturday their Majesties, together with their Royal Highnesses the Duke (of Cumberland) and the Princesses, came to the new park by Richmond from Hampton Court and diverted themselves with hunting a stag, which ran from eleven to one, when he took to the great pond, where he defended himself for half an hour, when he was killed. His Majesty, the Duke, and the Princess Royal hunted on horseback, her Majesty and the Princess Amelia in a four-wheeled chaise, Princess Caroline in a two-wheeled chaise, and the Princesses

[1] Accidents were not infrequent at these hunting parties. For instance, we read in the newspapers of the day:—

"25th August, 1731.—The Royal Family were hunting, and in the chase a stag started upon the Princess Amelia's horse, which, being frightened, threw her.

"28th August, 1731.—The Royal Family hunted in Richmond Park, when the Lord Delaware's lady was overturned in a chaise, which went over but did no visible hurt."



HAMPTON COURT, TEMP. GEORGE II.

Mary and Louisa in a coach. Her Majesty was pleased to show great condescension and complaisance to the country people by conversing with them, and ordering them money. Several of the nobility attended, amongst them Sir Robert Walpole, clothed in green as Ranger. When the diversion was over their Majesties, the Duke, and the Princesses refreshed themselves on the spot with a cold collation, as did the nobility at some distance of time after, and soon after two in the afternoon returned to Hampton Court."[1]

The Queen always accompanied the King in her chaise, but she cared nothing for the sport. She took with her her vice-chamberlain, Lord Hervey, "who loved hunting as little as she did, so that he might ride constantly by the side of her chaise, and entertain her whilst other people were entertaining themselves by hearing dogs bark, and seeing crowds gallop".[2] The King cared only for stag-hunting and coursing; he affected to despise fox-hunting, though the sport was very popular among his subjects. Once, when the Duke of Grafton said he was going down to the country to hunt the fox, the King told him that: "It was a pretty occupation for a man of quality, and at his age to be spending all his time in tormenting a poor fox, that was generally a much better beast than any of those that pursued him; for the fox hurts no other animal but for his subsistence, while those brutes who hurt him did it only for the pleasure they took in hurting." The Duke of Grafton said he did it for his health. The King asked him why he could not as well walk or ride post for his health; and added, if there was any pleasure in the chase, he was sure the Duke of Grafton can know nothing of it; "for," added his Majesty, "with your great corps of twenty stone

[1] *Stamford Mercury*, 22nd August, 1728. [2] Hervey's *Memoirs*.

weight, no horse, I am sure, can carry you within hearing, much less within sight, of the hounds."[1]

At Hampton Court, as at St. James's, the King and Queen dined in public on Sundays, and the people came in crowds to see the sight. On one of these occasions an absurd incident took place. "There was such a resort to Hampton Court last Sunday to see their Majesties dine," writes a news-sheet, "that the rail surrounding the table broke, and causing some to fall, made a diverting scramble for hats and wigs, at which their Majesties laughed heartily."[2] On private evenings at Hampton Court the only amusement was cards, but now and then the King and Queen held drawing-rooms, in the audience chamber.[3] Often in summer, when the nights were fine, the Queen and her ladies would go out and walk in the gardens. We may picture her pacing up and down the avenues of chestnut and lime in the warm dusk, or viewing from the gardens the beautiful palace bathed in the moonbeams. So little is changed to-day that it requires no great effort of the imagination to re-people Hampton Court with the figures of the early Georgian era.

One of the most prominent personages at the Court of Queen Caroline was her favourite, Lord Hervey, whom she had now appointed her vice-chamberlain, and who enjoyed her fullest confidence. The Queen delighted to have him about her at all times, and would converse with him for hours together, asking him questions about a hundred and one things, and laughing at his clever talk. Lord Hervey was a man of considerable wit and

[1] Hervey's *Memoirs*. [2] *Stamford Mercury*, 25th July, 1728.

[3] The canopy of crimson silk under which Caroline stood is still affixed to the wall of the Queen's audience chamber at Hampton Court—or was there until lately.

ability, and undoubtedly an amusing companion. But he was a contemptible personality, diseased in body and warped in mind, incapable of taking a broad and generous view of any one or anything; ignorant of lofty ideals and noble motives himself, he was quite unable to understand them in others, and always sought some sordid or selfish reason for every action. The Queen, however, overlooking his faults, with which she must have been familiar, and his effeminacies and immoralities, of which she could not have been ignorant, believed that he was a faithful servant to her, and trusted him in no ordinary degree. As a sign of her favour she increased his salary as vice-chamberlain by £1,000 a year, allowed him considerable patronage, which was worth a good deal more, and made him many valuable presents. She treated him rather as a son than as a subject. "It is well I am so old," she used to say (she was fourteen years Hervey's senior), "or I should be talked of over this creature." No one, however, ever talked scandal of her Majesty, though some doubted her judgment in choosing her friends, and it must be confessed that she was unwise in admitting Hervey to so many of her secrets. Notwithstanding that she heaped favours upon him, he repaid her with ingratitude, and when she was dead endeavoured to befoul her memory. But to the Queen's face he was a fawning and accomplished courtier, and expressed the greatest zeal in her service.

Hervey had a nimble and superficial pen, and sometimes employed himself in writing anonymous pamphlets in defence of the Government and Court against members of the Opposition. A great many of these anonymous pamphlets were showered upon the town at this time, and Pulteney chancing to come across one of them,

entitled *Sedition and Defamation Displayed*, which attacked him and Bolingbroke in no measured terms, thought it was from Lord Hervey's pen (it afterwards turned out to be not so), and wrote a violent answer, also anonymous, called *A Proper Reply to a Late Scurrilous Libel.* This pamphlet abused Walpole, and by implication the Court, and applied several opprobrious epithets to Hervey, speaking of him by his nickname "Lord Fanny," describing him as "half-man and half-woman," and dwelling malignantly on his peculiar infirmities. The pamphlet was warmly resented at court. Like many who set no bounds to their own malice, Hervey was extremely sensitive to attack, and wishing to curry favour with the King and Queen he wrote to Pulteney to know if he were the author of the pamphlet. Pulteney answered that he would inform him on that point if Hervey would tell him first whether he was the writer of *Sedition and Defamation Displayed.* Hervey sent back word to say that he had not written the pamphlet, and again demanded an answer to his question. Pulteney returned a defiant message saying that "whether or no he was the author of the *Reply* he was ready to justify and stand by the truth of every word of it, at what time and wherever Lord Hervey pleased". This was tantamount to a challenge, and Hervey, though not given to duelling, could not in honour ignore it. A duel was arranged. "Accordingly," writes an eye-witness,[1] "on Monday last, between three and four in the afternoon, they met in Upper St. James's Park, behind Arlington Street, with their two seconds, who were Mr. Fox and Sir J. Rushout. The two combatants were each of them slightly wounded, but Mr. Pulteney had once so much the advantage of Lord Hervey that he would

[1] Thomas Pelham to Lord Waldegrave, 30th June, 1730.

have infallibly run my lord through the body if his foot had not slipped, and then the seconds took the occasion to part them. Upon which Mr. Pulteney embraced Lord Hervey, and expressed a great deal of concern at the accident of their quarrel, promising at the same time that he would never personally attack him again, either with his mouth or his pen. Lord Hervey made him a bow without giving him any sort of answer, and, to use a common expression, thus they parted." Sir Charles Hanbury Williams wrote some lines on this duel, in which, addressing Pulteney, he says:—

> Lord Fanny once did play the dunce
> And challenged you to fight;
> And he so stood to lose his blood,
> But had a dreadful fright.

Among minor figures about the court two of the most familiar were Lord Lifford and his sister, Lady Charlotte de Roussie. They were the children of a Count de Roussie, a French Protestant who came over to England with William of Orange in 1688, and was created by him Earl of Lifford in the peerage of Ireland. They were typical courtiers of the baser sort, and would perform the meanest offices and indulge in the grossest flattery in order to win some rays of the royal favour. They were not popular with any of the English people about the court. Hervey tells us: "They had during four reigns subsisted upon the scanty charity of the English Court. They were constantly, every night in the country and three nights in the town, alone with the King or Queen for an hour or two before they went to bed, during which time the King walked about and talked to the brother of arms, or to the sister of genealogies, whilst the Queen nodded and yawned, till from yawning she came to nodding, and nodding to snoring. These two

miserable Court drudges, who were in a more constant waiting than any of the pages of the backstairs, were very simple and very quiet, did nobody any hurt, nor anybody but His Majesty any pleasure, who paid them so ill for all their assiduity and slavery that they were not only not in affluence, but laboured under the disagreeable burdens of small debts, which £1,000 would have paid, and had not an allowance from the Court, that enabled them to appear there even in the common decency of clean clothes. The King nevertheless was always saying how well he loved them, and calling them the best people in the world, but though he never forgot their goodness he never remembered their poverty."

Another foreign dependent was Schütz, a Hanoverian. Pope, who had lost the favour of the Court, was very bitter upon those who retained it; in one of his ballads he sings :—

> Alas! like Schütz I cannot pun,
> Like Grafton court the Germans,
> Tell Pickenbourg how slim she's grown,
> Like Meadows run to sermons.

Hervey satirises Schütz's dulness as follows :—

> And sure in sleep no dulness you need fear
> Who, ev'n awake, can Schütz and Lifford bear.

And again—

> Charlotte and Schütz like angry monkeys chatter,
> None guessing what's the language or the matter.

While in another of his satires occur these lines :—

> There is another Court booby, at once hot and dull,
> Your pious pimp Schütz, a mean Hanover tool.

A personage of quite a different order to the foregoing was Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret, the authoress of the correspondence with Lady Hertford. Lady Pomfret was the granddaughter on

the paternal side of Judge Jefferies, on the maternal of the Earl of Pembroke, and on the strength of the latter claimed descent from Edward the First. Lady Pomfret accepted the post of lady of the bedchamber, but she was of a different type to many of the Queen's ladies. She was a matron of unimpeachable virtue, the mother of six lovely daughters—all beauties—of whom, perhaps, the best known was Lady Sophia Fermor, afterwards Lady Carteret. Lady Pomfret had a keen sense of her dignity, and she affected a knowledge of literature and the fine arts. The celebrated "Pomfret Letters," much admired in their day, are packed with platitudes, and so dull that they leave no doubt as to the correctness of her principles. Lady Pomfret was considered by many of her contemporaries to be a prodigy of learning; she seems rather to have been a courtly Mrs. Malaprop. She once declared that "It was as difficult to get into an Italian coach as for Cæsar to take Attica"—by which she meant Utica. On another occasion some one telling her of a man "who talked of nothing but Madeira, she asked gravely what language that was". But despite her eccentricities she had sterling qualities, and was as much a credit to the court as her daughters were its ornaments.

The Queen's household was numerous, and included the Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Dorset; six ladies of the bedchamber, all countesses; six bedchamber women and six maids of honour. The two most prominent members of it were two bedchamber women, Mrs. Clayton, the Queen's favourite, and Mrs. Howard, the King's favourite, who hated one another thoroughly.

Mrs. Clayton had now great influence with the Queen, more indeed than any one except Walpole, with whom she came frequently into collision. She was an irritating woman with an overwhelming sense

of self-esteem. Horace Walpole calls her "an absurd pompous simpleton". Lord Hervey credits her with all the virtues, and declares that she possessed an excellent understanding and a good heart. She undoubtedly possessed cunning and ability, which she used to such advantage that she ultimately procured for her stupid husband a peerage, as Viscount Sundon, and she foisted a large family of needy relatives on to the public service. She acted as a sort of unofficial private secretary to the Queen and became the medium of all manner of communications to her mistress. Many of the letters written to her were really addressed to Caroline. Walpole heartily disliked Mrs. Clayton and tried in vain to shake her influence with the Queen. Her ascendency was inexplicable to him for years, but at last he thought that he had discovered the reason. When Lady Walpole died, the Queen asked him many questions about his wife's last illness and persistently referred to one particular malady from which, in point of fact, Lady Walpole had not suffered. The Prime Minister noticed it, and when he came home he said to his son: "Now, Horace, I know by the possession of what secret Lady Sundon has preserved such an ascendant over the Queen". Whether her influence was wholly due to this cause is open to question, for she stood in high favour before her mistress's malady began. But for long years Caroline suffered from a distressing illness of which she would rather have died than have made it known, and Mrs. Clayton was one of the few who knew her secret.

All the maids of honour except Miss Meadows had changed since the King and Queen were last at Hampton Court, but these young ladies were still of a lively temperament. One evening in the darkness several of them played at ghost, and stole out into the gardens and went round the palace rattling and knock-

ing at the windows. Lady Hervey, who had heard of these frolics, writes to Mrs. Howard: "I think people who are of such very hot constitutions as to want to be refreshed by night walking, need not disturb others who are not altogether so warm as they are; and it was very lucky that looking over letters till it was late, prevented some people being in bed, and in their first sleep, otherwise the infinite wit and merry pranks of the youthful maids might have been lost to the world."[1]

But, however lively may have been the young maids of honour, one member of the Queen's household found Hampton Court dull under the new reign and its glory departed. Writing to Lady Hervey Mrs. Howard says:—

"Hampton is very different from the place you knew; and to say we wished *Tom Lepel*, *Schatz* and *Bella-dine* at the tea-table, is too interested to be doubted. *Frizelation*, *flirtation* and *dangleation* are now no more, and nothing less than a Lepel can restore them to life; but to tell you my opinion freely, the people you now converse with" (books) "are much more alive than any of your old acquaintances."[2]

Mrs. Howard had a good reason to be dispirited, for the new reign had proved a sad disappointment to her. She had expected, and so had her friends, that the King's accession to the throne would bring her an increase of power, wealth and influence, which would have helped to compensate her for the equivocal position she occupied, a position which, as she was a modest woman, could not have been altogether congenial to her. "No established mistress of a sovereign," says Horace Walpole, "ever enjoyed less brilliancy of the situation than

[1] Lady Hervey to Mrs. Howard, 7th July, 1729. *Suffolk Correspondence.*

[2] Mrs. Howard to Lady Hervey, September, 1728.

Lady Suffolk." The only benefit she received was a peerage for her brother, Sir Henry Hobart, and at the end of a long and trying career at court she managed to amass a sum, not indeed sufficient to give her wealth, but to save her from indigence. The Queen once said that Mrs. Howard received £1,200 a year from the King all the time he was Prince of Wales, and it was increased to £3,200 a year when he became King. He also gave her £12,000 towards building her villa at Marble Hill, near Twickenham, besides several "little dabs" both before and after he came to the throne. But this represented all that Mrs. Howard gained, if indeed she gained so much; patronage or influence she had none, and those who placed their trust in her found themselves out of favour. After a while the courtiers began to find out that it was more profitable to pay their suit to Mrs. Clayton, who had the ear of the Queen, than to Mrs. Howard, who had not the ear of the King. Yet the King still continued to visit Mrs. Howard for some three or four hours every evening, at nine o'clock, "but with such dull punctuality that he frequently walked up and down the gallery for ten minutes with his watch in his hand if the stated minute was not arrived".[1] The Queen was doubtless glad to get rid of him for a time, but Mrs. Howard must have suffered sadly from the tedium of entertaining her royal master on these daily visits, and certainly deserved more than she got in the way of recompense. She had, as one puts it, "the scandal of being the King's mistress without the pleasure, the confinement without the profit". The Queen took care that the profit was strictly limited.

The King was so mean that at one time he even

[1] Walpole's *Reminiscences*. Mrs. Howard was lodged at Hampton Court in the fine suite of rooms until recently occupied by the late Lady Georgiana Grey.

suggested, indirectly, that the Queen should pay Mrs. Howard's husband out of her privy purse for keeping himself quiet. This was too great a tax even on Caroline's complaisance and in one of her bursts of confidence she told Lord Hervey that when Howard insisted on his wife returning to him, "That old fool, my Lord Trevor, came to me from Mrs. Howard, and after thanking me in her name for what I had done, proposed to me to give £1,200 a year to Mr. Howard to let his wife stay with me; but as I thought I had done full enough, and that it was a little too much not only to keep the King's *guenipes*" (in English trulls) "under my roof, but to pay them too, I pleaded poverty to my good Lord Trevor, and said I would do anything to keep so good a servant as Mrs. Howard about me, but that for the £1,200 a-year I really could not afford it". So Howard's silence was bought out of the King's pocket, and Mrs. Howard's maintenance was partly provided by him, and partly by the Queen, who gave her a place in her household and so threw a veil of respectability over the affair.

Mrs. Howard found that she gained so little by the King's accession, that she wished to retire from court, but was not allowed to do so. Meanwhile all her nominations were refused. She seems to have shown her resentment in divers ways. Her refusal to kneel during the ceremony of the Queen's dressing was perhaps one manifestation of it. With regard to her uprising and retiring, her dressing and undressing, Queen Caroline followed the custom which had been observed by all kings and queens of England until George the First, who refused to be bound by precedent in this matter. Caroline performed the greater part of her dressing surrounded by many persons. The Queen, who had a great idea of what was due to her dignity, desired that the bedchamber-woman in waiting should bring the

basin and ewer and present them to her kneeling. Mrs. Howard objected to this, and, considering the peculiar relations which existed between her and the King, her objection was natural enough. But the Queen insisted. "The first thing," said Caroline to Lord Hervey later, "this wise, prudent Lady Suffolk" [Mrs. Howard] "did was to pick a quarrel with me about holding a basin in the ceremony of my dressing, and to tell me, with her little fierce eyes, and cheeks as red as your coat, that positively she would not do it; to which I made her no answer then in anger, but calmly, as I would have said to a naughty child, 'Yes, my dear Howard, I am sure you will; indeed you will. Go, go! fie for shame! Go, my good Howard; we will talk of this another time.'"

Mrs. Howard went, and in her dilemma wrote to Dr. Arbuthnot to inquire of Lady Masham, who had been at one time bedchamber-woman to Queen Anne, whether this disputed point was really according to precedent. She got little comfort from Lady Masham, who through Arbuthnot replied:—

"The bedchamber-*woman* came into waiting before the Queen's prayers, which was before her Majesty was dressed. The Queen often shifted in a morning; if her Majesty shifted at noon, the bedchamber-*lady* being by, the bedchamber-*woman* gave the shift to the *lady* without any ceremony, and the *lady* put it on. Sometimes, likewise, the bedchamber-*woman* gave the fan to the *lady* in the same manner; and this was all that the bedchamber-*lady* did about the Queen at her dressing.

"When the Queen washed her hands the page of the backstairs brought and set down upon a side-table the basin and ewer, then the bedchamber-*woman* set it before the Queen, and knelt on the other side of the table over against the Queen, the bedchamber-*lady* only looking on. The bedchamber-

HENRIETTA HOWARD (COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK).

woman poured the water out of the ewer upon the Queen's hands.

"The bedchamber-*woman* pulled on the Queen's gloves when she could not do it herself.[1]

"The page of the backstairs was called in to put on the Queen's shoes.

"When the Queen dined in public the page reached the glass to the bedchamber-*woman*, and she to the *lady* in waiting.

"The bedchamber-*woman* brought the chocolate, and gave it without kneeling.

"In general, the bedchamber-*woman* had no dependence on the *lady* of the bedchamber."[2]

As Mrs. Howard was not a lady of the bedchamber but bedchamber-woman only, she found that the Queen had asked of her nothing more than etiquette required, and after a week of indecision she yielded the point, and knelt with the basin as commanded. Horace Walpole, who was fond of imputing base motives to others, says that the Queen delighted in subjecting her to such servile offices, though always apologising to her "good Howard". But there is no evidence to show that the Queen was capable of such petty spite; she required nothing more than the duties the office involved, however menial they may seem now. The Queen, who bore no malice, soon forgave Mrs. Howard this little display of temper, for she told Lord Hervey: "About a week after, when upon maturer deliberation, she had done everything about the basin that I would have her, I told her I knew we should be good friends again; but could not help adding, in a little more serious voice, that I owned of all my servants I had least expected, as I had least deserved it, such treatment from her, when she knew I had held her up at

[1] Queen Anne's hands were swollen with gout.

[2] Dr. Arbuthnot to Mrs. Howard, 29th May, 1728. *Suffolk Correspondence.*

a time when it was in my power, if I had pleased, any hour of the day to let her drop through my fingers—thus——."

The Queen's morning toilet was generally made by her the occasion of an informal levée, and to it she would command all those whom she wished to see on any subject. While her head was being tired a group would be standing around her, and in the antechamber divines rubbed shoulders with poets, and learned men with politicians and court ladies. On the Queen's toilet table would be found not only the requisites for dressing, but a heap of other things—a sermon, a new book, a poem in her praise, a report as to her gardens and building plans, a pile of letters on every conceivable subject, and the memorandum of a minister. All these she would deal with quickly and characteristically. She would also on these occasions have retailed to her the latest news, or engage a philosopher and a divine in a dispute upon some abstract question, and would put in a word in the interval of having her head tired and washing her hands. Prayers would be read to her in an adjoining room while she was dressing, in order to save time. The door was left a little ajar so that the chaplain's voice might be heard. The bedchamberwoman was one day commanded to bid the chaplain, Dr. Maddox, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, to begin his prayers, but seeing a picture of a naked Venus over the fald-stool, the divine made bold to remark: "And a very proper altar piece is here, madam!" On another occasion the Queen ordered the door to be closed for a minute, and then, not hearing the chaplain's voice, she sent to know why he was not going on with his prayers. The indignant clergyman replied that he refused to whistle the word of God through the keyhole. This latter anecdote is sometimes told of Queen Anne,

though, as she was always very devout in her religious observances, it is far more likely to be true of Queen Caroline. It is borne out by the following passage, which occurs in "a dramatic trifle" which Lord Hervey wrote to amuse the Queen, entitled *The Death of Lord Hervey or a Morning at Court.* The scene is laid in the Queen's dressing-room. "The Queen is discovered at her toilet cleaning her teeth, with Mrs. Purcell dressing her Majesty's head, and the princesses, and ladies and women of the bedchamber standing around her. The Litany is being said in the next room":—

First Parson (*behind the scenes*): "From pride, vain glory and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness".

Second Parson: "Good Lord deliver us!"

Queen: "I pray, my good Lady Sundon, shut a little that door; those creatures pray so loud, one cannot hear oneself speak." [*Lady Sundon goes to shut the door.*] "So, so, not quite so much; leave it enough open for those parsons to think we may hear, and enough shut that we may not hear quite so much."

The King seldom honoured these morning levées of his Queen with his presence, for he disliked cosmopolitan gatherings, but sometimes he would strut in and clear out the crowd with scant ceremony. On one occasion he came into the room while the Queen was dressing, and seeing that his consort's bosom was covered with a kerchief, he snatched it away, exclaiming angrily to Mrs. Howard who was in waiting: "Is it because you have an ugly neck yourself that you love to hide the Queen's"? The Queen's bust was said by sculptors to have been the finest in Europe.

The Queen was pleased with Mrs. Howard's submission in the matter of the basin, and by way of marking her appreciation, she did her the honour of

dining with her at her new villa at Marble Hill—that famous villa of which Lords Burlington and Pembroke designed the front, Bathurst and Pope planned the gardens, and Swift, Gay and Arbuthnot arranged the household. But the Queen would allow Mrs. Howard no political influence. Compton and Pulteney, Bolingbroke and other Opposition leaders who had trusted to her found that they had leant on a broken reed. Indeed Mrs. Howard's goodwill seemed fatal to all her friends. It was through her, unwittingly, that Lord Chesterfield lost the favour of the Queen, though Walpole's jealousy, and the remembrance the Queen had of his mocking her in the old days at Leicester House, had something to do with it.

Chesterfield, who had been appointed in the last reign Ambassador at the Hague, came over to England some little time after King George the Second ascended the throne to see his friends and pay his respects to their Majesties. He at once repaired to Walpole, who said to him jealously: "Well, my Lord, I find you have come to be Secretary of State". Lord Chesterfield declared that he had no such ambition, but he said: "I claim the Garter, not on account of my late services, but agreeably with the King's promise to me when he was Prince of Wales; besides, I am a man of pleasure, and the blue riband would add two inches to my size". The King kept his word, and Chesterfield was given the Garter, and also the sinecure of High Steward of the Household. All would have gone well with him if he had not been so unfortunate as to get again into the Queen's bad books. "The Queen," says Horace Walpole, "had an obscure window at St. James's that looked into a dark passage, lighted only by a single lamp at night, which looked upon Mrs. Howard's apartment. Lord Chesterfield, one Twelfth-night at Court, had

won so large a sum of money that he thought it imprudent to carry it home in the dark, and deposited it with the mistress. Thus the Queen inferred great intimacy; thenceforward Lord Chesterfield could obtain no favour from Court." The sum which Lord Chesterfield was said to have won on this occasion was £15,000, which gives some idea of the high play then in vogue. But he lost far more than he gained—the Queen's goodwill, without which no statesman could hold place in the councils of the King.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

1728.

FREDERICK LOUIS, the eldest son of George the Second, still remained at Hanover, though now direct heir to the throne of England, and his father made no sign. Remembering perchance what a thorn he, when Prince of Wales, had been in his father's side, the King was afraid lest his heir should treat him likewise, and the Queen, whose affection had gone to her younger son, William, Duke of Cumberland, agreed with her husband as to the advisability of keeping their first-born away from England as long as possible. This is more extraordinary when it is remembered that the policy of George the First in keeping Frederick at Hanover was, in the early part of his reign, one of his son's grievances against him, and he and the Princess frequently urged, both in private and public, that their son should be brought to England. But after the birth of William, Duke of Cumberland, they completely changed their minds, and were as anxious to keep Frederick at Hanover as they had formerly been to have him in England. They would have liked to supplant the elder brother by the younger, who was born on British soil—to give Prince Frederick Hanover only, and reserve the throne of England for Prince William. They forgot that the English crown was not theirs to give. In the latter days of George the First's reign

Walpole urged upon the old King the advisability of bringing his grandson to England, and George would, it was said, have brought him back with him after his last visit to Hanover. But his death on the road thither changed all this.

Neither the King nor the Queen had any affection for their eldest son, who had grown up a stranger to them, and of whom they received unfavourable accounts. On the other hand, it is only fair to say that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who was by no means given to flattering any one, were he prince or peasant, on her visit to Hanover in 1716 spoke strongly in Frederick's favour. She writes: "Our young Prince, the Duke of Gloucester, has all the accomplishments that it is possible to have at his age, with an air of sprightliness and understanding, and something so very engaging and easy in his behaviour that he needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming. I had the honour of a long conversation with him last night before the King came in. His governor retired on purpose, as he told me afterwards, that I might make some judgment of his genius by hearing him speak without constraint, and I was surprised by the quickness and politeness that appeared in everything that he said, joined to a person perfectly agreeable, and the fine fair hair of the Princess."

The fact that Frederick had grown up under his grandfather's influence prejudiced his parents against him, more especially when they heard that he espoused the old King's side in the family quarrel. On the other hand, his father's tardiness in summoning him to England after his accession and his refusal to pay the debts he had made at Hanover created a bad feeling on Frederick's part towards his parents. Thus matters stood for more than a year after the coronation, despite the representa-

tions of Walpole and the clamours of the Opposition, who attacked the Government for not forcing the King's hand in this matter. The Privy Council represented the dangers that would ensue from suffering the heir to the throne to remain so long away from the country over which he would one day, under Providence, reign. The King listened very unwillingly, but while he was hesitating an incident occurred which hastened his decision.

Prince Frederick, it will be remembered, was betrothed, more or less formally, to Princess Wilhelmina of Prussia, and his grandfather had promised that the nuptials should be solemnised when he next came to Hanover, but his death postponed the marriage. George the Second and Caroline, though they did not absolutely refuse the alliance, declined to be bound by the late King's word, and stipulated that their daughter Amelia should marry the Crown Prince of Prussia as a compensation. The Queen of Prussia was more than willing, but the King of Prussia did not want Amelia for a daughter-in-law any more than the King and Queen of England wanted Wilhelmina, and so matters came to a standstill, to the despair of Queen Sophie Dorothea. "I will not have a daughter-in-law," said the King of Prussia to his Queen, "who carries her nose in the air and fills my Court with intrigues as others are already doing. Your Master Fritz [the Crown Prince] shall soon get a flogging at my hands; and then I will look out for a marriage for him."[1] The Crown Prince was quite ready to marry Amelia or any one else, if it would give him some independence and protection from his father's ill-usage. Prince Frederick at Hanover declared himself in love with Wilhelmina, whom he had never seen, but Wilhelmina was anything but in love with Frederick. Her mother

[1] *Memoirs of Wilhelmina, Margravine of Baireuth.*

had so dinned him into her ears, and had given her such accounts of him, that she had grown to dislike him. "He is a good-natured prince," the Queen said to her daughter; "kind-hearted, but very foolish; if you have sense enough to tolerate his mistresses, you will be able to do what you like with him." Wilhelmina declared that this was not the ideal husband of her young dreams; she wanted some one whom she could look up to and respect, and she certainly could not respect Frederick.

Prince Frederick's vanity was piqued at the delay and he was indignant at his father's neglect, so, early in the year 1728, he determined to take matters into his own hands. He sent Lamotte, a Hanoverian officer, on a secret mission to Berlin to Sastot, one of the Queen's chamberlains. When Lamotte reached Berlin he went to Sastot and said: "I am the bearer of a most important confidential message. You must hide me somewhere in your house, that my arrival may remain unknown, and you must manage that one of my letters reaches the King." Sastot promised, but asked if his business were good or evil. "It will be good if people can hold their tongues," replied the Hanoverian, "but if they gossip it will be evil. However, as I know you are discreet, and as I require your help in obtaining an interview with the Queen, I must confide all to you. The Prince Frederick Louis intends being here in three weeks at the latest. He means to escape secretly from Hanover, brave his father's anger, and marry the Princess. He has entrusted me with the whole affair, and has sent me here to find out if his arrival would be agreeable to the King and Queen, and if they are still anxious for this marriage. If she is capable of keeping a secret and has no suspicious people about her, will you undertake to speak to the Queen on the subject?"[1]

[1] *Memoirs of Wilhelmina, Margravine of Baireuth.*

The same evening the chamberlain went to Court and confided to the Queen the weighty communication with which he was entrusted. The Queen was overjoyed, and the next day communicated the glad news to her daughter. "'I shall at length see you happy, and my wishes realised at the same time; how much joy at once,' cried the Queen. 'I kissed her hands,' said Wilhelmina, 'which I covered with tears.' 'You are crying,' my mother exclaimed. 'What is the matter?' I would not disturb her happiness, so I answered: 'The thought of leaving you distresses me more than all the crowns of the world could delight me.' The Queen was only the more tender towards me in consequence, and then left me. I loved this dear mother truly, and had only spoken the truth to her. She left me in a terrible state of mind. I was cruelly torn between my affection for her, and my repugnance for the Prince, but I determined to leave all to Providence, which should direct my ways."[1]

The Queen held a reception the same evening, and, as ill-luck would have it, the English envoy Bourguait came. The Queen, forgetting her prudence, and thinking the plan was well matured, actually confided to him the Prince's project. Bourguait, overwhelmed with astonishment, asked the Queen if it were really true. "Certainly," she replied, "and to show you how true it is, he has sent Lamotte here, who has already informed the King of everything." "Oh! why does your Majesty tell me this? I am wretched, for I must prevent it!" exclaimed the envoy. Greatly dismayed, the Queen asked him why. "Because I am my Sovereign's envoy; because my office requires of me that I should inform him of so important a matter. I shall send

[1] *Memoirs of Wilhelmina, Margravine of Baireuth.*

off a messenger to England this very evening. Would to God I had known nothing of all this!" The Queen entreated him not to do so, but he was firm, and despatched the messenger to England. Thus did Queen Sophie Dorothea defeat the scheme for which she had toiled many years at the very moment of its fruition.

On receipt of the news George the Second sent Colonel Lorne to Hanover, with commands to bring the Prince over to England without an instant's delay. When Lorne arrived at Hanover a few days later he found Prince Frederick giving a ball at Herrenhausen. He gave the King's message, and acted with so much despatch that at the end of the ball the Prince, escorted by Lorne, and attended by only one servant, quitted Hanover for ever. His plot had failed; there was nothing else to be done. The rage and disappointment when the news of the Prince's departure reached the Court of Berlin was very great. The King blustered and swore, called Wilhelmina "English *canaille*," and beat her and her brother in a shocking manner; the Queen broke down and took to her bed; Wilhelmina fainted away. But it was all to no purpose; not only her marriage, but the double marriage scheme, vanished into thin air.[1]

Frederick did not find a warm welcome awaiting him from his parents. The Prince landed in England the first week in December (1728), and made his way to London; he arrived at St. James's without any ceremony, and was smuggled up the backstairs as though he had been a pretender rather than the heir-apparent to the crown. "Yesterday," we read, "His Royal Highness Prince Frederick

[1] Wilhelmina states in her *Memoirs* that the whole thing was a plot of George II., who wished to find an excuse for keeping his son away from England altogether, but the candour of the Queen of Prussia spoilt it all. But there is nothing to support this statement.

came to Whitechapel about seven in the evening, and proceeded thence privately in a hackney coach to St. James's. His Royal Highness alighted at the Friary, and walked down to the Queen's back-stairs, and was there conducted to her Majesty's apartment."[1]

It must have been a strange meeting between mother and son. The Queen received him amiably; the succession could not be altered, so she determined to make the best of him, but the King was very harsh. George had an unnatural and deep-rooted aversion to his eldest son, whom he regarded as necessarily his enemy. This peculiarity was hereditary in the House of Hanover for some generations, for the Sovereign and his first-born were always at war with one another. Some pity must be extended to the young Prince, who never had a fair chance. He was only twenty-two years of age when he came to England, and he found himself among strangers and enemies in a country of which he knew nothing. He was very shy and frightened at first, and his father's manner did not tend to reassure him. Lord Hervey says that, "Whenever the Prince was in the room with him (the King) it put one in mind of stories that one has heard of ghosts that appear to part of the company but are invisible to the rest; and in this manner, wherever the Prince stood, though the King passed him ever so often, or ever so near, it always seemed as if the King thought the Prince filled a void of space". The Prince did not dine in public at St. James's the Sunday after his arrival, but the Queen suffered him to hand her into her pew at the Chapel Royal, and this was his first appearance before the English Court. But, however much his parents might slight him, the fact remained that he was, by Act of Parliament, heir

[1] *Daily Post*, 5th December, 1728.

to the throne, and, through the insistence of the Privy Council, the King soon after his arrival created him Prince of Wales. But he was careful not to give him the allowance of £100,000 a year which had been voted by Parliament for the Prince of Wales in the Civil List. True, Parliament had given the King control over the Prince's income, and he exercised it by giving him only a small allowance. The young Prince quickly made friends, some of them not of a very desirable character. He had been taught to speak English fairly well, and he had pleasant manners. He had inherited from his mother a taste for letters, and he also possessed the art of dissimulation and a love of intrigue. He had not the slightest affection for either of his parents—how could he have?—and he soon began to deceive them, a task in which he found plenty to help him. Lady Bristol in one of her letters gave a very flattering account of him as being "the most agreeable young man it is possible to imagine, without being the least handsome, his person little, but very well made and genteel, a loveliness in his eyes that is indescribable, and the most obliging address that can be conceived." The poets praised him; and one sycophant rhapsodised over him as follows:—

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

The first hope presumably was the King, the other hopes were the rest of the royal children. They were not a lovable family, nor was there any love lost among them. They disliked one another thoroughly, but, with the exception of Frederick, they were all devoted to their mother, and they all

united, Frederick included, in disliking their father, who on his part disliked them. The King had rarely a kind word for any of his children, and in his old age he admitted it. "I know I did not love my children," he said. "When they were young I hated to have them running about the room." Caroline, on the other hand, was devoted to all her children, except the Prince of Wales, whom long absence had estranged from her. One of her first acts after becoming Queen was to dismiss the state governess, and have her daughters educated under her immediate supervision. She was a Spartan mother, and a firm believer in the proverb: "Spare the rod, spoil the child". The Duchess of Marlborough relates how on one occasion when she went to see the Queen, then Princess of Wales, she found her chastising little Prince William, who was roaring and kicking lustily. The Prince was looking on complaisantly. The duchess tried to soothe the youthful delinquent. "Ah, see," cried George Augustus, "you English are none of you well-bred, because you were not whipped when you were young." "Umph!" quoth her Grace. She afterwards said, "I thought to myself, I am sure *you* could not have been whipped when you were young, but I choked it in".

Anne, Princess Royal, was now in her twentieth year. She had little beauty, and her figure was short and squat, but she had fair abilities and several accomplishments; she could paint well, speak three languages, and was an excellent musician. Her favourite recreation was the opera, and she loved to get professional singers and players around her, and practise with them. She was vain and ambitious, and once told her mother that she wished she had no brothers, so that she might succeed to the throne. On the Queen's reproving her, she said: "I would die to-morrow to be Queen to-day". Unfortunately for her ambition, heirs to thrones or reigning mon-

archs were in no wise attracted to her, and so far no eligible candidate for her hand had come forward. The Queen also once rebuked her for her lack of consideration to her ladies. She noticed one morning that she kept her lady standing for a long time, conversing with her on some trifling matter, while she herself remained seated. In the evening Anne came to her mother to read to her and was about to sit down. "No, my dear," said the Queen, "you must not sit down at present, I intend to keep you standing for as long a time as you kept Lady —— in the same position this morning."

The second daughter, Princess Amelia, or Emily, as she was more generally called, was better looking than her sister and far cleverer. In her youth she had considerable pretensions to beauty, and her ready wit made her the most popular of the princesses. "The Princess Amelia," writes Lady Pomfret enthusiastically to Mrs. Clayton, "is the oddest, or at least one of the oddest princesses that ever was known; she has her ears shut to flattery and her heart open to honesty. She has honour, justice, good-nature, sense, wit, resolution, and more good qualities than I have time to tell you, so mixed that (if one is not a *devil*) it is impossible to say she has too much or too little of any; yet all these do not in anything (without exception) make her forget the King of England's daughter, which dignity she keeps up with such an obliging behaviour that she charms everybody. Do not believe her complaisance to me makes me say one *silible* more than the rigid truth; though I confess she has gained my heart and has added one more to the number of those few whose *desert* forces one's affection."[1]

This paragon of a princess had been the destined bride of the Crown Prince of Prussia after-

[1] The Countess of Pomfret to Mrs. Clayton, 22nd April, 1728. *Sundon Correspondence.*

wards Frederick the Great, but as the double marriage scheme fell through she continued single. Several minor German princes offered themselves, but she did not think them worthy of her acceptance. Yet she was far from indifferent to admiration, and had a liking for men's society. She was of a masculine turn of mind, and her happiest hours were passed in the hunting field, and the stables and kennels. She liked to spend much time with her horses and discuss their points minutely with the grooms, and one Sunday she shocked the good people of Hampton Court by going to church in a riding costume with a dog under each arm. She shared her father's passion for hunting, and was a far better rider than he. She used to hunt in a costume which was masculine rather than feminine, and rode hard and fearlessly, followed by her favourite groom, Spurrier. There is a curious portrait of her in a round hunting cap and laced scarlet coat, which makes her look like a man. She had flirtations with the Duke of Newcastle and the Duke of Grafton; that with the latter was serious. It went on for a long time, and the Princess seems really to have been attached to him, though he was much older than she.

The Duke of Grafton, the Lord Chamberlain, was a grandson of Charles the Second, and had the personal beauty and charm of manner characteristic of the Fitzroys. He made no secret of his attentions to the Princess, and she received them with a great deal of favour. Queen Caroline was annoyed at what she considered was the duke's presumption in aspiring to be her daughter's lover. She also resented his familiar manner towards herself; he frequently addressed her as though he were her equal, and indeed he considered himself to be a scion of royalty. He once told her that he believed it was not in her nature to love any one, to which she

THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

(SECOND DAUGHTER OF GEORGE II.)

replied: "But I love the King". He answered: "By God, ma'am, I do not know, but if I were King of France I would soon find out whether you did or not". He used to tease her also with the tale that she was in love with some German prince before her marriage to the Electoral Prince of Hanover, and ended by saying: "God, ma'am, I wish I could see the man you *could* love". As she could not repress him, Caroline affected to treat these familiarities as a joke, but she secretly resented them. She did her best to put an end to the intimacy between her daughter and the duke, but without much effect. The Princess Amelia and the duke would go a-hunting together two or three times a week, and frequently rode away from the rest of the party. On one occasion at Windsor their attendants lost them altogether, and they did not return to the castle until long after it was dark. It was said that they had gone together to a private house in Windsor forest and there remained. The King was absent from England at the time this happened, but the Queen was highly incensed, and soundly rated Amelia on her imprudence. She would have complained to the King about the Duke of Grafton, but Walpole dissuaded her from doing so. The duke would not have cared, and it would have done the princess harm.

The year after the King's accession to the throne Princess Amelia went to Bath to drink the waters, attended by Lady Pomfret. Royal visits to Bath were as yet few and far between, indeed the only royal personages who had visited Bath before the Princess were Queen Anne (before she came to the throne) with her husband Prince George of Denmark.[1] Princess Amelia was received by the

[1] Thackeray says in his *Four Georges*: "As for Bath, all history went and bathed and drank there; George II. and his Queen," etc. In point of fact, neither George II. nor Queen Caroline went to

Mayor and Corporation in full state, and a hundred young men on horseback met her coach at the North Gate and formed an escort to her lodgings. Bath had already become a gay and fashionable place, and many persons of quality and of no quality at all, who suffered from gout, rheumatism, the results of dissipation, or that mysterious ailment which the ladies of the eighteenth century called "vapours," flocked thither to drink the waters and kill the time. The pump room and assembly rooms were "elegantly fitted" and a band played daily. Breakfast parties were much the vogue at "one and twenty pence a piece," and the forenoon was passed in drinking the waters and listening to the concert. In the afternoon there were the bowling greens and the promenade in the gardens skirting the river, the toy shops and the coffee-houses where the *beau monde* loitered, drinking "dishes of tea" and eating Bath buns. In the evening there were cards and dancing—and there was scandal all day long. Bath was then under the reign of "King" Nash, who had become its *arbiter elegantiarum.* Opinions differ as to the services Nash rendered to Bath. Some say he made the place; others that he merely cloaked the grossness and licentiousness of the fashionable world there by throwing over it a garb of mock ceremony. Certainly Bath was a hotbed of gambling, and many undesirable characters were attracted thither simply by the high play.

Princess Amelia's arrival caused quite a flutter in the gay world of Bath. She took the waters in the morning, and after drinking them strolled in Harrison's walks, all the men and women of fashion following after her or keeping within a respectful

Bath. Princess Amelia went in 1728; the Prince of Orange in 1734, the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1738, and Princesses Caroline and Mary in 1840.

distance. But there was one who would not pay her homage, and she was Lady Wigtown, a Jacobite peeress. One day in the public garden Lady Wigtown met the Princess face to face, and without taking the slightest notice of her, she pushed aside the ladies-in-waiting and walked past. Of this incident Lady Pomfret writes to Mrs. Clayton: "Lady Frances Manners asked me if I knew my Lady Wigtown (a Scottish countess). I said I had never heard of her in my life, and believed she had not yet sent to the Princess; upon which both she and the Duchess of Rutland smiled, and said: 'No, nor will, I can tell you; for seeing the Princess coming to the pump the morning before, she had run away like a Fury for fear of seeing her; and declares so public an aversion for the King, etc., that she would not go to the ball made on the Queen's birthday; and some of that subscription money remaining, the company had another ball, which she denied going to, and told all the people it was because the Queen's money made it'."[1]

These balls began at six o'clock in the evening, and were under the direction of Beau Nash, who commanded that they should be over by eleven at the latest. When the first stroke of the hour sounded the Beau waved his wand, and the music ceased, though it were in the middle of a dance. Once the Princess Amelia objected to this summary ending. "One more dance, Mr. Nash; remember I am Princess." "Yes, madam, but I *reign* here and *my* law must be kept."

It was creditable to the Princess Amelia that Lady Wigtown's rudeness made no difference to her courtesy to the other Jacobites and Roman Catholics, of whom just then Bath was full. Acting under instruction from her mother, she had a gracious

[1] The Countess of Pomfret to Mrs. Clayton, Bath, 6th May, 1728.

word and a smile for all of them who came her way. Among others were the unfortunate Lord Widdrington and his lady. Lord Widdrington was one of the Jacobite peers condemned to death for the part they had taken in the rising of '15, but he was ultimately pardoned, though his estates were forfeited. He brought his broken health and ruined fortunes to Bath, where he was living in comparative poverty when the Princess Amelia came there. The Princess noticed Lady Widdrington in the Pump Room, and asked who she was. When she was told she talked to her, walked with her, and generally took much notice of her. "Her kindness," writes Lady Pomfret, "had such an effect upon all that sort [Jacobites] in this city that is hardly to be imagined, and they all speak of the Princess Amelia as of something that has charmed them ever since." But another lady in waiting, Mrs. Tichburne, was perturbed lest the Princess's graciousness to a "rebel's wife" should be misunderstood, and Lady Pomfret thought well to ask Mrs. Clayton to explain matters to the Queen. She need not have troubled, for the Princess had only done as the Queen wished.

It is a pity that we cannot take leave of the Princess Amelia with this pleasing illustration of her amiability. But truth compels us to add that as she grew older her character sadly deteriorated. She developed into a hard, mean, inquisitive woman, and was often insolent without provocation. Perhaps this was due to the crossing of her young affections, and her nature, driven back upon itself, grew warped in the cramped atmosphere of the court. In later life Bath continued to be a favourite resort of the Princess Amelia, for here she could indulge in her love of cards and scandal without let or hindrance; she used to play night after night for very high stakes, refreshing herself with pinches of snuff during the game. One night when she was

playing in the public card room at Bath an old general, who was seated next her, ventured to take a pinch of snuff out of her box, which stood by him on the table. She haughtily stared at him without making any remark, and then beckoning to her footman, ordered him to throw the snuff in the fire and bring her a fresh box. Little peculiarities like this did not tend to make her popular, and she grew to be generally disliked. She lived far into the reign of her nephew George the Third, and died unmarried.

The third daughter, Princess Caroline, was of a very different disposition to her elder sisters; she had no beauty, and suffered from delicate health, but she had much quiet goodness and unobtrusive piety. When she was a child her parents used to say of her: "Send for Caroline, and then we shall know the truth". She was the Queen's favourite daughter, and was greatly attached to her. Constantly with her mother, she was thrown a good deal into the companionship of Lord Hervey, and conceived for him a deep and lasting love, a most unfortunate attachment, as Lord Hervey was by no means a worthy object for her devotion, even if he had been able to requite it properly, which he could not, as he was married to the beautiful Lepel. Her attachment flattered his vanity, and he must have secretly encouraged it. The hopelessness of her passion made no difference to the gentle Princess; she continued to cherish it until Lord Hervey's death, and even after his death she testified her devotion to his memory by showing great kindness to his children. After she lost her mother she became a confirmed invalid, and spent her life in retirement and works of benevolence. She died unmarried.

William, Duke of Cumberland, the second surviving son of George the Second and Caroline,

was at the time they came to the throne a boy, and had not yet developed those unamiable qualities he displayed in later life, which earned for him undying infamy as "the butcher of Culloden". He was a precocious youth, very grave and solemn in his demeanour, not caring to play like other boys, but preferring to mope in a corner over a book, or to gaze at uniforms and military evolutions—for quite early in life he showed a strong predilection for the army. Some characteristic anecdotes are related of his early years. When a child he was taken on one of his birthdays to see his grandfather, George the First. The King asked him at what time he got up in the morning; the young duke replied: "When the chimney-sweepers are about". The King asked: "Vat are de chimney-sweepers"? "Have you been so long in England," said his grandson, "and do not know what a chimney-sweep is? Why, he is like that man there;" and he pointed to Lord Finch, afterwards Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, who was in attendance. Lord Finch, like the rest of his family, "the black funereal Finches," had a very swarthy complexion, and after this he was generally known by the nickname of "The Chimney Sweep". On another occasion, after a display of temper, his mother ordered the duke to be locked up in his room. When he came out he was downcast and sullen. "William," inquired the Queen, "what have you been doing?" "Reading," he said shortly. "Reading what?" "The Bible." "And what did you read there?" "About Jesus and Mary." "And what about them?" asked the Queen. "Why," replied William, "that Jesus said to Mary: '*Woman, what hast thou to do with me?*'"

Lady Strafford has left an account of the Duke of Cumberland's birthday reception, a sort of chil-

dren's party which represents the young prince in a more amiable light:—

"My love" (her son, Lord Wentworth), she writes, "is perfectly well and vastly delighted with his Court ball. I took him to Court in the morning, and the Queen cried out: 'Oh! Lord Wentworth! how do you do? you have mightily grown! My lady, he is prodigiously well dressed. I hope you will let him come to our ball to-night.' After the drawing-room was over the duke had a *levée* in his own room, so I desired my brother to take him there, and the duke told him he hoped he would do him the favour to come at night. But as a great misfortune Lady Deloraine fell in labour, and was just brought to bed of a dead son; so they could not have the room they used to dance in (it being next to hers), so they had a bad little room and they did not dance French dances. Princess Amelia asked Lord Wentworth to dance one with her, and afterwards the duke gave him Lady Caroline Fitzroy for his partner. They had a supper of cold chicken, tongue, jelly and sweetmeats, but they were (served) in an odd manner, for they had neither knives nor plates, so that well as my love loves eating, he says he ate but a leg of a chicken, for he says he did not (think) it looked well to be pulling greasy bones about in a room full of princesses; the way of getting rid of the bones was the children threw them out of the window. The King was present to see them dance, but not the Queen. The ball ended about half an hour after ten. The duke was quite free and easy, and extremely civil."

Of the two younger princesses, Mary and Louisa, there is little to be said, as they were children during their mother's lifetime. Mary, like her sister Caroline, was of a soft and gentle disposition. Some years after her mother's death she was married to

Frederick, Hereditary Prince of Hesse-Cassel, an obstinate, ill-tempered prince, who treated his wife with cruelty and infidelity, and her life was a very unhappy one. She survived her husband a few years.

Princess Louisa, the youngest of them all, was by far the most beautiful of Queen Caroline's daughters, and inherited her mother's abilities and accomplishments. She married Frederick, Crown Prince of Denmark, and in due time became Queen of Denmark. Her married life was not altogether happy, but she had her mother's philosophy and made the best of it. She died of the same illness as Queen Caroline, and curiously enough from the same cause—concealing the nature of her malady until it was too late.

Though the King enjoyed an enormous Civil List he was exceedingly mean to his children. To his daughters, though three of them had now grown up, he gave little or nothing. Anne and Amelia were often in need of pocket-money, and not above borrowing of the people about the court. Their dress allowance was exceedingly small, and if their mother had not helped them, they would scarcely have been able to make a presentable appearance at their father's drawing-rooms. There is a curious old paper extant,[1] endorsed "Mrs. Powis," who was probably dresser to the Princesses, which gives some idea of their wardrobe. The following extracts may be quoted :—

"*What was delivered yearly for each Princess (Anne, Amelia and Caroline)*:

"Winter Clothes :—

Two coats embroider'd, one trim'd or rich stuff, and one velvet or rich silk without.
Three coats brocaded or damask.
A damask night-gown.
Two silk under petecoats, trim'd with gold or silver.

[1] In the Manuscript Department, British Museum.

"Summer Clothes :—

Three flower'd coats, one of them with silver.
Three plain or stripped lastrings.
One night-gown and four silk hoops.
Shoes: a pair every week.
Gloves: sixteen dozen in the year; 18s. per dozen.
Tans: no allowance, but they did not exceed eight guineas per annum.
Mouslines and lawns were bought as wanted, no settled price.

"Sundries :—

No certain allowance for ribbons or artificial flowers.
Powder, patches, combs, pins, quilted caps, band boxes, wax, pens and paper, came to about £40 per annum for the three princesses, paste for hands and pomatum came from the apothecary, Mr. Tagar, and did not come into my bill.
I paid the tire woman 129 guineas a year.
I paid for tuning the harpsichord, food for their birds, and many other little things belonging to their Royal Highnesses, which were too trifling to mention, which whilst the Duke was with them came to £50 per annum.
Their Royal Highnesses had each a page of honour and gentleman usher at £100 sallary.
Each one had a dresser at £50, and one chambermaid, I do not know at what sallary.
Also one page of the backstairs.
The Princesses used the Queen's coaches, footmen and grooms."

The Princesses led singularly idle, purposeless lives; Anne and Amelia chiefly occupied themselves with card-playing and the petty intrigues of the court, and the way their father treated them led them early to lie and practise the arts of dissimulation. Even Princess Caroline, when we have credited her with all the virtues, remains a colourless nonentity. The Princesses always appeared at court festivities and took part in whatever was going on, and the Queen would often relax some of the stiffness of etiquette for the benefit of the young people. For instance, sometimes after the evening drawing-rooms she would turn the function into a ball. We read :—

"On Monday night His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal opened a ball at Court with a minuet, and afterwards they danced several set dances with several of the quality

till between four and five o'clock next morning. Her Majesty was richly dressed, and wore a flowered muslin hood with an edging. The Princess Royal had the like, which makes it believed that muslins will come into fashion. There never was seen so great an appearance, either for number or magnificence as on the like occasion."[1]

Nor was the King to be outdone in the splendour of his attire; indeed he outshone the Queen, for he loved dress and display far more. We read: "His Majesty appeared in a suit of crimson velvet with gold buttons and button holes, sleeves faced with rich tissue, and a waistcoat of the same."

The great days at court were the royal birthdays. The birthdays of the Prince of Wales and all the royal children were duly celebrated. The Queen's birthdays were always largely attended, and so were the King's at the beginning of the reign. But after his visits to Hanover he became very unpopular, and he noted with ire that not only was the attendance meagre at his drawing-rooms, but there were no new clothes for the occasion. If any of the great nobility absented themselves from the drawing-rooms for any time, as some occasionally thought fit to do, they were generally conciliated by the Queen and persuaded to put in an appearance again. The birthday drawing-rooms were chiefly remarkable for the splendour of the clothes, every one appearing in his best, and even the royal footmen being arrayed in new liveries. "There was his Majesty in scarlet and gold," writes a correspondent; "the Duke of Cumberland in blue trimmed with silver; the Princess Anne in silver and colours of yellow; the Princess Louisa in a dark green velvet, embroidered in gold; my Lady Browne in scarlet, with great

[1] *Daily Advertiser*, 3rd March, 1731.

roses not unlike large silver soup plates, made in an old silver lace, and spotted all over her gown."

But these were great occasions; in the ordinary way the private life of the court was dull, even in these early days of the reign, and there was little doing except ombre or quadrille. Peter Wentworth, who was now one of the Queen's equerries and was sometimes in attendance on the Prince of Wales and sometimes on the Princess Royal, gives a fair description of how the Royal Family spent their evenings. Writing to his brother Lord Strafford, he says:—

"The quadrille table is well known, and there is a large table surrounded by my master (the Prince of Wales), the Princesses, the Duke of Cumberland, the bedchamber ladies, Lord Lumley, and all the *belle-assemblée*, at a most stupid game, to my mind, lottery ticket. £100 is sometimes lost at this pastime. The maids play below with the King in Mrs. Howard's apartment, and the moment they come up, the Queen starts up and goes into her apartment. . . . T'other night Lord Grantham and the Queen had a dispute about going to a room without passing by the backstairs; she bade him go and see; he did, and came back as positive as before. 'Well,' says she, 'will you go along with me if I show you the way?' 'Yes, madam,' says he. Up she starts, and trots away with one candle, and came back triumphant over my Lord Grantham. The *belle-assemblée* was in an uproar, thinking the King was ill, when I told them 'twas a wager between the Queen and my Lord Grantham."[1]

The Queen was fond of these little jokes, for on another occasion we find Peter Wentworth writing: "Sunday, in the evening the Queen commanded me to order her a chaise and one horse, and

[1] The Hon. Peter Wentworth to the Earl of Strafford, 10th August, 1730.

a coach and six to follow, for Monday, at six o'clock in the morn, and six Life Guards and two Grenadiers, and your humble servant a-horseback, which was to be kept a great secret. When I had put her Majesty into her chaise with Princess Mary, she bid me ride and tell the Colonel of the Guard not to beat the drum as she passed out [of St. James's]. We drove to the foot ferry at Kew, where there was a barge of four oars which carried her Majesty, Princess Mary, Mrs. Purcell and I to the Queen's house at Kew. The whole joke of keeping this a secret was upon Lord Lifford, who had said 'twas impossible for her Majesty to go out at any time but he should know it. When we came there, therefore, the Queen sent for the other Princesses, Lord Hervey and Lord Lifford to breakfast with her. Lord Hervey, Princess Caroline and Princess Louisa came before ten; the Queen, Mrs. Purcell and I walked twice round the garden before they came. We had a fine breakfast, with the addition of cherries and strawberries we plucked from the garden, some of which the Queen gave me with her own hand; and said to Lord Hervey *C'est un très bon enfant*, and repeated it several times, Lord Hervey assenting. I never suspected she spoke of me, which she, perceiving, said in English: 'We are speaking of you; you know I love you, and you shall know I love, I do really love you'. I made low bows, but had not the impromptu wit nor assurance to make any other answer."[1]

And again:—

"On Saturday when the Queen was at Kew, the Blue Horse Guards in stocks stood sentry there. As she goes up the court she says to Lord Lifford and me: 'I'll lay you what you will he of the right is a Scotsman, and he of the left an Englishman and

[1] The Hon. Peter Wentworth to the Earl of Strafford, London, 3rd June, 1735.

a Yorkshireman'. When she came up to them, she asked him of the right, who was a handsome young fellow and a gentleman volunteer: 'What countryman are you?' 'A Scotsman, your Majesty.' 'What's your name?' 'Hamilton.' 'Of what family?' 'The dukes of that name.' 'How long have you been in the regiment?' 'Ever since it has been the Duke of Argyll's.' Then she turns to t'other man, and asks what countryman he was? 'An Englishman, your Majesty.' 'Your name?' 'Hill.' 'What county?' 'Yorkshire.' The Queen was pleased and so was I, for I would always have her pleased, and turned about to my lord and me, and said: 'N'est-ce pas que j'ay dit vray? Je connais bien la physiognomie.'"

CHAPTER V.

CAROLINE'S FIRST REGENCY.

1729.

In May, 1729, the King, who had been for some time anxious to visit his Hanoverian dominions, which he had not seen since 1714, got a short Act passed through Parliament appointing the Queen to act as Regent in his absence. The King's visit to Hanover was very unpopular with his English subjects, who hoped that they had heard of the last of these journeys when George the First died. As Prince of Wales, George the Second had always declared that he loved England far better than Hanover, but this was only in opposition to his father, and soon after he ascended the throne he avowed himself strongly Hanoverian in his tastes and found fault with everything in England. In this mood the best thing for him to do was to return to his own country for a time, and Walpole no doubt was glad to get him out of the way, while the Queen eagerly grasped at the authority which the deed of regency granted her. But she showed none of this eagerness to the King, and when he announced his intention of leaving England she deplored his absence with tears, and received his commission on her knees with all due humility. The King gave the royal assent to the Act of Regency on May 14th, and three days later he set out for Hanover, accompanied by a

numerous retinue, and Lord Townshend as Minister in attendance.

The Queen appointed the Speaker of the House of Commons, Onslow, to be her Chancellor during her Regency, and Keeper of the Great Seal. She held her first Council as Regent five days after the King left. It was reported in the *London Gazette* as follows:—

"*At the Court at Kensington the 22nd day of May*, 1729.

"Present.

"The Queen's Most Excellent Majesty,

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Chancellor, Lord Privy Seal, Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, Duke of Somerset, Duke of Bolton, Duke of Rutland, Duke of Argyll, Duke of Montrose, Duke of Kent, Duke of Ancaster, Duke of Newcastle, Earl of Westmoreland, Earl of Burlington, Earl of Scarborough, Earl of Coventry, Earl of Grantham, Earl of Godolphin, Earl of Loudoun, Earl of Findlater, Earl of Marchmont, Earl of Ilay, Earl of Uxbridge, Earl of Sussex, Viscount Lonsdale, Viscount Cobham, Viscount Falmouth, Lord Wilmington, Mr. Speaker, Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer, Master of the Rolls, Sir Paul Methuen, and Henry Pelham, Esq.

"The King's Commission appointing Her Most Excellent Majesty the Queen Regent over this Kingdom, by the Style and Title of Guardian of the Kingdom of Great Britain, and His Majesty's Lieutenant within the same during His Majesty's absence, was this day by Her Majesty's command, opened and read in His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, after which His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and all the Lords and others of the

Council who were present, had the honour to kiss Her Majesty's hand."

Caroline entered with manifest enjoyment upon the duties of her office, and discharged them with great ability; she had so long known the essence of power that it was easy for her to adapt herself to its outward manifestation. Townshend, who was jealous of Walpole's favour with the Queen, endeavoured to induce the King to modify her powers as Regent, and urged him to send a despatch to that effect from the Hague, but the King, though he listened, declined to do so; in fact, he knew better than any one else that his interests were safe in his consort's hands.

The Queen-Regent had the power of opening and proroguing Parliament, signifying the royal assent to acts and measures, appointing bishops, and of making other important appointments; she also received the foreign ambassadors and envoys as though she were the King, and corresponded with foreign sovereigns. Queen Caroline was especially careful to cultivate and strengthen the good understanding between England and France, and she wrote several letters to the King of France, and sent him a present of a dozen hogsheads of perry and cider.[1]

The most important negotiation in foreign affairs was the Treaty of Seville, which was practically concluded during Caroline's regency, though it was not signed until a little later (November 9th, 1729). This treaty terminated the long dispute between England and Spain. By its provisions, English trade to America, which had been interrupted, was restored. England was given back all that Spain had captured during the war, and the Asiento Treaty (or contract for supplying

[1] *Daily Post*, 5th July, 1729.

affection que en me faisant part de l'heureux
accouchement de la Reine très Chrêtienne et de la
Naissance d'un Prince dont Dieu vient d'affermir
vôtre Maison. C'est une benediction que je vous
souhaitois il y a longtems; ainsi il vous sera facile
de juger de la joye que j'en ressens et que Personne
ne vous en félicite plus sincerement que moi Je suis

Monsieur mon Frere et Cousin

Vôtre bonne Soeur et Cousine

Caroline

A Kensington
ce 5 Septembre
1729

LETTER OF QUEEN CAROLINE TO THE KING OF FRANCE.

negroes, of establishing certain factories, and of sending one ship to the South Sea) was confirmed to the South Sea Company. But the most important feature of the treaty was that Gibraltar was tacitly relinquished by Spain. It would be too much to claim for Caroline the credit of the cession of Gibraltar to England, but there is no doubt that her wise and temperate counsels, and her anxiety not to give needless offence to Spanish susceptibilities by mentioning the fortress by name, materially aided William Stanhope, the English plenipotentiary at Madrid, in conducting the difficult and delicate negotiations which resulted in the Treaty of Seville. Gibraltar was a question which touched Spanish pride very nearly, and to see a fortress on its own shores held and garrisoned by England was as great a humiliation to Spain as England's possession of Calais had once been to France.

Time had been, and not so long before, when English Ministers advised the recession of Gibraltar to Spain, and George the First had written a letter which contained a promise to restore the fortress at some future time. This letter had been written upon the advice of Townshend and Carteret in 1721, and so lately as 1728 we find that Townshend was still in favour of the cession of Gibraltar. Writing to Poyntz he declared: "What you proposed in relation to Gibraltar is certainly very reasonable, and is exactly conformable to the opinion which you know I have always entertained concerning that place; but you cannot but be sensible of the violent and almost superstitious zeal which has of late prevailed among all parties of this kingdom against any scheme for the restitution of Gibraltar upon any conditions whatsoever."[1] If the matter had rested with Townshend, who had obtained the ear of the King during his

[1] Lord Townshend to Poyntz, 14th June, 1728.

absence at Hanover, Gibraltar would probably have been ceded to Spain.

To Caroline, therefore, acting in conjunction with Walpole, the credit is due of having retained it for England. True, Gibraltar was not mentioned by name in the Treaty of Seville, though the Opposition clamoured for its explicit mention. But the Queen and the Prime Minister were firm; they were content with the kernel and troubled not about the husk. The result justified their wisdom. The treaty was ultimately ratified without conditions, and Gibraltar henceforth became a recognised possession of England.

In this, as in all other matters, the Queen worked in close accord with Walpole, and by way of showing the Opposition how little she heeded their attacks, she publicly marked her favour of the Prime Minister by going to dine with him, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and all the Royal Family, at his house at Chelsea, where a magnificent entertainment was provided for her Majesty. The Queen and the Royal Family dined in one room, and the rest of the party in another, Walpole himself waiting on his illustrious guest. Nor did the Queen neglect the ceremonial side of her office; she kept great state whilst she was at St. James's, and on the anniversary (June 11th) of the King's Accession she held a court at St. James's which was one of the most largely attended of the reign. She also frequently honoured the nobility with her presence at their entertainments.

At Windsor Caroline kept much company, availing herself of the King's absence to go there. At Windsor she felt Queen of England indeed; she occupied the rooms which had been used by the late Queen Anne, and her favourite sitting room was the closet wherein Anne first heard of the great victory of Blenheim, in which hung the

banner annually presented by the Duke of Marlborough, and now by his daughter, who was duchess in her own right. Caroline held drawing-rooms in the state apartments, of which the finest were the magnificent St. George's Hall and the ball room, hung with tapestry representing the seasons of the year. The celebrated collection of beauties by Sir Peter Lely, afterwards removed to Hampton Court, adorned one of the state apartments, and the private chapel had some exquisite carved work by Grinling Gibbons. Here Caroline attended divine service, and, seated in the royal closet hung with crimson velvet, listened to lengthy discourses from Dr. Samuel Clarke, or some other favourite divine.

It was from Windsor on a notable occasion that she drove to honour the Earl and Countess of Orkney with a visit to their beautiful seat at Clieveden. "Yesterday," writes Peter Wentworth, "the Queen and all the Royal Family went to dine and supper at Clieveden. How they were diverted I know not, but I believe very well, for they did not come home until almost four in the morning."[1] According to all accounts the entertainment was very successful, but Lady Orkney's anxieties as a hostess seem to have weighed heavily upon her, for we find her writing a long letter a few days later to Mrs. Howard, expressing her "anguish" because some little things had gone wrong. Perhaps, Lady Orkney only wanted a more particular expression of the Queen's satisfaction. Her letter may be quoted as an expression of the fulsome servility to royal personages then in vogue even among the high nobility.

"CLIEVEDEN, *August 5th*, 1729.

"MADAM,

"I give you this trouble out of the *anguish* of my mind, to have the Queen doing us the honour

[1] Letter of Peter Wentworth to Lord Strafford, 31st July, 1729.

to dine here, and nothing performed in the order it ought to have been! The stools which were set for the Royal Family, though distinguished from ours, which I thought right, because the Princess Royal sits so at quadrille, put away by Lord Grantham,[1] who said there was to be no distinction from princes and princesses and the ladies. He directed the tablecloths so that there must be two to cover the table; for he used to have it so; in short, turned the servants' heads. They kept back the dinner too long for her Majesty after it was dished, and was set before the fire, and made it look not well dressed, the Duke of Grafton saying they wanted a *maître d'hôtel.* All this vexed my Lord Orkney so—he tells me he hopes I will never meddle more, if he could ever hope for the same honour; which I own I did too much, as I see by the success, but having done it for the late King,[2] and was told that things were in that order, that it was as if his Majesty had lived here, I ventured it now, but I have promised not to aim at it more.

"But what I have said shows the greater goodness in the Queen to be so very easy. I have seen condescension in princesses, but none that ever came up to her Majesty: nay, not all the good you have ever said could make me imagine what I saw and heard. We all agreed her Majesty must be admired; and, if I may use the term, it was impossible to see her and not love her.

"If you hear of these mismanagements, pray be so good as to say the house was too little for the reception of the Queen, and so many great princes and princesses, who, without flattery, cannot be but respectedly admired. I thought I had turned my

[1] Chamberlain to the Queen.

[2] On the 5th September, 1724, King George I., attended by many of the nobility and gentry, dined with Lord Orkney at Clieveden, where he was magnificently entertained.

mind in a philosophical way of having done with the world, but I find I have deceived myself; for I am vexed and pleased with the honours I have received. I know from your discretion you will burn this, and I hope will always believe me, etc.,

"E. ORKNEY."[1].

From Windsor the Queen returned to Kensington, which she made her headquarters for the rest of the summer, paying visits occasionally to Hampton Court, Richmond, and Windsor, for the purpose of hunting. The best idea of the social side of her regency may be gathered from the letters that Peter Wentworth wrote during this period to Lord Strafford.[2] They throw curious sidelights on the manners of the time. To quote seriatim:—

"KENSINGTON, *July 25th*, 1729.

"I have been at Richmond again with the Queen and the Royal Family, and I thank God they are all very well. We are to go there to-day, and the Queen walks about there all day long. I shall be no more her jest as a lover of drink at free cost, not only from her own observation of one whom she sees every morning at eight o'clock, and in the evening again at seven, walking in the gardens, and in the drawing-room till after ten, but because she has my Lord Lifford to play upon, who this day sen'night got drunk at Richmond. His manner of getting so was pleasant enough; he dined with my good Lord Grantham, who is well served at his table with meat, but very stingy and sparing in his drink, for as soon as his dinner is done he and his company rise, and no round of toasts. So my lord

[1] *Suffolk Correspondence.*

[2] These letters are preserved in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum. Some of them have been published in the *Wentworth Papers*, but many of those quoted here have never been printed.

made good use of his time whilst at dinner, and before they rose the Prince [of Wales] came to them and drank a *bonpêre* to my Lord Lifford, which he pledged, and began another to him, and so a third. The Duke of Grafton, to show the Prince he had done his business, gave him (Lord Lifford) a little shove, and threw him off his chair upon the ground, and then took him up and carried him to the Queen. Sunday morning she railed at him before all the Court upon getting drunk in her company, and upon his gallantry and coquetry with Princess Amelia, running up and down the steps with her. When somebody told him the Queen was there and saw him, his answer was: 'What do I care for the Queen?' He stood all her jokes not only with French impudence, but with Irish assurance. For all you say I don't wonder I blushed for him and wished for half his stock. I wonder at her making it so public. Nobody has made a song; if Mr. Hambleton will make one that shall praise the Queen and the Royal Family's good humour, and expose as much as he pleases the folly of Lord Grantham and Lord Lifford, I will show it to the Prince, and I know he won't tell whom he had it from, for I have lately obliged him with the sight of *Mrs. Fitzwilliam's litany*, and he has promised he will not say he had it from me. So I must beg you to say nothing of this to Lady Strafford, for she will write it for news to Lady Charlotte Roussie, and then I shall have Mrs. Fitz. angry with me, and the Prince laughing at me for not being able to be my own councillor, as I fear you laugh now. But if you betray me I make a solemn vow I never will tell you anything again.

"The Queen continues very kind and obliging in her sayings to me, and gave me t'other day an opportunity to tell her of my circumstances. As we were driving by Chelsea she asked me what that walled place was called. I told her Chelsea Park,

and in the time of the Bubbles 'twas designed for the silkworms.[1] She asked me if I was not in the Bubbles. With a sigh, I answered: 'Yes, that, and my fire had made me worse than nothing'. Some time after, when I did not think she saw me, I was biting my nails. She called to me and said: 'Oh fie! Mr. Wentworth, you bite your nails very prettily'. I begged her pardon for doing so in her presence, but said I did it for vexation of my circumstances, and to save a crown from Dr. Lamb for cutting them. She said she was sorry I had anything to vex me, and I did well to save my money. The Prince told her I was one of the most diligent servants he ever saw. I bowed and smiled as if I thought he bantered me. He understood me, and therefore repeated again that he meant it seriously and upon his word he thought that the Queen was happy in having so good a servant. I told him 'twas a great satisfaction to me to meet with his Royal Highness's approbation. He clapped his hand upon my shoulder and assured me that I had it.

"As we went to Richmond last Wednesday our grooms had a battle with a carter that would not go out of the way. The good Queen had compassion for the rascal and ordered me to ride after him and give him a crown. I desired her Majesty to recall that order, for the fellow was a very saucy fellow, and I saw him strike the Prince's groom first, and if we gave him anything for his beating 'twould be an example to others to stop the way a purpose to provoke a beating. The Prince approved what I said, for he said much the same to her in *Dutch*, and I got immortal fame among the liverymen, who are no small fools at this Court. I told her if she would give the crown to anybody it should be to the Prince's groom, who had the carter's long whip

[1] One of the Bubble schemes.

over his shoulders. She laughed, but saved her crown."

"KENSINGTON, *August 14th*, 1729.

"The Queen has done me the honour to refer me for my orders to her Royal Highness Princess Anne, and what is agreed by her will please her Majesty; the height of my ambition is to please them all. I flatter myself I have done so hitherto, for Princess Anne has distinguished me with a singular mark of her favour, for she has made me a present of a hunting suit of clothes, which is blue, trimmed with gold, and faced and lined with red. The Prince of Wales, Princess Anne, the Duke of Cumberland, Princess Mary and Princess Louisa wear the same, and looked charming pretty in them. Thursday se'nnight, Windsor Forest will be blessed with their presence again, and since the forest *was* a forest it never had such a fine set of hunters, for a world of gentlemen have had the ambition to follow his Royal Highness's fashion.

"On Saturday last at Richmond Park, Major Sylvine made his appearance by the Queen's chaise, and she did him the honour to take notice of him, telling him she was glad to see he could hunt. He thought to be witty upon me by telling her Majesty I took such delight in waiting that he thought it a pity to deprive me of that pleasure. My good and gracious Queen answered him to my satisfaction and to his mortification, for she said: 'Does he? So 'tis a sign he loves me, and I love him the better for't.' He replied he hoped her Majesty did not think the worse of him. She had the goodness to say 'No,' but repeated again that she loved me the better. Princess Amelia, who was in the chaise with her, turned her head from Sylvine and smiled most graciously upon me, which I could answer in no other way than by low bows to mark the sense of

the great honour that was done me. And for my life I could not forbear getting behind the chaise to triumph over and insult the major, telling him he had got much by being witty upon me, which Princess Amelia heard, and laughed again upon me."

"KENSINGTON, *August 21st*, 1729.

"Yesterday the Queen and all the Royal Family dined at Claremont,[1] and I dined with the Duke (of Newcastle) and Sir Robert (Walpole), etc. The Prince of Wales came to us as soon as his, and our, dinner was over, and drank a bumper of rack-punch to the Queen's health, which you may be sure I devotedly pledged, and he was going on with another, but her Majesty sent us word that she was going to walk in the garden, so that broke up the company. We walked till candle-light, being entertained with very fine French horns, then returned to the great hall, and everybody agreed never was anything finer lit.

"Her Majesty and Princess Caroline, Lady Charlotte Roussie and Mr. Schütz played their quadrille. In the next room the Prince had the fiddles and danced, and he did me the honour to ask me if I could dance a country-dance. I told him 'yes'; and if there had been a partner for me, I should have made one in that glorious company—the Prince with the Duchess of Newcastle, the Duke of Newcastle with Princess Anne, the Duke of Grafton with Princess Amelia, Sir Robert Walpole with Lady Catherine Pelham, who is with child—so they danced but two dances. The Queen came from her cards to see that sight, and before she said it, I thought he (Sir Robert Walpole) moved surprisingly genteelly, and his

[1] Claremont was one of the seats of the Duke of Newcastle.

dancing really became him, which I should not have believed if I had not seen, and, if you please, you may suspend your belief until you see the same. Lord Lifford danced with Lady Fanny Manners; when they came to an easy dance my dear duke took her from my lord, and I must confess it became him better than the man I wish to be my friend, Sir Robert, which you will easily believe. Mr. Henry Pelham[1] danced with Lady Albemarle, Lord James Cavendish with Lady Middleton, and Mr. Lumley with Betty Spence.

"I paid my court sometimes to the carders, and sometimes to the dancers. The Queen told Lord Lifford that he had not drunk enough to make him gay, 'and there is honest Mr. Wentworth has not drunk enough'. I told her I had drunk her Majesty's health; 'And my children's too, I hope?' I answered 'Yes'. But she told me there was one health I had forgot, which was the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle's, who had entertained us so well. I told her I had been down among the coachmen to see they had obeyed my orders to keep themselves sober, and I had had them all by the hand, and could witness for them that they were so, and it would not have been decent for me to examine them about it without I had kept myself sober, but now that grand duty was over, I was at leisure to obey her Majesty's commands. There stood at the farther end of the room a table with bottles of wine for the dancers to drink, and I went and filled a bumper of burgundy and drank the duke's and duchess's health to Mr. Lumley, and told him I did it by her Majesty's command, and then I went to the dancers, and he to the Queen, and told her I had done so. When I came to her

[1] The Right Hon. Henry Pelham, son of Lord Pelham and brother of Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, whose title had been revived in his favour by George the First.

again she told me she was glad I had obeyed her commands, and I thanked Mr. Lumley for the justice he had done me in telling it to the Queen, which drew this compliment from him, that he should always be ready to do me justice, or any service in his power. I beg my son may have no occasion to grieve that I have now and again taken a glass too much, for in my cups I shall call upon Mr. Lumley to remember me, and 'tis through these merry companions, or through rich friends that services are done for people.

"The Queen and the Prince have invited themselves to the Duke of Grafton's hunting seat, which lies near Richmond, Saturday. He fended off for a great while, saying his house was not fit to receive them, and 'twas so old he was afraid 'twould fall upon their heads. But his Royal Highness, who is very quick at good inventions, told him he would bring tents and pitch them in his garden, so his Grace's excuse did not come off; the thing must be Saturday.

"I have sent you enclosed a copy of my letter I wrote to Lord Pomfret, which will explain to you how I am made secretary to the Queen,[1] and before dinner, under pretence to know if I had taken her Majesty's sense aright, her Royal Highness (the Princess Royal) being by when I received the orders, I desired leave to show it her. She smiled and said: 'By all means let me see it'. She kept it till she had dined, read it to the Queen, her brothers and sisters, and then sent for me from the gentlemen ushers' table, and gave it to me, again thanked me, and said it was very well writ, and she saw too that I could dine at that table without being drunk at free cost."

[1] This was probably a practical joke played on Peter Wentworth, as he never held the office of secretary to the Queen.

"KENSINGTON, *September 2nd*, 1729.

"Yesterday when the Queen was just got into her chaise there came a messenger who brought her a packet of letters from the King with the good news that his Majesty was very well. He had left him at the play this day se'nnight. It also said the guards of Hanover were not to march, for all differences were accommodated between the King and the King of Prussia, so that I hope now the match will go forward [1] and that we shall soon have the King here. The Queen opened the letter and read it as she went along; the Princess [Anne] and the Duke [of Cumberland] were riding on before, and neither saw nor heard anything of this. Therefore I scoured away from the Queen to tell them the good news, and then I rode back and told the Queen what I had done, and that I had pleasure to be the messenger of good news. She and they thanked me and commended what I had done. I have sent you a copy of the orders I have been given to-day that you may see we go in for a continual round of pleasure."

"KENSINGTON, *September 16th*, 1729.

"There was one Mr. W(entworth) who had a very agreeable present from the Queen. As he went over with her in the ferry boat Saturday s'ennight she gave a purse to Princess Anne, and bade her give it to Mr. W(entworth). Then she told him she wished him good luck, and in order that she might bring it to him, she had given him silver and gold, a sixpence, a shilling, and a half-guinea. He took the purse, and gave her Majesty a great many thanks. 'What,' said she, 'will you not look into't?' His answer was: 'Whatever comes from your Majesty is agreeable to him;' though if he

[1] The double marriage scheme which had cropped up again for a brief space.

had not felt in the purse some *paper*, he could not have taken the royal jest with so good a grace. There was a bank bill in't, which raised such a contention between him and his wife that in a manner he had better never have had it. He was willing to give her half, but the good wife called in worthy Madam Percade to her assistance, and she determined to give a third to her.

"All this was told the Queen the next day, and caused a great laugh, but put poor Mr. W(entworth) upon the thought of soliciting the great Lord L(ifford) for a sum of £15 he had forgotten to pay him in the South Sea. When the chase was over the Prince clapped Mr. W(entworth) on the back and wished him joy of his present, and told him now he would never be without money in his pocket. He replied if his Highness had not told him so publicly of it, it might have been so, but now his creditors would tease every farthing from him."

The King who had been at Hanover five months now made ready to return to England.[1] He had greatly enjoyed his visit to the Electorate, and had given several fêtes, including a farewell masquerade in the gardens of Herrenhausen, where the hedges of clipped hornbeam acted as screens and the grass as a carpet; the whole scene was illuminated by coloured lights.[2] The King followed at Hanover the same clockwork rule he had established in England. "Our life is as uniform as that of a monastery," wrote one of the King's English retinue who was lodged at the Leine Schloss. "Every morning at

[1] Thackeray inaccurately says that "in the year 1729 he (King George II.) went over two whole years, during which time Caroline reigned for him in England, and he was not in the least missed by his British subjects". The King was only away from March to September, 1729, and then returned to England, where he remained until 1732, when he again went to Hanover.

[2] *Vide* Vehse, *Geschichte der Deutschen Höfe.*

eleven and every evening at six we drive in the heat to Herrenhausen through an enormous linden avenue; and twice a day cover our coats and coaches with dust. In the King's society there is never the least change. At table, and at cards, he sees always the same faces, and at the end of the game retires into his chamber. Twice a week there is a French theatre; the other days there is a play in the gallery. In this way, were the King always to stop in Hanover, one could take a ten years' calendar of his proceedings, and settle beforehand what his time of business, meals, and pleasure would be."

It was during this visit of George the Second to Hanover that his dispute with the King of Prussia came to a crisis. The King of England resented the King of Prussia's connivance at his son Frederick's disobedience, but he could hardly make that the ostensible pretext for a quarrel, so he raked up the old grievance of the Prussians having kidnapped some of his tall Hanoverians for the Potsdam regiment of guards, and so violent grew the altercation, and so insulting were the messages of the King of Prussia, that the choleric little George sent him word challenging him to single combat at any place he would name, and leaving him the choice of weapons. It would have been a boon to Europe in general, and to England and Prussia in particular, if these two royal combatants had met and killed one another as they threatened to do, but unfortunately such a desirable consummation was prevented by Lord Townshend, whose remonstrances resulted in a compromise being patched up between the illustrious cousins. In fact, so amicably were matters settled that pretended negotiations were again set on foot for the marriage of the Prince of Wales with Wilhelmina. The Prince professed himself most eager for the

THE ALTSTADT, HANOVER.

match, and wrote to Hotham, the special envoy at Berlin: "Please, dear Hotham, get my marriage settled, my impatience increases daily, for I am quite foolishly in love". Wilhelmina, however, says that she did not credit these romantic sentiments, and she thought they were due rather to obstinacy than love. Her father was quite indifferent as to whether the Prince of Wales's desire to wed his daughter proceeded from love or obstinacy; all he wished was that Wilhelmina should be taken off his hands, and given a suitable establishment. King George had the same feeling about Amelia, whom he still desired to marry to the Crown Prince. The King of Prussia's answer to this was: "I will agree to my son's marriage if he is made Regent of Hanover, and allowed to direct the management of the electorate till my death, and if provision is made for his maintenance". These terms were, of course, impossible, and the matter came to an end.

The King quitted Hanover with regret, and commanded that everything should remain at Herrenhausen precisely the same as when he was there. The pomp and circumstance of the electoral court suffered no abatement in his absence; the splendid stables containing eight hundred horses were maintained at their full strength, and the chamberlains, court marshals, and others continued to receive their full salaries. The King appointed no regent over the electorate in his absence; his uncle, the Duke of York was dead, and his son, the Prince of Wales, was now in England, so he placed the government of the electorate in the hands of a council of regency, and as a substitute for his own most gracious presence at the levées the King's portrait as Elector was placed upon the vacant throne in the state room at Herrenhausen. Every Saturday a levée was held as though the Elector

(for they did not officially recognise the King of England at Hanover) had been there, and the courtiers assembled and made their bow to the picture on the chair of state just as though it had been the Elector himself. This absurd ceremony continued through George the Second's reign, except when he was at Hanover.

The King landed at Margate on September 11th, and at once posted to London, where his Queen and Regent was eagerly expecting him. So anxious was she that when the outriders came on ahead to Kensington Palace to announce that the King was nearing London, the Queen set out on foot, accompanied by all her children, and walked from Kensington, through Hyde Park, down Piccadilly to St. James's Park where she met the King's coach. The King stopped, alighted, and heartily embraced his consort in the sight of all the people. Then he helped her back into the coach, when they drove off to Kensington together amid the cheers of the populace, followed by other coaches containing the King's suite and the princes and princesses. The devotion which the Queen showed to the King and the evident affection he bore her are the best features (one might almost say the only good features) of the Court of England at this period. Peter Wentworth, who writes to his brother of this royal meeting, says: "The King is happily arrived. . . . You see I am got into the prints by the honour the Queen did me, alone of all her servants, to send me to meet the King. I was the only gentleman servant with her when she walked, Monday se'nnight, with all her royal children, from Kensington Gardens quite to the island of St. James's Park. Passages there are better told than writ, which I design myself the honour to do very soon — though I find virtue retires no more to cottages and cells, but secure of public triumph

and applause, she makes the British Court her imperial residence."

The next day, at a meeting of the Privy Council, the Queen, kneeling, delivered her commission of regency back into the King's hands, and rendered him an account of her stewardship.

CHAPTER VI.

THE QUEEN AND THE NATION.

1729–1732.

SOON after the King's return from Hanover, matters came to a crisis between Townshend and Walpole. Ill-feeling had existed for some time, and the Treaty of Seville served to irritate it. The King, who had a great regard for a minister who had served him long and faithfully, was reluctant to let Townshend go, but the Queen, who saw in him an obstacle to her plans, was anxious to be quit of him, and when once she made up her mind, it was not long before she got what she wanted. She suspected that Townshend was in league with Mrs. Howard, and she could not forgive his having endeavoured to curtail her powers as Regent. Moreover, Townshend, who had always treated her with scant respect, had so far forgotten himself as to make a scene in her presence.

One evening, when the court was at Windsor, the Queen asked Townshend where he had dined that day, and he told her with Lord and Lady Trevor. Walpole, who was standing by, said with his usual coarse pleasantry: "My Lord, madam, I think is grown *coquet* from a long widowhood, and has some design upon my Lady Trevor's virtue, for his assiduity of late in that family is grown to be so much more than common civility, that, without this solution, I know not how to account for it." That

Walpole was only joking was evident from the fact that Lady Trevor, besides being a most virtuous matron, was very old, and exceedingly ugly. But Townshend, who was eager to take offence, flew into a passion, and replied with great warmth: "No, sir, I am not one of those fine gentlemen who find no time of life, nor any station in the world, preservatives against follies and immoralities that are hardly excusable when youth and idleness make us most liable to such temptations. They are liberties, sir, which I can assure you I am as far from taking, as from approving; nor have I either a constitution that requires such practices, a purse that can support them, or a conscience that can digest them." He went white to the lips as he said this, his voice shook, and he trembled with rage, and was ready to spring at Walpole. His answer was intended to be offensive. Walpole led a notoriously immoral life, and had lately made himself the talk of the town by his amour with Maria, or Moll, Skerrett, and the caricatures and ballads of the day teemed with the coarsest allusions to this intrigue. But Walpole kept his temper, and, with a shrug of his shoulders, answered Townshend quietly: "What, my Lord, all this for my Lady Trevor!" Townshend would have retorted with heat, but the Queen, who was exceedingly uneasy at the scene, turned the subject with a laugh, and began to talk very fast about something else.

A variety of causes conspired to aggravate Townshend's jealousy of his brother-in-law and former friend. Walpole put the case bluntly by saying that "so long as the firm was Townshend and Walpole things went all right, but the moment it became Walpole and Townshend things went all wrong;" but this was not all the truth. Walpole had built a magnificent house at Houghton in Norfolk, which completely overshadowed Townshend's

at Rainham, in the same county. At Houghton he gave frequent entertainments, to which politicians and place-hunters flocked in great numbers, turning their backs on Townshend. Walpole kept a sort of public table, which was much frequented by the country gentlemen, and the house was always full. Scenes of the wildest revelry were enacted at Houghton, and Walpole's hospitality often degenerated into drunken orgies disfigured by licence of conduct and coarseness of speech. His annual parties in the shooting season were said to cost as much as £3,000. "The noise and uproar," says Coxe, his panegyrist, "the waste and confusion were prodigious. The best friends of Sir Robert Walpole in vain remonstrated against the scene of riot and misrule. As the Minister himself was fond of mirth and jollity, the conviviality of their meetings was too frequently carried to excess, and Lord Townshend, whose dignity of deportment and decorum of character revolted against these scenes, which he called the bacchanalian orgies of Houghton, not infrequently quitted Rainham during their continuance."[1]

To Houghton Walpole often brought his mistress, Maria Skerrett, whom he maintained openly, notwithstanding that his wife was still alive. He had one daughter by her.[2] Maria Skerrett's origin was uncertain, though it was not so obscure as her enemies made out; she was a friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and her contemporaries have testified to her good heart. But she was an immoral woman of great licence of speech and behaviour, and it is doubtful whether Walpole was her first lover. He gave her £5,000 down, and a large allowance. The Prime Minister's conduct in

[1] Coxe's *Life of Walpole.*

[2] This daughter was eventually given the rank of earl's daughter, and married Mr. Churchill, a son of General Churchill. Walpole married Maria Skerrett after his wife's death, but she died soon after her marriage.

this matter gave great disgust to Townshend and the stricter of his supporters. The Queen, however, made light of it, saying that she "was glad if he had any amusement for his leisure hours," but she couldn't understand how he could care for a woman who evidently loved him only for his money. While of Skerrett, she said: "She must be a clever woman to have made him believe she cares for him on any other score; and to show you what fools we all are in some point or other, she certainly has told him some fine story or other of her love and her passion, and that poor man *avec ce gros corps, ces jambes enflées, et ce vilain ventre* believes her. Ah! what is human nature!"

As the differences between Walpole and Townshend extended not only to their political relations but to their private life, it was not long before matters came to a crisis. They were dining one night with Colonel Selwyn and his lady in Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, and after dinner, when Walpole, as usual, had drunk too much wine, a dispute arose in which the Prime Minister so far lost his usual good humour as to reply to a taunt of Townshend's by shouting: "My Lord, for once there is no man's sincerity whom I so much doubt as your Lordship's". Townshend, who was of a hasty temperament, sprang at Walpole and seized him by the throat; the Prime Minister laid hold of his antagonist in turn, they struggled together and clapped hands on their swords. The whole party was in an uproar; Mrs. Selwyn shrieked and ran out of the house to summon the palace guard, but she was stopped by Henry Pelham, who entreated her not to make a scandal, and used the same argument with the two Ministers. After a time they were pacified a little, and a duel was prevented; but the quarrel was too serious to be patched up.

Townshend shortly after resigned his office in the Government and withdrew to Rainham; he embarked no more in politics, but spent the rest of his days in improving agriculture. His retirement meant more than appeared on the surface, for he had considerable influence with the King. It involved also the ascendency of the Queen and the defeat of Mrs. Howard, whose friend he was. Henceforward there was no one to thwart the influence of the Queen and Walpole. William Stanhope, who had been created Lord Harrington for his services in connexion with the Treaty of Seville, was now made Secretary of State. He was an admirable diplomatist but a poor speaker, and though he made but an indifferent figure in Parliament, his moderation, prudence and sagacity made him a very useful minister. Lord Harrington and the Duke of Newcastle were now the only persons of any importance in the Government except its chief.

Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, was one of the greatest noblemen of his time by sheer force of his wealth. He had an enormous rent roll, he maintained princely establishments, he spent freely on display, yet he was unable to attach to himself a single friend. "The Duke of Newcastle," writes one who knew him, "hath spent half a million and made the fortunes of five hundred men, and yet is not allowed to have one real friend."[1] But the fact that he scattered lavish sums at elections to support the Hanoverian succession, owned a large number of boroughs and had vast patronage, sufficed to give him many apparent friends, from the King downwards. He was a poor speaker, he was weak and mean-spirited, and his ignorance of matters connected with his office was almost incredible. On one

[1] Dr. King's *Anecdotes of My Own Time.*

occasion the defence of Annapolis was recommended to him. "Ah!" he said after some reflection, "to be sure, Annapolis ought to be defended; of course, Annapolis must be defended. By the by, where is Annapolis?" As we have seen, the King when Prince of Wales had the strongest aversion to him, but now the duke stood high in office. Yet the King does not seem to have loved him. "You see," he said to one of his friends, "I am compelled to take the Duke of Newcastle to be my minister, though he is not fit to be a chamberlain in the smallest court of Germany." But, however poor the duke's capacity might be, he had great wealth and influence, and then, as now, men of his type were foisted on the public service to the detriment of the nation.

For the first time since the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne, the Government had respite from Jacobite intrigues. The Treaty of Seville (1729) and the second Treaty of Vienna (1731) established friendly relations between the English Government and all the European powers, so that none of them, not even Roman Catholic countries like Spain and Austria, could any longer lend outward support to James. Moreover the Jacobite party lost, almost at the same time, all their greatest men. Lord Mar died at Aix-la-Chapelle. The Duke of Wharton, who, while pretending loyalty to his master, had been negotiating for a return to England, died in Spain in comparative poverty, and so closed his career of splendid infamy. Bishop Atterbury, the ablest of all, had fallen out of favour with James, chiefly because of his wish to bring up the young Prince Charles Edward in the faith of the Church of England. When James saw the folly of alienating him it was too late. Atterbury died a few weeks after he had sent to James a copy of his vindication of the charges brought against him by

Lord Inverness, and the Jacobite cause lost its wisest friend.

James was so unpopular in England at this time, even among his own supporters, that societies were formed to discuss the propriety of transferring their allegiance to his son, Prince Charles Edward, and reports were persistently circulated that the young Prince was to be taken from his father's guardianship and brought up in the religion of the Church of England. This plan was at first supported by Bolingbroke, who did his utmost to bring it about, and it gained so much credence that in 1733 Sir Archer Croft declared in the House of Commons that "The Pretender was the more to be feared because they did not know but that he was then breeding his son a Protestant".[1] Had this been true it would have been the severest possible blow for the Hanoverian family. It would have done away with their reason for occupying the throne, and though they could not have been expected to abdicate of their own free will, yet the personal unpopularity of the King after the Queen's death was so great that the rising of '45 would probably have had a different ending. But it was not true, for in matters of religion James was as great a bigot as his father, and Atterbury's death put an end to all such plans.

The Duchess of Buckingham often went to Paris to have conferences with Atterbury on this question, and the Bishop used his influence with her to prevent the Duke of Berwick from giving a Roman Catholic tutor to her son, the young duke. The duchess pretended that her interviews with Atterbury were wholly connected with her son's education, but Walpole knew that was only a pretext to hide her Jacobite intrigues. The duchess had a great position in England as head of the Jacobite

[1] *Parliamentary History*, vol. viii., p. 1,185.

ladies; she was in fact a sort of Jacobite Duchess of Marlborough, and a rival of that illustrious dowager, whom in arrogance and pride she strongly resembled. Like her she possessed enormous wealth, and Buckingham House vied in magnificence with Marlborough House across the park. Both the duchesses disliked and despised the Hanoverian family, though from different reasons, and both masked their dislike, and occasionally did the King and Queen the honour, as they considered it, of attending their drawing-rooms. The two duchesses were on friendly terms, but occasionally had their differences. The Duchess of Buckingham lost her son, and his remains were brought from Rome to be interred in Westminster Abbey with great pomp. She sent to her neighbour across the park, the Duchess Sarah, to ask the loan of the funeral car which had borne the body of the great Duke of Marlborough to St. Paul's. Sarah spurned this request with contumely: "It carried my Lord Marlborough," she sent word to say, "and it shall never be used for any meaner mortal." "I have consulted the undertaker," wrote back the other duchess, "and he tells me I can have a finer for twenty pounds."

The Duchess of Buckingham made frequent journeys to Paris and Rome to intrigue in favour of the Stuarts, of whom she considered herself one; she paid visits to Cardinal Fleury at Versailles, but according to a contemporary[1] she got nothing from the cardinal but compliments and civil excuses, and was laughed at both in Paris and Rome for her pompous manner of travelling, in which she affected the state of a princess of the blood royal. On her visits to Paris she always made a pilgrimage to the church in which the unburied body of James the Second lay, and prayed and wept over it.

[1] Dr. King's *Anecdotes of My Own Time.*

Horace Walpole says, with a characteristic touch of malice, that despite this outward show of grief she allowed the royal pall to rot itself threadbare through her parsimony. It is more likely that sentiment prevented her from having it repaired. To Sir Robert Walpole, who knew all her intrigues almost before she embarked upon them, and who treated her as a person of no importance, she made extraordinary overtures to induce him to join with her in effecting the restoration of the Stuarts. She knew that Walpole was very fond of his daughter by Maria Skerrett, and she hinted to him that it might be possible to wed her to Prince Charles Edward if he would embrace the Stuart cause. She asked him if he remembered what Lord Clarendon's reward had been for helping to restore the royal family; Sir Robert affected not to understand, and she said: "Was he not allowed to match his daughter to the Duke of York?" Walpole smiled and changed the subject. The King had not the same patience with the Duchess of Buckingham's eccentricities as his Prime Minister, and would probably have taken some action against her had not Caroline counselled the wiser policy of ignoring her Grace's quixotic proceedings; but on one occasion the duchess was really frightened lest the King should discover her little plots. She had quitted England without having obtained the requisite permission, and she wrote to Walpole from Boulogne: "I know there is a usual form, as I take it only to be esteemed, of any peer's asking permission of the King (or Queen in the present circumstance) to go out of the kingdom, but even that ceremony I thought reached not to women, whose being in and out of their country seemed never to be of the least consequence". In the same letter she alludes to her intrigues, and speaks of them as "nonsensical stories" not worthy of credence. Walpole took her

THE PRINCESS CLEMENTINA (CONSORT OF PRINCE JAMES FRANCIS EDWARD STUART).

From the Painting in the National Portrait Gallery

letter to the Queen, who was then Regent, and they laughed over it together, but they let "Princess" Buckingham, as they called her, alone.

While the Stuarts were losing ground Caroline was working hard and incessantly to make the Hanoverian family acceptable to the English nation. By birth a foreign princess, one who did not arrive upon these shores until well into middle life, she could not boast that she was "entirely English" like Queen Anne, but it is remarkable, considering the great and obvious disadvantages under which she laboured, how well she succeeded in impressing her personality upon the English people. She was careful to express herself in public in warm admiration of the laws, customs and constitution of this country; she often declared that England owed everything to its liberties. Yet sometimes when the King abused England, as he invariably did after a visit to Hanover, speaking of the English people as "king-killers" and "republicans," and grumbling at their riches as well as their rights, she would fall into his vein, and rail against the limited powers of the Crown, which rendered the King "a puppet of sovereignty" and a servant of Parliament. It is probable that she chafed against the limitations to the power of the Sovereign, for she was a woman who loved to rule; but in theory she was all for liberty and tolerance. But whatever her predilections, she clearly understood, and acquiesced in, the only possible terms by which the Hanoverian family were allowed to reign in England. As she could not increase the limited power of the Crown in political matters, she determined to increase its unlimited influence in other directions, and to this end she encouraged everything which helped to promote the well-being and prosperity of the people, especially those movements which had a national origin. This was especially

the case with home industries. For example, we read:—

"On Saturday last a considerable body of dealers in bone-lace from the counties of Bucks, Northampton and Bedford, waited upon her Majesty with a petition on behalf of their manufacture, and carried with them a parcel of lace to show the perfection they had brought it to, and when her Majesty showed her royal intention to encourage the British manufacturer by receiving them very graciously, and bought a considerable quantity of lace for the use of the Royal Family, and several ladies followed her example, the said dealers in lace had the honour to kiss her Majesty's hand."[1] And again: "On Wednesday last some of the Trustees for Georgia and Sir Thomas Loombe waited upon her Majesty with the Georgia silk, which is to be wove into a piece for her Majesty's wear, from a beautiful pattern which her Majesty chose, and she, in a most gracious manner, expressed satisfaction at the British Colonies having produced so fine a silk."[2]

She was quick to encourage English inventions and enterprise. For instance: "On Monday Mr. Clay, the inventor of the machine watches in the Strand, had the honour of exhibiting to her Majesty at Kensington his surprising musical clock, which gave uncommon satisfaction to all the Royal Family present, at which time her Majesty, to encourage so great an artist, was pleased to order fifty guineas to be expended for numbers in the intended raffle, by which we hear Mr. Clay intends to dispose of this said beautiful and most complete piece of machinery."[3] And again: "On Tuesday a most beautiful hat,

[1] *Daily Courant*, 2nd February, 1730.
[2] *Hooker's Miscellany*, 6th August, 1735.
[3] *Daily Post*, 1st September, 1736.

curiously made of feathers in imitation of a fine Brussels lace, was shown to her Majesty, who, for the encouragement of ingenuity, being the first of the kind ever made in England, was so good as to purchase it, and afterwards presented it to the Princess of Wales."[1]

There was very little social legislation during Walpole's tenure of power, the great Minister going on the principle of letting things alone; but a few useful reforms were passed from time to time, and in all of them the Queen took a warm interest. One was effected at the instance of the Duke of Argyll, who brought in a bill that all proceedings of the courts of justice should be conducted in English instead of Latin as heretofore. "Our prayers," said the Duke of Argyll, "are in our native tongue, so that they are intelligible; and why should not the laws wherein our lives and properties are concerned be so, for the same reason?" The measure was carried, notwithstanding the fact that most of the lawyers strongly opposed the change; Lord Raymond, for instance, declared that if the bill were passed the law must likewise be translated into Welsh, since in Wales many understood no English. Another reform was the purging of the Charitable Corporation from gross abuses. This corporation had been formed for the relief of the industrious poor by lending them small sums of money at legal interest, but had drifted into malpractices and extortionate usury; penalties were now inflicted upon the malefactors, and the whole system was reformed.

The Queen's private charities were very numerous. She would never refuse a supplicant who sought her aid, in whatever rank of life he might be, and though her income was large, she spent all of it, chiefly upon others. She had no sense of the

[1] *Weekly Journal*, 8th May, 1736.

value of money, and with her to have was to spend, or to give away, not always very wisely perhaps, but always cheerfully. The journals of the period teem with notices of her liberality; but, even so, they did not represent a tithe of her charities, for she gave away much in secret, of which the public never knew. The following extracts from newspapers, taken almost at random, will serve to show how wide was her sympathy, and how generous her impulses:—

"Twelve French Protestants, who were made slaves on account of their religion, having lately been released from the jails of France on the representation of their Britannic Majesties, and having arrived here, a charitable collection is making for them, towards which the Queen has given £1,000."[1]

"Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to give and bestow the sum of £500, as a mark of her royal bounty and charity, towards the relief of the sufferers in the late dreadful fire at Gravesend in Kent."[2]

"We hear that her Majesty has ordered a sum of money to relieve poor housekeepers and other families in necessity."[3]

"Thursday last week, the wife of the drummer at Woolwich, lately brought to bed of three children, waited on the Queen, and her Majesty ordered her fifty guineas."[4]

"Mr. James Brown, one of the pages of the presence to her Majesty, having been ill of the palsy this year, and now lying incapable of doing his duty, her Majesty has been pleased to order that he should be paid his salary of £40 per annum during his life."[5]

[1] *Stamford Mercury*, 11th January, 1728.
[2] *Daily Post*, 30th January, 1728.
[3] *Fog's Weekly Journal*, 7th December, 1728.
[4] *Weekly Journal*, 20th July, 1728.
[5] *London Journal*, 24th April, 1731.

"On Tuesday last, her Majesty, together with the Duke and the three Princesses, paid a visit to Mrs. Simpson, whose husband is one of the keepers of Bushey Park. She is 106 years old, being born in the town of Cardigan in the year 1625, is now in good health, and has all her senses, except hearing, perfect. Her Majesty after expressing herself pleased with the manner of life by which she had preserved herself to this good old age, made her a present of a purse of gold."[1]

"As soon as her Majesty heard of the misfortune of the country girl's breaking both her thigh bones by the overturning of a cart near Hampton Court, she sent some ladies to enquire the truth of it, and being satisfied thereof, her Majesty was graciously pleased to order one guinea a week to be paid for her lodging, nurse and diet, and directed the surgeon to take particular care of the girl, and her Majesty would pay him."[2]

"Her Majesty being informed of the great benefit the inhabitants of the city and liberties of Westminster received from the infirmaries established there for the relief of such of their poor as are sick and lame, has been graciously pleased to send to each such infirmary a bounty of £100 to promote so useful a charity."[3]

"We hear that her Majesty has lately given to the hospital near Hyde Park Corner, the sum of £100."[4]

"Last Saturday when the Royal Family returned from hunting, her Majesty was told by Lady Deloraine that the Princess Louisa had been pleased to stand godmother to the twins of Mrs. Palairet, wife of her Highness's writing master. Whereupon her

[1] *Daily Post*, 23rd September, 1731.
[2] *Daily Courant*, 1st October, 1733.
[3] *Hooker's Miscellany*, 20th April, 1734.
[4] *Reed's Weekly Journal*, 15th June, 1734.

Majesty ordered the mother and children to be brought to her, when her Majesty, finding that Mrs. Palairet intended to suckle them both herself, was graciously pleased with the courage and tenderness of the mother in undertaking the hard task, and ordered her a purse of guineas."[1]

"Last Sunday a great number of the widows of the Navy, whose husbands died before August, 1732, and were unprovided, waited on the Queen at Kensington with their humble address of thanks for the provision they lately received upon their humble petition presented to her Majesty on Sunday, 29th April."[2]

"Her Majesty going through Hammersmith was pleased to order ten guineas for the poor haymakers, who were very numerous on the road."[3]

"Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to send fifty guineas towards the relief of the unhappy sufferers by the late fire in Cecil's Court in St. Martin's Lane."[4]

"Her Majesty has been pleased to declare her royal intention of bestowing £5,000 towards building and endowing a hospital for foundling children."[5]

"Her Majesty has been pleased to order the royal gardens at Richmond to be free to all in the same manner as those at Kensington are when the Royal Family does not reside there, so that the walks are full of company every evening to the great advantage of the town and the neighbourhood."[6]

"Her Majesty has been pleased to grant a charter and to give a donation to the governors of the infirmary at Hyde Park Corner, to establish them-

[1] *Daily Journal*, 26th October, 1734.
[2] *Hooker's Miscellany*, 17th June, 1735.
[3] *General Evening Post*, 17th June, 1735.
[4] *Hooker's Miscellany*, 12th July, 1736.
[5] *Reed's Weekly Journal*, 31st July, 1736.
[6] *Universal Spectator*, 11th September, 1736.

selves into a corporation, the same to be called St. George's Hospital."[1]

Queen Caroline was a constant and generous patron of learning; she twice gave donations of £1,000 to Queen's College, Oxford, and she tried in many ways to advance the interests of education. Science, especially medical science, found in her a warm supporter. Under the guidance of Sir Hans Sloane, President of the Royal Society, she lent her aid to any movement to promote the health of the people, and any doctor or man of science who distinguished himself was sure of receiving notice and encouragement from her. Perhaps her most notable achievement in the advancement of science was the support which she gave to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who, on her return from the East, introduced inoculation as a safeguard against small-pox into England. This beneficent discovery was opposed with great clamour by the clergy, the more ignorant of the doctors, and the middle and lower classes, and Lady Mary would certainly have failed had not Caroline stood by her side from first to last. She and her husband and children were inoculated, and by her example and determination she prevailed on the higher classes and the more enlightened people to be inoculated also, and so make the practice general.

Queen Caroline held firmly to the principle that the welfare of the people should be the first care of princes, and she strove in every way to ameliorate their lot. Parliament did little for them in Caroline's day, the era of social legislation had scarcely begun to dawn. The wars of nations, the conflicts of dynasties, the strife of creeds absorbed all energies, and in the noise and heat thus engendered the needs of the people were thrust aside and forgotten. The

[1] *Reed's Weekly Journal*, 18th September, 1736.

condition of the poor not only in the large towns, but in the country districts, was deplorable in the extreme. Many of them were sunk in ignorance and vice, and treated like beasts of burden. There was much talk about the liberties of the nation, but the lower classes of the people were little better than serfs. Neither Whig nor Tory did anything for them; they had no votes and the politician passed them by. Under such conditions the influence of one woman, however highly placed, could do little. Let it be recorded that in an epoch when the duty of man to his fellow-man was least understood, when the national selfishness was greatest and the national ideals were lowest, Queen Caroline did what she could.

CHAPTER VII.

THE QUEEN AND LITERATURE.

QUEEN CAROLINE is distinguished from the other Queens-Consort of England as the one who took a genuine interest in literature; in this respect she surpassed all our Queens-Regnant as well, though Elizabeth, and in a far lesser sense Anne, showed an appreciation of letters. The age of Elizabeth has been called the golden age of English literature: the reign of Anne the Augustan period. There can be no doubt as to the correctness of the first of these designations; the second is open to cavil. But though the English writers who flourished during the early part of the eighteenth century could not compare in loftiness or genius to the writers of the reign of Elizabeth, yet they formed a galaxy of talent—talent amounting in some instances to positive genius—which England has never witnessed since. This galaxy shone throughout the reigns of Anne and George the First, but soon after Caroline came to the throne its brilliance began to wane. Some of the greatest writers were dead, and others had already given their best work to the world.

It must be admitted that Queen Caroline's judgment in literature was not always as sound as her interest was genuine—in English literature at least. Her imperfect knowledge of the English language had something to do with this; one can hardly master the literature of a country if one does not begin to speak its language until middle

life. In French and German literature she was far better equipped. She had read much and widely of them both, and of her favourite studies of metaphysics, philosophy and theology had perhaps taken in more than she could assimilate. Her correspondence with learned and scientific men kept her abreast of the best thought of the time, and no work of conspicuous merit made its appearance in Europe without Caroline's coming, directly or indirectly, in touch with its author. When Voltaire, for instance, visited England he received ready help and generous appreciation at Caroline's hands.

Voltaire came to England in 1726, after his quarrel with the Duke de Sully. Some months' detention in the Bastille, followed by an order to quit Paris, had driven him into exile. In the warmth of his welcome to England he found a balm for his wounded feelings, and he stayed in this country more than two years. He found in England many congenial spirits, and delighted in the freedom of discussion and latitude of opinion everywhere prevalent, from the Court downwards, especially in the brilliant literary circle where he foregathered. He warmly admired the religious and civil liberty of England, and testified his admiration in his *Lettres Philosophiques*, also called *Lettres sur les Anglais*. He wrote in England his *Tragedy of Brutus*, and here also he brought out, in 1728, the first edition of his poem *La Henriade*. To Caroline, who often received him at Leicester House as Princess of Wales, and who welcomed him with equal cordiality at court when she became Queen, he dedicated this edition of *La Henriade*. The dedication, in English, ran as follows:—

"To the Queen.

"Madam—It was the fate of Henry the Fourth to be protected by an English Queen. He was

assisted by the great Elizabeth, who was in her age the glory of her sex. By whom can his memory be so well protected as by her who resembles so much Elizabeth in her personal virtues?

"Your Majesty will find in this book bold, impartial truths; morality unstained with superstition; a spirit of liberty, equally abhorrent of rebellion and of tyranny; the rights of kings always asserted, and those of mankind never laid aside.

"The same spirit in which it is written gave me the confidence to offer it to the virtuous Consort of a King who, among so many crowned heads, enjoys almost alone the inestimable honour of ruling a free nation; a King who makes his power consist in being beloved, and his glory in being just.

"Our Descartes, who was the greatest philosopher in Europe before Sir Isaac Newton appeared, dedicated the *Principles* to the celebrated Princess Palatine Elizabeth; not, said he, because she was a princess (for true philosophers respect princes, and never flatter them); but because of all his readers she understood him the best, and loved truth the most.

"I beg leave, Madam (without comparing myself to Descartes), to dedicate *La Henriade* to your Majesty upon the like account, and not only as the protectress of all arts and sciences, but as the best judge of them.

"I am, with that profound respect which is due to the greatest virtue as well as the highest rank, may it please your Majesty, your Majesty's most humble, most dutiful, and most obliged servant,

"VOLTAIRE."

Even if we allow for flattery, and Voltaire was not given to flattering princes, this dedication is a remarkable tribute to Caroline's mental powers and

her interest in the arts. Voltaire must have known of her friendship with Sir Isaac Newton; he had probably heard of her admiration for Queen Elizabeth; and he skilfully wove allusions to both in his dedication.

The first edition of *La Henriade* was sold to subscribers at one guinea a copy, and had a great success. The Queen herself solicited subscriptions for it among her friends, and the edition was soon exhausted. Nor did her interest stop here. She persuaded the King to give Voltaire a present of two thousand crowns, equal to £500, and she added to this a further present of £200 from her privy purse, and sent Voltaire her portrait.

English men of letters were not so fortunate as Voltaire in winning the favour of the court. When she was Princess of Wales Caroline made welcome any literary man of eminence to Leicester House whatever his creed or party, Papist or Arian, Jacobite, Whig or Tory. George the First's contempt for literature made her graciousness the more marked, and perhaps it was her affability and eagerness to please that gave rise to expectations which were later unfulfilled. For it is certain that many eminent writers of prose and verse expected great things when Caroline became Queen; and it is equally certain that they were grievously disappointed. Whether with all the goodwill in the world, and all the power, the Queen could have satisfied every one of them may be doubted, for the literary mind is not prone to underrate its merits. As events turned out she could do little or nothing for any man of letters, unless he were eligible for preferment in the Church. She found herself as Queen in a position of less freedom and greater responsibility. She was as anxious as ever to befriend literary men, but in this respect she found herself thwarted by the King and opposed by Walpole; her

difficulties too were increased by the fact that nearly every writer of talent was either openly or secretly hostile to the Government.

For this hostility Walpole was to blame; he had inaugurated a new policy. During the reign of William and Anne, and even in the reign of George the First while Townshend and Stanhope were Prime Ministers, literary men were courted and caressed by those in authority. In short it has been well said that "though the Sovereign was never an Augustus every minister was a Mæcenas". Lucrative places were found for many writers in departments of the civil service, and others were aided to enter Parliament or diplomacy.

But when Walpole became Prime Minister in 1721 he changed all this, and set his face like a flint against employing literary men in the public service in any capacity whatsoever. In this he was supported by George the First, and his successor George the Second, who both despised literature and never opened a book. The number of readers was far more limited then than now (though perhaps they were more discriminating), and writing books was consequently less lucrative. When men of talent and genius saw the avenues of patronage and of usefulness in the State suddenly closed to them by the Prime Minister, it is no wonder that they placed their pens at the service of the Opposition, led as it was by two men so appreciative of the claims of literature as Bolingbroke and Pulteney. But Walpole did not heed, and for twenty years followed the same policy. "No writer need apply" was written over every door that led to preferment in the State. But in the long run the writers had their revenge, and his neglect of the pamphleteers was one of the chief causes that led to Walpole's fall.

Queen Caroline had promised so fair when Princess of Wales, and her influence over her hus-

band was known to be so great, that many literary men looked forward to her coming to the throne as likely to bring about a revival of the Augustan age of Queen Anne. They were bitterly disappointed when they found her in close accord with the Minister who had slammed the door of patronage in their faces, and many considered that she had betrayed them. They forgot that in an alliance like that between the Queen and Walpole each had to yield something, and the Queen yielded some of her interest in letters for the larger interests she had at stake. It was a pity that with so real a desire to help literature Caroline was able to do so little. It was a still greater pity that after she became Queen her relations with some of the greatest English men of letters, like Swift, Gay and Pope, were strained to breaking point. The fault was not all on her side, and in some cases the breach was inevitable, but it was none the less unfortunate.

Swift, who had fallen with Bolingbroke in 1714, visited England in 1726, for the first time since the death of Queen Anne, probably with the object of effecting a reconciliation with the reigning dynasty. He made the acquaintance of Mrs. Howard through his friends Pope and Gay, and was introduced by her to Caroline, then Princess of Wales. Writing years later to the Duchess of Queensberry, who hated Caroline, Swift declared that "a nameless person" (the Queen) "sent me eleven messages before I would yield her a visit". This was surely an exaggeration, and it was written at a time when Swift, having lost all hope of preferment from the Queen, was paying his court to the duchess. Swift no doubt was quite as ready to have an audience as Caroline was to grant him one. He began the conversation by saying that he knew the Princess loved to see odd persons, and having seen a wild boy from Germany, he supposed she now had a curiosity

MRS. CLAYTON (VISCOUNTESS SUNDON).

to see a wild dean from Ireland. Caroline laughed, and found in his genius an excuse for the lack of courtly manners. He came several times to Leicester House.

Swift returned to Ireland well pleased with his reception, though no definite promise of what he desired, English preferment, had been given him. He came again to England early the following year, 1727, as it proved for the last time. His coming was heralded by the publication of his famous satire, *Gulliver's Travels*. Caroline read the book with delight, and when the author presented himself at Leicester House welcomed him most graciously. She accepted from him a present of Irish poplins, and promised him a medallion of herself in return. Swift was also a constant and welcome guest in the apartments of Mrs. Howard, and met there, besides many men of letters, politicians of the stamp of Townshend and Compton. He was in England at the time of George the First's death, and kissed the hands of the new King and Queen. For a time he was full of hope, but his expectations received a shock when he found Walpole, "Bob the poet's foe," confirmed in power. He went back to Ireland, cast down but not dismayed, and waited there for the summons that never came.

For some time the dean placed faith in Mrs. Howard, and more especially in the Queen's graciousness. He knew also the Queen's views on Church matters, and his unorthodoxy, which had hindered Anne from making him a bishop, would, he thought, be a point in his favour with Caroline. His commanding literary abilities ought certainly to have given him a strong claim upon her consideration. But Swift, the friend of Bolingbroke, was disliked by Walpole, and Caroline distrusted every one who was intimate with Bolingbroke. Moreover Swift thought, like so many others, that the way to the King's favour lay

through his mistress rather than his wife, and on both his visits to England he paid great court to Mrs. Howard, visiting her frequently, flattering her, telling her some of his best stories, and writing her some of his wittiest letters. Caroline, who knew of this friendship, resented it, and though she gave the great dean audience, and was affable to him as she was to every one, she made a mental note against his name, and never helped him to realise his wish of obtaining English preferment. She had never promised to give it to him, but she had promised to send him her medallion. Swift, who for some time after his return to Ireland, kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Howard, wrote to her recalling the Queen's promise.

"First, therefore," he writes, "I call you to witness that I did not attend on the Queen until I had received her repeated messages, which, of course, occasioned my being introduced to you. I never asked anything till, upon leaving England for the first time, I desired from you a present worth a guinea, and from her Majesty one worth ten pounds, by way of a memorial. Yours I received, and the Queen, upon taking my leave of her, made an excuse that she had intended a medal for me, which not being ready, she would send it me the Christmas following: yet this was never done, nor at all remembered when I went back to England the next year, and attended her as I had done before. I must now tell you, madam, that I will receive no medal from her Majesty, nor anything less than her picture at half-length, drawn by Jervas; and if he takes it from another original, the Queen shall at least sit twice for him to touch it up. I desire you will let her Majesty know this in plain words, although I have heard I am under her displeasure. . . .

"Against *you* I have but one reproach, that

when I was last in England, and just after the present King's accession, I resolved to pass that summer in France, for which I had then a most lucky opportunity, from which those who seemed to love me well, dissuaded me by your advice. And when I sent you a note, conjuring you to lay aside the character of a courtier and a favourite upon that occasion, your answer positively directed me not to go at that juncture; and you said the same thing to my friends who seemed to have power of giving me hints, that I might reasonably have expected a settlement[1] in England, which, God knows, is no great ambition considering the station I should leave here, of greater dignity, which might easily have been managed to be disposed of as the Crown pleased. . . .

"I wish her Majesty would a little remember what I largely said to her about Ireland, when before a witness she gave me leave, and commanded me to tell here what she spoke to me upon that subject, and ordered me, if I lived to see her in her present station, to send her our grievances, promising to read my letter, and do all good offices in her power for this most miserable and most loyal kingdom, now at the brink of ruin, and never so near as now.

"As to myself, I repeat again that I have asked nothing more than a trifle as a memorial of some distinction, which her Majesty graciously seemed to make between me and every common clergyman; that trifle was forgot according to the usual method of princes, although I was taught to think myself upon a footing of obtaining some little exception."[2]

Whether Mrs. Howard laid this letter before the

[1] A living.

[2] Dean Swift to Mrs. Howard, Dublin, 21st November, 1730. *Suffolk Correspondence.*

Queen, as the dean evidently intended her to do, or spoke to the Queen on the subject, is not known; in any case Swift would have done better to have written directly to the Queen herself, or if that were impossible, to have chosen some more congenial channel of communication than Mrs. Howard. The Queen was jealous of her influence, and Mrs. Clayton, who disliked Swift, had been taught to think that ecclesiastical recommendations were especially within her province. For Mrs. Howard to have asked the Queen for the meanest curacy for one of her favourites would have been resented. So it came about that after Swift had waited a few years longer, heart-sick with deferred hope, he turned on Mrs. Howard as well as her mistress, though in the former case he was not only ungrateful but unjust, for the poor lady had not the power, though she had the will, to help him. But Swift in his Irish exile could not be expected to know the true inwardness of affairs at Court. "As for Mrs. Howard and her mistress," he wrote, "I have nothing to say but that they have neither memory nor manners, else I should have had some mark of the former from the latter, which I was promised about two years ago; but since I made them a present it would be mean to remind them." He was extremely sensitive to slights, and he resented the Queen's forgetfulness about the medal almost as much as the fact that she omitted him from her list of preferments. Years after, in a poem which he wrote on his own death, the old grievance of the medals crops up again :—

> From Dublin soon to London spread,
> 'Tis told at Court "the Dean is dead,"
> And Lady Suffolk in the spleen
> Runs laughing up to tell the Queen.
> The Queen, so gracious, mild and good,
> Cries: "Is he gone? 'tis time he should.
> He's dead, you say—then let him rot;

I am glad the medals were forgot.
I promised him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then;
And now the consort of a King,
You know, 'tis quite another thing."

Swift never forgave the Queen's neglect, and for years, until her death, Caroline was the subject of his sharpest satirical attacks. But his satire failed to move her, any more than his presents and compliments had done. The great dean was left to drag out the remainder of his days in Ireland, embittered by disappointment and darkened by despair. Probably Walpole interposed his veto also. It was felt that such a firebrand was safer in Ireland, and his presence in England might seriously embarrass the Government. No doubt there was something to be said from that point of view. But the way in which those in authority neglected this great genius, until baffled ambition drove him to drink and madness, will ever remain one of the most tragic pages in the history of literature.

Gay, like Swift, also had a grievance against the Queen, though if Swift had any reason on his side, Gay certainly had none. Caroline had frequently showed him kindness when Princess of Wales, and had promised to help him when it was in her power. This promise she redeemed within a few weeks of the King's accession. She laughingly told Mrs. Howard that she would now take up the "Hare with many friends"—an allusion to one of Gay's fables—and she offered him the post of gentleman usher to the little Princess Louisa, a sinecure with a salary of £200 a year, which would be equivalent to £400 in the present day. There was little else that the Queen could offer him: the public service was now closed to writers, and as Gay was not in holy orders, he could not be provided for in the Church. This appointment, she thought, would secure him from want, and give him leisure for his

pen. But Gay, whose head was quite turned by the adulation of foolish women, not only refused the Queen's offer, but resented it as an insult. Soon after he was taken up by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who were among his kindest friends.

The Duchess of Queensberry was one of the most beautiful and graceful women of her day; she was a daughter of Lord Clarendon, and therefore cousin of the late Queen Anne. She was of a haughty disposition, and considered herself quite equal, if not superior, to the princes of the House of Hanover. The fact that Gay had been slighted (as he considered) by Queen Caroline was enough to make her champion his cause more warmly. Gay soon declared war against the court and the Government in his famous *Beggars' Opera*, which teemed with topical allusions and covert political satire. The character of "Bob Booty," for instance, was understood to be Sir Robert Walpole, and was especially a butt for ridicule. *The Beggars' Opera* took the town by storm; it enjoyed not only an unprecedented run in London, but was played in all the great towns of England, Ireland and Scotland. It became a fashionable craze; ladies sang the favourite songs and carried about fans depicting incidents and characters in the piece; pictures of the actress, Miss Fenton, who played the leading part, were sold by the thousand, and songs and verses were composed in her honour; she became a popular toast and a reigning beauty, and finally married the Duke of Bolton, who ran away with her. But the Queen and Walpole resented the covert sarcasm in the play, and when Gay, encouraged by the success of *The Beggars' Opera*, wrote a sequel called *Polly*, and had it ready for rehearsal, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain, acting under the orders of the King, who was instigated by the Queen, refused to license the performance. It was said

that Walpole was satirized in *Polly* under a thin disguise as a highwayman, but whatever the reason, the prohibition of the play only made it more popular. If it could not be played it could be read, and every one who had a grudge against Walpole, or the court, bought it when it came out in book form. The Duchess of Marlborough gave £100 for a single copy, and the Duchess of Queensberry solicited subscriptions for it within the very precincts of St. James's, and at a drawing-room went round the room and asked even the officers of the King's household to buy copies of the play which the King had forbidden to be played. The King caught her in the act, and asked what she was doing? She replied: "What must be agreeable, I am sure, to one so humane as your Majesty, for I am busy with an act of charity, and a charity to which I do not despair of bringing your Majesty to contribute". The King guessed what the charity was, and talked the incident over with the Queen, who so resented the duchess's action, which she rightly guessed was aimed more particularly at herself, that the King's vice-chamberlain was sent to request her not to appear at court again. The vice-chamberlain's message was verbal; but the duchess immediately wrote a spirited reply:—

"The Duchess of Queensberry is surprised and well pleased that the King hath given her so agreeable a command as to stay from Court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a great civility on the King and Queen; she hopes that by such an unprecedented order as this is, that the King will see as few as he wishes at his Court, particularly such as dare to think or speak truth. I dare not do otherwise, and ought not, nor could have imagined that it would not have been the very highest compliment that I could possibly pay the King to endeavour to support truth and innocence

in his house, particularly when the King and Queen both told me that they had not read Mr. Gay's play. I have certainly done right, then, to stand by my own words rather than his Grace of Grafton's, who hath neither made use of truth, judgment, nor honour, through this whole affair, either for himself or his friends."

The duchess told the vice-chamberlain to take the letter to the King at once; the vice-chamberlain read it, and thought it so disrespectful that he begged her to reconsider the matter. Thereupon she sat down and wrote a second letter which was even worse, so he took the first after all. The King was beside himself with passion when he received it, and uttered the most appalling threats. But the duchess went about unharmed, and laughed him to scorn. She was glad to have this opportunity of showing her contempt for the "German Court," as she called it, and her husband supported her action by resigning his office of Vice-Admiral of Scotland. Poor Mrs. Howard was the only sufferer, for Gay and the duchess were both her friends, and she therefore got the full brunt of the King's ill temper. Most people took the duchess's part, thinking that the court had been impolitic in noticing her action on behalf of Gay, who became for the moment a popular martyr. "He has got several turned out of their places," wrote Arbuthnot to Swift, "the greatest ornament of the Court banished from it for his sake, and another great lady (Mrs. Howard) in danger of being *chassée* likewise, about seven or eight duchesses pushing forward like the ancient circumcelliones in the church to see who shall suffer martyrdom on his account first; he is the darling of the city."[1]

Gay certainly did not suffer from the Lord Chamberlain's action, for the subscriptions to

[1] Dr. Arbuthnot to Swift, 19th March, 1729.

Polly brought him in £1,200, whereas by *The Beggars' Opera*, with all its success, he had only gained £400. Therefore, as Dr. Johnson says, "What he called oppression ended in profit".

The Queen's difference with Pope arose out of the political exigencies of the hour. Unlike Swift and Gay he expected nothing from her, and had therefore no disappointment. As a Roman Catholic he was debarred from all places of honour and emolument, though in the reign of George the First Secretary Craggs offered him a pension of £300 a year, to be paid from the secret service money. Pope had been a familiar figure at Leicester House and Richmond Lodge. He was a great friend of Mrs. Howard, and a favourite with the maids of honour. Caroline, as Princess of Wales, had shown him many courtesies, and recognised his genius and admired his work. But Pope's friendship with Bolingbroke and hatred of Walpole necessarily led to a breach between him and the Queen. As Mrs. Howard's influence waned and Walpole's became greater, Pope came no more to court, and had nothing for the Queen but sneers and ridicule.

His famous quarrel with Lord Hervey also did much to widen the breach, for the Queen naturally took her favourite's side. A friend of Lord Hervey's in the House of Commons spoke of Pope as "a lampooner who scattered his ink without fear or decency". This was true of both combatants, who showed in a most unamiable light in this sordid quarrel. The origin of the feud is involved in obscurity, but Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was undoubtedly in part responsible for it.

Lady Mary, since her return from Constantinople in 1718, had occupied a unique position in society. She was a chartered libertine, her conversation grew broader with advancing years, and her wit had more licence. Between her and Lord Hervey there

existed one of those curious friendships which may sometimes be witnessed between an effeminate man and a masculine woman, and there seems no doubt that it was of the kind which is known as "Platonic," for, after Lord Hervey's death, when his eldest son sealed up and sent Lady Mary the letters she had written to his father, assuring her that he had not looked at them, she wrote to say that she almost regretted he had not, as it would have proved to him what most young men disbelieved, "the possibility of a long and steady friendship subsisting between two persons of different sexes without the least mixture of love".

Lady Mary took a house at Twickenham not far from Pope's beautiful villa, and, though she was warned not to have anything to do with "the wicked wasp of Twickenham," she renewed her friendship with the poet, and became as intimate with him as before. "Leave him as soon as you can," wrote Addison to her, "he will certainly play you some devilish trick else." But Lady Mary took no heed, perhaps the danger of the experiment tempted her, and she fooled the little poet to the top of his bent. Pope, with all his genius, had an undue reverence for rank; he was flattered by the notice which this clever woman extended to him, and he genuinely admired her wit and vivacity. Lady Mary's house was the rendezvous of many of the courtiers and wits of the day, and here Pope often met Lord Hervey. Lady Mary delighted in the homage the poet gave to her ungrudgingly; it flattered her vanity that such a genius should be at her feet. She wrote to him effusive letters, and in one of them declared that he had discovered the philosopher's stone, "since by making the *Iliad* pass through your poetical grasp into an English form, without losing aught of its original beauty, you have drawn the golden current from Patoclus to Twickenham". Pope also wrote

her the most extravagant epistles. In one, referring to her portrait, which had been painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, he says: "This picture dwells really at my heart, and I made a perfect passion of preferring your present face to your past". Again he tells her, "I write as if I were drunk; the pleasure I take in thinking of your return transports me beyond the bounds of common decency".

After a time Lady Mary began to grow rather weary of her poet, but he, on the contrary, became even more arduous, and was at last led into making her a passionate declaration of love. She received it by laughing in his face. Pope was keenly sensitive to ridicule, his deformity made him more so than most men; he was of a highly strung disposition, and Lady Mary's outburst of hilarity was a thing he could neither forget nor forgive. He withdrew deeply mortified and offended. His vanity could not understand how the beautiful Lady Mary could reject him with such disdain if another had not stolen her from him. He formed the idea that Lord Hervey was his rival, and against him therefore directed all his malice, spleen and hatred. A scurrilous paper war began. Lord Hervey dabbled in poetry, not of great merit, and Pope savagely attacked it. Speaking of one of his own satires, against which he pretended a charge of weakness had been brought, he says:—

> The lines are weak, another's pleased to say,
> Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

And again:—

> Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme
> A painted mistress, or a purling stream.

Hervey, who thought his namby-pamby verses really poetry, was stung to the quick by this contemptuous allusion, and, smarting under the satire, was foolish enough to retaliate upon Pope in a poor effusion

addressed "To the Imitator of the Satires of the Second Book of Horace". It runs:—

> Thus, whilst with coward hand you stab a name,
> And try at least t' assassinate our fame;
> Like the first bold assassin's be thy lot;
> And ne'er be thy guilt forgiven, or forgot;
> But as thou hat'st, be hated by mankind,
> And with the emblem of thy crooked mind
> Marked on thy back, like Cain, by God's own hand,
> Wander, like him accursed, through the land.

In the same poem Pope was told:—

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

This brutal allusion to Pope's physical infirmities and his birth stung the most sensitive of poets to the quick. In this duel of wits, Hervey had chosen verse as his weapon, forgetting that in this line his adversary had no equal, and Pope seized the advantage. Hervey had set him an unworthy example, which he did not hesitate to follow, and he raked up everything which approached physical hideousness, weakness, or deformity in the person and mind of his adversary. According to Lord Hailes, "Lord Hervey, having felt some attacks of epilepsy, entered upon and persisted in a very strict regimen, and thus stopped the progress and prevented the effects of that dreadful disease. His daily food was a small quantity of ass's milk and a flour biscuit. Once a week he indulged himself with eating an apple; he used emetics daily. Lord Hervey used paint to soften his ghastly appearance." All these weaknesses were seized upon by Pope, and put into a poem wherein Lord Hervey was satirized as "Sporus".

> Let Sporus tremble! what! that thing of silk!
> Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk!
> Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
> Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
> Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
> This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings;
> Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
> Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:

So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way
Whether in florid impotence he speaks
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or, at the ear of Eve, familiar toad
Half froth half venom, spits himself abroad:
In puns or politics, in tales or lies
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies;
His wit all see-saw between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the Board,
Now trips a lady and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expressed,
A cherub's face and reptile all the rest;
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Coxe, alluding to the portrait of Sporus, writes: "I never could read this passage without disgust and horror, disgust at the indelicacy of the allusions, horror at the malignity of the poet in laying the foundation of his abuse on the lowest species of satire, personal invective, and what is still worse, sickness and debility". This condemnation is true of Pope's verses on Hervey, but it is equally true of Hervey's verses on Pope—and it was Hervey who began the personal abuse.

Lady Mary did not escape either. Pope depicted her as a wanton, scoffed at her eccentricities, and hinted that she conferred her favours on "a black man," the Sultan Ahmed of Turkey.

Pope also addressed a prose letter to Lord Hervey, which was, if possible, more bitter and vindictive than his character of "Sporus". He thought very highly of his letter, which Wharton styles "a masterpiece of invective". To one of his friends Pope wrote: "There is woman's war declared against me by a certain lord; his weapons are the same which women and children use—a pin

to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter. I writ a sort of answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and after showing it some people, suppressed it; otherwise it was such as was worthy of him and worthy of me." The reason Pope gives for suppressing this letter, which was not published until after his death, though privately shown to many, was not the true one. Queen Caroline got hold of a copy of the epistle, and it was at her express desire that Pope withheld it. She feared lest it should render her favourite contemptible in the eyes of the world, and though she was greatly incensed against Pope, she dissembled her anger, and used her influence to end this wordy war, in which there could be no doubt that Pope was the victor.[1]

But though Caroline was unfortunate in her relations with Swift, Gay and Pope, men whose writings shed a lustre on her era, she was the means of helping other writers who were eminent in a different way. Butler, the author of the *Analogy*, and Berkeley, who wrote *The Minute Philosopher*, she preferred to high office in the Church. For other writers who were not in holy orders she did what she could. She befriended Steele at a time when, to use his own words, he was "bereft both of limbs and speech".[2] She had often befriended him before in the course of his chequered career. She reprieved Savage, the natural son of that unnatural mother the Countess of Macclesfield, when he lay under sentence of death. And after his wonderful poem, *The Bastard*, was written, she helped him again with a pension of £50 from her privy purse. She patronised Somerville, author of *The Chase*, no mean poet in the opinion of Dr. Johnson; and she

[1] In his *Memoirs* Lord Hervey makes no mention of his quarrel with Pope or his duel with Pulteney, and slips over the years 1730-1733 without a line of comment. This seems to show that he was not proud of either of these achievements.

[2] Sir Richard Steele to Mrs. Clayton, May, 1724.

JOHN, LORD HERVEY.

sought to support that luckless playwright William Duncombe. It was one of her sayings that "genius was superior to the patronage of princes," but she had a great sympathy for literary endeavour, however humble. But her patronage of minor writers was more often dictated by the kindness of her heart than by the soundness of her judgment. An instance of this was afforded by her patronage of Stephen Duck, whose fate has been not inaptly compared to that of Burns—without the genius.

Stephen Duck was the son of a peasant in Wiltshire, and worked as a day labourer and thresher on a farm at Charlton. He must have had some ability and a good deal of application, for when his day's work was done, he taught himself the rudiments of grammar and a smattering of history and science. These labours bore fruit in poetry; but the poems remained unpublished until Duck reached the age of thirty, when he had the good fortune to attract the notice of a country clergyman named Spence, who not only lent him books, but found the means for him to print some of his poems in pamphlet form, including *The Thresher's Labour*, a poem descriptive of his own life, and *The Shunamite*. These poems found their way into the hands of Lord Tankerville and Dr. Alured Clarke, Prebendary of Winchester, who thought so highly of their merits that they got up a subscription to aid the author. Dr. Alured Clarke did more; he wrote to his friend Mrs. Clayton telling her the story of Duck's life, and begging her to bring his poems before the notice of the Queen. By this time Duck had quite a little coterie of admirers in his own county, who, as Dr. Alured Clarke wrote, thought "the thresher, with all his defects, a superior genius to Mr. Pope".[1]

[1] Dr. Alured Clarke to Mrs. Clayton, Winchester, 18th August, 1730.

Caroline was much interested in the fact that these poems were written by a poor thresher, and when the court was at Windsor she commanded that Duck should be brought there. She was so pleased with his manner and address that she settled a small annual pension on him, and in 1733 made him one of the yeomen of the guard. Dr. Alured Clarke, by this time one of the royal chaplains, and Mrs. Clayton acted as the sponsors of the poet, whose work now became well-known. The most extravagant ideas were formed concerning it, some considering *The Thresher's Labour* superior to Thomson's *Seasons*, and others declaring that the author of *The Shunamite* was the greatest poet of the age. Thus encouraged, Duck wrote more poems, and the Queen's patronage secured for them a large sale. Naturally many were in praise of his generous benefactress. Duck in due time took holy orders, to which he had always a leaning —he was ordained, as a literate, by the Bishop of Salisbury. Shortly after his ordination, the Queen appointed him keeper of Merlin's Cave, a fanciful building she had erected at Richmond. Both Merlin's Cave and Duck came in for a great deal of satire from "the epigrammatic Mæcenases," as Dr. Alured Clarke calls them, who regarded both the cave and the patronage of the poet as proofs of the Queen's folly rather than her wisdom. Pope wrote :—

> Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see
> No poets there, but Stephen, you and me.

Swift, writhing under neglect, penned a very caustic epigram :—

> The thresher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail:
> The proverb says, "No fence against a flail,"
> From threshing corn he turns to thresh his brains
> For which her Majesty allows him grains,
> Though 'tis confessed that those who ever saw
> His poems, think them all not worth a straw.
> Thrice happy Duck! employed in threshing stubble
> Thy toils were lessen'd and thy profits doubled.

Close by Merlin's Cave the Queen raised another quaint conceit known as the "Hermitage," in which she placed busts of Adam Clarke, Newton, Locke and other dead philosophers. These busts excited the ire of living worthies. Swift in his *Elegant Extracts* wrote :—

> Lewis, the living genius fed
> And rais'd the scientific head:
> Our Queen, more frugal of her meat,
> Raises those heads that cannot eat.

This drew forth the following repartee, addressed to Swift:—

> Since Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed,
> Ere her own was laid low, had exalted your head,
> And since our good Queen to the wise is so just,
> To raise heads from such as are humbled in dust,
> I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted;
> Pr'y thee, go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

Whereto the dean wittily replied :—

> Her Majesty never shall be my exalter;
> And yet she would raise me I know, by—a halter.

Stephen Duck's poetry was popular in its day, but it owed its popularity to the favour of the Queen rather than to its intrinsic merit. His talent was not sufficient to overcome the defects of his early education. Duck realised this far more than his friends, and he was keenly sensitive to the satire which great writers like Swift and Pope thought it worth their while to pour upon him. The Queen remained his constant friend, and preferred him successively to a chaplaincy at Kew and the rectory of Byfleet in Surrey. But Duck was not a happy man; his education began too late in life, and he could never accommodate himself to his altered circumstances. He ended his career by committing suicide, a few years after the death of his royal patroness.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EXCISE SCHEME.

1732–3.

In May, 1732, the King made his second visit to Hanover, and was absent from England four months. He invested the Queen with full powers of Queen-Regent as before. George the Second's visit to Hanover was again exceedingly unpopular with the nation, but he was determined to go, and it was useless to thwart him. This, Caroline's second regency, was uneventful, though in it she managed to do something to advance the cause of prison reform. Knowing the injustices and anomalies of the criminal law, the Queen's influence was all on the side of mercy. She showed a particular distaste to signing death warrants in her capacity as Regent, and whenever she could possibly do so she pardoned the criminals. For instance, we read: "On Tuesday the report of the four criminals who received sentence of death at the late Sessions at the Old Bailey was made to her Majesty in Council by Mr. Sergeant Raby, and her Majesty was graciously pleased to show mercy and pardon them". In the reform of the prison system the Queen took a direct interest. She was always anxious, when it was in her power, to release prisoners, and to make penalties easier for debtors and other offenders,[1] and she

[1] Last Friday her Majesty was most graciously pleased to extend her mercy to William Bales, under order for transportation for

was determined that something should be done to remedy the deplorable condition of the public prisons.[1] She had taken up this question the year after the King's accession to the throne, and during her regency an inquiry was instituted, which laid bare a frightful system of abuses; gaolers and warders connived at the escape of rich prisoners, and subjected poor ones, who could not pay their extortionate demands, to every sort of cruelty, insult and oppression.

The reports of the Select Committees of the House of Commons teem with such cases. One report stated that "The Committee saw in the women's sick ward many miserable objects lying, without beds, on the floor, perishing with extreme want; and in the men's sick ward yet much worse. . . . On the giving of food to these poor wretches (though it was done with the utmost caution, they being only allowed at first the smallest quantities, and that of liquid nourishment) one died; the vessels of his stomach were so disordered and contracted, for want of use, that they were totally incapable of performing their office, and the unhappy creature perished about the time of digestion. Upon his body a coroner's inquest sat (a thing which, though required by law to be always done, hath for many years been scandalously omitted in this gaol), and the jury found that he died of want.

fourteen years, who sometime since was condemned on the Black Act.—*Daily Gazetteer*, 26th July, 1736.

Her Majesty has been pleased to pardon the three following condemned to transportation for fourteen years—*viz.*, Thomas Ricketts, for stealing a silver hilted sword, and Thomas Morris and John Pritchard, for housebreaking.—*Daily Gazetteer*, 7th August, 1736.

The day before the Court removed from Windsor to Richmond her Majesty gave £80 for discharging poor debtors confined in the town jail.—*Daily Post*, 19th October, 1730.

[1] Petitions have lately been presented to her Majesty from insolvent debtors confined in the prisons of this city, the numbers of whom are so great that several have died lately of the prison distemper, and others through want.—*Craftsman*, 18th May, 1728.

Those who were not so far gone, on proper nourishment being given them, recovered, so that not above nine have died since the 25th March last, the day the Committee first met there, though, before, a day seldom passed without a death; and upon the advancing of the spring not less than eight or ten usually died every twenty-four hours."[1] The prison referred to was a London prison, but in the provinces matters were no better. There was, for example, a petition to the House of Commons, 1725, from insolvent debtors in Liverpool gaol, stating that they were "reduced to a starving condition, having only straw and water at the courtesy of the sergeant".[2] The Queen was horrified and indignant at these revelations, and she repeatedly urged on Walpole the reformation of the prison system, and the revision of the criminal code. But Walpole was averse to any legislation unless it was demanded by political exigencies, and the utmost the Queen achieved was a more vigorous inspection of prisons and the punishment of gaolers detected in cruelty.

In September the King returned from Hanover and took over the reins of government, an easy task, for Walpole and the Queen had managed so well that this was a period of peace abroad and prosperity at home.

Walpole was now at the zenith of his power; in the country everything was quiet, in the Cabinet all his colleagues were submissive. He enjoyed the fullest confidence of the King and Queen, and he had apparently complete ascendency in both Houses of Parliament. The Opposition, though able and active, both in Parliament and out of it, were unable to lessen the Ministerial majority. "What can you have done, sir, to God Almighty to make him

[1] Second Report of the Select Committee, presented 14th May, 1729.

[2] *Commons' Journals*, vol. xx.

so much your friend?" exclaimed an old Scottish Secretary of State at this time to Walpole. The Prime Minister's ascendency might have continued serenely had he not the following year (1733) been so unwise as to depart from his policy of letting sleeping dogs lie. He brought forward his celebrated excise scheme. To explain it briefly, Walpole proposed to bring the tobacco and wine duties under the law of excise, and so ease the land tax. This land tax, ever since the Revolution of 1688, had borne the great burden of taxation, and during the wars of Marlborough had risen to as much as four shillings in the pound. In consequence of the peace and prosperity enjoyed by the nation the last few years it has been reduced to two shillings in the pound, and Walpole's proposed changes would have the effect of further reducing it or abolishing it altogether. Walpole hoped by this means to conciliate the landowners and country gentlemen, who considered that they had to bear an unfair share of the burdens of the State. Customs had always been levied on wine and tobacco, and the change proposed had regard chiefly to the method of collection. An active system of smuggling was carried on, and connived in and winked at by many people, so that the duties on wine and tobacco fell very far short of the estimates. Under Walpole's scheme this system of wholesale smuggling would be to a great extent stopped, and he estimated that the excise duties would rise by one-sixth, which would be more than sufficient to meet the deficit caused by easing the land tax. He had the hearty support of the court, for the King's Civil List depended to some extent on the duties on tobacco and wine, and if they were increased, the royal income would increase also.

Walpole at first was confident that he would be able to carry this scheme through without

much opposition, but as soon as its purport became known, even before it was introduced into Parliament, it was evident that the Prime Minister had seriously miscalculated public opinion. Both in and out of Parliament the opposition to any extension of the excise was tremendous; the whole nation rose against it. The people persisted in regarding the proposed extension as the first step in a scheme of general excise, in which every necessary of life would be taxed, and the liberties of the subject interfered with by excise officers coming into private houses whenever they pleased. It was in vain for Walpole to vow that "no such scheme had ever entered his head"; it was in vain to reason or expostulate. Popular indignation burned to a white heat, and there were plenty of able men ready to fan the flame. The *Craftsman* declared that the Prime Minister's scheme would ruin trade, destroy the liberties of the people, abrogate Magna Charta, and make the Crown absolute. The Jacobites and the Tories, though largely drawn from the landed classes who were to be benefited by this scheme, rejected with contumely the proffered "bribe" as they called it. Not only every Jacobite and every Tory, but all the discontented Whigs, all the politicians who had wished for office and had not obtained it, all the peers and members of Parliament whom Walpole at different times had insulted and aggrieved, precipitated themselves on this opportunity of attacking him.

The Prime Minister was also betrayed in the house of his friends; there were several great peers holding minor offices under the Crown who were secretly hostile to Walpole, though they had hitherto masked their animosity. They now seized this opportunity to undermine him. Among them were the Dukes of Argyll, Montrose, and Bolton, the Earls of Stair and Marchmont, and Lords

Chesterfield and Clinton. These malcontents held a secret meeting, and determined to send Lord Stair to the Queen, to set forth to her the unpopularity of the excise scheme, and the danger which the Crown ran in supporting it. Lord Stair had fought in Marlborough's campaign, and for many years had served his country with great credit as ambassador to France. Walpole had treated him shabbily in recalling him from Paris when he came into collision with Law, the financier, and for a long time there had been a great deal of ill-feeling. When the Duke of Queensberry resigned, Walpole sought to make amends by giving the ex-ambassador the post of Vice-Admiral of Scotland; this post Lord Stair still held, but he had not forgotten his resentment against Walpole.

The Queen gave Lord Stair an audience one evening in her cabinet in Kensington Palace. He burst forth into violent invective against the Prime Minister, saying: "But, madam, though your Majesty knows nothing of this man but what he tells you himself, or what his creatures and flatterers, prompted by himself, tell you of him, yet give me leave to assure your Majesty that in no age, in no reign, in no country, was ever any Minister so universally odious as the man you support. . . . That he absolutely governs your Majesty nobody doubts, and very few scruple to say; they own you have the appearance of power, and say you are contented with the appearance, whilst all the reality of power is his, derived from the King, conveyed through you, and vested in him."

He then referred to a personal grievance he had against Walpole, in that Lord Isla, brother of the Duke of Argyll, had been preferred before him, and given important appointments which he (Lord Stair) ought to have filled. He quoted this as a proof of Walpole's power over the Queen, and said: "For

what cannot that man persuade you to, who can make *you*, madam, love a Campbell? The only two men in this country who ever vainly hoped or dared to attempt to set a mistress's" (Mrs. Howard's) "power up in opposition to yours were Lord Isla and his brother, the Duke of Argyll; yet one of the men who strove to dislodge you by this method from the King's bosom is the man your favourite has thought fit to place the nearest to his." This, however, was a little too much for the Queen, who was extremely sensitive of any mention of the peculiar relations which existed between Mrs. Howard and the King. She sharply rebuked Lord Stair, and desired him to remember that "he was speaking of the King's servant, and to the King's wife". Lord Stair therefore said no more on that point, but proceeded forthwith to the excise scheme, declaring that it would be impossible to force the measure through the Lords, though corruption might carry it through the Commons. He added that even if it were possible to carry it into law, "yet, madam, I think it so wicked, so dishonest, so slavish a scheme, that my conscience would no more permit me to vote for it than his" (Walpole's) "ought to have permitted him to project it". The Queen again interrupted him by crying out: "Oh, my lord, don't talk to me of your conscience; you make me faint!" This so nettled Lord Stair that he spoke plainer than ever.

When he had quite talked himself out, it was the Queen's turn to let Lord Stair know *her* mind, which she did with a vigour and directness that left nothing to be desired.

"You have made so very free with me personally in this conference, my lord," she said, "that I hope you will think I am entitled to speak my mind with very little reserve to you; and believe me, my lord, I am no more to be imposed upon by

your professions than I am to be terrified by your threats." She then reminded Lord Stair of the part he had played in supporting the Peerage Bill in the last reign, which, she held, was against the interests of the Prince of Wales and the liberties of the people, and went on to say: "To talk therefore in the patriot strain you have done to me on this occasion can move me, my lord, to nothing but laughter. Where you get your lesson I do not want to know. Your system of politics you collect from the *Craftsman*, your sentiments, or rather your professions, from my Lord Bolingbroke and my Lord Carteret—whom you may tell, if you think fit, *that I have long known them to be two as worthless men of parts as any in this country, and whom I have not only been often told are two of the greatest liars and knaves in any country, but whom my own observation and experience have found so.*"[1]

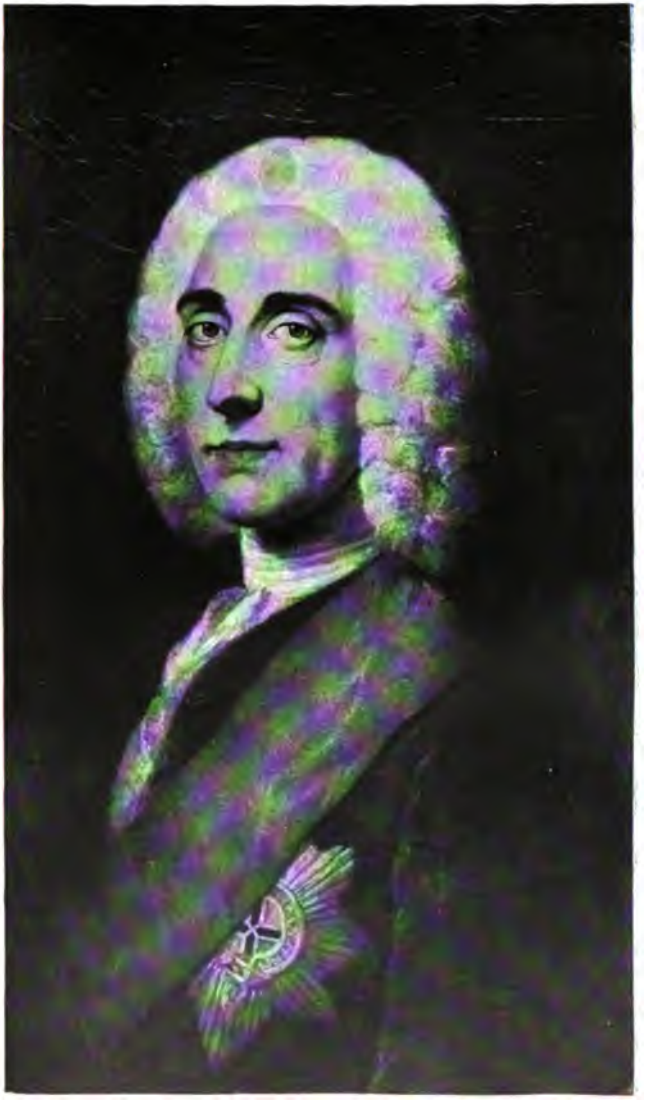
All this the Queen said, and much more to the same effect, which convinced Lord Stair that she would do nothing against Walpole, so he took his leave saying: "Madam, you are deceived, and the King is betrayed". He went back to the malcontent peers to tell them of the interview, from which he was fain to confess he had no results to show; but he boasted that he had at least told the Queen some home truths which she would not be likely to forget.

Finding that Walpole was determined, despite remonstrance, to introduce his excise scheme, and was supported by the King and Queen, the Opposition organised a popular agitation against it. The whole country was flooded with pamphlets, and meetings were everywhere held. Disaffection to the Government ran like wildfire throughout the land, and from all parts of the kingdom the cry

[1] Hervey's *Memoirs*.

was: "No slavery, no excise, no wooden shoes"—this last was aimed at the German tendencies of the court. Public agitation rose to a greater height than it had done since the Jacobite rising of 1715. The city of London and nearly every borough in England held meetings to protest against the scheme, and passed resolutions commanding their representatives to oppose any extension of the excise in any form whatever. The agitation went on for months, increasing in volume and in violence, though the scheme was yet in embryo, and the measure had not been laid before Parliament. The more timid among Walpole's supporters took alarm and urged him to abandon the contemplated measure. But the Prime Minister, who during these years of almost absolute power had become a dictator, refused to listen. He paid little heed to the press, and declared that the whole agitation was a got-up job. If he yielded to clamour in this matter he would have to do so in others and would be left, he said, with only the shadow of power.

Walpole introduced his Excise Bill into Parliament on March 14th, 1733, in a speech conspicuous for its moderation. He stoutly denied the report that he intended to propose a general excise. He sketched the details of his measure as one which affected solely the duties on tobacco and wine and sought to put down smuggling. "And this," he wound up, "is the scheme which has been represented in so dreadful and terrible a light—this the monster which was to devour the people and commit such ravages over the whole nation." The Prime Minister's eloquence was of no avail; his denials were not believed, his moderation was regarded as a sign of weakness. The Opposition rose in their wrath and denounced the measure root and branch. Pulteney mocked, Barnard thundered, Wyndham stigmatised excises of every kind as "badges of slavery". And the



PHILIP STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

From the Painting in the National Portrait Gallery.

cheers which greeted these denunciations within the House were caught up by the multitude outside. The doors of Westminster were besieged by frenzied crowds hostile to the excise, who cheered every member of Parliament opposed to the Bill and hooted and yelled at every one who favoured it. To these Walpole incautiously alluded in his reply, "Gentlemen may give them what name they think fit; it may be said they come hither as humble supplicants, but I know whom the law calls sturdy beggars". The Opposition seized on this unlucky phrase as showing the arrogant Minister's indifference to the poverty of the people, and his desire to deny their right of petition. Through the rest of his political career Walpole never heard the last of the "sturdy beggars". The expression so exasperated the mob that the same night, when, after thirteen hours' debate, Walpole was leaving the House, some of the "sturdy beggars" made a rush at him and would have torn him to pieces had not his friends interposed and carried him off in safety.

The King and Queen were intensely interested in the progress of the measure. Indeed it was said that if their being sent back to Hanover had depended on the fate of this Bill they could not have been more excited. Walpole's friends fell off one by one, and new enemies declared themselves every day. Yet still the King and Queen stood by their favourite Minister undismayed. Violent personal attacks were made upon Walpole during the debate, to which the Prime Minister vigorously retorted. The King delighted to hear of these retorts, and would rap out vehement oaths and cry with flushed cheeks and tears in his eyes: "He is a brave fellow; he has more spirit than any man I ever knew". The Queen would join in these acclamations.

Thus matters went on for nearly a month, things going from bad to worse, majorities in Parliament

getting smaller and smaller, supporters falling off one by one, and the popular ferment growing higher and higher. Petitions against the Bill poured in from all the large towns, that of the Common Council of London being the most violent of all. And the paper war raged unceasingly. "The public," says Tindal, "was so heated with papers and pamphlets that matters rose next to a rebellion."[1] But despite dwindling majorities and popular clamour, Walpole remained stubborn. At last, when the storm was at its worst, it was the Queen who saw the hopelessness of contending against it. In despair she asked Lord Scarborough, who had always been a personal friend of the King and herself, and who now threatened to resign his office, what was to be done. He replied: "The Bill must be dropped, or there will be mutiny in the army. I will answer for my regiment," he added, "against the Pretender, but not against the excise." Tears came into the Queen's eyes. "Then," said she, "we must drop it."[2]

The resolution was arrived at none too soon. On April 9th, after a furious debate in the House, Walpole went to St. James's and had a conference with the King and Queen. It was then agreed to drop the Bill, though it was resolved not to make the intention known for a day or two longer. Walpole then had a private interview with the Queen, and offered to resign. It was necessary, he said, that some one should be sacrificed to appease the fury of the populace, and it was better that he should be the one. The Queen knew well what he meant, for she had so identified herself with Walpole's policy that half the attacks of the Opposition on the Prime Minister were really veiled attacks upon her. But she refused to listen to such a suggestion and

[1] *Tindal's History.* [2] Maby's *Life of Chesterfield.*

upbraided Walpole for having thought her "so mean, so cowardly, so ungrateful," as to accept of such an offer, and she assured him that as long as she lived she would not abandon him. Walpole then made a similar proposition to the King, but George the Second replied in much the same words as the Queen had done. Both the King and Queen were greatly distressed at the turn events had taken. The Queen wept bitterly, but put a bright face on the matter in public, and held her evening drawing-room as usual. She was, however, so anxious, that she was forced to pretend a headache and the vapours, and break up the circle earlier than usual.

The next day, April 10th, was the crucial day. The City of London, headed by the Lord Mayor in full state, petitioned Parliament against the Bill, and the citizens attended in such numbers that the string of coaches ran from Westminster all the way to Temple Bar. When the division was taken that night, it was found that the Government had a majority of only sixteen votes, which was a virtual defeat. The Opposition were wildly excited over their victory, which they confidently hoped would involve Walpole's fall and disgrace. Lord Hervey, who had been sent down to the House to report progress, hastened back to the King and Queen to tell them the bad news. The tears ran down the Queen's cheeks, and for some time she could not speak. The King cross-questioned Hervey as to who were the members who had seceded from the Government ranks and helped to swell the Opposition figures, and as he heard the names, he commented on them one by one in expressions such as: "A fool!" "An Irish blockhead!" "A booby!" "A whimsical fellow!" and so forth. But though the King might swear and the Queen might weep, it was clear that the game was up, and the sooner they acted upon their intention of abandoning the Bill the better.

Walpole, too, fully realised this at last, and the howls of public execration that pursued him might well have daunted even his stout heart. If there is any truth in Frederick the Great's story, it was on this eventful night that Walpole escaped from the infuriated crowd around Westminster disguised under an old red cloak, and shouting "Liberty, liberty; no excise!" and made his way to St. James's to acquaint the King and Queen of the result of the division. He found the King armed at all points; he had donned the hat he wore at Malplaquet and was trying the temper of the sword he had fought with at Oudenarde. He was ready to put himself at the head of his guards and march out upon his rebellious and mutinous subjects. But Walpole besought him to be calm and vowed it was a "choice between abandoning the Excise Bill or losing the crown". But this story is probably apocryphal. What is certain is that Walpole, the evening of the division, had a small gathering of his staunchest supporters at his house in Arlington Street. After supper he got up and said: "Gentlemen, this dance it will no further go"; and announced his intention of sounding a retreat on the morrow, no doubt to their relief.

On the morrow, April 11th, the House of Commons was crowded from end to end, and the people thronged not only the approaches to Westminster, but forced their way into the lobby. Walpole got up in the House and announced his intention of postponing the measure for two months. This, though a virtual confession of defeat, was not enough for the Opposition, who made a great uproar, and the chamber resounded with hissings, howlings and shouts, which were taken up by the mob outside, and the threatening murmurs of the multitude could be distinctly heard within the House itself, rising and falling like the surge of the sea. So violent

and threatening was the mob that at the close of the debate it was suggested to Walpole that he should make good his escape from the House by the back way. But the Prime Minister said he would not shrink from danger, and, surrounded by a body of chosen supporters, he made his way through a lane of constables. In the lobby there was great jostling and hustling, and many blows were struck. Several of Walpole's supporters were struck and wounded, but the Minister himself managed to get through unhurt, found his coach and got safely home.

The scenes in the streets of London that night were unparalleled; the whole city seemed to be on foot; the guards were called out and put under arms; magistrates were ready to read the Riot Act; and bodies of constables were drafted in all directions. Had the Bill not been dropped it is certain that a fearful riot would have broken out, and London might have presented scenes almost parallel to those witnessed in Paris nearly a century later. But since the excise was abandoned the excitement of the populace found vent in jubilations. The Monument was illuminated, bonfires were lighted in the streets (and within a day or two, as the news travelled, in every town in England), nearly all the houses were lighted up, and at Charing Cross Walpole and a fat woman, representing the Queen, were burnt in effigy, amid the howls and shrieks of the multitude.

Walpole was not a man to do things by halves, and having found that public opinion was dead against him on the excise, he determined to drop the scheme altogether. When, in the next session, Pulteney endeavoured to fan the flame of opposition by insinuating that it would be revived, in some form, Walpole out-manœuvred him by frankly confessing his failure. "As to the wicked scheme," he

said, "as the honourable gentleman was pleased to call it, which he would persuade us is not yet laid aside, I for my own part can assure this House I am not so mad as ever again to engage in anything that looks like an excise, though in my own private opinion I still think it was a scheme that would have tended very much to the interests of the nation."[1] This frank confession of defeat prevented the Opposition from harping any longer on the iniquity of the excise. But it reasonably gave them hope that a Minister who, by his own confession, had brought forward a scheme which had been rejected with contumely by the nation should constitutionally be compelled to resign. Popular execration had been directed not only against the scheme but against its author, and it was a Pyrrhic victory indeed which routed the host but left the commander in possession of the field. But Queen Caroline was as good as her word; she determined never to part with Walpole as long as she lived, and the King echoed her sentiments. In vain did the Opposition invoke the sacred ark of the Constitution; they only broke themselves against the rock of the Queen's influence.

The group of peers who held office under the Crown and yet had arrayed themselves against Walpole, in the confident hope that he would be forced to resign, now found themselves in a peculiarly difficult position. The King and Queen were indignant with them, nor did Walpole treat them with magnanimity. He forgave the repugnance of the nation to his scheme; he could not forgive the repugnance of his colleagues. Always domineering and impatient of opposition, he now gave his vengeance full swing. Lord Chesterfield, who held the office of Lord Steward of the Household, was the first to feel his resent-

[1] *Parliamentary History*, vol. ix., p. 254.

ment. Chesterfield was going up the great staircase of St. James's Palace two days after the Excise Bill was dropped, when an attendant stopped him from entering the presence chamber, and handed him a summons requesting him to surrender his white staff. In this might be seen also the hand of the Queen. The same day Lord Clinton, lord of the bedchamber, Lord Burlington, who held another office, the Duke of Montrose and Lord Marchmont, who held sinecures in Scotland, and Lord Stair were dismissed. Other peers were also deprived of their commissions, including the Duke of Bolton and Lord Cobham. Thus did Walpole triumph over his enemies.

CHAPTER IX.

FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.

THERE was another and more dangerous enemy whom Walpole could not touch, and of whose dislike he was at this time not fully aware—the Prince of Wales. Throughout the excise agitation the Prince had silently and stealthily worked against his parents and the Prime Minister. He had now become more familiar with the position of affairs in England, and had learnt the importance of his position in the state.

The Prince was a constant source of trouble to the King, nor was the blame wholly on Frederick's side. The Queen urged the advisability of giving the Prince a separate establishment, and went to look at a house for him in George Street, Hanover Square, but the King stubbornly refused to give the necessary money, and so Frederick had perforce to live with his parents in apartments in one of the palaces, and to be a daily recipient of his father's slights. Such a position would have been trying for the most virtuous and dutiful of sons, and the Prince was neither virtuous nor dutiful. Moreover, though Parliament granted the King £100,000 for the Prince of Wales, yet Frederick received only a small allowance from his father, and even that was uncertain. Under these circumstances he quickly accumulated debts, which the King refused to pay. The Queen interceded for him, but in vain, and she received no gratitude from her son, who resented, as

far as he dared, her being appointed Regent in the King's absence instead of himself. As he was entirely dependent on his father for money, he did not venture to make a public protest, but he cherished a grudge against his mother for superseding him.

With all these grievances, Frederick soon followed his father's example of caballing against his sire, and he found plenty of sympathy from those who were in opposition to the court and the Government. He had not been long in England before an opportunity was afforded him of playing to the popular gallery by an unpopular demand of the Crown to Parliament to make good a pretended deficiency in the Civil List of £115,000; it was really a veiled form of making the King a further grant. The measure was violently opposed by the Opposition, but Walpole succeeded in carrying it through the House of Commons. A great deal of ill-feeling against the court was produced in the country by this extortionate demand, and the *Craftsman* did its best to fan the flame of discontent. The Prince of Wales, who was exceedingly sore at his father's meanness towards him, pretended to disapprove of the King's conduct in making this demand, and was inconsiderate enough to say so to certain personages, and his words, repeated from mouth to mouth, did not lose in the journey. Pulteney and Bolingbroke, and other prominent members of the Opposition, quoted with approval what the Prince had said, and condoled with him on the way in which he was treated by his father. The rumour of this reaching the King's ears incensed him the more against his son, but he could not act merely on hearsay. He had no tangible ground of complaint against him, for the Prince was cautious.

Another cause which drew the Prince towards the Opposition was his liking for literature and talent. He seems to have had a genuine taste for *les belles*

lettres, he wrote poetry in French and English, some of it not absolutely indifferent.[1] The cleverest writers sided with the Opposition and the polished periods of Bolingbroke, the eloquence of Wyndham, and the wit of Chesterfield and Pulteney, all appealed to him. Bolingbroke, especially, gained influence with the Prince, and in time became his political mentor. Apart from the political aspect of the union, there seems to have been a sincere friendship between the two. Soon after Frederick came to England, Bolingbroke made overtures to him, to which the Prince responded graciously, and the first interview between them, a secret one, took place by appointment at the house of a mutual friend. Bolingbroke, who was the first to arrive, was shown into the library, and was passing the time by turning over the leaves of a bulky tome. The Prince entered the room unannounced. The book fell to the floor, and in his haste to bend the knee, Bolingbroke's foot slipped, and had not the Prince stepped forward to support him he would have fallen to the ground. "My lord," said Frederick, with exquisite tact, as he raised him, "I trust this may be an omen of my succeeding in raising your fortunes."

The Prince had charming manners, which he inherited from his mother, and he had other gifts which won for him popularity, notably his generosity, which verged on extravagance. He had that easy and affable address which sits so well on a royal personage, and he was popular with the people. It pleased them to see the heir apparent walking about the streets unguarded, and followed only by a servant.

[1] One stanza of his poem addressed to Sylvia (the Princess of Wales) ends thus:—

"Peu d'amis, reste d'un naufrage,
Je rassemble autour de moi,
Et me ris d' l'étalage
Qu'a chez lui toujours un Roi!"

And Frederick had always a bow and a smile for the meanest of his father's subjects who recognised him.

The Prince's chief favourite and counsellor was George Bubb Doddington, a curious man, whose geniality and vanity were in marked contrast to his political intrigues. He was the nephew of Doddington, one of the wealthiest land owners in England, whose sister had made a *mésalliance* with one Bubb, an apothecary of Carlisle. On the death of Bubb, his widow was forgiven, and her son George succeeded to his uncle's vast estates, and assumed the name of Doddington by royal licence. As he owned two boroughs, he entered the House of Commons and attached himself to Walpole, but on being refused a peerage by that statesman he turned against him. He made the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales soon after his arrival in England, and threw in his lot with him. Doddington was a useful friend to the Prince in many ways, for, in addition to his social qualities and knowledge of men, his wealth was of use. Doddington not only placed his purse at the Prince's service, but suffered himself to become the butt of Frederick's not very refined jests and practical jokes. "He submitted," says Horace Walpole, "to the Prince's childish horseplay, being once rolled up in a blanket and trundled downstairs. Nor was he negligent of paying more solid court by lending his Royal Highness money." Frederick once observed to some of his boon companions: "This is a strange country, this England. I am told Doddington is reckoned a clever man, yet I got £5,000 out of him this morning; he has no chance of ever seeing it again." But Doddington was keenly alive to the social distinction which the Prince's friendship conferred upon him, and no doubt received what he considered an equivalent for the money.

In the Prince's next move for popularity Dod-

dington played a passive part. He was generally understood to represent the Prince in the House of Commons, and when therefore he declined to speak in the House in favour of the excise, it was regarded as a proof of the Prince's lukewarmness; and when another favourite, Townshend, who was the groom of the bedchamber to the Prince, actually voted against the scheme, it was understood that the Prince was hostile to it. Wyndham emphasised this in one of his attacks on Walpole. He denounced corruption and tyranny, and recalled certain unworthy king's favourites of former times: "What was their fate?" he asked. "They had the misfortune to outlive their master, and his son, as soon as he came to the throne, took off their heads." The Prince of Wales was sitting under the gallery listening to the debate, and the allusion was cheered to the echo by the Opposition. The Prince's attitude was further shown by his exceeding graciousness to Lord Stair, who had told the Queen his mind, and to Lord Chesterfield, who had offended her past forgiveness.

The King was exceedingly angry, and threatened to turn Townshend out of the little appointment he held under the Prince, but Walpole counselled letting him alone. Walpole would have punished Doddington had he dared, for he regarded him as the chief instigator of the Prince's rebellious conduct. This was most unfair, for Doddington's advice was always on the side of caution, and his influence had more than once prevented the Prince from rising in open revolt against his parents. Walpole forgot for the moment that behind the Prince was one much greater than Doddington whose enmity never slept, and that one was Bolingbroke. Though debarred from his seat in the House of Lords, and unable to raise his voice or vote, Bolingbroke yet, by his genius for intrigue, the

vigour of his political writings and his consummate power of organisation, had done more than any man to stir up public feeling against the excise, and to bring Walpole within measurable distance of his fall. Most of the Opposition were puppets moved by this master mind, Wyndham was his mouthpiece, even Pulteney at this time was wholly under his spell. And under the ordinary working of the Constitution, Bolingbroke would have led his hosts to victory had not the King and Queen, unconstitutionally, it must be admitted, retained their Prime Minister.

Meanwhile, though the Prince was proving himself a thorn in the side of his father and the Government, and though the Opposition championed his cause with fervour, he could not get his allowance increased, and he sank deeper and deeper into debt. It came to the ears of old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, that the Prince was in pecuniary distress, and she bethought herself of a scheme which would at once gratify her ambition and wound the feelings of the King and Queen. She asked the Prince to honour her with a visit to Marlborough House, and, when he came, she offered him the hand of her favourite granddaughter, Lady Diana Spencer, in marriage, and promised to give him £100,000 as her portion. Lady Diana was a young lady of much wit and beauty, and the Prince, partly because he wanted the money, and partly because he knew the alliance would anger his father and mother beyond measure, accepted the offer. All arrangements were made. The day of the marriage was actually fixed, and the Prince was to be secretly wedded to Lady Diana by Duchess Sarah's chaplain in the duchess's private lodge in Windsor Great Park. The Royal Marriage Act, which made illegal the marriage of a member of the royal family without the consent of the reigning

monarch, was not then in existence, and the marriage, if it had been contracted, would have been valid, and impossible to annul, except perhaps by a special Act, which would have had no chance of passing through Parliament. There would have been nothing objectionable about the marriage except its secrecy, for Lady Diana Spencer (who afterwards became Duchess of Bedford) was by birth and fortune, as by wit and beauty, far superior to the petty German princess whom the Prince afterwards married. But Walpole got to hear of the plot in time, and was able to prevent the marriage. It is a pity that it did not take place, for the subsequent interview of the parents with old Duchess Sarah on the one side and Queen Caroline on the other would have been one of the most interesting in history.

An early and congenial marriage might have been the saving of the Prince of Wales. Like his father and grandfather he affected a reputation for gallantry, and he was always involved in affairs of a more or less disreputable nature. In pursuit of adventures of this kind he behaved more like a schoolboy than a prince arrived at years of discretion. Peter Wentworth gives an account of one of his absurd escapades. He writes :—

"Thursday morning, as the King and Queen were going to their chaise through the garden, I told them the Prince had got his watch again. Our farrier's man had found it at the end of the Mall with the two seals to't. The Queen laughed and said: 'I told you before 'twas you who stole it, and now 'tis very plain that you got it from the woman who took it from the Prince, and you gave it to the farrier's man to say he had found it, to get the reward'. (This was twenty guineas, which was advertised with the promise of no questions being asked.) I took her Majesty's words for a very

great compliment; for it looked as if she thought I could please a woman better than his Highness. Really his losing his watch, and its being brought back in the manner it has been, is very mysterious, and a knotty point to be unravelled at Court, for the Prince protests he was not out of his coach in the park on the Sunday night it was lost. But by accident I think I can give some account of this affair, though it is not my business to say a word of it at Court, not even to the Queen, who desired me to tell her all I knew of it, with a promise that she would not tell the Prince. (And I desire also the story may never go out of Wentworth Castle again.) My man, John Cooper, saw the Prince that night let into the park through St. James's Mews alone, and the next morning a grenadier told him the Prince was robbed last night of his watch and twenty-two guineas and a gold medal by a woman who had run away from him. The Prince bid the grenadier run after her and take the watch from her, which, with the seals, were the only things he valued; the money she was welcome to, he said, and he ordered him, when he had got the watch, to let the woman go. But the grenadier could not find her, so I suppose in her haste she dropped it at the end of the Mall, or laid it down there, for fear of being discovered by the watch and seals, if they should be advertised."[1]

The Prince also followed his forbears' example in setting up an accredited mistress. His first intrigue was with Miss Vane (the beautiful Vanilla), daughter of Lord Barnard, and one of the Queen's maids of honour, who, it was wittily said, "was willing to cease to be one on the first opportunity". Miss Vane had many admirers. Lord Harrington was one of them, and Lord Hervey declared himself

[1] The Hon. Peter Wentworth to Lord Strafford, London, 1734.

to be another. But Lord Hervey was fond of posing as a gallant, and his testimony on the subject of his conquests is of little worth. Miss Vane had a good deal of beauty, but little understanding, and her levity and vanity led her into a fatal error. About a year after the Prince had come to England she gave birth to a son in her apartments in St. James's Palace, and the child was baptised in the Chapel Royal, and given the name of Fitz-Frederick Vane, which was, of course, tantamount to explaining to all the world that the Prince of Wales was its father, a fact which the Prince in no wise sought to deny.

Queen Caroline at once dismissed Miss Vane from her service, and sharply reprimanded the Prince, telling him that in future he must carry on his intrigues outside the circle of her household. No such scandal had occurred since the disgrace of Miss Howe. Miss Vane's family likewise cast her off. The Prince took a house for her, and made her an allowance. But the unfortunate girl soon had experience of the fickleness of men in general, and of princes in particular. Frederick neglected her, and began to pay marked attentions to Lady Archibald Hamilton. Lady Archibald was no longer young, she was five and thirty, and the mother of ten children, and, unlike Miss Vane, she had no great beauty. But she was clever and intriguing, and soon gained great ascendency over her royal lover, whose attentions to her became of the most public description. "He," says Lord Hervey, "saw her often at her own house, where he seemed as welcome to the master as the mistress; he met her often at her sister's; walked with her day after day for hours together *tête-à-tête* in a morning in St. James's Park; and whenever she was at the drawing-room (which was pretty frequently) his behaviour was so remarkable that his nose and her ear were inseparable."

Miss Vane had small chance with so clever a rival, and Lady Archibald urged the Prince to get rid of her. In this the Queen concurred, for she resented the indiscretion of her ex-maid of honour, and as there was some thought of marrying the Prince at this time, she thought it best that he should be clear of affairs of this kind. She did not reflect, or did not know, that by getting rid of Miss Vane she was merely paving the way for a far more dangerous woman to take her place. The Prince was easily persuaded to part with Miss Vane. He sent Lord Baltimore, one of his lords in waiting, to her with a message desiring her to go abroad for two or three years, and leave her son to be educated in England. If she complied the Prince was willing to allow her £1,600 a year for life, the sum he had given her annually since she had been dismissed from court; if she refused, the message wound up by saying that: "If she would not live abroad she might starve for him in England". The unfortunate young lady was much hurt by the matter and manner of the communication. She declined to send any answer by Lord Baltimore, on the ground that she must have time to think. Lord Hervey says that she then sent for him, and asked him as a friend to advise her what was best to be done. He and Miss Vane composed a letter to the Prince, in which the betrayed lady was made to say to her betrayer:—

"Your Royal Highness need not be put in mind who I am, nor whence you took me: that I acted not like what I was born, others may reproach me; but you took me from happiness and brought me to misery, that I might reproach you. That I have long lost your heart I have long seen, and long mourned: to gain it, or rather to reward the gift you made me of it, I sacrificed my time, my youth, my character, the world, my family, and everything

that a woman can sacrifice to a man she loves; how little I considered my interest, you must know by my never naming my interest to you when I made this sacrifice, and by my trusting to your honour, when I showed so little regard, when put in balance with my love to my own. I have resigned everything for your sake but my life; and, had you loved me still, I would have risked even that too to please you; but as it is, I cannot think, in my state of health, of going out of England, far from all friends and all physicians I can trust, and of whom I stand in so much need. My child is the only consolation I have left; I cannot leave him, nor shall anything but death ever make me quit the country he is in."

When Frederick received this letter, instead of being touched by its pathos, he flew into a rage, and swore that the minx could never have written it, and he would be revenged on the rascal who helped her to concoct it. He took all his friends into his confidence, and Miss Vane took all hers, and the matter soon became the principal topic of conversation at court, from the Queen and the Princesses downwards. Miss Vane gained much sympathy by repeating the Prince's brutal message, that "if she would not live abroad she might for him starve in England". Everybody sympathised with her, and everybody blamed the Prince, who thereupon threw over Lord Baltimore, and declared that he had never sent such a message; he must have been misunderstood. On hearing this, Miss Vane, acting on the advice of Pulteney, who was thought by many to have written for her the first letter, and other friends, wrote a more submissive letter to the Prince. In it she declared that she had certainly received the message from Lord Baltimore, though she could hardly believe that it came from the Prince's lips. It was for him to show whether he had said those words or not. If he had

FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.

not, she felt sure he would treat her fairly; if he had, then all the world would know how she had been ill-treated and betrayed.

Meanwhile the affair from being the gossip of the court became the talk of the town, and ballads and pamphlets on the fair Vanilla were everywhere circulated, under such titles as "Vanilla on the Straw," "Vanilla, or the Amours of the Court," "Vanessa, or the Humours of the Court of Modern Gallantry," etc. The Prince seeing that he could not abandon the lady without considerable discredit, at last agreed to settle on her £1,600 a year for life, to give her the house in Grosvenor Street which she had occupied since she had been dismissed from court, and to allow her son to remain with her—in short, he yielded all her terms.

Poor Miss Vane did not long enjoy her fortune. Perhaps she really loved her faithless wooer; she died at Bath soon after, her friends said of a broken heart. Her child died about the same time. The Queen and Princess Caroline declared that the Prince showed more feeling at the loss of this child than they had thought him capable of possessing. Perhaps it was remorse.

The two elder Princesses, Anne and Amelia, were always quarrelling with their brother. Amelia at first pretended to be his friend, and then betrayed him to the King. When the Prince found this out he hated her, and when the King discovered it he despised her; so she became disliked by both. Anne, Princess Royal, was at perpetual feud with her brother, and their strife came to a head, strangely enough, over music. The Princess had been instructed by Handel, and helped him by every means in her power. When Handel took over the management of the opera at the Haymarket, the Princess induced the King and Queen to take a box there, and to frequently attend the performances. All

those who wished to be in favour with the court followed suit and the Haymarket became a fashionable resort. The Prince saw in this an opportunity of annoying his sister, and of showing disrespect to the King and Queen. He affected not to care about Handel's music, and set to work to organise a series of operas at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Party feeling ran very high just then, and seeing that the Prince of Wales was so much interested in the opera at Lincoln's Inn Fields, many of the Opposition, and all those who had a grudge against the court, made a point of attending the opera there, and it soon became a formidable rival to the Haymarket. Instead of ignoring this, the King and Queen took the matter up, and made it a personal grievance. They patronised Handel more than ever, and made it a point that their courtiers should do the same. Thus it came about that all those who appeared at the Haymarket were regarded as the friends of the King and Queen, and all those who attended Lincoln's Inn Fields were looked upon as the Prince's friends.

Opposition is always popular, and the Prince managed to gather around him the younger and livelier spirits among the nobility, and the most beautiful and fashionable of the ladies of quality. Certainly Lincoln's Inn Fields was much more patronised, and the King and Queen and the Princess Royal would often go to one of Handel's operas at the Haymarket and find a half empty house. This gave Lord Chesterfield an opportunity of uttering one of his witticisms. One night when he came to Lincoln's Inn Fields he told the Prince that he had just looked in at the Haymarket, but found nobody there but the King and Queen, "and as I thought they might be talking business I came away," he said; a joke which vastly pleased the Prince, and greatly incensed the court. Referring

to the large attendance of peers at Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Princess Royal said, with a sneer, that she "expected in a little while to see half the House of Lords playing in the orchestra in their robes and coronets". Conscious of failure she felt extremely bitter against her brother, and abused him roundly. But the Prince had won and could afford to laugh at his sister's invectives. The court was so deplorably dull, he said, that all those with any pretensions to wit, beauty or fashion refused to follow its lead, and looked to him, the heir to the throne, as their natural leader, notwithstanding the way in which he was treated by the King and Queen.

Certainly the private life of the Court was far from lively. The clockwork regularity of the King, both in business and in pleasure, and the limited range of his amusements and interests tended to make his court appallingly dull—in contrast to the old days at Leicester House. Mrs. Howard, whose little parties had once been so popular, now withdrew more and more to herself. She would probably have retired from court altogether had it not been that by the death of her brother-in-law, her husband became Earl of Suffolk. As she was now a countess she could no longer hold the inferior position of bedchamber-woman, and placed her resignation in the Queen's hands, who, however, met the case by making her Mistress of the Robes, and so retaining her about the court. Lady Suffolk had no longer to perform the duties at the Queen's toilet which had given her so much umbrage, and her position became pleasanter in consequence of the change. We find her writing to Gay a little later: "To prevent all future quarrels and disputes I shall let you know that I have kissed hands for the place of Mistress of the Robes. Her Majesty did me the honour to give me the choice of lady of the bedchamber, or that which I find so much more agree-

able to me that I did not take one moment to consider it. The Duchess of Dorset resigned it for me; and everything as yet promises more happiness for the latter part of my life than I have yet had the prospect of. Seven nights' quiet sleep and seven easy days have almost worked a miracle in me."[1]

Even Lord Hervey complained bitterly at this time of the monotony of his daily round. He was dissatisfied, and considered that his services to the Government and the Crown should be repaid by some more considerable appointment than the one he held, which most people thought equal to his abilities, and was certainly in excess of his deserts. But Walpole, who knew how useful Hervey was as go-between, would not remove him from his post about the Queen, notwithstanding his representations. Chafing under this refusal Lord Hervey wrote the following letter to his friend Mrs. Clayton, another courtier and favourite who could sympathise with him in his *ennui*. It gives anything but a flattering picture of the royal circle:—

"I will not trouble you with any account of our occupations at Hampton Court. No mill-horse ever went in a more constant track, or a more unchanging circle, so that by the assistance of an almanack for the day of the week, and a watch for the hour of the day, you may inform yourself fully, without any other intelligence but your memory, of every transaction within the verge of the Court. Walking, chaises, levées, and audiences fill the morning; at night the King plays at commerce and backgammon, and the Queen at quadrille, where poor Lady Charlotte (de Roussie) runs her usual nightly gauntlet—the Queen pulling her hood, Mr. Schütz sputtering in her face, and the Princess Royal rapping her knuckles, all at a time. It was in vain she fled

[1] Lady Suffolk to Gay, Hampton Court, 29th June, 1731. *Suffolk Correspondence.*

from persecution for her religion: she suffers for her pride what she escaped for her faith; undergoes in a drawing-room what she dreaded from the Inquisition, and will die a martyr to a Court, though not to a Church.

"The Duke of Grafton takes his nightly opiate of lottery, and sleeps as usual between the Princesses Amelia and Caroline; Lord Grantham strolls from one room to another (as Dryden says) *like some discontented ghost that oft appears, and is forbid to speak*, and stirs himself about, as people stir a fire, not with any design, but in hopes to make it burn brisker, which his lordship constantly does, to no purpose, and yet tries as constantly as if he had ever once succeeded.

"At last the King comes up, the pool finishes, and everybody has their dismission: their Majesties retire to Lady Charlotte and my Lord Lifford; the Princesses to Bilderbec and Lony; my Lord Grantham to Lady Frances and Mr. Clark; some to supper, and some to bed; and thus (to speak in the Scripture phrase) the evening and the morning make the day."[1]

Lord Hervey may have been prejudiced, but independent testimony comes from Lady Pomfret, who was then in attendance at court. She writes: "All things appear to move in the same manner as usual, and all our actions are as mechanical as the clock which directs them."[2]

[1] Lord Hervey to Mrs. Clayton, Hampton Court, 31st July, 1733. *Sundon Correspondence.*

[2] The Countess of Pomfret to Mrs. Clayton, Hampton Court. *Sundon Correspondence.*

CHAPTER X.

CAROLINE AND THE CHURCH.

In no sphere was Caroline's influence more marked than in Church affairs; she held the reins of ecclesiastical patronage in her hands, and during her ten years' reign as Queen Consort or Queen-Regent no important appointment was made in the Church without her consent and approval. George the Second was a Protestant of the Lutheran type, not so much from conviction, for he never troubled to inquire into religious matters, as from education and environment. He had no liking for the Church of England, but as his office compelled him to conform to it, he did so without difficulty. The established Church was to him merely a department of the civil service of which he was the head. He always accepted the Queen's recommendations, and was as a rule indifferent about ecclesiastical appointments.

Walpole was quite as Erastian as the King and even less orthodox. He had no religious convictions, and did not make pretence to any; provided the bishops were his political supporters, he cared nothing for their Church views; they might disbelieve in the Trinity, but they must believe in him; they might reject the Athanasian Creed (or the Apostles' Creed too for that matter), but they must profess the articles of the Whig faith. In those days the High Church clergy were Tory, and the Low Church were Whig; therefore Walpole

appointed Low Church bishops, but he had as little liking for the one school of thought as the other. A thorough-going sceptic himself, he had a contempt for the latitudinarian clergy, regarding them as men who sought to reconcile the irreconcilable. But he cared nothing about their views; all he asked was that they should keep their heterodox opinions to themselves and not write pamphlets or preach sermons which stirred up strife in the Church, and made trouble for the Government. Early in his political career the Sacheverel disturbance had given him a wholesome dread of arousing the *odium theologicum*, and he determined never to repeat the mistake he made then, but to let the Church severely alone. In his ecclesiastical patronage he was guided chiefly by Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, and he preferred to appoint safe men, not particularly distinguished in any way, except when he deferred to the wishes of the Queen, who kept an eye on all Church appointments.

Caroline might be described as an unorthodox Protestant. Theology interested her greatly, but her inquiries carried her into the shadowy regions of universalism, and the refined Arianism of her favourite chaplain, Dr. Samuel Clarke. She no more believed in an infallible Bible than in an infallible Pope. The Protestant Dissenters, whom she favoured with her patronage, would have recoiled in horror from her broad views had they known them, and would have denounced her with little less fervour than they denounced popery and prelacy. But Caroline took care that they should not know her views, and however freely she might express herself to Dr. Clarke and Mrs. Clayton, and at her metaphysical discussions, she kept a seal upon her lips in public. By law it was necessary that she should be a member of the established Church, and she was careful always to scrupulously conform to

its worship. She had prayers read to her every morning by her chaplains; on Sundays and holy days she regularly attended the services in one of the Chapels Royal. So particular was she that, one Sunday when the King and Queen were too ill to go to church and had to keep their beds, the chaplain came and read the service to them in their bedroom. The Queen made a point of receiving the Holy Communion on the great festivals of the Church's year, such as Easter and Christmas; and Lady Cowper comments on the devoutness of her behaviour on these occasions. Paragraphs like the following figured at regular intervals in the *Gazette*: "On Christmas Day the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, the Princesses Amelia and Caroline, with several of the nobility and other persons of distinction, received the sacrament in the Chapel Royal of St. James's".[1]

Nor were the lesser festivals of the Church overlooked: "On the Feast of the Epiphany their Majesties, the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the three eldest Princesses, went to the Chapel Royal, preceded by the King's Heralds and Pursuivants-at-Arms, and heard divine service. His Grace the Duke of Manchester carried the sword of state to and from chapel for their Majesties, and his Majesty and the Prince of Wales made their offerings at the altar, of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, according to annual custom." The ending of the day was of a more secular nature. "At night their Majesties played at hazard with the nobility for the benefit of the groom porter; and 'twas said the King won six hundred guineas, the Queen three hundred and sixty, Princess Amelia twenty, Princess Caroline ten, the Duke of Grafton and the Earl of Portmore several thousand." Even King Charles

[1] *London Gazette*, 27th December, 1729.

the Martyr, the latest addition to the prayer-book kalendar, was not forgotten by the family who were keeping his grandson from the throne, for we read: "Yesterday being the anniversary of the martyrdom of King Charles the First, their Majesties and the Royal Family attended divine service, and appeared in mourning, as is usual on that day".[1]

Thus it will be seen that in the matter of outward conformity to the rites of the established Church the Queen gave no occasion for cavil. She gave large sums to Church charities, such as £500 at a time to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy; she endowed livings and restored churches, such as Richmond, Greenwich and Kensington, presenting to Greenwich a fine peal of bells, and to Kensington a new steeple. She even feigned an interest in missionary work, and listened patiently to Berkeley when he expounded to her his scheme for establishing a missionary college in Bermuda in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. She did little to forward it, and he somewhat ungratefully declared that his visits to her had been so much waste of time, and called her discussions "useless debates". Yet, though the Queen did little to convert his heathens, she remembered Berkeley later, and obtained for him the deanery of Down.

But, with all her outward conformity, Caroline never understood the peculiar position of the Church of England, nor did she trouble to understand it. Once, soon after she came to England, Dr. Robinson, then Bishop of London, who was opposed to Dr. Samuel Clarke's views, waited upon her to endeavour to explain the Church's teaching, but he met with a repulse. Lady Cowper says: "This day the Bishop of London waited on my mistress, and desired Mrs. Howard to go into the Princess

[1] *Daily Courant*, 31st January, 1733.

and say that he thought it was his duty to wait upon her, as he was Dean of the Chapel, to satisfy her on any doubts and scruples she might have in regard to our religion, and explain anything to her which she did not comprehend. She was a little nettled when Mrs. Howard delivered this message, and said: 'Send him away civilly; though he is very impertinent to suppose that I, who refused to be Empress for the sake of the Protestant religion, do not understand it fully'." Caroline's words show how little she realised, or sympathised with, the position of the Church of England; it was to her a Protestant sect—that and nothing more. The Church of Laud, Juxon, Andrewes, Sancroft and Ken, the *via media* between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, did not appeal to her; in fact she viewed it with dislike. She made no pretence to impartiality in her patronage, or to holding the balance even between the different parties in the Church; all her bishops were more or less of her way of thinking. She would have made Dr. Samuel Clarke Archbishop of Canterbury when Archbishop Wake died, had it not been for Bishop Gibson's temperate remonstrance. He told her that though Clarke was "the most learned and honest man in her dominions, yet he had one difficulty—he was not a Christian". To do Clarke justice, he never desired a bishopric, and he had doubts about the propriety of accepting one. Moreover, he preferred his unique position at the court, where he was, unofficially, the keeper of the Queen's conscience.

It must be admitted that the Queen in her distribution of ecclesiastical patronage always recognised the claims of scholarship and learning, and she took infinite pains to discover the most deserving men. Among the divines to whom she gave high preferment, besides Berkeley, were the learned Butler and the judicious Secker, many years later Archbishop of

Canterbury. Secker, when he was Queen's chaplain, mentioned to Caroline one day the name of Butler, the famous author of *The Analogy between Natural and Revealed Religion.* The Queen said she had thought that he was dead; Secker said: "No, madam, not dead but buried". The Queen took the hint, and soon after appointed Butler Clerk of the Closet. He was thus brought into contact with her, and she delighted exceedingly in his psychological bent, and would command him to come to her, on her free evenings, from seven to nine, to talk philosophy and metaphysics. She caused his name to be put down for the next vacant bishopric, and on her death-bed she commended Butler particularly to the King, who carried out his wife's wishes and made him Bishop of Durham.

Dr. Thomas Sherlock, a man eminent for his talents and learning, was much liked by the Queen. She appointed him to the see of Bangor, and later translated him to Salisbury in succession to his rival Hoadley. For some time Sherlock filled much the same position with the Queen that Gibson, Bishop of London, did with Walpole. He was the Queen's favourite bishop, and she intended to translate him to London when Archbishop Wake should die, and Gibson, whom Whiston used to call "the heir apparent to Canterbury," should be advanced to the primacy by Walpole. Between these two eminent prelates, Sherlock and Gibson, there existed a most unchristian spirit of jealousy, and Gibson besought Walpole not to allow Sherlock to succeed him in the bishopric of London. Alas! for the mutability of temporal things: when at last Wake died, it was not Gibson, but a comparatively unknown bishop, Potter of Oxford, who succeeded him in the primacy. Before that time arrived Gibson fell out of favour with Walpole, and Sherlock with the Queen, for the

part they played in securing the rejection of the Quakers' Relief Bill. Walpole had yielded to the clamour of the Church party so far as to refuse to repeal the Test and Corporation Acts, but by way of compensation to the dissenters he wished to carry a bill for the relief of Quakers. It was a point of conscience with the Quakers to refuse to pay tithes unless compelled to do so by legal force. This force was always applied, and they paid. All they asked for now was that the legal proceedings against them should be made less costly. Walpole was willing to give them this relief and the Queen supported him, but the bishops, headed by Gibson and seconded by Sherlock, elated by their recent victory over the Nonconformists, rose against it to a man, and though the Bill was carried in the Commons it was rejected by the Lords. The King was highly indignant and denounced the whole bench of bishops as "a parcel of black, canting, hypocritical rascals". Walpole's resentment was especially levelled against Gibson, and the Queen's against Sherlock. The Queen sent for the latter bishop and trounced him in terms which recall those which Queen Elizabeth was said to address to her recalcitrant prelates: "How is it possible," said Caroline to Sherlock, "you could be so blind and so silly as to be running a race of popularity with the Bishop of London among the clergy, and hope you would rise upon the Bishop of London's ruins (whom you hate and wish ruined) when you were going hand in hand with him in these very paths which you hoped would ruin him? . . . Are you not ashamed not to have seen this, and to have been at once in this whole matter, the Bishop of London's assistant and enemy—tool and dupe?" She told the crestfallen prelate that in the present temper of the King and Prime Minister he could hope for neither London

nor Canterbury, and advised him to go to his diocese and try to live it down. As their dioceses were the last places where Queen Caroline's bishops were generally to be found, this was equivalent to a sentence of banishment. Many years later Sherlock succeeded Gibson as Bishop of London.

The Queen's chief adviser in Church matters was her favourite, Mrs. Clayton. Mrs. Clayton had no pretence to learning, and was ignorant of the rudiments of theology—though, like many women of her type, she loved to pose as an authority on theological questions. She had imbibed the Arian principles then fashionable at court, and could repeat parrot-wise the shibboleth of her party. As she held much the same views as the Queen (though without her saving graces of learning and common sense), they often settled between them who should succeed to the vacant deaneries and bishoprics. Walpole came often in conflict with Mrs. Clayton over Church appointments, for she was always urging the Queen to prefer extreme men of heterodox views who gave much trouble to the Government by their indiscreet utterances. At last, after several experiences of the vagaries of these bellicose divines, Walpole remonstrated so strongly that Mrs. Clayton's recommendations were chiefly confined to the Irish Church. Here for years she appointed practically whom she would. The influence of the Queen's woman of the bedchamber was well known to aspiring divines, and she was overwhelmed with letters from parsons and prelates pining for preferment. Many of these letters (preserved in the Sundon correspondence) are couched in the most cringing tone, and are full of the grossest flattery. The deans and bishops *in esse* or *in posse* generally followed up their letters by making her little presents; for instance, we find the Bishop of Cork sending her a dozen bottles of "green usquebaugh,

sealed with the figure of St. Patrick on black wax," and another prelate a suit of fine Irish linen.

Among Mrs. Clayton's Irish *protégés* was Dr. Clayton, a kinsman of her husband, for whom she procured, despite the protest of the Primate of Ireland, the bishopric of Clogher. Bishop Clayton made several attacks on the doctrine of the Trinity, and once proposed in the Irish House of Lords to abolish from the prayer-book the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds, in a speech of which one of his colleagues remarked, "it made his ears tingle". Dr. Clayton was not much of a scholar, and less of a theologian, and he adapted his views to meet the approval of his patroness. The letters of this spiritual pastor to Queen Caroline's woman of the bedchamber are models of subserviency. Once Mrs. Clayton rebuked him for a sermon he had preached on the death of Charles the First, which seemed to her to praise the King overmuch. He at once wrote to express his regret, and said he would tone it down by adding "bred up with notions of despotic government under the pernicious influence of his father". He placed his patronage, like his opinions, at her disposal, and kept her informed of everything that went on in Ireland—acting, in fact, as a sort of spy in the court interest. His complaisance was rewarded by his patroness, who caused him to be successively advanced to the wealthier sees of Killala and Cork. Most effusive was his gratitude: "Mrs. Clayton cannot command what I will not perform," he writes, and again: "Could you but form to yourself the image of another person endued with the same steadiness of friendship, liveliness of conversation, soundness of judgment, and a desire of making everybody happy that is about her, which all the world can see in you, but yourself, you would then pardon my forwardness in desiring to keep up a correspondence.

. . . If I am free from any vice, I think it is that of ingratitude."[1]

Bishop Clayton's view of the rules that should govern ecclesiastical preferment are worth quoting. The particular candidate he was recommending was a son of the Earl of Abercorn, who had taken holy orders. "What occurs to me at present," he writes to Mrs. Clayton, "is the consideration of ecclesiastical preferments in a political view. It has not been customary for persons either of birth or fortune, to breed up their children to the Church, by which means, when preferment in the Church is given by their Majesties, there is seldom any one obliged but the very person to whom it is given, having no relatives either in the House of Lords or Commons that are gratified or are kept in dependence thereby. The only way to remedy which is by giving extraordinary encouragements to persons of birth and interest whenever they seek for ecclesiastical preferment, which will encourage others of the same quality to come into the Church, and may thereby render ecclesiastical preferments of the same use to their Majesties as civil employments."[2] Of the higher interests of the Church or of religion, it will be noted, this servile prelate makes no mention; but the fear of the world and the bedchamber woman was always before his eyes.

Mrs. Clayton had a large number of poor and obscure relatives, many of whom benefited at the expense of the Church. One of her nieces, Dorothy Dyves, whom she had made a maid of honour to the Princess Royal, fell in love with the Princess's young chaplain, the Reverend Charles Chevenix, who was not unmindful of the avenues to preferment thus opened to him. Mrs. Clayton at first refused her

[1] *Sundon Correspondence.* The Bishop of Killala to Mrs. Clayton, Dublin, 17th April, 1731.

[2] *Ibid.*, 19th March, 1730.

consent: she did not consider a poor chaplain good enough for her niece, but Chevenix made the following appeal to her:—

"My salary as chaplain to her Royal Highness will, I hope, be thought a reasonable earnest of some future preferment, and, could I ever be happy enough to obtain your protection, I might flatter myself that I should one day owe to your goodness what I can never expect from my own merit—such a competency of fortune as may make Miss Dyves's choice a little less unequal. My birth, I may venture to add, is that of a gentleman. My father long served, and at last was killed, in a post where he was very well known—a post that is oftener an annual subsistence than a large provision for a family, and that small provision was unfortunately lost in the year '20. One of my brothers is now in the army, a profession not thought below people of the first rank; another, indeed, keeps a shop, but I hope that circumstance rather deserves compassion than contempt."[1]

Mrs. Clayton was touched by the frankness of this appeal, but the shop remained an obstacle for some time. At last she gave her consent. Chevenix married Dorothy Dyves, and then it was only a question of a little time for the chaplain to blossom into a bishop. He was in due course advanced to the see of Killaloe, and afterwards to the richer one of Waterford. Truly Mrs. Clayton was, as her niece describes her, one of the most "worthy and generous of aunts". No one could be more mindful of family claims. Her patronage was not entirely ecclesiastical, though she made the Church her speciality; she found for her brother-in-law a comfortable post in the civil service; she obtained for her nephews good military and civil appointments,

[1] *Sundon Correspondence.* The Rev. Charles Chevenix to Lady Sundon, London, 24th November, 1734.

and her nieces were all made maids of honour. Lord Pembroke sent her a valuable present—a marble table—and obtained something for a poor relative. Lord Pomfret gave her a pair of diamond ear-rings, worth £1,400; a very good investment, for he got in return the lucrative appointment of Master of the Horse. Mrs. Clayton, or Lady Sundon as she had then become, was very proud of these diamond ear-rings, and appeared with them at one of the Queen's drawing-rooms. This roused the ire of old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who had once filled a similar position with Queen Anne. "How can that woman," said Duchess Sarah in a loud voice, so that all around might hear, "how can that woman have the impudence to go about with that bribe in her ear?" "Madam," replied Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who was standing by, "how can people know where there is wine to be sold, unless there is a sign hung out?"

It can well be imagined that a system of ecclesiastical patronage conducted on these lines did not result in advantage to the Church. Walpole appointed bishops for purely political reasons, Mrs. Clayton for monetary and family consideration, the Queen because their views coincided with her own. Yet the Queen, though sometimes misled by her favourites, who traded on her ignorance of the English Church, honestly tried to appoint the best men according to her lights. The learning and ability of her bishops were undeniable; their only drawback was that they did not believe in the doctrines of the Church of which they were appointed the chief pastors. Without entering into theological controversy, it may be safely laid down that those who direct an institution ought to believe in the institution itself. This is precisely what most of Caroline's bishops did not do; their energies were directed into other channels,

and their enthusiasms reserved for other pursuits. Some of her bishops, notably those who were appointed to sees in Ireland and Wales, never went near their dioceses at all, while others treated the cardinal doctrines of Christianity with tacit contempt, if not open unbelief. The indifference of the bishops filtered down through the lower ranks of the clergy, and gradually influenced the whole tone of the established Church; if the bishops would not do their duty they could hardly blame their clergy for failing in theirs. Moreover, the policy of the Whig Government, in packing the Episcopal Bench solely with its own partisans, resulted in the bishops being out of touch with their clergy, for the majority of the parsons, especially in the country districts, were Tory, and clung to their political faith as firmly as to their religious convictions.

At no period of her history has the Church of England been in greater danger than she was from her own bishops and clergy in the reign of George the Second. On the one hand was a party embittered by defeat, shut out from all hope of preferment, and inflamed by a spirit of intolerance in things political and ecclesiastical; on the other was a party just as intolerant in reality, but hiding its intolerance under the cloak of broad and liberal views, and with leaders using the intellect and learning they undoubtedly possessed, to subvert, or at least to set aside, the doctrines of the Church they had sworn to believe. Indifference in practice quickly succeeded indifference in belief, and herefrom may be traced most of the ills which afflicted the Church of England during the eighteenth century. It was no wonder, when the established Church was spiritually dead, that earnest-minded men, disgusted at this condition of things, and hopeless of remedying it, set up religious bodies of their own. The growth of Methodism in the eighteenth

BENJAMIN HOADLEY, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

From a Painting by Mrs. Hoadly in the National Portrait Gallery.

century was directly due to the shortcomings of the Church, which had lost its hold on the masses of the people. The year after Queen Caroline's death, in 1738, John Wesley returned from Georgia, and, aided by his brother Charles, began the mission which was attended with such marvellous results. True, the Wesleys, in words at least, never wavered in their adherence to the Church of England, but the discouragement they met with from the bishops and the often ill-directed zeal of their followers led in time to the inevitable separation, which was followed later by schisms among the Methodists themselves.

One of the most typical of the Georgian bishops was Hoadley, who became successively Bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury and Winchester, "cringing from bishopric to bishopric". Hoadley's career was a striking illustration of the superiority of mind over body. When he was an undergraduate at Cambridge he had an illness which crippled him for life; he was obliged to walk with a crutch, and had to preach in a kneeling posture. His appearance was exceedingly unprepossessing, but he completely overcame these natural disadvantages by the sheer force of his will. He had taken up the Church as a profession, and from the professional point of view he certainly succeeded in it; but he does not seem to have believed in the teaching of the Church whose principles he had nominally accepted. He was a conformist simply because it paid him to conform. Even a favourable biographer writes: "So far indeed was Hoadley from adhering strictly to the doctrines of the Church that it is a little to be wondered at on what principles he continued throughout life to profess conformity".

Hoadley early threw in his lot with the Whig party, and in Queen Anne's reign was looked upon as the leader of the Low Church divines, and a staunch upholder of Whig principles. He did not obtain any

considerable preferment until George the First came to the throne, when he was made a royal chaplain, and soon after advanced to the bishopric of Bangor. He did not once visit his bishopric during the whole of his six years' tenure of the see, but remained in London, as the leader of the extreme latitudinarian party, which, since the Princess of Wales's patronage, had become the fashionable one, and offered the best prospects of promotion. He therefore broke with the orthodox section of the Low Church party, who came to regard him with little less dislike than High Churchmen. Hoadley's love of polemics soon brought him into conflict with Convocation, and led to what was known as the "Bangorian controversy". The bishop had preached a sermon before King George the First on "The nature of the Kingdom or Church of Christ," in which he denied that there was any such thing as a visible Church of Christ, or Church authority. Convocation censured the sermon, and would have proceeded to further measures against the recalcitrant bishop had not the Government, by an arbitrary exercise of power, suspended it altogether. Convocation thus prorogued was not summoned again until the middle of the reign of Queen Victoria. It would weary and not edify to enter into the details of this dreary Bangorian controversy; the tracts and pamphlets written upon it numbered nearly two hundred, and the heat and bitterness were such as only a religious dispute could engender.

Hoadley did not heed his ecclesiastical enemies, for he had staunch friends at court; he enjoyed not only the favour of the King and the Princess of Wales, but had the ear of Mrs. Clayton, soon to become a dispenser of patronage. His letters to her are some of the most fulsome preserved in her correspondence. "I compare you in my thoughts," he writes, "with others of the same kind, and I

see with pleasure, so great a superiority to the many, that I think I can hardly express my sense of it strongly enough. Compared with them therefore, I may justly speak of you as one of the superior species, and you will supply the comparison if I do not always express it, and not think me capable of offering incense, which I know you are not capable of receiving."[1]

In 1721 Hoadley was translated from Bangor to the richer see of Hereford, and two years later to Salisbury, which was wealthier still. At Salisbury he so far remembered his episcopal duties as to deliver a primary charge to his clergy, a poor composition. He was not content with Salisbury, and cast envious eyes upon the rich see of Durham, which then maintained a prince-bishop. Walpole, who disliked him as being a *protégé* of Mrs. Clayton's, passed him over in favour of Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Oxford.

Hoadley owed much of his influence with the Whig party to the fact that he had always shown himself very friendly to Dissenters, and was in favour of abolishing the iniquitous Test and Corporation Acts and other disabilities under which they laboured; the animosity of his enemies arose quite as much from this fact as from their dislike of his opinions. The Protestant Nonconformists were the backbone of the Whig party, and the staunchest supporters of the House of Hanover; they therefore, not unnaturally, expected, in return for their great political services, that the disabilities which pressed upon them should be removed. From time to time they gained certain points, and the Acts were rendered practically innocuous by annual indemnities; but still they disfigured the Statute Book, and to this the Dissenters rightly objected. In 1730 a determined attempt was made by the Dissenters throughout England to secure

[1] *Sundon Correspondence.* Bishop Hoadley to Mrs. Clayton [undated].

the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, and they resolved to present a monster petition to Parliament praying that the matter should be proceeded with forthwith. This action put the Government into a position of considerable difficulty, and it was entirely opposed to Walpole's policy of letting sleeping dogs lie. Though both he and the Queen (we will leave the King out of the question, as he does not count) had the fullest sympathy with the aspirations of Dissenters; yet they saw that to raise this question at the present time would be to fan the smouldering embers of religious controversy, and would put new heart and strength into the Opposition. The clergy of the established Church, almost to a man, would be against them, and, with a general election impending, that would mean that the Government would have an active enemy in every parish and hamlet in the kingdom. Such a reform, though just and reasonable in itself, would have the effect of alienating a number of the Government's lukewarm supporters, and would give an opportunity for the Roman Catholics to assert themselves and claim relief also, for they were far more cruelly oppressed than the Protestant Dissenters.

Walpole knew that Hoadley had influence with the Dissenters, and he and the Queen talked it over, and resolved to ask Hoadley to see the heads of the dissenting party and endeavour to persuade them not to bring forward their petition. As Walpole had given offence to Hoadley by refusing him Durham, the Queen undertook this delicate mission. She sent for the bishop, and used all her eloquence to bring him round to her way of thinking. She dwelt on her admiration of his principles and writings; she said it was in his power to be of great use to the Government, and to place her, the Queen, under a personal debt of gratitude, which she would be slow to forget. She pointed

out the danger that would arise from the religious question being raised at the present time, and she therefore desired him to ask the Dissenters to postpone their request. Hoadley demurred a good deal, possibly because the hint of promotion was not definite enough, and pointed out that as he had always urged the repeal of the offending Acts, he could hardly turn round now and eat his words. But he said he would feel the popular pulse, and if it appeared that the present was an inopportune moment for raising the question, he would endeavour to persuade the Dissenters to postpone it to a more convenient season.

Soon after this interview a report was promulgated by Walpole to the effect that "the Queen had sent for the Bishop of Salisbury and convinced him that this request of the Dissenters was so unreasonable that he had promised her not to support it". This report had the very opposite effect to what was intended. It caused the Dissenters to be suspicious of their friend, and consequently tended to nullify any advice he might give them. The bishop went to Walpole in a rage and said he could be of no service in the matter whatever, and that so far from persuading the Dissenters from bringing forward their petition, he should now encourage them to do so. Walpole tried to soothe Hoadley by fair words, but finding him not amenable to them, he gave him a strong hint that if he persisted in his intention, he would ruin any chances of promotion he might have from the Government or the Queen. This brought the bishop to his bearings; he had more conferences with the Queen on the subject, and was ultimately bought over to complaisance by the promise of the next reversion of the see of Winchester. The Dissenters fell into a trap. From all over England they sent delegates to London, who on their part entrusted

the negotiations with the Government to a committee of London Nonconformists. As this committee was composed of tradesmen in the City, or lawyers eager for promotion, Walpole was able to buy them over singly and collectively, and so, betrayed by the bishop and their delegates, the Dissenters went to the wall.

Hoadley had the misfortune to please neither the Government nor the Dissenters, for neither trusted him; but he probably did not mind, as he received what he worked for—the see of Winchester. Soon after his translation to Winchester he proceeded, after the approved fashion of Mrs. Clayton's favourites, to show his independence and disburden his soul, by publishing a pamphlet called *A Plain Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*. This set the clergy by the ears, and they promptly started a heresy hunt, to the great discomfiture of the Government responsible for Hoadley's promotion.

An answer was written to the pamphlet by Dr. Brett, in which Hoadley was attacked with violence and bitterness. The King, who objected to Hoadley, asked the Queen what she thought of Brett's answer, which he had much enjoyed reading, not because of the nature of the controversy, for which he cared little, but because of the personal abuse of a prelate whom he disliked. The Queen, who was very much annoyed at Hoadley's indiscretion, however much she might agree with his opinions, began to explain her views on the subject of the controversy. But the King cut her short testily, and told her, "She always loved talking of such nonsense and things she knew nothing of;" adding, that "if it were not for such foolish persons loving to talk of those things when they were written, the fools who wrote upon them would never think of publishing their nonsense, and

disturbing the Government with impertinent disputes that nobody of any sense ever troubled himself about." Walpole had evidently entered his protest too, aimed not only at Hoadley but at Mrs. Clayton. The Queen, who made it a rule never to oppose her liege in anything, bowed assent and said: "Sir, I only did it to let Lord Hervey know that his friend's book had not met with that general approbation he had pretended".

"A pretty fellow for a friend," said the King, turning to Hervey, who was standing by. "Pray, what is it that charms you in him? His pretty limping gait?" (and then he acted the bishop's lameness) "or his nasty, stinking breath?—phaugh! —or his silly laugh, when he grins in your face for nothing, and shows his nasty rotten teeth? Or is it his great honesty that charms your lordship—his asking a thing of me for one man, and, when he came to have it in his own power to bestow, refusing the Queen to give it to the very man for whom he had asked it? Or do you admire his conscience that makes him now put out a book that, till he was Bishop of Winchester, for fear his conscience might hurt his preferment, he kept locked up in his chest? Is his conscience so much improved beyond what it was when he was Bishop of Bangor, or Hereford, or Salisbury (for this book, I hear, was written so long ago)? Or was it that he would risk losing a shilling a-year more whilst there was nothing better to be got than what he had? My lord, I am very sorry you choose your friends so ill; but I cannot help saying, if the Bishop of Winchester is your friend, you have a great puppy and a very dull fellow, and a great rascal for your friend. It is a very pretty thing for such scoundrels, when they are raised by favour so much above their desert, to be talking and writing their stuff, to give trouble to

the Government that has shown them that favour; and very modest, and a canting hypocritical knave to be crying, '*The Kingdom of Christ is not of this world*,' at the same time that he, as Christ's ambassador receives £6,000 or £7,000 a year. But he is just the same thing in the Church that he is in the Government, and as ready to receive the best pay for preaching the Bible, though he does not believe a word of it, as he is to take favours from the Crown, though, by his republican spirit and doctrine, he would be glad to abolish its power."[1]

Having delivered himself of this lengthy exordium, the King stopped and looked at the Queen, as much as to say who dare gainsay him. She had not been able to get a word in edgeways, but by smiling and nodding she tried to signify her approval of everything her lord and master said.

This is the only instance on record we have of the King's direct interest in ecclesiastical affairs, for, during the Queen's lifetime, Church patronage remained in her hands, and even after her death her expressed wishes were carried out. But when all these were fulfilled, many aspiring divines, since the Queen and Lady Sundon were no longer available, paid their court to the King's mistress, Madame de Walmoden, afterwards Countess of Yarmouth, and, for the rest of George the Second's reign, the royal road to bishoprics ran through the apartments of the mistress.

[1] Hervey's *Memoirs*.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

1733–1734.

SOON after the withdrawal of the excise scheme the King sent a message to Parliament with the news that his eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, was betrothed to the Prince of Orange. The match was not a brilliant one, for the Prince was deformed, not of royal rank, and miserably poor. But the "Prince of Orange" was still a name to be conjured with among the Whigs and the Protestant supporters of the dynasty generally, and the announcement was popular, as a further guarantee of the Protestant succession. The Government regained some of the credit they had lost over the excise scheme and Parliament willingly voted the Princess a dower of £80,000, which was double the sum ever given before to a princess of the blood royal.

The Princess Royal had no affection for her betrothed, whom she had never even seen, but she was exceedingly anxious to be married. It was said at court that the King of France had once entertained the idea of asking her hand in marriage for the Dauphin, but her grandfather, George the First, would not listen to it on account of the difference of religion. There was no evidence to support this story, and it was certain that since George the Second had ascended the throne no suitor of any importance had come forward; so that, despite his drawbacks,

the Prince of Orange was the best husband that could be got. Indeed, it seemed as though it were a choice between him and no husband at all. The Prince of Wales was exceedingly indignant with his sister for getting married before him, and so obtaining a separate establishment, a thing for which he had hitherto asked in vain. He need not have envied her, for she was making a match that would satisfy neither her love nor her ambition.

The Queen showed no enthusiasm for the marriage, and the negotiations were unduly prolonged. Months passed before everything was settled, and it was November before the Prince of Orange set out for England and his intended bride. A royal yacht was sent to escort him to English shores, and, according to a journal: "The person who brought the first news of the Prince of Orange being seen off Margate was one who kept a public house there; who, upon seeing the yacht, immediately mounted his horse and rode to Canterbury, where he took post horses and came to St. James's at eleven o'clock on Monday night. Her Majesty ordered him twenty guineas and Sir Robert Walpole five. Twenty he hath since laid out on a silver tankard, on which his Majesty's arms are engraved."[1]

Probably this messenger was the only person who had reason to rejoice at the arrival of the Prince of Orange. The Prince was lodged in Somerset House, and many of the nobility went to wait upon him there, hoping by paying him their court to please the King. They little knew that the King and Queen were in their hearts opposed to the match, and had only yielded to it from political exigencies, and the impossibility of finding any other suitable suitor for their daughter. The Queen sent Lord Hervey to Somerset House with orders to

[1] *Daily Journal*, 8th November, 1733.

come back and tell her "without disguise what sort of hideous animal she was to prepare herself to see". The Prince was not nearly so bad as he had been painted, for though he was deformed, he had a pleasant and engaging manner. The Queen seemed more interested in the appearance of the future bridegroom than the bride herself, for the Princess Royal, when she heard of the arrival of her lover, continued playing the harpsichord with some of the opera people as though nothing had happened. "For my part," said the Queen, "I never said the least word to encourage her in this marriage or to dissuade her from it." The King, too, left the Princess at liberty, but as she was determined to marry some one, and as the Prince, though not a crowned King, was the head of a petty state, she said that she was willing to marry him.[1] The King then remembered his duty as a father, and not too nicely warned his daughter of the Prince's physical unattractiveness, but she said she was resolved, if he were a baboon, to marry him. "Well, then, marry him," retorted the King in a huff, "and you'll have baboon enough I warrant you."

The wedding was arranged to take place immediately after the arrival of the bridegroom elect, but as ill-luck would have it the Prince fell sick of a fever, and for some months lay dangerously ill. During the whole time of his sickness none of the Royal Family went to visit him, or took any notice of him, by command of the King, who wished to inculcate the doctrine that before his marriage to the Princess the Prince of Orange was nobody, and could only become somebody through alliance with the Royal Family. The Prince, though he must have felt this neglect, behaved with great good sense, and as soon

[1] The Prince of Orange was hereditary Stadtholder of Friesland, and Stadtholder by election of Gröningen and Guelderland.

as he was able to go out, he went to St. James's Palace to pay his respects as if nothing had happened. He had an interview with his future bride, and stayed to dinner with the princesses informally. When the King heard of it he was very angry, and forbade them to receive him any more without his permission. The occasion did not arise, for a few days later the Prince of Orange went to Bath for a cure, and did not return to London until a fortnight before his wedding.

The marriage took place on March 14th, 1734. The Princess Royal, who had maintained an impassive front throughout her engagement, neither evincing pleasure at the Prince's arrival, nor sorrow at his illness, showed the same impassive demeanour at her wedding. The ceremony took place at night in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. A covered gallery of wood was built outside, through which the procession had to pass. This gallery gave great offence to old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who could see it from her windows of Marlborough House. It had been erected when the wedding was first settled to take place, four months before, and she was indignant at its being left standing so long. "I wonder," she said, "when neighbour George will remove his orange chest." On the night of the wedding, the "orange chest" was illuminated from end to end, and accommodated four thousand people who were favoured with tickets to see the processions pass. At seven o'clock in the evening the bridegroom with his attendants was waiting in the great council chamber of St. James's, the bride with her ladies was ready in the great drawing-room, and the King and Queen, with the rest of the Royal Family, were assembled in the smaller drawing-room. Three processions were then marshalled, that of the bridegroom, that of the bride, and that of the King and Queen. The Chapel Royal was upholstered

for the occasion more like a theatre than a place of worship, being hung with velvet, gold and silver tissue, fringes, tassels, gilt lustres, and so forth. The Prince of Orange was magnificently clad in gold and silver, and as he wore a long wig that flowed down his back and concealed his figure, he made a more presentable appearance than was expected. The Princess Royal was also gorgeously attired; she wore a robe of silver tissue, and her ornaments included a necklace of twenty-two immense diamonds; her train, which was six yards long, was supported by ten bridesmaids, the daughters of dukes and earls, who were also clad in silver tissue. The Queen and her younger daughters were visibly affected during the ceremony, and could not restrain their tears at the sacrifice they considered the Princess was making. The King, who had shown himself very restive before the wedding, behaved very well on the day, but the Prince of Wales, though he was tolerably civil to the bridegroom, could not bring himself to be cordial to the bride.

At twelve o'clock, the Prince and Princess of Orange supped in public with the Royal Family, and after the banquet, which lasted two hours, came the most curious part of the ceremony. The English Court had borrowed a custom from Versailles, and a most trying one it must have been for the bride and bridegroom. As soon as the Prince and Princess of Orange had retired, the whole court were admitted to see them sitting up in bed—that is to say, the courtiers passed through the room and made obeisance. The bridegroom, now that he had doffed his fine clothes and peruke, did not look his best, but the bride maintained her self-possession, even under this ordeal. Referring next morning to the sight of the princely pair in bed, the Queen exclaimed: "Ah! mon Dieu! quand je voiois entrer ce monstre

pour coucher avec ma fille, j'ai pensé m'évanouir; je chancelois auparavant, mais ce coup là m'a assommée."

The Princesses bewailed the fate of their sister quite as much as their mother. Princess Amelia declared that nothing on earth would have induced her to marry such a monster. Their lamentations were wasted. The Princess of Orange, to her credit be it said, determined to make the best of her husband, and she behaved towards him in a most dutiful manner, and made his interests her own.

The Prince and Princess of Orange stayed in England for six weeks after their marriage, and the Prince bade fair to become a popular hero. For the time, he quite outshone the Prince of Wales as the idol of the hour. This was very noticeable at the theatre; when the Prince of Wales came into the house he was received with but moderate applause, but the instant the Prince of Orange appeared the whole theatre rang with shouts and cheers. The King, too, noticed these signs of popular feeling and became jealous, and anxious to send his son-in-law back to Holland as soon as possible. The King was exceedingly unpopular, and the "Prince of Orange" was an ominous name in England to a royal father-in-law. The City of London, the University of Oxford, and many towns presented addresses on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal, which, though couched in complimentary language, yet contained many covert sarcasms. They dwelt so much on the services rendered to England by a Prince who bore the name of Orange, and expressed so fervently the hope that this Prince might follow his great namesake's example, that it almost seemed as if they wished him to depose his father-in-law, as William of Orange had deposed King James. The address

ANNE, PRINCESS ROYAL, AND THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,

of the City of London, for example, was thus paraphrased :—

> Most gracious sire behold before you
> Your prostrate subjects that adore you—
> The Mayor and citizens of London,
> By loss of trade and taxes undone,
> Who come with gratulations hearty
> Altho' they're of the Country Party,
> To wish your Majesty much cheer
> On Anna's marriage with Mynheer.
> Our hearts presage, from this alliance,
> The fairest hopes, the brightest triumphs;
> For if one Revolution glorious
> Has made us wealthy and victorious,
> Another, by just consequence,
> Must double both our power and pence:
> We therefore hope that young Nassau,
> Whom you have chose your son-in-law,
> Will show himself of William's stock,
> And prove a chip of the same block.

The King was exceedingly restive under these historical parallels, and became more and more anxious to speed the parting guest. Therefore, at the end of April the Prince and Princess of Orange embarked at Greenwich for Holland. The parting of the Princess with her family was most affecting —except with her brother the Prince of Wales, who did not trouble to take leave of her at all. Her mother and sisters wept bitterly over her, the King "gave her a thousand kisses and a shower of tears, but not one guinea". Yet, such is human nature, after a few weeks the Princess was as much forgotten at the English Court as though she had never existed.

Another familiar figure disappeared from the Court a few months later (in November, 1734), namely, Lady Suffolk, better known as Mrs. Howard. She had often wished to resign her office, but her circumstances for one reason did not admit of her doing so, and for another the Queen always persuaded her to remain, lest a younger and less amenable lady might take her place. The King, who had long since tired of her, resented this

action on the part of the Queen. "I do not know," he said, "why you will not let me part with a deaf old woman of whom I am weary?" Mrs. Howard was weary too, and had come to loathe her bonds. But what brought matters to a crisis cannot be certainly stated, it was probably a combination of events.

The year before, shortly after he succeeded to the earldom, Lord Suffolk died, and Lady Suffolk was left a widow, for which no doubt she was devoutly thankful. She was now free to marry again; and if she did not she possessed a moderate competency, which would enable her to live in a position befitting her rank. Lady Suffolk was friendly with many members of the Opposition, including Bolingbroke, who was of all persons most disliked at court. It was said by her enemies that she had a political intrigue with him, and had met him at Bath. Coxe tells a story which seems to show that the Queen was at the bottom of Lady Suffolk's retirement. "Lord Chesterfield," he says, "had requested the Queen to speak to the King for some trifling favour; the Queen promised, but forgot it. A few days afterwards, recollecting her promise, she expressed regret at her forgetfulness, and added she would certainly mention it that very day. Chesterfield replied that her Majesty need not give herself that trouble, for Lady Suffolk had spoken to the King. The Queen made no reply, but on seeing the King told him she had long promised to mention a trifling request to his Majesty, but it was now needless, because Lord Chesterfield had just informed her that she had been anticipated by Lady Suffolk. The King, who always preserved great decorum with the Queen, and was very unwilling to have it supposed that the favourite interfered, was extremely displeased both with Lord Chesterfield and his mistress. The consequence was that in a short

time Lady Suffolk went to Bath for her health, and returned no more to Court."

It is possible that some such incident occurred, but it could not have been the immediate cause of Lady Suffolk's retirement, as she held office for more than a year after Lord Chesterfield was dismissed in consequence of voting against the excise. It is true she went to Bath, and probably met Bolingbroke there too, but it is unlikely that she had a political intrigue with him. On her return to court, the King seems first to have ignored her, and then to have insulted her publicly. This was the last straw, and Mrs. Howard determined to resign at once. The Duke of Newcastle wrote to Walpole: "You will see by the newspapers that Lady Suffolk has left the Court. The particulars that I had from the Queen are, that last week she acquainted the Queen with her design, putting it upon the King's unkind usage of her. The Queen ordered her to stay a week, which she did, but last Monday had another audience, complained again of her unkind treatment from the King, was very civil to the Queen, and went that night to her brother's house in St. James's Square."[1]

The Duke of Newcastle's statement is borne out by a curious manuscript, entitled "Memorandum of the conversation between Queen Caroline and Lady Suffolk, upon Lady Suffolk's retiring from her Majesty's service, 1734".[2] This memorandum was probably jotted down by Lady Suffolk soon after her interview with the Queen, and runs as follows:—

Lady Suffolk: "Madam, I believe your Majesty will think that I have more assurance than ever

[1] The Duke of Newcastle to Sir Robert Walpole, 13th November, 1734.

[2] This manuscript is preserved in the manuscript department of the British Museum.

anybody had to stay so long in your family, after the public manner his Majesty has given me of his displeasure. But I hope, when I tell you that it occasioned my not waiting sooner upon your Majesty, you will not think it was owing to assurance. I have always had, and I hope I have always shown, the greatest duty and attention for everything that relates to your Majesty, and I could not think it was proper, whilst you were so indisposed, to trouble you with anything relating to me, but I come now, Madam, to beg your leave to retire."

The Queen: "You surprise me. What do you mean? I do not believe the King is angry. When has he shown his displeasure? Did I receive you as if you were under mine?"

Lady Suffolk: "No, madam. If your Majesty had treated me in the same manner as his Majesty did, I never could have had the assurance to appear again in your presence."

The Queen: "Child, you dream. I saw the King speak to you; I remember now."

Lady Suffolk: "Yes, madam, and his words marked more strongly his displeasure than his silence, before and since."

The Queen: "Tell me, has the King really never been down with you since your return?"

Lady Suffolk: "No, madam. Will your Majesty give me leave to tell what has passed? . . ."[1]

The Queen: "Upon my word I did not know it."

Lady Suffolk: "I hope you take nothing ill of me . . ."

The Queen: "Come, my dear Lady Suffolk, you are very warm, but believe me I am your friend, your best friend. You do not know a court. It is not proper of me to say this, but indeed you do not know a court."

[1] A gap here.

Lady Suffolk: "I am very sensible that I do not, and feel I do not; I have had a most convincing proof that I am ignorant. But I am afraid, madam, if I have not got knowledge in twenty years I never shall now."

The Queen: "Why don't you talk to your friends? I always do so. Indeed you cannot judge this for yourself."

Lady Suffolk: "Madam, if twenty years' service has not been able to prevent me from falling a sacrifice to my enemies, would your Majesty have me, by calling in my friends, make them answerable for the measure I shall take, and involve them in my ruin?"

The Queen: "Child, your enemies want to get you out, and they will be the first to drop you. Oh! my dear Lady Suffolk, you do not know, when you are out, how different people will behave."

Lady Suffolk: "Madam, the first part of what your Majesty says I am very sure of, but really, madam, I do not understand the second part, and if some people may show me it was the courtier and not me that was liked, I cannot say that to keep such acquaintances will be any argument to me to stay at Court. Madam, such are better lost than kept."

The Queen: "You are very warm."

Lady Suffolk: "Madam, I beg if, in talking to your Majesty, I say one word that does not mark the respect both to his and your Majesties, you will be pleased to tell me; for, madam, I come fully determined to take my leave, with the same respect, submission and duty, as I have behaved for twenty years. Your Majesty has often told me that I have never failed in anything for your service in any of those places that you have honoured me with. Madam, I do not know how far your Majesty may think it respectful to make this declaration, but I

beg that I may for a moment speak of the King only as a man that was my friend. He has been dearer to me than my own brother, so, madam, as a friend I feel resentment at being ill-treated, and sorry to have lost his friendship; but as my King and my master I have the greatest submission to his pleasure, and wish I knew what I was accused of, for I know my innocence. But, madam, I know it must be some horrid crime."

The Queen: "Oh! fie! you commit a crime! Do not talk so."

Lady Suffolk: "Madam, as I know his Majesty's goodness, his justice, his warmth of friendship, I know he could not for anything else punish me so severely."

The Queen: "I daresay that if you have a little patience the King will treat you as he does the other ladies. I suppose that would satisfy you."

Lady Suffolk: "No, madam. Why, did you never see him show what you call 'respect' to the Duchess of R—— and to Lady A——? Madam, I believe and I hope they are ladies of more merit than I, and possibly in every respect of greater consequence than I am; but in this case is very different. They have not lived twenty years conversing every day with his Majesty, nor had the same reason to think themselves honoured with his friendship as I have had till now; nor has it been in his power to give the public so remarkable an instance of his displeasure of them. Consider, madam, I have been absent seven weeks, and returned sooner than was proper for my health to do my duty in my place to your Majesty, and to show my respect to his Majesty on his birthday."

The Queen: "I heard that you were at the Bath, and that you did not design to come back; but I did not mind such reports."

Lady Suffolk: "I heard, too, madam, that I

was *not* to come back, and that my business was done at Court. I knew, madam, that I had a mistress who had often told me that she was perfectly satisfied with my services. I felt I had a king, and master, and a friend, (whom I could not, nor ever will, suspect of injustice) who would not punish me without I was guilty, and I knew, madam, I had done nothing. But still these reports must now make me think his Majesty's public neglect could not escape any bystanders, and I know it was remarked, for my brother came on Thursday morning and asked if it were true that the King took no notice of me since I came from the Bath."

The Queen: "Well, child, you know that the King leaves it to me. I will answer for it that all will be as well with you as with any of the ladies, and I am sure you can't leave my service then."

Lady Suffolk: "Really, madam, I do not see how it is possible for me to continue in it. I have lost what is dearer to me than anything in the world. I am to be put upon the footing of the Duchess of R—— or Lady A——, and so by the public thought to be forgiven of some very grave offence because I have been your servant twenty years. No, madam, I never will be forgiven an offence that I have not committed."

The Queen: "You won't be forgotten. This is indeed the G.L. (*sic*) why I am forgiven."

Lady Suffolk: "Madam, your Majesty and I cannot be named together. It is a play of words for your Majesty, but it is a serious thing for me."

The Queen: "Why, child, I am the King's subject as well as you."

Lady Suffolk: "Madam, what I mean is what I cannot make your Majesty understand unless you are pleased to lay aside the Queen and put yourself in my place for some moments. After twenty years to be ill-treated without knowing your

crime, and then stay upon the foot of the Duchess of A——!"

The Queen: "Upon my word, Lady Suffolk, you do not consider what the world will say. For God's sake, consider your character. You leave me because the King will not be more particular to you than to others."

Lady Suffolk: "Madam, as for my character, the world must have settled that long ago, whether just or unjust, but, madam, I think I have never been thought to betray his Majesty, or to have done any dishonest thing by any person whatever, and I defy my greatest enemies (your Majesty owns I have such) to prove anything against me, and I cannot and will not submit to anything that may make that believed of me."

The Queen: "Oh! fie! Lady Suffolk, upon my word that is a very fine notion out of *Celia*, or some other romance."

Lady Suffolk: "This may not be a very great principle, but I think it is a just one, and a proper one for me to have."

The Queen: "I will send you down one. Come, you love figures. Let me persuade you two-thirds. Go down and think of this. There are people who want to get you out of Court; they will be the first to drop you."

Lady Suffolk: "Madam, I consult nobody in this; there is no occasion."

The Queen: "You cannot judge for yourself. Let me prevail. Put yourself in somebody's hands and let them act for you. Indeed you are so warm you are not fit to act for yourself." (*Repeated the same as I said before.*) "Nor indeed very respectful. But you will repent it. I cannot give you leave to go."

Lady Suffolk: "If anybody could feel as I feel, and could be so entirely innocent as to let me be

the only sufferer for the advice they give, I might follow the method your Majesty proposes, but as that is impossible, I must beg leave to act for myself. I wish I might know what I am accused of. In my absence I have been ruined in his Majesty's favour. At the Bath I have a thousand witnesses of my behaviour. I know my own innocence. Nobody dare tell me that to my knowledge I have ever failed in my duty in any manner."

The Queen: "You are very G. L. (*sic*). Not dare to tell you you have been guilty!"

Lady Suffolk: "No, madam, for the Princess and the duke could justify my behaviour, Lord—— and many more; what I meant was as regards to myself. But I cannot think that any wretch is so abandoned to all shame as to stand having the —— (pardon the word) before such a number as was there."

The Queen: "Pray how did you live at the Bath?"

(*Here I told all. Who B. denied, and what happened to Lord B. No parties distinguishable to me.*)

The Queen: "Lady Suffolk, pray consider, be calm."

Lady Suffolk: "Madam, I beg your Majesty will give me permission to retire. Indeed I have not slept since I came back to your house, and believe I never shall under this suspicion of guilt. Madam, will you give me leave to speak?"

The Queen: "Do."

Lady Suffolk: "I am here by your Majesty's command. Your Majesty should look upon me when I assert my innocence. Your Majesty knows what I am accused of."

The Queen: "Oh! oh! Lady Suffolk, you want to get it out of me."

Lady Suffolk: "Madam, I do want to face

the accusation; I am not afraid; I know it would be to the confusion of my accusers."

The Queen: "I will not give you leave to go, I tell you plainly. If you go to-day you go without my consent."

Lady Suffolk: "Madam, I beg you to think of my unhappy situation. I own after what passed, that the next time I saw his Majesty, I should have dropped down if I had not gone out."

The Queen: "Well, Lady Suffolk, will you refuse me this? Stay a week longer, won't you; stay this week at my request."

Lady Suffolk: "Yes, madam, I will obey you, but as I am under his Majesty's displeasure, your Majesty will not expect my attendance, or that I come again to receive your commands."

The Queen: "Yes, I do, and I will see you again, because you will come again."

Lady Suffolk: "I will obey your Majesty."

The Queen: "Harkee, Lady Suffolk, you will come up as you used to do."

Lady Suffolk stayed her week and then, despite the arguments of the Queen, she resigned her appointment, and left the court for ever. She was forty-eight years of age, and had fairly earned her retirement. She was not of a nature to live long alone, and the following year she married George Berkeley, fourth son of Charles, second Earl of Berkeley, a man not distinguished for fortune or good looks, but who, nevertheless, made her a very good husband. The King was in Hanover when he heard of Lady Suffolk's marriage, and had already given her a successor. He received the news very philosophically, and wrote to the Queen:—

"J'étois extrêmement surpris de la disposition que vous m'avez mandé que ma vieille maîtresse a fait de son corps en mariage à ce vieux goutteux George Berkeley, et je m'en réjouis fort. Je ne

voudrois pas faire de tels présens à mes amis; et quand mes ennemis me volent, plut à Dieu que ce soit toujours de cette façon."

The King probably called Berkeley his enemy because he was a member of the Opposition. Berkeley died a few years after his marriage with Lady Suffolk, but she survived him for more than twenty years. She lived, in dignified retirement, at her villa at Marble Hill, and retained, until the end of her life, the charm of manner and amiability, which had won her many friends. Horace Walpole used to visit her in her old age, and gleaned from her much material for his famous *Memoirs*. She died in 1767, in her eightieth year, having survived George the Second seven years.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1734–1735.

THE Court and the Government acquired some little popularity over the marriage of the Princess Royal, but it soon vanished before the fierce assaults of the Opposition (or Patriots, as they called themselves) in Parliament. The first session of 1734 was the last session under the Septennial Act, and the Patriots strained every nerve to discredit the Government with the country. A determined effort was made to repeal the Septennial Act and revive triennial parliaments. This had always been a favourite scheme of Wyndham and the Tories, though Pulteney, the leader of the Patriots, had in 1716 voted for the Septennial Act. But Bolingbroke's influence compelled Pulteney to eat his words though he sacrificed his political consistency in doing so. The debate in the House of Commons on the repeal of the Septennial Act was almost as exciting as the debates on the excise, and, if possible, a higher level of eloquence was maintained. Pulteney's speech, as was natural under the circumstances, was brief and embarrassed, but Wyndham surpassed himself and would have carried off the honours of the debate had it not been for Walpole's great speech in reply. Walpole, stung out of his usual indifference by the taunts levelled at him in the *Craftsman*, and knowing whose hand

had penned those scathing words and whose master mind had organised this attack, launched against Bolingbroke, under the name of an "anti-minister," a tremendous philippic. After sketching the "anti-minister" in no covert terms he continued:—

"Suppose this fine gentleman lucky enough to have gained over to his party some persons of really fine parts, of ancient families and of great fortunes; and others of desperate views, arising from disappointed and malicious hearts; all these gentlemen, with respect to their political behaviour, moved by him, and by him solely, all they say, in public or in private, being only a repetition of the words he has put into their mouths and a spitting out of that venom he has infused in them; and yet we may suppose this leader not really liked by any, even of those who so blindly follow him, and hated by all the rest of mankind. We will suppose this anti-minister to be in a country where he really ought not to be, and where he could not have been but by the effect of too much goodness and mercy, yet endeavouring with all his might, and all his art, to destroy the fountain whence that mercy flowed. . . . Let us further suppose this anti-minister to have travelled, and at every Court where he was, thinking himself the greatest minister, and making it his trade to reveal the secrets of every Court he had before been at, void of all faith and honour, and betraying every master he ever served."

Walpole's outburst was undoubtedly provoked by Bolingbroke, but it was none the less cowardly thus to attack a man who could not answer him. It was Walpole who had prevented Bolingbroke from fighting openly, who had shut him out from the Senate, and thus forced him to employ any weapons that came to his hand. Yet even now he feared his power. A large minority supported the repeal of the Septennial Act, and in the general

election that followed, though Walpole employed every means to corrupt the constituencies and spent no less than £60,000 of his own private fortune besides, the Government majority was largely reduced. Still Walpole won and it is difficult to see how he could have done otherwise considering the resources at his command. The Queen took the keenest interest in the struggle, and her joy at the result showed how keen had been her apprehensions. "On the whole," wrote Newcastle soon after the general election, "our Parliament is, I think, a good one, but by no means such a one as the Queen and Sir Robert imagine."[1]

But the Patriots, who had indulged in high hopes over the result of this appeal to the country, were frankly disappointed. They were further discouraged by the resolution of Bolingbroke to leave England for a time—a resolution which was ascribed to different causes. Some said that money matters had to do with it, others that it was due to differences between Bolingbroke and Pulteney, or to the retirement of Lady Suffolk from court, or, most unlikely reason of all, to Walpole's denunciation of him in the House of Commons. The probable reason was that Bolingbroke owned himself beaten, and threw up the cards. He had led his hosts within sight of victory with consummate skill, but victory was denied him. Walpole had a new lease of power for seven years, and who could tell what seven years would bring? There was nothing more to be done. So Bolingbroke retired to his beautiful château of Chanteloup in Touraine for a while, and devoted himself to literature. "My part is over," he wrote to Wyndham, "and he who remains on the stage after his part is over deserves to be hissed off."[2]

[1] Duke of Newcastle to Horace Walpole, 24th May, 1734.
[2] Bolingbroke to Wyndham, 29th November, 1735.

The King and Queen, no less than the Government, rejoiced over Bolingbroke's departure, but their rejoicings were premature, for he had left his sting behind him. The Prince of Wales was deeply grieved at the loss of his political mentor. Before leaving Bolingbroke had given him a piece of advice—to bring his grievances formally before the House of Commons, and ask that the £100,000 a year voted for him should be settled on him by Parliament. Bolingbroke could not have advised anything more calculated to embarrass the court and the Government, as he knew full well. If the Prince carried out his advice he would make the Government unpopular, by forcing them to appear opposed to a popular demand; he would compel those politicians who hitherto had sat on the fence to declare themselves definitely in favour of either father or son, and he would drag the differences of the Royal Family into the light of day, and do grievous harm to the dynasty. The Prince was ready to act upon Bolingbroke's advice, but his more cautious friends, like Doddington, dissuaded him, and he did not know how to proceed alone. But he threatened to do so, and the mere threat sufficed to throw the King and Queen into an extraordinary state of agitation. The Queen still retained some little influence over her son, the relations between them had not yet been strained to breaking point; her influence over her husband was boundless, and she was able, by preaching at the one and pleading with the other, to avert the threatened crisis. She assured the Prince that if he carried matters to extremities he would gain nothing, and she besought the King not to drive the Prince to extreme measures. The King, therefore, on the principle of buying off his Danes, reluctantly made over a certain sum, which sufficed for the Prince's immediate necessities, and the crisis was

for the moment averted. But it was only for the moment.

This year (1735) the King paid his triennial visit to Hanover. He appointed the Queen to act as Regent as before, a step which gave great umbrage to the Prince of Wales, who on this occasion did not trouble to disguise his feelings, and for the first time showed open disrespect to his mother's authority.

On this visit of the King to Hanover he began his *liaison* with Amelia Sophia de Walmoden, the wife of Baron de Walmoden, a Hanoverian. This lady's youthful charms soon made him forget the retirement of Lady Suffolk, and her influence over him quickly became greater than Lady Suffolk's had ever been. The new mistress had a good deal of beauty, and considerable powers of fascination; she flattered the King to the top of his bent, and made him believe he was the only man she had ever loved, or ever could love, in spite of the fact that she had one, if not two, other intrigues going on at the same time. She was cautious, and avoided making enemies by not trespassing in matters outside her province.

The Queen in England was soon made aware that there was some disturbing influence at work. The King's letters to her became shorter, and he usurped at Hanover some of the prerogatives which belonged to her as Regent, such as signing commissions, and so forth. He also, through his minister in attendance, Lord Harrington, cavilled at many of the acts of the Queen-Regent, a thing he had never done before. In this perhaps Harrington's jealousy of Walpole had some share. Harrington knew that, by embarrassing the Queen, he also embarrassed her chief adviser. Therefore, between the jealousy of her son at home and the irritability of her husband abroad, Caroline's

third Regency was anything but a pleasant one. But she suffered no word of complaint to escape her lips, and pursued her usual policy of trying to increase the popularity of the Crown and strengthen the hands of Walpole and the Government. She was afraid to keep up much state, lest the King in his present mood should be jealous, so she removed the court to Kensington, where she lived very quietly, holding only such drawing-rooms as were absolutely necessary. These she held rather from policy than from pleasure, her object being to conciliate the powerful Whig peers who were still dissatisfied with the Government.

The Queen found interest and relaxation in improving her house and gardens at Richmond. In addition to a dairy and menagerie, which she had established in the park, she erected several buildings, more or less ornamental, in the gardens, of which the most peculiar was the one known as "Merlin's Cave". This extraordinary edifice was approached through a maze of close alleys and clipped hedges. The *Craftsman* ridiculed it, and declared that it looked like "an old haystack thatched over". A gloomy passage led to a large circular room, decorated with several allegorical figures, of which we glean the following account:—

"The figures her Majesty has ordered for Merlin's Cave are placed therein, namely: (1) Merlin at a table with conjuring books and mathematical instruments, taken from the face of Mr. Ernest, page to the Prince of Wales; (2) King Henry the Seventh's Queen, and (3) Queen Elizabeth, who came to Merlin for knowledge; the former from the face of Mrs. Margaret Purcell, the latter from Miss Paget's; (4) Minerva, from Mrs. Poyntz's; (5) Merlin's secretary, from Mr. Kemp's, one of his Royal Highness the Duke's grenadiers; and (6) a witch, from a tradesman's wife at Richmond. Her

Majesty has ordered also a choice collection of English books to be placed therein."[1]

The people were much interested in Merlin's Cave, and as soon as it was finished the Queen threw it open to the public on certain days, and crowds applied for admission. Similar imitations of this pleasure house sprang up all over the country, despite its doubtful taste. So pleased was the Queen with the cave that she erected another house hard by, and called it "The Hermitage". It was built to resemble a rude building overgrown with moss, and was entered, incongruously, by an enormous gilt gateway. Merlin's Cave, the Hermitage, and the improvements in the house and gardens at Richmond were expensive luxuries, so expensive that the Queen was unable to pay for them out of her income. But Walpole humoured her in these hobbies, and made her several little grants from the Treasury, of which no one was the wiser.

In October the time arrived for the King to tear himself away from Hanover and his Walmoden. It was necessary for him to be back in London by October 30th to keep his birthday. He delayed until he could delay no longer, and, when he had at last to tear himself away, he promised his mistress that under any circumstances he would be with her next year by May 29th. The Walmoden, between smiles and tears, publicly pledged her royal lover a happy return on May 29th, at a farewell banquet the night before his departure. It was a rash promise for the King to make, for he had hitherto only visited Hanover once in three years; and even so, not without protest from his English advisers.

George the Second set out from Hanover on Wednesday, October 22nd, and arrived at

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, 21st August, 1735.

Kensington the following Sunday. The Queen, who had long been expecting him, received the news just after she returned from morning chapel. She at once summoned her court, and went on foot to meet him at the great gate. When the King stepped out of his coach she stooped and kissed his hand, and he gave her his arm and led her into the palace. It was only on the occasion of a return from Hanover that the King offered the Queen his arm; he probably did so in consideration of her holding the office of Regent, which she had not yet resigned into his hands. The King held a small reception immediately after his arrival, but the Queen, who saw that he was ill, soon dismissed the company. The King had in fact tired himself by travelling too fast, and for the next few days he was exceedingly unwell; he was also exceedingly irritable, and every one who came near him, from the Queen downwards, incurred his wrath. He loudly lamented his beloved Hanover and abused England. "No English or even French cook could dress a dinner; no English confectioner set out a dessert; no English player could act; no English coachman could drive or English jockey ride, nor were any English horses fit to be drove or fit to be ridden; no Englishman knew how to come into a room, nor any English woman how to dress herself."[1] All this and much more from the King of England!

The Queen had to bear the brunt of his ill-humour, and, what was worse, had to endure the fear that her influence over him was on the wane. His manner towards her had completely changed; nothing she could say, or do, was right, in little things or great. Among other trifles he noticed that the Queen had taken some bad pictures out

[1] Hervey's *Memoirs*.

of one of the rooms at Kensington, and replaced them by good ones. The King, who knew nothing of art, and cared less, for the mere sake of finding fault, made this a pretext for thwarting his wife. He peremptorily ordered Lord Hervey to have the new pictures taken away and the old ones replaced. This was impossible, for some of the pictures had been destroyed and others sent to Windsor. But Lord Hervey did not dare tell the King so; he demurred a little and asked the King if he would allow two Vandykes at least to remain, to which George answered: "I suppose you assisted the Queen with your fine advice when she was pulling my house to pieces and spoiling all my furniture: thank God, at least she has left the walls standing! As for the Vandykes, I do not care whether they are changed or no, but for the picture with the dirty frame over the door, and the three nasty little children, I will have them taken away and the old ones restored; I will have it done too to-morrow morning before I go to London, or else I know it will not be done at all." "Would your Majesty," said Lord Hervey, "have the gigantic fat Venus restored too?" "Yes, my lord; I am not so nice as your lordship. I like my fat Venus much better than anything you have given me instead of her."

Lord Hervey says that he thought that "if his Majesty had liked his *fat Venus* as well as he used to do, there would have been none of these disputations". He told the Queen next morning what had passed. She pretended to laugh but was evidently annoyed, and began to wonder how she could obey the King's commands. "Whilst they were speaking the King came in, but by good luck, said not one word of the pictures: his Majesty stayed about five minutes in the gallery; snubbed the Queen, who was drinking chocolate, for being always stuffing; the Princess Emily for not hearing him; Princess

Caroline for being grown fat; the Duke [of Cumberland] for standing awkwardly; Lord Hervey for not knowing what relation the Prince of Sultzbach was to the Elector Palatine: and then carried the Queen to walk, and be resnubbed, in the garden."

The Queen was very much perturbed by the King's altered behaviour towards her, and she took Sir Robert Walpole into her confidence, and asked him what was to be done. Walpole spoke to her with a frankness positively brutal. He told her that since the King had tasted "better things," presumably the Walmoden, it could not be other than it was; he reminded the Queen that she was no longer young, and said that "she should no longer depend upon her person, but her head, for her influence, as the one would now be of little use to her, and the other could never fail her." No woman likes to be told that her personal charms are gone, and Walpole made this advice the more unpalatable by recommending the Queen to send for Lady Tankerville, a good looking but stupid woman, to fill the place left vacant by Lady Suffolk. He told the Queen that it was absolutely necessary that the King should have some one to amuse him, "as he could not spend his evenings with his own daughters after having tasted the sweets of passing them with other people's"; therefore, it would be much better that he should have some one chosen by the Queen than by himself. Lady Deloraine, who was the other likely candidate for the royal favour, and whom the King had often noticed when she was governess to the young Princesses, Walpole regarded as a dangerous woman, and therefore preferred Lady Tankerville.

The Queen resented this advice in her heart, and was deeply hurt; but on the surface she took it well enough, laughing the matter off as was her wont. She was not above making some bitter

jokes upon the situation in which she found herself. When she was dressed for the King's birthday drawing-room, she pointed to her head-dress and said: "I think I am extremely fine too, though *un peu à la mode;* I think they have given me horns." Whereupon Walpole burst into a coarse laugh, and said he thought the tire-woman must be a wag. The Queen laughed too, but flushed angrily.

At this same birthday drawing-room the King noticed that it was poorly attended, and those who came were indifferently dressed, a sure sign of his unpopularity. The King, unpopular before, had disgusted his English subjects by his long stay in Hanover, and by the new ties he had formed there, for the people had had enough of German mistresses under George the First. Many of the great noblemen, even the officers of state, showed their resentment in a diplomatic manner by absenting themselves from court and retiring into the country. This made the King angrier than ever, and his manner towards the Queen, who was the only person upon whom it was safe for him to vent his displeasure, became harsher than before. She bore it uncomplainingly, until one morning when he was unreasonable beyond endurance she said half in jest, though with tears in her eyes, that she would get Walpole to put in a word in her favour, as nothing she now did was right. The King flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant by such complaints. "Do you think," he said, "I should not feel and show some uneasiness for having left a place where I was pleased and happy all day long, and being come to one where I am as incessantly crossed and plagued?" This was a little too much for the Queen, who for once lost her self-control and turned upon her tormentor. "I see no reason," she said, "that made your coming to England necessary; you might have continued there, without coming to torment yourself

and us: since your pleasure did not call you, I am sure your business did not, for we could have done that just as well without you, as you could have pleased yourself without us." Thereupon the King, who was as much astonished as Balaam was when his ass spake, went out of the room, and banged the door.

The King endeavoured to propitiate the Queen by making her a present of some horses from Hanover. This was a poor sort of gift, as by it he charged the expense of the horses on her establishment, and used them himself; most of his presents were of this nature. As she did not accept the gift with becoming gratitude, he fell foul of Merlin's Cave, which had just been completed. The Queen told him that she heard the *Craftsman* had abused her hobby. "I am very glad of it," said the King, "you deserve to be abused for such childish silly stuff, and it is the first time I ever knew the scoundrel in the right." This conversation took place in the evening, when the King was always peculiarly irascible. He formerly spent two or three hours of an evening in Lady Suffolk's apartments, snubbing and worrying her, but since that lady had retired, and no one as yet was found to take her place, he had perforce to spend it with his wife and daughters, and vent his ill-humour on them. The same evening that he abused Merlin's Cave, he found fault with the Queen for giving away money to servants when she went to visit the nobility in London. The Queen defended herself by saying that it was the custom, and appealed to Lord Hervey, who said it was true that such largess was expected of her Majesty. The King retorted: "Then she may stay at home as I do. You do not see me running into every puppy's house, to see his new chairs and stools. Nor is it for *you*," said he, turning to the Queen, "to be running your nose

everywhere, and trotting about the town to every fellow that will give you some bread and butter, like an old girl that loves to go abroad, no matter whether it be proper or no." The Queen, who was knotting, flushed, and tears came into her eyes, but she answered nothing. Lord Hervey somewhat officiously said that the Queen had a love of pictures, whereat the King turned to the Queen and poured forth a flood of abuse in German. She made no reply, but knotted faster than ever until she tangled her thread and snuffed out one of the candles in her agitation, whereupon the King, falling back into English, began to lecture her on her awkwardness. This may be taken as a specimen of the way the Royal Family spent their evenings for some weeks after the King's return from Hanover.

From a hundred little things, the Queen feared that her day was over. The King always used to stay with her till eleven o'clock in the morning, before beginning the business of the day; but now he hurried off soon after nine o'clock, in order that he might write love letters to Madame de Walmoden. He was a great letter-writer, especially of love letters, an art in which he excelled, and probably inherited from his mother, Sophie Dorothea.

The only matter in which the King seemed to be at one with his consort, at this time, was in blaming the Prince of Wales, who took the occasion of his father's return to renew his demands. He had for a long time absented himself from the King's levées, but he was prevailed upon by Doddington to appear at one. His appearance, as the King suspected, foreshadowed a definite demand, which was not long in coming. The Prince requested that he should have his full income of £100,000 a year, a separate establishment, and be married. It was no use ignoring Frederick, he only became

AUGUSTA, PRINCESS OF WALES, AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE.

more troublesome, so the King determined to yield the point which would cost him least money, and get him married at once. He sent his son a formal message, by five of the Cabinet Council, to say that, if the Prince liked, he would ask for him the hand of the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha. She was the daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, and the King had met her, as if by accident, on his last visit to Hanover, with a view to seeing if she would be a suitable wife for his son. It was not a gracious way of meeting the Prince's wishes, but Frederick answered with great propriety, that whoever his Majesty thought a proper match for his son would be agreeable to him. One of the most irritating features of the Prince's conduct was that he was always polite and circumspect to the King and Queen in public, and disrespectful and disobedient in private. He followed up his answer by asking how much money he was to get. When the King, reluctantly, promised to disgorge £50,000 a year, the Prince expressed great dissatisfaction, but, on the principle of half a loaf being better than no bread, he determined to accept the sum as an instalment, and let the marriage go forward.

Lord Delaware was therefore despatched to Saxe-Gotha to complete the negotiations which had been already set on foot, and bring the bride over to England. These negotiations took some little time, and the young Princess naturally wished to pay her farewells before setting forth to an unknown husband and an unknown land; but the King was so impatient to return to his Walmoden that after a week or two he sent word to Delaware to say that if the Princess could not come by the end of April the marriage must either be put off till the next winter, or solemnised without him, as to Hanover he would go. This message had the effect of hastening matters. The Princess Augusta landed

at Greenwich on Sunday, April 25th, 1735, and stayed the night at the palace there. She had the promise of beauty and the charm that always goes with youth. At this time she looked, as she was, an overgrown girl, tall and slender, and somewhat awkward in her movements, but her pleasant expression and engaging manner soon won her popularity. The poets in their odes of welcome endowed the youthful pair with all the graces, as for example:—

> That pair in Eden ne'er reposed
> Where groves more lovely grew;
> Those groves in Eden ne'er enclosed
> A lovelier pair than you.

The Prince of Wales went down to Greenwich to meet his bride-elect, and was much pleased with her. The next day she showed herself to the people on the balcony of the palace, and was warmly received. The young Princess was only seventeen years of age; she was quite alone, unaccompanied by any relative, and could not speak a word of English. Yet she was allowed to remain at Greenwich forty-eight hours after her landing in England without any one of the Royal Family going near her except the Prince. She was treated with the same neglect as the Prince of Orange had been treated. The excuse put forward on behalf of the King and Queen was that until she was Princess of Wales there was no rule of precedence to guide them as to how she should be received. They were no doubt jealous of the pretensions which the Prince of Wales put forward; but in any case, even if they could not have gone themselves to welcome her, they might have sent one of the Princesses to befriend the young and inexperienced girl in what must necessarily have been a difficult and delicate position. The Prince endeavoured to make amends for this neglect by paying his betrothed great attention. He came to Greenwich again the next day and dined

with his future bride. "He afterwards," we are told, "gave her Highness the diversion of passing on the water as far as the Tower and back in his barge, finely adorned, preceded by a concert of music. Their Highnesses afterwards supped in public."[1]

The next morning the Princess was escorted from Greenwich in one of the royal coaches to Lambeth, and thence she proceeded down the river to Whitehall in a barge. At Whitehall she landed, and was carried through St. James's Park in a sedan chair to the garden entrance of St. James's Palace, where the Prince of Wales, who had preceded her, was waiting. The Prince led his betrothed up to the great drawing-room, where the King and Queen and all the court were ready to receive her, and curious to see what she was like. The King had been waiting more than an hour, for the Princess was late, and he was consequently impatient, and not in the best of tempers, but the young girl by her tact overcame any awkwardness that might have attended her reception. She prostrated herself at the King's feet, and made a similar obeisance to the Queen. Her behaviour throughout this trying ceremony was marked by such propriety and discretion, that she immediately created a favourable impression, and did away with any prejudice against her.

The Princess was not allowed much time to rest after her journey, for the marriage was arranged to take place that night, at nine o'clock in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Before the ceremony the King and Queen, to avoid vexed questions of precedence, dined in private, but the Duke of Cumberland and the Princesses were commanded to dine with the Prince and his betrothed. Unfortunately the harmony of this family party was marred by quarrels

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1736.

over minute questions of ceremony. The King, with a view to overcoming any difficulties, had ordered the Duke and the Princesses to go "undressed," that is, informally, and in other clothes than those they were to wear later at the wedding. The Prince resented this as a slight upon himself and his bride, and in return began disputing as to where, and how, his brother and sisters should sit at dinner. He demanded that they should be seated upon stools without any backs, whilst he and his bride occupied armchairs at the head of the table; also that he and his bride should be served on bended knee, while the others should be waited upon in the ordinary manner. The King and Queen had anticipated some of those difficulties, and had coached the Princesses beforehand in what they were to do. So they flatly refused to go into the room where dinner was served until the stools had been carried away and chairs put in their places, but they so far yielded the other point as to order their personal servants to wait upon them in the usual manner. Thus the wedding dinner passed off, if not exactly harmoniously, without any more childish disputes, though the Princesses went without their coffee as it was offered to them by a servant of the bride. The dinner, and the altercations in connection with it, occupied the best part of the afternoon, and the bride had scarcely time to dress for the wedding.

The wedding procession was formed at eight o'clock, and it took some time to marshal. The peers and peeresses, and other personages invited to the wedding, met in the great drawing-room of St. James's, and then walked in order of precedence to the chapel. The Bishop of London performed the marriage ceremony, and the joining of hands was made known to the public by the firing of guns in St. James's Park. The following extract from a

contemporary print gives the best account of the ceremony:—

"Her Highness was in her hair, wearing a crown with one bar, as Princess of Wales, set all over with diamonds; her robe likewise, as Princess of Wales, being of crimson velvet, turned back with several rows of ermine, and having her train supported by four ladies, all of whom were in virgin habits of silver, like the Princess, and adorned with diamonds not less in value than from twenty to thirty thousand pounds each. Her Highness was led by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, and conducted by His Grace the Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain of the Household, and the Lord Hervey, Vice-Chamberlain, and attended by the Countess of Effingham, and the other ladies of her household. The marriage service was read by the Lord Bishop of London, Dean of the Chapel; and, after the same was over, a fine anthem was performed by a great number of voices and instruments. When the procession returned, his Royal Highness led his bride; and coming into the drawing-room, their Royal Highnesses kneeled down and received their Majesties' blessing. At half-an-hour after ten their Majesties sat down to supper in *ambigu*, the Prince and the Duke being on the King's right hand, and the Princess of Wales and the four Princesses on the Queen's left. Their Majesties retiring to the apartments of the Prince of Wales, the bride was conducted to her bedchamber, the bridegroom to his dressing-room, where the Duke undressed him, and his Majesty did his Royal Highness the honour to put on his shirt. The bride was undressed by the Princesses, and, being in bed in a rich undress, his Majesty came into the room, the Prince following soon after in a night-gown of silver stuff, and cap of the finest lace. The Quality were admitted to see the bride and bridegroom

sitting up in bed surrounded by all the Royal Family."[1]

The King had grumbled because there were few new clothes at his birthday drawing-room, but no such complaint could be made on this occasion, for the splendour and richness of the costumes had never been excelled. The Georgian beau was a gorgeous being; the men seemed to outshine the ladies. We read:—

"His Majesty was dressed in a gold brocade, turned up with silk, embroidered with large flowers in silver and colours, as was the waistcoat; the buttons and stars were diamonds. Her Majesty was in plain yellow silk, robed and faced with pearls, diamonds, and other jewels of immense value. The Dukes of Grafton, Newcastle, and St. Albans, the Earl of Albemarle, Lord Hervey, Colonel Pelham and many other noblemen, were in gold brocades of from three to five hundred pounds a suit. The Duke of Marlborough was in a white velvet and gold brocade, upon which was an exceedingly rich *point d'Espagne*. The Earl of Euston and many others were in clothes flowered or sprigged with gold; the Duke of Montagu in a gold brocaded tissue. The waistcoats were universally brocades, with large flowers. 'Twas observed most of the rich clothes were the manufacture of England, and in honour of our own artists. The few which were French did not come up to these in richness, goodness, or fancy, as was seen by the clothes worn by the Royal Family, which were all of the British manufacture. The cuffs of the sleeves were universally deep and open, the waists long, and the plaits more sticking out than ever. The ladies were principally in brocades of gold and silver, and wore their sleeves much lower than hath been done for some time."[2]

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1736. [2] *Ibid.*

After her marriage the Princess of Wales maintained the favourable impression she created at first, a notable feat considering that she had been brought up in the seclusion of her mother's country house in Saxe-Gotha, and had come to a Court far more splendid than any she could have ever dreamed of. Walpole, who noted how she had won the King's approval and gained the Prince's esteem, declared that these "were circumstances that spoke strongly in favour of brains which had but seventeen years to ripen". Lord Waldegrave testified that the Princess distinguished herself "by a most decent and prudent behaviour, and the King, notwithstanding his aversion to his son, behaved to her not only with great politeness, but with the appearance of cordiality and affection". Even old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who hated Queen Caroline, and generally had a bad word to say for every one, relented in favour of the Princess, declaring that she "always appeared good-natured and civil to everybody". The Princess's subsequent conduct justified these praises, and she showed herself as the years went by to be a clever woman, with considerable force of character.

At first her position was exceedingly difficult in consequence of the strained relations between the Prince and his parents. She necessarily saw more of the Queen than of the King, and though the Queen's kindness to her never wavered, there was always a barrier of reserve between them, for the Prince had now come to dislike his mother even more than his father. Just before his marriage the Queen had had a difference with her son over the question whether Lady Archibald Hamilton was, or was not, to be one of the ladies in waiting to the Princess; the Prince wishing her to be appointed, and the Queen declaring that it was not proper that the Prince's mistress should be one of his

wife's household. She was undoubtedly right, but the Prince might have retorted, and he probably did, that he was only following precedent, since Lady Suffolk had filled a similar position in the household of his parents. The matter was compromised by only three ladies in waiting being appointed by the Queen, and the Princess was left free to nominate one other when she arrived. The Prince gained such an ascendency over his wife that the first thing she did was to appoint Lady Archibald Hamilton, who soon became her constant companion. Lady Archibald was not a wise adviser to the young Princess even in minor matters, or perhaps she deliberately set about to make her look ridiculous. The Princess was quite ignorant of the customs of the English Court, and was imbued by her husband with a strong sense of what was due to her as Princess of Wales. Either at his bidding or Lady Archibald's suggestion, she took to walking in Kensington Gardens with two gentlemen-ushers going before her, a chamberlain leading her by the hand, a page holding up her long train, and her maids of honour and ladies in waiting following behind. The Queen met this grotesque procession one morning when she was out on her walks, and burst into peals of laughter. The poor Princess of Wales, who was not conscious of having done anything wrong, begged to know the reason of her Majesty's merriment, whereupon the gentle Princess Caroline so far forgot her gentleness as to tell her sister-in-law, tartly, that it was ridiculous for her to walk out like a tragedy queen, when she was merely taking the air privately in the gardens.

If the King and Queen had thought to pacify their eldest son by yielding to his wish to be married, they quickly found themselves mistaken. The Prince accepted this concession only as an instalment, and immediately began to ask for more. He did not con-

sider his demand for a separate establishment met by his being given apartments in the royal palaces, and he refused to be contented with anything less than the full sum voted for him by Parliament. The King stoutly refused to yield more and expressed himself very forcibly on, what he called, his son's ungrateful conduct. Thus baffled, the Prince began to raise money right and left by giving bills and bonds payable on the death of his father and his own accession to the throne, and the money-lenders were willing to advance him money on these conditions at an extortionate rate of interest. When the King heard of this he became greatly frightened lest the rapacity of the usurers should cause them to hasten his death by assassination. The Queen feared for the King's safety too, and had long talks with Walpole and Lord Hervey on the subject. Lord Hervey, who hated the Prince, offered to bring forward a bill in the House of Lords making it a capital offence for any man to lend money on the consideration of the King's death, but Walpole wisely pooh-poohed the idea. He strongly objected to bringing the disputes of the Royal Family before the public, and told the Queen he could see no way of keeping the Prince in order except through the good influence of the Princess of Wales. The Queen then tried to discuss matters with the Princess, but, coached by her husband, she would not listen. She was very sorry she said, but her Majesty must excuse her, she must decline to take any part in the controversy. Whatever her husband did was right in her eyes and it was her duty to obey him, whom she had sworn to obey. This drew from the Queen the expression: "Poor creature, if she were to spit in my face I should only pity her for being under such a fool's direction, and wipe it off". She pitied the Princess rather than blamed her, and allowed this little incident to make no difference to her

behaviour towards her. The Princess no doubt had done wisely and the Prince showed his appreciation by treating his wife with courtesy and kindness, and the marriage, which had begun inauspiciously, turned out better than any one expected.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAROLINE'S LAST REGENCY.

1736.

THE Prince of Wales's marriage over, the King became very impatient to return to Hanover. The pledge he had given to Madame Walmoden last year, that he would be with her on May 29th, had become known to Walpole, who swore to the Queen that the King should not go if he could prevent it. The Quakers' Bill was just then before Parliament and the bishops were giving a great deal of trouble to the Government in the House of Lords; the King's departure for Hanover again so soon would be another source of embarrassment. But neither Walpole's protests nor the Queen's more diplomatic representations were of any avail with the King. "I am sick to death of all this foolish stuff," said the Defender of the Faith to the Queen one day when she was speaking to him about the bishops' action in the House of Lords, "and wish with all my heart that the devil may take all your bishops and the devil take your minister, and the devil take the parliament, and the devil take the whole island, provided I can get out of it and go to Hanover."

After this there was clearly nothing more to be said, and in the middle of May the King set out for Hanover, this time taking Horace Walpole with him as minister in attendance instead of Harrington, whom the Queen and Walpole determined

should never go with the King to Hanover again. He again appointed the Queen Regent, and sent a message to the Prince of Wales telling him that wherever the Queen-Regent resided, there would be apartments provided for himself and the Princess. The Prince resented this message, which forced him, he said, to move his household at the Queen's pleasure, and made him practically a prisoner in her palace. That was perhaps an exaggeration, but the order was evidently designed to prevent the Prince and Princess setting up a court of their own in the King's absence. The Prince considered that his marriage gave him an additional claim to be appointed Regent instead of the Queen. He therefore tried in many small ways to set her authority as Regent at defiance, and he trumped up the excuse of the Princess's indisposition to hinder him from occupying the same house as the Queen according to the King's command. The Queen, who suspected that this was only an evasion, came up from Richmond, where she had removed after the King left, to London to find out if the Princess of Wales were really ill. But her intention was baffled, for when she arrived she was told that the Princess was in bed and could not receive her, and when the Queen insisted on being shown to her daughter-in-law's chamber, she found the room so dark that she could scarcely see her, and had to return to Richmond no better informed than when she set out. Shortly afterwards the Queen removed to Hampton Court, and with some little delay the Prince and Princess followed, and had their suite of apartments allotted them there.

The Prince of Wales did not attend the Council when the Queen broke the seals of the King's commission making her Regent; he pretended that he had mistaken the hour. He tried by every possible means to discredit the Queen-Regent's authority, and

to cultivate popularity at the expense of his parents. It was fairly easy for him to pit himself against his father, for the King's conduct in going to Hanover two years running, his *affaire* with the Walmoden, and the fact that he had left unfilled several commissions in the army because, people said, he wished to pocket the pay himself, had made him more unpopular than ever. Some measure of this unpopularity reflected itself upon the Queen, though she, poor woman, was the greatest sufferer by the King's intrigue with the Walmoden. The Princess of Wales also suddenly discovered that she had scruples about receiving the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England, and declared that she was a Protestant and a Lutheran. This move, which was probably made by command of the Prince in order to gain the goodwill of the Dissenters, gave a great deal of annoyance to the Queen, for the bishops and clergy were up in arms about it, talked loudly of the Act of Succession, and declared that if the Princess would not conform to the rites of the Church of England she would have to be sent back again to Saxe-Gotha. The Queen spoke to the Prince on the subject, but he declared that he could do nothing, for when he reasoned to his wife she only wept and talked of her conscience. However, the threat of being sent back to Saxe-Gotha effectually abolished the Princess's scruples; she dried her tears and attended the services at the chapel at Hampton Court like the rest of the Royal Family. Yet even when they came to church the Prince and Princess of Wales managed to show disrespect to the Queen's office as Regent. They arranged always to come late, so that the Princess had to push past the Queen in the royal pew, an uncomfortable proceeding so far as the Queen was concerned, for she was stout and the pew was narrow. Moreover, the arrival of the Prince and Princess and

a numerous suite half-way through the service was exceedingly disturbing, so, after bearing with it two or three Sundays, the Queen sent word that if the Princess came late she must make her entry by another door. The Princess, however, persisting, the Queen ordered a servant to stand at the main entrance of the chapel after she had gone in and not permit any one to pass until the service was over, which would have the effect of sending the Princess round to another door, or of keeping her out of the chapel altogether. The Prince, however, was equal even to this, for he told the Princess that if she was not ready to go into chapel with the Queen she was not to go at all, and so neatly avoided yielding the point.

The Queen, notwithstanding all these studied slights and petty insults, was determined not to quarrel with her son, and regularly asked the Prince and Princess to dine with her once or twice a week, and sometimes invited them to music and cards in the gallery at Hampton Court in the evening. The Princess came now and then to these latter functions, the Prince never, though they both were obliged to come to dinner when the Queen asked them. These dinners could not have been pleasant to either side; they certainly were not to the Queen, who, after they were over, used to declare that the dulness of her daughter-in-law and the silly jokes of her son gave her the vapours, and she felt more tired than "if she had carried them round the garden on her back".

Meanwhile the King at Hanover was enjoying himself with his enchantress, who had presented him with a fine boy, which it suited her purpose to declare was his son.[1] The King, who was now fifty-

[1] This son, according to some authorities, came over to England with Madame Walmoden, afterwards Countess of Yarmouth, after the Queen's death, and was generally known at court as "Master Louis". But according to Lord Hervey the child died within a year of its birth.

three years of age, firmly believed her, and his affections became riveted to Madame Walmoden more firmly than ever. Yet he might well have doubted, for the lady had many friends to console her in his absence, and a suspicious incident occurred this summer even while George was at Hanover. The King was staying, according to his custom, at Herrenhausen, and Madame Walmoden was living in the apartments set apart for her by the King in the Leine Schloss. She spent most of her time with the King at Herrenhausen, returning to the Leine Schloss at night, where she was sometimes visited by the King. The Leine Schloss was very different then to what it is now, for it was fronted by extensive gardens on both banks of the Leine, the gardens through which poor Sophie Dorothea used to steal, disguised, to Königsmarck's lodgings. The Walmoden's bedchamber was on the garden side of the palace, and one night a gardener chancing to walk round the palace in the small hours found a ladder placed immediately under Madame Walmoden's window. The man thought this must be the attempt of a burglar, who had come to steal the lady's jewels, and made a careful search round the garden. He presently discovered a man hiding behind a bush, whom he immediately seized, and, shouting for the guard, had him placed under arrest. To every one's astonishment, the prisoner proved to be no thief, but an officer in the Austrian service, named Schulemburg, a relative of the Duchess of Kendal's, who was on a visit to Hanover in connection with some diplomatic mission. Schulemburg protested against the indignity put upon him, which he said would be resented not only by himself, but by his master, the Emperor, and made such a fuss that the captain of the guard released him at once.

Before the morning the story was all over the palace, and Madame Walmoden, who had been

aroused in the night, was in a great state of agitation. But her woman's wit came to her aid. As early as six o'clock the next morning she ordered her coach and drove off to Herrenhausen to give her version of the affair to the King before any one else could tell him. George was still a-bed when the lady arrived, but being a privileged personage she passed the guards and made her way to his bedside. She threw herself upon her knees, and besought the King, between her tears and sobs, to protect her from gross insult, or allow her to retire from his court for ever; she declared that she loved him not as a king but as a man, and for his own sake alone, but wicked envious people, who were jealous of the favour he had shown her, were plotting to ruin her. The King, astonished at this early visit, rubbed his eyes, and asked what it all meant. She then told him about the ladder, and declared that it must have been placed there by design of a certain Madame d'Elitz with intent to ruin her with the King. This Madame d'Elitz was also a Schulemburg, a niece of the old Duchess of Kendal. She was credited with having had intrigues with three generations of the Hanoverian family, the old King, George the First, the present King, George the Second, and Frederick, Prince of Wales, before he came over to England. This was probably an exaggeration, but it is certain that she was the mistress of George the Second before he deserted her for the superior charms of the Walmoden. So the story had at least the element of plausibility. At any rate the King accepted it, and ordered the captain of the guard to be put under arrest for having released Schulemburg, and sent word that he should again be apprehended. But Horace Walpole, the English Minister in attendance, fearing that this might involve the King in a quarrel with the Emperor, sent Schulemburg word pri-

vately to make speed out of Hanover, which he did forthwith.

All sorts of versions were given of this ladder incident, which quickly became known in London, and was much discussed by Queen Caroline and her court. The King wrote long letters to the Queen in England, telling her all about the affair, and asking her to judge it impartially for him, as he was so fond of the Walmoden that he could not judge it otherwise than partially, and if she were in doubt he asked her to consult *le gros homme*, Sir Robert Walpole, "who," he said, "is much more experienced, my dear Caroline, in these affairs than you, and less prejudiced than myself in it". But whatever was the Queen's opinion the King remained devoted to his Walmoden, and refused to believe any evil of her. Whether Caroline really consulted Walpole or not it is impossible to say; but though she laughed about the incident in public she wept many bitter tears in private, and her patience was well-nigh exhausted.

Caroline had no easy part to play in this, her fourth and most eventful, regency. Her health had been failing for some time, and now was an ever-present trouble. The knowledge of the King's infatuation, and the fear that her influence over him was waning, preyed upon her mind, and she was further harassed by the covert rebellion against her authority carried on by the Prince of Wales. All these were troubles from within, but those from without were also serious. The King was never so unpopular as now, and his unpopularity reflected itself upon the Government. There were discontents and disorders in different parts of the country; a riot broke out in the west of England because of the exportation of corn, and so violent were the farmers that in many districts the military had to be called out to quell the tumult. Another disturbance took place at Spitalfields among the weavers, who objected to

Irishmen working there because they were willing to accept lower wages and could accustom themselves to a lower standard of living than Englishmen. A riot broke out and many Irish were killed and others wounded. Huge mobs assembled, and again the Queen-Regent had to command that soldiers should be called out, which had the effect of diverting the rage of the weavers from the Irish to the court. They now began to curse the Germans even more loudly than they execrated the Irish, and from cursing the Germans they proceeded to cursing the King and Queen, and shouting for James the Third. Eventually the soldiers quelled the riots, but not without bloodshed, and the discontent was all the more active for being driven below the surface.

Another source of dissatisfaction with the people was the Gin Act, which had been passed with the object of abating the vice of drunkenness, and especially the drinking of gin by the lower classes. Gin drinking at that time was the popular habit, and was carried to such a degree that the drunkenness of the mob and the depraved and debased condition of public morals became a crying scandal. The sale of gin was carried to such an extent in the taverns that a newspaper of the time informs us: "We hear that a strong-water shop was lately opened in Southwark with this inscription on the sign:—

> Drunk for one penny,
> Dead drunk for two pence,
> Clean straw for nothing."[1]

The Gin Act was passed with a view to putting a stop to this sale, but without success, and the truth that people cannot be made sober by Act of Parliament was proved up to the hilt. The only result was to encourage a gang of informers who be-

[1] *Old Whig*, 26th February, 1736. This inscription was afterwards introduced by Hogarth in his caricature of Gin Lane.

came the pest of the country. The Act came into force on September 29th, 1736, and as the date approached ballads and lamentations of "Mother Gin" were sung about the streets, the signs of the liquor shops were everywhere put into mourning, and mock ceremonies on the funeral of "Madam Gin" were carried out by the mob. To quote from the journals: "Last Wednesday, September 29th, several people made themselves very merry with the death of 'Madam Gin,' and some of both sexes got soundly drunk at her funeral, of which the mob made a formal procession with torches."[1]

All over the country it was the same, and the Act was practically abortive. The selling of gin was carried on just the same, sometimes publicly in the shops, more often by hawkers who sold it about the streets in flasks and bottles under fictitious names. Some of these names were odd enough, such as "Cuckold's Comfort," "Make-Shift," "The Ladies' Delight," "Colic and Gripe water," and so forth. Sometimes the gin was coloured with a drop or two of pink fluid, and sold in bottles, labelled: "Take two or three spoonfuls of this four or five times a day, or as often as the fit takes you". The Act was repealed seven years later; but the whole of its unpopularity now fell upon Walpole and the Queen-Regent, especially on the latter, who certainly had urged its passing, as she wished to abate the crying scandal of drunkenness. The Prince of Wales, in his quest for popularity, sided with the people, and was said to have been seen drinking gin publicly in one of the taverns the very day the Act came into force.

The most serious riot of all took place, not in London or the provinces, but in Edinburgh. Scotland, though quelled for a time after the abortive

[1] *The Daily Gazetteer*, 2nd October, 1736.

rising of 1715, was still restless under Hanoverian rule, and it needed but a spark to set the discontent in a blaze. Scotland had never been reconciled to the Act of Union, and the jealousy of any interference from England was strongly resented, even by many of those who refused to acknowledge James as their King. The Porteous Riots served to bring matters to a climax. These riots had their origin in a small matter. Two smugglers, named Robertson and Wilson, were arrested by the officers of the Crown for robbing a collector of customs, and lay in the Tolbooth, or city gaol of Edinburgh, under sentence of death. Hanging was the punishment for smuggling in those days, but practically the severity of the sentence rendered the Act inoperative, and smuggling was winked at by many honest Scots who regarded these imposts as an unjust aggression upon their ancient liberties. But in this case the Government determined to make an example. Great sympathy was felt for the prisoners by the people, and files were secretly conveyed to them from outside to aid their escape. The prisoners freed themselves from their manacles, and cut through a bar of the window. Wilson insisted on going first, but as he was a stout man he got fixed in the opening, and there remained, unable to move backwards or forwards. In this plight he was found in the morning, and the escape of the prisoners was defeated. Wilson was seized with self-reproach at the thought that, if it had not been for his wilfulness, Robertson, who was a younger and slimmer man, would have been saved, and he determined to do something to help him.

It was the custom in those days for condemned prisoners to be taken to the Tolbooth church the Sunday before their execution, and be preached at. Robertson and Wilson went as was customary, escorted by guards, but as they were coming out

THE OLD TOLBOOTH, EDINBURGH, TEMP. 1736.

From an old Print

Wilson attacked the guards unexpectedly, and cried to Robertson to escape. In the confusion the latter managed to do so; he jumped over the pews, and was aided by the sympathetic congregation. The generous conduct of Wilson excited great popular sympathy, but Captain John Porteous, who was in command of the city guard, a rough and brutal man, especially resented the saving of one prisoner by the other, and determined that Wilson's execution should take place the next day. In this decision he was hastened by a rumour that Wilson would be rescued from the gallows by the mob. He ordered a double guard around the scaffold, and was said to have forced the unfortunate victim to wear handcuffs much too small for him as he went to the place of execution, though the latter showed him his bruised and bleeding wrists, and protested against this barbarity. "It signifies little," said Porteous brutally, "your pain will soon be at an end." Wilson answered him in words that were afterwards remembered: "You know not how soon you yourself may have occasion to ask the mercy which you are now refusing to a fellow-creature. May God forgive you!"

Wilson was hanged by the neck on the gibbet erected in the Grassmarket, and the execution passed off quietly enough, though an enormous and threatening crowd had assembled. But when the body had hung on the gibbet for some time, some of the mob began to throw stones at the guards and a rush was made for the scaffold to cut down the body, either to give it decent burial or to see if it could be resuscitated. Porteous, who was a violent-tempered man and was said to be half-drunk, ordered the soldiers to fire upon the crowd and even stimulated them by snatching a musket from a soldier and firing it himself. Several persons were wounded, and six or seven killed on the spot. The firing was the signal for a general tumult; Porteous and his soldiers

withdrew with difficulty to the guard-house, pursued by execrations and volleys of stones. Local feeling was wholly against Porteous; he was arrested for ordering the soldiers to fire upon the citizens, several of whom had taken no part in the tumult. His trial took place before the High Court of Justice in Edinburgh, and he was found guilty and condemned to death. He was to be hanged on September 8th, 1736, and meanwhile lay in the Tolbooth. He appealed to London, and the Queen-Regent in Council, taking into consideration the provocation which Porteous had received, ordered his reprieve.

When this reprieve arrived at Edinburgh from the Secretary of State's Office, under the hand of the Duke of Newcastle, the agitation that arose was almost beyond belief. The people, who had been thirsting for the death of Porteous, were like tigers baulked of their prey, and determined to take the law into their own hands. There is little doubt that the Lord Provost and city authorities were aware of what was going to take place, and also the General in command of the troops at the Castle. They did nothing to prevent it, for their sympathies were with the people. The night after the Queen's reprieve arrived in Edinburgh, a fierce mob arose as if by magic, armed with pikes, bayonets, Lochaber axes, and any arms they could find, and headed by a man dressed in woman's clothes. The rioters made themselves masters of the gates of the city, disarmed the guard, and marched to the Tolbooth, with shouts of "Porteous! Porteous!" The unhappy man within, who was entertaining a party of boon companions on the cheerful news of his reprieve, saw the glare of the torches, heard the cries, and recognised in them the shout of his doom. His friends made off as fast as they could, the turnkeys were seized with panic and ran away, and many prisoners escaped. Porteous concealed him-

self in the chimney of his cell. For some time the old door of the Tolbooth, which was of stout oak, heavily clamped with iron, resisted the onslaughts of the rioters, but at last they burned it down, and leaping over the embers rushed into the prison in search of their prey. The miserable man was soon discovered, dragged from the chimney, carried outside and hanged in the sight of the mob from an improvised gibbet made of a barber's pole. The crowd then dispersed as suddenly and mysteriously as it had assembled ; the method and precision with which the ringleaders carried out their work, and the celerity with which they dispersed, showed there was method in this rough justice, and that it was rather the result of a conspiracy than an ordinary riot. The next morning not a sign remained of the night's dread work except the body of Porteous hanging from the pole.

When the news reached London the Queen was furious at the insult which she conceived had been especially aimed at her authority as Regent, and gave vent to language which for vigour would have done credit to her exemplar, Queen Elizabeth. For the only time on record Caroline thoroughly lost her temper. She hastily summoned a council and proposed the wildest measures. The charter of Edinburgh, she said, must be withdrawn, the Provost must be incapacitated from ever holding office again, the commander of the garrison must be cashiered, and fines and imprisonment were to be the order of the day. The Duke of Argyll endeavoured to put in a moderating word on behalf of his countrymen. The Queen turned on him with fury, and said that sooner than brook such an insult she would make Scotland a hunting ground. "In that case, madam," said the duke with a bow, "I will take leave of your Majesty, and go down to my own country to get my hounds ready." Caroline

recognised the covert threat in the duke's words, and adjourned the council. Fortunately her anger was not of a kind to last long, and wiser counsels prevailed. The Scottish peers defended their countrymen in the House of Lords, and in the end a compromise was arrived at, by which the City of Edinburgh had to pay a nominal fine of £2,000, and the Provost was disgraced.

It was on the Porteous Riots that Sir Walter Scott wrote his celebrated novel, *The Heart of Midlothian.* He introduces Queen Caroline in connection with Jeannie Deans, who walked all the way from Edinburgh to London to plead the cause of her sister, Effie Deans, who was sentenced to death according to Scottish law for concealing the birth of her illegitimate child. The father of this child, according to Scott's romance, was Robertson, the prisoner who had escaped, and who was supposed to have headed the mob against Porteous. Of course, in a novel a good deal of fiction is reared on a slender basis of fact, and Scott makes some little mistakes. For example, in the Queen's interview with Jeannie Deans he makes Lady Suffolk be in attendance, instead of Lady Sundon (Mrs. Clayton), whereas Lady Suffolk had left the court two years before; he also places the Queen's palace at Richmond, where the interview took place, in Richmond Park, whereas it was in Richmond Gardens. But this much at least is true, and may be quoted as one of the many instances of the Queen's kindness of heart. A certain Scottish peasant woman named Helen Walker actually did walk from Edinburgh to London, to plead with the Queen-Regent on behalf of her sister, then lying under sentence of death in the Tolbooth in Edinburgh. The sister, who was called Isabella, or Tibbie Walker, had secretly given birth to an illegitimate child, which shortly afterwards died, and

by the Scottish law of those days she was adjudged, by wilfully concealing her condition, to have been guilty of its death. At the trial of this wretched girl, her sister Helen, a rigid Presbyterian, was unwillingly the principal witness against her sister. When she was asked whether Tibbie, whom she dearly loved, had ever made known to her the fact of her condition, she refused to perjure herself by saying that she had, saying: "It is impossible for me to swear a falsehood"; and thus gave away her sister's sole chance of release. According to the Scottish law, six weeks had to elapse between the sentence and the execution, and in that time Helen Walker got up a petition praying the Queen for her sister's reprieve, signed by some of the principal residents in Edinburgh, and armed with this she made her way to London on foot. Arrived there she presented herself, clad in tartan plaid and country attire, before John, the great Duke of Argyll, who was regarded in Scotland as a protector of the poor. To him she made appeal. The Duke of Argyll told the whole story to the Queen, who was so much touched at the girl's honesty in refusing to perjure herself, and her sisterly devotion in making this long pilgrimage, that she granted the pardon at once, and Helen Walker returned with it to Edinburgh in time to save her sister. She had trusted "in the Almighty's strength," she said. Whether the Queen gave audience to Helen Walker or not is uncertain (it would have been characteristic of her if she had done so), but the other facts of the case are well authenticated.

These exciting public events kept the Queen-Regent busy throughout the summer and early autumn, and gave her less time to think about her private troubles. But when the time drew near for the King to return to England, and he still lingered at Hanover, she became anxious; and when he

wrote to say that he could not be back in England for his birthday, October 30th, as he had always done before, her tolerance and endurance began to give way. She took his absence on his birthday as a personal slight to herself, a sign to all the world that her influence over him had waned, owing to his passion for another. Her letters to the King, which were usually of great length, giving him full details of everything which took place, now became fewer and shorter, and no doubt abated proportionately in warmth.

Walpole and the Queen had hitherto affected to treat the King's affair with Madame Walmoden as a joke, but now they recognised that it was beyond a joke and might become a public danger as it already was a public scandal. They therefore put affectation aside and looked the matter in the face. Walpole repeated, with even greater frankness, the views he had expressed on the subject some time before, and he told the Queen that she could no longer keep the King to her side by the arts and charms she had employed when she was a younger woman. He therefore recommended that she should maintain her influence by accepting the situation and making the best of it. Since the King would not live anywhere long without his Walmoden, the Queen must go so far as to ask him to bring her to England. The Queen wept bitterly when the Prime Minister gave her this advice, but at last declared that she would do as he suggested. Walpole, profligate and cynical though he was, had his doubts at first whether the Queen, as a wife and a woman, would carry her complaisance thus far. Two or three days after, when he met her walking in the gardens at Richmond, she taxed him with not believing that she would keep her promise. Walpole replied: "Madam, your Majesty in asking if I disbelieved you, would put a word into my mouth

so coarse that I could not give it place even in my thoughts, but if you oblige me to answer this question I confess *I feared*". "Well," replied the Queen, "I understand what 'I feared' means on this occasion. To show you that your fears were ill-founded I have considered what you said to me, and am determined this very day to write to the King just as you would have me, and on Monday when we meet at Kensington you shall see the letter." Accordingly Caroline wrote the letter and despatched it to her faithless husband, assuring him that she had nothing but his happiness at heart, and urging him to bring the Walmoden to England if such a step would conduce to it. Heaven knows what mortification and anguish the Queen suffered before she brought herself to write that letter. She has been greatly blamed by the moralists for writing it, but the great excuse that can be urged for her is that her action was strongly dictated by political expediency, for the King's prolonged absence at Hanover was bringing his throne into peril.

The Queen went further in her abasement, and even considered the possibility of taking Madame Walmoden into her personal service in the same position that Lady Suffolk had occupied, and so throwing an air of respectability over the arrangement. But from this Walpole dissuaded her, pointing out that it would deceive no one, and defeat its object, for the world would be scandalised if the Queen made the King's mistress one of her servants, which he said was a different thing from the King's making one of the Queen's servants his mistress, as had been done in the case of Lady Suffolk—a nice distinction. The King was delighted with his Queen's complaisance, and soon sent her an answer many pages long, in which he praised her to the skies. He said that he wished to be everything that she would have him to be, but she

knew his nature, and must make allowances for it. "*Mais vous voyez mes passions ma chère Caroline! Vous connaissez mes foiblesses, il n'y a rien de caché dans mon cœur pour vous, et plût à Dieu que vous pourriez me corriger avec la même facilité que vous m'approfondissez! Plût à Dieu que je pourrais vous imiter autant que je sais vous admirer, et que je pourrais apprendre de vous toutes les vertus que vous me faites voir, sentir, et aimer!*" The King then gave for the Queen's delectation a detailed description of the Walmoden's personal charms, over which Caroline must have made a wry face. He desired that Lady Suffolk's lodgings should be made ready for her, as she would avail herself of the Queen's kind permission to make her home in England. The Queen showed the King's letter to Walpole, and said: "Well now, Sir Robert, I hope you are satisfied. You see this minion is coming to England." But Walpole shook his head, and said that he did not believe she would come, for she was afraid of the Queen. He had probably received advices from his brother Horace at Hanover telling him that Madame Walmoden was not such a fool as they thought her. His surmise proved correct, for, though the Queen made ready the lodgings, the Walmoden thought discretion the better part of valour, and remembering the fate of Lady Suffolk, wisely elected to stay at Hanover.

The question whether Madame Walmoden would come or not agitated the court, especially the Queen's household. Some declared that it would be an outrage and do infinite harm; others inclined to the opinion that it would be better to bring her over, for if she kept the King so long in Hanover, thus exasperating the English people, he would go there once too often, and the nation would never let him come back. The scandal gradually filtered down

through the court to the people. They did not understand why the King's absence should be so prolonged, and sought a cause. No one wanted him back for his own sake, but it was said that trade suffered because the King was not in London, and the disaffected seized upon his predilection for Hanover as a pretext for their disaffection. Many honest people pitied the Queen, a virtuous matron, they declared, who should not be used so ill, and they thought it was ridiculous for the King at his age, close on sixty, with a wife and family, to be playing the gallant, when he ought to be setting an example to the nation. The most extraordinary bills and satires were printed and posted up in different parts of the town; one ran to this effect:—

"It is reported that his Hanoverian Majesty designs to visit his British dominions for three months in the spring."

On the gate of St. James's Palace a more daring bill was posted:—

"Lost or strayed out of this house a man who has left a wife and six children on the parish; whoever will give any tidings of him to the churchwardens of St. James's parish, so that he may be got again, shall receive four shillings and sixpence reward. N.B.—This reward will not be increased, nobody judging him to deserve a crown."

One day in the City an old broken-down horse was turned out with a ragged saddle on its back, and a woman's pillion stuck up behind it. On the horse's forehead was fastened this inscription: "Let nobody stop me, I am the King's Hanoverian equipage going to fetch his Majesty and his w—— to England."

In the autumn the Queen removed her court from Hampton Court to Kensington. The King sent her word from Hanover that she could go to St. James's if she liked, but as she was afraid of arousing his

jealousy by keeping too much state, or perhaps because she did not care to show herself much in public under present circumstances, she declined, and only went to St. James's to celebrate the King's birthday. The displeasure at his absence was very marked at the birthday drawing-room; the attendance was meagre, and the clothes positively shabby. The Queen affected to notice nothing unusual, but the Prince of Wales openly expressed his approval of these signs of dissatisfaction, and deliberately played on his sire's unpopularity to make himself more popular. But though the Queen was outwardly calm she was inwardly much concerned, and she made representations so urgent to the King that at last he gave the long-deferred orders for the royal yacht to set out for Holland.

On December 7th (1736), after giving a ball and a farewell supper at Herrenhausen, the King tore himself away from Hanover and his Walmoden. He arrived four days later at Helvoetsluys, where the yacht was awaiting him. His daughter, the Princess of Orange, lay in a very perilous childbed at the Hague, and had urgently asked her father to come and see her on his way home, but the King would not leave his mistress a few hours sooner so as to give himself time to visit his daughter.

It was soon known in London that the King had set out from Hanover, and the Queen anxiously awaited his return, she being the only person in England who really cared whether he came back or not. But a great storm arose at sea, which lasted for many days, and the King came not, nor any tidings of him, though a hundred messages a day passed between St. James's Palace, where the Queen was, and the Admiralty. No one knew whether the King had embarked at Helvoetsluys or not; but it was thought certain that, if he had embarked, his vessel

must go down, as no ship could withstand the tremendous seas then running. As the days went by and no news came, the suspense at court became great. Wagers were freely laid on whether the King was drowned or not; many people opined that he was, and the wish was often father to the thought. The Prince of Wales went about everywhere, showing himself freely to the people. When the Queen's anxiety was at its worst he gave a dinner to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and made them a speech, which was loudly praised. The Queen, who was greatly incensed that the Prince should give this dinner at such a time, asked particulars about it the next morning, and when she was told how well it had passed off, and how popular the Prince was becoming, she exclaimed: "My God, popularity always makes me sick, but Fritz's popularity makes me vomit. I hear that yesterday, on his side of the house, they talked of the King's being cast away with the same *sang-froid* as you would talk of a coach being overturned, and that my good son strutted about as if he had been already King."

Walpole and his friends about the court were much exercised as to what would happen to the Queen if the King were really drowned, and the Prince ascended the throne. Walpole declared that "he (the Prince) would tear the flesh off her bones with hot irons," so much did he hate his mother. Lord Hervey, on the other hand, thought that he would probably make use of the Queen's great knowledge and experience in the management of affairs, and her position would not become so intolerable as some imagined. The Princess Caroline differed from him. "My good lord," she said, "you must know very little of him if you believe that, for in the first place, he hates mamma, in the next, he has so good an opinion of himself that he thinks he

wants no advice, and of all advice, no woman's." She said also that the moment he was King "she would run out of the house, *au grand galop*". But the Queen declared that she would not budge an inch before she was compelled to go.

This uncertainty continued for more than a week, and one morning the Prince of Wales, with a satisfaction he could ill conceal, came to the Queen with the news that he had received a letter from a correspondent near Harwich saying that the night before guns had been heard at sea, signals of distress, and part of the fleet that escorted the King's yacht had been dispersed. The poor Queen passed a day of the greatest anxiety and depression, but at night a King's messenger, who had been three days at sea, and had landed by a miracle at Yarmouth, arrived at the palace with a letter from the King, telling the Queen that he had not yet stirred out of Helvoetsluys. Directly the Queen read the letter she cried out to the whole court: "The King is safe! the King is safe!" with a joy that showed how greatly she had feared.

The Queen's satisfaction did not last long. A few days later, the wind having calmed, it was understood that the King had embarked. Suddenly the gales arose fiercer than before, and everybody thought that he was at sea and in great danger. No word of the King reached the court for ten days more, and then a vessel that had set out with the King from Helvoetsluys, and continued with the fleet until the storm arose, brought news that the royal yacht had been seen to tack about, but whether to return to the harbour or not it was impossible to say. The tempests continued to rage with unabated violence, and from accounts that reached the court of guns of distress and shipwrecks, there seemed little doubt that the King by now was at the bottom of the sea. The Queen

lost all hope and broke down and wept bitterly. In the Prince's apartments everything wore a subdued air of excitement; messengers ran to and fro, and it was said that the Prince already considered himself King of England. The Queen, hearing this, roused herself and determined to put a bold face on the matter, and on Sunday, December 26th, she went to the Chapel Royal as usual. She had not been in chapel more than half an hour when a letter arrived from the King telling her that it was true he had set out from Helvoetsluys, but owing to the violence of the tempest he had put back again, with great difficulty, into port, where he still was detained by contrary winds. It afterwards transpired that the King had insisted on going forward, and only the good sense of the admiral in command of the fleet, who flatly refused to obey orders, saved his life.

The Queen now wrote to the King, telling him all her hopes and fears and sufferings. She also told him of the Prince's conduct when it was thought that he was drowned, and how the different courtiers and Ministers behaved. The King wrote a letter of great length in answer, full of the most passionate tenderness. He no longer dilated on the charms of the Walmoden, but on those of the Queen, expressing his impatience to rejoin her, and depicting her as "a perfect Venus". The Queen could not forbear showing this letter to Walpole, who had told her so frankly that her beauty had gone, and said: "Do not think because I show you this that I am an old fool and vain of my person and charms of this time of day". But it was evident that she was very much pleased.

There was no popular enthusiasm about the King's safety, and one of the topical jests was "How is the wind with the King? Like the nation against him." While the King was still away, waiting at

Helvoetsluys for the wind to change, a great fire broke out at the Temple and the Prince of Wales went at midnight to help extinguish it. He was hailed by the crowd with shouts of "Crown him! Crown him!!" and the same cry was heard when he appeared at the theatre. However, any immediate question of crowning him was put at rest by the return of the King, who arrived at St. James's on January 15th, 1737, after a detention at Helvoetsluys of five weeks and an absence from England of more than eight months. The Queen, accompanied by all her children, including the Prince of Wales, went down to the courtyard of the palace to receive him as he alighted from his coach. The King embraced her with great affection, and then gave her his arm to conduct her upstairs. A council was held the same day and the Queen surrendered into the King's hands her office of Regent.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PRINCE AND THE PATRIOTS.

1737.

THE King's narrow escape from drowning really seemed to have given him a lesson, for he behaved much better on his return to England than he had done before he went to Hanover. He treated the Queen with great affection and respect, and praised her frequently before all the court. He no longer abused England and extolled Hanover, and he did not so much as mention Madame Walmoden. Perhaps the state of his health had something to do with his change of conduct; he had contracted a chill on his journey home, which soon after his return developed into a low fever. For some time the King was very unwell; he kept to his own apartments and saw no one but the Queen and, when it was absolutely necessary, Walpole. Exaggerated rumours soon spread abroad concerning his condition, though the King himself, the Queen and the Princesses made light of it. Still the King grew no better, and at last the Ministers became anxious, and Walpole taxed the Queen with concealing the King's true state of health, an imputation which she indignantly denied. The Prince of Wales and his friends declared that the King's constitution had quite broken up, and, even if he recovered from this illness, it was unlikely that he would long survive. This was a little too much for

the King, and by way of showing that he was not dead yet, he roused himself from his lethargy, quitted his chamber and resumed his levées. It was noticed that he looked pale and thin, and it was generally thought he would not live long, though, as a matter of fact, he grew better every day after he quitted his chamber.

The King's ill-health had the result of bringing the Prince of Wales more prominently before the public. It was felt by many courtiers and politicians that his coming to the throne was only a question of a little time, and they were anxious to stand well with him. The alliance between the Prince and the Patriots now became closer, and the Prince gave the Opposition his open support in return for their championing his grievances, which he was determined to have redressed by fair means or foul. He had written, or caused to be written, *l'Histoire du Prince Titi*, in which his wrongs were set forth in detail, and the King and Queen abused under transparent pseudonyms. Translations of this work were circulated about this time, and gave great offence at the court, but they influenced to some extent popular feeling in his favour. The Prince took the leaders of the Opposition into his confidence, especially rising men like Pitt and Lyttelton. Perhaps it was these younger and more fiery spirits who urged him to act upon the advice of Bolingbroke, and set the King at defiance, though it was generally supposed that Chesterfield prompted him. Certain it was that the Prince saw in his father's illness an opportunity of bringing his claims before Parliament, and determined to delay no longer. The Prince requested the leaders of the Opposition to raise the question in the House of Commons. Some were at first reluctant, but influenced no doubt by the King's ill-health, Pulteney at last consented to bring forward the question, and Wyndham and Barnard agreed to support him.

When the King and Queen heard the news they were thrown into an extraordinary state of agitation. The King was beside himself with rage; the Queen declared that all these disputes would kill her. The Government, too, were in a difficult position. The Prince's demand that he should have his £100,000 a year, and a dowry for the Princess was, on the face of it, reasonable, and, what was more important, popular; Ministers could not be sure of their majority, and might suffer defeat. Walpole endeavoured to effect a compromise, and after great difficulty induced the King to send a message to the Prince the day before the motion came on in the House, saying that he was prepared to settle £50,000 a year on him absolutely, and to give the Princess a dowry. The Prince declined to consider the message, saying that the matter was in other hands.

The next day, February 22nd (1737), Pulteney brought forward his motion in a moderate speech, basing his main argument on precedent, and the right of the heir-apparent to the Crown to enjoy a sufficient and settled income. Walpole in his reply laid stress upon the King's message to the Prince the previous day, as showing how far the King was anxious to meet his son's wishes. He held that Parliamentary interference between father and son would be highly indecorous. In the end the Prince's claims were rejected by a majority of thirty. This small majority would really have been reduced to a minority if forty-five Tories with Jacobite leanings had not left the House in a body, unwilling to give any vote in favour of the heir of Hanover, even though by doing so they would defeat the Government.

The King and the Queen were overjoyed at the Prince's defeat, and, in the first flush of victory, the King was inclined to follow up his advantage by turning his son immediately out of St. James's

Palace in the same way as (he might have remembered, but did not) his father had turned him out. Walpole dissuaded the King from taking so extreme a step, and then proceeded to urge him to make good his promise to settle a jointure on the Princess, and make over £50,000 a year to his son absolutely. To this the King now demurred, though Walpole pointed out to him that the victory in the House of Commons had only been gained on the understanding that the King would carry out his pledges. The difficulty was complicated by the Prince continuing impenitent. So far from being downcast by his defeat in the House of Commons, he called a council of all his friends, and it was resolved to raise the question anew in the House of Lords, Lord Carteret undertaking to bring forward the motion, and Chesterfield to support it. Here, too, he lost, but public sympathy was undoubtedly with him, and to prevent the scandal from growing, Walpole, Newcastle, and indeed all the King's Ministers, urged the necessity of a settlement. One was eventually made, though not until much later, by the King settling £50,000 a year on the Prince absolutely, together with £10,000 a year from the Duchy of Cornwall, and Parliament making up the rest by giving an unusually large jointure to the Princess of Wales.

The King and Queen were much disgusted at what they considered the Government's half-heartedness, and included in their displeasure the Whigs generally, who had certainly wavered in their devotion to the court when they heard that the King's health was so bad. "If the Whigs can be so little depended upon in the King's interest," said the Queen, "we might as well send for the Tories, who are only too willing to come; the King has only to beckon to them." She did not mean what she said, but Walpole became alarmed. His majority was not

THE PRINCESSES MARY AND LOUISA.

(DAUGHTERS OF GEORGE II.)

so large that he could pose any longer as a dictator, or afford to dispense with the Queen's favour and support. He knew that Lady Sundon was intriguing against him, and that she had had several interviews with Lord Carteret. Carteret now expressed his great regret at having championed the Prince's cause; he said he was driven into it against his better judgment; he was full of the Queen's praises, and vowed that he would do anything to serve her. He declared that he had great influence over the Opposition leaders, especially Pulteney and Wyndham, and could bring them to the Queen's side if she would only make the sign. All this was duly repeated by Lady Sundon to the Queen, who listened but did nothing. She never intended to do anything, but she thought it well to bring Walpole to his bearings, and in this she quickly succeeded. Walpole came to her, and told her that he had heard of Carteret's overtures, and warned her not to trust him. The Whigs he urged were the natural support of the Hanoverian family, which was certainly true, since they had brought them over to England, and the Tories were but a broken reed. Caroline agreed with all he said, but fell back upon the lukewarm support which the Whigs had given the King. Even Walpole, she said, had regarded the Prince's conduct in too favourable a light. Walpole told her that he had only striven to bring the Prince to reason, but he now owned that he had made a mistake. The Queen, he said, should never again have cause to complain of him on that score, he saw that the Prince must be overcome. The Queen said she only wanted him to assure her on that point, and she dismissed him with many assurances that she would never cease to support him. The immediate result of this reconciliation was to strengthen the alliance between the Prince and the Patriots, who now saw in Frederick their only hope of ever gaining office.

These events took place quite early in the Session, but when Parliament rose the King said nothing about going to Hanover as Ministers had feared. In truth he was afraid to go, for he knew that Frederick would seize upon it as a pretext for some fresh intrigue, and the country was hardly in a humour to brook another prolonged absence. So he rarely mentioned the name of Hanover and never that of Walmoden. Most people about the court thought that the King had forgotten her for Lady Deloraine, to whom he showed great attention, paying her visits in her apartments for a long time together, as he had done to Lady Suffolk in the old days. He also insisted on her sitting next him at the commerce table, and often walked with her *tête-à-tête* in the gardens. Lady Deloraine, who had great beauty but little discretion, was inclined to boast of her triumphs, for she said to Lord Hervey: "Do you know the King has been in love with me these two years?" Lord Hervey, who was afraid to invite dangerous confidences, merely smiled and said: "Who is not in love with you?" Walpole came across her one day, standing in the hall at Richmond with a baby in her arms, and said to her: "That is a very pretty boy, Lady Deloraine; whose is it?" She replied: "Mr. Windham's (her husband's) upon my honour. But," she added with a significant laugh, "I will not promise whose the next shall be." She moreover told several people that the King had been importunate a long time, but that she had held out from motives of virtue, which were not at all appreciated, as her husband, she was sure, did not care.

Whether there was anything between Lady Deloraine and the King or not, the Queen followed her usual policy of ignoring the intrigue. She knew what her husband was, and made allowances. Perhaps, too, she was glad that he should seek

distraction from Madame Walmoden, though she knew that he had not forgotten her. Walpole had told her of an incident which showed how the King still esteemed his Hanoverian mistress above Lady Deloraine. He ordered Walpole one day to buy a hundred lottery tickets, and to charge the amount, £1,000, to the secret service fund instead of his civil list. Walpole did as he was bid and told Hervey of this iniquitous transaction, which he said was for the benefit of the King's favourite. Hervey thought he meant Lady Deloraine and expressed his surprise at the largeness of the sum, saying he "did not think his Majesty went so deep there". Walpole replied: "No, I mean the Hanover woman. You are right to imagine he does not go so deep to his lying fool here. He will give her a couple of the tickets and think her generously used."

The relations between the Prince of Wales and his parents went from bad to worse as the months wore on, but they were not even yet strained to breaking point. Acting on the advice of his supporters the Prince still occasionally attended levées and drawing-rooms. The King treated him as though he were not in the room; the Queen, though she recognised his presence, did not speak to him more than was absolutely necessary, and in private she declared that she was afraid to do so lest he should distort her words. The Prince still resided in his father's house, making his headquarters at St. James's Palace. But when the King and Queen moved to Hampton Court for the summer he had perforce to go there too, but much against his will. Though he and the Princess lived under the same roof as the King and Queen they saw little of them, and only met them in public.

In July the Prince wrote a letter to the Queen announcing that the Princess was with child. The Queen congratulated him and the Princess on the

auspicious event, and asked the latter some maternal questions about her condition. To all these the Princess made the same answer—"I do not know". The Queen had doubts, which were shared by her daughters, as to whether the Princess was really pregnant. Both she and the King considered the Prince quite capable of palming off a spurious child on them, and their prejudices against him were so strong that they half believed he was plotting to do so. They had no wish that the Princess of Wales should bear children; it was generally thought that she would not. If she did it would destroy the remaining chance that their beloved younger son, William, might one day succeed to the crown. The Prince, who resented these suspicions, wished that his wife should be confined at St. James's, but the King determined that the event should take place at Hampton Court. The Queen declared that "at her labour I positively will be, let her lie in where she will," but again expressed herself sceptical about the Princess being confined at all, as she could see no signs of it. The Prince, on the other hand, who knew and resented these suspicions, vowed that his mother should not be present at the birth, and that the child should be born at St. James's. He kept his word.

The court was then at Hampton Court for the summer, and the Prince and Princess of Wales were there occupying their own suite of apartments. On Sunday, July 31st, the Princess dined in public with the King and Queen, but on retiring to her apartments she was seized with pain, and symptoms of premature confinement became manifest. Notwithstanding the danger, which perhaps the Prince did not realise, as the Princess's confinement was not expected for two months, he determined that she should at once be secretly removed to St. James's. He ordered his coach to be brought round quickly.

It was nearly dark, and the Prince's apartments were in another wing of the palace to those of the King and Queen, so they were able to make their exit without being seen. The poor Princess was carried downstairs, though she begged her husband to let her remain where she was, and Lady Archibald Hamilton added her entreaties, but to no effect. The Prince obstinately insisted on his wife getting into the coach with Lady Archibald and one of her women. The Prince got in after them, and gave the order to drive with all speed to St. James's, and once outside the gates of Hampton Court they went at full gallop towards London. The Princess moaned in agony, but the Prince kept saying: "Courage, courage," telling her by way of consolation that it would all be over in a minute. They arrived at St. James's Palace about ten o'clock: there was nothing ready for them, as they were not expected. The Princess, shrieking with pain, was carried upstairs and put to bed, and, there being no sheets in the palace, a pair of table-cloths had to make shift instead. Within half-an-hour she was prematurely delivered of a girl child.[1]

Meanwhile at Hampton Court, the King and Queen, all unsuspecting, passed their evening as usual: the King played commerce below stairs with Lady Deloraine and the maids of honour; the Queen and the Princess Amelia played quadrille above; the Princess Caroline and Lord Hervey had their nightly game of cribbage. The party broke up, and all retired at eleven, without having heard a whisper of what had been going on in the Prince of Wales's apartments. The King and Queen had gone to bed and to sleep, when about half-past one they were aroused by the arrival of a courier from

[1] The Princess thus born was afterwards Duchess of Brunswick, and died in London, March, 1813.

St. James's Palace with a message that brooked no delay. The Queen, startled at being aroused at so unusual an hour, asked whether the palace was on fire, but Mrs. Tichburne, her dresser, in fear and trembling explained that the Prince of Wales had sent to let their Majesties know that the Princess was in labour. The Queen jumped up immediately and cried out: "My God! My night-gown, I'll go to her this moment." "Your night-gown, madam." said the worthy Tichburne, "aye, and your coaches too; the Princess is at St. James's." "Are you mad?" exclaimed the Queen, "or are you asleep, my good Tichburne? you dream." Then Mrs. Tichburne told the whole tale of the Princess's flight, so far as she understood it. The King raged and swore, and began to abuse the Queen, saying: "You see, now, with all your wisdom, how they have outwitted you. This is all your fault. There will be a false child put upon you, and how will you answer for it to all your children? This has been fine care and fine management for your son, William; he is mightily obliged to you; and as for Anne, I hope she will come over and scold you herself; I am sure you deserve anything she can say to you."

The Queen made no answer, but dressed quickly, ordered her coach, and set out for London at once, accompanied by the Princesses Amelia and Caroline, and attended by some of the lords in waiting. She arrived at St. James's Palace about four o'clock, left her coach, and those who came with her, at the outer gate, walked alone across the courtyard and made her way upstairs as fast as she could. At the top of the stairs she met the Prince in his night-gown. He dutifully kissed her hand and cheek, and then with scarcely concealed malice told her that she was too late, the Princess had given birth to a daughter. The Queen expressed neither sur-

prise nor annoyance, but asked why the news of the child's birth had not been sent to her before she started from Hampton Court. The Prince said that he had written letters to the King and Queen directly he could; the messenger was already on the road and she would doubtless find them on her return. The Queen made no further remark, but asked to see the mother and child. The Prince then conducted her into the Princess's chamber. The Queen kissed the Princess and wished her joy, but expressed her fear that she had suffered greatly. The Princess dutifully replied: "Not at all; it is nothing". Lady Archibald Hamilton brought the child, which was wrapped up in an old red mantle and some napkins, no proper clothes having yet been found for it, nor any nurse. The Queen kissed the babe and said: "The good God bless you, poor little creature; you have come into a troublesome world".

The Prince then began a long account of what had happened. The Queen listened to him without interruption, but when he had quite finished, she said that it was a miracle the Princess and the child had not been killed. She added that he and his wife were a couple of young fools who could not have been aware of the danger they ran, and then she turned to Lady Archibald and said: "But for you, my Lady Archibald, who have had ten children, that with your experience, and at your age, you should suffer these people to act with such a madness, I am astonished; and wonder how you could, for your own sake as well as theirs, venture to be concerned in such an expedition". To this Lady Archibald made no reply, except to turn to the Prince and say: "You see, sir". The Queen then embraced the Princess, wished her good-bye, and told her that if there was anything she wanted she had only to name it and it would be done. The

Princess, who had evidently been coached in her part, from between her table-cloths thanked her Majesty, but said she wanted nothing. The Prince waited on his mother down the stairs, still in his night-gown, and would have escorted her to her coach, had she not insisted that he should not accompany her out of doors in such a plight. The Queen walked across the courts by herself to where the coaches were waiting. She told the Princesses that she had no doubt the child was genuine, but she added: "If instead of this poor, little, ugly she-mouse there had been a brave, large, fat, jolly boy, I should not have been cured of my suspicions".

As soon as the Queen had set out from Hampton Court the King sent express messengers to Walpole and Lord Harrington, requesting them to hasten to St. James's to be present at the birth of the Prince's child. They went thither with all speed, but like the Queen arrived too late. Walpole returned to Hampton Court in the course of the morning, and had a conference with the King and Queen. He agreed that the insult was intolerable, and must be punished. Walpole had learnt his lesson, and was now wholly against the Prince. So far from attempting to moderate the King's ire he rather sought to inflame it, and declared that if the King and Queen did not conquer him he would conquer them. After much discussion and much strong language, the King sent the Prince a written message, complaining of the "deliberate indignity" offered to him and the Queen, which he "resented in the highest degree". The King was for taking more drastic measures at once, but Walpole persuaded him to defer them until the Princess was out of danger, and then strike. The King would gain by waiting a little he said, for as soon as it was known that the Prince had been guilty of this grievous act of folly his popularity would wane. In

this he was right, for no sooner did the news get abroad than the public, to a man, condemned the Prince's conduct in risking his wife's life and that of his unborn child, in order to insult his father and mother. His friends who had supported him through thick and thin in his endeavour to get a separate grant from Parliament were unable to find an excuse for this rash and inconsiderate step, though they urged in palliation the Prince's natural pique at the surveillance to which he had been subjected, and his ignorance of the danger the Princess had run.

The Prince, who soon became aware that he had made a false step, called a council of his chief supporters, including Carteret, Chesterfield and Pulteney, who frankly told him that he had put himself in the wrong, and the best thing he could do would be to patch up a reconciliation with the King and Queen. In view of this the Prince, a few days later, thought he would go to Hampton Court to pay his respects to the King and Queen, but the King, having got ear that he was coming, sent him a message saying he would not see him. Thereupon ensued a lengthy correspondence, in which the Prince would not own himself in the wrong. He expressed himself deeply grieved at having aroused the King's anger, but insinuated that the Queen was really responsible for the strained relations between himself and his father. He thus struck a note which was taken up by the Prince's court, and afterwards by the great body of his supporters. Afraid to strike at the King directly, they threw all the blame upon the Queen, who they declared had first artfully inflamed the King's anger against his son, and now tried to keep him inflexible. It was a cowardly thing to do, as well as unjust, for the Queen had always been on the side of peace; but the Prince hated his mother because the King had appointed her Regent instead of him, and the

Opposition hated the Queen because she had shown herself, through storm and shine, the firm supporter of Walpole. In pursuance of this policy, when the Queen, nine days after her daughter-in-law's confinement, paid her another visit at St. James's, the Prince treated his mother with marked discourtesy; he avoided meeting her at the main entrance, and only received her at the door of the Princess's bedchamber; he refused to speak a word to her during the whole visit, though the Queen was in the room with him and her daughter-in-law more than an hour. He could not help escorting her to her coach when she left, but did it all in dumb show; yet when they reached the coach door, and he saw that a considerable crowd had assembled, he knelt down in the muddy street and kissed her hand with every demonstration of respect. At this hyprocrisy, as Horace Walpole says, "her indignation must have shrunk into contempt."[1] The Queen was deeply wounded by her son's treatment, and after that she paid no more visits to St. James's.

These acts irritated the King beyond endurance, and even the Queen was stung out of her usual calm by the attacks made upon her. But anger and strong language availed nothing. The Prince was heir to the throne, and an heir to a throne is never without friends. In Frederick's case his friends were all the Patriots; even Carteret, finding his overtures to the Queen led to nothing, had gone back to him. The triumph of the Prince would mean the triumph of the Opposition too, the defeat of the King and Queen, the defeat of the Government. Walpole knew this, and realised that if any reconciliation were brought about he would probably have

[1] Walpole's *Reminiscences*, vol. iv. He repeats the same story in his *Memoirs*, vol. i. Horace Walpole confuses the Queen's second visit with her first, otherwise his account tallies with that of Lord Hervey—*Memoirs*, vol. ii.

to go. It was obviously to the advantage of the Royal Family that these quarrels should end, and Lord Hardwicke, the Lord Chancellor, earnestly strove to bring about a reconciliation. But Walpole advised the King against it, an easy task, for the King's inclination was all for revenge. Another message, an ultimatum, was therefore composed and sent by the King, denouncing the Prince's conduct in the strongest terms, and ending, "It is my pleasure that you leave St. James's with all your family".[1] This was equivalent to a total separation.

The Prince received the King's message without comment, and, as the orders were peremptory, two days later he and the Princess removed from St. James's Palace to Kew. All communications between the two courts were now broken off, and shortly afterwards the Prince took up his residence at Norfolk House, St. James's Square, which immediately became a rival court and the centre of the Opposition, much as Leicester House had been in the reign of George the First.[2] The court of Norfolk House, though small in numbers, was not without brilliancy. The Prince had wit and pleasing manners and was ably seconded by his young and beautiful consort. His love of letters attracted many of the ablest writers, and his political views drew around him the rising men among the Tories. The Prince of Wales's court became a focus of all the talents and a rallying place of the younger Tories, and as time went on, it influenced considerably the course of English politics. A generation was growing up in the Tory party which knew not the Stuarts, and saw a way of overthrowing the Whig ascendency, not by the forcible restoration of James, but in

[1] Message of the King to the Prince of Wales, 10th September, 1737.

[2] The parallel became closer when Frederick Prince of Wales removed to Leicester House.

the peaceable accession of Frederick. They were doomed to wander many years in the wilderness of opposition before their dreams came true; and the Whig domination was at last beaten down, not by Frederick, but by his son. But at this time Frederick's accession to the throne seemed comparatively near at hand. It was in view of his future reign, and as a satire on his father's, that Bolingbroke composed his magnificent essay, *The Ideal of a Patriot King*, a sublime conception of government, but impossible to be acted upon, because it presupposed the existence of a monarch of almost superhuman wisdom and virtues. Such an ideal could not be realised in Frederick, nor was it realised in his son, George the Third.

CHAPTER XV.

THE QUEEN'S ILLNESS AND DEATH.

1737.

THE Queen's health had been breaking for some time past, and nothing but her strength of will and determination not to yield kept her up. She had never really enjoyed good health since she became Queen. The last ten years had been a continual struggle against physical weakness; in the news-sheets of the day mention is frequently made of the Queen's indisposition, and nearly always from a different cause. The list of her ailments and the barbarous and violent remedies resorted to makes one wonder how she survived so long—gout, ague, rash, pleurisy, chills, colic—everything, in short, but her secret, and most dangerous, malady was recorded. But the Queen seldom retired for more than a day or two, she would never admit that she was really ill, and was extremely angry if any one said that she was so. The King disliked to have sick people about him, and resented the Queen's ailments as though they were invented for his special annoyance. Caroline was aware of this peculiarity on the part of her spouse, and would endure agonies rather than let him suspect that anything was wrong with her. She was a great sufferer from gout, which sometimes crippled her so much that she could not move without pain, but so absolute was her devotion to the King, that she would plunge her swollen legs into ice-cold

water, in order that she might not fail to accompany him on his daily walks. These desperate remedies no doubt did her infinite harm. But she had another malady too, which "false delicacy," as some described it, though it would be more correct to say "wifely devotion," made her conceal. At the birth of her youngest child, Princess Louisa, in 1724, Caroline suffered a slight internal rupture. Her husband noticed it at the time, but she said it was nothing, and would pass. Later he taxed her with it again, and advised her to consult a doctor, but she again denied it, this time with so much vexation, declaring that he sought a pretext for neglecting her, that the King promised never to mention it again. For a time the malady seemed to grow better, or, at any rate, to remain dormant, but of late it had been troubling her again, and neglect and concealment made it go from bad to worse.

The Queen took infinite pains to hide the nature of her illness, frequently consulting doctors, and yet leaving them in ignorance of her real malady. For years, amid the splendours of her court, in the plenitude of her power, Caroline had carried with her this dread secret, and maintained a smiling face to the world. From time to time she must have suffered agonies, but she bore them with Spartan heroism. It was only during the King's absences at Hanover that she indulged in the luxury of a collapse, and then she ascribed her weakness to the gout, or any cause but the real one. She held drawing-rooms as usual, but more than once she had to be wheeled into the presence-chamber in a chair, physically unable to stand. Of one of these breakdowns Peter Wentworth writes :—

"The Queen has been so ill. I went every day to the backstairs and had the general answer that she was better, but I knew when they told me true and when not, and was often in great pain for my

good Queen, but it is not the fashion to show any at Court. The first day that she came out into her drawing-room she told a lady, whom I stood behind, that she had really been very bad and dangerously ill, but it was her own fault, for she had a fever a fortnight before she came from Kensington, but she kept it a secret, for she resolved to appear on the King's birthday. She owned she did wrong, and said she would do so no more, upon which I made her a bow, as much as to say, I hoped she would do as she then said. I believe she understood me for she smiled upon me."[1]

In some way the Queen connected the decline of her influence over the King, and his passion for the Walmoden, with the failing of her physical health, and she struggled against it to the death. It is no exaggeration to say that she would have died rather than let her malady become known—in fact her concealment of it led to her death. This secret anxiety gnawing always at her heart, combined with the worries she had to endure from without and within, told upon her strength. For the last two or three years she had been on the rack daily, a martyr to physical and mental anguish. The infidelity of the King, the unfilial conduct of the Prince of Wales, the hard work inseparable from her position, and the effort at all costs to keep a brave front to the world, told upon her health, until at last she could bear the strain no longer. It was in vain that she sought relaxation in her best-loved pursuits; the haunting fear never left her day or night.

Soon after the Prince of Wales had been turned out of St. James's Palace the King and Queen removed there from Hampton Court, and remained over the King's birthday (October 30th). The Queen busied herself much this autumn in

[1] The Hon. Peter Wentworth to the Earl of Strafford, London, December 10th, 1734.

fitting up a new library which she had built in the stable yard of St. James's, on the site now occupied by Stafford House. It was a large handsome building constructed on the most approved principles. The Queen was now furnishing it with cases and books; she had ordered busts of philosophers and learned men to be placed in the corridor, and had requested the English ambassadors abroad to collect for her the best Spanish, French and Italian books to make her collection as complete as possible. When all was finished she hoped to hold there the intellectual tournaments in which she delighted, and make the library serve the double purpose of a lecture room. She used to go there nearly every day to personally superintend the work, and it was in this library on the morning of Wednesday, November 9th, that she finally broke down.

The Queen was giving some directions to the workmen when suddenly she was seized with violent internal pains. She made her way back to St. James's Palace as quickly as she could, and went to bed. At two o'clock there was to be a drawing-room; the King proposed that it should be postponed, but the Queen, who did not wish it to be known that she was ill, declared that she felt much better, got up, dressed, and went to the drawing-room. She smiled and bowed as usual, and even chatted to some of the company, though she was suffering extremely, and could scarcely stand. The King noticed nothing amiss, and went on talking for a long time about some new farce that was the fashion of the hour. At last he dismissed the court, reminding the Queen, who was by this time in agony, that she had not spoken to the premier duchess, the Duchess of Norfolk. The Queen, as she was going out, went to the duchess, and apologised for the omission with her usual graciousness. On returning to her room she again went to bed.

The King thought it was only a temporary indisposition, in which belief she humoured him, and he went off in the evening to play cards with Lady Deloraine, after having sent for the German court physician to look after the Queen. Every hour the Queen became worse, but she was still bent on concealing the cause of her illness, and declared that she had the colic. She asked Lord Hervey, who was in attendance, what she should do to ease her pain. Lord Hervey, who was a chronic invalid, and made himself a worse one by taking quack nostrums, recommended her a concoction called "snake root". But the German physician would not let her take it, and, as the Queen was now in a high fever, he called in another doctor. In ignorance of her malady, the doctors dosed their unfortunate patient with a number of horrible decoctions, such as "Daffy's Elixir," "Sir Walter Raleigh's Cordial," usquebaugh, and so forth, and then, as the only effect of these remedies was to make her violently sick, they sent for Ranby, the surgeon, who bled her into the bargain. The Princess Caroline, who had sat with her mother all day, now declared herself seized with rheumatic pains, and Lord Hervey, who was in his element, dosed her with another nostrum called "Ward's Pill," which, it is not surprising to hear, made her worse. The King came back at his usual hour, and was much upset at finding the Queen so ill. By way of showing his anxiety he lay on her bed all night, outside the coverlet, with the result that he spoilt his night's rest and hers too.

The Queen was again bled in the morning (Thursday), and the fever having abated a little it was thought that she was better. But she knew that she was not, for she said to the Princess Caroline, who was suffering from the effects of the pill: "Poor Caroline, you are very ill too; we shall soon meet again

in another place". At her request the King held a drawing-room as usual, and the Princess Amelia took her mother's place at court. So the day wore on. Towards the evening the Queen got worse, and in her agony cried aloud to the Princess Caroline: "I have an ill which nobody knows of". But, as she gave no particulars, this was regarded merely as a vague statement. Two more physicians were called in, and further added to the illustrious patient's discomfort by ordering blisters and aperients, both without effect. The King was now greatly concerned, and sat up all night with his wife.

The next morning (Friday) it was impossible to conceal any longer the fact that the Queen was seriously ill. The news reached the ears of the Prince of Wales, who was then at Kew, and he immediately hurried up to London to inquire after the Queen. The King had an idea that something of the kind would happen, and gave strict orders that if the Prince came he was not to be admitted. About an hour after the King had thus expressed himself, the Prince sent Lord North to St. James's with a message saying that he was much grieved to hear of the Queen's illness, and asking to be allowed to come and see her. But the King not only refused to let him come, but returned an answer requesting him to send no more messages to St. James's. "This," said he, "is like one of the scoundrel's tricks, it is just of a piece of his kneeling down in the dirt before the mob to kiss her hand at the coach door, when she came from Hampton Court to see the Princess, though he had not spoken one word to her during the whole visit. I always hated the rascal, but now I hate him worse than ever. He wants to come and insult his poor dying mother, but she shall not see him." Later in the day, the Queen, who had no knowledge of what had passed, said to the King that she wondered the Prince had not

THE PRINCESS CAROLINE.

(THIRD DAUGHTER OF GEORGE II.)

asked to see her yet, as she felt sure that he would do so, because it would look well before the world. The King then told her of what had passed and how he had forbidden the Prince to come, or send any more messages, though, he added, if the Queen really wished to see her son she could do so. But the Queen emphatically declared that she had no such wish, and the incident ended. The Prince continued to send messengers to inquire throughout his mother's illness.

The next day (Saturday) the Queen grew worse every hour, yet she still, with a stubbornness which it is impossible to understand, concealed the true nature of her malady. Towards evening the King, who was greatly worried, whispered to her that he believed her illness came from rupture, but she denied it with great warmth and peevishness. However, the King sent for the surgeon, Ranby, and confided his fears to him. Ranby at once examined the Queen, and even then she carried her desire for concealment so far as to declare that she felt the pain in a different part of her body to that where it really was. But the surgeon was no longer to be deceived, and having discovered the rupture, he took the King aside and told him of it, adding that the Queen was in the utmost danger. The Queen started up in bed in a state of great excitement, but when the surgeon told her bluntly that it was no longer possible to conceal the truth, she turned her face to the wall and wept silently—these were the only tears she shed throughout her illness. As there was no time to be lost, two more surgeons were called in, and the same evening an operation was performed. It did not give relief, nor did the doctors hold out much hope, concealment and neglect had made the ill past remedy.

The Queen passed a troubled night, and early the next morning (Sunday) she complained that

her wound gave her great pain. The surgeons were summoned, and discovered that it had already begun to mortify. The dreaded news was immediately conveyed to the King, and it was feared the Queen could not live many hours. The King came at once, followed by the Duke of Cumberland and the Princesses Amelia, Caroline, Mary and Louisa. The Queen took leave of her weeping husband and children, and asked them not to leave her until she died. To the Princess Caroline she commended the care of her younger children, and she bade her son William be a support to his father, and try to make up for the sorrow and vexation caused by his elder brother. Of the King she took a most affectionate farewell, telling him that he knew all her thoughts, and thanking him for his love and trust of her. She commended to his care all those who were dependent on her, from the highest to the lowest. She then drew from her finger the ruby ring he had given her at the Coronation, and put it upon his, saying: "This is the last thing I have to give you: naked I came to you, naked I go from you. I had everything I ever possessed from you, and to you everything I have I return." She added one word of advice, which she said she had often given to him when she was in health—that after her death he should marry again. At this the King burst into sobs and tears, and vowed he would not, saying: "Non! Non! j'aurai des maîtresses".[1] The Queen replied wearily: "Mon Dieu! cela n'empêche pas".[2] It was the only hint of reproach that ever crossed her lips, if we except that other bitter cry wrung from her in the extremity of

[1] George the Second kept his word. He never married again, though he survived the Queen twenty-three years. But within a year of Caroline's death he brought Madame de Walmoden over to England, and later created her Countess of Yarmouth.

[2] *Vide* Hervey's *Memoirs*. Also letter of Colonel William Douglas to Lord Carlisle, 12th November, 1737 (Carlisle MSS.).

her anguish years before: "I have never lived a day without suffering". Perhaps the King felt some pangs of remorse, for he wept over her bitterly; kissed her again and again, and uttered many endearing words. He had reason to weep, for he was losing the only being in the world who loved him, and loved him with a devotion that was as absolute as it was unaccountable.

After this trying scene the Queen fell into a doze and it was thought that she would pass away in her sleep, but, to every one's surprise, she woke up feeling better. She now declared her belief that she would last until Wednesday, saying that all the great events of her life had happened on that day: she had been born on a Wednesday, married on a Wednesday, had her first child on a Wednesday, heard the news of the late King's death on a Wednesday, and had been crowned on a Wednesday, and therefore she would die on a Wednesday. This was the only little touch of superstition in her character. Later in the day the surgeons again examined the wound, and, finding that the mortification had not spread, declared that perhaps after all she would recover.[1] This revived hope in all breasts but that of the Queen, who knew it to be only a reprieve. "My heart will not break yet," she said.

Her reprieve gave her time to see her trusted friend and minister, Sir Robert Walpole, who arrived in haste on Monday morning from Houghton, whither he had gone ten days previously to bury his wife. In consequence of his mourning he had not been sent for officially, but when he heard the news of the Queen's danger he came as fast as post horses could bring him. The Queen had asked for him once or twice, and when the King heard that Walpole had arrived, and was in the ante-chamber, he at

[1] Letter of Lady A. Irwin to Earl of Carlisle, 17th November, 1737 (Carlisle MSS.).

once gave him audience. Walpole was in great disorder and distress, for he had been travelling hard and fast. Despite his great bulk, he knelt down awkwardly and kissed the King's hand, and with tears, asked: "How is the Queen?" The King said: "Come and see yourself, my good Sir Robert," and carried him off to the Queen's bedside. The interview was very short, but the Queen's words were to the point. "My good Sir Robert, you see me in a very indifferent situation. I have nothing to say to you but to recommend the King, my children, and the kingdom to your care."[1]

The Queen lingered throughout Monday and Tuesday, and even the dreaded Wednesday, in much the same condition. On Thursday a change took place for the worse and she suffered much pain, but she bore it all without a murmur and had a smile and a cheery word for many. She even joked at Ranby, the surgeon, when he was dressing her wound, saying: "Before you begin, let me have a full view of your comical face"; and whilst he was cutting her she said: "What would you give now to be cutting up your wife?"[2] The Queen underwent many of these cuttings, but she bore all with great fortitude, and if sometimes a groan escaped her she would beg the surgeons not to heed and even apologised to them for some peevish expressions. Her patience and courage were marvellous, and her mind remained calm and collected.

All this time the chaplain's services had not been required. Several of the bishops remarked on it, and many about the court whispered that it

[1] Hervey's *Memoirs*. According to another account, she said: "I hope you will never desert the King, but continue to serve him with your usual fidelity," and pointing to her husband, she added: "I recommend his Majesty to you". Mahon's *History*, vol. ii. *Vide* also Horace Walpole's *Reminiscences*.

[2] Letter of Hon. Peter Wentworth to the Earl of Strafford, 1st December, 1737. Ranby was then seeking a divorce.

was not right that the Queen should remain without the consolations of religion. At last representations were made to Walpole, who irreligiously shrugged his shoulders. But he asked the Princess Amelia to acquaint the King and Queen with what was being said, and suggested that the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Potter) should be sent for. The Princess Amelia, who knew her mother's views on religious matters, at first demurred to taking the message, but afterwards went to the King, who went to the Queen, who immediately consented. The Archbishop came, and continued afterwards to pray by her bedside, morning and evening. But the prayers of the Archbishop were far from satisfying the scruples of the orthodox, who further required that her Majesty should receive the Holy Communion.

How far the Archbishop spoke to the Queen on this solemn subject it is impossible to say. The matter was one between the royal sufferer and her God. Caroline was, in the wide sense of the word, a religious woman, one whose religion was not on her lips but in her life ; she had a firm faith in God and trust in His mercy, but she was not, and never had been, an orthodox Christian. In health, because she conceived it to be her duty as Queen-Consort, she had scrupulously conformed to the rites of the Church of England, but now, in the presence of death, she felt it necessary to be sincere in her convictions and dispense with them. The Archbishop, who was a godly and tolerant prelate, and who knew the Queen's views, probably forbore to press her on the matter, and we may take it for granted that the Queen did not receive the last sacrament. It was rumoured about the court that the Archbishop had celebrated the Communion of the Sick in the royal chamber, but at the last moment the Queen refused to receive. When the Archbishop came out of the

room he was surrounded by courtiers and ladies in waiting in the ante-chambers, who eagerly asked him, "My Lord, has the Queen received?" The Archbishop eluded the question, and rebuked them by saying "The Queen is in a very heavenly disposition". Some, more officious than the rest, told him that it was his duty to reconcile the Queen to the Prince of Wales. The Archbishop replied that, whenever the Queen had spoken to him about the unhappy divisions in the Royal Family, she had spoken with such good sense that it would be impertinent for him to offer her advice on the subject. By some authorities it is stated that the Queen, at the last, forgave the Prince, and one goes so far as to declare that "She sent her blessing and forgiveness to her son, and told Sir Robert [Walpole] that she would have sent for him with pleasure, but prudence forbade the interview as it might irritate and embarrass the King".[1] On the other hand Hervey is silent on this point, though he makes the Queen several times during her illness express resentment against her son, which was perhaps natural, as his insults were very recent. Her enemies afterwards declared that she refused the Prince her forgiveness, though he sent again and again to humbly beseech her blessing. There is a conflict of testimony here, and the Queen may well have the benefit of the doubt, for all her life she had laboured in the cause of peace, and striven to prevent discord in the Royal Family.

The Queen still lingered on, her brain and faculties clear till the last. But the King's mind was giving way under the strain. He was conscious of this to some extent, for he told his pages that if he were unreasonable in chiding and swearing at them they were not to mind it. Lord Hervey, in his grim and ghastly account of the Queen's deathbed,

[1] Coxe's *Life of Walpole*. Horace Walpole also makes a statement to the same effect, though not so definite.

mocks at the lamentations of the King, and jeers at his behaviour. Yet there is every reason to believe that his grief was absolutely sincere, and in the presence of so great a sorrow these gibes should surely have been stilled. It was all very human and very pitiful. The King was not one of those who could suffer and be still, his grief was noisy and garrulous, and he talked incessantly during those trying days to all whom he met of the Queen's many virtues and the great and irreparable loss her death would be to him and the nation. He said the same to his wife over and over again, and they babbled their love together with tears and broken words. She knew now that she was first with him, had always been first with him, and their love was as fresh and fragrant as when he wooed her in the rose-gardens of Ansbach long ago. Yet, evidently overwrought by long watching and emotion, the King would sometimes break off in the middle of his vows of love and devotion to chide her in the old peevish fashion. Her pain made her very restless, and she complained that she could not sleep. "How the devil should you sleep," burst forth the King, "when you will never lie still a moment?" or again, when the Queen at his bidding lay perfectly still, the King would rail at her for looking straight before her, "like a calf waiting for its throat to be cut". But Caroline knew better than to blame him for these rough words, which were more welcome to her than sweetest music. Her wifely obedience never failed, even at the last. The doctors said that her strength must be kept up, so the King was always forcing down her throat all sorts of food and drink. The poor Queen would swallow whatever he wished, and when he thanked her, she would say: "It is the last service I can do you". But her stomach was not so complaisant, and she could only retain

the food for a few minutes. Then she would bravely try again. For her own sake she wished not to live; for his she would fain have done so.

So the days wore on, the Queen almost apologising for being so long in dying. Thursday, Friday and Saturday passed without change, but on Sunday (November 20th, 1737), the eleventh day of her illness, she grew weaker every hour. About ten o'clock in the evening the end came quietly and suddenly. Her last word was *Pray*. The King was with her when she passed away, and in an agony of grief he kissed the face and hands of the dead Queen.

CHAPTER XVI.

ILLUSTRISSIMA CAROLINA.

QUEEN CAROLINE'S funeral took place on the evening of Saturday, December 17th (1737), in Westminster Abbey. It was her special request that her obsequies should be as quiet and simple as possible, and the King respected her wish, though he commanded a general mourning, and arranged every detail of the ceremonial. During the month that elapsed between the Queen's death and her funeral, the body, encased in a lead coffin and an outer one of English oak, rested in the chamber wherein she died, which was transformed into a *chapelle ardente* for the time being. The walls were hung with purple and black, and tall tapers burned night and day around the bier. The doors were guarded by gentlemen pensioners, with their axes reversed, and the King allowed no one to enter the room except himself and those who watched by the body.

The night before the funeral a brief service was held in the death chamber by the Archbishop of Canterbury, which the King, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Princesses Amelia, Caroline, Mary, and Louisa attended. This was the King's farewell of all that was mortal of his Queen, for he was too ill, and too much overcome by grief to attend her funeral. The service over, the coffin was privately conveyed by torchlight from St. James's Palace to the Princes' Chamber adjoining the House of Lords.

Here the late Queen's pages watched all night, and were joined in the morning by her Majesty's maids of honour. The body lay in state all that day, guarded by twenty gentlemen pensioners.

At six o'clock in the evening the funeral procession started from the Princes' Chamber, and passed through Old Palace Yard to the great north door of Westminster Abbey, by means of a covered way lined throughout with black. Though the funeral was officially described as private, the procession was a long one, and included the Ministers, the court officials, the physicians who attended the Queen in her last illness, all those who held places in her household, and many peers. Sir Robert Walpole followed his royal mistress to her last resting-place. The Queen's Chamberlain carried her crown on a black velvet cushion, and walked immediately before the coffin, which was borne by ten yeomen of the guard, and covered "with a large pall of black velvet, lined with black silk, with a fine holland sheet, adorned with ten large escutcheons painted on satin, under a canopy of black velvet".[1] Six dukes acted as pall bearers, and ten members of the Privy Council bore the canopy; in an equal line on either side marched the gentlemen pensioners with their arms reversed. Behind the coffin walked the Princess Amelia as chief mourner. She was supported by the Duke of Grafton and the Duke of Dorset, and her train was born by the Duchess of St. Albans and the Duchess of Montagu. The Princess Amelia was followed by a long train of ladies, including nearly all the duchesses and a large number of other peeresses, the late Queen's ladies of the bedchamber, maids of honour, and bedchamber women. The chief mourner and all the ladies wore long veils of black crape. The Dean and Canons of Westminster,

[1] *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 17th December, 1737.

wearing their copes, and the choir, augmented by the choir boys of the Chapel Royal in their habits of scarlet and gold, bearing wax tapers in their hands, met the coffin at the north door of the Abbey, and the procession wended its way through the north and south aisles to Henry the Seventh's Chapel, the choir chanting the while the psalm *Domine refugium.* The coffin was rested by the side of the open grave, hard by the tomb of Henry the Seventh, and the burial service was proceeded with up to the committal prayers. The Garter King of Arms then stepped forward and proclaimed the late Queen's style and titles in a loud voice.

"Thus it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of the transitory life to His Divine mercy the late most high, most mighty, and most excellent princess, Caroline, by the Grace of God Queen-Consort of the most high, most mighty, and most excellent monarch George the Second, by the Grace of God King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, whom God bless and preserve with long life, health and honour, and all worldly happiness."

Then the choir sang the beautiful anthem which Handel had composed especially for the occasion :—

"*The ways of Zion do mourn, and she is in bitterness: all her people sigh and hang down their heads to the ground. How are the mighty fallen! she that was great among the nations and princess of the provinces. How are the mighty fallen! When the ear heard her, then it blessed her: and when the eye saw her, it gave witness of her. How are the mighty fallen! she that was great among the nations and princess of the provinces. She delivered the poor that cried: the fatherless and him that had no helper. Kindness, meekness, and comfort were in her tongue. If there was any virtue, and if there was any praise, she thought on those things. Her*

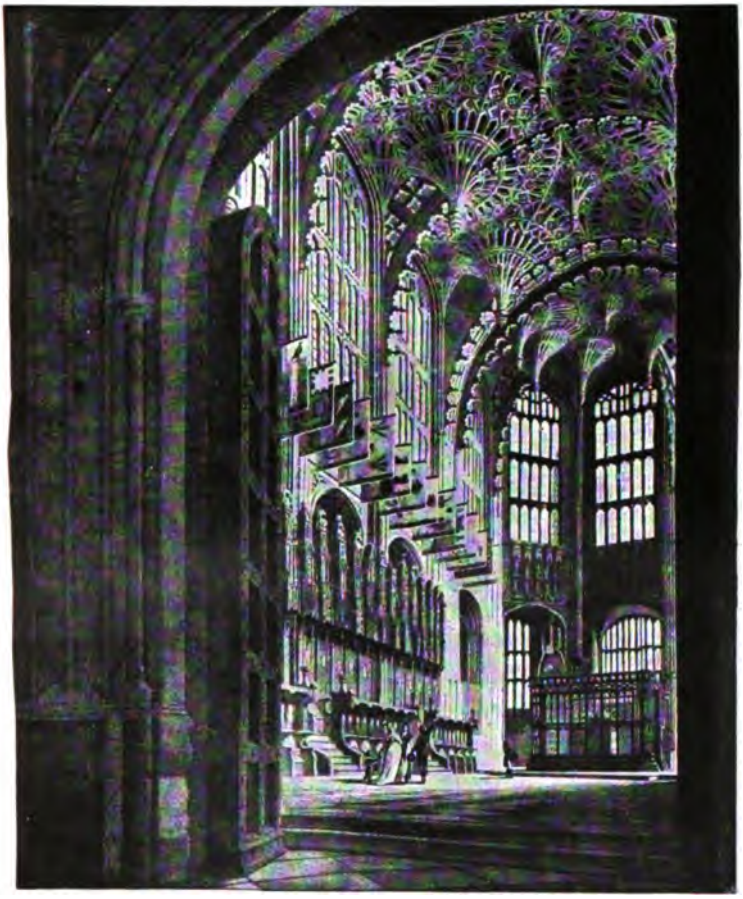
body is buried in peace, but her name liveth for evermore."[1]

When the last notes of the anthem had died away, the procession returned to the north door of the Abbey in the same order as it had come. The coffin under its canopy, with tall tapers burning on either side, was left in the Chapel. Later a short service was held privately, when it was lowered to the vault and placed in the large stone sarcophagus prepared for it.

The King remained inconsolable for many months. He saw no one at first but his daughters, and when he was compelled to see Walpole, or some other Minister, on important business, he could talk of nothing but his loss and the great qualities of the late Queen. Many thought that he would not long survive her; he seemed completely broken down. The genuineness of his sorrow showed itself in various ways. By her will the Queen had left everything to him, but it transpired that she had little to leave except her house at Richmond, her jewels, and the obligations she had incurred by her charities. When her heart was touched by cases of poverty, sickness or sorrow, she would not only relieve immediate necessities, but often grant pensions for life. These pensions it was found amounted to nearly £13,000 a year. The King took the full burden on his own shoulders. "I will have no one the poorer for her death but myself," he said. He also paid the salaries of every member of her household until he could otherwise provide for them.

One morning, soon after the Queen's death, he woke early and sent for Baron Borgman, one of his Hanoverian suite. When he came the King said, "I hear you have a picture of the Queen, which she gave you, and that it is a better likeness than any

[1] This same anthem was sung at the memorial service in Westminster Abbey for Queen Victoria.



HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, TEMP. 1737.

in my possession. Bring it to me here." Borgman brought it to the King, who said it was very like her Majesty, and burst into tears. "Put it," he said presently, "upon that chair at the foot of my bed, and leave me until I ring the bell." Two hours passed before he rang, and then he was quite calm. "Take the picture away," he said to its owner, "I never yet saw a woman worthy to buckle her shoe." Some little time later, he was playing cards one evening with his daughters. Some queens were dealt to him, and no sooner did he pick up the cards and perceive them than he burst into tears, and was unable to go on with the game. Princess Amelia guarded against a repetition of the scene the following night by privately ordering all the queens to be taken out of the pack.

The King was very morbid in his grief, and much given to dwelling upon the material aspect of death. He was very superstitious and a firm believer in ghouls and vampires. Lord Wentworth gives an illustration of this in a letter he wrote to his father, Lord Strafford, shortly after the Queen's funeral. "Saturday night, between one and two o'clock, the King waked out of a dream very uneasy, and ordered the vault, where the Queen is, to be broken open immediately, and have the coffin also opened; and went in a hackney chair through the Horse Guards to Westminster Abbey, and back again to bed. I think it is the strangest thing that could be." In a subsequent letter he refers to it again: "The story about the King was true, for Mr. Wallop heard of one who saw him go through the Horse Guards on Saturday night with ten footmen before the chair. They went afterwards to Westminster Abbey."

Twenty-three years later George the Second was buried by his Queen's side, and as a last proof of his devotion he left orders that one side of her coffin

should be removed, and one side of his taken away, so that their bones should mingle, and in death be not divided.[1]

Caroline was widely mourned by all classes of her husband's subjects. Even those disaffected to the House of Hanover admitted the high qualities of the Queen, and the Jacobites tempered their judgment, when they remembered that she had always been on the side of mercy. Only from the Prince of Wales's household and from those who supported him came any discordant note, and it must be admitted that some of these were very discordant indeed. In the eighteenth century personal and political hatreds were carried beyond the grave, and some of the epigrams and mock epitaphs composed by the Queen's enemies after her death form anything but pleasant reading. The fact that she did not see the Prince of Wales during her last illness was seized upon as a pretext for attacking her memory.

And unforgiving, unforgiven dies!

cried Chesterfield with bitter sarcasm, while Pope with more subtle irony wrote:—

Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest.
All parts perform'd, and *all her children blest!*

But these outbursts were overwhelmed in the spontaneous tribute of affection and respect paid to the dead Queen on all sides. Her loss was felt to be

[1] The large stone sarcophagus which contains the remains of George the Second and Queen Caroline stands in the middle of a vault below Henry the Seventh's chapel in Westminster Abbey. This vault was used only for the family of George the Second. But many years after it was opened to admit the coffin of a child of the Duke of Cumberland. In 1837, when the duke became King of Hanover, he decided to remove this coffin to Hanover, and the vault was again opened. The two sides that were withdrawn from George the Second's and Queen Caroline's coffin respectively, were then seen, standing against the wall at the back of their sarcophagus.

a national calamity. "The Lord hath taken away His anointed with a stroke," cried a preacher, "the breath of our nostrils is taken away. The great princess is no more under whose shadow we said we should be safe, and promised ourselves lasting peace—she, whom future generations will know as Caroline the Illustrious."[1] And indeed the Queen's pre-eminent qualities fit her for no lesser epithet. Caroline's character was formed on bold and generous lines, and her defects only served to bring into stronger relief the purity of her life, the loftiness of her motives and the excellence of her wisdom. She was a good hater but a true friend, patient under suffering, strong in adversity, fond of power, yet using it always for the good of others. In the words which Frederick the Great applied to her early mentor the Queen of Prussia, "She had a great soul".

[1] Sermon preached on the death of Queen Caroline by the Rev. Dr. Crowe, chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty, and Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

A LIST OF AUTHORITIES.

UNPUBLISHED MSS.

The despatches of George Louis, Elector of Hanover, to Privy Councillor von Eltz, and the replies thereto, 1705. Preserved in the Royal Archives, Hanover.

The despatches of Poley, sometime English Envoy at the Court of Hanover, 1705. State Paper Office, London.

The despatches of Howe (who succeeded Poley as English Envoy at Hanover), 1706-7. State Paper Office, London.

The despatches of D'Alais (who succeeded Howe as English Envoy at Hanover), 1714. State Paper Office.

Bromley's despatches to Harley, Envoy-Extraordinary to the Court of Hanover, and Harley's replies thereto, 1714. State Paper Office, London.

The memorial of the Electress-Dowager and the Elector of Hanover to Queen Anne, and the Queen's reply to the memorial, 1714. State Paper Office, London.

The despatches of Lord Clarendon, Envoy-Extraordinary to the Court of Hanover, 1714.

Sundry documents, preserved in the Archives of the Castle of Ansbach, relating to the Margraves and the castle, which need not be specified.

Letters from the Hon. Peter Wentworth to his brother Lord Strafford, 1711-1737. MSS. Department, British Museum. (A few of these were published in 1883.)

Notes of a conversation with Queen Caroline by Lady Suffolk, 1734. MSS. Department, British Museum.

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The Lockhart Memoirs.
Colley Cibber's *Apology for My Life.*
The Historical Register, 1718.
Parliamentary History, Vols. VIII. and IX.
The Criticks: Being Papers of the Times, 1718.
The Political State of Great Britain, Vol. VIII.
Sundry Reports of the Historical MSS. Commission, including Earl de la Warr's MSS. preserved at Buckhurst, the Duke of Marlborough's MSS. at Blenheim, and the Earl of Carlisle's MSS. at Castle Howard.
The Wentworth Papers, 1705–1739.
The Suffolk Correspondence: Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk.
Hervey's *Letter Books,* 1651–1750.
Kemble's *State Papers and Correspondence.*
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