LIVES

OF

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

MARY II.[1]

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Love-match of queen Mary's parents—Its unpopularity—Birth of lady Mary of York, (queen Mary II.)—Nursery at Twickenham-palace—Fondness of her father, the duke of York—Birth of lady Anne of York, (queen Anne)—Maternal indulgence—Ill health of the lady Anne—Is sent to France—Visits queen Henrietta Maria—French court-mourning—Education of the princesses at Richmond—Their mother dies a Roman-catholic—Their father professes the same faith—Their step-mother, Mary Beatrice of Modena—The princesses Mary and Anne educated at Richmond-palace—Preceptor, tutors, and chaplain—Introduction of the princesses to court—Confirmation of Mary in the Church of England—Marriage projects for Mary—Arrival in England of the prince of Orange, (William III.)—As her suitor—Marriage determined—Her agony of mind—Incidents of the marriage—Disinherited by the birth of a brother—Illness of lady Anne with the smallpox—Fears of infection—Interview between the princess of Orange and Dr. Lake—Her continual grief—Lady Anne's sick chamber—Danger—Departure of the princess and prince of Orange—They land at Sheerness—Adventures at Canterbury—Their first acquaintance with Dr. Tillotson—Voyage to Holland—The prince admires Elizabeth Villiers—Reception in Holland—Pageants and rejoicings.

THE personal life of Mary II. is the least known of all English queens-regnant. Long lapses of from seven to ten years occur between the three political crises where her name appears in the history of her era. Mary is only mentioned therein at her marriage, her proclamation, and her death.

[1] For the purpose of preventing repetition, the events of the life of her sister Anne, whilst she was princess, are interwoven with this biography.

Thanks, however, to the memorials of three divines of our church, being those of her tutor Dr. Lake, and of her chaplains Dr. Hooper, dean of Canterbury, and Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, many interesting particulars of Mary II. before she left England, and of the first seven years of her married life in Holland, are really extant. These clergymen were successively domesticated with Mary for years in her youth, and chiefly from their evidence, and as far as possible in their very words, have these portentous chasms in her biography been supplied.

Mary II. was the daughter of an Englishman and an Englishwoman, owing her existence to the romantic love-match of James duke of York with her mother, Anne Hyde, daughter of lord-chancellor Clarendon. The extraordinary particulars of this marriage have been detailed in the biography of Mary's royal grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria.[1] The father of Mary had made great sacrifices in keeping his plighted word to her mother. Besides the utter renunciation of fortune and royal alliance, he displeased the lower and middle classes of England, who have a peculiar dislike to see persons raised much above their original station; the profligates of the court sneered exceedingly at the heir of three crowns paying the least regard to the anguish of a woman, while politicians of every party beheld with scornful astonishment so unprincely a phenomenon as disinterested affection. All this contempt the second son of Charles I. thought fit to brave, rather than break his trothplight with the woman his heart had elected; neither could he endure the thought of bringing shame and sorrow on the grey hairs of a faithful friend like Clarendon.

The lady Mary of York, as she was called in early life, was born at St. James's-palace, April 30, 1662, at a time when public attention was much occupied by the fêtes and rejoicings for the arrival of the bride of her uncle, king Charles II. Although the duke of York was heir-presumptive to the throne of Great Britain, few persons attached any importance to the existence of his daughter; for the people looked

[1] See vol. v.

forward to heirs from the marriage of Charles II. with Catharine of Braganza, and expected, moreover, that the claims of the young princess would be soon superseded by those of sons. She was named Mary in memory of her aunt the princess of Orange, and of her ancestress, Mary queen of Scots, and was baptized according to the rites of the church of England in the chapel of St. James's-palace; her godfather was her father's friend and kinsman, the celebrated prince Rupert,[1] her godmothers were the duchesses of Ormonde and Buckingham. Soon afterwards, she was taken from St. James's to a nursery which was established for her in the household of her illustrious grandfather, the earl of Clarendon, at the ancient dower-palace of the queens of England at Twickenham, a lease of which had been granted to him from the crown.[2] In the course of fifteen months, Mary's brother, James duke of Cambridge, was born, an event which barred her in her infancy from any very near proximity to the succession of the crown.

The lady Mary was a beautiful and engaging child. She was loved by the duke of York with that absorbing passion which is often felt by fathers for a first-born daughter. Sometimes she was brought from her grandfather's house at Twickenham to see her parents, and on these occasions the duke of York could not spare her from his arms, even while he transacted the naval affairs of his country as lord high-admiral. Once, when the little lady Mary was scarcely two years old, Pepys was witness of the duke of York's paternal fondness for her, which he commemorates by one of his odd notations, saying, "I was on business with the duke of York, and with great pleasure saw him play with his little girl just like an ordinary private father of a child."[3] It was at this period of her infant life that a beautiful picture was painted of the lady Mary, being a miniature in oils, on board, of the highest finish, representing her at full length, holding a black rabbit in her arms.[4] The resemblance to her adult portraits

[1] Life of Mary II.: 1795. Published by Daniel Dring, of the Harrow, Fleet-street, near Chancery-lane.

[2] Clarendon's Life. [3] Pepys' Diary, vol. ii. p. 215, 8vo.

[4] General sir James Reynett, the governor of Jersey, obligingly permitted

is strikingly apparent. As a work of art, this little painting is a gem of the first water, by the Flemish painter, Nechscher, who was patronised by James duke of York, and painted portraits of his infant children by his first consort, Anne Hyde. Some idea may be formed of the design, as it is introduced into the vignette of the present volume, which illustrates the anecdote above so naïvely told by Pepys, of his surprise at seeing the duke of York playing with his little Mary "just like any other father."

Lady Mary of York, when but three years old, stood sponsor for her younger sister, who was born Feb. 6, 1664; the duchess of Monmouth was the other godmother: Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury, was godfather to the infant, who received her mother's name. She was afterwards queen-regnant of Great Britain. The father of these sisters was at this epoch the idol of the British nation. After he had returned from his first great victory off Lowestoff and Solebay in 1665, he found that the awful pestilence called 'the great Plague' had extended its ravages from the metropolis to the nursery of his children at Twickenham, where several of the servants of his father-in-law had recently expired.[1] The duke hurried his wife and infants to the purer air of the north, and fixed his residence at York. From that city he found it was easy to visit the fleet, which was cruising off the north-east coast to watch the proceedings of the Dutch. The duchess of York and her children lived in great splendour and happiness in the north, and remained there after the duke was summoned by the king to the parliament, which was forced to assemble that year at Oxford.

The health of the lady Anne of York was injured in her infancy by the pernicious indulgence of her mother. The only fault of the duchess was an inordinate love of eating, and the same propensity developed itself in both her daughters. The duchess encouraged it in the little lady Anne, who used to sup with her on chocolate, and devour good

the author to see this portrait at his residence, the Banqueting-house, Hampton-Court, and has since, through the mediation of his accomplished sister, Miss Reynett, allowed a drawing to be taken from it.

[1] Lord Clarendon's Life, vol. ii.

things, till she grew as round as a ball.[1] Probably these proceedings were unknown to the duke of York, who was moderate, and even abstemious, at table.[2] When the life of the child was seriously in danger, she was sent to the coast of France to recover it. It is generally asserted that the little princess staid at Calais or Boulogne for about eight months; where she really went was kept a state secret, on account, probably, of the religious jealousy of the English. Anne herself, at six years old, must have remembered the circumstance, yet it certainly never transpired in her time, or even in the reminiscences of her most intimate confidante. The fact is, Anne of York was consigned to the care of her royal grandmother, Henrietta Maria. After the death of that queen at Colombe, her little English granddaughter was transferred to St. Cloud, or the Palais-Royal, and domesticated in the nursery of her aunt Henrietta duchess of Orleans, for there she is found by the only person who has ever noted her sojourn with her French kindred. Thus queen Anne, once a familiar guest among the royal family of France, had actually in her childhood played about the knees of her great antagonist, Louis XIV.

Anne lost her other protectress, her father's sister, the beautiful Henrietta duchess of Orleans, who had taken her under her own care on the death of queen Henrietta. Without entering here into the discussion of whether the fair Henrietta was poisoned by her husband, it is reasonable to conclude that, if such had been the case, he would scarcely have had sufficient quietude of mind to have amused himself with dressing up Anne of York and his own little daughters in the rigorous costume of court-mourning, with long trains and the streaming crape veils, then indispensable for French mourning, in which the bereft children sailed about his apartments at the Palais-Royal. Their ridiculous appearance excited the spleen of *la grande mademoiselle de Montpensier*, who details the visit Anne of York made to France, and the conversation which ensued between

[1] Duchess of Marlborough's Conduct.

[2] Roger Coke's Detection.

her and Louis XIV.[1] "The day after Louis XIV. and the queen of France went to St. Cloud to perform the customary ceremonial of asperging the body of Henrietta of England, duchess of Orleans, I paid a visit to her daughter, the little mademoiselle, at the Palais-Royal. I was dressed in my mourning veil and mantle. I found that my young cousin had with her the daughter of the duke of York, who had been sent over to the queen of England, [Henrietta Maria,] to be treated by the French physicians for a complaint in her eyes. After the death of the queen her grandmother, she had remained with madame, [the duchess of Orleans,] and now I found her with mademoiselle, the eldest princess of Orleans. They were both very little, yet monsieur, [Philippe duke of Orleans,] who delighted in all ceremonies, had made them wear the usual mourning veils for adults, which trailed behind them on the ground. I told the king of this ridiculous mourning garb the next morning, and described to him the mantles worn by his niece, mademoiselle, and the little English princess. 'Take care,' said Louis XIV.; 'if you rail at all this, my brother Orleans will never forgive you.'" The lady Anne of York must have left Paris and the palace of her uncle of Orleans in a few days after the death of her aunt Henrietta, for her absence is limited by her native historians to eight months.[2] She had entirely regained her health.

The remains of the old palace at Richmond, where queen Elizabeth died, were put in repair for the residence of the children of the duke of York while their education proceeded. Lady Frances, the daughter of the earl of Suffolk and wife to sir Edward Villiers, received the appointment of governess to the princesses of York: she was given a lease of Richmond-palace, and established herself there with her charge, and with a numerous tribe of daughters of her own.[3] Six girls, children of lady Villiers, were brought up there with the lady Mary and the lady Anne, future queens of

[1] Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier. Anne was nearly related to her, being daughter of her great-uncle, Gaston duke of Orleans.

[2] Roger Coke's Detection.

[3] History of Surrey, (Richmond). Collins's Peerage.

Great Britain. Elizabeth Villiers, the eldest daughter of the governess, afterwards became the bane of Mary's wedded life, but she was thus, in the first dawn of existence, her schoolfellow and companion, although four or five years older than the princess. The whole of the Villiers' sisterhood clung through life to places in the households of one or other of the princesses; they formed a family compact of formidable strength, whose energies were not always exercised for the benefit of their royal patronesses.

The duchess of York had acknowledged by letter to her father, the earl of Clarendon, then in exile, that she was by conviction a Roman-catholic, which added greatly to the troubles of her venerable parent, who wrote her a long letter on the superior purity of the reformed catholic church of England, and exhorted her to conceal her partiality to the Roman ritual, or her children would be taken from her, and she would be debarred from having any concern in their education. He likewise earnestly exhorted her husband thus:—

"Your royal highness," wrote the great Clarendon,[1] "knows how far I have always been from wishing the Roman-catholics to be persecuted, but I still less wish it should ever be in their power to be able to persecute those who differ from them, since we too well know how little moderation they would or *could* use; and if this[2] [happens] which people so much talk of, (I hope without ground,) it might very probably raise a greater storm against the Roman-catholics. . . . . I have written to your duchess [his own daughter] with all the freedom and affection of a troubled and perplexed father, and do most humbly beseech your royal highness by your authority to rescue her from bringing a mischief on you and on herself that can never be repaired. I do think it worth your while to remove and dispel these reproaches (how false soever) by better evidence."

The duchess of York was at that time drooping into the grave; she never had been well since the birth, in 1666, of her son Edgar, who survived her about a year. The duke of York had revived this Saxon name in the royal family in remembrance of Edgar king of Scotland, the son of St. Margaret and Malcolm Canmore; he likewise wished to recall the memory of Edgar the Great, who styled himself monarch of the British seas.[3] In her last moments, the

[1] Harleian, No. 6854. It seems copied in James's own hand.

[2] James's intention of professing himself a Roman-catholic.

[3] Autograph Memoirs of James II. Macpherson's Appendix, vol. i. p. 58.

duchess of York received the sacrament according to the rites of the Roman church, with her husband and a confidential gentleman of his, M. Dupuy, and a lady of her bedchamber of the same religion, lady Cranmer. It is singular that the second appearance of the name of Cranmer in history should be in such a scene. Before this secret congregation the duchess of York renounced the religion of her youth, and was prepared for death by father Hunt, a Franciscan. "She prepared to die," says her husband,[1] "with the greatest devotion and resignation. Her sole request to me was, that I would not leave her till she expired, without any of her old friends of the church of England came; and then that I would go and tell them she had communicated with the church of Rome, that she might not be disturbed with controversy." Soon after, bishop Blandford came, and the duke left the bedside of his dying partner, and explained to the bishop that she had conformed to the Roman-catholic church. The bishop promised not to dispute with her, but to read to her a pious exhortation, in which a Christian of either church might join. The duke permitted this, and led him to his consort, who joined in prayer with him. Shortly afterwards she expired in the arms of her husband, at the palace of St. James, March 31st, 1671.[2] The duchess of York was interred with the greatest solemnity in Henry VII.'s chapel, most of the nobility attending her obsequies. Her obituary is thus oddly discussed by a biographer of her husband.[3] "She was a lady of great virtue in the main. It was her misfortune, rather than any crime, that she had an extraordinary stomach; but much more than that, that she forsook the true religion."

No mention is made of any attendance of her daughters by the bedside of the dying duchess of York. The duke of

[1] Memoirs of James II., edited by the rev. Stanier Clark.

[2] Bishop Blandford has been greatly blamed for his liberality, but he acted rightly; for, by seeing and praying with the dying duchess of York, he satisfied himself that the religion she professed on her death-bed was not imposed upon her through any species of coercion, but was adopted by her own choice. Can there be any doubt, from the above-quoted letter of Clarendon, that Anne Hyde led her husband into his new religion?

[3] Life of James II.: 1702, p. 15.

York had been very ill since the death of his sister, the duchess of Orleans: he believed himself to be in a decline, and had passed the summer, with the duchess and their children, at Richmond. The mysterious rites of the Roman-catholic communion round the death-bed of the mother had, perhaps, prevented her from seeing the little princesses and their train of prying attendants. The lady Mary and the lady Anne were, when they lost their mother, the one nine and the other six years old; the duchess likewise left a baby only six weeks old, lady Catharine, and her eldest surviving son, duke Edgar, the heir of England, of the age of five years: both these little ones died in the ensuing twelvemonth. The death of the duchess of York was the signal for the friends of the duke to importune him to marry again. He replied, "that he should obey his brother if it was thought absolutely needful, but should take no steps on his own account towards marriage." The approximation of the daughters of the duke to the British throne, even after the death of their brother Edgar duke of Cambridge, was by no means considered in an important light, because the marriage of their father with some young princess was anticipated. Great troubles, nevertheless, seemed to surround the future prospects of James, for, soon after the death of their mother, he was suspected of being a convert to the religion she died in. All his services in naval government, his inventions, his merits as a founder of colonies, and his victories won in person as an admiral, could not moderate the fierce abhorrence with which he was then pursued. His marriage with a Roman-catholic princess, which took place rather more than two years afterwards, completed his unpopularity. Mary Beatrice of Modena, the new duchess of York, was but four years older than the lady Mary of York. When the duke of York went to Richmond-palace, and announced his marriage to his daughters, he added, "I have provided you a playfellow."[1]

The education of the lady Mary and of the lady Anne was, at this time, taken from their father's control by their uncle,

[1] Letters of lady Rachel Russell.

Charles II. Alarmed by his brother's bias to the Roman-catholic religion, the king strove to counteract the injury that was likely to accrue to his family, by choosing for them a preceptor who had made himself remarkable by his attacks on popery. This was Henry Compton, bishop of London, who had forsaken the profession of a soldier and assumed the clergyman's gown at the age of thirty. The great loyalty of his family procured him rapid advancement in the church. The tendency of the duke of York to the Roman-catholic tenets had been suspected by the world, and Henry Compton, by outdoing every other bishop in his violence against him, not only atoned for his own want of education in the minds of his countrymen, but gave him dominion over the children of the man he hated.[1] A feud, in fact, subsisted between the house of Compton and the duke of York, on account of the happiness of one of the bishop's brothers having been seriously compromised by the preference Anne Hyde gave to the duke.[2]

As to the office of preceptor, bishop Henry Compton possessing far less learning than soldiers of rank in general, it was not very likely that the princesses educated under his care would rival the daughters or nieces of Henry VIII. in their attainments. The lady Mary and the lady Anne either studied or let it alone, just as suited their inclinations. It suited those of the lady Anne to let it alone, for she grew up in a state of utter ignorance. There are few housemaids at the present day whose progress in the common business of reading and writing is not more respectable. Her spelling is not in the antiquated style of the seventeenth century, but in that style lashed by her contemporary Swift as peculiar to the ladies of his day. The construction of her letters and notes is vague and vulgar, as will be seen hereafter. The mind of the elder princess was of a much higher cast, for the lady Mary had been long under the paternal care. Her father, the duke of York, and her mother, Anne Hyde, both possessed literary abilities,[3] and her grandfather, lord Claren-

[1] Dr. Lake's MS. [2] Memoirs of the Earl of Peterborough.
[3] Life of Queen Mary II. : 1695.

don, with whom her childhood was domesticated, takes high rank among the classics of his country. The French tutor of the princesses was Peter de Laine: he has left honourable testimony to the docility and application of the lady Mary, his elder pupil. He declares that she was a perfect mistress of the French language, and that all those who had been honoured with any share in her education found their labours very light, as she possessed aptitude and faithfulness of memory, and ever showed obliging readiness in complying with their advice. His observation regarding her knowledge of French is correct; her French notes are far superior in diction to her English letters, although in these latter very charming passages occasionally occur. Mary's instructors in drawing were two noted little people, being master and mistress Gibson, the married dwarfs of her grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria, whose wedding is so playfully celebrated by Waller.[1] The Gibsons likewise taught the lady Anne to draw. It has been said that these princesses had that taste for the fine arts which seems inherent to every individual of the house of Stuart, but the miserable decadence of painting in their reigns does not corroborate such praise.

From the time of their mother's death, the ladies Mary and Anne were domesticated at Richmond-palace with their governess, lady Frances Villiers, her daughters, and with their assistant-tutors and chaplains, Dr. Lake and Dr. Doughty, whose offices appear to have been limited to religious instruction. If these divines were not employed in imparting the worldly learning they possessed to their pupils, they at least did their utmost to imbue their minds with a strong bias towards the ritual of the church of England, according to its practical discipline in the seventeenth century. Every feast, fast, or saint's day in the Common Prayer-book was carefully observed, and Lent kept with catholic rigidity. Lady

[1] Grainger's Biography, vol. iv. p. 119; to which we must add that the dwarfs of Charles I.'s court, contrary to custom, were good for something. Gibson and his wife were among the best English-born artists of their era. He was just three feet six inches in height; she was a dwarfess of the same proportion. This little couple had nine good-sized children, and having weathered the storms of civil war, lived happily together to old age. Little mistress Gibson was nearly a centegenarian when she died.

Mary was greatly beloved by the clergy of the old school of English divinity before she left England. There was one day in the year, which the whole family of the duke of York always observed as one of deep sorrow: on the 30th of January, he and his children and his household assumed the garb of funereal black; they passed the day in fasting and tears, in prayers and mourning, in remembrance of the death of Charles I.[1]

The lady Mary of York was devotedly attached to a young lady who had been her playmate in infancy, Anne Trelawney. The lady Anne likewise had a playfellow, for whom she formed an affection so strong, that it powerfully influenced her future destiny. The name of this girl was Sarah Jennings; her elder sister, Frances, had been one of the maids of honour of Anne duchess of York, and had married a cadet of the noble house of Hamilton. If the assertion of Sarah herself may be believed, her father was the son of an impoverished cavalier-baronet, and therefore a gentleman; yet her nearest female relative on the father's side was of the rank of a servant maid.[2] It is a mystery who first established the fair Frances Jennings at court; as for the younger sister, Sarah, she was introduced to her highness the little lady Anne of York by Mrs. Cornwallis,[3] the best beloved lady of that princess, and, according to manuscript authority, her relative. The mother of Frances and Sarah Jennings was possessed of an estate sufficiently large, at Sundridge, near St. Albans, to make her daughters looked upon as co-heiresses; her name is always mentioned with peculiar disrespect, when it occurs in the gossiping memoirs of that day.[4] Sarah herself, when taunting her descendants

[1] Despatches of D'Avaux, ambassador from France to Holland, corroborated by Pepys, who mentions "that his master the duke of York declined all business or pleasure on that day." This fact is likewise fully confirmed by the Diary of Henry earl of Clarendon, uncle to the princesses Mary and Anne.

[2] Abigail Hill. See the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

[3] Lord Dartmouth; Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. i. p. 89. "Mrs. Cicely Cornwallis *was a kinswoman* of queen Anne, and afterwards became superior of the Benedictine convent at Hammersmith,—the present convent, then protected by Catharine of Braganza."—Faulkner's Hammersmith, p. 242.

[4] Some stigma connected with fortune-telling and divination was attached to the mother of these fortunate beauties, Frances and Sarah Jennings. Count

in after-life, affirms "that she raised them out of the dirt." She was born at a small house at Holywell, near St. Albans, on the very day of Charles II.'s restoration, 1660; consequently she was four years older than the lady Anne of York. By her own account, she used to play with her highness and amuse her in her infancy, and thus fixed an empire over her mind from childhood. The princess Mary once told Sarah Churchill[1] a little anecdote of their girlhood, which they both agreed was illustrative of the lady Anne's character. The princesses were, in the days of their tutelage, walking together in Richmond-park, when a dispute arose between them whether an object they beheld at a great distance was a man or a tree,—the lady Mary being of the former opinion, the lady Anne of the latter. At last they came nearer, and lady Mary, supposing her sister must be convinced it was according to her view, cried out, "Now, Anne, you must be certain what the object is." But lady Anne turned away, and persisting in what she had once declared, cried, "No, sister; I still think it is a tree." The anecdote was told by Sarah Churchill long years afterwards, for the purpose of depreciating the character of her royal friend, as an instance of imbecile obstinacy, that refused acknowledgment of error on conviction; but, after all, candour might suggest that the focus of vision in one sister had more extensive range than in that of the other,—Mary being long-sighted, and Anne near-sighted. Indeed, the state of suffering from ophthalmia which the lady Anne endured in her childhood, gives probability to the more charitable supposition.

The first introduction of the royal sisters to court was by their performance of a ballet, written for them by the poet

Anthony Hamilton, whilst doing justice to the virtues and goodness of her elder daughter Frances, who had married into his own illustrious house, notices that "she did not learn her good conduct of her mother," and that this woman was not allowed to approach the court on account of her infamous character, although she had laid Charles II. under some mysterious obligation. As to the father of Frances and Sarah Jennings, no trace can be found of him in history, without he is the same major Jennings whose woful story is attested in Salmon's Examination of Burnet's History, p. 533.

[1] Coxe MSS., vol. xlv. folios 90–92: inedited letter of the duchess of Marlborough to sir David Hamilton.

Crowne, called Calista, or the Chaste Nymph, acted December 2, 1674. While they were in course of rehearsal for this performance, Mrs. Betterton, the principal actress at the king's theatre, was permitted to train and instruct them in carriage and utterance.[1] Although such an instructress was not very desirable for girls of the age of the lady Mary and the lady Anne, they derived from her lessons the important accomplishment for which both were distinguished when queens, of pronouncing answers to addresses or speeches from the throne in a distinct and clear voice, with sweetness of intonation and grace of enunciation. The ballet was remarkable for the future historical note of the performers. The lady Mary of York took the part of the heroine, Calista; her sister the lady Anne, that of Nyphe; while Sarah Jennings (afterwards duchess of Marlborough) acted Mercury; lady Harriet Wentworth (whose name was afterwards so lamentably connected with that of the duke of Monmouth) performed Jupiter. Monmouth himself danced in the ballet. Henrietta Blague,[2] a beautiful and virtuous maid of honour, afterwards the wife of lord Godolphin, (the friend of Evelyn,) performed the part of Diana, in a dress covered with stars of splendid diamonds. The epilogue was written by Dryden, and addressed to Charles II. In the course of it, he thus compliments the royal sisters:—

> "Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
> Whose morning rays like noontide strike and shine,
> Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,
> To bind your friends, and to disarm your foes."[3]

The lady Anne of York soon after acted Semandra in Lee's Mithridate: it was a part by no means advantageous to be studied by the young princess. Her grandmother, Henrietta

[1] Colley Cibber's Apology. It is said that queen Mary allowed this actress a pension during her reign.

[2] This young lady had the misfortune to lose a diamond worth 80*l.* belonging to the countess of Suffolk, which the duke of York (seeing her distress) very kindly made good.—Evelyn's Diary.

[3] Life of Dryden, by sir Walter Scott, who, mentioning the verbal mistake by which Merrick quoted the line—

> "Whom you to *supplant* monarchs shall dispose,"

says, "that as the glorious nymphs supplanted their father, the blunder proved an emendation on the original."

Maria, and her ancestress, Anne of Denmark, were more fortunate in the beautiful masques written for them by Ben Jonson, Daniell, and Fletcher. The impassioned lines of Lee, in his high-flown tragedies, had been more justly liable to the censures of master Prynne's furious pen. Mrs. Betterton instructed the princess in the part of Semandra, and her husband taught the young noblemen who took parts in the play. Anne, after she ascended the throne, allowed Mrs. Betterton a pension of 100*l.* per annum, in gratitude for the services she rendered her in the art of elocution.[1] Compton, bishop of London, thought that confirmation according to the church of England, preparatory to the first communion, was quite as needful to his young charges as this early introduction to the great world and the pomps and vanities thereof. He signified the same to the duke of York, and asked his permission to confirm the lady Mary when she was fourteen. The duke replied, "The reason I have not instructed my daughters in my religion is, because they would have been taken from me; therefore, as I cannot communicate with them myself, I am against their receiving."[2] He, however, desired the bishop "to tell the king his brother what had passed, and to obey his orders." The king ordered his eldest niece to be confirmed, which was done by the bishop their preceptor in state, at Whitehall chapel,[3] to the great satisfaction of the people of England, who were naturally alarmed regarding the religious tendencies of the princesses.

Both the royal sisters possessed attractions of person, though of a very different character. The lady Mary of York was in person a Stuart; she was tall, slender, and graceful, with a clear complexion, almond-shaped dark eyes, dark hair, and an elegant outline of features. The lady Anne of York resembled the Hydes, and had the round face and full form of her mother and the lord chancellor Clarendon. In her youth, she was a pretty rosy Hebe; her hair a dark chestnut-brown, her complexion sanguine and ruddy,

[1] Langhorne's Drama, p. 2, edition 1691.

[2] Autograph Memoirs of James II.

[3] Roger Coke's Detection. The chapel belonging to Whitehall-palace, destroyed by fire.

her face round and comely, her features strong but regular. The only blemish in her face arose from a defluxion, which had fallen on her eyes in her childhood: it had contracted the lids, and given a cloudiness to her countenance. Her bones were very small, her hands and arms most beautiful. She had a good ear for music, and performed well on the guitar,[1] an instrument much in vogue in the reign of her uncle, Charles II. The disease which had injured her eyes, seems to have given the lady Anne a full immunity from the necessity of acquiring knowledge: she never willingly opened a book, but was an early proficient at cards and gossiping. Sarah Jennings had been settled in some office suitable for a young girl in the court of the young duchess of York, and was inseparable from the lady Anne.[2]

King Charles II. thought proper to introduce his nieces to the city of London, and took them in state, with his queen and their father, to dine at Guildhall at the lord mayor's feast, 1675. They were at this time completely out, or introduced into public life, and the ill effect of such introduction began to show itself in the conduct of lady Mary. Like her sister Anne, she became a constant card-player, and not content with devoting her evenings in the week-days to this diversion, she played at cards on the Sabbath. Her tutor, Dr. Lake, being in her closet with her, led the conversation to this subject, which gave him pain, and he was, moreover, apprehensive lest it should offend the people. Lady Mary asked him "what he thought of it?" His answer will be thought, in these times, far too lenient. "I told her," he says, "I could not say it was *sin* to do so, but it was not expedient; and I advised her highness *not* to do it, for fear of giving offence. Nor did she play at cards on Sunday nights," he adds, "while she continued in England."[3] Her tutor had not denounced the detestable habit of gambling on Sabbath nights in terms sufficiently strong to prevent a relapse, for he afterwards deplored piteously

[1] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, p. 370.

[2] Conduct of Sarah, duchess of Marlborough.

[3] Dr. Lake's Diary, January 9th, 1677, in manuscript; for the use of which we have to renew our acknowledgments to G. P. Eliot, esq.

that the lady Mary renewed her Sunday card-parties in Holland. It *was* a noxious sin, and he ought plainly to have told her so. He could have done his duty to his pupil without having the fear of royalty before his eyes, for neither the king nor the duke of York, her father, was addicted to gambling.[1] Most likely Dr. Lake was afraid of the ladies about the princesses, for the English court, since the time of Henry VIII., had been infamous for the devotion of both sexes to that vice. The lady Anne of York is described by her companion, Sarah Jennings, (when, in after life, she was duchess of Marlborough,) as a card-playing automaton, and this vile manner of passing her Sabbath evenings proves that the same corruption had polluted the mind of her superior sister.

When the lady Mary attained her fifteenth year, projects for her marriage began to agitate the thoughts of her father and the councils of her uncle. The duke of York hoped to give her to the dauphin, son of his friend and kinsman Louis XIV. Charles II. and the people of England destined her hand to her first cousin, William Henry prince of Orange, son of the late stadtholder William II., and Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I. The disastrous circumstances which rendered this prince fatherless before he was born, have been mentioned in the life of his grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria. William of Orange (afterwards William III., elected king of Great Britain) came prematurely into this world, November 4, 1650, in the first hours of his mother's excessive anguish for the loss of her husband. She was surrounded by the deepest symbols of woe, for the room in which William was born was hung with black; the cradle that was to receive him was black, even to the rockers. At the moment of his birth, all the candles suddenly went out, and the room was left in the most profound darkness. Such was the description of one Mrs. Tanner, the princess of Orange's *sage femme*, who added the following marvellous tale: "that she plainly saw three circles of light over the new-born prince's head, which she supposed meant the three crowns which he afterwards ob-

[1] Memoirs of Sheffield duke of Buckingham.

tained."[1] No jealousy was felt on account of this prediction by his uncles, the expatriated heirs of Great Britain. James duke of York mentions, in his memoirs, the posthumous birth of his nephew as a consolation for the grief he felt for the loss of the child's father. The infant William of Orange was consigned to the care of Catharine lady Stanhope, who had accompanied queen Henrietta Maria to Holland in the capacity of governess to the princess-royal, his mother. It was in lady Stanhope's apartments[2] in the Palace in the Wood, at the Hague, that young William was reared, and nursed during his sickly childhood till he was ten years old. In after-life he spoke of her as his earliest friend. Her son, Philip earl of Chesterfield, was his playfellow. The prince had an English tutor, the rev. Mr. Hawtayne.[3]

More than one dangerous accident befell the Orange prince in his infancy. "You will hear," wrote his mother's aunt, the queen of Bohemia,[4] "what great peril my little nephew escaped yesterday, on the bridge at the princess of Orange's house; but, God be thanked, there was no hurt, only the coach broken. I took him into my coach, and brought him home." At the following Christmas, the queen of Bohemia wrote again, January 10, 1654, "Yesterday was the naming of prince William's[5] child. I was invited to the supper, and my niece the princess of Orange. The little prince of Orange her son, and prince Maurice, were the gossips. The States-General—I mean their deputies, the council of state, and myself and Louise, were the guests. My little nephew, the prince of Orange, was at the supper, and sat *verie* still all the time: those States that were there were *verie* much taken with him." Such praiseworthy Dutch gravity in a baby of two years old was, it seems, very attractive to their high mightinesses the States-deputies. These

[1] Birch MS., 4460, Plut. Sampson Diary, written 1698, p. 71.

[2] Letters of Philip earl of Chesterfield.

[3] MS. Papers and entries in a large family Bible, in possession of the representative of that gentleman, C. S. Hawtayne, esq., rear-admiral.

[4] Letters of the Queen of Bohemia. Evelyn's Works, vol. iv. p. 144; and Memoirs of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, p. 47.

[5] Ibid., p. 159, prince William of Nassau-Dietz, who had married the little prince's aunt, Agnes Albertine.

affectionate mynheers were of the minority in the senate belonging to the Orange party. Notwithstanding the occasional visits of the deputies of the Dutch state, the prospects of the infant William were not very brilliant in his native land, for the republican party abolished the office of stadtholder whilst he was yet rocked in his sable cradle. It is true that the stadtholdership was elective, but it had been held from father to son since William I. had broken the cruel yoke of Spain from the necks of the Hollanders. The infant representative of this hero was therefore reduced to the patrimony derived from the Dutch magnate of Nassau, who had married a former princess of Orange, expatriated from her beautiful patrimony in the south of France. A powerful party in Holland still looked with deep interest on the last scion of their great deliverer, William, but they were, like his family, forced to remain oppressed and silent under the government of the republican De Witt, while England was under the sway of his ally, Cromwell. The young prince of Orange had no guardian or protector but his mother, Mary of England, and his grandmother, the widow of Henry Frederic, prince of Orange; who resided in the Old Court, or dower-palace, about two miles from the ancient state-palace of the Hague.

When William of Orange was a boy of eight or nine years old, he still inhabited his mother's Palace of the Wood at the Hague: he passed his days in her saloons with his governess, lady Stanhope, or playing with the maids of honour in the ante-chamber. A droll scene, in which he participated, is related by Elizabeth Charlotte, princess-palatine, afterwards duchess of Orleans. The queen of Bohemia, her grandmother,[1] with whom she was staying at the Hague, summoned her one day to pay a state visit to the princess of Orange and her son. The princess Sophia,[2] who lived then with the queen of Bohemia, her mother, (not in the most prosperous circumstances, as she had made a love-match with

[1] Elizabeth Charlotte was the only daughter of Charles Louis, eldest son of the queen of Bohemia, daughter of our James I.

[2] The mother of George I. elector of Hanover, afterwards (as her representative) George I. king of Great Britain.

a younger brother of the house of Hanover,) took upon herself to prepare her little niece for her presentation to the princess of Orange, by saying, "Lisette, [Elizabeth,] take care that you are not as giddy as usual. Follow the queen, your grandmother, step by step; and at her departure, do not let her have to wait for you." This exhortation was not needless, for, by her own account, a more uncouth little savage than the high and mighty princess Elizabeth Charlotte was never seen in a courtly drawing-room. She replied, "Oh, aunt! I mean to conduct myself very sagely." The princess of Orange was quite unknown to her, but she was on the most familiar terms with the young prince, William of Orange, with whom she had often played at the house of the queen of Bohemia. Before this pair of little cousins adjourned to renew their usual gambols, the young princess Elizabeth Charlotte did nothing but stare in the face of the princess of Orange; and as she could obtain no answer to her repeated questions of "Who is that woman?" she at last pointed to her, and bawled to the young prince of Orange, "Tell me, pray, who is that woman with the furious long nose?" William burst out laughing, and with impish glee replied, "That is my mother, the princess-royal."[1] Anne Hyde, one of the ladies of the princess, seeing the unfortunate little guest look greatly alarmed at the blunder she had committed, very good-naturedly came forward, and led her and the young prince of Orange into the bedchamber of his mother. Here a most notable game of romps commenced between William and his cousin, who, before she began to play, entreated her kind conductress, mistress Anne Hyde,[2] to call her in time, when the queen, her grandmother, was about to depart. "We played at all sorts of games," continues Elizabeth Charlotte, "and the time flew very fast.

[1] The mother of William III. chose to retain the title of her birth-rank in preference to her husband's title.

[2] Elizabeth Charlotte spells the name Heyde, but it is plain that this amiable maid of honour who took pity on the *gaucherie* of the young princess, was the daughter of Clarendon, the future wife of James duke of York, and the mother of two queens-regnant of Great Britain; for she was at that time in the service of the princess of Orange, or, as that princess chose to be called, princess-royal of Great Britain.

William of Orange and I were rolling ourselves up in a Turkey carpet when I was summoned. Without losing an instant, up I jumped, and rushed into the saloon. The queen of Bohemia was already in the ante-chamber. I had no time to lose: I twitched the princess-royal very hard by the robe to draw her attention, then sprang before her, and having made her a very odd curtsy, I darted after the queen, my grandmother, whom I followed, step by step, to her coach, leaving every one in the presence-chamber in a roar of laughter, I knew not wherefore."

The death of the princess of Orange with the smallpox, in England, has already been mentioned; her young son was left an orphan at nine years of age, with no better protector than his grandmother, the dowager of Henry Frederic. The hopes of the young prince, of any thing like restoration to rank among the sovereign-princes of Europe, were dark and distant: all rested on the good-will and affection of his uncles in England. The princess of Orange had solemnly left her orphan son to the guardianship of her brother king Charles. Several letters exist in the State-Paper office, written in a round boyish hand, from William, confirming this choice, and entreating the fatherly protection of his royal uncles. The old princess-dowager, Wilhelmina, has been praised for the tone of education she gave her grandson. He was in his youth economical, being nearly destitute of money; and he was abstinent from all expensive indulgences. He wrote an extraordinary hand of the Italian class, of enormously large dimensions; his French letters, though brief, are worded with an elegance and courtesy which formed a contrast to the rudeness of his manners. He was a daily sufferer from ill-health, having, from his infancy, struggled with a cruel asthma, yet all his thoughts were set on war, and all his exercises tended to it. Notwithstanding his diminutive and weak form, which was not free from deformity, he rode well, and looked better on horseback than in any other position. He was a linguist by nature, not by study, and spoke several languages intelligibly. His earnest desire to regain his rank prompted him to centre all his studies in

the art of war, because it was the office of the stadtholder to lead the army of Holland.

The prince of Orange spent the winter of 1670 in a friendly visit at the court of England, where he was received by his uncles with the utmost kindness; and it is said, that they then and there concerted with him some plans, which led to his subsequent restoration to the stadtholdership of Holland. William was nineteen, small and weak, and rather deformed. He seldom indulged in wine, but drank ale, or some schnaps of his native Hollands gin: he regularly went to bed at ten o'clock. Such a course of life was viewed invidiously by the riotous courtiers of Charles II., and they wickedly conspired to entice the phlegmatic prince into drinking a quantity of champagne, which flew to his head, and made him more mad and mischievous than even Buckingham himself, who was at the head of the joke. Nothing could restrain the Orange prince from sallying out and breaking the windows of the apartments of the maids of honour, and he would have committed farther outrages, if his wicked tempters had not seized him by the wrists and ankles, and carried him struggling and raging to his apartments. They exulted much in this outbreak of a quiet and well-behaved prince, but the triumph was a sorry one at the best. Sir John Reresby, who relates the anecdote,[1] declares, "that such an exertion of spirit was likely to recommend the prince to the lady Mary:" it was certainly more likely to frighten a child of her age. At that time he was considered as the future spouse of his young cousin. The prince left England in February, 1670.

The princess Elizabeth Charlotte declares, in her memoirs, "that she should not have objected to marry her cousin, William of Orange." Probably he was not so lovingly disposed towards his eccentric playfellow, for notwithstanding his own want of personal comeliness, this warlike modicum of humanity was vastly particular regarding the beauty, meekness, piety, and stately height of the lady to whom he aspired. None of these particulars were very pre-eminent in

[1] Memoirs of Sir John Reresby.

his early playfellow, who had, instead, wit at will, and that species of merry mischief called *espièglerie,* sufficient to have governed him, and all his heavy Dutchmen to boot. She had, however, a different destiny[1] as the mother of the second royal line of Bourbon, and William was left to fulfil the intention of his mother's family, by reserving his hand for a daughter of England.

Previously to this event, the massacre of the De Witts occurred,—the pretence for which outrage was, that De Ruart of Putten, the elder brother, the pensionary or chief civil magistrate of the republic, had hired an apothecary to poison the prince of Orange;[2] the mob, infuriated by this delusion, tore the two unfortunate brothers to pieces, with circumstances of horror not to be penned here. Such was the leading event that ushered the prince of Orange into political life. Whether William was guilty of conspiring the deaths of these his opponents, remains a mystery, but his enemies certainly invented a term of reproach derived from their murder; for whensoever he obtained the ends of his ambition by the outcry of a mob, it was said that the prince of Orange had "De Witted" his opponents.[3] Be that as it may, the De Witts, the sturdy upholders of the original constitution of their country, were murdered by means of the faction-cry of his name, if not by his contrivance; their deaths inspired the awe of personal fear in many, both in Holland and England, who did not altogether approve of the principles by which the hero of Nassau obtained his ends.

Europe had been long divided with the violent contest for superiority between the French and Spanish monarchies. Since the days of the mighty accession of empire and wealth by Charles V., the kings of France had rather unequally struggled against the powers of Spain, leagued with the empire of Germany. The real points of difference between

[1] She is the direct ancestress of the late king of the French, Louis Philippe.

[2] By poisoning his waistcoat! See the chapter entitled "De Witt and his Faction."—Sir William Temple, vol. ii. p. 245. The reader should, however, notice that republicanism was the legitimate government in Holland, and that William of Orange, as an hereditary ruler there, was a usurper.

[3] This term is even used by modern authors; see Mackintosh's History of the Revolution, p. 603.

Louis XIV. and the prince of Orange were wholly personal ones, and had nothing to do with either liberty or religion. William, who was excessively proud of his Provençal ancestry, was haunted with an idea more worthy of a poet than a Dutchman, being the restoration of his titular principality, the dominions from whence he derived his title, the golden Aurausia[1] of the south of France, seated on the Rhone. William demanded the restitution of the city of Orange from Louis XIV. after it had been resigned by his ancestors for two centuries, and the title of Orange had been transplanted, by the marriage of its heiress, among the fogs and frogs of the Low Countries. As William of Orange retained the title, and was the grandson of queen Henrietta Maria, and as such was one of his nearest male relatives, Louis XIV. had no objection to receive him as a vassal-peer of France, if he would have accepted the hand of his eldest illegitimate child, the fair daughter of the beautiful La Vallière, (who afterwards married the fourth prince of the blood-royal, Conti). William refused the young lady, and the whole proposition, very rudely, and it is difficult to decide which of these two kinsmen cherished the more deadly rage of vengeful hatred against the other for the remainder of their lives.[2]

The first hint from an official person relative to the wedlock of Mary and William, occurs in a letter from sir William Temple to him. "The duke of York, your uncle," wrote this ambassador, "bade me assure your highness, 'that he looked on your interest as his own; and if there was any thing wherein you might use his services, you might be sure of it.' I replied, 'Pray, sir, remember there is nothing you except, and you do not know how far a young prince's desires may go. I will tell him what you say, and if there be occasion, be a witness of it.' The duke of York smiled, and said, 'Well, well; you may, for all that, tell him what I bid you.' Upon which I said, 'At least, I will tell the prince of Orange that you smiled at my question, which is, I am sure,

[1] From the yellow stone of which the Romans built this town, not from the growth of oranges.

[2] Dangeau, and St. Simon's Memoirs.

a great deal better than if you frowned."[1] No impartial person, conversant with the state-papers of the era, can doubt for a moment that the restoration of their nephew to his rights as stadtholder was a point which Charles II. and his brother never forgot, while they were contesting the sovereignty of the seas with the republican faction which then governed Holland. Sir William Temple clearly points out three things that Charles II. had at heart, and which he finally effected. First, for the Dutch fleets to own his supremacy in the narrow seas, by striking their flags to the smallest craft that bore the banner of England, which was done, and has been done ever since,—thanks to the victories of his brother. "The matter of the flag was carried to all the height his majesty Charles II. could wish, and the acknowledgment of its dominion in the narrow seas allowed by treaty from the most powerful of our neighbours at sea, which had never yet been yielded by the weakest of them."[2] The next, that his nephew William, who was at this period of his life regarded by Charles and James affectionately as if he were a cherished son, should be recognised not only as stadtholder,[3] but *hereditary* stadtholder, with succession to children. Directly this was done, Charles made a separate peace with Holland, with scarcely an apology to France.[4] Next it appears, by the same authority,[5] that king Charles II., poor as he was, remembered that England had never paid the portion stipulated with the princess-royal, his aunt.

[1] Sir William Temple's Letters, vol. iv. p. 22, Feb. 1674.

[2] Ibid., vol. i. p. 250; edition 1757. [3] Ibid., pp. 247, 252, 258, 261.

[4] In the Atlas Geographicus, vol. i. p. 811, there is an abstract of the demands of the king of Great Britain in behalf of his nephew, after the last great battle of Solebay, gained by his uncle James duke of York. "Article VI. That the prince of Orange and his posterity shall henceforward enjoy the sovereignty of the United Provinces; that the prince and his heirs should for ever enjoy the dignities of general, admiral, and stadtholder." That this clause might entrench on the liberties of Holland is undeniable, but at the same time it redeemed the promise made by Charles to his dying sister "regarding the restoration of her orphan son as stadtholder, with far greater power than his ancestors had ever enjoyed." Nothing can be more diametrically opposite to truth than the perpetual assertion of the authors of the last century, that Charles II. and his brother oppressed their nephew, instead of being, what they really were, his indulgent benefactors.

[5] Temple's Memoirs, p. 251.

He now honourably paid it, not to the states of Holland, but insisted that it should be paid into the hands of her orphan son, his nephew, William of Orange, and this was done; and let those who doubt it turn to the testimony of the man who effected it,—sir William Temple.

After Charles had seen his bereaved and impoverished nephew firmly established as a sovereign-prince, with his mother's dowry in his pocket to render him independent, he recalled all his subjects fighting under the banners of France,[1] and gave leave for the Spaniards and their generalissimo, his nephew William, to enlist his subjects in their service against France. Great personal courage was certainly possessed by William of Orange, and personal courage, before the Moloch centuries gradually blended into the sweeter sway of Mammon, was considered tantamount to all other virtues. In one of the bloody drawn battles, after the furious strife had commenced between Louis XIV. and Spain in the Low Countries, the prince of Orange received a musket-shot in the arm: his loving Dutchmen groaned and retreated, when their young general took off his hat with the wounded arm, and waving it about his head to show his arm was not broken, cheered them on to renew the charge. Another anecdote of William's conduct in the field is not quite so pleasant. In his lost battle of Mont Cassel, his best Dutch regiments pertinaciously retreated. The prince rallied and led them to the charge, till they utterly fled, and carried him with them to the main body. The diminutive hero, however, fought both the French and his own Dutch in his unwilling transit. One great cowardly Dutchman he slashed in the face, exclaiming, "*Coquin! je te marquerai, au moins, afin de te pendre.*"—'Rascal! I will set a mark on thee, at least, that I may hang thee afterwards.'[2] This adventure leans from the perpendicular of the sublime somewhat to the ridiculous. It was an absurd cruelty, as well as an imprudent sally of venomous temper; there was no glory gained by slashing

[1] Temple's Memoirs, p. 250. Party historians have taken advantage of these mercenaries fighting on both sides, to make the greatest confusion at this era.

[2] Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 399.

a man's face, who was too much of a poltroon not to demolish him on such provocation.

Among the British subjects who studied the art of war under William, whilst that prince was generalissimo for Spain, was the renowned Graham of Claverhouse, who afterwards made his crown of Great Britain totter. At the bloody battle of Seneffe, Claverhouse saved the prince of Orange, when his horse was killed under him, from death, or from what the prince would have liked less, captivity to Louis XIV.: he rescued him by a desperate charge, and sacrificing his own chance of retreat, placed the little man on his own swift and strong war-horse. Like his great-nephew, Frederic II. of Prussia, William of Orange sooner or later always manifested ungrateful hatred against those who saved his life. How William requited sir John Fenwick, who laid him under a similar obligation the same day, or soon afterwards, is matter of history.[1] He, however, promised Claverhouse the command of the first regiment that should be vacant; but he broke his word, and gave it to the son of the earl of Portmore, subsequently one of his instruments in the Revolution. Claverhouse was indignant, and meeting his supplanter at Loo, he caned him. The prince of Orange told Claverhouse "that he had forfeited his right hand for striking any one within the verge of his palace." Claverhouse, in reply, undauntedly reproached him with his breach of promise. "I give you what is of more value to you than a regiment," said the prince, drily, "being your good right hand."—"Your highness must likewise give me leave to serve elsewhere," returned Claverhouse. As he was departing, the prince of Orange sent him a purse of two hundred guineas, as the purchase of the good steed which had saved his life. Claverhouse ordered the horse to be led to the prince's stables, and tossed the contents of the purse among the Dutch grooms.[2]

Most persons suppose that William of Orange had to bide

[1] Memoirs of Captain Bernardi, who was present. It rests not only on his testimony, but is an oft-repeated fact.

[2] Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron; published by the Maitland Club, pp. 274, 275.

the ambitious attack of Louis XIV. in 1674 single-handed. A mistake; he was the general of all Europe combined against France, with the exception of Great Britain, who sat looking on; and very much in the right, seeing the Roman-catholic power of France contending with the ultra-papist states of Spain and Austria, the last championized, forsooth, by the young Orange protestant, whose repeated defeats, however, had placed Flanders (the usual European battle-ground) utterly at the mercy of Louis XIV. William of Orange, with more bravery than was needful, was not quite so great a general as he thought himself. His situation now became most interesting, for his own country was forthwith occupied by the victorious armies of France, and every one but himself gave him up for lost. Here his energetic firmness raises him at once to the rank of the hero which he was, although he has received a greater share of hero-worship than was his due. He was not an injured hero; he had provoked the storm, and he was fighting the battles of the most culpable of papist states. We have no space to enter into the detail of the heroic struggle maintained by the young stadtholder and his faithful Dutchmen; how they laid their country under water, and successfully kept the powerful invader at bay. Once the contest seemed utterly hopeless. William was advised to compromise the matter, and yield up Holland as the conquest of Louis XIV. "No," replied he; "I mean to die in the last ditch." A speech alone sufficient to render his memory immortal.

In the midst of the arduous war with France, just after the battle of Seneffe, William of Orange was seized with the same fatal malady which had destroyed both his father and his mother in the prime of their lives. The eruption refused to throw out, and he remained half dead. His physicians declared, that if some young healthy person, who had not had the disease, would enter the bed and hold the prince in his arms for some time, the animal warmth might cause the pustules to appear, and the hope of his country be thus saved. This announcement produced the greatest consternation among the attendants of the prince; even those who had

had the disease were terrified at encountering the infection in its most virulent state, for the physicians acknowledged that the experiment might be fatal. One of the pages of the prince of Orange, a young noble of the line of Bentinck, who was eminently handsome, resolved to venture his safety for the life of his master, and volunteered to be the subject of the experiment, which, when tried, was completely successful. Bentinck imbibed the disease, and narrowly escaped with life: for many years, he was William's favourite and prime-minister. Soon after William's recovery from this dangerous disease, his royal uncles, supposing the boyish thirst of combat in their nephew might possibly be assuaged by witnessing or perpetrating the slaughter of a hundred thousand men, (the victims of the contest between France and Spain in four years,) gave him a hint, that if he would pacify Europe he should be rewarded by the hand of his cousin, the princess Mary. The prospect of his uncle James becoming the father of a numerous family of sons, prompted a rude rejection in the reply, "he was not in a condition to think of a wife."[1] The duke of York was deeply hurt and angry[2] that any mention had been made of the pride and darling of his heart, his beautiful Mary, then in her fifteenth year; "though," continues Temple, "it was done only by my lord Ossory, and whether with any order from the king and duke, he best knew." Lord Ossory, the brave son of Ormonde, the renowned ducal-cavalier, commanded the mercenary English troops before named. He was as little pleased as the insulted father at the slight cast on young Mary.

The Dutch prince experienced a change in the warmth of the letters which the father of the princess Mary had addressed to him, since the rude answer he had given to a very kind intent. It had, besides, been signified to him by Charles II., when he proposed a visit to England, "that he had better stay till invited." These intimations made the early-wise politician understand, that the insult he had offered, in an effervescence of brutal temper, to the fair young princess whose rank was so much above his own, was not likely to be soon forgotten

[1] Temple, vol. ii. p. 294. [2] Ibid., p. 295.

by her fond father or her uncle. With infinite sagacity he changed his tactics, knowing that the king of Great Britain, (whatsoever party revilings may say to the contrary,) though pacific, really maintained the attitude of Henry VIII. when Charles V. and Francis I. were contending together. Young William of Orange needed not to be told, that if his uncles threw their swords into the scale against his Spanish and Austrian masters, all the contents of all the dykes of Holland would not then fence him against his mortal enemy Louis, whom, it will be remembered, he had likewise contrived to insult regarding the disposal of his charming self in wedlock. With the wise intention of backing dexterously out of a pretty considerable scrape, the young hero of Nassau made an assignation with his devoted friend, sir William Temple,[1] to hold some discourse touching love and marriage, in the gardens of his Hounslardyke-palace, one morning in the pleasant month of January. "He appointed the hour," says sir William Temple, "and we met accordingly. The prince told me that 'I could easily believe that, being the only son that was left of his family, he was often pressed by his friends to think of marrying, and had had many persons proposed to him, as their several humours led them; that, for his part, he knew it was a thing to be done at some time or other.'" After proceeding in this inimitable style through a long speech, setting forth "the offers made to him by ladies in France and Germany," he intimated that England was the only country to which he was likely to return a favourable answer; and added, "Before I make any paces that way, I am resolved to have your opinion upon two points; but yet I will not ask it, unless you promise to answer me as a friend, and not as king Charles's ambassador." He knew very well that all he was pleased to say regarding "his paces," as he elegantly termed his matrimonial proposals, would be duly transmitted to his uncle, both as friend and ambassador, and that the points on which he called a consultation would be quoted as sufficient apology for his previous brutality. "He wished," he said, "to know somewhat of the person and disposition of the

[1] Temple, vol. ii. pp. 325, 334.

young lady Mary; for though *it would not pass in the world* [*i.e.*, that the world would not give him credit for such delicacy] for a prince to seem concerned in those particulars, yet, for himself, he would tell me without any sort of affectation that *he* was so, and to such a degree that no circumstances of fortune and interest would engage him without those of person, especially those of humour and disposition, [meaning temper and principles]. As for himself, he might perhaps not be very easy for a wife to live with,—he was sure he should not to such wives as were generally in the courts of this age; that if he should meet with one to give him trouble at home, *'twas* what he *shouldn't* be able to bear, who was like to have enough abroad in the course of his life. Besides, after the manner in which *he* was resolved to live with a wife —which should be the very best he could, he would have one that he thought likely to live well with him, which he thought chiefly depended on her disposition and education; and that if I [sir William Temple] knew any thing particular in these points of the lady Mary, he desired I would tell him freely."[1] Sir William Temple replied, that "He was very glad to find that he was resolved to marry. Of his own observation he could say nothing of the temper and principles of the lady Mary; but that he had heard both his wife and sister speak with all advantage of what they could discern in a princess so young, and more from what they had been told by her governess, lady Villiers, for whom they had a particular friendship, and who, he was sure, took all the care that could be in that part of her education which fell to her share." Who would have believed that the first exploit of the young prince—then making such proper and sensible inquiries regarding the temper and principles of his wedded partner, with such fine sentiments of wedded felicity on a throne—should be the seduction of the daughter of this governess, the constant companion of his wife, who was subjected to the insult of such companionship to the last hour of her life? Sir William Temple—who, good man, believed most guilelessly all that the hero of Nassau chose to instil—thus proceeds:[2] "After two hours'

[1] Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. pp. 335, 336. [2] Ibid., p. 336.

discourse on this subject, the prince of Orange concluded that he would enter on this pursuit," that is, propose forthwith for his cousin Mary. "He meant to write both to the king and the duke of York to beg their favour in it, and their leave that he might go over into England at the end of the campaign. He requested that my wife, lady Temple, who was returning upon my private affairs in my own country, should carry and deliver both his letters to his royal uncles; and during her stay there, should endeavour to inform herself, the most particularly that she could, of all that concerned the person, humour, and dispositions of the young princess. Within two or three days of this discourse the prince of Orange brought his letters to lady Temple, and she went directly to England with them. "She left me," said sir William Temple, "preparing for the treaty of Nimeguen," where, by the way, the Dutch and French were equally desirous of peace, although William of Orange contrived to eke out the war, in behalf of his Spanish master, for full three years.

The prince of Orange was better able to negotiate for a wife, having lost his grandmother in 1675, who had possession of the Palace in the Wood, and other immunities of dowagerhood at the Hague. This princess was remarkable for a gorgeous economy; she had never more than 12,000 crowns per annum revenue, yet she was entirely served in gold plate. Sir William Temple enumerates her water-bottles of gold, the key of her closet of gold, and all her gold cisterns; every thing this grand old dowager touched was of that adorable and adored metal. It was as well, perhaps, for young Mary, that her husband's grandmother had departed before her arrival. It may be doubted whether the young bride inherited all the gold moveables. William had a bad habit of shooting away all the precious metals he could appropriate, in battles and sieges. The "plenishings" at Whitehall, although only of silver, were coined up, and departed on the same bad errand, in the last years of his life.

The campaign of 1677 being concluded, the Orange hero having nothing better to do, condescended to go in person

to seek the hand of one of the finest girls in Europe, and the presumptive heiress of Great Britain. For this purpose he set sail from Holland, and arrived at Harwich, after a stormy passage, October $\frac{20}{10}$th of the same year. Having disposed himself to act the wooer,[1] "He came," says sir William Temple, "like a trusty lover, post from Harwich to Newmarket, where his uncles, Charles II. and James duke of York, were enjoying the October Newmarket meeting." Charles was residing in a shabby palace there, to which his nephew instantly repaired: lord Arlington, the prime-minister, waited on him at his alighting. "My lord treasurer Danby and I," continues sir William Temple, "went together to wait on the prince, but met him on the middle of the stairs, involved in a great crowd, coming *down* to the king. He whispered to us both 'that he must desire me to *answer for him*,[2] and for my lord treasurer Danby, so that they might from that time enter into business and conversation, as if they were of longer acquaintance;' which was a wise strain considering his lordship's credit at court at that time. It much shocked my lord Arlington."[3] This means that William demanded of Temple an introduction to Danby, with whom he was not personally acquainted; but with such kindred souls, a deep and lasting intimacy soon was established.

The prince of Orange was very kindly received by king Charles and the duke of York, who both strove to enter into discussions of business, which they were surprised and diverted to observe how dexterously he avoided. "So king Charles," says Temple, "bade me find out the reason of it." The prince of Orange told me "he was resolved to see the young princess before he entered into affairs, and to proceed in that before the other affairs of the peace." The fact was,

[1] Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 519, et seq.

[2] This seems a technical term for 'introduction,' being a sort of warranty that the person introduced was "good man and true."

[3] We have the testimony of M. Dumont, of Les Affaires Etrangères de France, that not the slightest evidence exists among the documents there implicating the personal honesty of Arlington, Clifford, or the other members of the cabal. These are "dogs to whom a very bad name has been given," perhaps worse than they actually deserved.

he did not mean to make peace, but to play the impassioned lover as well as he could, and obtain her from the good-nature of his uncle Charles, and then trust to his alliance with the Protestant heiress of England to force the continuance of the war with France. He could not affect being in love with his cousin before he saw her, and for this happiness he showed so much impatience, that his uncle Charles said, (laughing, like a good-for-nothing person as he was, at a delicacy which would have been most respectable if it had been real,) "he supposed his whims must be humoured;"[1] and, leaving Newmarket some days before his inclination, he escorted the Orange to Whitehall, and presented him as a suitor to his fair niece.

"The prince," proceeds his friend Temple, "upon the sight of the princess Mary was so pleased with her person,[2] and all those signs of such a 'humour' as had been described to him, that he immediately made his suit to the king, which was very well received and assented to, but with this condition, that the terms of a peace abroad might first be agreed on between them. The prince of Orange excused himself, and said "he must end his marriage before he began the peace treaty." Whether he deemed marriage and peace incompatible he did not add, but his expressions, though perfectly consistent with his usual measures, were not very suitable to the lover-like impatience he affected: "His allies would be apt to believe he had made this match at their cost; and, for his part, he would never sell his honour for—a wife!" This gentlemanlike speech availed not, and the king continued so positive for three or four days, "that my lord treasurer [Danby] and I began to doubt the whole business would break upon this *punctilio*," says sir William Temple, adding,[3] "About that time I chanced to go to the prince at supper, and found him in the worst humour I ever saw. He told me 'that he repented coming into England, and resolved that he would stay but two days longer, and then be gone, if the king continued in the mind he was, of treating of the

[1] Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. pp. 419, 420. [2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., p. 429.

peace before he was married. But that before he went, the king must choose how they should live hereafter; for he was sure it must be either like the 'greatest friends or the greatest enemies,' and desired me 'to let his majesty know so next morning, and give him an account of what he should say upon it.' "[1] This was abundantly insolent, even supposing William owed no more to his uncle than according to the general-history version; but when we see him raised from the dust, loaded with benefits, and put in a position to assume this arrogant tone,—undeniable facts, allowed even by the partial pen of Temple,—the hero of Nassau assumes the ugly semblance of an ungrateful little person, a very spoiled manikin withal, in a most ill-behaved humour.

Careless, easy Charles, who let every man, woman, and child have its own way that plagued him into compliance, was the very person with whom such airs had their intended effect. Sir William Temple having communicated to his sovereign this polite speech of defiance in his own palace, Charles replied, after listening with great attention, "Well, I never yet was deceived in judging of a man's honesty by his looks; and if I am not deceived in the prince's face, he is the honestest man in the world. I will trust him: he *shall* have his wife. You go, sir William Temple, and tell my brother so, and that it is a thing I am resolved on."—"I did so," continues sir William Temple, "and the duke of York seemed at first a little surprised; but when I had done, he said 'the king shall be obeyed, and I would be glad if all his subjects would learn of me to obey him. I do tell him my opinion very freely upon all things; but when I know his positive pleasure on a point, I obey him.'[2] . . . . From the duke of York I went," continues Temple, "to the prince of Orange, and told him my story, which he could hardly at first believe; but he embraced me, and told me I had made him a very happy man, and very unexpectedly. So I left him to give the king an account of what had passed. As I went through the ante-chamber of the prince of Orange, I encountered lord treasurer Danby, and told him my story.

[1] Sir William Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. pp. 420, 421. [2] Ibid.

Lord treasurer undertook to adjust all between the king and the prince of Orange." This he did so well, that the match was declared that evening in the cabinet council.[1] Then the prince of Orange requested an interview with his uncle the duke of York, for the purpose of telling him "that he had something to say about an affair which was the chief cause of his coming to England: this was, to desire that he might have the happiness to be nearer related to him, by marrying the lady Mary." The duke replied "that he had all the esteem for him he could desire; but till they had brought to a conclusion the affair of war or peace, that discourse must be delayed."[2] The duke mentioned the conversation to king Charles in the evening, who owned that he had authorized the application of the prince of Orange.

Some private negotiation had taken place between the duke of York and Louis XIV., respecting the marriage of the lady Mary and the dauphin. The treaty had degenerated into a proposal for her from the prince de Conti, which had been rejected by the duke of York with infinite scorn.[3] He considered that the heir of France alone was worthy of the hand of his beautiful Mary. Court gossip had declared that the suit of the prince of Orange was as unacceptable to her as to her father, and that her heart was already given to a handsome young Scotch lord, on whom her father would rather have bestowed her than on his nephew. How the

[1] Memoirs of James II. edited by Stanier Clark.

[2] Sir William Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii.

[3] There is a story afloat, in a party book called the "Secret History" of those times, that the king of France (taking advantage of the reluctance manifested by the duke of York to the Orange match) proposed by his ambassador, that the young lady Mary should affect indisposition, and request to go, for the recovery of her health, to the baths of Bourbon, when she should be seized upon, and married directly to the dauphin; and he promised every toleration of her faith, and that the Protestants in France, (to humour the duke of York's passion for toleration,) should have unusual privileges. Neither the duke nor the king was to appear as consenting in the scheme. Another version is, "that Louis XIV. sent the duke de Vendôme and a splendid embassy to London, proposing to the duke of York to steal or kidnap the princess; but that Charles II. was averse to the scheme, and had her guards doubled and great precautions taken, and finished by marrying her suddenly to the prince."—Secret History of Whitehall, vol. i. 1678. There is not a particle of this tale corroborated by documentary history.

poor bride approved of the match, is a point that none of these diplomatists think it worth while to mention: for her manner of receiving the news, we must refer to the unprinted pages of her confidential friend and tutor, Dr. Lake. The announcement was made to Mary, October the 21st. "That day," writes Dr. Lake, "the duke of York dined at Whitehall, and after dinner came to St. James's, (which was his family residence). He led his eldest daughter, the lady Mary, into her closet, and told her of the marriage designed between her and the prince of Orange; whereupon her highness wept all the afternoon, and all the following day.[1] The next day the privy council came to congratulate the yet weeping bride, and lord chancellor Finch made her a complimentary speech. It appears that the prince shared in these congratulations, and was by her side when they were made. The day after, the judges complimented and congratulated their affianced highnesses,—lord justice Rainsford speaking to my lady Mary in the name of the rest; after which, they all kissed her hand."[2] The poor princess, in company with her betrothed, had several deputations to receive October 24th. These were the lord mayor and aldermen, the civilians of Doctors' Commons, and the commercial companies that her father had founded: she had to listen to speeches congratulatory on an event, for which her heart was oppressed and her eyes still streaming. The citizens gave a grand feast, to show their loyal joy at the pure protestantism of this alliance; her highness the bride, accompanied by her sister the lady Anne, and her step-mother the duchess of York, witnessed the civic procession from the house of sir Edward Waldo, in Cheapside, where they sat under a canopy of state, and afterwards partook of the lord mayor's banquet at Guildhall, October 29.[3]

The marriage was appointed for the prince of Orange's birthday, being Sunday, November the 4th, o. s. How startled would have been the persons who assembled round the altar, dressed in the bride's bedchamber in St. James's-

[1] Lake's MS. Diary. [2] Ibid.

[3] Life of Mary II., 1695: published at the Harrow, in Fleet-street. Sir Francis Chaplin commenced his mayoralty on that day.

palace, could they have looked forward and been aware of what was to happen on the eleventh anniversary of that date![1] There were collected in the lady Mary's bedchamber at nine o'clock at night, to witness or assist at the ceremony, king Charles II., his queen Catharine, the duke of York and his young duchess, Mary Beatrice of Modena, who was then hourly expected to bring an heir to England; these, with the bride and bridegroom, and Compton bishop of London, the bride's preceptor, who performed the ceremony, were all that were ostensibly present, the marriage being strictly private. The official attendants of all these distinguished personages were nevertheless admitted, forming altogether a group sufficiently large for nuptials in a bedchamber. King Charles gave away the sad bride, and overbore her dejection by his noisy joviality. He hurried her to the altar, saying to Compton, "Come, bishop, make all the haste you can, lest my sister, the duchess of York here, should bring us a boy, and then the marriage will be disappointed."[2] Here was a slight hint that he saw which way the hopes of the Orange prince were tending. In answer to the question, "Who gives this woman?" king Charles exclaimed with emphasis, "*I* do," which words were an interpolation on the marriage service.[3] When the prince of Orange endowed his bride with all his worldly goods, he placed a handful of gold and silver coins on the open book: king Charles told his niece "to gather it up, and to put all in her pocket, for 'twas all clear gain!"[4] After the ceremony was concluded, the bride and the royal family received the congratulations of the court and of the foreign ambassadors, among whom Barillon, the French ambassador, appeared remarkably discontented. Sir Walter Scott certainly never saw Dr. Lake's manuscript, but by some poetical divination he anticipated Charles II.'s behaviour that night, when, in his Marmion, he affirms—

"Queen Katharine's hand the stocking threw,
And bluff king Hal the curtain drew;"

[1] When William of Orange invaded England, and dethroned his uncle and father-in-law, James II. [2] Lake's MS. Diary.
[3] Lake's MS. Diary. Life of Mary II.: 1695. [4] Ibid.

for at eleven the prince and princess of Orange retired to rest, and all the ceremonies took place which were then national.[1] These were breaking cake and drinking possets, in the presence of all those who assisted at the marriage: king Charles drew the curtains with his own royal hand, and departed, shouting "St. George for England!" The next morning the prince of Orange, by his favourite, Bentinck, sent his princess a magnificent gift of jewels to the amount of 40,000*l.* The lord mayor came with congratulations to the prince and princess of Orange, and the same routine of compliments from the high officials that had waited on the princess previously, now were repeated to her on account of her marriage.

This Protestant alliance was so highly popular in Scotland, that it was celebrated with extraordinary and quaint festivities, being announced with great pomp by the duke of Lauderdale at Edinburgh, at the town Mercat-cross, which was hung with tapestry, and embellished with an arbour formed of many hundreds of oranges. His grace, with the lord provost, and as many of the civic magistrates and great nobles as it could hold, ascending to this hymeneal temple, entered it, and there drank the good healths of their highnesses the prince and princess; next, of their royal highnesses the duke and duchess of York, then the queen's, and last of all the king's, during which the cannon played from the castle, all the conduits from the cross ran with wine, and many voiders of sweetmeats were tossed among the people, who were loud and long in their applauses. Great bonfires were kindled as in London, and the popular rejoicings were prolonged till a late hour.[2]

Two days after the marriage, the bride was actually disinherited of her expectations on the throne of Great Britain

[1] Barbarous and uncivilized as these ceremonials were, in a MS. letter kindly communicated by Mrs. Shikelthorp of Wendling, in Norfolk, of the late lady Anne Hamilton, (widow of lord *Anne* Hamilton, and one of the ladies of queen Charlotte,) she notices that his majesty George III. and his queen were the first royal pair married in England for whom these joyous uproars were not prepared on their bridal evening. Horace Walpole fully confirms the same, by his account of the wedding of Frederick prince of Wales, father of George III.

[2] Life of Mary II.: 1695.

by the birth of a brother, who seemed sprightly, and likely to live. The prince of Orange had the compliment paid him of standing sponsor to this unwelcome relative when it was baptized, November the 8th. The lady-governess Villiers stood godmother by proxy for one of her charges, the young princess Isabella. The ill-humour of the prince of Orange now became sufficiently visible to the courtiers; as for his unhappy bride, she is never mentioned by her tutor Dr. Lake excepting as in tears. She had, when married, and for some days afterwards, an excuse for her sadness, in the alarming illness of her sister lady Anne, whom at that time she passionately loved. Lady Anne is not named as being present at her sister's nuptials, an absence that is unaccounted for excepting by Dr. Lake, who says, "her highness the lady Anne, having been sick for several days, appeared to have the smallpox."[1] She had most likely taken the infection when visiting the city. "I was commanded," added Dr. Lake, "not to go to her chamber to read prayers to her, because of my attendance on the princess of Orange, and on the other children:" these were lady Isabella, and the new-born Charles, who could have dispensed with his spiritual exhortations. "This troubled me," he resumes, "the more, because the nurse of the lady Anne was a very busy, zealous Roman-catholic, and would probably discompose her highness if she had an opportunity; wherefore, November 11th, I waited on the lady governess, [lady Frances Villiers,] and suggested this to her. She bade me 'do what I thought fit.' But little satisfied with what she said to me, I addressed myself to the bishop of London,[2] who commanded me to wait constantly on her highness lady Anne, and to do all suitable offices ministerial incumbent on me."

The parental tenderness of the duke of York had enjoined that all communication must be cut off between his daughters, lest the infection of this plague of smallpox should be communicated to the princess of Orange, as if he had antici-

[1] Lake's MS. Diary, Nov. 7.

[2] Compton, bishop of London, who was governor or preceptor to the princesses.

pated how fatal it was one day to be to her. Dr. Lake was not permitted, if he continued his attendance on the princess Anne, to see the princess of Orange. "I thought it my duty,"[1] he says, "before I went to her highness lady Anne, to take my leave of the princess, who designed to depart for Holland with her husband the Friday next. I perceived her eyes full of tears, and herself very disconsolate, not only for her sister's illness, but on account of the prince urging her to remove her residence to Whitehall, to which the princess would by no means be persuaded." The reason the prince wished to quit St. James's was, because the small-pox was raging there like a plague. Not only the lady Anne of York, but lady Villiers and several of the duke's household were sickening with this fatal disorder; yet the disconsolate bride chose to run all risks, rather than quit her father one hour before she had to commence her unwelcome banishment.

Dr. Lake tried his reasoning powers to convince the princess of Orange of the propriety of this measure, but in vain. He then took the opportunity of preferring a request concerning his own interest. "I had the honour to retire with her to her closet," continues Dr. Lake,[2] "and I call God to witness, that I never said there, or elsewhere, any thing contrary to the holy Scriptures, or to the discipline of the church of England; and I hoped that the things in which I had instructed her might still remain with her. I said, 'I had been with her seven years, and that no person who hath lived so long at court but did make a far greater advantage than I have done, having gotten but 100*l.* a-year; wherefore I did humbly request her highness that, at her departure, she would recommend me to the king and the bishop of London, and that I would endeavour to requite the favour by being very careful of the right instruction of the lady Anne, her sister, of whom I had all the assurances in the world that she would be very good. Finally, I wished

[1] Lake's MS. Diary.

[2] Ibid. On that very day Dr. Lake mentions that he had completed his thirty-fifth year.

her highness all prosperity, and that God would bless her, and show her favour in the sight of the strange people among whom she was going.' Whereupon I kneeled down, and kissed her gown. Her highness of Orange gave me thanks for all my kindnesses, and assured me 'that she would do all that she could for me.' She could say no more for excessive weeping. So she turned her back, and went into her bedroom."[1]

"At three o'clock I went to the lady Anne, and, considering her distemper, found her very well, without headache, or pain in her back, or fever. I read prayers to her." This was on Sunday, November the 11th, the princess of Orange having been married a week. Notwithstanding all the remonstrances of her husband, and her own danger of infection, the bride carried her point, and clave to her paternal home at St. James's-palace to the last moment of her stay in England. Meantime, the duke of York kept her from seeing her sister Anne, who became worse from day to day as the disease approached its climax. "Her highness, lady Anne," says Dr. Lake, "was somewhat giddy, and very much disordered; she requested me not to leave her, and recommended to me the care of her foster-sister's instruction in the Protestant religion. At night I christened her nurse's child, Mary."[2] This was the daughter of the Roman-catholic nurse, of whom Compton bishop of London expressed so much apprehension: how she came to permit the church-of-England chaplain to christen her baby is not explained. The fifteenth of November was the queen's birthday, which was celebrated with double pomp, on account of her niece's marriage. From Dr. Lake, it is impossible to gather the slightest hint of the bridal costume, or of the dress of the bride, excepting that her royal highness attired herself for that ball very richly, and wore all her jewels. She was very sad; the prince, her husband, was as sullen. He never spoke to her the whole evening, and his brutality was remarked by every one there. Yet the artists and the poets of England had combined to make that evening a scene of

[1] Lake's MS. Diary. [2] Ibid.

enchantment and delight. All seemed replete with joy and mirth, excepting the disconsolate Mary, who expected that she should have, before she retired to rest, to doff her courtly robes and jewels, and embark on board the yacht that was to take her to Holland. On this account, the officials of the household of her father, and those of her own maiden establishment in England, were permitted to kiss her hand at the ball, and to take leave of her, which they did at eight o'clock in the evening.[1]

The epithalamium of this wedlock was from the pen of the courtly veteran, Waller, and was sung that night:—

"As once the lion honey gave,
Out of the strong such sweetness came,
A royal hero[2] no less brave,
Produced this sweet—this lovely dame.[3]

To her the prince[4] that did oppose
Gaul's mighty armies in the field,
And Holland from prevailing foes
Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not Belgia's fleets (his high command)
Which triumph where the sun does rise,
Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him from her conquering eyes.

Orange with youth experience has,
In action young, in council old,
Orange is what Augustus was,—
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree[5] which bears his name,
Blossoms and fruit at once are found;
In him we all admire the same,
His flowery youth with wisdom crowned.

Thrice happy pair! so near allied
In royal blood, and virtue too,
Now Love has you together tied,
May none the triple knot undo."

The wind that night setting in easterly, gave the poor bride a reprieve, and she in consequence remained by the paternal side all the next day, November the 16th, in the home-palace of St. James. The perversity of the wind did not ameliorate the temper of her husband; he was exces-

[1] Lake's MS. Diary.
[2] James duke of York.
[3] Mary, his daughter.
[4] William of Orange.
[5] The orange-tree was the device of William, orange and green his liveries.

sively impatient of remaining in England to witness the continuance of festivities, dancing, and rejoicing. "This day," says Dr. Lake, "the court began to whisper of the sullenness and clownishness of the prince of Orange. It was observed that he took no notice of his bride at the play, nor did he come to see her at St. James's the day before their departure." Dr. Lake, and the indignant household of the princess at St. James's, it seems, blamed this conduct as unprovoked brutality; but that the prince was not angry without cause is obvious. Being secretly exasperated at the unwelcome birth of Mary's young brother, he was not inclined, as his marriage bargain was much depreciated in value, to lose the beauty of his young bride as well as her kingdom; he was displeased, and not unjustly, at her obstinacy in continuing to risk her life and charms of person, surrounded by the infection at the palace of St. James. The maids of honour of the queen, the duchess of York, and especially of the princess Anne, were enraged at the rude behaviour of the Dutch prince. They spoke of him at first as the "Dutch monster," till they found for him the name of "Caliban," a *sobriquet* which lady Anne, at least, never forgot.[1]

The lady Anne being dreadfully ill during the days when her sister's departure hung on the caprice of the wind, the paternal care of the duke of York deemed that any farewell between his daughters would be dangerous for each. He gave orders, that whenever the princess of Orange actually went away, the fact was to be carefully concealed from Anne, lest it should have a fatal effect on her.[2] The palace of St. James was still reeking with infection: several of the official attendants of the ducal court were dying or dead. The lady governess, Frances Villiers, was desperately ill: she was to have accompanied the princess of Orange on her voyage, but it was impossible.[3] Dr. Lake thus enumerates, with a foreboding heart, the disasters accompanying this marriage: "There were many unlucky circumstances that

[1] Letters of the princess Anne to lady Marlborough.
[2] Dr. Lake's MS. Diary. [3] Ibid.

did seem to retard and embitter the departure of the princess of Orange,—as the sickness of the lady Anne, the danger of the lady governess, [Villiers,] who was left behind; and her husband, [sir Edward Villiers,] the master of the horse to the princess of Orange, he too was obliged to stay in England; likewise the sudden death of Mr. Hemlock, her nurse's father, which happened at St. James's-palace this night; the death and burial of the archbishop of Canterbury, her godfather;[1] the illness of Mrs. Trelawney's[2] father and uncle; as also Mrs. White's dangerous illness, who was appointed to attend the princess of Orange in Holland. God preserve her highness, and make her voyage and abode there prosperous!"[3]

The wind blew westerly on the morning of the 19th of November, and in consequence every one was early astir in the palaces of Whitehall and St. James, in preparation for the departure of the Orange bride and bridegroom. The princess took leave of her beloved home of St. James, and came to Whitehall-palace as early as nine in the morning, to bid farewell to her royal aunt queen Catharine. Mary, when she approached, was weeping piteously, and her majesty, to comfort her, "told her to consider how much better her case was than her own; for when she came from Portugal, she had not even seen king Charles."—"But, madam," rejoined the princess of Orange, "remember, *you* came *into* England; I am going out of England."—"The princess wept grievously all the morning," continues Dr. Lake.[4] "She requested the duchess of Monmouth to come often to see the lady Anne, her sister, and to accompany her to the chapel the first time she appeared there. She also left two letters to be given to her sister as soon as she recovered." What a contrast is this tender heart-clinging to her family, to Mary's conduct after ten years' companionship with the partner to whom her reluctant hand had been given!

[1] Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury, died November 9th, and was buried at Croydon on Nov. 16th, by the side of archbishop Whitgift, at his own desire.—Dr. Lake.

[2] Anne Trelawney, the favourite maid of honour of the princess Mary, was with her two years afterwards in Holland.—Sidney Diary.

[3] Dr. Lake's Diary, Nov. 16. [4] Ibid.

The wind was fair for Holland, the tide served, the royal barges were in waiting at Whitehall-stairs, and king Charles and the duke of York were ready, with most of the nobility and gentry in London, to accompany the princess and her husband down the river as far as Erith, where the bridal party were to dine.[1] Here Mary took a heart-rending farewell of her father and uncle, and in the afternoon she embarked at Gravesend with her husband and suite in one of the royal yachts, several English and Dutch men-of-war being in attendance to convoy the gay bark to Holland. The celebrated poet, Nat Lee, describes the embarkation in his poem on the marriage and departure of the princess of Orange; and as he declares that he was an eye-witness of the scene, it is possible that the parties grouped themselves according to his lines. Yet it is as evident that he knew nothing of the dangerous illness of the princess Anne; that must have been kept from the public, for he supposes that she was present. The following are the best of the lines of this now-forgotten historical poem:—

"Hail! happy warrior, hail! whose arms have won
The fairest jewel of the English crown!
Hail! princess, hail! thou fairest of thy kind,
Thou shape of angel with an angel's mind!
* * * *
But hark! 'tis rumoured that this happy pair
Must go: the prince for Holland does declare.
I saw them launch: the prince the princess bore,
While the sad court stood crowding on the shore.
The prince, still bowing, on the deck did stand,
And held his weeping consort by the hand,
Which, waving oft, she bade them all farewell,
And wept as if she would the briny ocean swell,
'Farewell, thou best of fathers, best of friends!'
While the grieved duke[2] with a deep sigh commends
To heaven his child, in tears his eyes would swim,
But manly virtue stays them at the brim.
'Farewell,' she cried, 'my sister![3] thou dear part,
The sweetest half of my divided heart;
My little love!'—her sighs she did renew—
'Once more, oh, heavens! a long, a last adieu.
Part! must I ever lose those pretty charms?'
Then swoons and sinks into the prince's arms."

[1] Dr. Lake: likewise Echard. [2] The duke of York, her father.
[3] The princess Anne. Lee evidently supposes that she was present, instead of being, as she really was, on a bed of sickness at St. James's-palace.

This is somewhat common-place, and the theatrical farewell to the lady Anne the sheer invention of the poet. Other thoughts than those surmised by Nat Lee were working in the brain of Orange.

The duke of York ought to have seen his son-in-law safely out of the kingdom, for before William of Orange actually departed, he contrived to play him one of the tricks by which he finally supplanted him in the affections of the English people. The wind changed by the time the Dutch fleet had dropped down to Sheerness, and remained contrary for thirty or forty hours. At the end of this time the king and duke of York sent an express to entreat the prince and princess to come up the river, and remain with them at Whitehall; instead of which they went on shore at Sheerness, and were entertained by colonel Dorrell, the governor. The next day, November the 23rd, they crossed the country to Canterbury, the princess being accompanied only by lady Inchiquin (one of the Villiers' sisters) and a dresser; the prince by his favourites, Bentinck and Odyke. Here an extraordinary circumstance took place; one witness vouches "that his authority was no other than the mouth of archbishop Tillotson himself, from whose narration it was written down."[1]—"The prince and princess of Orange, when they arrived at an inn in Canterbury, found themselves in a destitute condition for want of cash, as they had been unkindly and secretly thrust out of London by king Charles and the duke of York, from jealousy lest the lord mayor should invite them to a grand civic feast.[2] The prince, to relieve his wants, sent Bentinck to represent them to the corporation, and beg a loan of money." It is very plain that the corporation of Canterbury considered the whole application as a case of mendicity or fictitious distress, for the request was denied. However, there happened to be present Dr. Tillotson, the dean of Canterbury, who hurried home, gathered together all the plate and ready-money in guineas he had at

[1] Echard's Appendix and Tindal's Notes to Rapin; the latter, a contemporary, adds many aggravating circumstances, all false.

[2] That they had already been to this grand feast, October 29, we learn from Dr. Lake and the Gazette.

command, and bringing them to the inn, begged an interview with M. Bentinck, and presented them to him, "with the hope that they would be serviceable to their highnesses;" entreating, withal, "that they would quit a situation so unworthy of their rank, and come to stay at the deanery, which was usually the abode of all the royal company that came to the city."[1] The prince accepted the plate and money with warm thanks, but declined going to the deanery. Dr. Tillotson was presented, and kissed the hand of the princess. In this hospitable transaction no blame can be attached to Dr. Tillotson, whose conduct was becoming the munificence of the church he had entered.[2] Why the prince of Orange did not request a loan or supply by the express that his uncles sent to invite him affectionately back to Whitehall, instead of presenting himself and his princess in a state of complaining mendicity at Canterbury, is inconsistent with plain dealing. As he had been paid the first instalment of the 40,000*l.* which was the portion of the princess, his credit was good in England. The fact is, that the birth of the young brother of Mary had rendered this ambitious politician desperate, and he was making a bold dash at obtaining partisans, by representing himself as an ill-treated person. Nor were his efforts ultimately fruitless, if the following statement of

[1] This feature of the story is preserved by Birch, the biographer of Tillotson, and not by Echard or Tindal.

[2] Dr. Tillotson is, from the period of this adventure, intimately connected with the fortunes of the princess of Orange; therefore, for the sake of intelligibility, the following abstract of his previous life is presented. He was the son of a rich clothier of Sowerby, near Halifax, who was a strict puritan at the time of John Tillotson's birth, and became a furious anabaptist, which he remained, even after his son had conformed to our church on her restoration to prosperity. John Tillotson was born October 23, 1630; he became a learned and eloquent man, he was good-tempered, and much beloved in private life. It is nearly impossible to gather from his biography whether he had been a dissenting preacher, but as it is certain that he preached before ordination, doubtless he was so. The religion of Tillotson, before the Restoration, was of that species professed by independents who are on good terms with the Socinians. He was chaplain and tutor to the sons of Prideaux, attorney-general of Oliver Cromwell. Tillotson subsequently married Ebina Wilkins, a niece of Oliver Cromwell. When upwards of 2000 conscientious nonconformists forsook their livings rather than comply with the tenets of the church of England, our church actually gained John Tillotson, who, being possessed of great eloquence, attained rapid preferment, until he is found dean of Canterbury, in 1677. This account is abstracted from Dr. Birch's biography of archbishop Tillotson.

a contemporary be correct, and all circumstances corroborate it. "By this accident, Dr. Tillotson begun that lucky acquaintance and correspondence with the prince and princess of Orange and M. Bentinck, *as* afterwards advanced him to an archbishopric."[1]

The prince and princess of Orange lingered no less than four days at their inn in Canterbury, cultivating the acquaintance of their new friend Dr. Tillotson, and receiving the congratulations of the gentry and nobility of Kent, in whose eyes William seemed sedulously to render himself an object of pity and distress, for great quantities of provisions were given by them for his use. He left Canterbury, November the 27th, and went that night with the princess and her train on board the Montague at Margate, commanded by sir John Holmes, who set sail the next day. The ice prevented the fleet from entering the Maes, but the princess and her spouse, after a quick but stormy passage, were landed at Tethude, a town on the Holland coast, and went direct to the Hounslardyke-palace. It was remarked, that the princess of Orange was the only female on board who did not suffer from sea-sickness.[2] The princess, besides lady Inchiquin, (Mary Villiers,) was accompanied by Elizabeth and Anne Villiers: the mother of these sisters, her late governess, expired of the smallpox at St. James's-palace before the prince of Orange had finished his mysterious transactions at Canterbury.[3] The princess had likewise with her, in the capacity of maid of honour, Mary Wroth, or Worth, a relative of the Sidney family. Each of these girls disquieted her married life. Both the unmarried Villiers were older than herself, and she was eclipsed in the eyes of her sullen lord by their maturer charms. The prince of Orange fell in love with Elizabeth Villiers, and scandal was likewise afloat relative to him and her sister Anne, who subsequently married his favourite, Bentinck. Much wonder is expressed by lady Mary Wortley Montague, and likewise by Swift, who were

[1] Rapin's Hist. of England, folio, vol. ii. p. 683.
[2] Dr. Lake's MS. Diary.
[3] Birch's Life of Tillotson. Dr. Lake's MS. Sidney Diary.

both her acquaintances, how it was possible for Elizabeth Villiers to rival the princess Mary in the heart of her spouse, for Elizabeth, although a fine woman, had not a handsome face. "I always forget myself, and talk of squinting people before her," says Swift, in his journal; "and the good lady squints like a dragon."

As soon as possible after the arrival of the princess of Orange at the Hounslardyke-palace, the States-General of Holland sent their *hoff-master*, Dinter, to compliment her and the prince, and to ascertain "when it would be seasonable for them to offer their congratulations in a formal manner?" The prince and princess did not make their public entry into the Hague until December the 14th, so long were the mynheers preparing their formalities, which were perpetrated with extraordinary magnificence. Twelve companies of burghers were in arms, drawn up under their respective ensigns; and the bridge of the Hague was adorned with green garlands, under which was written a Latin inscription in honour of the illustrious pair, of which the following is our author's English version:—

> "Hail, sacred worthy! blest in that rich bed,
> At once thy Mary and thy Belgia wed:
> And long, long live thy fair Britannic bride,
> Her Orange and her country's equal pride!"

Having passed the bridge, they were met by four-and-twenty virgins, who walked two-and-two on each side their highnesses' coach, singing and strewing green herbs all the way. When their highnesses came before the town-house, they passed through a triumphal arch, adorned with foliage and *grotesco* work, with the arms of both their highnesses; and over them two hands, with a Latin motto, thus rendered in English:—

> "What halcyon airs this royal Hymen sings!
> The olive-branch of peace her dower she brings."

In the evening, Mary was welcomed with a grand display of fireworks, in which were represented St. George on horseback, fountains, pyramids, castles, triumphal chariots, Jupiter and Mars descending from the skies, a lion, a duck and a drake (emblematic, we suppose, of dykes and canals), and a

variety of other devices, in honour of this auspicious alliance. The next day the *heer* Van Ghent, and a variety of other *heers*, whose Dutch names would not be of much interest to British readers, complimented their highnesses in the name of the States-General.[1] Though Mary's chief residence and principal court in Holland was at the Hague, yet she had several other palaces, as Loo, Hounslardyke, and Dieren.

Louis XIV. took the marriage heinously; for many months he would not be reconciled to his cousin-german the duke of York; "for," wrote he to that prince, "you have given your daughter to my mortal enemy." This was not the fault of the duke of York, for lord Dartmouth records an anecdote that the duke, on first hearing of this marriage, or perhaps after seeing the tearful agonies of Mary when she heard her doleful sentence of consignment to her cousin, remonstrated with his brother by a confidential friend, reminding his majesty that he had solemnly promised never to give away Mary without he, her father, gave his full consent to her marriage. "So I did, it's true, man!" exclaimed Charles, with his characteristic humour; "but, odd's-fish! James *must* consent to this!"

[1] Life of Mary II.: 1695.