MARY II.

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER X.

Anecdotes of Mary II.—Gossip of the court—Her attention to her nephew—Princess Anne's arrangements for him—His vicinity to the queen at Campden-house—Often visits her majesty—Departure of the king—Queen founds Greenwich Hospital—Anecdotes of the queen and her nephew—Disasters in the queen's government—Return of the king—Archbishop Tillotson struck with death in the queen's presence—Queen's observations regarding Dr. Hooper—Queen appoints Dr. Tennison archbishop—Lord Jersey's remonstrance—Her reply—Queen taken ill at Kensington—Sits up to destroy papers—Fluctuations in her disorder—Proceedings of her sister—Queen's illness results in the smallpox—Her danger—Anguish of the king—Princess Anne sends lady Fitzharding with message to the queen—Queen's sufferings from erysipelas—Her life despaired of—Preparations for death—Delirious fancies—Dangerous state of the king—Death of Mary II.—Great seal broken—News of her death carried to St. Germains by a priest—Conduct of her father, and his remarks on her death—Letter she left for her husband—Duke of Devonshire's verses on her death—Burnet's eulogy—Lord Cutts' elegy, &c.—Jacobite epigrams on the queen—Sermons, funeral, and wax statue in Westminster-abbey—Anecdotes in her praise—Burnet's panegyrical epitaph.

The new prime-minister, destined to be president of the queen's council when she again reigned alone, was Charles Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, who had been permitted to take his seat as premier earl of England on a very doubtful renunciation of the Roman-catholic religion, in which he had been educated. Scandal feigned that he was the object of queen Mary's passionate affection. This gossip arose from the reports of "one Jack Howe," her dismissed vice-chamberlain, who was, in 1693-4, purveyor of scandal to the princess Anne's inimical little court. He has already been mentioned in one of the satires of the day as "republic Jack Howe." Lord chamberlains and vice-chamberlains have always been very formidable personages as connected with slander in regard to queens, either as the subjects of

gossip tales, or the inventors of them. There is a story afloat concerning the successor of Jack Howe. Queen Mary did not often indulge in badinage or playfulness; once, however, she forgot her caution, and gave rise to an anecdote, the tradition of which was handed down to Horace Walpole. One day the queen asked her ladies, "What was meant by a squeeze of the hand?" They answered, "Love."—"Then," said the queen, laughing, "vice-chamberlain Smith must be in love with me, for he squeezes my hand very hard." Among many other circumstances, which contradict the report that queen Mary bestowed any undue partiality on lord Shrewsbury, is the undoubted fact, that the vacillations of that nobleman regarding his acceptance of office, were settled by the negotiations of her husband's female favourite and Mrs. Lundee, a woman dishonourably connected with Shrewsbury.[1] Thus was the appointment of a prime-minister of England arranged in a manner equally disgraceful to king William and to himself. Shrewsbury's political intrigues with a woman deservedly abhorred by the queen were not likely to recommend him to her majesty. Neither is the description of lord Shrewsbury as "a charming man, wanting one eye," very attractive.

The young heir of England, at this period, began to occupy the attention of his aunt, the queen, in a greater degree than heretofore, The princess Anne continued to reside at Berkeley-house as her town residence, while her boy usually inhabited Campden-house,[2] Kensington-palace. The princess had suites of apartments at Campden-house for her own use, and occasionally resided with her son,[3] although

[1] Coxe's Correspondence of the Duke of Shrewsbury. See the letters to and from Mrs. Villiers and Mrs. Lundee, pp. 18–30.

[2] Mr. Brayley, in his Londiniana, declares that the front of Campden-house was pulled down early in the present century.

[3] This is gathered from the tract full of puerilities written by Lewis Jenkins, a Welsh usher to the little duke's chamber. The usher's memoir has, however, thrown that light on the residence and daily life of queen Mary and her sister for which it is vain to search history. The localities of Jenkins' narrative of small facts are often quoted as in the bedchamber, cabinet, or sitting-room of the princess Anne at Campden-house; likewise it preserves the fact, that she resided at Berkeley-house until she took possession of St. James's-palace.

the *entrée* at Kensington-palace, open to him, was for ever barred to her. All the provisions for his table were sent daily from Berkeley-house; these consisted of plain joints of meat, to which an apple-pie was added as dessert, but he was never permitted to eat confectionary. The predilection all young children take for the glitter and clatter of military movements, was eagerly fostered by his attendants as an early indication of love of war; and to cultivate this virtuous propensity to the height, he was indulged with warlike toys in profusion, miniature cannon, swords, and trumpets, and, more than all, with a little regiment of urchins about his own age.

The princess Anne, finding her son afflicted with the ague in 1694, sent for Mr. Sentiman, an apothecary, and required him "to give her a prescription approved of by her uncle Charles II., for," her royal highness said, "it cured every kind of ague." Mr. Sentiman had the recipe for the nostrum, which was a mixture of brandy and saffron; it made the poor child excessively ill, but did not cure him. Her royal highness had a great ambition to have her young son elected a knight of the Garter, and soon afterwads sent him to visit the queen and king William with a blue band passed over his shoulder, to put them in mind that there was a blue riband vacant by the death of the duke of Hamilton. Queen Mary received her young visitor, but did not take the hint respecting the coveted Garter, which she gave the duke of Shrewsbury as a reward for having, after much political coquetry, agreed to become her secretary of state. The queen bestowed on her little nephew a gift much more consonant to his years; this was a beautiful bird. But it appears that the child had been rendered, either by his mother or his governess, expectant and ambitious of the blue riband; he therefore rejected the bird, and very calmly said, "that he would not rob her majesty of it."

The poor little prince was evidently afflicted with hydrocephalus, or water on the brain, a complaint that often carries to the grave whole families of promising infants. Such was, no doubt, the disease that desolated the nursery

of the princess Anne: very little was known regarding its cure, or even its nature, by the faculty at that period. The symptoms are clearly traced by the duke's attendant, Lewis Jenkins, who says, "The duke of Gloucester's head was very long and large, insomuch that his hat was big enough for most men, which made it difficult to fit his head with a peruke,"—a peruke for an infant born in July 1689! It was then only Easter 1694. The unfortunate child, with this enormous head, is nevertheless described in glowing terms by his flattering attendant. After lamenting the difficulties of fitting the poor babe with a periwig, because the doctors kept a blister in the nape of his neck, he continues,[1] "The face of the young duke of Gloucester was oval, and usually glowed with a fresh colour; his body easy, his arms finely hung, his chest full; his legs proportionable to his body made him appear very charming, turning out his toes as if he had really been taught to do so. I measured him, and found his height was three feet four inches. Although he was active and lively, yet he could not go up and down stairs without help, nor raise himself when down." How any child could be active and lively in such a pitiable state, passes the comprehension of every one but Lewis Jenkins. "People concluded it was occasioned by the over care of the ladies. The prince of Denmark, who was a very good-natured, pleasant man, would often rally them about it; and Dr. Radcliffe, in his accustomed manner, spoke very bluntly to Mrs. Lewin, his sub-governess, about it."

The young prince was chiefly managed by his governess, lady Fitzharding, lord Fitzharding, master of the horse to the princess his mother, and Mrs. Lewin. The Kingston quakeress, his wet-nurse, had likewise great authority in his household: Mr. Pratt, one of the chaplains of the princess, was his preceptor. "After due consultation with the prince her husband, the princess Anne considered that it was time that their heir should assume his masculine attire, seeing how active he was, and that his *stiff-bodied coats* were very troublesome to him in his military amusements, (for no-

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the Duke of Gloucester, p. 12.

thing but battles, sieges, drums, and warlike tales afforded him recreation); the princess and prince of Denmark, therefore, ordered my lady Fitzharding, his governess, to put him into male habiliments, which was accordingly done on Easter-day." Does the reader wish to know the costume of the heir of Great Britain on Easter-day, 1694? His suit was white camlet, with loops and buttons of silver thread. He wore stiff stays under his waistcoat, which hurt him,—no wonder! Whereupon Mr. Hughes, the little duke's tailor, was sent for, and the duke of Gloucester ordered a band of urchins from the regiment of boys, which he termed his horse-guards, to punish the tailor for making the stiff stays that hurt him. The punishment was, to be put on the wooden horse, which stood in the presence-chamber at Campden-house,[1] this horse being placed there for the torment of military offenders. Now tailor Hughes had never been at Campden-house, and knew none of its customs; and when he found himself surrounded by a mob of small imps in mimic soldiers' gear, all trying, as far as they could reach, to pull and push him towards the instrument of punishment, the poor Welshman was not a little scared, deeming them freakish fairies, very malignly disposed towards him. At last Lewis Jenkins, the usher, came to the rescue of his countryman. An explanation was then entered into, and the Welsh tailor was set at liberty, after he had promised to amend all that was amiss in the stiff stays of his little highness.

The young duke had a mighty fancy to be prince of Wales, and often asked Jenkins "why he was not so?" The question was perplexing, since the princess Anne had solemnly charged lady Fitzharding, and all her son's attendants, never to make any allusion to his grandfather, king James II., or to the unfortunate prince of Wales, her brother: her child was not to know that they existed. Lewis Jenkins told him, "It was not impossible but that, one day, he might be prince of Wales; and if he ever were, he hoped he would make him his Welch interpreter."[1]

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the Duke of Gloucester, p. 11.

It seems always to have been a custom in the royal family of England since the era of Edward I., to propitiate the principality by appointing some Welsh persons as servants of the princes of Wales, and by employing Welsh tradesmen for their households. These little observances conciliate and please, when national differences of language sometimes occasion mutiny and discontent.

One day, just before his uncle's departure for the campaign in 1694, the little duke had a grand field-day in Kensington-gardens, king William condescending to look on. The infant Gloucester very affectionately promised him the assistance of himself and his whole troop of urchins for his Flemish war; then turning to queen Mary eagerly, he said, "My mamma once had guards as well as you; why has she not them now?" The queen's surprise was evident and painful. King William presented the young duke's drummer, on the spot, with two guineas, as a reward for the loudness of his music, which proved a seasonable diversion to the awkward question of his young commander. The child must have heard the matter discussed in his household, or between his parents, since he was but a few months old when his mother was deprived of her guards. Queen Mary received a visit from her nephew on her birthday, April 30, 1694. After he had wished her joy, he began, as usual, to prate. There were carpenters at work in the queen's gallery at Kensington, the room in which her majesty stood with the king. The young duke asked the queen "what they were about?" "Mending the gallery," said queen Mary, "or it will fall."—"Let it fall, let it fall," said the young duke, "and then you must be off to London,"—a true indication that he had not been taught to consider their royal vicinity as any great advantage to Campden-house.

William III. went to visit his infant nephew at Campden-house the following Sunday. It was in vain that lady Fitzharding lectured her charge, and advised him

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the Duke of Gloucester, p. 10.

to make the military salute to his royal uncle; not a word would the boy say on that subject, until he had demanded leave of his majesty to fire off his train of miniature artillery. The king was rather charmed with this military mania, so well according with his own. Three cannons were fired off, and a deep lamentation made by the little duke that the fourth was broken. King William promised to send him a new one, but forgot it. The child then, of his own accord, thanked him for coming to see him, and added, "My dear king, you shall have both my companies, with myself, to serve you in Flanders,"—meaning the urchins who formed what he called his regiments. These boy-soldiers were no slight annoyance to Kensington, for on their return homewards from drill, presuming on being the duke of Gloucester's *men,* they used to enter the houses on the road to London, and help themselves to whatever they liked,[1]—a proceeding in complete coincidence with the times, since it appears that this was only an imitation of the practices of soldiers quartered in the environs of London at the same era.

Whether queen Mary approved of the new administration, it would be extremely difficult to discover. Her consort, who best knew her mind, once warned her minister "not to take it for granted that the queen was of his opinion every time she did not contradict him,"—a hint illustrative of the diplomatic reserve of her character. Her letters prove that command of countenance was her systematic study, and that she likewise anticipated the political deductions that those around her drew from the fluctuations of her spirits. Few women ever lived in such an atmosphere of bodily and mental restraint, or so sedulously calculated the effect of her words, looks, or manners, as Mary of England. Her ancestor, James I., made a remarkable clatter about an art that he fancied he had invented, called by him *king-craft,* which his constant loquacity and sociability prevented him from practising; but queen Mary, if we may judge by her own written admissions, had secretly

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the Duke of Gloucester, p. 15.

reduced queen-craft to a system, and acted thereon to the last moment of her existence. The abstinence from contradiction into which she had been schooled, from girlhood, by the waspishness of her partner, caused her to be given credit for a host of virtues to which she had small claims. Among others, she had led her chamberlain, lord Nottingham, to imagine that, in case of widowhood, it was her intention to restore her father to his throne.[1] It is startling, indeed, that so dutiful a spouse should have suffered her thoughts to stray towards the independent state of widowhood, to which, however, though much younger than William, she never attained. Whether the queen wished some filial affection to be attributed to her by lord Shrewsbury and lord Nottingham, whom she had reason to believe were in secret attached to her father, or whether her taste was justly offended by the indelicacy of the conduct of lord Halifax, it is difficult to decide. Nevertheless, king William thought proper to warn his ministry not to offend the queen as lord Halifax had done, who had infinitely disgusted her by breaking his rude jests on her father in her presence; "And on this account," added king William, "the queen at last could not endure the sight of lord Halifax."[2] This singular warning appears to have been given by the king just before his departure to Flanders, which took place May 6th that year, by way of Margate.[3]

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes. [2] Ibid.

[3] King William was passing through Canterbury to go to Holland, when his approach excited the loyalty of a ne'er-do-well lad called Matthew Bishop, a resident there, but on the point of running away, and seeking his fortune by sea, in the manner of Robinson Crusoe. This worthy seems never to have wholly digested the dry manner in which his Dutch majesty received his zealous homage. "I gathered," he said, in his auto-biography, "all the flowers out of our own garden and several more, to adorn the High-street as he came along; and then, with some others, [boys,] ran by the side of his coach from College-yard, almost two miles, huzzaing and crying at the top of our voices, 'God bless king William!' till his majesty put his hand upon the glass, and looking upon us, said, with the most disgusting dryness, 'It is enough.'" King William could not well say less, yet contrived to offend his admirer so implacably, that he declares the news of the king's death, when it occurred, gave him sensible satisfaction. Thus were the people of England weaned from their close and familiar approximation with royalty, in which they had heretofore both delighted and

A report has arisen that queen Mary was accustomed to supply her father with money in his exile; this has solely sprung from a false statement of Voltaire. We have found that the unfortunate king sent a fruitless request to Whitehall even for his clothes;[1] we have found that his indignant subjects recognised trifling property that had belonged to him, or to his queen, in the possession of his daughter; we have found the greedy inquisition that daughter made about the beds and toilets at Whitehall, assuredly to see whether the basins and ewers, and other furniture of solid silver, had been removed;[2] but we cannot find a single trace, or even an offer, of any restitution from his private estates.[3]

The summer of 1694 brought its usual anxieties to the heart of the queen, in the shape of lost naval battles and fruitless expeditions. Time has unveiled the mystery of these failures. The defeat of the expedition against Brest took place in June; general Tollemache and sixteen hundred men were left dead on the French coast they had been sent to invade. There is some excuse to be offered for the utter abhorrence in which queen Mary held lord Marlborough, when it is found, from the most incontestable documentary

given delight. The monarchs of England had formerly lived in the presence of their commonalty; the chivalric Plantagenet, the powerful Tudor, the graceful Stuart, enjoyed no high festival, no gorgeous triumph, without their people for audience.

[1] Evelyn.

[2] They were afterwards coined into half-crowns by king William.

[3] The pretence on which Voltaire has hung his falsehood, was the chicanery (to use the very term of secretary Williamson, who practised it) regarding the 50,000*l.* which had been granted by the English parliament in payment of the dower of the queen of James II., at the peace of Ryswick, and was supposed, both by the people of France and Great Britain, to have been paid to the unfortunate queen; but when the parliamentary inquiry took place, in 1699, into the peculations of Somers' ministry, it was proved that the queen's dowry never found its way further than into king William's pocket. From that moment the supply was stopped, amidst vituperations of the house of commons that nearly amounted to execrations. So shallow an historian as Voltaire took it for granted that the dower *had* been paid, and that James II. subsisted on it, because the charge was in the budget of supply; but he dived not into the whole of the incidents, and was mistaken in the chronology, or he would never have attributed such payments to "Mary the daughter." There does not appear a circumstance, besides this grant of the commons, (which was *never* paid,) on which Voltaire, and the English historians who have echoed him, can found the assertion they have made.

evidence,[1] that this person betrayed his countrymen to their slaughter by sending information to France of the projected attack, with many base protestations of the truth of his intelligence, and some reproaches that his former master, king James, had never on any other occasion availed himself of his information. The present intelligence cost Tollemache his life, for to that general Marlborough had peculiar malice; it likewise caused the destruction of many hundreds of unfortunate soldiers, who had given him no offence. Thus the earnest desire of queen Mary to separate the Marlboroughs from her sister, was a mere act of self-defence; yet the course she pursued towards her sister excites contempt, on account of the series of low-minded petty attacks upon her, in which the spitefulness in regard to trifles strongly brings to mind the line,—

"Willing to wound, but yet to strike afraid."

One of queen Anne's historians affirms, that the queen caused the name of her sister to be omitted in the Common Prayer-book; but against this assertion we beg to offer our own particular evidence, since we well remember, at six years old, in the innocence of our heart, and without any papistical intentions, praying at church for king William, queen Mary, princess Anne, and the duke of Gloucester, out of old family Prayer-books printed in that reign.

When the news arrived in the household of the princess Anne of the disastrous defeat of Tollemache, the word went that he and his troops had been betrayed to death. "I was in waiting at Campden-house," says Lewis Jenkins, "when told the news that there had been an attempt to land men in Camaret-bay, which was ill-advised; for the French had had notice of our design, and general Tollemache and a great number of brave soldiers were killed or wounded; for the enemy were strongly entrenched near the bay, the king of

[1] Stuart Papers, edited by Macpherson, vol. i. Coxe, the apologist for Marlborough, is obliged to own his hero guilty of this infamous act. His excuses for him seem to add to the guilt. Likewise Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain, where the reader may consult overpowering evidence of these treasons, and read Marlborough's letter: vol. ii. pp. 44, 45.

France having posted his *arrière ban*[1] everywhere near Brest. We, who were in waiting, were talking of it to one another before the little duke of Gloucester. We thought he was busy at play, and did not attend to what passed; but when my lady governess Fitzharding came in the afternoon, and began to tell the young duke the sad news, he stopped her, by repeating the story as exactly as if he had been taught it." From the same source it is found, that at the period of this disaster the princess Anne was on a visit with the guilty persons, the earl of Marlborough and his wife, at Sundridge, near St. Albans, to which seat, belonging to lady Marlborough, she often retired for some days.

It has been mentioned, that the gossips of the circle at Berkeley-house, by the assistance of their ally, "Jack Howe," had thought proper to promulgate the fiction that the one-eyed prime-minister, Shrewsbury, was the object of queen Mary's secret preference. They actually went so far as to affirm, that if king William died, the queen would have given her hand to Shrewsbury. Such tales certainly invest the despatches that premier wrote to king William in his absence with an interest they would not otherwise possess. The sole foundation for this report is, that whenever lord Shrewsbury entered the presence of queen Mary, she was observed to tremble and turn pale,—no very certain criterion of the nature of the passion that agitated the queen, which might be fear or hope concerning the tidings, of weal or woe, he was likely to bring her on matters of high import. Assuredly, lord Shrewsbury himself had heard of these scandals, for he expresses himself with a certain degree of prudish stiffness when he mentions the queen in his despatches to her absent consort, dated August 1694. The question was, whether the fleet commanded by Russell should winter at Cadiz, or return to England? The privy council were not united in their opinions: as to the vacillation of Shrewsbury, it was almost proverbial.

"When they," he writes to king William,[2] "were so diffi-

[1] Feudal militia.

[2] Coxe's Shrewsbury Correspondence, p. 66.

dent, you may be sure I was much more so of *my own single;* and therefore I had not presumed to say any more to your majesty upon this subject, but that the queen did me the honour to send for me, and *chide me,* saying, 'that, in so important and nice a point, I ought not only to give your majesty an account of my own thoughts, but, as near as I could collect, the thoughts of the whole committee.' It is therefore in obedience to *her* commands, and no presumption of my own, that I venture to report to your majesty that every body agreed the decision should be left to admiral Russell." These words give no very brilliant idea of the abilities of Mary's assistant in government, but they illustrate some of her difficulties in eliciting the opinions of her council, and bringing them to an unanimous decision. Could queen Mary have examined their private escritoirs, and opened the autograph letters which we have opened, her spirit must have failed in utter despair at witnessing their complicated treachery; and whether the intent of these double-dealing men was to betray her or her father, the disgust excited by their conduct is equal. A majority among the great body of the people, backed by the system of formidable standing armies, supported her, and the queen again steered the vessel of the state safely through all dangers; but the more the separate treasons are considered, the higher ought her abilities in government to be rated.

The queen expedited the legal completion of her best good work, the foundation of Greenwich Hospital, a few days before the return of her husband. The letters-patent for this foundation are dated October 25th, 1694. It was destined for the use of those seamen of her royal navy who, by age, wounds, or other accidents, should be disabled from further service at sea. There was afterwards established a liberal naval school for their children. The legal instrument sets forth, "that the king and queen granted to sir John Somers, lord keeper, and other great officers of state, eight acres of their manor of Greenwich, and that capital messuage, lately built by their royal uncle, king Charles II., and still remaining unfinished, commonly called 'the palace of

Greenwich,' and several other edifices and buildings standing upon part of the aforesaid ground bounded by the Thames, and by admeasurement along that river 673 feet, to the east end of an edifice called 'the Vestry,' southward on the 'old Tiltyard' and the 'queen's garden,'[1] and westward on the 'Friar's-road,' and bounded by other lands belonging to the crown."[2]

In the subsequent confirmation of this grant by William III. in 1695, the king mentions the foundation "as a particular wish of the queen;" thus the conversion of this unfinished palace, which remained a national reproach, into an institution which is one of its glories, originated with Mary II., who, nevertheless, contributed nothing towards the endowment or support of the charity from her own purse. Something, perhaps, she meant to give, yet that part called by her name remained unfinished as late as 1752 for want of funds; and when king William endowed the hospital with the sum of 8000*l.* in 1695, that sum was taken out of the civil list, and thus was entirely the charity of the English nation.[3] No doubt, the queen would have been better pleased if she had been suffered to endow her hospital with her family spoils, than to have had the grief and shame of seeing them dispensed where they were.[4] This explanation is needful to show wherefore queen Mary, with every good-

[1] One of the landing-places at Greenwich is still called Garden-stairs. These names are almost the only vestiges that remain of the ancient palace and convent there.

[2] Halsted's History of Kent, vol. i. p. 22.

[3] An equal sum was collected from the munificence of private individuals in London. A scheme was afterwards arranged for the support of the hospital by the deduction of sixpence a-month from the wages of the seamen, a plan probably not intended by queen Mary.

[4] It is a fact scarcely credible, but nevertheless true, that her husband seized upon the ancient inheritance in Ireland, her father's private property, possessions derived from Elizabeth de Burgh by her descendants through his ancestors the Mortimers, and endowed with them the infamous Elizabeth Villiers. To this woman he had granted 95,649 acres of land, the private estate of king James, valued at 25,995*l.* per annum. It is a satisfaction to find that the house of commons, some years afterwards, in the lifetime of king William, enraged at this appropriation, forced this woman to give up her spoils, and likewise tore enormous estates from the Dutch favourites, Bentinck, Ginkle, and Keppel, and ordained their restitution, with all the income pertaining to them since the 13th of February, 1687.—Toone's Chronology.

will to become a most munificent foundress, was forced to limit her benefactions to the grant of a deserted palace, and the simple permission of existence to this great charity. Nevertheless, there was no little intellect in the act of projecting and instituting such an establishment as Greenwich Hospital, and appropriating a palace, in which her husband delighted not to dwell, to so noble and beneficent a purpose.

England perhaps owed the firm establishment of her naval power to the delight which her sovereigns in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries took in their residence at Greenwich-palace, where they loved to dwell, with all their mighty navy anchored around them. The Tudors, and especially the Stuarts, then felt themselves monarchs of the ocean, and exulted in every gallant ship added to their navy, as the cavalier rejoices in a new battle-steed. These vessels being thus completely under the eyes of their sovereign, he and all his race took pleasure in, and became judges of those marine and colonial statistics, with which the true interests of this empire are vitally connected. The navy of England, likewise the mighty colonies founded in the intervals of peace in the seventeenth century, declined miserably for upwards of fifty years after the reigning sovereign had given up the naval palace of Greenwich. The queen, in 1694, was required by *some* persons (who were, it is supposed, king William and his Dutch favourites) to demolish all the royal structures appertaining to Greenwich-palace before she commenced the naval hospital; but her majesty had enough regard for the place to resist this proposal. "I mean," she said, "to retain the wing, builded by my uncle Charles II., as a royal reception-palace on the landing of foreign princes or ambassadors; likewise the water-stairs, and approach to the same." The beautiful structure in the lower park, (to this day called 'the queen's house,') which was built by Charles I. for his queen, Henrietta Maria, it was the intention of queen Mary still to retain as a royal villa, for her own occasional retirement, telling sir Christopher Wren "that she meant him to add the four pavilions at the corners, as origi-

nally designed by Inigo.[1] With this resolution, her majesty ordered to be left a 'head-road' from the landing-place, leading to the small palace." Thus Mary had planned to dwell occasionally at Greenwich, perhaps for the purpose of watching, in the true spirit of a foundress, over the noble hospital she had designed to raise around; such was "her majesty's absolute determination," to quote the words of her surveyor,[2] —such were her plans when looking forward to a long vista of years, not knowing how few weeks were really to be her own.

For several months the queen had been in imminent danger from the machinations of a knot of dark conspirators among her guards, of whom the chief plotter, sir George Barclay, was lieutenant-general. He had been a violent revolutionist, but on some recent affront connected himself with the Jacobite interest. By means of his coadjutor, captain Williamson, of the same corps, he had, under feigned names, sounded king James regarding an assassination of William III. This scheme the exiled king forbad with detestation. Sir George Barclay then affected to adopt, in his own name, another plan. He wrote, "that he and sir John Friend hoped, by a stratagem, to seize 'the prince and princess of Orange,' and *bring them* to his majesty, their father, at St. Germains."[3] As this plot was formed by noted revolutionists, employed in guarding her person, there actually existed a possibility that the daughter might have been dragged across the seas into the presence of her father. Nothing, after the success of two revolutions in one century,

[1] Life of Sir Christopher Wren. Hawksmoor's Account of Greenwich Hospital, 1728. He was deputy-surveyor. [2] Ibid.

[3] State-Papers, edited by Macpherson, vol. i. p. 467, and Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain, p. 74. This very clause must acquit James II. of all desire of assassinating his nephew. Two years afterwards, this strange scheme was matured by these men into an assassination-plot against William III., then a widower, who was to have been murdered when returning to London from hunting at Richmond. No less than ten gentlemen were put to death for this plot, called in history "Sir John Friend's Conspiracy." It is worthy of remark, that the leaders or executors of all the assassination-plots, in this reign and the next, had been revolutionists, or officers from William's own band of French refugees, as Grandval and Guiscard; the latter, however, is supposed not to have joined the refugee corps till after the king's death.

seemed, in fact, too wild and perilous to be undertaken by English political adventurers.

Queen Mary condescended to encourage a spy and tale-bearer in the family of the princess, her sister, being the quaker-nurse of her nephew, who had been given the offices of breakfast-woman and dry-nurse, after he had been weaned; nothing, however, could satisfy her. She would be mistress over every body, and would complain of every individual to the lady governess, (Fitzharding,) who was heard to say, "that if the quakeress Pack was a year longer at court, she would be too much for all there." Lady Fitzharding soon found out that this woman had insinuated herself into favour with the queen, and particularly with the ladies who were not on friendly terms with the princess Anne, and busied herself with carrying tales out of the establishment at Campden and Berkeley-houses to her majesty. Such conduct was inconvenient to lady Fitzharding, who had undertaken the same office, but thought it safest to play a double game. The queen, in course of time, gave Mrs. Pack's husband a place in the Custom-house. The quakeress-nurse, finding that her practices were suspected, requested to retire, under plea of ill-health. The princess Anne consented, and gave her an annuity of 40*l.* per annum. Scarcely had the nurse retired from the healthy air of Kensington to Deptford, when she caught the smallpox. Whilst she remained very ill, the duke of Gloucester sent every day to hear how she was. None of the household at Campden-house had the least idea of her danger. One morning the duke of Gloucester was asked, "Whether he should send, as usual, to know how his nurse was?"—"No," he said, "for she is dead." "How do you know, sir?" asked his attendant. "That is no matter," replied the young duke; "but I am sure she is dead." Mrs. Wanley, one of his women, then observed "that the young duke had told her yesterday, that he knew Pack would die next day." The child was right; his nurse actually died just before the discussion took place. This coincidence occasioned no little consternation in his household, for they said it was physi-

cally impossible that the child, or any one else, could have been informed of the fact by natural means. The young duke was taken to visit his aunt, queen Mary, next day. Perhaps her majesty had heard this marvellous tale, for she led the way to it, by asking him, "If he were sorry to hear that his nurse was dead?" The child replied, "No, madam." And this most unsatisfactory reply was all the queen could elicit from her little nephew on the subject. Mrs. Atkinson succeeded the quakeress-nurse in her offices. "She was," says Lewis Jenkins, "niece to my good countrywoman, Mrs. Butt,[1] who had the honour to see how the princess Anne was fed when a child."

The issue of a new coinage engaged the attention of the queen's government in this summer. So much had the coin been debased in her reign, that good Caroluses or Jacobuses passed for thirty shillings cash. The circulation in England was greatly injured by base guineas, coined in Holland. The heads of the two regnant sovereigns were impressed on the new coins,—not like Philip and Mary looking into each other's faces, but in the more elegant manner of one profile appearing beyond the other. Philip Rotier, one of the artists patronised by James II., had positively refused to work for William and Mary. His son, Norbert Rotier, was not so scrupulous. In 1694 he was employed in designing some dies for the copper coinage and a medal, charged with the double profile, and Britannia on the reverse, when it was discovered that William's head bore an impertinent likeness to that of a satyr; and this circumstance made a great noise, and was followed by the report that James II. was concealed in Rotier's house in the Tower. Norbert Rotier, finding himself an object of suspicion, retired to France.[2]

The queen had anxiously expected her husband from

[1] This is, perhaps, the same name as *Buss*, who is mentioned in the Clarendon Diary as nurse to the princess Anne. According to Lewis Jenkins, she had the office of keeper of the privy-purse to the princess.

[2] Where he designed several medals for the chevalier St. George. He was succeeded in his office by Harris, the player, an unworthy favourite of the duchess of Cleveland, who was ignorant of the art.—Fine Arts of Great Britain, by Taylor.

Holland throughout the latter part of October and the beginning of November: he was detained by the French fleet. He arrived, however, at Margate on the 12th of November: his queen met him at Rochester, and they travelled safely to Kensington.[1] The king opened his parliament next day. After voting thanks to the queen for her courage and firm administration, the parliament proceeded to impeach her favourite prime-minister, then duke of Leeds, for the infamous corruption of his government; likewise sir John Trevor, the late speaker, for receiving bribes himself, and for distributing them in the house of commons. In the course of these inquiries the names of her majesty's immediate attendants, if not her own, were compromised. The following passage on this head is abstracted from the scanty details preserved in the journals of the house of lords. Sir Thomas Cooke, the chairman, had sent a bribe on the part of the East-India company to the lord president of queen Mary's cabinet-council, (the marquess of Carmarthen,[2]) by sir Basil Firebrass, which gentleman further deposed, "That they found great stops in the charters, which they apprehended proceeded, sometimes from my lord Nottingham, the queen's lord chamberlain, and sometimes from others; that colonel Fitzpatrick received one thousand guineas on the same terms as the others, on condition that the charter passed; that he pretended great interest with lord Nottingham, and that he could get information from the lady Derby [mistress of the robes] how the queen's pleasure was?"[3] Lord Nottingham, the same deponent declared, "rejected a bribe of five thousand guineas indignantly." It is found that colonel Fitzpatrick died soon after the queen; no one, therefore, could ascertain whether he had been calumniated, or whether he had himself insinuated calumnies on her majesty and her mistress

[1] Ralph's History, vol. ii. p. 535.

[2] Formerly lord Danby, afterwards marquess of Carmarthen, then duke of Leeds. The passage is from Parliamentary Debates in England, printed 1739; vol. iii. p. 23.

[3] Parliamentary Debates in England, printed 1739, vol. iii. p. 23.

of the robes. All that need be said on this head is, that queen Mary, in her letters, displays no tendency to any unrighteous acquisition of the public money. The fatal illness under which her majesty succumbed immediately after the parliamentary inquiries on this head,—which commenced in the house of commons on the king's return,—at once interrupted the examination, and spared the queen the confusion of finding proved the foul deeds of which her ministers were capable. The long-disputed bill, limiting parliaments to three years' duration, was brought in the same autumn: it did not seem more palatable to the elective king and queen than to their predecessors.

Whilst these troubles and disgraces were impending, a disaster occurred which greatly agitated and distressed queen Mary. She was at Whitehall chapel, November 24, when the service suddenly ceased: archbishop Tillotson, who was officiating before her majesty, was silenced with a stroke of paralysis; he never spoke again, but died a few days afterwards. Archbishop Tillotson had grown excessively fat and corpulent at the time of his death. Notwithstanding his florid and exuberant condition of person, his friends considered that his life had been shortened by the sorrow and dejection which his elevation had brought on him.[1] Just as archbishop Tillotson expired, a lady came into the apartment where her majesty was sitting, and said, she believed "that all the dignified clergy had come to court that day, to show themselves." The queen replied, "There is one I am sure is absent, which is the dean of Canterbury." Some of the company observed, "that not one was missing." A lady of the queen's household, who knew dean Hooper, went out to see; she returned and said, "He is not there."—"No," replied the queen, "I can answer for him. I knew he was not there."

[1] Life of Tillotson. There were found in the possession of archbishop Tillotson numerous letters, containing the most furious threats against his life, and revilings of his character; he had endorsed these words on the packets, "I have read these letters, I thank God calmly, and may the writers forgive themselves as easily as I forgive them."

All trifles make a strong impression when connected with unexpected death: superstition is at such times very active. It will be remembered that Dr. Hooper had declared to queen Mary, that the great walnut-tree which kept the people from seeing her when she sojourned at his deanery at Canterbury, should be cut down; by a curious accident, it was felled at the very moment of Tillotson's death, who, as the story goes, had planted it with his own hand when he was dean of Canterbury.[1]

Again was queen Mary made responsible in the eyes of all England for the choice of the primate of the English church; once more it fell on a man who had not been educated in its creed: this was Dr. Tennison, who was soon after raised to the archbishopric of Canterbury. The nomination did not please all queen Mary's courtiers; among others lord Jersey, the brother of Elizabeth Villiers. He reminded her majesty, "that Dr. Tennison had been much contemned for preaching a funeral sermon, and at the same time pronouncing a high panegyric over a woman so infamous as Nell Gwynne, for the lucre of fifty pounds, which that person had provided for the purpose in her will." Queen Mary showed more discomposure of countenance at this remonstrance than she ever betrayed before on any occasion. "What then!" she replied, after a pause of great confusion. "No doubt the poor woman was severely penitent, or, I am sure, by the good doctor's looks, he would have said nothing in her praise."[2] Queen Mary might have defended Dr. Tennison far better, by mentioning his conduct of Christian heroism in Cambridge during the horrors of the plague, when he acted both as physician and clergyman: she knew it not, or she would have urged so noble a plea. Her wishes really were, that Dr. Stillingfleet should be pro-

[1] Hooper MS.; but a walnut-tree of thirty or thirty-three years' growth could not have been a large one.

[2] Bio. Brit. Mistress Nelly was in the enjoyment of 1500*l*. per annum, which had been secured to her by James II.—Clarendon Diary, Appendix, p. 654. It is said, that out of gratitude she turned papist, but recanted when times changed, or queen Mary would not have entered on her defence. Nelly had left fifty pounds for her funeral sermon. Dr. Tennison's panegyric, when earning this sum, caused no little scandal on the clerical character.

moted to the primacy.[1] King William's nomination of Dr. Tennison was induced by his controversial sermons against the Roman-catholics. He had been bred as a physician, and practised as such in the time of Cromwell.

The queen, for many days, could not mention Tillotson without tears; the king was likewise much affected by his death. Indeed, since her majesty had witnessed the primate's mortal stroke, she had neither appeared well, nor in spirits. The royal pair were residing at Kensington-palace, with the intent to pass the Christmas in retirement, when the queen became seriously indisposed on the 19th of December. She took some slight remedies, and declared herself well the next day. The remedy thus mentioned was a noxious spirituous cordial, that the queen usually took in large doses when ill, against which her faithful physician, Dr. Walter Harris, affirms[2] he had vainly warned her, explaining to her that it was many degrees stronger, and more heating, than the usual strength of brandy; and that such draughts, for a person of her corpulence and sanguiferous complexion, were like to be fatal, in case of eruptive diseases. After swallowing this stimulant, it can scarcely excite surprise that her illness returned in the course of a few hours. "The next day," says Burnet,[3] "which was the 20th of December, she went abroad, but could not disguise being ill." How truly the queen anticipated the result, may be found from her conduct and employment. She sat up nearly all that night in her cabinet, burning and destroying papers, on which she did not wish the public, at any future time, to pass judgment. Burnet praises this action, as one of great consideration towards "people whom these papers would have committed,

[1] Burnet's MS., Harleian Collection, 6584.

[2] Dr. Harris's Letter on Queen Mary's Case of Smallpox united with Measles. It is a warning against the heating system of treating smallpox: this salutary remonstrance saved myriads of lives afterwards. The physician attributes the fatal termination of Mary's illness to her spirituous cordial, which, against the advice of Dr. Harris, was her specific in all cases of indisposition. Once or twice previously, he says, it had nearly destroyed her: he supposes she took a double dose of it after her relapse, and thus her case was rendered utterly desperate.

[3] Burnet's MS., Harleian Coll.

if seen after she was no more." Queen Mary was certainly anxious that these documents should not commit her memory, and took a sure way of depriving biographers of them. Yet by those which remain, dark mysterious surmises are raised regarding the portentous nature of those destroyed. What state secrets were those which could induce her to keep a solitary vigil in her closet at Kensington in a December night, and, with death in her veins, devote herself to the task, at once agitating and fatiguing, of examining and destroying important papers? What thoughts, what feelings, must have passed through the brain of queen Mary on that awful night, thus alone—with her past life, and with approaching death! Strange contrast between an unfortunate father and a fortunate daughter: James II. preserved every document which could cast light on his conduct, valuing their preservation before life itself;[1] Mary II. destroyed all in her power which could give the stamp of certainty to her personal history. The queen finished her remarkable occupations on that night by writing a letter to her husband on the subject of Elizabeth Villiers, which she endorsed, "Not to be delivered, excepting in case of my death," and locked it in an ebony cabinet, in which she usually kept papers of consequence.

As might have been anticipated, queen Mary was exceedingly indisposed on the day succeeding these agitating vigils. Her disorder was, however, some two or three days afterwards, supposed to be only the measles, and great hopes were entertained of her recovery; but on the identity of her malady her physicians could not agree,—Dr. Radcliffe declaring that she would have the measles, and Dr. Millington the smallpox.[2] Burnet affirms, that the fatal turn of her malady was owing to Dr. Radcliffe, in remarkable words, which are not to be found in his printed history, as follows: "I will not enter into another province, nor go out of my

[1] There can be little doubt that the box which James risked his life to preserve when the Gloucester was sinking, contained his memoirs as far as they were written, and the vouchers on which they were founded.

[2] Ralph's History, p. 539.

own profession," says Burnet's MS., "and so will say no more of the physician's part but that it was universally condemned; so that the queen's death was imputed to the unskilfulness and wilfulness of Dr. Radcliffe, an impious and vicious man, who hated the queen much, but virtue and religion more. He was a professed Jacobite, and was by many thought a very bad physician; but others cried him up to the highest degree imaginable. He was called for, and it appeared but too evidently his opinion was depended on. Other physicians were called when it was too late: all symptoms were bad, yet still the queen felt herself well."[1] Radcliffe's mistake was, taking the smallpox for the measles; but this is an idle charge, since the proper treatment for the one eruptive disease would by no means render the other mortal. The truth was, the queen was full and large in person, somewhat addicted to good living, both in regard to food and wine: she likewise drank rich chocolate at bed-time. Smallpox, and even measles, are dangerous visitations to patients of thirty-two with similar habits. Nor is Dr. Radcliffe answerable for the queen's high-fed condition and luxurious habits, as he was not her household physician,[2] and therefore not bound by his duties to give advice in regard to dietary temperance. The domestic physicians were the traitors, who had failed to counsel the queen on the regulation of her appetites.

While this desperate malady was dealing with the queen, her sister, the princess Anne, and her ambitious favourite, lady Marlborough, were startled from the torpor they had long suffered at Berkeley-house, into a state of feverish expectation of the sudden importance which would accrue to them if her majesty's illness proved fatal. The princess Anne was then in a dubious state of health herself, for drop-

[1] So written. Burnet's MS., Harleian, 6524.

[2] Dr. Radcliffe was considered the most skilful physician of his day. He really was a Jacobite: he attended the revolutionary sovereigns very unwillingly, and studied to plague them with vexatious repartees. Nevertheless, they all insisted on receiving his medical assistance. He has been separately blamed for killing queen Mary, king William, the duke of Gloucester, and queen Anne, either by his attendance or his non-attendance.

sical maladies impaired her constitution. She flattered herself with hopes of an increase to her family; in consequence, she confined herself to the house, and passed the day constantly reclining on a couch.[1] Thus the princess was prevented by the infirmity of her health from visiting the sick-bed of her sister, from whose chamber there is every reason to believe she would have been repulsed. Although queen Mary was in a very doubtful state on the morning of the 22nd of December, king William left Kensington, and gave his royal assent in the house of lords to the important bill for passing triennial parliaments. It is supposed his foresight led him to this measure; since, in the case of the queen's death, and the consequent weakening of his title to the crown, he could not have yielded this concession with equal dignity.[2]

No regular intercourse took place between the palace at Kensington and Berkeley-house, and all the intelligence of whatever passed in either household was conveyed by the ex-official tattling of servants of the lower grade: laundresses questioned nurses, or ushers carried the tales thus gathered. All was in the dark at the princess's establishment as late as Christmas-day, o.s., respecting the malady of the queen, when Lewis Jenkins was sent to obtain information of Mrs. Worthington, the queen's laundress, regarding how her majesty really was. The news thus gained was, however, by no means correct. "As I loved the queen much," says Lewis Jenkins, "I was transported with hearing she had rested well that night, and that she had not the smallpox, but the measles. The queen was much beloved. She had found the means of pleasing the people by her obliging deportment, and had, besides, the command of plenty of money to give away, which proved a powerful persuasive with many for loving her. I went into the duke of Gloucester's bedchamber, where I threw up my hat, and said, 'O be joyful!' The ladies asked me 'what I meant?' I then related the good news; and the little duke said, 'I am glad of it, with all my

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 105.
[2] Ralph's History, p. 535.

heart!' But the next day, when I went to inquire at the palace after the queen, I was informed 'that, in consequence of being let blood, the smallpox had turned black, and that her majesty's death drew near, for nature was prevented from working her course.' I was this day in waiting, and talking over the ill news with Mrs. Wanley, one of the little duke of Gloucester's women, in a low tone, imagining that the child could not hear our conversation, as he was playing with George Wanley. His highness suddenly exclaimed, 'O be joyful!' I hearing this, asked him 'where he learnt that expression?'—'Lewis, *you* know,' said his highness. 'Sir,' said I, 'yesterday I cried, O be joyful!'—'Yes,' rejoined the queen's nephew; 'and now, to-day, you may sing, O be doleful!' which I wondered to hear."[1]

The danger of the queen being thus matter of notoriety throughout the corridors and servants' offices of Campden and Berkeley-houses, the princess Anne thought it time to send a lady of her bedchamber with a message, entreating her majesty "to believe that she was extremely concerned for her illness; and that if her majesty would allow her the happiness of waiting on her, she would, notwithstanding the condition she was in, run any hazard for her satisfaction." This message was delivered to the queen's first lady, being lady Derby, who went into the royal bedchamber and delivered it to her majesty. A consultation took place. After some time, lady Derby came out again, and replied to the messenger of the princess Anne, "that the king would send an answer the next day." Had the queen wished to be reconciled to her sister, there was thus opportunity, for this message was sent some time before her death. No kind familiar answer was returned from the dying queen to her sister, but the following formal court notation, from the first lady of her majesty to the lady of the princess:[2]—

"MADAM,

"I am commanded by the king and queen to tell you, they desire you would let the princess know they both thank her for sending and desiring to come;

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[1] Lewis Jenkins' History: Tracts, Brit. Museum.

[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

but it being thought so necessary to keep the queen as quiet as possible, hope she will defer it. I am, madam, your ladyship's most humble servant,

"E. Derby.

"P. S.—Pray, madam, present my humble duty to the princess."

The unusual civility of the postscript astonished the little court at Berkeley-house. The deductions drawn from it were prophetical of the fatal termination of the queen's illness, but not a single expression indicative of human feeling or yearning kindness towards the sufferer is recorded by lady Marlborough as falling from the princess Anne, whether such were the case or not. The politeness of lady Derby's postscript, who had been previously remarked for her insolence to the princess, "made us conclude," observes lady Marlborough, "more than if the whole college of physicians had pronounced it, that her disease was mortal."

Many persons, and even some individuals belonging to the household of the princess, were allowed to see the queen in her sick chamber; therefore it was concluded, that deferring the proposed visit of the princess was only to leave room for continuing the quarrel in case the queen should chance to recover, while, at the same time, it left a possibility of a political reconciliation with the king in case of her majesty's death.[1] Such were the surmises and proceedings at Berkeley-house while death, every hour, approached nearer to queen Mary. The king certainly despaired of his consort's life, "for the next day, (December 26,)" says Burnet, "he called me into his closet, and gave a free vent to the most tender passions. He burst into tears, and cried out aloud 'that, from being the happiest, he was going to be the most miserable creature on the earth;' adding, 'that, during their whole wedlock, he had never known one single fault in his queen. There was, besides, a worth in her that nobody knew besides himself, though *I* [Burnet] might know as much of her as any other person did.' "

As the queen's illness fluctuated, the princess Anne and lady Marlborough became ungovernably agitated with their hopes and fears; and as they could obtain no intelligence which they could trust, they at last resolved to despatch lady

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 106.

Fitzharding to Kensington-palace, where she undertook to see the queen and speak to her. Accordingly, charged with a dutiful message to her majesty, the lady Fitzharding "broke in," whether the queen's attendants "would or not;" and approaching the bed where her majesty was, made her speech, to express "in how much concern the princess Anne was." The dying Mary gasped out, "Thanks," and the lady went back to her princess with a report that her kind message had been very coldly received.[1] Lady Fitzharding had means of knowing the private feelings of the queen towards the princess, because her majesty was surrounded by the brothers and sisters of that lady. The real tendency of the mind of the king, as well as that of the queen, was likewise known to lady Fitzharding through the communication of her sister Elizabeth, his mistress; and if we may credit the testimony of the Marlborough, she reported that her majesty was most inimical to the princess Anne to her last gasp. Without giving too much belief to a witness of lady Marlborough's disposition, it may be observed that the whole bearings of the case tend to the same conclusion. Another contemporary lady of the household affirms, that the queen "was sinking fast into unconsciousness when lady Fitzharding forced herself into her bedchamber, and that the single word she spoke was indeed all she was able to utter."

The face of the queen was covered with the most violent erysipelas the Friday before her death. Dr. Walter Harris, who sat up with the queen from the seventh night of her illness, in his letter extant describing her symptoms of the dreadful martyrdom she suffered, attributes these terrific eruptions to the hot doses she swallowed on the first attack of the disease. A frightful carbuncle settled just over the heart; and smallpox pustules, which he compares to the plague-spots, are mentioned by him, with other evils which the queen endured too terrible for general perusal. When these alarming indications appeared, her physicians declared to her husband that there remained no hopes of her

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 107.

life. He received the intelligence with every sign of despair. He ordered his camp-bed to be brought into the chamber of his dying consort, and remained with her night and day, while she struggled between life and death. It is possible that he was desirous of preventing any thing that she might say respecting the events of her past life. Our authority, however, declares that his demeanour was most affectionate, and that "although greatly addicted to the pleasures of eating, he never tasted food during three successive dreadful days."[1] He stifled the noise of his asthmatic cough so effectually, that the queen, now and then starting from her lethargic doze, asked "where the king was? for she did not hear his cough."[2] "When the desperate condition of her majesty," says Burnet, "became evident to all around her, archbishop Tennison told the king that he could not do his duty faithfully, without he acquainted her with her danger. The king approved of it, and said, 'that whatever effect it might have, he would not have her deceived in so important a matter.' The queen anticipated the communication of the archbishop, but showed no fear or disorder upon it. She said 'she thanked God she had always carried this in her mind, that nothing was to be left to the last hour: she had nothing then to do, but to look up to God and submit to his will.' She said 'that she had wrote her mind on many things to the king;' and she gave orders to look carefully for a small escritoire she made use of that was in her closet, which was to be delivered to the king. Having despatched that care, she avoided giving herself or her husband the tenderness which a final parting might have raised in them both." When it is remembered, that the casket the queen was thus careful to have put into his hands contained the letter of complaint and reproof written by her at the time of her memorable vigil in her cabinet at Kensington, it is difficult to consider that Mary died on friendly

[1] Inedited French MS., in the Bibliothèque du Roi, of which the above is a translation. No. 1715.

[2] True and Secret History of the Kings and Queens of England, by a Person of Honour. From the library of his royal highness the late duke of Sussex.

terms with her husband, or that her refusal to bid him farewell proceeded from tenderness. "The day before she died," continues Burnet, "she received the sacrament: all the bishops who were attending were permitted to receive it with her,—God knows, a sorrowful company, for we were losing her who was our chief hope and glory on earth."[1] "The queen, after receiving the sacrament, composed herself solemnly to die; she slumbered some time, but said that she was not refreshed by it, and that nothing did her good but prayer. She tried once or twice to say something to the king, but could not go through with it. She laid silent for some hours, and then some words came from her, which showed that her thoughts began to break."[2] The queen's mind, in fact, wandered very wildly the day before she expired. The hallucinations with which she was disturbed were dreary, and the nature of them certainly indicates that somewhat remained on her mind, of which she had not spoken. Her majesty mysteriously required to be left alone with archbishop Tennison, as she had something to tell him, and her chamber was cleared in consequence. The archbishop breathlessly expected some extraordinary communication. The dying queen said, "I wish you to look behind that screen, for Dr. Radcliffe has put a popish nurse upon me, and that woman is always listening to what I want to say. She lurks behind that screen; make her go away. That woman is a great disturbance to me."[3]

The popish nurse, which the queen fancied that her Jacobite physician, Dr. Radcliffe, had "put upon her," was but an unreal phantom, the coinage of her wandering brain. Her father's friends, who were more numerous in her palace than she was aware of, fancied that, instead of describing

[1] Burnet's History of His Own Times. This writer (or his interpolator) slurs over the circumstance of the queen's departure without reconciliation with her sister. Sarah of Marlborough's testimony is, we think, better deserving belief, because her words are supported by circumstantial detail and documents. She asserts "that queen Mary departed in enmity to her sister; that *no message was sent to the princess.*" Moreover, in three several versions of the queen's death among Burnet's MSS., Harleian Collection, Brit. Museum, the passage does not occur; neither is the name of the princess mentioned in the course of them.

[2] Burnet.

[3] Ralph, vol. ii. p. 540.

this spectre to archbishop Tennison, she was confessing her filial sins to him. A contemporary of queen Mary uses these remarkable words, when mentioning the interview: "But whether she had any scruples relating to her father, and they made part of her discourse with Tennison, and that arch-divine took upon his own soul the pressures which, in these weak unguarded moments, might weigh upon hers, must now remain a secret unto the last day.[1] The story, however, of the phantom-nurse that perplexed queen Mary's last moments, was told by archbishop Tennison himself to the historian, bishop White Kennet."

It was supposed, on the Sunday evening, that the queen was about to expire, which information was communicated to the king, who fell fainting, and did not recover for half an hour: that day he had swooned thrice. Many of his attendants thought that he would die the first.[2] Queen Mary breathed her last, between night and morning, on the 28th of December, 1694,[3] in the sixth year of her reign, and the thirty-third of her age. The moment the breath left her body, the lord chancellor commanded the great seal to be broken, and another made on which the figure of William III. was impressed *solus*.[4]

A Roman-catholic priest,[5] who was a spy of the Jacobites, had been roaming round Kensington, watching for intelligence during the awful three days while Mary II. struggled between life and death. He had the opportunity of receiving the earliest news of her demise, probably from lord Jersey, who was secretly of his religion. The priest departed before dawn on the night of the queen's death; he meant

[1] MS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris, No. 1715. [2] Ibid.

[3] This is old style. The French date her death January 7, 1695.

[4] MS. of the Bibliothèque du Roi. The great seal of William and Mary represents them enthroned, sitting with an altar between them; upon it is resting the globe of sovereignty, on which they each place a hand. In the reverse, London is represented in the back-ground; but it is *old* London before the fire, for old St. Paul's is very clearly represented, and, to make the matter stranger, the monument is introduced. Mary and William are equestrian figures uncrowned; he is like a Roman emperor, in profile, while the queen turns her face full on him. Her hair is dressed high in front, and streams over the shoulder before her: she is represented wholly without ornament.

[5] Dangeau, vol. iii. p. 512.

to take his speediest course to St. Germains, but he fell ill of a violent fever at Abbeville, probably the result of his nocturnal perambulations in Hyde-park or Kensington-gardens in December. This intelligencer of Mary's demise himself remained between life and death for three days. At last he recovered sufficiently to despatch a messenger to James II. at St. Germains, who sent, forthwith, one of his gentlemen to hear his tidings.[1]

The report of the illness of Mary II. had been current in France for several days, but in the absence of authentic intelligence all sorts of rumours prevailed; among others, "that she had recovered, and that William III. was dead." The right version of the tidings spread over France when king James's messenger returned from the priest's sick-bed at Abbeville, January 13th, N.S. Madame de Sévigné mentions these circumstances in her letters, and she gives Mary II. as an instance of the transitory nature of all mundane glories. "She was," says her illustrious contemporary, "but thirty-three; she was beautiful, she was a reigning queen, and she is dead in three days. But the great news is, that the prince of Orange (William III.) is assuredly very ill; for though the malady of his wife was contagious, he never quitted her, and it is the will of God that he will not quit her long." William III., however, bore on his face marks which entirely secured him from any danger respecting the contagious malady of which his queen died; and if he was very ill at the time of her death, his malady did not arise from the smallpox. When the news was confirmed of the death of Mary, her father shut himself up in his apartments and refused all visits; he observed the mourning of solitude and tears, but he would not wear black for her death.[2]

James II. likewise sent to Louis XIV. to request him not to wear mourning for his daughter, and not to order a court-mourning. Otherwise, as she was so nearly allied to the king of France, being the grand-daughter of his aunt, this

[1] An inedited MS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi, in French, marked 1715.
[2] Dangeau, vol. iii. p. 512.

order would have appeared, although it would have been a great absurdity considering the deadly war subsisting, which seemed more personal than national, between the families of Orange, Stuart, and Bourbon. Some of the old nobility of France claimed kindred with the house of Orange; among others, were the dukes de Bouillon and Duras, who thought fit to assume mourning: they were sternly commanded by Louis XIV. "to put it off."[1] The duke de St. Simon blames the royal order as a petty vengeance. This acute observer is among the few writers who do justice to the great abilities of Mary in government; at the same time, he bears the testimony of a contemporary, "that she was much more bitter against her father than was her husband." The conduct of James II. was influenced by the horror which he felt at ascertaining that his once-beloved child had expired without any message or expression of sorrow and regret at the sufferings which she had been the means of causing him. He observes, "that many of his partisans fancied that her death would pave the way for his restoration," but he made no additional efforts on that account; indeed he says, "the event only caused him the additional affliction of seeing a child, whom he loved so tenderly, persevere to her death in such a signal state of disobedience and disloyalty, and to find her extolled for crimes as if they were the highest virtues by the mercenary flatterers around her. Even archbishop Tennison reckoned among her virtues," adds king James, "that she had got the better of all duty to her parent in consideration of her religion and her country; and that, even if she had done aught blameworthy, she had acted by the advice of the most learned men in the church, who were answerable for it, not she."[2] When king James heard this reported speech, he cried out, "Oh, miserable way of arguing! fatal to the deceiver and to the deceived. Yet by this very saying, she discovered both her scruple and her apprehension." He declared himself "much afflicted

[1] Dangeau, vol. iii. p. 512, and St. Simon, vol. i. p. 255.
[2] Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clark.

at her death, and more at her manner of dying;" and affirmed, "that both his children had lost all bowels of compassion for him; for the princess of Denmark, notwithstanding her professions and late repentance, now appeared to be satisfied with the prince of Orange, (William III.). Though he had used her ill, and usurped her right, yet she preferred that he should remain, rather than her father, who had always cherished her beyond expression, should be restored."[1]

Archbishop Tennison delivered to the king the deceased queen's posthumous letter, together with a reproving message she had confided to him. At the same time, he took the liberty of adding a severe lecture to his majesty on the subject of his gross misconduct in regard to Elizabeth Villiers. The king took this freedom in good part, and solemnly promised the archbishop to break off all intimacy with her. The queen's letter expressed to her husband the great pain which his connexion with her rival had always given her.[2] True to the personal forbearance which is a remarkable feature in her conjugal life, she never complained, or told the pangs she suffered from jealousy, till after her own death had taken place; but whether she could be considered to expire in perfect peace and forgiveness to her husband when she left written reproaches, exposing him at the same time to the schooling of a stranger[3] of rude manners on so delicate a subject, is matter for consideration.

It ought to be reckoned among the other pains and penalties of William III., that he was subjected to the admonitions and exhortations of the dissenting-bred clergy whom he had placed in the wealthiest church preferments, he having avowedly not the best opinion of their disinterestedness of conversion. For Burnet he always manifested loath-

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

[2] Shrewsbury MSS., edited by Coxe.

[3] That archbishop Tennison was a personal stranger both to the king and queen, is especially noticed by Burnet. Tennison's appointment had been so recent, on the death of his predecessor, archbishop Tillotson, that when he officiated at the queen's death-bed, it was the first time he had conversed with either.

ing, which was uncontrollable,—a feeling in which, we have seen by her letters, his lost queen fully participated. Burnet, nevertheless, was among the most active of his lecturers on the subject of future good behaviour, and, with infinite self-satisfaction, notes the result. "King William began then the custom, which he has observed ever since very exactly, of going to prayers twice a-day; he entered upon very solemn and serious resolutions of becoming, in all things, an exact Christian, and of breaking off all bad practices whatsoever. He expressed a particular regard to all the queen's inclinations and intentions. He resolved to keep up her family."[1] Such declaration need not excite astonishment: the "family" Burnet means, consisted, not of the queen's near relatives of the exiled royal house, but merely of her household servants; and if the duchess of Marlborough is to be believed, the king afterwards grumbled excessively at paying them the pensions he had promised in the height of these his well-behaved resolutions.

"I confess," pursues Burnet, "that my hopes are so sunk with the queen's death, that I do not flatter myself with further expectations. If things can be kept in tolerable order, so that we have peace and quiet in our days, I dare look for no more. So black a scene of Providence as is now upon us, gives me many dismal apprehensions."[2] As to any reconciliation of the princess Anne with the queen, it is improbable that Burnet believed it took place, since the Harleian contains three different copies of the queen's death from the bishop's pen; and although he speaks as an eye-witness from beginning to end, he mentions not the name of the princess therein. Indeed, the odd and maladroit manner in which that assertion is introduced into the printed history, many pages after its natural date, gives the whole incident a very suspicious aspect. The words are thrust among the current events far into the year 1695; they are *à-propos* to nothing connected with chronological order, and are as follows: "The queen, when she was dying, had received a kind message from, and had sent a reconciling message to, the

[1] Harleian MS., 6584. [2] Burnet's MS., Harleian Collection.

princess, so that breach was made up. 'Tis true the sisters did not meet; 'twas thought that might throw the queen into too great a commotion."[1]

While preparations were being made for the queen's funeral, a great number of elegies and odes were written in praise of her majesty. But poetic talent, excepting in the line of lampoons, was very scarce among the revolutionary party; and as the elegies excited either laughter or contempt, the public press of the day indulged in furious abuse of Dryden, because no panegyric on the queen appeared from his pen. "It is difficult," observes sir Walter Scott,[2] "to conceive in what manner the deprived poet-laureate of the unfortunate James could have treated the memory of his master's daughter." He granted her, at least on that occasion, the mercy of his silence. Dryden was, however, appealed to, in order to decide "which of the numerous effusions to the memory of queen Mary was the best?"—"Bad was the best," was the very natural answer of one of the classical poets of England; but being pressed to pronounce a more distinctive verdict, he said, "that the ode by the duke of Devonshire[3] was the best." Among the royal elegies were included some perpetrations in the pathetic line by the hard, sarcastic profligates, Prior, Congreve, and Swift.[4] Sir Walter Scott suspects that the ducal strains

[1] Burnet's Own Times, edition 1823, with Dartmouth's, Onslow's, and Hardwicke's Notes, vol. iv. p. 157.

[2] Life of Dryden.

[3] "Its memory," says sir Walter, "only survives in an almost equally obscure funeral poem to the memory of William duke of Devonshire, in which these lines occur:—

"'Twas so when the destroyer's dreadful dart
Once pierced through ours to fair Maria's heart.
From his state helm then some short hours he stole,
T' indulge his melting eyes and bleeding soul,
Whilst his bent knees to those remains divine,
Paid their last offering to that royal shrine."

No wonder that sir Walter Scott suspected the merits of the Devonshire tribute, after quoting this abstract of its contents from some writer of less talent than his grace. The duke of Devonshire was, at that time, one of the state-ministers, and had always formed one among the council of nine.

[4] Swift was at that time an expectant of place and profit from William III., under the patronage of sir William Temple.

were in reality the worst, but they eluded his research. They exist at length in the Harleian collection, and prove that Dryden spoke as an honest critic, for they are far superior to the professional poetry published on the occasion. They preserve, withal, some historical allusions; thus, the queen is given the credit of tears she either shed, or feigned to shed, at her coronation, although other witnesses have recorded dark words which escaped her on that occasion against her father's life:—

"ODE BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE ON THE DEATH OF MARY II.

"Long our divided state,
Hung in the balance of a doubtful fate;
When one bright nymph the gathering clouds dispelled,
And all the griefs of Albion healed.
Her the united land obeyed;
She knew her task, and nicely understood
To what intention kings are made,—
Not for their own, but for their people's good.
'Twas that prevailing argument alone
Determined her to fill the vacant throne,
And with sadness she beheld
A crown devolving on her head.

By the excesses of a prince misled,
When by her royal birth compelled
To what her God and what her country claimed,
Though by a servile faction blamed,
How graceful were the tears she shed!

* * * * *

When, waiting only for a wind,[1]
Against our isle the power of France was armed,
Her ruling arts in their true lustre shined,
The winds themselves were by her influence charmed;
Secure and undisturbed the scene
Of Albion seemed, and like her eyes serene.

Fatal to the fair and young,
Accursed disease! how long
Have wretched mothers mourned thy rage,
Robbed of the hope and comfort of their age?

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[1] This historical allusion is to the circumstances of that king's last voyage from Holland, which are not very creditable to the once-triumphant navy of Great Britain, especially when joined to the Dutch marine force. "November, Tuesday 16, 1694. The prince of Orange [William III.] embarked to go to England; the wind beat him back twice, but he persevered, and finally sailed with a fine day. His squadron was strongly reinforced, as he had been told that Jean Bart was watching for him."—Memoirs of Dangeau. William had been waiting all the month for a passage, lest Jean Bart should intercept him.

From the unhappy lover's side,
How often hast thou torn the blooming bride?
Common disasters sorrow raise,
But Heaven's severer frowns amaze.
The queen! a word, a sound,
Of nations once the hope and firm support,
That name becomes unutterable now;
The crowds in that dejected court
Where languishing Maria lay,
Want power to ask the news they come to know:
Silent their drooping heads they bow,
Silence itself proclaims the universal woe.
Even Maria's latest care,[1]
Whom winter's seasons, nor contending Jove,
Nor watchful fleets could from his glorious purpose move,
Now trembles, now he sinks beneath the mighty weight,—
The hero to the man gives way."[2]

Swift's Pindaric ode on the queen of his supposed patron exists in the Athenian Oracle: it cannot be worse. In the Life of Sir William Temple, supposed to be written by Swift, it is asserted "that lady Temple died within a month of her majesty, out of sheer grief for her loss." A great compliment to the queen, but a doubtful one to sir William Temple, who survived his lady.

The queen's memory was illustrated by an historical sermon or oration, preached on occasion of her death by Burnet. These pages cannot, however, be illumined from it by words that glow and burn, such as flowed from the lips of the eloquent Bossuet, when the character and misfortunes of Henrietta Maria were given him for his theme. Burnet's obituary memorial on Henrietta Maria's grand-daughter scarcely rises to the level of quaintness, and his distress for facts on which to hang his excessive praises makes him degenerate into queerness; for after lauding to the utmost the love of queen Mary II. for sermons, (being perfectly ignorant of the bitter contempt she had expressed for his own,) he falls into the following comical commendations:—

"She gave her minutes of leisure with the greatest willingness to architecture and *gardenage*. She had a richness of invention, with a happiness of contrivance, that had airs in it that were *freer* and *nobler than what was more stiff*,

[1] William III.

[2] The elegy would extend over many pages: the necessity for brevity obliges us to present only an abstract, including all the personal allusions possible.

though it might be more regular. She knew that this drew an expense after it: she had no inclinations besides this to any diversions that were expenseful, and since this employed many hands, she was pleased to say, 'that she hoped it would be forgiven her.' Yet she was uneasy when she felt the weight of the charge that lay upon it."

"The gardenage," that had airs in it "freer than those that were more stiff," was, at the close of the seventeenth century, completely on a par with the Dutch architecture perpetrated by Mary and her spouse. Neither was worth placing in the list of a queen-regnant's virtues. Perhaps the following eulogy may seem not greatly adapted for funeral oratory, yet it has the advantage of giving a biographer an insight into the routine of the pretty behaviour and neat sampler way of life that Mary II. mistook for high Christian virtues. "When her eyes were endangered by reading too much, she *found out* the amusement of work." It was no doubt a great discovery on the part of her majesty, but her bad eyes had nothing to do with it, for needle-work, point-stitch, tent-stitch, tapestry-stitch, and all the other stitches, to say nothing of matching shades of silks and threading needles, require better eyesight than reading.

"In all those hours that were not given to better employment, she wrought with her own hands; and sometimes with so constant a diligence, as if she had been to earn her bread by it. It was a new thing, and *looked like a sight*, to see a queen work so many hours a-day. She looked on idleness as the great corruption of human nature, and believed that if the mind had no employment given it, it would create some of the worst sort to itself; and she thought that any thing that might amuse and divert, without leaving a dreg and ill impressions behind it, ought to fill up those vacant hours which were not claimed by devotion or business. Her example soon wrought on, not only those that belonged to her, but the whole town to follow it, so that it became as much the fashion to work, as it had been formerly to be idle. In this, which seemed a nothing, and was turned by some to be the subject of raillery, a greater step was made than perhaps every one was aware of towards the bettering of the age. While she diverted herself thus with work, she took care to give an entertainment to her own mind, as well as to those who were admitted to the honour of working with her; one was appointed to read to the rest; the choice was suited to the time of day and to the employment,—some book or poem that was lively as well as instructing. Few of her sex—not to say of her rank—gave ever less time to dressing, or seemed less curious about it. Those parts *which required more patience were not given up entirely to it.*"

This sentence is somewhat enigmatical; indeed, the whole sermon would prove a useful collection of sentences for those grammarians, who teach a clear style by the means of ex-

posing faulty instances of involved composition. The truth is, that the man's conscience was at war with his words; therefore those words became tortuous and contradictory. He has dared to praise Mary II. for "filial piety," knowing, as he must have done better than any one else, how differently she had conducted herself. He himself has recorded, and blamed, her disgusting conduct at her arrival at Whitehall; but whether it is true that Mary sat complacently to hear this very man grossly calumniate her mother, rests on the word of lord Dartmouth. There is one circumstance that would naturally invalidate the accusation, which is, that it was thoroughly against her own interest,—a point which Mary never lost sight of; for if Anne Hyde was a faithless wife, what reason had her daughter to suppose that she was a more genuine successor to the British crown than the unfortunate brother whose birth she had stigmatized? Nevertheless, the same strain of reasoning holds good against her encouragement of the libellous attacks of the Dutch polemical writer, Jurieu, on Mary queen of Scots. The hatred which her revolutionary policy caused her to express for her unfortunate ancestress seems the more unnatural, on account of the resemblance nature had impressed on both, insomuch that the portrait of Mary queen of Scots at Dalkeith bears as strong a likeness to her descendant, Mary II., in features, when the latter princess was about eighteen, as if she had assumed the costume of the sixteenth century, and sat to the painter. The similarity of the autographs of signature between the two Mary Stuart queens, is likewise very remarkable.

Perhaps the following odd passage in the Burnet panegyric, means to affirm that queen Mary II. was unwilling to be praised in public addresses:—

"Here arises an unexampled *piece of a character*, which may be well begun with; for I am afraid it both begun and will end with her. In most persons, even those of the truest merit, a studied management will, perhaps, appear with a little too much varnish: like a nocturnal piece that has a light cast through even the most shaded parts, some disposition to *set oneself out*, and some satisfaction at being commended, will, at some time or other, show itself more or less. Here we may appeal to great multitudes, to all who had the honour to

approach her, and particularly to those who were admitted to the greatest nearness, if at any one time any thing of this sort did ever discover itself. When due acknowledgments were made, or *decent things* said upon occasions that had well deserved them, (God knows how frequent these were!) these seemed scarce to be heard: they were so little desired that they were presently passed over, without so much as an answer that might seem to entertain the discourse, even while it checked it."

Among other of queen Mary's merits are reckoned her constant apprehensions "that the secret sins of those around her drew down many judgments on her administration and government," a theme on which she very piously dilates in her letters to her husband. Assuredly, an unnatural daughter, and a cruel sister, needed not to have wasted her time in fixing judgments on the secret sins of other people. Amidst this mass of affectation and contradiction, some traits are preserved in regard to the queen's personal amiability in her last illness, which redound far more to her credit than any instance that Burnet has previously quoted; they have, moreover, the advantage of being confirmed by a person more worthy of belief than himself. This is archbishop Tennison, who says, "As soon as the nature of the distemper was known, the earliest care of this charitable mistress was for the removing of such immediate servants as might, by distance, be preserved in health. She fixed the times for prayer in her own chamber some days before her illness attained its height; she ordered to be read to her, more than once, a sermon, by a good man now with God, (probably archbishop Tillotson,) on this text: 'What! shall we receive good from the hand of God, and not receive evil?'"[1] Burnet adds, "Besides suffering none of her servants to stay about her when their attendance might endanger their own health, she was so tender of them when they fell under that justly-dreaded illness, that she would not permit them to be removed, though they happened to be lodged very near herself." Such conduct comprehended, not only the high merit of humanity, but the still more difficult duty of the self-sacrifice of personal convenience.

It does not appear, from Burnet's narrative, that any part

[1] Narrative of the Death of Queen Mary, by Dr. Tennison; printed in White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 673. The sermon is by Tillotson.

of the Greenwich or Virginian endowments were bequeathed by the queen from her personal economy,—a circumstance very needful to ascertain, when estimating the degree of virtue appertaining to royal charity. The funds came from the means of the miserable and over-taxed people, then groaning under the weight of government expenditure, increased at least thirty-fold, partly by the profligate corruption of the triumphant oligarchy, and partly by her husband's Flemish campaigns. Yet, as a legislatress, Mary deserves great praise for the projects of such institutions, since she occasioned a portion of the public money to be directed to virtuous uses, which otherwise would have been applied to the above worthless purposes. From Burnet's narrative, it is plain that the Virginian college was indebted to her as legislatress, and not as foundress:—

"The last great project," says Burnet,[1] "that her thoughts were working on, with relation to a noble and royal provision for maimed and decayed seamen, was particularly designed to be so constituted, as to put them in a probable way of ending their days in the fear of God. Every new hint that way was entertained by her with a lively joy; she had some discourse on that head the very day before she was taken ill. She took particular pains to be well informed of the state of our plantations, and of those colonies that we have among infidels; but it was no small grief to her to hear, that they were but too generally a reproach to the religion by which they were named, (I do not say which they professed, for many of them seem scarce to profess it). She gave a willing ear to a proposition which was made for erecting schools, and the founding of a college among them, [the Virginian foundation]. She considered the whole scheme of it, and the endowment which was desired for it; it was a noble one, *and was to rise out of some branches of the revenue,*[2] *which made it liable to objections,* but she took care to consider the whole thing so well, that she herself answered all objections, and espoused the matter with so affectionate a concern, that she prepared it for the king to settle at his coming over."

Burnet thinks proper to assert, that William III. had "great liking for good things," meaning religious and charitable foundations; and adds, with more veracity, "that the queen always took care to give him the largest share of the honour of those effected by her means."

The public papers notified, with great solemnity, the cir-

[1] Discourse on the Memory of the late Queen, by Gilbert Burnet, lord bishop of Sarum.

[2] This assertion proves that the queen herself was not the foundress, as her income and property would have been at her own disposal. When the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet queens founded colleges and hospitals, they required their consorts' consent to appropriate the fruits of their *own* economy for these purposes, not the public revenue.

cumstance, that upon the queen's first indisposition the greatest and eldest lion in the Tower, who had been there about twenty years, and was commonly called 'king Charles II.'s lion,' sickened with her, and died on the Wednesday night, forty-eight hours before her; "which was ominous," continues our authority, "affording us so much the more matter of curiosity, because the like happened at the death of Charles II., when another of these royal beasts made the same exit[1] with the prince." Such coincidences occur frequently enough in English history to raise the idea, that the wardens of the wild beasts at the Tower considered it a point of etiquette privately and discreetly to sacrifice a lion to the manes of royalty, on the decease of any sovereign.

Poems on the death of the queen continued to be poured out by the public press, during the extraordinary time which occurred between her demise and her funeral. One of the most singular of these elegies commences thus:[2]—

> "The great Inexorable seals his ears,
> Deaf to our cries, unmelted by our tears;
> The irrevocable *posting* mandate flies,
> Torn from three kingdoms' grasping arms, she dies!"

After upbraiding Providence with some profane rant, an allusion to the queen's tastes occurs in an apostrophe to her favourite garden at Whitehall, which a notification explains led to the privy-stairs, or private entrance, into the royal apartments of that ancient palace. As the name Privy-gardens is still retained in the vicinity of the Banqueting-house, this locality may be ascertained:—

> "And you, once royal plants, her little grove,
> 'Twixt Heaven's and William's dear divided love,
> Her contemplative walk, close by whose side
> Did the pleased Thames his silver current glide.
> * * * * *
> No opening, no unhallowed hand may draw
> The widowed curtains of her loved Nassau.
> Despair, death, horror!—oh, be strong, great heart!
> Thou'st now to play thy mightiest hero's part.
> Yes, great Nassau, the parting call was given;
> Too dire divorce! thy happier rival, Heaven,
> T' its own embrace has snatched that darling fair,
> Translated to immortal spousals there."

[1] Life of Mary II.: 1695. [2] Ibid.

The reader is spared some rather popish apostrophes to St. Peter, the patron saint of Westminster-abbey, and the great civility he is expected to show to her defunct majesty's remains in opening, with his own hand, the portals of the holy fane to allow the sumptuous velvet hearse to pass in, and the still greater alacrity and joy with which he had admitted her beautiful spirit at the narrow gate. An imaginary monument of the most costly and enduring marble is also addressed, under the supposition that William would pay that tribute of respect to the memory of his queen.

Lord Cutts, whose headlong valour was infinitely esteemed by king William, turned poet on the solemn occasion of Mary's death. Poetry from lord Cutts was as great a miracle as "honey from the stony rock," since his qualifications have descended to posterity in a terse line of Dryden or Parnell, describing him,

> "As brave and brainless as the sword he wears."

Unfortunately, it is scarcely possible to read the monody of lord Cutts with elegiac gravity, on account of the intrusion of absurd epithets:—

> "She's gone! the beauty of our isle is fled,
> Our joy cut off, the great Maria dead;
> Tears are too mean for her, our grief should be
> Dumb as the grave, and black as destiny.
>
> Ye fields and gardens, where our sovereign walked,
> Serenely smiled, and *profitably talked*,
> Be gay no more; but wild and barren lie,
> That all your blooming sweets with hers may die,—
> Sweets that crowned love, and softened majesty.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Nor was this angel lodged in common earth,
> Her form proclaimed her mind as well as birth;
> So graceful and so lovely, ne'er was seen
> A finer woman, and more awful queen."

Lord Cutts breaks into strains of tender sympathy with the queen's mourning maids of honour, all dressed in the deepest sable:—

> "Ye gentle nymphs, that on her throne did wait,
> And helped to fill the brightness of her state;
> Whilst all in shining gold and purple dressed,
> Your beauties in the fairest light were placed."

The king is then panegyrized in very droll strains:—

> "See where the glorious Nassau fainting lies,
> *The mighty Atlas falls*, the conqueror dies!
> O sir, revive! to England's help return,
> Command your grief, and like a hero mourn."

But when reading these eulogiums, it is requisite to call to mind that such sentiments were not felt by all the English nation; for Mary had governed a divided people, half of whom were only kept down by terror of a standing army ruled by the lash, and by the nearly perpetual suspension of the *habeas corpus* act. Numbers of opponents took pleasure in circulating, not elegies, but epigrams on her memory. The following have been preserved in manuscript, and were handed about in coffee-houses, where the literary lions of the day congregated, every person of decided genius, from Dryden to the marvellous boy Alexander Pope, being adverse to her cause:—

JACOBITE EPITAPH ON MARY II.[1]

> "Here ends, notwithstanding her specious pretences,
> The undutiful child of the kindest of princes.
> Well, here let her lie, for by this time she knows,
> What it is such a father and king to depose;
> Between vice and virtue she parted her life,
> She was too bad a daughter, and too good a wife."

The observations preserved in the pages of Dangeau and of madame Sévigné, relative to the expectation that William III. would die of grief for the loss of his partner, are alluded to in the second of these epigram epitaphs:[2]—

> "Is Willy's wife now dead and gone?
> I'm sorry he is left alone.
> Oh, blundering Death! I do thee ban,
> That took the wife and left the man.
> Come, Atropos, come with thy knife,
> And take the man to his good wife;
> And when thou'st rid us of the knave,
> A thousand thanks then thou shalt have."

When the news arrived at Bristol that the queen was dead, many gentlemen gathered together in the taverns, and passed the night in dancing and singing Jacobite songs, while a large mob assembled at the doors, shouting, "No foreigners! no

[1] Cole's MS. Collections, vol. xxi. p. 65. [2] Ibid.

taxes!" These turbulent scenes were repeated at Norwich, in Warwickshire, and in Suffolk.[1] Political malice likewise showed itself in another spiteful epigram:—

"On the Death of Mary II.[2]

"The queen deceased, the king so grieved,
As if the hero died, the woman lived;
Alas! we erred i' the choice of our commanders,
He should have knotted, and she gone to Flanders."

Dr. Ken, the deprived bishop of Bath and Wells, who was formerly chaplain to queen Mary in the first years of her marriage, when she was in Holland, roused himself from his peaceful retirement to write an indignant remonstrance to Dr. Tennison on his conduct at the queen's death-bed. Ken charged the archbishop with compromising the high functions of a primate of the English church, by omitting "to call queen Mary to repent, on her death-bed, of her sins towards her father." Ken reminds Tennison, in forcible terms, "of the horror that primate had expressed to him of *some circumstances in the conduct of the queen* at the era of the Revolution," which he does not fully explain; but whatsoever they were, he affirms that "they would compromise her salvation, without individual and complete repentance."[3]

And here it is not irrelevant to interpolate, that a few weeks before the death of queen Mary, her political jealousy had been greatly excited by the fact that Ken, the deprived bishop of Bath and Wells, was regarded by the reformed catholic church of England as their primate, on account of the recent demise of Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury. Mary had, therefore, molested her old pastor and almoner, nay, it may be said personal protector in her Orange court, with a privy-council warrant, and dragged him to be questioned before her council. Ken made his appearance in patched gaberdine; notwithstanding his pale face and thin grey hairs, he was animated by moral courage of a high tone, and the queen and council heard what they did not like.

[1] Inedited MS., Bibliothèque du Roi; likewise Warwickshire News-letter, January 10, 1694-5. [2] State Poems.

[3] The pamphlet, printed at the time, may be seen among the collections at the British Museum.

For want of other crimes, our church-of-England bishop was charged with the offence of soliciting the charity of the public, by a petition in behalf of the starving families of the nonjuring clergy. "My lord," said he, "in king James's time, there were about a thousand or more imprisoned in my diocese, who were engaged in the rebellion of the duke of Monmouth, and many of them were such as I had reason to believe to be ill men, and void of all religion; and yet, for all that, I thought it my duty to relieve them. It is well known to the diocese that I visited them night and day, and I thank God I supplied them with necessaries myself as far as I could, and encouraged others to do the same; and yet king James, far from punishing me, *thanked* me for so doing."[1]

The dreadful eruptive disease of which the queen died did not prevent the usual process of embalming, the account of which is extant in MS., dated 29th December, 1694.

"THE BILL FOR THE *Embalment* OF THE BODY OF HER MAJESTY, BY DR. HAREL, HER MAJESTY'S APOTHECARY.

"For perfumed Sparadrape, to make Cerecloath to wrap the Body in, and to Line the Coffin; for Rich Gummes and Spices, to stuff the body; for Compound dryinge Powders perfumed, to lay in the Coffin Under the Body, and to fill up the Urne, [where the heart and viscera were enclosed]; for Indian Balsam, Rectifyed Spirrits of Wine Tinctured with Gummes and Spices, and a stronge Aromatized Lixivium to wash the Body with; for Rich Damask Powder to fill the Coffin, and for all other Materialls for Embalminge the Body of the High and Mighty Princes Mary, Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c.

"As alsoo for the Spices and Damask Powders to be putt between the twoo Coffines, with the perfumes for the Cambers, [chambers]; altogether 200lb. 00s. 00d.[2]

"JO. HUTTON."

The mourning for queen Mary was deep and general. It is alluded to in the following MS. of the times, which gives at the same time a remarkable specimen of the style of writing the English language at this period of retrograded civilization:—

"The greatest p^t^ of this Town are p^re^pareing for Mourning for ye Queen, who died ye 27th instant ab^t^ 2 Afternoon; some say not till 2 fryday morning; the

[1] Ken's own Minutes of his Examination before the privy council, April 28, 1696. See Hawkins' Life of Ken, edited by J. J. Round. Mr. Palin, author of the History of the Church of England, from 1688 to 1717, has likewise edited this curious and interesting scene, with many other particulars of bishop Ken.

[2] Add. MSS., 5751, fol. 52 B.

King is extreamly grieved and has sowned away once or twice; yesterday ye Parliament resolved *nemine Contradisente* y^t an humble address bee drawn and Presented to his Matie to condole ye death of ye Q., and y^t likewise they will stand by him with their lives and fortunes ag^t all enemies, at home and abroad."[1]

It will be observed from this MS., that the addresses of the houses of parliament were prepared within a few hours of the queen's decease. Deputations from the dissenters went up with condoling addresses to king William, to whom, almost as early as the houses of parliament, an oration was pronounced on the occasion by their great speaker, Dr. Bates, who, it may be remembered, was the deputy who proposed a union between the dissenters and the church of England at the time of queen Mary's landing and proclamation. "I well remember," says Dr. Calamy, "that upon occasion of the speech of Dr. Bates on the loss of the queen, I saw tears trickle down the cheeks of that great prince, her consort, who so often appeared on the field of battle. I was one that endeavoured to improve that melancholy providence at Blackfriars, [the place of his meeting-house,] and was pressed to print my sermon, but refused because of the number of sermons printed on that occasion."[2]

There was a contest respecting the propriety of the parliament being dissolved, according to the old custom at the death of the sovereign; but this was overruled, and all the members of the house of commons were invited to follow as mourners at queen Mary's funeral, which took place, March 5th, in Westminster-abbey. The bells of every parish church throughout England tolled on the day of Mary II.'s burial; service was celebrated, and a funeral sermon preached generally in her praise at every church, but not universally, for a Jacobite clergyman had the audacity to take for his text the verse, "Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her, for she is a king's daughter." The same insult, if our memory holds good, had been offered to Mary queen of Scots, the ancestress of Mary II., by a puritan,—so nearly do extremes in politics meet.

[1] Additional MSS., 681, p. 602; British Museum.

[2] Life of Calamy, vol. i. p. 356.

The funeral procession of queen Mary was chiefly remarkable on account of the attendance of the members of the house of commons, a circumstance which it is improbable will ever take place again. A wax effigy of the queen was placed over her coffin, dressed in robes of state, and coloured to resemble life. After the funeral, it was deposited in Westminster-abbey; and in due time that of her husband, William III., after being in like manner carried on his coffin at his funeral, arrived to inhabit the same glass case. These funeral effigies, in general, were thus preserved to assist sculptors, if a monumental statue was designed, with the costume, proportions, and appearance of the deceased. There is little doubt but that, "when the wax-chandlers did their office about the royal dead," part of that office was to take a cast of the person for the waxen effigy. At the extreme ends of a large box, glazed in front, are seen the effigies of queen Mary and king William. They seem to be standing as far as possible from each other; the sole point of union is the proximity of their sceptres, which they hold close together, nearly touching, but at arm's length, over a small altar. The figure of the queen is nearly six feet in height; her husband looks diminutive in comparison to her, and such was really the case, when, as tradition says, he used to take her arm as they walked together.

Queen Mary's wax effigy represents a well-proportioned, but very large woman. The reports of the angry Jacobites regarding her devotion to the table, are rather confirmed by this representation of her person at the time of her death, for thirty-two is too early a time of life for a lady to be embellished with a double chin. The costume of the queen nearly assimilates to the court dress of the present day. Her large but well-turned waist is compressed in a tight velvet bodice of royal purple velvet, cut, not only as long as the natural waist will allow, but about an inch encroaching on the hips; thus the skirt and girdle are put on somewhat lower than the waist,—a very graceful fashion, when not too much exaggerated. The waist is not pointed, but rounded, in front. The bodice is formed with a triangular stomacher, inserted

into the dress, made of white miniver; three graduated clusters of diamonds, long ovals in shape, stud this stomacher from the chest to the waist. Clusters of rubies and diamonds surround the bust, and a royal mantle of purple velvet hangs from the back of the bodice. The bosom is surrounded with guipure, and large double ruffles of guipure, or parchment-lace, depend from the straight sleeves to the wrist. The sleeves are trimmed lengthways, with strips of miniver and emerald brooches. The skirt of the robe is of purple velvet; it forms a graceful train, bordered with ermine, and trimmed at an inch distance with broad gold lace, like the bands of footmen's hats, only the gold is beautiful and finely worked. The skirt of the dress is open, and the ermine trimming is graduated to meet the ermine stomacher very elegantly; the opening of the robe shows an under-dress of very beautiful shaded lutestring, the ground of which is white, but it is enriched with shades and brocadings of every possible colour. The whole dress is very long, and falls round the feet. The throat necklace, *à-la-Sévigné,* is of large pearls, and the ear-rings of large pear pearls. The head-dress is not in good preservation; the hair is dressed high off the face, in the style of the portrait of her step-mother, Mary Beatrice of Modena: three tiers of curls are raised one over the other, and the *fontange* is said to have been twisted among them, but there is not a vestige of it now, only a few pearls; two frizzed curls rest on the bosom, and the hair looks as if it had originally been powdered with brown powder. The sceptre of sovereignty, surmounted by a fleur-de-lis and cross, is in one hand, and the regnal globe in the other: there are no gloves. On the little pillar-shaped altar which separates her from her husband, is the sovereign crown, a small one with four arches. No other monument than this fragile figure was raised to Mary. She left no children, and died at enmity with all her near relatives.

It is singular that William III. did not take the opportunity of building a tomb for the wife he appeared to lament deeply; but sovereigns who are for ever at war are always impoverished. All the funeral memorials of Mary,

and of himself likewise, are contained in the said glass case, which is now shut up, in dust and desolation, from the view of the public. The perpetual gibes which were made at these waxen moulds of the royal dead by those who knew not for what purpose they were designed, have occasioned their seclusion from the public eye. They are, however, as authentic relics of historical customs and usages, as any thing within or without the abbey; they are connecting links of the antique mode of bearing the dead "barefaced on the bier," like the son of the widow of Nain, and as they are, to this day, carried to the grave in Italy. For, in all probability, centuries elapsed before the populace—"the simple folk," as our chroniclers called them—believed that the waxen effigy, in its "parell and array," was otherwise than the veritable corpse of their liege lord or lady. It was meant to be so taken; for the ancient enamelled statues of wood or stone, coloured to the life, on the monuments at Fontevraud and elsewhere, exactly resembled in costume the royal dead in the tombs below. The wax effigy formed the grand point of interest in a state funeral, to which all the attendant pomp ostensibly pertained. So difficult was it to divorce this chief object from public funerals, that one of the wax effigies in the abbey actually pertained to the present century.[1] There were other figures in the Westminster-abbey collection in the preceding age, as we learn from some contemporary lines in allusion to the wax effigy of Charles the Second:—

> "I saw him shown for two-pence in a chest,
> Like Monk, *old Harry, Mary*,[2] and the rest;
> And if the figure answered its intent,
> In ten more years 'twould buy a monument."

Many medals were struck on the occasion of Mary's death: they chiefly represent her as very fat and full in the bust,

[1] That of lord Nelson, who is dressed in his exact costume; he is represented with only one arm; the sleeve of his admiral's coat looped to the breast as he wore it. Whether his effigy was thus laid on his coffin, and borne on the grand car, is another question. Lord Chatham's wax effigy, dressed in the costume of his day, had, in all probability, been carried at his public funeral.

[2] Henry VIII. and his daughter, Mary I.

with a prodigious amplitude of double chin. The hair is stuck up in front some inches higher than the crown of the head, as if the queen had just pulled off her high cornette cap; the hair thus is depicted as standing on end, very high on the forehead, and very low behind, a fashion which gives an ugly outline to the head. On the reverse of one of her medals is represented a monument for her, as if in Westminster-abbey; there never was one, excepting it might be a hearse and *chapelle ardente*, which, indeed, it seems to be by the design. The queen's costume is nearly the same as that of her portrait by Kneller, in St. George's-hall, Windsor. On the death of any sovereign of Great Britain, the theatres were closed for six weeks: such was the case at the death of queen Mary,[1] whose demise at the period of sports and carnival was a serious blow to the players.

More than one benefaction is mentioned in history as bequeathed by Mary, yet we can find no indications of a testamentary document any way connected with her papers. A sum of 500*l.* per annum was paid to the pastors of the primitive church of the Vaudois, as a legacy of queen Mary II. This sum was divided between the pastors of Vaudois, in Piedmont, and the German Waldenses, in her name, until the close of the last century,[2] when the Vaudois became the subjects of France. What fund was appropriated by Mary for the supply of this annuity, is not ascertained; but it seems to have been paid through the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts,—a good work, originally planned, if not executed, under the auspices of this queen.

The natural inclinations of Mary were evidently bountiful: like her ancestors, she strove sedulously to become a foundress of good institutions. The hard nature of her consort, to whose memory no anecdote in any way connected with a gift pertains, impeded her efforts. Queen Mary founded an institution at the Hague for young ladies whose birth was above their means; it was endowed with lands in England, which made the charity, however kind to Holland, not very

[1] Colley Cibber's Life and Apology, p. 425.
[2] Narrative of an Excursion to Piedmont, by the rev. W. S. Gilly, p. 277.

benevolent to this country, and, we think, contrary to English law.

All terms of praise and eulogy were exhausted to exalt the memory of Mary II. beyond every queen that had ever existed. In an obscure history, two facts are adduced in support of a flood of wordy commendation. They are as follows: the first is quoted in illustration of "her bright spirit of devotion;" either it does not possess any very great merit, or the merit has evaporated with the change of dinner-hours. "A lady of quality coming to pay her majesty a visit on a Saturday in the afternoon, she was told that the queen was retired from all company, and kept a fast in preparation for receiving the sacrament the next day. The great lady, however, stayed till *five o'clock in the afternoon,* when queen Mary made her appearance, and forthwith ate but a slender *supper,* 'it being incongruous,' as she piously observed, 'to conclude a fast with a feast.'"[1] Strange indeed that so pharisaical an anecdote is the best illustration of queen Mary's piety: the whole is little in unison with the scriptural precepts respecting fasting. The other anecdote is in illustration of her charity. "Her charity's celestial grace was like the sun; nothing within its circuit was hid from its refreshing heat. A lord proposed to her a very good work that was chargeable. She ordered a hundred pounds to be paid: the cash was not forthcoming. The nobleman waited upon her and renewed the subject, telling her that interest was due for long delay, upon which the queen ordered fifty pounds to be added to her former benefaction;" but whether either sum was actually paid, cannot now be ascertained. The anecdote proves that the queen was willing to give, if she had had wherewithal. Her means of charity were, however, fired away in battles and sieges in Flanders.

Bishop Burnet probably intended the following inimitable composition as an epitaph on queen Mary. For many years it was all that the public knew concerning her, excepting the two dubious anecdotes previously quoted:—

[1] Barnard's History of England, p. 534.

"THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN MARY II. BY BISHOP BURNET.

"To the state a prudent ruler,
To the church a nursing mother,
To the king a constant lover,
To the people the best example.
Orthodox in religion,
Moderate in opinion;
Sincere in profession,
Constant in devotion,
Ardent in affection.
A preserver of liberty,
A deliverer from popery;
A preserver from tyranny,
A preventer of slavery;
A promoter of piety,
A suppressor of immorality,
A pattern of industry.
High in the world,
Low esteem of the world,
Above fear of death,
Sure of eternal life.
What was great, good, desired in a queen,
In her late majesty was to be seen;
Thoughts to conceive it cannot be expressed,
What was contained in her royal breast."

Such was the last poetic tribute devoted to the memory of the queen, who was so "sure of eternal life!"

END OF VOL. VII.

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