MARY II.

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Convalescence of lady Anne—Her father breaks to her the departure of her sister—Takes possession of her sister's apartments at St. James's—Death of her brother—News of the princess of Orange—Relapses into Sunday card-playing—Attends dissenting preachings—First communion of lady Anne—Her strange conduct—Anne's favourite lady, Mrs. Cornwallis, banished—Anne's love for Mrs. Churchill—Princess of Orange, her court at the Hague—Her chapel and Dr. Hooper—Prince of Orange persecutes her religion—Objects to her books—His unfaithfulness to her—Visit of her step-mother and lady Anne—Illness of the princess—Her father and his consort visit her—Her tender parting with them—Her conjugal troubles—Princess and the French ambassador—Princess causes Ken to marry Mary Worth to Zulestein—Rage of the prince—Insults Dr. Ken—Princess entreats him to stay—Seclusion of the princess—Residence of the lady Anne at her uncle's court—Her prospects of the succession—Suitors—Prince George of Hanover, (George I.)—His visit to her—His retreat—Mortifying reports—Her anger—Visits her father in Scotland—Her love for lord Mulgrave—Marriage of Anne with prince George of Denmark—Appoints Mrs. Churchill to her household—Lonely life of the princess of Orange—Palace restraint—Mourning on the anniversary of Charles I.'s death—Insults of her husband—Her grief—Final subjugation—Enlargement from restraint—Attentions to Monmouth—Her gaiety—Skates and dances with Monmouth—Death of her uncle, (Charles II.)—Accession of her father, (James II.)—His letters to her and her husband—Dr. Covell's report of the princess's ill-treatment—Deep grief of the princess—Departure of the princess's favourite maid, Anne Trelawney—Sympathy of the princess for the suffering French Protestants—Conjugal alarms of the princess—Solicits body-guards for the prince—Princess's sharp answer to W. Penn—Prince of Orange requests a pension for her—James II. refuses.

When it was certain that the princess of Orange was safely across the stormy seas, the duke of York himself undertook to break to the lady Anne the fact that her sister was actually gone, which he expected to prove heart-rending to her; perhaps he over-rated the vivacity of the sisterly affection, for the lady Anne "took the intelligence very patiently.[1] He had daily visited her in her sick chamber, and had taken the pains

[1] Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, December 1st.

to send from thence messages as if the princess of Orange were still in England, being apprehensive lest the knowledge of her departure should give a fatal turn to the malady of the invalid. The duke might have spared himself the trouble of his fatherly caution: the lady Anne, being installed in the superior suite of apartments which her elder sister had enjoyed at St. James's,[1] was perfectly reconciled to the decrees of destiny. "Two days after the return of the royal yacht which had attended the bride to Holland," writes Dr. Lake, "the lady Anne went forth of her chamber, all her servants rejoicing to see her perfectly recovered." She went directly to visit her step-mother, the duchess of York, who was not recovered from her confinement.

The lady Anne had previously requested Dr. Lake to return thanks to God, in her chamber, for her recovery, and at this service had given, as her offering, two guineas for distribution among the poor.[2] This modest gift, as a thank-offering for mercies received, is probably an instance of the very obscure point of the offertory of our church according to its discipline before the Revolution, for the princess had not completed her fourteenth year, and we find, by Dr. Lake's testimony, that she had not yet communicated. The day on which she thus religiously celebrated her recovery was an awful one, for her governess, lady Frances Villiers, expired of the same malady from which she was just convalescent. Dr. Lake makes no mention of the grief of Anne for this loss, but merely observes that in the early part of December all the court were gossiping as to who should be the successor of lady Frances Villiers. The lady Anne appeared in a few days, perfectly recovered, at St. James's chapel. The death of the infant brother, whose birth had so inopportunely interfered with the sweetness of the Orange honey-moon, took place on December 12th: his demise rendered the princess Mary again heiress-presumptive to the British throne.

The earliest intelligence from Holland of the princess of Orange, gave great pain to her anxious but too timid tutor, Dr. Lake, who thus expresses his concern at her relapse into

[1] Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, Dec. 4th. [2] Ibid., Dec. 10th.

her former evil habit of Sunday card-playing:[1] "I was very sorry to understand that the princess of Orange, since her being in Holland, did sometimes play at cards upon the Sundays, which would doubtless give offence to that people." He then mentions his efforts to eradicate that bad custom of the princess in England, which he had thought were successful, since she had abstained from the wrong he had pointed out for two years. How soon the princess of Orange returned to this detestable practice may be judged, since she only left England the 28th of November, and Dr. Lake records her Sunday gamblings January 9th, scarcely six weeks afterwards. He was astonished that she did not require his services as her chaplain in Holland, or those of Dr. Doughty. The inveteracy of the prince of Orange as a gambler,[2] and the passion of his princess for card-playing, combined with the certainty of the remonstrances of the church-of-England clergymen, might have been the reason.

At first, on account of the enmity of the prince to the church of England, no chapel was provided, although an ecclesiastical establishment had been stipulated for the princess. Dr. Lloyd, the chaplain, who had accompanied the princess Mary from England, was recalled by the end of January; he had greatly displeased the primate of the church of England, by sanctioning the princess's frequenting a congregation of dissenters at the Hague.[3] It had been more consistent with his clerical character, if he had induced her to suppress her Sunday gambling parties. He is said, by Burnet, to have held a remarkable conversation with the princess during her voyage from England, when expressing his surprise to her that her father had suffered her to be educated out of the pale of the Roman-catholic church. She assured him that her father never attempted in one instance to shake their religious principles.[4]

[1] Dr. Lake's Diary, Jan. 9th, previously quoted, at the time when the princess first gave her tutor uneasiness, by falling into this sin at her commencement of public life.

[2] See various passages in Lamberty, who mentions the enormous losses or gains of his prince at the basset-table, but, like most foreigners, without the slightest idea that such conduct was at the same time evil in itself, and lamentably pernicious as example to an imitative people like the English.

[3] Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, Jan. 28. [4] Burnet's MSS., Harleian Col. 6584.

Just before Easter, the young princess Anne was confirmed in royal state at the chapel of Whitehall by her preceptor, Compton bishop of London: her first communion took place on Easter-Sunday. Her tutor, Dr. Lake, gives the following account of the extraordinary manner in which she conducted herself. "Being Easter-day, for the first time the lady Anne received the sacrament; the bishop of Exeter preached at St. James's [chapel], and consecrated. Through negligence, her highness was not instructed how much to drink, but drank of it [the cup] thrice; whereat I was much concerned, lest the duke of York, her father, should have notice of it."[1] The gross negligence of which Dr. Lake complains, must have been the fault of Anne's preceptor, Compton bishop of London, whose thoughts were too busy with polemics to attend to the proper instruction of his charge. Her unseemly conduct reflects the greatest possible disgrace on the prelate, whose duty it was to have prepared her for the reception of this solemn rite, and on whom a greater degree of responsibility than ordinary devolved, on account of her father's unhappy secession from the communion of the church of England. Dr. Lake was disgusted with the mistake of the young communicant,—not because it was wrong, but lest her Roman-catholic father should be informed of it. He was previously troubled at the relapse of the princess of Orange into her former sins of passing the Sabbath at the card-table,—not because he allowed that it was sin, but lest the Dutch people might be offended at it! Few persons have any salutary influence over the hearts and characters of their fellow-creatures, whose reprehension of wrong does not spring from loftier motives. Yet he had done his duty more conscientiously than any other person to whom the education of these princesses was committed: he had reproved the bad habits of his pupils sufficiently to give lasting offence to them. Although he lived to see each of them queen-regnant, and head of the church, they left him with as little preferment as he had received from their father and uncle: had he told them the truth with the unshrinking firmness of Ken or Sancroft, they could but have done the

[1] Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, March 31st.

same.[1] Notwithstanding the error into which the young communicant had fallen,[2] Dr. Lake wrote to the princess of Orange, "to inform her that her sister had received the holy sacrament," as if the lady Anne had conducted herself so as to edify, instead of disgusting every one. Again he was blameable, since, if he had mentioned the circumstance he disliked to the princess, a sister could have reprehended the unfortunate mistake with delicacy and affection.

Dr. Hooper was recommended as the princess of Orange's almoner by the archbishop of Canterbury; he was a primitive apostolical man, greatly attached to the church of England, according to its discipline established at the dissemination of our present translation of Scripture.[3] On his arrival in Holland, he found the princess without any chapel for divine service; and her private apartments were so confined, that she had no room that could be converted into one, excepting

[1] The Diary of Dr. Lake, which has been of such inestimable advantage in showing the early years of the two regnant queens, Mary and Anne, has been preserved in MS. by his descendants. Echard has quoted from it, but has falsely garbled it. The author of this biography again returns thanks to Mr. Eliot and Mr. Merrivale, for facilitating her access to its contents. According to a note appended to Mr. Eliot's copy, Dr. Edward Lake was born in 1672, and was the son of a clergyman resident at Exeter: he was a scholar of Wadham college, Oxford. Afterwards, Anthony Wood says, "he migrated to Cambridge, where he took his degree in arts, and received orders." He became chaplain and tutor to the daughters of the duke of York in 1670. About 1676 he obtained the archdeaconry of Exeter: he was likewise rector of St. Mary-at-hill, and St. Andrew's, in the city. The great mistake of Dr. Lake's life was, reporting a false accusation against Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury, which, according to his Diary, January 7, 1678, had been communicated to him by Dr. Tillotson, who was then dean of Canterbury, and the same person whose attentions to the *distressed* prince of Orange at Canterbury laid the foundation of his advancement to the primacy, after the princess of Orange, as Mary II., had hurled Sancroft from his archiepiscopal throne. Although Dr. Lake seems to have circulated this scandal, he likewise reports many excellent traits of Sancroft. Somehow, he had to bear the whole blame of the wrong.

[2] Dr. Lake must have given personal offence to his pupils, or they would not have neglected him: he was not, like Ken, among those who refused to take the oath of allegiance to either of them. His calumny on archbishop Sancroft would not have interfered with his preferment after the deposition of that illustrious man, and the assumption of authority over the English church by his informer, Dr. Tillotson; yet he died without any preferment, in the reign of Anne, 1704. As he was in possession of his benefices, small as they were, he could not have been a nonjuror.

[3] Hooper MS., copied and preserved by Mrs. A. Prouse, bishop Hooper's daughter; in the possession of sir John Mordaunt, of Walton, edited by the hon. A. Trevor. Life of William III., vol. ii. pp. 465, 466.

her dining-room. "Now the prince and princess of Orange never ate together, for the deputies of the States-General and their Dutch officers often dined with the prince, and they were no fit company for her. Therefore the princess, without regret, gave up her dining-room for the service of the church of England, and ate her dinner every day in a small and very dark parlour. She ordered Dr. Hooper to fit up the room she had relinquished for her chapel: when it was finished, her highness bade him be sure and be there on a particular afternoon, when the prince intended to come and see what was done. Dr. Hooper was in attendance, and the prince kept his appointment. The first thing noticed by the prince was, that the communion-table was raised two steps, and the chair where the princess was to sit was near it, on the same daïs. Upon which the prince, bestowing on each a contemptuous kick, asked 'what they were for?' When he was told their use, he answered with an emphatic 'Hum!' When the chapel was fit for service, the prince never came to it but once or twice on Sunday evenings. The princess attended twice a-day, being very careful not to make Dr. Hooper wait."

The prince had caused books inculcating the tenets of the "Dutch dissenters" to be put in the hands of his young princess; those Dr. Hooper withdrew from her, earnestly requesting her to be guided by him in her choice of theological authors. "One day the prince entered her apartment, and found before her Eusebius, and Dr. Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, which last is allowed to be one of the grandest literary ornaments of our church. While she was deeply engaged in one of Hooker's volumes, the prince, in 'great commotion,' said angrily, 'What! I suppose it is Dr. Hooper persuades *ye* to read such books?'"[1]

While the married life of the princess of Orange was thus portentous of future troubles, her sister, the lady Anne of York, led an easy life at St. James's, her only care being to strengthen a power which was one day to rule her tyrannically in the person of her beloved Sarah Jennings. This young lady declared, in the winter of 1677, that she

[1] Hooper MS.

had been espoused clandestinely to the handsome colonel Churchill, the favourite gentleman of the duke of York. Sarah was tender in years, but more experienced in world-craft than many women are of thrice her age; she was, at the period of her marriage, in the service of the young duchess of York,—a circumstance which did not prevent constant intercourse with the lady Anne, who lived under the same roof with her father and step-mother. The duchess of York, at the entreaty of Anne, immediately undertook to reconcile all adverse feelings towards this marriage among the relatives, both of Churchill and Sarah, giving her attendant a handsome donation by way of portion, and causing her to be appointed to a place of trust about her person.[1] When Sarah found herself on such firm footing in the household at St. James's, her first manœuvre was to get rid of Mrs. Cornwallis,[2] the relative of the princess, by whom, it may be remembered, she was first introduced at court, and who had hitherto been infinitely beloved by her royal highness. Unfortunately in that century, whensoever a deed of treachery was to be enacted, the performer could always be held irresponsible, if he or she could raise a cry of religion. Sarah knew, as she waited on the duchess of York, what ladies in the palace attended the private Roman-catholic chapel permitted at St. James's for the duchess; being aware, by this means, that Mrs. Cornwallis was of that creed, she secretly denounced her as a papist to bishop Compton, the preceptor of the lady Anne of York. He immediately procured an order of council forbidding Mrs. Cornwallis ever to come again into the presence of the young princess. The privy council only acted prudently in taking this measure,—a circumstance which does not modify the utter baseness of the first political exploit recorded of the future duchess, Sarah of Marlborough. The lady Anne of York was now in possession of her adult establishment, at her apartments in her father's palace; her aunt, lady Clarendon, was her governess. Barbara Villiers,

[1] Life of the Duke of Marlborough, by Coxe, vol. i. pp. 20–40. It is distinctly stated that this marriage took place when Sarah was only fifteen.

[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times. He gives no precise date to this incident, excepting that it is among the current of events at the era of the death of archbishop Sheldon and the marriage of the princess Mary.

(the third daughter of her late governess,) now Mrs. Berkeley, was her first lady, and if the beloved Sarah Churchill was not actually in her service, the princess had, at least, the opporunity of seeing her every day. Anne's affection was not directed by Mrs. Churchill to any wise or good purpose, for she made no efforts to complete her own neglected education; card-playing, at which she was usually a serious loser, was the whole occupation of this pair of friends. Leaving them in pursuit of this worthy object, our narrative returns to the princess of Orange.

At the Hague, the princess found no less than three palaces. The first (called the Hague in history) was a grand but rather rugged gothic structure, built by a count of Holland in 1250, moated round on three sides, and washed in front by the *Vyvier*, (fish-preserve,) a lake-like sheet of water. This palatial castle of the Hague was the seat of the stadtholdship, and recognised as such by the States-General: here their several assemblies met, and the business of the republic was transacted in its noble gothic halls. Mary seldom approached the Hague, excepting on state occasions. She lived at the Palace in the Wood, a very beautiful residence, about a mile from the state palace, built as a place of retirement by the grandmother of William III. A noble mall of oak trees, nearly a mile in length, led to the Palace in the Wood, which was surrounded by a primeval oak forest, and by the richest gardens in Europe. The prince of Orange built two wings to the original structure on the occasion of his marriage with the princess Mary. There was, near the Palace of the Wood, a dower-palace, called the Old Court. The three palaces were situated only an hour's walk from "the wild Scheveling coast." Over one of the moated drawbridges of the gothic palace is built a gate, called the Scheveling gate, which opened on a fine paved avenue, bordered with yew trees carved into pyramids, leading to the sea-village of Scheveling. Every passenger, not a fisherman, paid a small toll to keep up this avenue.[1]

With the exception of the two Villiers, (who were soon distinguished by the prince of Orange in preference to his

[1] Tour in Holland early in the last century.

young wife,) none of the English ladies who had accompanied the princess to her new home were remarkably well satisfied with their destiny. Sir Gabriel Silvius, whose wife was one of them, gave a dismal account of the unhappiness of the English ladies at the Hague. He observed to the resident envoy of Charles II., "It is a pity the prince of Orange does not use people better: as for lady Betty Selbourne, she complains and wails horribly."[1] If all the attendants of the princess had so comported themselves, her royal highness need not have been envied. As to what the prince of Orange had done to lady Betty, we are in ignorance, and can enlighten our readers no further than the fact of her "horrible wailings." The princess herself was so happy as to have the protection of lord Clarendon, her uncle, (who was ambassador at the Hague when his niece first arrived there). In his despatches he says, "The princess parted very unexpectedly from her husband on March 1st, 1678. He had been hunting all the morning, and as he came home to her palace at the Hague to dinner, he received letters by the way that occasioned his sudden departure, of which the princess said 'she had not the slightest previous intimation.' It was the investment of Namur by the king of France that caused his departure. The princess accompanied her husband as far as Rotterdam, "where," says her uncle Clarendon, "there was a very tender parting on both sides;" at the same time he observes, "that he never saw the prince in such high spirits or good humour."

The princess of Orange chose to make the tour of her watery dominions by way of the canals in her barge, when she amused herself with needlework, or played at cards with her ladies, as they were tracked along the canals, or sailed over the broads and lakes. Dr. Hooper accompanied her in the barge, and when she worked, she always requested him to read to her and her ladies. One day she wished him to read a French book to her, but he excused himself on account of his defective pronunciation of French. The princess begged him to read on, nevertheless, and she would tell him when he was wrong, or at a loss. Hooper says, "that while

[1] Sidney Diary, edited by R. W. Blencowe, esq., vol. i. p. 41.

he was in her household, about a year and a half, he never heard her say or saw her do any one thing that he could have wished she had not said or done." She was then only between sixteen and seventeen. "She did not distinguish any of her ladies by particular favour, and though very young, was a great observer of etiquette, never receiving any thing or any message from persons whose office it was not to deliver the same. She had great command over her women, and maintained her authority by her prudence; if there was any conversation she did not approve, they read by her grave look that they had transgressed, and a dead silence ensued."[1] The princess suffered much from ill-health in Holland, before she was acclimatized to the change of air. During the same summer, she was in danger of her life from a severe bilious fever: the prince of Orange was then absent from her at the camp. When a favourable crisis took place, sir William Temple travelled to him, and brought the intelligence that the princess was recovering; he likewise gave the prince information that the last instalment of her portion, 20,000*l.*, would be paid to him speedily. The good news, either of his wife or of her cash, caused the prince to manifest unusual symptoms of animation, "for," observes sir William Temple,[2] "I have seldom seen him appear so bold or so pleasant."

Mary, though ultimately childless, had more than once a prospect of being a mother. Her disappointment was announced to her anxious father, who immediately wrote to his nephew, the prince of Orange, to urge her "to be carefuller of herself;" and added, "he would write to her for the same purpose:" this letter is dated April 19, 1678. Soon after, Mary again had hopes of bringing an heir or heiress to Great Britain and Holland. If lord Dartmouth may be believed, Mary's father had been purposely deceived in both instances, to answer some political scheme of the prince of Orange. Mary was then too young and too fond of her father to deceive him purposely; her heart, indeed, was not

[1] Hooper MS.

[2] Letter to lord Clarendon from the Hague, by sir W. Temple.

estranged from him and from her own family for the want of opportunity of affectionate intercourse. After her recovery from typhus or bilious fever, an intermittent hung long upon her: her father thought it best to send his wife, Mary Beatrice, with the princess Anne, to see her, and to cheer her spirits. The visit of these princesses was thus announced to her husband by her father, who was about to accompany his brother, Charles II., to the October Newmarket meeting:—

"James Duke of York to William Prince of Orange.[1]

"London, Sept. 27, 1678.

"We[2] came hither on Wednesday last, and are preparing to go to Newmarket the beginning of next week, the parliament being prorogued till the 21st of next month. Whilst we shall be out of town, the duchess and my daughter Anne intend to make your wife a visit *very incognito*, and have yet said nothing of it to any body here but his majesty, whose leave they asked, and will not mention it till the post be gone. They carry little company with them, and sent this bearer, Robert White, before, to see to get a house for them as near your court as they can. They intend to stay only whilst we shall be at Newmarket.

"I was very glad to see by the last letters, that my daughter continued so well, and hope now she will go out her full time. I have written to her to be very careful of herself, and that she would do well not to stand too long, for that is very ill for a young woman in her state.

"The incognito ladies intend to set out from hence on Tuesday next, if the wind be fair; they have bid me tell you they desire to be very incognito, and they have lord Ossory for their governor, [escort]. I have not time to say more, but only to assure you, that I shall always be very kind to you."

Endorsed—"For my son, the Prince of Orange."

Accordingly, the duchess of York and the princess Anne, attended by the chivalric Ossory as their escort, set out from Whitehall on October $\frac{1}{11}$, 1678, to visit the princess of Orange at the Hague, where they arrived speedily and safely. The prince received them with the highest marks of distinction; and as for the excessive affection with which Mary met her step-mother and sister, all her contemporary biographers dwell on it as the principal incident of her life in Holland. The caresses she lavished on the lady Anne amounted to transport when she first saw her.[3] At that era of unbroken confidence and kindness, Mary and her step-mother were the best of friends. She was given a pet name in her own family, and the duchess addressed her by it: as

[1] Dalrymple, vol. ii. p. 201. Found in king William's box, at Kensington.
[2] Himself and king Charles. [3] Life of Mary II.: 1695.

the prince was "the orange," Mary, in contradistinction, was "the lemon;" and "my dear lemon," was the term with which most of her step-mother's letters began, until the Revolution.[1]

The lady Anne and the duchess stayed but a few days with the princess, as the duke of York announces their safe return, October 18th, in his letter of thanks to "his son, the prince of Orange," for his hospitality.[2] The princess of Orange saw much of her father and family in the succeeding year, which was the time of his banishment on account of his religion. When he came to the Hague in March 1679, he met with a most affectionate welcome from his daughter, and with great hospitality from his nephew, her husband. The princess melted into tears when she saw her father, and was full of the tenderest condolences on the mournful occasion of his visit. She was still suffering from the intermittent fever, which hung on her the whole of that year.

Her father, the duke of York, wrote thus to her uncle, Lawrence Hyde, from the Hague, in the April of the same year. In the midst of his anxiety regarding the proceedings in England, he made the ill-health of his daughter Mary the subject of several letters:—

"My daughter's ague-fit continues still; her eleventh fit is now upon her, but, as the cold fit is not so long as usual, I have hopes it is *a-going* off. I am called away to supper, so that I can say no more but that you shall always find me as much your friend as ever."

In a letter to the prince of Orange, he says,—

"I am exceedingly glad that my daughter has missed her ague: I hope she will have no more now the warm weather has come." In another, "he rejoices that her journey to Dieren has cured her."

In June, her father again laments the continuance of her ague. Dieren was a hunting-palace belonging to the prince of Orange, where Henry Sidney, soon after, found the princess, the prince, and their court. He was sent envoy from Charles II. to William, "whom," he says, "I found at Dieren, in an ill house, but a fine country. The prince took me up to his bedchamber, where he asked me ques-

[1] Birch MS., and sir Henry Ellis's Historical Letters, first Series, vol. iii.

[2] All other particulars of this visit have been detailed in the preceding volume, pp. 79-81; Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

tions, and I informed him of every thing, much to his satisfaction."[1] The news that gave so much satisfaction, was the agitation in England respecting the Popish Plot, conducted by Titus Oates. Sidney dined at Dieren with the princess, and found at her table lady Inchiquin, who was first lady of the bedchamber: she was one of the Villiers sisterhood, under whose noxious influence at her own court the peace of the English princess was withering.

The prince of Orange was one day discussing the Popish Plot, and observing that Dr. Hooper was by no means of his mind, for that divine did not conceal his contempt for the whole machination, the prince subjoined, "Well, Dr. Hooper, you will never be a bishop." Every day widened the differences between Dr. Hooper and the prince of Orange, who was ever inimical to the church-of-England service; and this Dr. Hooper would never compromise by any undue compliance. The prince of Orange, in consequence, was heard to say, "that if ever he had any thing to do with England, Dr. Hooper should remain Dr. Hooper still." When this divine wished to return to England, to fulfil his marriage-engagement with Mr. Guildford's daughter, (a lady of an old cavalier family resident at Lambeth, greatly esteemed by archbishop Sheldon,) the princess was alarmed, fearing he would leave her, and never return to Holland. Her royal highness told him, "that he must prevail with his lady to come to Holland." He promised that he would do his best to induce her to come. The princess was obeyed; but she was not able to procure for Mrs. Hooper the most hospitable entertainment in the world. Dr. Hooper had always taken his meals with the ladies of the bedchamber and the maids of honour of the princess, and his wife was invited by her royal highness to do the same; but well knowing the great economy of the prince, and his general dislike to the English, Dr. Hooper never once suffered his wife to eat at his expense, and he himself left off dining at the prince's table, always taking his meals with his wife at their own lodging, which was very near the

[1] Diary and Correspondence of Henry Sidney, edited by R. W. Blencowe, esq.

court. This conduct of Dr. Hooper resulted wholly from his sense of the griping meanness of William. "The prince, nevertheless, had been heard to say, 'that as he had been told that Mrs. Hooper was a very fine woman, he should like to salute her, and welcome her to Holland.' It was a great jest among the women of the princess, to hear the prince often speak of a person in the service of their mistress, and yet months passed away without his speaking to her, or knowing where she was. Dr. Hooper must have been a man of fortune, since he spent upwards of 2000*l.*, when in the service of the princess, in books and linen. The Dutch, who keep their clergy very poor, were amazed, and called him 'the rich *papa*.' The other chaplain was a worthy man, but unprovided with independent subsistence in England, little doubting that he should have a handsome stipend paid him, though the prince mentioned no particulars. He was never paid a farthing; and having run in debt, he died of a broken heart in prison. Dr. Hooper only received a few pounds for nearly two years' attendance, —'a specimen of Dutch generosity,' observes his relative, 'of which more instances will be given.'"[1] The princess had 4000*l.* per annum for her expenses, a very different revenue from the noble one we shall see allowed to her youngest sister by her uncle and father. Part of this sum was lost to her by the difference of exchange, about 200*l.* per annum.

The lady Anne accompanied her father in his next visit to the Hague. During his exile in Brussels, he had demanded of his brother Charles II. that his children should be sent to him; after some demur, the lady Anne and her half-sister, the little lady Isabella, were permitted to embark on board the Greenwich frigate, in the summer of 1679. The lady Anne did not leave Brussels until after September 20, which is the date of a gossiping letter she wrote to her

[1] Trevor's Life of William III. Hooper's MS., vol. ii. p. 470. Dr. Hooper's daughter notes, that at this time the princess Anne came to the Hague ill of the ague. It was an awkward place to cure an ague, and we think she must mean that the princess of Orange had the ague, which we see by the letters of her father above was actually the case.

friend lady Apsley,[1] in England. Although the spelling and construction of her royal highness are not to be vaunted for their correctness, the reader can understand her meaning well enough; and this early letter, the only one preserved of Anne before her marriage, gives more actual information regarding the domesticity of her father's family in his exile than can be gleaned elsewhere. Brussels, it must be remembered, was then under the crown of Spain, therefore the festivities the princess witnessed were in honour of the marriage of their sovereign with her young cousin, Maria Louisa of Orleans, with whom she had in childhood been domesticated at St. Cloud and the Palais-Royal.

"PRINCESS ANNE OF YORK TO LADY APSLEY,[2]
(WIFE OF SIR ALLEN APSLEY).

[*The commencement of the letter consists of excuses for not writing sooner.*]

"Bruxelles [Brussels], Sept. 20.

"*I was to see a ball* [I have been to see a ball] at the court, incognito, which I likede very well; it was in very good order, and some *danc'd* well *enought;* indeed, there was prince Vodenunt that *danc'd* extreamly well, as well if not better than *ethere* the duke of Monmouth or sir E. Villiers,[3] which I think is very ex*tror*dinary. Last night, again, I was to see fyer works and bonfyers, which *was* to celebrate the king of Spain's weding; they were very well worth seeing indeed. All the people *hear* are very *sivil,* and except you be otherways to them, they will be so to you. As for the town, it is a great fine town. Methinks, tho, the streets are not so clean as they are in Holland, yet they are not so dirty as ours; they are very well paved, and very easy,—they onely have *od* smells. My sister Issabella's lodgings and mine are much better than I expected, and so is all in this place. For our lodgings, they *wear* all one great room, and now are divided with board into severall.

"My sister Issabella has a good bedchamber, with a chimney in it. There is a little hole to put by things, and between her room and mine there is an indiferent room without a chimney; then mine is a good one with a chimney, which was made a purpose for me. I have a closet and a place for my trunks, and *ther's* [there is] a little place where our women dine, and over that such anothere. I doubt I have quite *tirde* out your patience, so that I will say no more, onely beg you to believe me to be, what I realy am and will be,

"Your very affectionate *freinde,*
"ANNE.

"Pray remember me very kindly to sir Allin."

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[1] Lady Apsley was the mother of lady Bathurst, the wife of sir Benjamin Bathurst, treasurer of the household to the princess Anne. Lady Bathurst was probably placed in the service of princess Anne, as she mentions her as one of her earliest friends in a letter written when queen, in 1705.

[2] Holograph, the original being in the possession of the noble family of Bathurst, the descendants of that of Apsley. The author has been favoured by the kindness of lady Georgiana Bathurst with a copy of this inedited letter of Anne.

[3] Well known to the readers of these biographies as the brother of Elizabeth

Her little sister Isabella was her companion on the voyage, being scarcely three years old,—a lovely infant, the daughter of the duke of York and Mary Beatrice. The satisfaction with which Anne enters into the detail of her baby sister's accommodation at Brussels, even to the possession of a hole to put things in, is characteristic of her disposition. There is no kind mention of her infant companion, or indeed of any one but sir Allen Apsley; yet the greatest affection seemed to prevail among the family of the duke of York at this period.

The princess of Orange was again visited by her father at the end of September, 1679, accompanied by his wife, her mother the duchess of Modena, and the lady Anne.[1] Colonel and Mrs. Churchill were both in attendance on their exiled master and mistress in the Low Countries; and it must have been on this series of visits that the princess of Orange[2] and Mrs. Churchill took their well known antipathy to each other, for neither the princess nor the lady had had any previous opportunities for hatred, at least as adults. When her father and his family departed, the princess of Orange, with her husband, bore them company as far as the Maesland sluice. She parted with her father in an agony of tears, and took tender and oft-repeated farewells of him, his consort, and her sister. Her father she never again beheld. At that period of her life, Mary did not know, and probably would have heard with horror of all the intrigues her husband was concocting with the Sidneys, Sunderlands, Russells, Oates, and Bedloes, for hurling her father from his place in the succession. Documentary evidence, whatever general history may assert to the contrary, proves that this conduct of her husband was ungrateful, because he had received vital support from his relatives in England at a time when he must have been for ever crushed beneath the united force of the party in Holland adverse to his re-establishment as stadthol-

Villiers, and master of the horse to the princess of Orange, and afterwards as lord Jersey.

[1] Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii. p. 119.

[2] Letter of the princess Anne, in 1687, commencing with her regrets for the bad opinion that her sister had of "lady Churchill."

der, and the whole might of France. Long before the marriage of William of Orange with the heiress of Great Britain, the ambition of his party of Dutchmen had anticipated for him the throne of Charles II.: to this result they considered that a prophecy of Nostradamus tended. In order that the English might consider the prince of Orange in that light, an anonymous letter was sent to sir William Temple at Nimeguen, where he was staying in 1679, negotiating the peace which was concluded between Holland and France, or rather Spain and France. It would have been difficult for any one but a partisan to discover a prophecy in this quatrain, at least beyond the first line:[1]—

"Né sous les ombres journée nocturne,
Sera en gloire et souverain bonté;
Fera renaistre le sang de l'antique urne,
Et changera en or le siècle d'airain."

'Born under the shade of a nocturnal day, he will be glorious and supremely good; in him will be renewed the ancient blood, and he will change an age of brass into one of gold.'

The Dutch partisan who sent this prophecy for the edification of the English ambassador, likewise favoured him with expounding the same. The explanation was, "That the prince of Orange being 'born under the shades of a nocturnal day,' was verified by the time of his birth a few days after the untimely death of his father; his mother being plunged in the deepest grief of mourning, and the light of a November-day excluded from her apartments, which were hung with black, and only illumined by melancholy lamps. 'Renewing the ancient urn of blood' was, by the descent of the prince from Charlemagne through the house of Louvaine." The rest of the spell alluded to the personal virtues of the prince of Orange, and the wonderful happiness Great Britain would enjoy in possessing him. The gold and the brass were perhaps verified by his contriving dexterously, by means of the Dutch system of finance, to obtain possession by anticipation of all the gold of succeeding generations, to enrich his age of brass.

[1] Sir W. Temple's Works, vol. ii. pp. 472, 473.

The princess of Orange seemed much recovered at Dieren. Sidney wrote to her father, that he could scarcely believe she wanted any remedies; nevertheless, it was her intention to visit the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle.[1] A day was appointed for her journey. Her husband placed her under the care of his favourite physician Dr. Drelincourt of Leyden, (son to the well-known Calvinist author on "Death"). This physician travelled with the princess to Aix, and returned with her.[2] He was the Leyden professor of medicine, and at the head of the medical establishment of the court till 1688. Meantime, the conduct of the princess of Orange's maids of honour at the Hague caused no little surprise: they certainly took extraordinary liberties, if the description of their friend Mr. Sidney may be trusted. "The princess's maids are a great comfort to me," wrote Sidney to Hyde: "on Sunday they invited me to dinner. Pray let Mrs. Frazer know that the maids of the princess of Orange entertain foreign ministers, which is more, I think, than any of the queen's do."[3] It was to the conduct of these very hospitable damsels that the fluctuating health and early troubles of the princess of Orange may be attributed. The preference which the prince of Orange manifested for Elizabeth Villiers was the canker of the princess's peace, from her marriage to the grave. This connexion, however scandalous it may be, is not matter of slander, but of documentary history.[4]

Scandal involved the name of William of Orange very shamefully with Anne Villiers, the sister of Elizabeth, after she was madame Bentinck. Altogether, it may be judged how strong were the meshes woven round the poor princess by this family clique. These companions of the princess's youth naturally possessed in themselves the species of authoritative influence over her mind which they derived from being the daughters of her governess, all somewhat older than herself. When it is remembered that the head of the clique was the mistress of her husband, and that the next in

[1] Sidney Diary, vol. i. p. 45. [2] Biographia Britannica.
[3] Sidney Diary, vol. i. pp. 55, 62. The queen is Catharine of Braganza.
[4] Shrewsbury Correspondence, edited by archdeacon Coxe.

age and influence became the wife of his favourite minister of state, the case of Mary of England seems sufficiently pitiable: when she married William of Orange, her age was not sixteen years; he was twenty-seven, and her bold rival was nineteen or twenty, or perhaps older. A dread of insult soon produced in the mind of the princess that close reserve and retreat within herself, which, even after her spirit was utterly broken, often perplexed her astute husband, at a time when their views and feelings regarding the deposition of her father were unanimous.

A diplomatist became resident at the Hague after the peace with France of 1678, whose despatches to his own court contain some intelligence concerning the domestic life led by the princess of Orange and her husband. This person was the marquess d'Avaux, ambassador from Louis XIV.—not exactly to the prince of Orange, but to the States of Holland. The oddest stories are afloat relative to this official and the princess of Orange. One written by Sidney to sir Leoline Jenkins is as follows: "All the discourse we have here, December 3rd, 1680, is of what happened *a-Wednesday* night at court. The French ambassador had, in the morning, sent word to monsieur Odyke, [one of the officials in the household of the princess,] that he intended waiting on the princess that evening. He [Odyke] forgot to give notice of it; so that the princess sat down, as she uses to do, about eight o'clock, to play at *la basset*." This was a game at cards, played with a bank, in vogue through all the courts of Europe. Vast sums were lost and won at basset, and royal personages sat down to play at it with as rigorous forms of etiquette as if it had been a solemn duty.[1] "A quarter of an hour after the princess had commenced her game, the French ambassador came in. She rose, and asked him if he would play. He made no answer, and she sat down again, when the ambassador, looking about, saw a chair with arms in the corner, which he drew for himself and sat down. After

[1] Basset succeeded primero, the game of queen Elizabeth, and prevailed through the reign of queen Anne, though somewhat rivalled by ombre and quadrille.

a little while, he rose and went to the table to play. The prince of Orange came in, and did also seat him to play." Rational people will suppose, so far, that there was no great harm done on either side. According to strict etiquette, as the announcement had been sent of the visit of the ambassador d'Avaux, the basset-tables should not have been set till his arrival; and it would be supposed that a five minutes' lounge in an arm-chair, opportunely discovered in a corner, was no very outrageous atonement for the neglected dignity of the representative of Louis XIV.; but, alas! arm-chairs in those days were moveables of consequence, portentous of war or peace. "Next day," Sidney added, "the French ambassador told his friends, confidentially, that his behaviour was not to be wondered at, for he had positive orders from his master, Louis XIV., 'that whensoever the princess sat in a great arm-chair, *he* should do so too; and that if there was but one in the room, *he should endeavour to take it from the princess, and sit in it himself!*'"[1]

This climax of the letter is, we verily believe, a romaunt of Henry Sidney's own compounding, for the purpose of mystifying the credulity of that most harmless man, sir Leoline Jenkins. Sidney hoped that he would go gossiping with this important nothing to the duke of York, who would forthwith vindicate his daughter, by resenting an offence never dreamed of by that politest of mortals, Louis XIV. Thus a small matter of mischief might be fomented between the courts of England and France, for the benefit of that of Orange. Louis XIV., it is well known, considered that homage was due to the fair sex, even in the lowest degree; for if he met his own housemaids in his palace, he never passed them without touching his hat. Was it credible that *he* could direct his ambassador, the representative of his own polite person, to take away an arm-chair, by fraud or force, from a princess, and sit in it himself in her presence? And Mary was not only a princess, but a young and pretty woman, and cousin, withal, (but one degree removed,) to his own sacred self! Sir Leoline Jenkins might believe the report, but

[1] Sidney Diary, edited by Mr. Blencowe, vol. ii. pp. 141, 142.

probability rejects it. If sir Leoline had been ambassador to the court of Holland in an age less diabolical, his veneration and honest loyalty would not have impaired his character for sagacity. He had risen from the lowly estate of a charity boy, by his learning and integrity, to a high situation in the ecclesiastical courts: he belonged to the reformed catholic church of England, and had old-fashioned ideas of devoting to the poor proportionate sums in good works, according to his prosperity. Moreover, he kept himself from presumptuous sins, by hanging on high in his stately mansion, in daily sight of himself and his guests, the veritable leathern garments which he wore when he trudged from Wales to London, a poor, wayfaring orphan, with two groats in his pockets.[1] On the warm affections of a person so primitive, the prince of Orange and his tool, Sidney, played most shamefully. The phlegmatic prince's letters grew warm and enthusiastic in his filial expressions towards the duke of York. "I am obliged to you," wrote William of Orange[2] to sir Leoline, "for continuing to inform me of what passes in England, but I am grieved to learn with what animosity they proceed against the duke of York. God bless him! and grant that the king and his parliament may agree." How could the ancient adherent of the English royal family believe, that the dissensions in England and the animosity so tenderly lamented were at the same time fostered by the writer of this filial effusion! which looks especially ugly and deceitful, surrounded as it is by documents proving that the prince of Orange should either have left off his intrigues against his uncle and father-in-law, or have been less fervent in his benedictions. But these benedictions were to deceive the old loyalist into believing, that when he wrote intelligence to the prince, he was writing to his master's friend and affectionate son.

The extraordinary conduct of the maids of honour of the princess of Orange has been previously shown; they gave

[1] Aubrey.

[2] Letter of the prince of Orange to sir Leoline Jenkins; Sidney Diary, vol. ii. p. 126: likewise Dalrymple's Appendix.

parties of pleasure to the ministers of sovereigns resident at the Hague, at which the political *intriguante*, Elizabeth Villiers, reaped harvests of intelligence for the use of her employer, the prince of Orange, to whom these ambassadors were *not* sent, but to the States of Holland. These damsels, therefore, were spies, who reported to the prince what the ambassadors meant to transact with the States, and these services were considered valuable by a crooked politician. Anne Villiers' affairs prospered at these orgies, for she obtained the hand of the favourite minister of the prince of Orange, at some period between 1679 and 1685; but Mary Worth, the colleague of this sisterhood, was involved in grievous disgrace, which occasioned serious trouble to the princess. The girl's reputation had been compromised by the attentions of a Dutch Adonis of the court, count Zulestein, illegitimate son of the grandfather of the prince of Orange. Zulestein was one of the prince's favourites; although this nobleman had given Mary Worth a solemn promise of marriage, he perfidiously refused to fulfil it, and was encouraged in his cruelty by the prince, his master. The princess was grieved for the sufferings of her wretched attendant, but she dared not interfere farther than consulting her almoner, Dr. Ken, on this exigence. And here it is necessary to interpolate, that a third change had taken place in the head of the church-of-England chapel at the Hague; the prince of Orange being exceedingly inimical to Dr. Hooper, he had resigned, and Dr. Ken, in 1679, accepted this uneasy preferment out of early affection and personal regard for the princess, and in hopes of inducing her to adhere to the principles of the church of England,[1] without swerving to the practice of the Dutch dissenters, who exaggerated the fatalism of their founder, and repudiated all rites with rigour. The only creed to which the prince of Orange vouchsafed the least attention, was that of the Brownists, who united with their fatalist doctrines a certain degree of Socinianism. The princess of Orange, it has been shown, before the arrival of Dr. Hooper, had been induced to attend the worship of this

[1] Bio. Brit., and Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, previously quoted in January 1678.

sect,[1] to the great grief of the divines of the church of England. Dr. Ken prevailed on the princess to remain steady to the faith in which she had been baptized; he was, in consequence, detested by the prince of Orange still more than his predecessor. The prince saw, withal, that he was the last person to gloss over his ill-treatment of his wife.

When the princess consulted Dr. Ken regarding the calamitous case of the frail Mary Worth, he immediately, without caring for the anticipated wrath of the prince of Orange, sought an interview with count Zulestein, and represented to him the turpitude and cruelty of his conduct to the unfortunate girl in such moving terms, that Zulestein, who, though profligate, was not altogether reprobate, at the end of the exhortation became penitent, and requested the apostolic man to marry him to Mary as soon as he pleased. A few days afterwards the prince of Orange went on business to Amsterdam; the princess then called all the parties concerned about her, and Ken married the lovers, Zulestein and Mary Worth, in her chapel. The rage of the prince on his return, when he found his favourite kinsman fast bound in marriage, without possibility of retracting, was excessive; he scolded and stormed at the princess, and railed violently at Dr. Ken, who told him he was desirous of leaving his court and returning to England. The tears and entreaties of the princess, who begged Dr. Ken not to desert her, gave a more serious turn to the affair than the prince liked, who, at last, alarmed at the effect the quarrel might have in England, joined with her in entreating Ken to stay with her another year. Dr. Ken reluctantly complied; he was thoroughly impatient of witnessing the ill-treatment he saw the princess suffer,[2] nor could he withhold remonstrance. "Dr. Ken was

[1] Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, and Biography of Dr. Ken in Bio. Brit. Dr. Ken was the bosom friend of Hooper; by descent, Ken was a gentleman of ancient Saxon lineage, born at Ken-place, Somersetshire. He devoted himself with love to our reformed church. His sister married the illustrious haberdasher, Isaac Walton, who alludes to her in his beautiful lines on Spring:—

"There see a blackbird tend its young,
There hear my Kenna sing a song."

[2] Sidney Papers and Diary, edited by Mr. Blencowe, vol. ii. pp. 19–26, and Memoir of Dr. Ken, in Biographia Britannica.

with me," wrote Sidney in his journal of March the 21st, 1680; "he is horribly unsatisfied with the prince of Orange. He thinks he is not kind to his wife, and he is determined to speak to him about it, even if he kicks him out of doors."[1] Again, about a month afterwards the journal notes, "Sir Gabriel Sylvius and Dr. Ken were both here, and both complain of the prince, especially of his usage of his wife; they think she is sensible of it, and that it doth greatly contribute to her illness. They are mightily for her going to England, but they think he will never consent."[2] Sidney being an agent and favourite of the prince of Orange, it is not probable that he exaggerated his ill conduct. And as for sir Gabriel Sylvius, he was one of his own Dutchmen, who had married a young lady of the Howard family—a ward of Evelyn, at the time of the wedlock of the prince and princess of Orange.[3] Lady Anne Sylvius soon after followed the princess to Holland, and became one of her principal ladies. King Charles II. gave lady Anne Sylvius the privilege and rank of an earl's daughter, as she was grand-daughter to the earl of Berkshire. She was extremely attached to the royal family of Great Britain, in which the good Dutchman, her elderly but most loving spouse, participated: he seems to have been a primitive character, of the class of sir Leoline Jenkins, his contemporary.[4]

In the paucity of events to vary the stagnation of existence in which the young beautiful Mary of England was doomed to mope away the flower of her days in Holland, the circumstance of her laying the first stone of William's new brick palace at Loo afforded her some little opportunity of enacting her part in the drama of royalty, that part which nature had so eminently fitted her to perform with grace and majesty. The erection of this palace, the decorations, together with the

[1] Sidney Papers and Diary, edited by Mr. Blencowe, vol. ii. pp. 19–26, and Memoir of Dr. Ken, in Biographia Britannica.

[2] Ibid. [3] Evelyn's Diary.

[4] Sir Gabriel Sylvius had not the honour of participation in the bosom-secrets of the prince of Orange, although ambassador to England. Sir William Temple quoted, one day, an opinion of sir Gabriel Sylvius. "God!" exclaimed the prince of Orange, "do you think I would let Sylvius know more of my mind than I could tell my coachman?"

laying out of the extensive gardens and pleasure-grounds, afforded Mary some amusement and occupation. On the east side were the apartments devoted to her use, since called 'the queen's suite,' although she never went to Holland after her accession to the British crowns. Under the windows of these was her garden, with a noble fountain in the centre, called 'the queen's garden.' This garden led into another, with a labyrinth, adorned with many statues. Behind the palace she had her *volière*, or poultry-garden, from which it appears that she beguiled her dulness in Holland by rearing various kinds of fowls, especially those of the aquatic species, for which the canals and tanks of Loo were so well fitted. Beyond the park was the *vivier*, a large quadrangular pond, which supplied all the fountains, jets, and cascades that adorned the gardens. Near this was the garden of Fauns, with divers pleasant long green walks; and west of the *vivier* was situated a fine grove for solitude, where Mary occasionally walked, since called in memory of her, "the queen's grove." William had also his wing of the palace, opening into his private pleasaunce and his *volière*: it was to render it more like this Dutch palace that Hampton-Court, the royal abode of the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns, was disfigured and pulled to pieces to decorate Loo. William is accused of plundering Windsor of some of the pictures with which the fine taste and munificence of his predecessors had adorned them.[1]

Mary's palace-seclusion, at this period of her life, must have been a matter of notoriety, since one of her contemporary biographers, whose labours (and very laborious they must have been) consist of mere panegyric without incident, thinks fit, thus cautiously, to apologize for it:—"Though the princess of Orange behaved with all possible condescension to the wives of the burgomasters, and the other ladies, yet she never forgot her own high birth so far as to enter into familiarity with them, it being regarded by her as an

[1] A description of William's palace at Loo was written, at Mary's desire, by his majesty's physician, Walter Harris; but it was not finished till after her death, when it was published in a pamphlet form, decorated with a view of this heavy and expensive building, and its formal gardens.

inviolable point of etiquette, neither to make visits nor contract intimacies with any of them. The narrowness of the circle to which she was thus confined, rendered her recluse and solitary in her own court, and took from her a great part of the grandeur, state, and homage to which she had been accustomed in her uncle's court."[1] How weary such a life must have been to a girl in her teens, accustomed to all the gaieties of the most fascinating court in Europe, and all the endearments of domestic ties, we may suppose, disappointed as she was in her hopes of maternity, and neglected in her first bloom of beauty for one of her attendants by her taciturn and unfaithful husband. No wonder that Mary's health gave way, and the journals, written by English residents at the Hague, prognosticated an early death for the royal flower, who had been reluctantly torn from the happy home of her youth to be transplanted to an ungenial climate. Years, in fact, elapsed before Mary of England's home affections and filial duties were sufficiently effaced to allow her to become an accomplice in the utter ruin of the father who tenderly loved her. From the year 1680 to 1684 the events of her life in Holland, together with life itself, stagnated as dismally as the contents of the canals around her: all the evidence concerning her goes to prove, that her seclusion was little better than the palace-restraint which was called captivity in the days of her ancestresses, Eleanora of Aquitaine and Isabella of Angoulême. While this mysterious retirement was endured by her in Holland, life was opening to her young sister Anne, and many important events had befallen her.

The lady Anne did not accompany her father the duke of York, and her step-mother Mary Beatrice, in their first journey to Scotland: her establishment continued at St. James's, or Richmond. She bore the duchess of York company on her land-journey to the north as far as Hatfield, and then returned to her uncle's court.[2] Whilst the bill for excluding

[1] The Life of our late gracious Queen Mary; published 1695.

[2] R. Coke. For particulars of her abode in Scotland, see the previous volume, Life of Mary Beatrice, pp. 100–105.

her father from the succession was agitating the country and parliament, perhaps the first seeds of ambition were sown in the bosom of Anne, for she was generally spoken of and regarded as the ultimate heiress to the throne. Many intrigues regarding her marriage[1] occupied the plotting brain of her childless brother-in-law, William of Orange. The hereditary prince of Hanover, afterwards George I., paid first a long visit at the Hague at the close of the year 1680, and then appeared at the court of Charles II. as a suitor for the hand of the lady Anne of York. Although William affected the most confidential affection for this young prince, he was racked with jealousy lest he should prosper in his wooing,—not personal jealousy of his sister-in-law, whom he abhorred, but he feared that the ambition of the hereditary prince of Hanover should be awakened by his proximity to the British throne, if he were brought still nearer by wedlock with the lady Anne. The case would then stand thus: If George of Hanover married Anne of York, and the princess of Orange died first, without offspring, (as she actually did,) William of Orange would have had to give way before their prior claims on the succession; to prevent which he set at work a threefold series of intrigues, in the household of his sister-in-law, at the court of Hanover, and at that of Zell.

The prince of Hanover arrived opposite to Greenwich-palace December 6, 1680, and sent his chamberlain, M. Beck, on shore to find his uncle, prince Rupert,[2] and to hire a house. Prince Rupert immediately informed Charles II. of the arrival of the prince of Hanover. The king forbade hiring any house, and instantly appointed apartments at Whitehall for his German kinsman and suite, sending off the master of the ceremonies, sir Charles Cottrell, with a royal barge, to bring his guest up the Thames to Whitehall. The duke of Hamilton came to call on the Hanoverian prince, when he had rested at Whitehall about two hours, and informed him that his uncle, prince Rupert, had already preceded him to the levee

[1] Sidney Diary, vol. ii.

[2] Prince Rupert, then living at the British court, it will be remembered, was brother to Sophia, mother to George I., and youngest daughter to the queen of Bohemia.

of king Charles, and was ready to meet him there. George of Hanover quickly made his appearance at the royal levee, and, when presented to the British monarch, he delivered a letter that his mother, the electress Sophia, had sent by him to her royal cousin-german. Charles II. received both the letter and his young kinsman with his usual frankness, spoke of his cousin Sophia, and said he well remembered her. When the king had chatted some time with his relative, he proposed to present him to the queen, (Catharine of Braganza). Prince George followed Charles II. to the queen's side, or privy-lodgings, at Whitehall, where his presentation to her majesty took place, with the same ceremonial as was used at the court of France before the revolution of 1790. The gentleman presented knelt, and, taking the robe of the queen, endeavoured to kiss the hem; the more courteous etiquette was, for a little graceful struggle to take place, when the queen took her robe from the person presented, who while she did so, kissed her hand.

It was not until the next day that prince George saw the princess on whose account he had undertaken this journey; Charles II. presented him to his niece Anne, "the princess of York," as prince George himself terms her. At his introduction, the king gave him leave to kiss her. It was, indeed, the privilege of the prince's near relationship that he should salute her on the lips. Yet the fact that George I. and Anne so greeted, seems inconsistent with the coldness and distance of their historical characters. All this intelligence was conveyed to the electress Sophia, in a letter written to her, on occasion of these introductions, by her son. It is as follows, from the original French, in which it is indited with as much sprightliness as if it had emanated from the literary court of Louis XIV.:—

"THE HEREDITARY PRINCE GEORGE OF HANOVER,[1] TO HIS MOTHER, THE ELECTRESS SOPHIA.[2]

"London, Dec. 30, O.S. (Jan. 10, N.S.) 1680-1.

"After wishing your serene highness a very happy new year, I will not delay

[1] George I., afterwards king of Great Britain.

[2] It is a little doubtful whether the husband of this princess was at that time elector, but so his consort is entitled by the transcriber.

letting you know that I arrived here on the 6th of Dec., having remained one day at anchor at *Grunnevitsch*, [Greenwich,] till M. Beck went on shore to take a house for me. He did not fail to find out prince *Robert*, [Rupert,] to let him know of my arrival at *Grunnevitsch*, who did not delay telling king Charles II.: his majesty immediately appointed me apartments at *Weithal*, [Whitehall]. M. Beck requested prince *Robert*[1] to excuse me; but king Charles, when he spoke thus, insisted that it should absolutely be so, for he would treat me '*en cousin*,' and after that no more could be said. Therefore M. Cotterel came on the morrow, to find me out, [in the ship at Greenwich] with a *barque* of the king, and brought me therein to *Weithal*, [Whitehall]. I had not been there more than two hours, when *milor* Hamilton came to take me to the king, who received me most obligingly. Prince *Robert* [Rupert] had preceded me, and was at court when I saluted king Charles. In making my obeisance to the king, I did not omit to give him the letter of your serene highness, after which he spoke of your highness, and said, 'that he remembered you very well.' When he had talked with me some time, he went to the queen, [Catharine of Braganza,] and as soon as I arrived he made me kiss the hem of her majesty's petticoat, (*qui l'on me fit baiser la jupe à la reine*).

"The next day I saw the princess of York, [the lady Anne,] and I saluted her by kissing her, with the consent of the king. The day after, I went to visit prince Robert, [Rupert,] who received me in bed, for he has a malady in his leg, which makes him very often keep his bed; it appears that it is so without any pretext, and that he has to take care of himself. He had not failed of coming to see me one day. All the milords came to see me *sans pretendre le main chez moi*:[2] milord Greue [perhaps Grey] is one that came to me very often indeed. They cut off the head of lord Stafford yesterday, and made no more ado about it than if they had chopped off the head of a pullet.

"I have no more to tell your serene highness, wherefore I conclude, and remain, your very humble son and servant, "GEORGE LOUIS."[3]

There is reason to believe that the "milor Greue," who was assiduous in his attendance on the prince of Hanover, was lord Grey of Ford, one of the most violent agitators for the legal murder of the unoffending lord Stafford, whose death is mentioned with such *naïve* astonishment by the prince of Hanover. Various reasons are given for the failure of the marriage-treaty between George I. and queen Anne. It is asserted[4] that William of Orange caused it to be whispered to the lady Anne, that it was owing to the irrepressible disgust that the prince George felt at the sight of her,—an obliging

[1] The name of prince Rupert, although always Germanized to the English reader, is, in this letter by his German nephew, mentioned as Robert.

[2] This sentence is incomplete and broken in sense; perhaps the original was damaged. Does it mean that they came without venturing to shake hands with him?

[3] Endorsed,—"Copied, by George Augustus Gargan, librarian of the Archives at Hanover, into a collection of MSS. in the King's Library, British Museum, presented by George IV., called Recueil de Pièces, p. 220."

[4] Tindal's Continuation, and the Marlborough MSS., Brit. Museum.

piece of information, which could easily be conveyed to her by the agency of the Villiers sisters in his wife's establishment in Holland, communicating the same to the other division of the sisterhood who were domesticated in the palace of St. James. The mischief took effect, for Anne manifested lifelong resentment for this supposed affront. Yet there is no expression of the kind in the letter quoted above, though written confidentially to a mother; instead of which, the suitor dwells with satisfaction on the permission given him to salute the young princess. It is more likely that prince George of Hanover took the disgust at the proceedings of the leaders of the English public at that time, and was loath to involve himself with their infamous intrigues; for it is to the great honour of the princes of the house of Hanover, that their names are unsullied by any such evil deeds as those that disgrace William of Orange. It will be found, subsequently, that the mother of this prince testified sincere reluctance to accept a succession forced on her, and unsought by her or hers; likewise that her son never visited Great Britain again until he was summoned as king; in short, the conduct both of the electress Sophia and of her descendants present the most honourable contrast to the proceedings of William, Mary, and Anne. During prince George of Hanover's visit in England, the prince of Orange had kindly bestirred himself to fix a matrimonial engagement for him in Germany: when he had remained a few weeks at the court of his kinsman, Charles II., he was summoned home by his father, Ernest Augustus, to receive the hand of his first-cousin, Sophia Dorothea, heiress of the duchy of Zell. The marriage, contracted against the wishes of both prince George and Sophia Dorothea, proved most miserable to both.

The duke of York was absent from England, keeping court at Holyrood, at the time of the visit of prince George of Hanover; he had no voice in the matter, either of acceptance or rejection. Although the affections of the lady Anne were not likely to be attracted by prince George, for his person was diminutive and his manners unpleasant yet she felt the unaccountable retreat of her first wooer as a

great mortification. The little princess Isabella died the same spring, a child to whom her sister, the lady Anne, was probably much attached, for they had never been separated but by the hand of death. In the following summer, Charles II. permitted the lady Anne to visit her father in Scotland. She embarked on board one of the royal yachts at Whitehall, July 13, and, after a prosperous voyage, landed at Leith, July 17, 1681. Her visit to Scotland has been mentioned in the preceding volume.[1] Here she met her favourite companion, Mrs. Churchill, who was then in Scotland, in attendance on the duchess of York.

When the vicissitudes of faction gave a temporary prosperity to her father, the lady Anne returned with him to St. James's-palace, and again settled there, in the summer of 1682. In that year, or the succeeding one, she bestowed her first affections upon an accomplished nobleman of her uncle's court. There is little doubt but that her confidante, Sarah Churchill, was the depositary of all her hopes and fears relative to her passion for the elegant and handsome Sheffield lord Mulgrave, which Sarah, according to her nature, took the first opportunity to circumvent and betray. Few of those to whom the rotund form and high-coloured complexion of queen Anne are familiar can imagine her as a poet's love, and a poet, withal, so fastidious as the accomplished Sheffield; but the lady Anne of York, redolent with the Hebe bloom and smiles of seventeen, was different from the royal matron who adorns so many corporation halls in provincial towns, and it is possible might be sincerely loved by the young chivalric earl of Mulgrave, who wrote poems in her praise, which were admired by the court. Poetry is an allowable incense, but after gaining the attention of the lady Anne in verse, the noble poet, Sheffield, proceeded to write *bonâ fide* love-letters to her in good earnest prose, the object of which was marriage. Charles II. and the favoured confidante of the princess, Sarah Churchill, alone knew whether she answered these epistles. Some say that Sarah stole a very tender billet in the lady Anne's writing,

[1] Vol. vi. p. 129; Life of Mary Beatrice.

addressed to Sheffield earl of Mulgrave, and placed it in the hands of her royal uncle, Charles II.; others declare that the unlucky missive was a flaming love-letter of the earl to the lady Anne. But whichever it might be, the result was, that a husband was instantly sought for the enamoured princess, and her lover was forthwith banished from the English court.[1] Charles II. rests under the imputation of sending the earl of Mulgrave on a command to Tangier in a leaky vessel, meaning to dispose of him and of his ambitious designs out of the way at the bottom of the ocean; but to say nothing of the oriental obedience of the crew of the vessel, it may be noted that Charles could have found a less costly way of assassination, if so inclined, than the loss of a ship, however leaky, with all her appointments of rigging, provisions, ammunition, and five hundred men withal, one of whom was his own child,—for the earl of Plymouth was a favourite son of his, who sailed in the same ship with Mulgrave. The want of sea-worthiness of the ship was discovered on the voyage, and whenever the health of king Charles was proposed, lord Mulgrave used to say, "Let us wait till we get safe out of his rotten ship."[2] From this speech, and from the previous courtship of the princess Anne, all the rest has been astutely invented.

The consequence of the courtship between the lady Anne and lord Mulgrave was, that her uncle, king Charles, and his council, lost no time in finding her a suitable helpmate. The handsome king of Sweden, Charles XI., had proposed for the lady Anne, some time after prince George of Hanover had withdrawn his pretensions. The beautiful and spirited equestrian portrait of the king of Sweden was sent to England to find favour in the eyes of the lady Anne; this portrait, drawn by no vulgar pencil, is at Hampton-Court,—at least it was there four years since, shut up in the long room leading to the chapel. It deserves to be seen, for it presents the *beau idéal* of a martial monarch. Anne was not destined to be the mother of Charles XII.; her

[1] Biographia Britannica. Scott's Life of Dryden. Horace Walpole, &c.

[2] Memoir of Sheffield duke of Buckingham, prefixed to his Works, vol. i.

unloving brother-in-law, William, opposed this union with all his power of intrigue; the only suitor on whom he was willing to bestow his fraternal benediction, was the elector-Palatine, a mature widower, a mutual cousin of Anne and himself, being a descendant of the queen of Bohemia. The choice of Charles II. for his niece fell on neither of these wooers, but on prince George, brother of Christiern V., king of Denmark.

The royal family of Denmark were nearly related to that of Great Britain, the grandmother of Charles II., Anne of Denmark, being aunt to the father of prince George, [Frederic III.,] and a friendly intercourse had always been kept up, since her marriage with James I., between the royal families of Denmark and Great Britain. Christiern V., when crown-prince, had visited England at the Restoration; his highness took away with him, as his page, George Churchill,[1] who was at that time but thirteen; it is possible that this trifling circumstance actually led to the marriage of prince George with the lady Anne of York. George of Denmark visited England in 1670,[2] when the lady Anne was only five or six years old, for there was a difference of fourteen or fifteen years in their ages. He brought George Churchill with him to Whitehall, as his guide and interpreter in England, for prince Christiern had transferred him to his brother's service. From that time George Churchill became as influential in the household of the second prince of Denmark, as his brother, John Churchill (afterwards duke of Marlborough), was in that of the duke of York. The prince of Orange was staying at the court of his uncles at Whitehall, when George of Denmark was on his first visit in England; what harm the Danish prince had ever done to his peevish little kinsman was never ascertained, but from that period, William cultivated a hatred against him, lasting as it was bitter.

It is possible, that when Sarah Churchill traversed the love between the lady Anne and the earl of Mulgrave, she recommended George of Denmark to the attention of Charles

[1] Coxe's Life of Marlborough. [2] Evelyn's Diary.

II. for the husband of the princess. As the brother of Mrs. Churchill's husband was already the favourite of the Danish prince, the long-sighted *intriguante* might deem that such alliance would strengthen the puissance of her own family at court; be this as it may, the marriage between the lady Anne and prince George of Denmark was formally proposed, on the part of the king of Denmark, in May 1683. King Charles approved of it, but would not answer finally until he had spoken to his brother, the duke of York, who, according to public report, replied, "that he thought it very convenient and suitable, and gave leave by M. Lente, the Danish envoy, that the prince George should make application to his daughter, the lady Anne."[1] The duke of York regrets the match in his own journal, observing, "that he had had little encouragement, in the conduct of the prince of Orange, to marry another daughter in the same interest." William of Orange, however, did not identify his own interest with that of the Danish prince; for directly he heard that he was like to become his brother-in-law, he sent Bentinck to England to break the marriage if possible. The Orange machinations proved useless, excepting that the marriage was rendered somewhat unpopular by a report being raised that prince George of Denmark was a suitor recommended by Louis XIV. Nevertheless, the protestantism of the Danish prince was free from reproach, and therefore there was no reason why he should find favour in the eyes of Louis.

The prince of Denmark had been distinguished by an act of generous valour before he came to England. He was engaged in one of the tremendous battles between Sweden and Denmark, where his brother, king Christiern, commanded in person: the king, venturing too rashly, was taken prisoner by the Swedes, when prince George, rallying some cavalry, cut his way through a squadron of the Swedes, and rescued his royal brother.[2] The prince had no great appanage or interest in his own country, only about 5000 crowns per

[1] Letters of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, p. 244.
[2] Atlas Geographicus.

annum; therefore it was considered desirable that he should remain at the court of England, without taking his wife to Denmark. Prince George arrived in London, on the $\frac{2}{12}$th of July, 1783; that day he dined publicly at Whitehall with the royal family, and was seen by a great crowd of people,—among others, by Evelyn, who has left the following description of him: "I again saw the prince George, on the 25th of July; he has the Danish countenance, blonde; of few words, spake French but ill, seemed somewhat heavy, but is reported to be valiant."—"I am told from Whitehall," says another contemporary, "that prince George of Denmark is a person of a very good mien, and had dined with the king, queen, and duke of York, who gave the prince the upper hand."[1] This was on a public dinner-day, in the same manner as the court of France dined at Versailles and the Tuileries, where the people were admitted to see the royal family. "The court will soon return to Windsor, where the nuptials between the prince and lady Anne will be arranged and completed.[2] His marriage-gifts, which are very noble, are presented to her, and their households will be settled after the manner of those of the duke of York and the duchess, but not so numerous. A chapter will be held at Windsor for choosing prince George into the most noble order of the Garter; but the prince hath desired it may be deferred, till he hath written to the king of Denmark for his leave to forbear wearing the order of the Elephant, for it would not be seemly to wear that and the order of the Garter at the same time." It is scarcely needful to observe, that the "leave" was granted by the king of Denmark.

The marriage of the princess Anne took place at St. James's chapel, on St. Anne's-day, July 28th, o.s., 1683, at ten o'clock at night. Her uncle, Charles II., gave her away; queen Catharine, the duchess of York, and the duke of York, were present.[3] Unlike the private marriage of the weeping princess Mary, which took place in her own bedchamber, the

[1] Memoirs by sir Richard Bulstrode, envoy at the courts of Brussels and Spain, p. 349.

[2] This was a mistake; the marriage was celebrated in the palace of the duke of York, at St. James's.

[3] Echard, vol. iii. p. 696.

bridal of Anne of York and George of Denmark was a bright nocturnal festivity, brilliant with light and joyous company. Most of the nobility then in London were present. The people took their part in the fête; they kindled their bonfires at their doors, and in return wine-conduits, shows, and diversions were provided for them, and the bells of each church in London rang all night. The marriage was commemorated by a courtly pretender to literature, Charles Montague, subsequently earl of Halifax, who perpetrated an ode, from which the only passages that bear any personal reference to the bride and bridegroom are here presented to the reader:—

"What means this royal beauteous pair?
This troop of youths and virgins heavenly fair,
That does at once astonish and delight?
Great Charles and his illustrious brother here,
No bold *assassinate* need fear;
Here is no harmful weapon found,
Nothing but Cupid's darts and beauty here can wound.

* * * * *

See, see! how decently the bashful bride
Does bear her conquests; with how little pride
She views that prince, the captive of her charms,
Who made the North with fear to quake,
And did that powerful empire shake;
Before whose arms, when great Gustavus led,
The frighted Roman eagles fled."

The succeeding morning of the nuptials, the princess sat in state with her bridegroom, to receive the congratulations of the courts of foreign ambassadors, the lord mayor and aldermen, and various public companies.

Many politicians of the day rejoiced much that the princess Anne was safely married to prince George, because the death of Marie Therese, the queen of France, left Louis XIV. a widower only two days after these nuptials, and it was supposed that the duke of York would have made great efforts to marry his daughter to that sovereign.[1] King Charles settled on his niece, by act of parliament, 20,000*l.* per annum, and from his own purse purchased and presented to her, for a residence, that adjunct to the palace of Whitehall which was called the Cockpit, (formerly its theatre). This place was built by Henry VIII., for the savage sport which its name denotes.

[1] MS. of Anstis, Garter king-at-arms.

It had long been disused for that purpose, but had been adapted as a place of dramatic representation until the rebellion.[1] It had been granted by royal favour on lease to lord Danby, of whom it was now purchased. The Cockpit appears to have been situated between the present Horse-guards and Downing-street, and it certainly escaped the great fire which destroyed the palace of Whitehall, being on the other side of the way. The entry was from St. James's-park, which lay between it and St. James's-palace; and as that was the town residence of the duke of York, the vicinity to the dwelling of his beloved child was very convenient.

When the establishment of the princess Anne of Denmark was appointed by her royal uncle, Sarah Churchill, secretly mistrusting the durability of the fortunes of her early benefactress, the duchess of York, expressed an ardent wish to become one of the ladies of the princess Anne, who requested her father's permission to that effect. The duke of York immediately consented, and the circumstance was announced by the princess in the following billet:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK TO MRS. CHURCHILL.[2]

"The duke of York came in just as you were gone, and made no difficulties; but has promised me that I shall have you, which I assure you is a great joy to me. I should say a great deal for your kindness *in offering it*, but I am not good at compliments. I will only say, that I do take it *extreme* kindly, and shall be ready at any time to do you all the service that is in my power."

Long years afterwards, Anne's favourite asserted that she only accepted this situation in compliance with the solicitations of her royal mistress: with what degree of truth, the above letter shows. In the same account of "her conduct," Mrs. Churchill (then the mighty duchess of Marlborough) describes the qualities she possessed, which induced the strong affection enduringly testified for her by the princess. The first was the great charm of her frankness, which disdained all flattery; next was the extreme hatred and horror that both felt for lady Clarendon, the aunt of Anne, because that

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 32. Malone has, with antiquarian care, traced the transitions of the Cockpit; there was likewise, according to his text, a theatre so called in Drury-lane.

[2] Coxe's Marlborough, vol. i. p. 21.

lady "looked like a mad woman, and talked like a scholar."[1] This object of their mutual dislike was wife to the uncle of the princess, Henry earl of Clarendon; she had been governess to the princess before her marriage with prince George of Denmark, and was at present her first lady. The style in which Flora lady Clarendon wrote was, as may be seen in the Clarendon Letters, superior to that of any man of her day. Her letters are specimens of elegant simplicity, therefore the charge of scholarship was probably true. As to Mrs. Churchill's influence over the princess, she evidently pursued a system which may be often seen practised in the world by dependents and inferiors. She was excessively blunt and bold to every one but the princess, who, of course, felt that deference from a person rude and violent to every other human creature, was a double-distilled compliment. The complaisance of the favourite only lasted while the lady Anne was under the protection of her uncle and father: we shall see it degenerate by degrees into insulting tyranny.

In the romance of her friendship, the princess Anne renounced her high rank in her epistolary correspondence with her friend. "One day she proposed to me," says Sarah Churchill, "that whenever I should be absent from her, we might, in our letters, write ourselves by feigned names, such as would import nothing of distinction of rank between us. Morley and Freeman were the names she hit on, and she left me to choose by which of them I would be called. *My* frank, open temper[2] naturally led me to pitch upon Freeman, and so the princess took the other." These names were extended to the spouses of the ladies, and Mr. Morley and Mr. Freeman were adopted by prince George of Denmark and colonel Churchill. Other *sobriquets* were given to the father and family of the princess; and this plan was not only used for the convenience of the note-correspondence which per-

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 10. The editor of the Clarendon Letters observes on the abuse of lady Clarendon, that it was impossible for the favourite of Anne to have comprehended the virtues of a mind like lady Clarendon's.

[2] However virtuously the duchess of Marlborough abstained from praising others, no one can deny that her praises of herself are fluent and cordial in the extreme.

petually passed between the friends, but it subsequently masked the series of dark political intrigues, guided by Sarah Churchill, in the Revolution. The following note was written a little before this system of equality was adopted, while it was yet in cogitation in the mind of Anne, who was then absent from her favourite at the palace of Winchester, where she was resting after she had accompanied her father, the duke of York, in his yacht to review the fleet at Portsmouth:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY CHURCHILL.[1]

"Winchester, Sept. 20, 1684.

"I writ to you last Wednesday from on board the yacht, and left my letter on Thursday morning at Portsmouth to go by the post, to be as good as my word in writing to my dear lady Churchill by the first opportunity. I was in so great haste when I writ, that I fear what I said was nonsense, but I hope you will have so much kindness for me as to forgive it.

"If you will not let me have the satisfaction of hearing from you again before I see you, let me beg of you not to call me 'your highness' at every word, but be as free with me as one friend ought to be with another. And you can never give me any greater proof of your friendship than in telling me your mind freely in all things, which I do beg you to do; and if ever it were in my power to serve you, nobody would be more ready than myself.

"I am all impatience for Wednesday; till when, farewell."

While the princess of Denmark was enjoying every distinction and luxury in England, her sister Mary led no such pleasant life at the Hague, where she either was condemned to utter solitude, or passed her time surrounded by invidious spies and insolent rivals. After the death of the noble Ossory, and the departure of her early friend Dr. Ken, she had no one near her who dared protect her. Some resistance she must have made to the utter subserviency into which she subsequently fell, or there would have been no need of the personal restraint imposed on her from the years 1682 and 1684, when her mode of life was described in the despatches of the French ambassador, D'Avaux, to his own court: "Until now, the existence of the princess of Orange has been regulated thus: From the time she rose in the morning till eight in the evening, she never left her chamber, except in summer, when she was permitted to walk

[1] Coxe's Marlborough, vol. i. p. 21. Charles II. had, by the request of his brother, created Churchill, lord Churchill of Aymouth, in Scotland, Nov. 19th, 1683.

about once in seven or eight days. No one had liberty to enter her room, not even her lady of honour, nor her maids of honour, of which she has but four; but she has a troop of Dutch *filles de chambre,* of whom a detachment every day mount guard on her, and have orders never to leave her."[1] In this irksome restraint, which, after allowing the utmost for the exaggeration of the inimical French ambassador, it is impossible to refrain from calling imprisonment, the unfortunate princess of Orange had time sufficient to finish her education. She passed her days in reading and embroidering, occasionally being occupied with the pencil, for it is certain she continued to take lessons of her dwarf drawing-master, Gibson, who had followed her to Holland for that purpose. He probably held a situation in her household, as the tiny manikin was used to court-service, having been page of the backstairs to her grandfather, Charles I.[2] It may be thought that a princess who was a practical adept with the pencil, would have proved, subsequently, a great patron of pictorial art as queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Such hopes were not fulfilled. The persons in whose society Mary of England chiefly delighted were, her best-beloved friend and early playfellow, Miss, or (according to the phraseology of that day,) Mrs. Anne Trelawney, then her favourite maid of honour, and her good nurse, Mrs. Langford, whose husband, a clergyman of the church of England, was one of her chaplains, and devotedly attached to her. All were detested by the prince of Orange, but no brutal affronts, no savage rudeness, could make these friends of infancy offer to withdraw from the service of his princess when Dr. Ken did, who, at last, finding he could do no good at the court of the Hague, retired to England. Dr. Ken was succeeded, as almoner to the princess of Orange, by a very quaint and queer clergyman of the old-world fashion, called Dr. Covell.

It was not very probable that the restless ambition of the prince of Orange would permit his wedded partner to remain

[1] Ambassades D'Avaux, vol. iv. p. 217; Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris.

[2] Grainger's Biography, vol. iv. p. 119.

at the Palace of the Wood, or at Dieren, surrounded by her loyalist chaplains, nurses, and dwarf pages of the court of Charles I., cherishing in her mind thoughts of the lofty and ideal past, of the poets, artists, and cavaliers of the old magnificent court of Whitehall. No; Mary's claims were too near the throne of Great Britain to permit him thus to spare her as an auxiliary. After he had grieved her by neglect, humbled her by the preference he showed for her women, and condemned her to solitude, for which she had little preference, his next step was to persecute her for all her family attachments, and insult her for her filial tenderness to her father. He assailed her affection for him by inducing her to believe him guilty of crimes, which only the most daring political slanderers laid to his charge. Above all, William made a crime of the reverence his princess bore to her grandfather, Charles I., for whom he seems to have harboured an implacable hatred, although in the same degree of relationship to himself as to Mary. The proceedings of the prince of Orange, in breaking down his wife's spirit according to the above system, were thus minutely detailed to her kinsman, Louis XIV., by his ambassador to the States, D'Avaux: "They have printed an insolent book against the duke of York in Holland, whom they accuse of cutting the throat of the earl of Essex. The English envoy, Chudleigh, remonstrated, but it had no other effect than exciting Jurieu to present this book publicly to the prince of Orange as his own work; but the worst of all was, that, after this outrage on her father, the princess of Orange was forced by her husband to go to hear Jurieu preach a political sermon. Chudleigh, however, resented so earnestly the calumnies of Jurieu and the conduct of the prince, that he was no longer invited to the court-entertainments at the Hague. A few days afterwards, the princess was sitting in her solitary chamber on the anniversary of the death of her grandfather, Charles I. She had assumed a habit of deep mourning, and meant to devote the whole of the day to fasting and prayer, as was her family custom when domesticated with her father and mother. Her meals were always lonely,

and on this anniversary she supposed that she might fast without interruption. The prince of Orange came unexpectedly into her apartment, and looking at her mourning habit, scornfully bade her, in an imperious tone, 'Go change it for the gayest dress she had!' The princess was obliged to obey. He then told her he meant she should dine in public." Now it is not very easy to make a woman dine when she resolves to fast. "The princess," pursues D'Avaux, "saw all the dishes of a state dinner successively presented to her, but dismissed them one after the other, and ate nothing. In the evening, the prince of Orange commanded her to accompany him to the comedy, where he had not been for several months, and which he had ordered on purpose: at this new outrage to her feelings, the princess burst into tears, and in vain entreated him to spare her, and excuse her compliance."[1]

This was the final struggle; from the 30th of January, 1684-5, there is no instance to be found of Mary's repugnance to any outrage effected by her husband against her family. The change, for some mysterious reason, was occasioned by the domestication of her cousin Monmouth at her court. The contest of parties in England had ended in the restoration of her father, the duke of York, to his natural place in the succession, and Monmouth took his turn of banishment in Holland and Brussels. It was part of the

[1] D'Avaux' Ambassades, vol. iv. p. 262; Bib. du Roi, Paris. A brilliant reviewer in the Quarterly Review has commended us for rectifying the mistake in the English edition of D'Avaux, which states "that the day of fasting and humiliation observed by the princess of Orange was on the anniversary of the death of *James I.* (which by the way occurred on March 25); but we unconsciously amended this error merely by going to the native language and genuine edition of D'Avaux' Ambassades. The misstatement (of which we were not aware until the learned author of the article in the Quarterly Review mentioned it) was probably prepared for the English reader in the same spirit which animated all authorized history of the royal Stuarts in the last century. Several points were gained by the falsification of a word or two in the English edition: at the same time it acquitted the hero of Nassau of an inexcusable family outrage, and gave some support to the atrocious calumny invented in the seventeenth century, that Charles I. poisoned his father James I., or wherefore should such grief be manifested on the anniversary of the death of the latter? It is desirable, on this head, to state, that in the Paris edition of D'Avaux he writes directly after the anniversary of January 30, not of March 25; and that Henry earl of Clarendon, in his Diary, describes the anniversary of the death of Charles I. as ever kept by James II. and his family, in fasting, prayer, and sorrow.

policy of the prince of Orange to receive this rival aspirant for the crown of Great Britain with extraordinary affection, insomuch that he permitted the princess the most unheard of indulgences to welcome him. "The prince of Orange," says D'Avaux, "was heretofore the most jealous of men. Scarcely would he permit the princess to speak to a man, or even to a woman; now he presses the duke of Monmouth to come after dinner to her apartments, to teach her country-dances. Likewise, the prince of Orange charged her, by the complaisance she owed to him, to accompany the duke of Monmouth in skating parties this great frost. A woman in common life would make herself a ridiculous sight if she did as the princess of Orange does, who is learning to glide on the ice with her petticoats trussed up to her knees, skates buckled on her shoes, and sliding absurdly enough, first on one foot and then on the other."[1] The duchess of Orleans scruples not to accuse Mary of coquetry with the duke of Monmouth. The strange scenes described by D'Avaux were doubtless the foundation of her opinion; but what is still stranger, the literary duchess considers that Mary gave reason for scandal with D'Avaux himself. William discovered, it seems, that an interview had taken place between his princess and this ambassador, at the home of one of her Dutch maids of honour, mademoiselle Trudaine: this lady was instantly driven from her service by the prince, with the utmost disgrace. William's jealousy was probably a political one, and he dreaded lest some communication prejudicial to his views might take place between Mary and her father, through the medium of the French ambassador. D'Avaux himself does not mention the interview in his letters, nor show any symptom of vanity regarding the princess; neither does he mention the redoubtable adventure of the arm-chair, before detailed.

The resentment of the envoy Chudleigh was not to be kept within bounds, when the proceedings relative to Monmouth took place. He had previously remonstrated with warmth at the public patronage offered by the prince of Orange, both to the libeller Jurieu, and to his libel on the

[1] D'Avaux, p. 240.

father of the princess; now, when he found that the princess went constantly, squired by Monmouth, to hear the *sermons* of this calumniator of her parent, the English envoy expressed himself angrily enough for the prince of Orange to insist on his recall, in which request he obliged his princess to join. The motive, however, that the prince and princess gave for this requisition was not the real one, but a slight affront on their dignity, such as hereditary sovereigns have often borne without even a frown. It was the carnival: the snow at the Hague was hard and deep; all the Dutch world were sleighing in fanciful sledges, and masked in various characters. Among others, the princess of Orange being lately taken into the favour of her lord and master, he drove out with her on the snow in a sleigh: both were masked. The Orange sleigh met that of the envoy Chudleigh, who refused to break the road, and the princely sledge had to give way before the equipage of the proud Englishman.[1] The prince and princess both wrote complaints of Chudleigh's disrespect, and petitioned that he might be recalled. Chudleigh wrote likewise, giving his own version of the real cause of the offence, and of the inimical proceedings of the Dutch court against all who were devoted to the British sovereign. As for his alleged crime, he made very light of it, saying, "that as the prince and princess were masked, which implied a wish to appear unknown, the ill-breeding and impertinence would have been in any way to have testified acquaintance with them; that, in fact, he knew them not, and that he was on the proper side of the road. If the circumstance had happened to his own right-royal master and mistress, he should have done the same, but they knew too well the customs of their rank to have taken offence. As for recall, he joined in the request, for he could not stay at the Hague to see and hear what he saw and heard daily." The result was, that Chudleigh returned to England, and Bevil Skelton was sent as envoy. Unfortunately, he gave still less satisfaction to the Orange party.

[1] D'Avaux' Ambassades; Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris. Likewise Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet.

"The prince of Orange," says D'Avaux, "knew not how to caress Monmouth sufficiently: balls and parties were incessantly given for him. Four or five days since, he went alone with the princess of Orange on the ice in a *traineau*, to a house of the prince three leagues from the Hague; they dined there, and it was the duke of Monmouth that led out the princess. He dined at table with the princess, who, before, always ate by herself. It was remarked that the princess, who never was accustomed to walk on foot in public places, was now for ever promenading in the mall, leaning on the arm of Monmouth; and that the prince, formerly the most jealous person in existence, suffered this gallantry, which all the world noticed, between the duke and his wife.[1] The gaiety at the court of the Hague," he continues, "is universal. William himself set all the world dancing at the balls he gave, and encouraged his guests and his wife by dancing himself. He likewise obliged the princess to receive at her court, and to countenance, the duke of Monmouth's mistress or secondary wife, lady Harriet Wentworth." The ill-treated heiress of Buccleugh, Monmouth's duchess and the mother of his children, was living deserted in England: she had been the most particular friend and companion of the princess of Orange, who ought, therefore, to have resented, rather than encouraged any introduction to her supplanter. The duke of York wrote, with unwonted sternness, to his daughter, remonstrating against these proceedings. She shed tears on her father's letter; but she answered, "that the prince was her master, and would be obeyed." Eye-witnesses did not deem that the conduct of the princess was induced by mere obedience. She was either partial to Monmouth,—as her friend and correspondent, the German duchess of Orleans, implies,—or she rushed into pleasure with the hilarity of a caged bird into the open air. If her seclusion had been as severe as the French ambassador declared it was, she was glad of liberty and exercise on any terms. At the conclusion of one of his letters of remonstrance, her father bade her warn her hus-

[1] D'Avaux' Ambassades, vol. iv. p. 217.

band, "that if the king and himself were removed by death from their path, the duke of Monmouth, whatsoever the prince might think of his friendship, would give them a struggle before they could possess the throne of Great Britain."[1] A dim light is thrown on the correspondence between James II. and his daughter, by garbled extracts made by Dr. Birch, a chaplain of the princess Anne. Some motive fettered his transcribing pen, since letters, apparently of the strongest personal interest, furnish him but with two or three broken sentences; for instance, in January the 27th, 1685, a few days before the duke of York ascended the throne, when he wrote to remonstrate with her on her extraordinary conduct with Monmouth. Dr. Birch's brief quotation from this paternal reproof is, that her father "supposes she was kept in awe;" that from Mary's answer, "denies being kept in awe,—her condition *much happier* than he believed."[2]

All the noisy gaieties and rejoicings at the Orange court were hushed and dispelled, as if by the sweep of an enchanter's wand, on the noon of February 10, (o. s.) 1685, when the tidings arrived of the death of Charles II., and the peaceable accession of the princess's father to the throne of Great Britain, as James II. D'Avaux thus describes the change effected by the announcement of the news at the palace of the Hague:[3] "Letters from England, of the 6th of February, o. s., arrived here at seven this morning; they communicated the sorrowful tidings of the death of the king of England, Charles II. The prince of Orange did not go into the chamber of his wife, where she was holding a court of reception for the ladies of the Hague: he sent a message, requesting her to come down and hear the news. The duke of Monmouth came likewise to listen to these despatches. It is said that Mary manifested deep affliction at the death of her uncle. Monmouth retired to his own lodging, and came to the prince at ten in the evening: they were shut up together till midnight sounded. Then Monmouth, the same

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, and Macpherson's History of Great Britain.
[2] Additional MS. 4163, vol. i.; Birch Papers, British Museum.
[3] D'Avaux' Ambassades, vol. iv. pp. 217–266.

night, left the Hague secretly; and so well was his departure hidden, that it was supposed at noon the next day that he was in bed. The prince of Orange gave him money for his journey."[1] To his daughter, James II. announced his prosperous accession with the utmost warmth of paternal tenderness; to the prince of Orange, with remarkable dryness and brevity.[2] The prince, who had never supposed that his father-in-law would ascend the British throne, after the strong attempts to exclude him on account of his religion, found himself, if regarded as his enemy, in an alarming predicament. His first manœuvre, in consequence, was to take out of his wife's hand the paternal letter sent to her by her father, and read it aloud to the assembled states of Holland as if it had been written to himself.[3] He wrote to the new sovereign an apologetical epistle in the lowest strain of humility, explaining "that Monmouth only came as a suppliant, was shown a little common hospitality, and had been sent away." A glow of fervent enthusiasm and a prostration of devotion now marked his letters to James II. In one of his epistles William says,—"Nothing can happen which will make me change the fixed attachment I have for your interests. I should be the most unhappy man in the world if you were not persuaded of it, and should not have the goodness to continue me a little in your good graces, since I shall be, to the last breath of my life, yours, with zeal and fidelity."[4]

The usually affectionate correspondence between James II. and his daughter Mary, had now become interspersed with their differences of opinion on religion. The partialities of each were in direct opposition to the other,—his for the church of Rome, she frequenting the worship of the Dutch dissenters. Neither had much regard for the true resting-place between the two,—the reformed church of England, as established at the period of the present translation of the Scriptures. According to Dr. Birch's meagre extracts, king

[1] D'Avaux' Ambassades, vol. iv. pp. 217–266. D'Avaux dates Feb. 20, but he has used the new style.

[2] Dalrymple's Appendix, where the letter is quoted.

[3] Macpherson.

[4] Dalrymple's Appendix, French letter.

James wrote to his daughter Mary, from Windsor, August 22nd, to express—

"His surprise to find her so ill-informed of the bishop of London's behaviour, both to the late king and to him, both as duke and king, as to write [to him] in his favour; that the bishop deserved no favour from him, and was far from having the *true* church-of-England principles."

In the answer of Mary, dated the 26th of August, she "vindicated her former preceptor as a good and loyal man."[1]

An error, fatal to himself, was committed by James II., in complying with the request that his daughter was induced to join in, by allowing Henry Sidney to return to the Hague as the commander of the English forces, which were lent to the prince of Orange as a support equally against the ambition of France and the party in Holland adverse to the stadtholdership, for every officer who did not become a partisan of the views of the prince of Orange on the throne of Great Britain was an object of persecution, and was very glad to obtain his own dismissal and return to England. Thus all who remained were the pledged agents of William's ambition. Since the departure of Dr. Ken, it was noticed that Mary had attended more than ever the preachings of the Dutch dissent. It was observed that Monmouth, who had accompanied her to their meetings, had, in his latter years, manifested great partiality to the fatalist sects. The rash invasion of England by Monmouth, his nominal assumption of the royal dignity, and his execution, were events which followed each other with startling celerity. It is evident, from his own memoirs, that James II. regretted being forced to put Monmouth to death. Those who have read the proclamation, in which Monmouth calls his uncle "the murderer and poisoner of Charles II.," will see that, in publishing so unfounded a calumny, he had rendered any pardon from James II. a self-accusation. Whether the mind of Mary had been warped against her father by the party-exiles who swarmed in Holland, or whether her motives were the more degrading ones attributed to her by her relative and correspondent, Elizabeth Charlotte,[2] (the second wife of

[1] Additional MSS. 4163, vol. i.; British Museum.

[2] Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans.

Philippe duke of Orleans,) can scarcely be surmised; but reasoning from facts and results, it is evident that she never forgave her father the death of Monmouth.

Since the departure of Dr. Ken, it was impossible for the father of the princess to send any loyal person, in any official capacity, who could be endured at her court. Skelton, the new envoy, was liked still less than Chudleigh. A complete antipathy had subsisted between Dr. Ken and William of Orange, but the dignity of character pertaining to the disinterested churchman had awed the prince from the practices to which he had recourse in order to discover what Ken's successor, Dr. Covell, thought of the married felicity of the princess, and of the conduct of the persons composing the court at the Hague. Truly, in this proceeding the hero of Nassau verified the proverb, that eavesdroppers hear no good of themselves; and, assuredly, the peepers into private letters deserve not more self-gratification than the listeners at windows or keyholes. The princess was at Dieren, surrounded by the inimical circle of the Villiers, to whose aid a fourth, their sister Catharine, had lately arrived from England, and had married the marquess de Puissars, a French nobleman at the court of Orange. It was an allusion to the infamous Elizabeth Villiers which exasperated the Dutch phlegm of William of Orange into the imprudence of acknowledging the ungentlemanlike ways by which he obtained possession of the quaint document written by his wife's almoner, Dr. Covell. The prince had, by some indirect means, learned that the correspondence between Covell and Skelton, the envoy, passed through the hands of D'Alonne, the secretary to the princess. After obtaining and copying Dr. Covell's letter, he sent it to Lawrence Hyde, the uncle of the princess of Orange, accompanied by his holograph letter in French, of which the following is a translation :[1]—

"I had for some time suspected," says the prince of Orange,[2] "that Dr. Covell was not a faithful servant to the princess. The last time I was at the Hague, a letter *fell* into my hands which he had written to Skelton, the ambassador. I opened it, and at my return *to* Dieren, *where the doctor was with the princess*, I *took* the doctor's cypher and decyphered it, as you will see by

[1] Clarendon Correspondence, vol. i. p. 165. [2] Ibid.

the copy annexed; the original, (which I have,) written and signed with his own hand, he acknowledged when I showed it to him. You will, no doubt, be surprised that a man of his profession could be so great a knave."

The surprise is, however, greater to find that a prince, who bore a character for heroism, and even for magnanimity, should first purloin a private letter, break the seal to espy the contents, then *take* the doctor's cypher,—but how, unless his serene highness had picked the doctor's desk, he does not explain,—and then continue his practices till he had laboured out a fair copy of the letter, which, to complete his absurdity, he sent to the very parties that the old doctor especially wished should know how he treated his wife. James II. and Clarendon were not a little diverted at the fact, that the prince of Orange had spent his time in making out a cyphered letter as complimentary to himself and court as the following:—

"Dr. Covell to Mr. Skelton, the Ambassador.

"Dieren, October $\frac{5}{15}$, 1685.

"Your honour may be astonished at the news, but it is too true, that the princess's heart is like to break; and yet she every day, with mistress Jesson and madame Zulestein, [Mary Worth,] counterfeits the greatest joy, and looks upon us as dogged as may be. We dare no more speak to her. The prince hath infallibly made her his absolute slave, and there is an end of it. I wish to God I could see the king give you some good thing for your life; I would have it out of the power of any revocation, for, I assure you, I fear the prince will for ever rule the roast. As for Mr. Chudleigh,[1] if his business be not done beyond the power of the prince before the king [James II.] die, he will be in an ill taking. But I wonder what makes the prince so cold to you. None but infamous people must expect any tolerable usage here.

"I beseech God preserve the king [James II.] many and many years. I do not wonder much at the new marchioness's [Catharine Villiers] behaviour, it is so like the breed. We shall see fine doings if we once come to town. What would you say if the princess should take her into the chapel, or, in time, into the bedchamber? I cannot fancy the sisters [Villiers] will long agree. You guess right about Mr. D'Allonne, for he is secretary in *that*, as well as other private affairs.

"I fear I shall not get loose to meet you at Utrecht: it will not be a month before we meet at the Hague. I never so heartily longed to come to the Hague. God send us a happy meeting!

"The princess is just now junketing with madame Bentinck [Anne Villiers] and Mrs. Jesson, in madame Zulestein's chamber. Believe me, worthy sir, ever with all sincere devotion to be,

"Your honour's, &c.

"Let me know how you were received at the *hoff*, [court]."

This letter strongly corroborates the intelligence regard-

[1] The former envoy, displaced by the complaint of the prince.

ing the princess transmitted by the French ambassador, D'Avaux, for the information of his court; and is, moreover, corroborated by the previous remonstrances of Dr. Ken on the ill-treatment of Mary. Nor, when the strong family connexions are considered of the *intriguante* Elizabeth Villiers, represented by old Dr. Covell as surrounding the princess at all times, equally in her court and the privacy of her chamber, will his picture of the slavery to which she was reduced be deemed exaggerated.

With Dr. Covell a general clearance of all persons supposed to be attached to the royal family in England took place: they were all thrust out of the household of the princess. Bentinck, whose wife is mentioned in Dr. Covell's letter, thus details their dismission in an epistle to Sidney:[1] "You will be surprised to find the changes at our court, for her royal highness, madame the princess, on seeing the letter which the prince *had got by chance*, dismissed Dr. Covell, without any further chastisement, because of his profession; and as it was suspected that Mrs. Langford and Miss Trelawney had been leagued with him, her royal highness, madame the princess, has sent them off this morning. The second chaplain, Langford, is also in this intrigue. I do not complain of the malice these people have shown in my case," continued Bentinck, "seeing that they have thus betrayed their master and mistress. I beg, that if you hear any one speak of the sort of history they have charitably made at our expense, you will send us word, for they have reported as if *we* [Bentinck and his wife] had failed of respect to her royal highness madame the princess at our arrival at Hounslardyke, and I should wish to 'know what is said.'" If Bentinck and his master could have obtained Barillon's despatches by some such "accident" as gave them possession of Dr. Covell's letter, they would have found that king James remarked reasonably enough on the incident. He said, that "If the prince of Orange really behaved like a true friend to him, and a good husband to his daughter, it

[1] Sidney Diary, edited by Mr. Blencowe, vol. ii. pp. 254, 255, where may be seen the original French letter.

was strange that he should be so enraged at her earliest friends and oldest servants writing news by the British resident of her health, and the manner of passing her time." The king alluded to the fact, "that Mrs. Langford was the nurse of his daughter Mary, whose husband, Mr. Langford, was one of her chaplains; Anne Trelawney, one of her ladies, had been a playfellow, whom the princess Mary loved better than any one in the world." The princess suffered agonies[1] when the prince of Orange, suspecting that Anne Trelawney was among the disapprovers of his conduct, forced her to return to England at this juncture."[2]

The prince of Orange informed Lawrence Hyde, the uncle of the princess, that he left the punishment of Dr. Covell to his bishop; but he demanded of king James the dismissal of the envoy Skelton, for having the queer letter already quoted written to him by the said Dr. Covell, which, in fact, Skelton had never received. Hyde drily replied, by the order of the king, "that frequent changes were great impediments to business; and reminded him that the other envoy, Chudleigh, had been dismissed for a private misunderstanding." Skelton remained fruitlessly writing to his royal master, calling his attention to the intrigues by which his son-in-law was working his deposition,[3] receiving but little belief from James II., who either would not or could not suspect the faith of a son and daughter, when both of them were writing to him letters, apparently of an affectionate and confidential kind, every post-day.[4] The princess of Orange greatly exasperated the French ambassador by the sympathy she manifested for his Protestant countrymen. He wrote to his court, January 3, 1686,—"Only two days ago, she told a story of a

[1] This curious and obscure passage in Mary's early married life has been collated and collected from the despatches and diaries of her friends, relatives, foes, and servants; namely, from those written by her uncle Lawrence, her husband the prince of Orange, her father, and old friends, as well as by the French ambassadors, D'Avaux and Barillon; and there is no doubt that there is much more to be found in private letters and journals, as yet unknown to biographers.

[2] Barillon, Oct. 1685.

[3] Dalrymple's Appendix, and Macpherson's History and Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 286.

[4] Dalrymple's Appendix; see a great number from the prince of Orange and from the king.

fire having been lighted under two young Protestant girls in France, who were thus made to suffer dreadful torments."[1] The ambassador complained to the prince of Orange, and requested him "to restrain the princess from talking thus;" but the prince coldly observed, "that he could not." Holland and England were then full of the refugees who had fled from the detestable persecutions in France. In this instance James II. and his daughter acted in unison, for he gave them refuge in England, and relieved them with money and other necessaries. It is said, that he sent word to remonstrate with Louis XIV. on his cruelty.[2]

It was in the spring of 1686 that the princess of Orange, by a manifestation of her conjugal fears, obtained from the States-General the appointment of body-guards, to attend on the personal safety of her husband, who hitherto had been without that indication of the dignity of a sovereign prince. The following curious tale of a plot against the life or freedom of Mary's consort, she owed to Dr. Burnet and one Mr. W. Facio, or Tacio, who afterwards fell out with each other, and gave different versions of it. Perhaps the plot itself was a mere scheme for obtaining a place in the good graces of the prince and princess of Orange. "Scheveling is a sea village," begins the memorial, "about two or three miles from the palace of the Hague, whither all people, from the rank of the prince and princess to the lowest boor and boorine, take the air, in fine weather, on summer evenings. A stately long avenue leads to the *dunes* from the back of the Hague palace-gardens, planted on each side with many rows of tall trees." The dunes (just like those of Yarmouth) are interspersed with portions of beautiful turf,

[1] Ambassades D'Avaux, vol. v. p. 219.

[2] There is direct evidence of this part: see Toone's Chronology, Macpherson, and a letter of Henry lord Clarendon. Barillon, however, in one of his letters to Louis XIV., asserts that James expressed to him the direct contrary. Facts are, nevertheless, to be preferred to words, even if the words were reported with truth. James devoted 50,000*l.* of the contents of his well-regulated treasury, to the good work of the hospitable provision for his poor guests. See, likewise, the works of Dr. Peter Allix, one of the refugee leaders, which overflow with gratitude to James II., for what the good Huguenot calls his inestimable kindness to them in their miseries.

of the *arenaria*, or sea-beach grass; the rest is a desert of deep, loose sand, where the roots of this grass do not bind it; consequently, a heavy carriage with horses always would have great difficulty in traversing the road, which was very troublesome towards the north *dunes*.[1] "The prince of Orange," wrote the informer of the plot, "would often go in a chariot drawn by six horses, in the cool of a summer's evening, to take the air for two hours along the sea-shore, with only one person in the carriage with him; and in order to avoid all troublesome salutation, he went northward a great way beyond where the other carriages did walk, none of which dared follow him, so that he was almost out of sight." An agent of the king of France went to lie in wait, with two boats, on the Scheveling beach, each manned with armed desperadoes: and, when the Dutch prince's carriage was slowly ploughing its way among the sandy dunes, the men were to march to surround the prince, who, being thus enclosed between the two gangs, was to be taken, rowed off to a brig of war under Dutch colours, and carried to France. The scheme was attributed to a count Feril, or Fenil, an Italian officer in a French regiment, who had been banished from France for killing his enemy in a duel. M. Facio, or Tacio, then a youth, the son of the man with whom he lodged at Duyviliers, heard the matter in confidence from Fenil. By a notable concatenation of accidents, Dr. Burnet met the confidant of the conspirator of "the plot," as he bent his course to Holland. It seems very strange in this story, that the alleged conspirator, count Fenil, should have trusted his intentions several months before "the plot" was matured to this young man, who happened to be travelling to Geneva, where he happened to encounter Burnet, who happened to be travelling to Holland, where he happened to find the narrative a convenient means of introduction to the princess of Orange, for policy forbade her receiving with particular marks of distinction any exile from her father's court, during his short-lived prosperity after the suppression of the

[1] In Yarmouth these sea-side plains are called *danes*, or *deans*, but both words mean the same as *downs*.

Monmouth insurrection. Having requested an interview on matters of life and death with her royal highness, Burnet told his alarming tale with such effect, that the princess, in an agony of conjugal fear, entreated, in her turn, a conference on matters of life and death with some members of the States-General of the Orange faction, to hear and see the reverend person tell his story[1] and produce his witness. The result was, that the princess obtained from a majority of the States-General the first appointment of her husband's body-guards,—a step greatly adverse to the terms on which he held his stadtholdership, and savouring strongly of royal power and dignity. The author of the story, M. Facio, in his memorial, published for the purpose of exposing some falsehoods of his quondam ally, complains much of the ingratitude both of William and Burnet. What became of the count Fenil, on whom the concoction of "the plot" was laid, is not mentioned.

James II. sent his friend William Penn, the illustrious philanthropist, to his daughter and her husband in January 1686, to convince them by his eloquence of the propriety of his abolishing all laws tending to persecution. A Dutch functionary, of the name of Dyckvelt, was long associated with the benevolent quaker in this negotiation. "Penn," says D'Avaux, "wrote with his own hand a long letter," averring "that many of the bishops had agreed that the English penal laws were cruel and bad, and ought to be annulled." On which the prince declared, "he would lose all the revenues and reversion of the kingdom of Great Britain, to which his wife was heiress, before one should be abolished. The princess," adds D'Avaux, "echoed his words, but much more at length, and with such sharpness, that the marquess d'Albeville [who was D'Avaux's informant, and was present] was much astonished at her tone and manner." Among other expressions, she said,[2] that

[1] It is a curious circumstance, that Burnet is very cautious in all his allusions to this queer tale, which he does not attempt to narrate either in history or manuscript. The truth is, that Facio, or Tacio, had printed a version of it, strongly illustrative of the wise proverb, When rogues fall out, &c.

[2] Ambassades D'Avaux: Bibliothèque Royale, Paris, vol. v. p. 67.

"If ever she was queen of England, she should do more for the Protestants than even queen Elizabeth." When Mary perceived the impression she had made on Albeville by her answer to Penn, she modified her manner in discussing with him the differences between her father's views and her own, adding, in a more moderate, and at the same time more dignified tone, "I speak to you, sir, with less reserve, and with more liberty than to the king my father, by reason of the respectful deference which I am obliged to entertain for him and his sentiments."[1] William Penn, on this mission, incurred the enmity of the princess of Orange, which endured through her life. The practical wisdom and justice which he had shown, as the founder of a prosperous colony under the patronage of James, when duke of York, ought to have made the heiress of the British empire consider herself under inestimable obligations to the illustrious man of peace. The prince of Orange was less violent than his wife in the matter, and astutely endeavoured to bargain with Penn, as the price of his consent, "that king James should allow his daughter a handsome pension of 48,000*l.* per annum, as heiress of the British throne." James II. was rich, and free from debt, either public or private; but he demurred on this proposition, saying "he must first ascertain clearly that this large income, if he sent it out of the country, would not be used against himself."

It has been shown, that Dr. Burnet's first introduction to the princess was on account of a plot he had discovered against the life or liberty of the prince of Orange. He became from that time extremely intimate at the court of Orange,—an intimacy that excited the displeasure of James II. The extracts are meagre from the king's letter to his daughter. They are as follows:—In a letter, dated from Whitehall, November 23, 1686, he spoke of Burnet "as a man not to be trusted, and an ill man."[2] Dec. 7, he com-

[1] Mazure's deciphering of Albeville's despatches to James II.
[2] Additional MS., British Museum, 4163, folio 1.

plained of Burnet "as a dangerous man, though he would seem to be an angel of light." King James added this description, allowing his enemy the following qualities: that "Burnet was an ingenious man," meaning, in the parlance of that century, a man of genius, "of a pleasant conversation, and the best flatterer he ever knew." The princess replied to her father from the Hague, December 10, in a letter full of Burnet's praises.[1]

[1] Additional MS., British Museum, 4163, folio 1.