

MARY II.

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Proceedings of the princess of Orange at the Hague—Her conversation with Burnet—Her reflections on the memory of Mary queen of Scots—Letter of her step-mother—Embarkation of her husband to invade England—Forbids prayers for her father—Landing of the prince of Orange—Last interview of the princess Anne and her father, (James II.)—Conversation with her uncle Clarendon—Her father leaves London for the army—Her husband and lord Churchill forsake him—Her connivance—Her escape from Whitehall—Joins her father's enemies—Arrival at Nottingham—Joins an association against her father—Disgusts lord Chesterfield—Conduct of her household at the Cockpit—Her triumphant entry into Oxford—Her forces headed by bishop Compton—Stays from London till her father leaves it—Goes to the play in orange ribbons—Danger of her father that night—Stern reproofs of her uncle Clarendon—Controversy of the succession—Rights of the daughters of James II.—Uneasiness of the princess Anne—Convention declares Mary sole sovereign-regnant—Rage of her husband—She yields precedence to William—Is associated with him in regality—Princess Anne yields her place to him—Mary leaves Holland.

OUR narrative now leads us back for a few weeks, to witness the proceedings of the elder daughter of James II. at her court of the Hague, which was in an equal ferment of agitated expectation with that of England. Here the princess was occupied in listening, with apparent simplicity, to the polemic and political explanations of Dr. Burnet in Holland, who had undertaken, by special commission, to render her subservient to the principles of the coming revolution. Those who have seen the correspondence of the daughters of James II. may deem that the doctor might have spared any superfluous circumlocution in the case; but on comparison of his words and those letters, it will be found that it pleased the princess of Orange to assume an appearance of great ignorance regarding the proceedings in England. "She knew but little of our affairs," says Burnet, "till *I* was

admitted to wait upon her, and *I* began to lay before her the state of our court, and the intrigues in it ever since the Restoration, which she received with great satisfaction, and true judgment and good sense in all the reflections she made."

Another subject of discussion with the princess of Orange and Burnet, was the reported imposition regarding the birth of her unhappy brother and unconscious rival, which slander each assumed as a truth; but the princess, stifling the memory of her sister's disgusting letters and her own replies, appeared to hear it with astonishment for the first time. In the course of these singular conversations, Burnet observes, "the princess asked me 'what had sharpened the king, her father, so much against M. Jurieu?'"¹ The real reason has been detailed in the previous chapter. It was for writing a violent attack on her father, accusing him of having cut the throat of the earl of Essex in the Tower. Mary knew this well; for it had been the cause of indignant discussion and the recall of Chudleigh, the British envoy, who would not endure to witness the presentation of such a libel by Jurieu to the prince of Orange in full levee.² Burnet was not aware that the princess meant to discuss Jurieu's foul attack on her father. Perhaps the fact was only recorded in the ambassador's reports; for Burnet replied, wide of the mark, "that Jurieu had written with great indecency of Mary queen of Scots, which cast reflections on *them* that were descended from her, and was not very decent, in one employed by the prince and herself." To this the princess answered, by giving her own especial recipe for historical biography, as follows: "That Jurieu was to support the cause he defended, and to expose those that persecuted it in the *best* way³ he could;" and, "if what he said of Mary queen of Scots was true, he was not to be blamed;" and she added, "that if princesses will do ill things, they must expect that the world will take that revenge on their memories that it *cannot on their persons*."⁴

¹ Burnet's History of his Own Times.

² Ambassades of D'Avaux, and Skelton's Despatches.

³ Mary means "the worst way he could."

⁴ Burnet's Own Times.

A more rational method of judging than that induced by the furious and one-sided advocacy this princess approved, and which she was pleased to see stain the memory of her hapless ancestress, (on whose *person* party vengeance had been wreaked to the uttermost,) is by the test of facts, illustrated by autograph letters. By the spirit of a genuine correspondence may the characteristics of historical personages best be illustrated, and the truth, whether "ill things" are done, best ascertained. The united aid of facts and letters will throw light even on the deeply-veiled character of Mary II. of England.

About the time this conversation took place between this highly-praised princess and her panegyrist Burnet, she received the following letter from her step-mother,—a princess who has had her full share of this world's revilings:—

"QUEEN MARY BEATRICE TO MARY PRINCESS OF ORANGE.¹

"Sept. 28, 1688.

"I am much troubled what to say, at a time when nothing is talked of but the prince of Orange coming over with an army; this has been said for a long time, and believed by a great many, but I do protest to you that I never did believe till now, very lately, that I have no possibility left of doubting it. The second part of the news I will never believe, which is, that you are to come over with him, for I know you to be too good. I do not believe you could have such a thought against the worst of fathers, much less to perform it against the best, who has always been so kind to you, and I do believe, *has loved you better* than any of his children."

Mary had again written to her father, only a few days before the receipt of the above letter, that the journey her husband had taken to Minden, whence he returned September 20, 1688, was for the sole purpose of getting the German princes in congress there to march against France, he being still the generalissimo of the war of Spain and the emperor against Louis XIV. James II. showed his daughter's letter to Barillon, the French ambassador, then at his court, as an answer to his warnings regarding the Dutch armament.² Meantime,

¹ Historical Letters, edited by sir H. Ellis; first Series, vol. iii.

² Mazure, from Albeville's Despatches. Barillon's Despatches to Louis XIV., 166; 1688. Fox MSS. The information is preserved by the statesman C. J. Fox, who, when he came to open the documentary history of the Revolution, threw down his pen, and left the history a fragment. The same curious coincidence occurs with sir James Mackintosh, and the documentary conclusion by Wallace is in direct contradiction to the commencement. Every historian who attempts to write from documents of this era according to the whig bias, and gives *true and direct references*, seems in the same predicament.

Bevil Skelton, the cavalier ambassador lately at the Hague, from his prison in the Tower still perseveringly warned his royal master of the real machinations of Mary and her spouse. Louis XIV. offered to intercept the fleet preparing for the invasion of England, but nothing could induce the father to believe these warnings in preference to the letters of his child, who moreover complained most piteously of the ill-conduct of Bevil Skelton, as a person wholly in the interest of France, against her and her husband. James was vexed with the peace of Europe being broken, and was more concerned with his endeavours to prevent France and Spain from going to war, than apprehensive of invasion from his "son of Orange" in profound peace; and again firmly believing in Mary's solemn affirmations that her husband was only preparing to repel the hourly expected attack of France, he actually offered William, as late as October 3, (N. S.) forces for his aid, if that power should break the peace, both by sea and land!¹ James was sure that the outcries of Bevil Skelton by way of warning, were the mere effects of French diplomacy, to force him to war against his son-in-law.

While every indication promised full success to the revolution preparing for Great Britain, the peculiar notions of the prince of Orange relative to queens-regnant, threatened some disagreement between the two principal persons concerned in the undertaking. In this dilemma, Dr. Burnet kindly tendered his diplomatic aid, and proceeded to probe the opinions of the princess regarding the manner in which she meant to conduct herself towards a regal yoke-fellow. "The princess," says the instructing divine, "was so new to all matters of this kind, that she did not, at first, seem to understand my meaning, but fancied that whatever accrued to her would go to the prince of Orange in right of marriage. I told her it was not so, and explained Henry VII.'s title to her, and what had passed when queen Mary married Philip of Spain. I told her that a titular kingship was no acceptable thing for a man, especially if it was to depend on another's life." The princess asked Burnet to propose a remedy. "I told her the remedy," he resumes, "if she could

¹ Albeville's Despatches, deciphered by Mazure, vol. iii.

bring her mind to it. It was, to be contented to be his wife, and engage herself to him to give him the real authority, as soon as it came into her hands. The princess bade me 'bring the prince to her, and I should hear what she had to say upon it.' The prince of Orange was that day hunting. On the morrow, I acquainted him with all that passed, and carried him to her, where she, in a very frank manner, told him 'that she did not know that the laws of England were so contrary to the laws of God as I had informed her.' She said, 'that she did not think the husband ever was to be obedient to the wife,' and she promised him 'that he should always bear the rule.'" According to other authorities Mary added "that, as she should gladly obey him, she hoped he would also fulfil his part of the marriage contract by loving her."¹ The prince of Orange said not one word in approbation of her conduct, but told Burnet, if *that* could be deemed commendation, "that he had been nine years married to the princess, and never had the confidence to press this matter which had been brought about so soon." Readers familiar with the etiquette of courts, will naturally feel surprised that the princess of Orange should have been reduced to the necessity of requesting the assistance of Dr. Burnet to obtain for her an interview with her august consort, for the purpose of giving her an opportunity of speaking her mind to him on this delicate point. On what terms of conjugal companionship could their royal highnesses have been at this momentous period may reasonably be inquired.

In curious illustration of these alleged passages touching the conjugal confidences of the Orange pair, is the fact, that at the very time, and for the former two years, a correspondence was carried on between the princess of Orange and her sister Anne on the subject of the bitter insults and mortifications the princess of Orange received daily from her maid, Elizabeth Villiers. The preference given by the prince of Orange to his wife's attendant would have been borne in the

¹ Palin's History of the Church of England, from 1688 to 1717: Rivington, 1851. This learned gentleman's research is likewise borne out by a curious contemporary work, Secret History of the Stuarts, formerly in possession of his royal highness the late duke of Sussex.

uncomplaining spirit with which Mary endured all the grievances of her lot, but she could not abide that the shameless woman should boast of that preference,¹ and make it public matter for the world to jeer at, or—worse far, to pity. Mary relieved her overburdened heart by relating details of these mortifications to her sister. The letters have not yet come to light; perhaps they have been destroyed, but they are often mentioned in the despatches of ambassadors. The wrongs described therein raised the indignation of the princess Anne to a height which led her to the imprudent act of rating Bentinck, when in England as envoy, for the ill-conduct of his sister-in-law, (very probably she approved as little of the conduct of his wife,) and told him, sharply, “to check the insolence of Elizabeth Villiers to the princess of Orange.” The remonstrance of the princess Anne was duly reported to her brother-in-law of Orange, and the remembrance laid up for a future day, the effects of which Anne felt after William was on the British throne.

Holland was then full of British exiles, ready to join the invading expedition of the prince of Orange. Some had fled from the bitter persecution which the ministers of Charles II. had established in Scotland; some from the bursting of the various plots which had formed a chain of agitation in England since the wedlock of William and Mary. The queen, her step-mother, continued to mention at times the reports of invasion, evidently without believing that the actual fact could take place from such near relatives in profound peace. The last letter that James II. wrote to the prince of Orange is friendly, and is directed, as usual, “For my son, the prince of Orange.” The public reception of family correspondence at length became a matter either of pain or confusion to the mind of the princess of Orange. The last letters written to her by her father she would not receive personally, as usual, from the hands of his envoy, Albeville, but sent for them privately: they were probably destroyed unread.

The French ambassador, D’Avaux, wrote to his court, that the princess of Orange was seen every day, even on the very

¹ D’Avaux’ Despatches, quoted by Fox in his Appendix.

day of the embarkation, in public, with a gay, laughing countenance. This is not in unison with the statements of two other eye-witnesses, Burnet and Albeville, nor, indeed, with probability, which is better deserving credit than the evidence of either; for, in case of failure, the risk was tremendous. "I waited on the princess of Orange," says Burnet, "a few days before we left the Hague. She seemed to have a great load on her spirits, but to have no scruple as to the lawfulness of the design. I said to her, that 'If we got safe to England, I made no doubt of our success in other things;' only I begged her pardon to tell her, 'that if at any time any misunderstanding was to happen between the prince and her, it would ruin all.' The princess answered, 'I need fear no such thing; for if any persons should attempt that, she would treat them so as to discourage them from venturing it again.' She was very solemn and serious, and prayed very earnestly to God to bless and direct *us*." Dr. Burnet was accompanying the prince as spiritual director of the expedition, which accounts for his emphatic plural "*us*" in his narrative. "At last," he resumes, "the prince of Orange went on board, and we all sailed on the night of the 19th of October, 1688, when directly a great storm arose, and many ships were, at the first alarm, believed to be lost. The princess of Orange behaved herself suitably to what was expected of her. She ordered prayers four times a-day, and assisted at them with great devotion." Incredible as it may seem, prayers were likewise put up in the popish chapels at the Hague belonging to the Spanish and Imperial ambassadors, for the success of the prince of Orange.¹ It was noticed, that at prayers in the chamber of the princess of Orange, all mention of the prince of Wales was omitted; likewise she forbade the collects for her father,² yet his name was retained in the Litany, perhaps accidentally. As the collects are "for grace," and that "God might dispose and govern the heart" of her father, the omission is scarcely consistent with the piety for which Mary is celebrated.

¹ Barillon's Despatches, Dalrymple's Appendix. Burnet's Own Times.

² Albeville's Despatches.

The silence of documentary history as to the scene of the actual parting between William and Mary at the hour of his embarkation for England, is partly supplied by one of the contemporary Dutch paintings commemorative of that event, lately purchased for her majesty's collection at Hampton-Court by the commissioners of the woods and forests. In the first of these highly curious tableaux we behold an animated scene of the preparations for the departure of the prince, described with all the graphic matter-of-fact circumstances peculiar to the Dutch school of art, even to the cording and handling of the liberator's trunks and portmanteaus close to his feet, while he stands surrounded by the wives of the burgomasters of the Brill and Helvoetsluys, who are affectionately presenting him with parting benedictions in the shape of parting cups. One fair lady has actually laid her hand on his highness's arm, while with the other she offers him a flowing goblet of scheidam, or some other equally tempting beverage. Another low German charmer holds up a deep glass of Rhenish nectar; others tender schnaps in more moderate-sized glasses. One of the sympathetic ladies, perhaps of the princess's suite, is weeping ostentatiously, with a handkerchief large enough for a banner. William, meantime, apparently insensible of these characteristic marks of attention from his loyal countrywomen, bends an expressive glance of tender interest upon his royal consort, English Mary, who has just turned about to enter her state carriage, which is in waiting for her. Her face is therefore concealed. The lofty proportions of her stately figure, which have been somewhat exaggerated by the painter, sufficiently distinguish her from the swarm of short, fat, Dutch Madonas by whom the hero of Nassau is surrounded. She wears a high cornette cap, long stiff waist with white satin bodice, scarlet petticoat, orange scarf, and farthingale hoop. Her neck is bare, and decorated with a string of large round pearls. The carriage is a high, narrow chariot, painted of a dark green colour, with ornamental statues at each corner. In form and design it greatly resembles the lord mayor's carriage, only much neater and smaller; the window curtains are of a bright rose colour.

The embarkation of horses and troops is actively proceeding. William's state-barge has mounted the royal standard of Great Britain, with the motto, "Prot. Religion and Liberty," and the stately first-rate vessel in which he is to pass the seas, lies in the offing similarly decorated: some of the other vessels have orange flags. The people on the shore are throwing up their hats, and drinking success to the expedition. It is, altogether, the representation of a very animating scene, full of quaint costume and characteristic details of the manners and customs of William and Mary's Dutch people.

"Mary wept bitterly when she parted from her husband," says Albeville. "She shut herself up afterwards, and would not appear on her day of dining publicly at the Hague-palace."¹ From the lofty turrets of that gothic palace the tradition declares she watched the fleet depart from the Brill, which was to invade her sire.

Every one knows that the prince of Orange arrived safely in Torbay on the eve of the anniversary of 'the Gunpowder-plot,' "a remarkable and crowning providence," as one of the writers of that age observes, "since both of these national festivities can be conveniently celebrated by the same holiday." This day was likewise the anniversary of the marriage of William of Orange with Mary of England. The prince noticed the coincidence with more vivacity than was usual to him. He landed at the village of Broxholme, near Torbay, November 5. When he perceived that all around was quiet, and no symptoms of opposition to his landing, he said to Dr. Burnet, "Ought not I to believe in predestination?" It was then three o'clock in a November afternoon, but he mounted his horse and went with Schomberg to reconnoitre, or as Burnet expresses himself, "to discover the country right and left."² He marched four miles into Devonshire, and lodged

¹ Albeville's Despatches. William sailed with a fleet of fifty-two ships of war, many of them merchant ships borrowed by the States, for great had been the havoc made by James II. in the Dutch navy. Notwithstanding the loss by his victory at Solebay, the Dutch admirals hoisted their flags on seventy-gun ships; there were 400 transports, which carried at least about 15,000 men.

² MS. letter in French, written by Burnet to one of his friends left in

at a little town called Newton; but it was ten in the evening before the whole force arrived there, and then every one was wet and weary. The next day, about noon, the greatest landholder in Devonshire, the 'chevalier' Courtney, sent his son to his highness, to pray him to come and sleep at his seat that night. The prince of Orange went there, and for an *impromptu* entertainment, such as this was, it was impossible to be more splendidly regaled." The prince favoured the Courtney baronet with his company four whole days, during which time there was no stir to join him. As so many days elapsed before any of the population of the west of England showed symptoms of co-operation with the prince of Orange, a murmur began to be heard among the Dutch forces, that they had been betrayed to utter destruction.¹ Nevertheless, most of the leading public characters in England had committed themselves, by written invitations to the prince of Orange. The mine was ready to explode; but every one waited for somebody to toss the match. When the first revolt of importance was made, the race was which should the soonest follow.²

Whilst the trusted friends of king James, persons on whom he had bestowed many benefits, were waiting to see who should be the first to betray him, a noble contrast was offered by Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, one of the prelates whom he had incarcerated in the Tower for refusal to comply with his dictation in favour of the Roman-catholics. The letter subjoined is little known, but it journalizes the early progress of William in the west of England, and is valuable in regard to the bishop's allusion to himself as chaplain to the princess of Orange. Several persons who had affected to become Roman-catholics, as a base homage to James II.'s religious principles, had deserted to the prince of Orange; yet this western bishop stood firm to his loyalty, although he was no sycophant of James, for unarmed but with his pastoral staff, he had boldly faced Kirke in his Holland, probably for the information of the princess, but ostensibly for his wife, a Dutchwoman. The letter is very yellow, and now crumbling into fragments.—Harleian MSS., 6798, art. 49.

¹ Diary of lord Clarendon.

² Lord Dartmouth.

worst moments of drunken rage, and, despite of his fury, comforted the unhappy victims in his diocese of the Monmouth rebellion; therefore every one expected to see bishop Ken following the camp of the Orange prince. But the courage and humanity of this deeply revered prelate in 1685, was, if tested by the laws of consistency, the true cause of his loyalty in 1688. His letter is addressed to a kindred mind, that of Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury:—

“ May it please your Grace,

“ Before I could return any answer to the letter with which your grace was pleased to favour me, I received intelligence that the Dutch were just coming to Wells; upon which I immediately left the town, and in obedience to his majesty's general commands, took all my coach-horses with me, and as many of my saddle-horses as I well could, and took shelter in a private village in Wiltshire, intending, if his majesty had come into my county, to have waited on him, and paid him my duty. But this morning we are told his majesty has gone back to London, so that I only wait till the Dutch have passed my diocese, and then resolve to return thither again, that being my proper station. I would not have left the diocese in this juncture, but that the Dutch had seized horses within ten miles of Wells, before I went; and your grace knows that I, *having been a servant to the princess* [of Orange], and well acquainted with many of the Dutch, I could not have stayed without giving some occasions of suspicion, which I thought it most advisable to avoid, resolving, by God's grace, to continue in a firm loyalty to the king, whom God direct and preserve in this time of danger; and I beseech your grace to lay my most humble duty at his majesty's feet, and to acquaint him with the cause of my retiring. God of his infinite mercy deliver us from the calamities which now threaten us, and from the sins which have occasioned them.

“ My very good lord,

“ Your grace's very affectionate servant and bishop,

“ November 24, 1688.”

“ THOMAS, BATH AND WELLS.¹”

The princess Anne had had an interview with her father on the 3rd of November, o. s., when he communicated to her the news that the Dutch fleet had been seen off Dover; and he lent her a copy of the prince of Orange's declaration, which had been disseminated by him along the coast. The king was on friendly terms with his younger daughter, nor had he then the slightest suspicion that the invasion was instigated by her. “ The same day I waited on the princess Anne,” says her uncle Clarendon, “ and she lent me the declaration of the prince of Orange, telling me ‘ that the king had lent it to her, and that she must restore it to him on the morrow.’ ” This appears to have been the last inter-

¹ *Life and Works of Bishop Ken*, edited by J. T. Sherrard, B.D.

course between the princess Anne and her father. The declaration blazoned abroad the slander that the prince of Wales was an infant impostor, intruded on the nation by king James, in order that England might fall under the rule of a prince educated as a Roman-catholic. It may seem unaccountable wherefore the daughters of James II. adopted a falsehood which aggravated the needful exclusion of their father and his unconscious son into personal injury; but it was the contrivance of their own private ambition, to guard against the possibility of the prince of Wales being taken from his parents and educated by the country according to the doctrines of the church of England, which would have excluded his sisters effectually from the succession they eagerly coveted.

Lord Clarendon made a last attempt to touch the feelings of the princess Anne for her father, November 9th. "I told her," he writes, "that endeavours were using for the lords temporal and spiritual to join in an address to the king; that now it would be seasonable to say something to her father, whereby he might see her concern for him." The princess replied, 'that the king did not love that she should meddle with any thing, and that the papists would let him do nothing.' I told her 'that the king was her father; that she knew the duty she owed him; that she knew how very tender and kind he had been to her; and that he had *never troubled her about religion*, as she had several times owned to me. The princess replied, 'that was true;' but she grew exceedingly uneasy at my discourse, and said 'that she must dress herself,' and so I left her."¹

The news arrived in London in a few hours, that lord Cornbury, the eldest son of the earl of Clarendon, and of course the first cousin of the princess, had deserted the king's army, with three regiments. His father, bowed with grief and shame, omitted his visits to his niece, who demanded, when she saw him, "why he had not come to the Cockpit lately?" Lord Clarendon replied, "that he was so much concerned for the villainy his son had committed, that he was ashamed of being seen anywhere."—"Oh," exclaimed

¹ Diary of Henry earl of Clarendon.

the princess, "people are so apprehensive of popery, that you will find many more of the army will do the same." Lord Cornbury's defection was perfectly well known to her; he was the first gentleman of her husband's bedchamber, and by no means troubled with the old-fashioned cavalier loyalty of his father. His wife, likewise in the household of the princess, made herself remarkable by dressing herself in orange colour,¹ a mode we shall find the princess adopted to celebrate the fall of her father.

Thus, day by day, has the uncle of the princess Anne left memorials of his conversations with her regarding her unfortunate father at this momentous crisis. It was scarcely possible, if justice did not require it, that her near relative, Clarendon, could have represented her in the colours he has done, or preferred the interests of the son of his brother-in-law to the daughter of his sister. If lord Clarendon had had a bias, it would surely have been to represent the conduct of his niece in as favourable a light as possible. It is by no means a pleasant task to follow the windings of a furtive mind to the goal of undeserved success, attained by means of

"That low cunning, which in fools supplies—
And amply too, the want of being wise."

Yet be it remembered, that the worst traits which deform the private character of Anne, are those portrayed in her own letters, and in the journals of her mother's brother and trusted friends.

At that time the princess Anne was waiting anxiously news from her husband, who had, in fair-seeming friendship, departed, in company with her father, to join his army near Salisbury, with the ostensible purpose of assisting in defending him from "his son, the prince of Orange." The prince George was to be attended in his flight by lady Churchill's husband, the ungrateful favourite of the king, and sir George Hewett, a gentleman belonging to the household of the princess. There was a dark plot of assassination contrived against James by these two last agents, which seems as well

¹ Letter to lady Margaret Russell, from the family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, copied by permission, July 2, 1846.

authenticated as any point of history, being confessed by Hewett on his death-bed, amidst agonies of remorse and horror.¹

While the husband of the princess Anne was watching his most feasible time for absconding, he dined and supped at the table of the king, his father-in-law. Tidings were hourly brought of some important defection or other from among the king's officers, on which prince George of Denmark usually turned to James II. with a grimace and voice of condolence, uttering one set phrase of surprise, "*Est-il possible?*" At last, one Saturday night, November 24th, the prince of Denmark and sir George Hewett went off to the hostile camp, after supping with king James, and greatly condemning all deserters. The king, who had been taken alarmingly ill in the course of the last few hours, heard of the desertion of his son-in-law with the exclamation, "How! has '*est-il possible*' gone off too?"² Yet the example of his departure was one of fearful import to the king.

James II. had not the slightest idea but that his heart might repose on the fidelity of his daughter Anne. When it is remembered how unswervingly affectionate and faithful even the infant children of Charles I. had proved, not only to their father but to each other, in similar times of trial and distress, his confidence in his daughter cannot excite surprise. A contemporary³ has preserved the letter which George of Denmark left for the king on his departure.

"PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK TO JAMES II.

"My just concern for that religion in which I have been so happily educated, which my judgment truly convinced me to be the best, and for the support thereof I am highly interested in my native country; and was not England then become so by the most endearing tie?"

The prince has made this note a tissue of blunders, confounding the church of England with the Lutheran religion, although essentially different. The biographer of Dr. Tillotson claims the composition of this note as one of the good deeds of that prelate; it is certain that Dr. Tillotson was not

¹ The duke of Berwick's evidence, in his Memoirs, against his uncle the duke of Marlborough, will be allowed to be decisive regarding the truth of this plot.

² Roger Coke, in his Detection, vol. iii. pp. 122, 123.

³ Ibid.

in the camp of king James, but actively employed in London. The only comment James II. made, when he read the note of George of Denmark, was, "I only mind him as connected with my dearest child; otherwise the loss of a stout trooper would have been greater."¹ The envoy from Denmark was summoned by king James to council on the event of the flight of prince George from the camp at Andover. Several parties of horse were sent after the prince to capture him, and his own countryman, who was no friend to the revolution, requested "that orders to take him, alive or dead, might be added to their instructions."² It does not seem that it was done.

Instant information was despatched to the princess at the Cockpit, that prince George, lord Churchill, and sir George Hewett had successfully left the camp of her father. Anne soon summoned her coadjutors, and prepared for her own flight. She had written the week before to warn the prince of Orange of her intentions, and had systematically prepared for her escape, by having had recently constructed a flight of private stairs, which led from her closet down into St. James's-park.³ Lady Churchill had, in the afternoon, sought a conference with Compton bishop of London, the tutor of the princess; he had withdrawn, but left a letter advertising where he was to be found, in case the princess wished to leave her father. The bishop and the ex-lord chamberlain, lord Dorset, sent word that they would wait in St. James's-park with a hackney-coach, at one o'clock in the morning of November the 25th; and that if the princess could steal unobserved out of the Cockpit, they would take charge of her.

¹ Coke's Detection, vol. iii. pp. 122, 3. Prince George and Churchill had vainly endeavoured to carry off with them a portion of the army; the common soldiers and non-commissioned officers positively refused to forsake their king. General Schomberg, who was second in command to the prince of Orange, and was as much a man of honour and honesty as a mercenary soldier can be, received the deserters from James II. with a sarcasm so cutting, that lord Churchill never forgot it. "Sir," said Schomberg to him, "you are the first deserter of the rank of a lieutenant-general I ever saw."—Stuart Papers, edited by Macpherson.

² Lediard's Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 81.

³ Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

It is stated that the lord chamberlain Mulgrave had orders to arrest the ladies Churchill and Fitzharding, but that the princess Anne had entreated the queen to delay this measure until the king's return,—an incident which marks the fact, that Anne was on apparently friendly terms with her step-mother. Meantime, a manuscript letter among the family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, affirms that the king had ordered the princess herself to be arrested; if this had been true, he could not have been surprised at her flight. The facts, gathered from several contemporary sources, were as follows. The princess Anne retired to her chamber on Sunday evening at her usual hour; her lady in waiting, Mrs. Danvers, who was not in the plot, went to bed in the ante-chamber, according to custom. Lady Fitzharding, at that time the principal lady of the bedchamber to the princess Anne, being sister to the mistress of the prince of Orange, was, of course, an active agent in the intrigue; this lady, with lady Churchill, came up the newly constructed back-stairs unknown to the rest of the household, and there waited the hour of appointment *perdue* with lady Churchill's maid. When one o'clock struck, the princess stole down into the park with these women, and close to the Cockpit she met her auxiliary, lord Dorset. The night was dark; it poured with torrents of rain, and St. James's-park was a mass of black November mud. The adventurers had not very far to walk to the hackney-coach, but the princess, who had not equipped herself for pedestrian exigencies, soon lost one of her fine high-heeled shoes inextricably in the mud. She was, however, in the highest spirits, and not disposed to be daunted by trifles. She tried to hop forward with one shoe, but lord Dorset, fearing that she would take cold, pulled off his embroidered leather glove, (which was of the long gauntlet fashion,) and begged her royal highness to permit him to draw it on her foot, as some defence against the wet. This was done, amidst peals of laughter and many jokes from the whole party, and, partly hopping and partly carried by lord Dorset, the princess gained the spot where the bishop waited for them in the hackney-coach. The whole

party then drove to the bishop of London's house by St. Paul's, where they were refreshed, and went from thence, before day-break, to lord Dorset's seat, Copt-hall, in Waltham forest. The princess only made a stay there of a few hours, and then, with the bishop, lord Dorset, and her two ladies, set out for Nottingham, where they were received by the earl of Northampton, the brother of the bishop of London. That prelate assumed a military dress and a pair of jack-boots, and raising a purple standard in the name of the laws and liberties of England, invited the people to gather round the Protestant heiress to the throne.¹

The proceedings of the princess after her retreat, are related by an eye-witness, lord Chesterfield. Of all the contemporaries of James II., he was the least likely to be prejudiced in his favour. He had been brought up from infancy in companionship with the prince of Orange, his mother, lady Stanhope, being governess to the prince at the Hague. Moreover, Chesterfield had not forgotten his angry resentment at the coquetries of his second wife with James II., when duke of York. The earl was, besides, a firm opposer of popery, and an attached son of the reformed church. Every early prejudice, every personal interest, every natural resentment, led him to favour the cause of the prince of Orange. He was a deep and acute observer; he had known the princess Anne from her infancy, being chamberlain to her aunt, queen Catharine. Anne's proceedings after her flight from Whitehall are here given in lord Chesterfield's words:² "The princess Anne made her escape in *disguise* from Whitehall, and came to Nottingham, *pretending* 'that her father the king did persecute and use her ill for her religion, she being a protestant and he a papist.' As soon as I heard of her coming with a small retinue to Nottingham, I went thither with the lord Ferrers, and several gentlemen my neighbours, to offer her my services. The princess seemed to be well pleased; she told me, 'that she

¹ Aubrey. Lediard's Life of Marlborough, vol. i. Colley Cibber, and Lambert, who was secretary to Bentinck.

² Memoir of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, from his autograph papers found in the library at Bath-house, published with his letters; pp. 48-50.

intended to go to Warwick, but she apprehended that lord Mullinix, who was a papist, and then in arms, would attack her on her journey.' I assured her highness 'that I would wait upon her till she was in a state of safety.' I left her, and returned to Nottingham in two days at the head of a hundred horse, with which she seemed to be much satisfied. I met at Nottingham the earls of Devonshire, Northampton, and Scarsdale, lord Gray, the bishop of London, and many others, who had brought in 600 horse, and raised the militia of the country to attend her highness. The next day, her highness told me, 'That there were many disputes and quarrels among the young nobility around her; therefore, to prevent disorders in the marching of *her troops* about precedence, she had appointed a council to meet that day, and me to be of it.' I replied, that 'I was come on purpose to defend her person, in a time of tumult, with my life, against any that should dare to attack her; but that as to *her council*, I did beg her pardon for desiring to be excused from it, for I had the honour to be a privy councillor to his majesty her father; therefore I would be of no council for the ordering of troops which I did perceive were intended to serve against him.' I found that her highness and some of the noblemen round her were highly displeased with my answer, which they called a '*tacit*' upbraiding them and the princess with rebellion."

The princess Anne was, nevertheless, escorted by Chesterfield from Nottingham to Leicester; but here he found a project on foot, which completed his disgust of the proceedings of "the daughter." It was, in fact, no other than the revival of the old 'Association,' which had, about a century before, hunted Mary queen of Scots to a scaffold. If Elizabeth, a kinswoman some degrees removed from Mary queen of Scots, but who had never seen her, has met with reprehension from the lovers of moral justice for her encouragement of such a league, what can be thought of the heart of a child, a favoured and beloved daughter, who had fled from the very arms of her father to join it? "I waited on her highness the princess Anne to Leicester," resumes

Chesterfield.¹ "Next morning, at court, in the drawing-room, which was filled with noblemen and gentlemen, the bishop of London called me aloud by my name; he said, 'that the princess Anne desired us to meet at four o'clock the same afternoon at an inn in Leicester, which he named, to do something which was for her service.'" Chesterfield expressed his displeasure at the manner in which he was publicly called upon, without any previous intimation of the matter; "upon which, lord Devonshire, who stood by, observed, 'that he thought lord Chesterfield had been previously acquainted that the purpose of the princess was, to have an association entered into to destroy all the papists in England, in case the prince of Orange should be killed or murdered by any of them.'" "

An association for the purpose of extermination is always an ugly blot in history. Many times have the Roman-catholics been charged with such leagues, and it is indisputable that they were more than once guilty of carrying them into ferocious execution. But the idea that the father of the princess Anne was one of the proscribed religion, and that *she* could be enrolled as the chief of an association for extermination of those among whom *he* was included, is a trait surpassing the polemic horrors of the sixteenth century. May this terrible fact be excused under the plea of the stupidity of Anne, and her utter incapacity for reasoning from cause to effect? Could she not perceive that her father's head would have been the first to be laid low by such an association? If she did not, lord Chesterfield did. "I would not enter into it," he continues,² "nor sign the paper the bishop of London had drawn; and after my refusing, lord Ferrers, lord Cullen, and above a hundred gentlemen refused to sign this association, which made the princess Anne extremely angry. However, I kept my promise with her highness, and waited on her from Leicester to Coventry, and from thence to Warwick."

¹ Memoir of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, from his autograph papers, Bath-house, published with his letters; pp. 48-50.

² Ibid.

Such was the errand on which Anne had left her home: let us now see what was going on in that home. Great was the consternation of her household at the Cockpit on the morning of November 26, when two hours had elapsed beyond her usual time of ringing for her attendants. Her women and Mrs. Danvers having vainly knocked and called at her door, at last had it forced. When they entered, they found the bed open, with the impression as if it had been slept in. Old Mrs. Buss, the nurse¹ of the princess, immediately cried out "that the princess had been murdered by the queen's priests," and the whole party ran screaming to lady Dartmouth's apartments: some went to lord Clarendon's apartments with the news. As lady Clarendon did not know the abusive names by which her niece and lady Churchill used to revile her, she threw herself into an agony of affectionate despair. While Mrs. Buss rushed into the queen's presence, and rudely demanded the princess Anne of her majesty, lady Clarendon ran about lamenting for her all over the court. This uproar was appeased by a letter, addressed to the queen, being found open on the toilet of the princess. It was never brought to the queen;² yet its discovery somewhat allayed the storm which suddenly raged around her, for a furious mob had collected in the streets, vowing that Whitehall should be plucked down, and the queen torn to pieces, if she did not give up the princess Anne. The letter was published in the Gazette next day by the partisans of Anne. It has been infinitely admired by those who have never compared it with the one she wrote to the prince of Orange on the same subject:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK TO THE QUEEN OF JAMES II.

"MADAM,

(Found at the Cockpit, Nov. 26.)

"I beg your pardon if *I am so deeply affected with the surprising news of the prince's* [George of Denmark] *being gone as not to be able to see you, but to leave this paper to express my humble duty to the king and yourself, and to*

¹ Lord Dartmouth's Notes. Anne's nurse was a papist, as Dr. Lake affirms; perhaps she had been converted.

² Memoirs of James II., edited by the rev. Stanier Clark. The king mentions this letter, but declares neither he nor the queen ever saw it, except in the public prints. Dr. Stanier Clark prints the name of Anne's nurse as Buss: Lewis Jenkins, one of her fellow-servants, calls her *Butt*.

let you know that I am gone to absent myself to avoid the king's displeasure, which I am not able to bear, either against the prince or myself; and I shall stay at so great a distance, as not to return till I hear the happy news of a reconciliation. And as I am confident the prince did not leave the king with any other design than to use all possible means for his preservation, so I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I am incapable of following him for any other end. Never was any one in such an unhappy condition, so divided between duty to a father and a husband; and therefore I know not what I must do, but to follow one to preserve the other.

"I see the general falling-off of the nobility and gentry, who avow to have no other end than to prevail with the king to secure their religion, which they saw so much in danger from the violent councils of the priests, who, to promote their own religion, did not care to what dangers they exposed the king. I am fully persuaded that the prince of Orange designs the king's safety and preservation, and hope all things may be composed without bloodshed, by the calling of a parliament.

"God grant an happy end to these troubles, and that the king's [James II.] reign may be prosperous, and that I may shortly meet you in perfect peace and safety; till when, let me beg of you to continue the same favourable opinion that you have hitherto had of

"Your most obedient daughter and servant,

"ANNE."¹

One historian chooses to say that Anne had been beaten by her step-mother previously to the composition of this letter. Yet immediately beneath his assertion he quotes its conclusion, being an entreaty to the queen,² ending with this sentence, "let me beg of you to continue the *same favourable opinion* that you have hitherto had of your obedient daughter and servant, Anne." Now, people seldom express favourable opinions of those whom they beat, and still seldomer do the beaten persons wish those who beat them to continue in the same way of thinking concerning themselves.

It is a curious fact, that the princess Anne should write two letters on the same subject, entirely opposite in profession, convicting herself of shameless falsehood, and that they should both be preserved for the elucidation of the writer's real disposition:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

"The Cockpit, November 18.

"Having on all occasions given you and my sister all imaginable assurances of the real friendship and kindness I have for you both, I hope it is not necessary for me to repeat any thing of that kind; and on the subject you have now

¹ Lansdowne Papers, No. 1236, fol. 230, apparently the original, as it is endorsed with the name, Anne, in Italic capitals, very much resembling her own autograph. The paper is very old and yellow: it has never been folded.

² Echard, 920, vol. iii.

wrote to me, I shall not trouble you with many compliments, only, in short, to assure you that you have my wishes for your good success in this so just an undertaking; and *I hope the prince¹ will soon be with you, to let you see his readiness to join with you, who, I am sure, will do you all the service that lies in his power. He went yesterday with the king towards Salisbury, intending to go from thence to you as soon as his friends thought proper.* I am not yet certain if I shall continue here, or *remove into the city.* That shall depend upon the advice my friends will give me; but wherever I am, I shall be ready to show you how much I am

“Your humble servant,

“ANNE.”²

A report prevailed among the people, in excuse for Anne's conduct, that her father had sent orders to arrest her and send her to the Tower on the previous day,³ but this plea she dared not urge for herself, as may seen in her farewell letter. By the perusal of the last-quoted letter, which was written before the one addressed to the queen, all the sentiments of conflicting duties, of ignorance and innocence regarding her husband's intention of departure, are utterly exploded. As for any tenderness regarding the safety of her unfortunate father, or pretended mediation between him and the prince of Orange, a glance over the genuine emanation of her mind will show that she never alluded to king James excepting to aggravate his faults. So far from the desertion of the prince of Denmark being unknown to her, it was announced by her own pen several days before it took place. It would have been infinitely more respectable, had the prince and princess of Denmark pursued the path they deemed most conducive to their interests without any grimace of sentiment. As for profaning the church of England for one moment, by assuming that devotion to its principles inspired the tissue of foul falsehood which polluted the mind of the princess Anne, it is what we do not intend

¹ Her husband, George of Denmark.

² In king William's box at Kensington; found there and published by sir John Dalrymple, Appendix, p. 333.

³ Contemporary letter, endorsed “To the lady Margaret Russell, Woburn-abbey, (Woburn bag,)” among family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, copied, by kind permission, July 2, 1846. In the course of this MS. the writer affirms, that “previously to the escape of the prince and princess of Denmark, lord Feversham had been on his knees two hours entreating the king to arrest lord Churchill; but the king would not believe any thing against him.”

to do. The conduct of those who were the true and real disciples of our church will soon be shown, though a strait and narrow path they trod, which led not to this world's honours and prosperity.

James II. arrived in London soon after the uproar regarding the departure of his daughter had subsided. He was extremely ill, having been bled four times in the course of the three preceding days, which was the real reason of his leaving the army.¹ He expected to be consoled by some very extraordinary manifestation of duty and affection from the princess Anne, and when he heard the particulars of her desertion, he struck his breast, and exclaimed, "God help me! my own children have forsaken me in my distress." Still he expressed the utmost anxiety lest his daughter, whose state he supposed was precarious, should in any way injure herself. From that hour, James II. lost all hope or interest in his struggle for regality. His mind was overthrown.² In fact, civil wars have taken place between kinsmen, brothers, nephews, and uncles, and even between fathers and sons; but history produces only two other instances of warfare between daughters and fathers, and of those instances many a bitter comparison was afterwards drawn. James himself was not aware how deeply his daughter Anne was concerned in all the conspiracies against him; he lived and died utterly unconscious of the foul letters she wrote to her sister, or of that to the prince of Orange, announcing to him her husband's flight. He expresses his firm belief that she acted under the control of her husband,³ and by the persuasions of lady Churchill and lady Berkeley. With the fond delusion often seen in parents in middle life, he speaks of the personal danger she incurred regarding her health in her flight from the Cockpit, as if it were almost the worst part of her conduct to him.⁴

The prince of Orange moved forward from the west of England, giving out that it was his intention to prove a

¹ See the Life of his consort, queen Mary Beatrice.

² *Ibid.*, vol. vi. p. 261.

³ Dalrymple's Appendix.

⁴ Original Papers, edited by Macpherson. Likewise Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii. p. 123. Diary of lord Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 216.

mediator between James II. and his people, and thus inducing many of the most loyal subjects of the crown to join him for that purpose. Lord Clarendon, his wife's uncle, met him at Salisbury, where his head-quarters were, in hopes of assisting at an amicable arrangement. Prince George of Denmark was still with the Dutch army: to him lord Clarendon instantly went. The prince asked him news of James II., and then "when his princess went away? and who went with her?"¹—"Of which," says lord Clarendon, "I gave him as particular an account as I could." Prince George said, "I wonder she went not sooner." Lord Clarendon observed, "that he wished her journey might do her no harm." Every one supposed that the princess Anne was within a few weeks of her accouchement. The next reply of the prince convinced him that this was really a deception, although constantly pleaded in excuse to her father when he had required her presence at the birth of the prince of Wales, or any ceremonial regarding the queen. The princess Anne had actually herself practised a fraud nearly similar to that of which she falsely accused her unfortunate step-mother. That accusation must have originated in the capability for imposition which she found in her own mind. Her uncle was struck with horror when her husband told him that the princess had not been in any state requiring particular care. His words are, "This startled me. Good God! nothing but lying and dissimulation. I then told him 'with what tenderness the king had spoken of the princess Anne, and how much trouble of heart he showed when she found that she had left him;' but to this, prince George of Denmark answered not one word."²

The prince of Orange advanced from Salisbury to Oxford, and rested at Abingdon, and at Henley-on-Thames received the news that James II. had disbanded his army; and also that the queen³ had escaped with the prince of Wales to France, and that king James II. had departed, December 11,

¹ Diary of lord Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 216.

² *Ibid.*

³ For these particulars, see *Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.*

a few days afterwards, at which the prince of Orange could not conceal his joy. The prince of Denmark remained in Oxford to receive the princess his wife, who made a grand entry with military state, escorted by several thousand mounted gentlemen, who, with their tenants, had mustered in the mid-counties to attend her. Compton bishop of London, her tutor, had for some days resumed his old dress and occupation of a military leader, and rode before her with his purple flag.¹ The princess Anne and her consort remained some days at Oxford, greatly feasted and caressed by their party.

Meantime, the prince of Orange approached the metropolis no nearer than Windsor, for the unfortunate James II. had been brought back to Whitehall. The joy manifested by his people at seeing him once more, alarmed his opponents. The prince of Orange had moved forward to Sion-house, Brentford, from whence he despatched his Dutch guards to expel his uncle from Whitehall. It seems, neither Anne nor his sons-in-law cared to enter the presence of James again, and they would not approach the metropolis till he had been forced out of it. The next day, the prince of Orange made his entry into London without pomp, in a travelling-carriage drawn by post-horses, with a cloak-bag strapped at the back of it.² He arrived at St. James's-palace about four in the afternoon, and retired at once to his bed-chamber. Bells were rung, guns were fired, and his party manifested their joy at his arrival, as the Jacobites had done when the king returned. The prince and princess of Denmark arrived on the evening of the 19th of December from Oxford, and took up their abode as usual at the Cockpit.³

¹ Aubrey.

² MS. inedited Stepney Papers; letter of Horace Walpole the elder, to his brother sir Robert Walpole. The words are worth quoting. When Stanhope, the English ambassador from queen Anne, was urging the reluctant Charles of Austria to press on to Madrid and seize the Spanish crown, after one of Peterborough's brilliant victories, "the German prince excused himself, because his equipages were not ready. Stanhope replied, 'The prince of Orange entered London, in 1688, with a coach and four, and a cloak-bag tied behind it, and a few weeks after was crowned king of Great Britain.'"

³ Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. p. 231.

No leave-taking ever passed between the princess Anne and her unfortunate father; they had had their last meeting in this world, spoken their last words, and looked upon each other for the last time, before his reverse of fortune occurred. No effort did Anne make, cherished and indulged as she had ever been, to see her father ere he went forth into exile for ever. Yet there had never arisen the slightest disagreement between them, no angry chiding regarding their separate creeds; no offence had ever been given her but the existence of her hapless brother. Had she taken the neutral part of retirement from the public eye while he was yet in England,—ill, unhappy, and a prisoner, her conduct could not have drawn down the contemptuous comment which it did from an eye-witness: “King James was carried down the river in a most tempestuous evening, not without actual danger; and while her poor old father was thus exposed to danger, an actual prisoner under a guard of Dutchmen, at that very moment his daughter, the princess Anne of Denmark, with her great favourite, lady Churchill, both covered with orange ribbons, went in one of his coaches, attended by his guards, triumphant to the playhouse.”¹ It was on the same stormy night that James II. escaped from the Dutch guards, and withdrew to France.²

The conduct of the princess Anne at this crisis is recorded with utter indignation by her church-of-England uncle, Clarendon. “In the afternoon of January the 17th, I was with the princess Anne. I took the liberty to tell her that many good people were extremely troubled to find that she seemed no more concerned for her father’s misfortunes. It was noticed that, when the news came of his final departure from the country, she was not the least moved, but called for cards, and was as merry as she used to be.” To this Anne replied, “Those who made such reflections on her actions

¹ Bevil Higgon’s *Short Views of English History*, p. 363. The Devonshire MS. previously quoted confirms the fact, that the ladies in the household of Anne at that time wore orange colour as a party-badge. Anne herself, in her picture at the Temple, is dressed in orange and green, the colours of her brother-in-law’s livery.

² See *Life of his consort, Mary Beatrice*.

did her wrong; but it *was* true that she *did* call for cards then, because she was accustomed to play, and that she never loved to do any thing that looked like an affected constraint." "And does your royal highness think that showing some trouble for the king your father's misfortunes *could* be interpreted as an *affected* constraint?" was the stern rejoinder from her uncle. "I am afraid," he continued, "such behaviour lessens you much in the opinion of the world, and even in that of your father's enemies. But," adds he, in comment, "with all this, she was not one jot moved."¹ Clarendon demanded whether she had shown his letter, written to her in his grief on his son's desertion from her father. The princess said, "No; she had burnt it as soon as read." But her uncle pressed the matter home to her, "because," he said, "the contents were matter of public discourse." The princess replied, "She had shown the letter to no one; but she could not imagine where was the harm, if she had." "I am still of the same opinion as when it was written," observed her uncle. "I think that my son has done a very abominable action, even if it be viewed but as a breach of trust; but if your royal highness repeats all that is said or written to you, few people will tell you any thing."² The princess turned the discourse with complaining "That his son never waited on prince George, which was more necessary now than ever, since the prince had no one but him of quality about him; that she had reproved lord Cornbury herself, but he took so little heed of it, that at one time she thought of desiring him to march off, and leave room for somebody else; but that, as it was at a time that the family

¹ Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. pp. 249-251.

² The regiments said to desert with Cornbury, according to Burnet's MS. letter, (Harleian, 6798,) were three; one of them, the dragoons commanded by lord Cornbury, another was Berwick's regiment, late the earl of Oxford's, and the third the duke of St. Albans'. "Lord Cornbury marched them off to the prince of Orange's camp; but when day dawned, and the officers and their men perceived where their steps directed, they cried aloud and halted, putting all into complete confusion." These officers, Dr. Burnet declared, "were papists;" but whatsoever they were, they drew off half Cornbury's own regiment, chief part of St. Albans', and all Berwick's but fifty horsemen, and turned back to king James under the command of Cornbury's major.

seemed oppressed, she had no mind to do a hard thing." The oppression she meant was, when James II. had dismissed Clarendon and her other uncle from their employments, on account of their attachment to the church of England. Her uncle drily returned thanks for her gracious intimation, observing, "That his son, though he often complained of hardship put upon him, was to blame for neglecting his duty." The princess stated "That the prince, her husband, was at a great loss for some person of quality about him; that he had thoughts of taking lord Scarsdale again, but that he proved so pitiful a wretch, that they would have no more to do with him."—"I asked," said lord Clarendon, "whom he thought to take?" The princess said, "sir George Hewett." Clarendon observed to the princess Anne, that "sir George was no nobleman. 'He might be made one when things are settled,' said the princess, 'and she hoped such a thing would not be denied to the prince her husband and her.' I asked her 'how that could be done without king James?' 'Sure,' replied the princess Anne, 'there will be a way found out at one time or other.'"¹ Sir George Hewett, it will be remembered, was the man who had deserted with lord Churchill, and was implicated in the scheme for either seizing or assassinating the king, her father. Lord Clarendon, when he visited the Dutch head-quarters, had bluntly asked lord Churchill "whether it was a fact?" who, with his usual graceful and urbane manner, and in that peculiar intonation of voice which his contemporary, lord Dartmouth, aptly describes as soft and whining, pronounced himself "the most ungrateful of mortals, if he could have perpetrated aught against his benefactor, king James."

A convention of the lords and some of the members who had been returned in the last parliament of Charles II. were then on the point of meeting, to settle the government of the kingdom. In this convention Sancroft, the archbishop of Canterbury, positively refused to sit, or to acknowledge its jurisdiction. The earl of Clarendon was anxious to discuss with the princess Anne the flying reports of the town, which

¹ Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. pp. 250, 251.

declared "that the intention was to settle the crown on the prince of Orange and his wife; but that in case the latter died first, leaving no issue, the crown was to belong to him for his life, before it descended, in the natural succession, to the princess Anne and her children." Clarendon was indignant at this proposed innovation on the hereditary monarchy of the British government, and endeavoured to rouse the princess Anne to prevent any interpolation between her and her rights of succession. To which she replied, "That she had heard the rumours that the prince and princess of Orange were to be crowned, but she was sure she had *never* given *no occasion* to have it said that she consented to any such a thing; that she had indeed been told that Dr. Burnet should talk of it, but she would never consent to any thing that should be to the prejudice of herself or her children." She added, "that she knew very well that the republican party were very busy, but that she hoped that the honest party would be most prevalent in the convention, and not suffer wrong to be done to her." Clarendon told the princess, "That if she continued in the mind she seemed to be in, she ought to let her wishes be known to some of both houses before the meeting of the convention." Anne replied "she would think of it, and send for some of them."¹ Her uncle then turned upon her with a close home question, which was "whether she thought that her father could be justly deposed?" To this the princess Anne replied, "Sure! they are too great points for me to meddle with. I am sorry the king brought things to such a pass as they were at;" adding, "that she thought it would not be safe for him ever to return again." Her uncle asked her fiercely the question, "What she meant by that?" To which Anne replied, "Nothing."² Without repeating several characteristic dialogues of this nature, which her uncle has recorded, the princess Anne and her spouse entrusted him with a sort of commission to watch over her interests in the proceedings of the convention. The princess likewise penned a long letter of lamentations to her uncle on the

¹ Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. pp. 250, 251.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 248, 249.

wrongs she found that the convention meant to perpetrate against her: she, however, bade him burn the letter.

The postponement of succession to the prince of Orange (supposing the prince of Wales was for ever excluded) encroached not much on the tenderness due to that internal idol, self. Very improbable it was that a diminutive asthmatic invalid, like the prince of Orange, irrepressibly bent on war, ten years of age in advance, withal, should survive her majestic sister, who had, since she had been acclimatized to the air of Holland, enjoyed a buxom state of health. There was, nevertheless, a tissue of vacillating diplomacy attempted by Anne: she used a great deal of needless falsehood in denial of the letter she had written to her uncle when she supposed he had burnt it, and resorted to equivocation when he produced it, to the confusion of herself and her clique.¹ As some shelter from the awful responsibility perpetually represented to her by her uncle, Anne at last declared "she would be guided regarding her conduct by some very pious friends, and abide by their decision." The friends to whom she appealed were Dr. Tillotson, and Rachel lady Russell.² Their opinion was well known to the princess before it was asked. Dr. Tillotson had been an enemy to James II. from an early period of his career, and had been very active in promoting the revolution; as for lady Russell, it was no duty of hers to awaken in the mind of Anne any affectionate feeling to James II. Both referees arbitrated according to the benefit of their party, and advised Anne to give place to her brother-in-law in the succession.

Although the princess Anne had thus made up her mind, the national convention were far from resolved. The situation of the country was rather startling, the leader of a well-disciplined army of 14,000 foreign soldiers, quartered in or about London, being actually in possession of the functions of government. When the convention had excluded the unconscious heir, it by no means imagined a necessity for

¹ Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. pp. 255, 257.

² Birch's Life of Dr. Tillotson.

further innovating on the succession by superseding the daughters of James II., who had not offended them by the adoption of an obnoxious creed; and well did the clergy of the church of England know that the creed of the prince of Orange was as inconsistent with their church as that of James II. Besides that discrepancy, his personal hatred to the rites of our church has been shown by Dr. Hooper, who has, moreover, recorded the vigorous kick he bestowed on the communion-table prepared in the chapel of his princess. Some of the members of the convention were startled at the fearful evils attendant on a crown-elective, which, as the history of Poland and the German empire fully proved, not only opened doors, but flood-gates to corruption. When they subsequently sought the line of Hanoverian princes as their future sovereigns, the English parliament recognised the hereditary principle, by awarding the crown to the next lineal heir willing to conform with and protect the national religion; but when they gave the crown to William III., they repudiated two heiresses who were already of the established church, and thus rendered, for some years, the crown of Great Britain elective. Before this arrangement was concluded, the princess Anne began to feel regret for the course she had pursued. Lord Scarsdale, who was then in her household, heard her say at this juncture, "Now am I sensible of the error I committed in leaving my father and making myself of a party with the prince, who puts by my right."¹

The day the throne was declared vacant by the convention of parliament, sir Isaac Newton (then Mr. Isaac Newton) was visiting archbishop Sancroft; what feeling the great astronomer expressed at the news is not recorded, but the archbishop showed deep concern, and hoped proper attention would be paid to the claims of the infant prince of Wales, saying "that his identity might be easily proved, as he had a mole on his neck at his birth." Perhaps king William was not pleased with the visit of Newton to Lambeth at this

¹ Ralph's History, vol. ii. p. 44. Lord Scarsdale repeated this speech to Ralph.

crisis, since a tradition is afloat on the sea of anecdotes, that some of his council wishing him to consult Isaac Newton on a point of difficulty, the king replied, "Pooh! he is only a philosopher: what can he know?"¹ The demeanour of William of Orange at this juncture was perfectly inexplicable to the English oligarchy sitting in convention. Reserved as William ever was to his princess, he was wrapped in tenfold gloom and taciturnity when absent from her. The English magnates could not gather the slightest intimation of his mind whilst he was wrapped in this imperturbable fit of sullenness. They applied to the Dutchmen to know what ailed their master, and from Fagel and Zulestein they gathered that his highness was afflicted with an access of political jealousy of his submissive partner, whom the convention considered queen-regnant, for his reply was, "that he did not choose to be gentleman-usher to his own wife."²

On the annunciation of this gracious response, the English oligarchy returned to reconsider their verdict. Some deemed that the introduction of a foreigner, the ruler of a country the most inimical to the English naval power, and to the mighty colonies and trading factories newly planted by James II. in every quarter of the world, was a bitter alternative forced on them by the perverse persistence of their monarch in his unfortunate religion; but they were by no means inclined to disinherit Mary, the Protestant heiress, and render their monarchy elective by giving her husband the preference to her. There was a private consultation on the subject held at the apartments of William Herbert, at St. James's-palace. William's favourite Dutchmen were admitted to this conclave, which was held round Herbert's bed, he being then confined with a violent fit of the gout. Bentinck then and there deliberately averred, that it was best only to allow the princess Mary to take the rank of queen-consort, and not of queen-regnant. When the gouty patient heard this opinion, he became so excessively excited, that, forgetting his lameness, he leaped out of bed, and, seizing his sword, exclaimed, that "If the prince of Orange was

¹ Birch's Life of Tillotson.

² Burnet's Own Times.

capable of such conduct to his wife, he would never draw that for him again!"¹ The Dutch favourite carried the incident to his master, who was forthwith plunged still deeper in splanetic gloom. When he at last spoke, after a space of several days of profound taciturnity, he made a soliloquy in Dutch to this purport, that "He was tired of the English. He would go back to Holland, and leave their crown to whosoever could catch it." After he had thus spoken, William of Orange relapsed into silence. The revolution seemed at a stand. Whilst he remains in this ungracious state of temper, which, to the consternation of the English oligarchy lasted some weeks, we will take wing to Holland, and gather some intelligence concerning his absent consort.

General history maintains a mysterious silence regarding the manner in which the princess of Orange spent her days whilst England was lost by her sire and won by her spouse. The readers of the printed tomes of her political and spiritual adviser, Dr. Burnet, are forced to rest contented with the information that she went four times daily to public prayers at the Hague, "with a very composed countenance." The princess, however, contrived to mingle some other occupations with her public exercise of piety. For instance, she was engaged in cultivating a strong intimacy with the fugitive earl and countess of Sunderland at this dim period of her biography. They had just taken refuge, under her protection, from the rage of the English people. As Sunderland had for the more effectual betrayal of her father affected to become a Catholic convert, and now offered the tribute of his faith to the tenets of Calvin, the princess put him to be purified under the care of a friend and counsellor of her own, who is called by her contemporary, Cunningham, "Gervas, the Dutch prophet."² Whether he were the same prophet who earned the title by foretelling to her royal highness the subsequent exaltation of herself and husband to the throne of England, cannot precisely be ascertained; but she assuredly had her fortune told while her husband was invading her

¹ Works of Sheffield duke of Buckingham, vol. ii., Narrative, pp. 86, 87.

² Cunningham's History of Great Britain, vol. i. p. 96.

father, because she informed Burnet¹ how every circumstance predicted had proved true when she afterwards arrived in England. The employment of privately peeping into futurity while her husband was effecting the downfall of her father, forms an odd contrast to her public participation in prayer four times daily.

Other supernatural indications were communicated to the princess regarding the success of the invasion, by the less objectionable channel of the dream of lady Henrietta Campbell, the wife of a refugee from the Argyle insurrection, who was under the protection of the Orange court. The night after the expedition sailed, in which her husband had embarked, lady Henrietta dreamed that the prince of Orange and his fleet arrived safely on the coast of England, but that there was a great brazen wall built up to oppose them. When they landed, and were endeavouring to scale it, the wall came tumbling down, being entirely built of Bibles.² The lady forthwith told her dream to the princess of Orange and lady Sunderland, who were both, as she says, much taken with it. The tale, from an author puerile and false as Wodrow, deserves little attention but for one circumstance; which is, that lady Sunderland was in familiar intercourse with the princess of Orange, and located with her as early as November 1, 1688.

The princess was likewise earnestly engaged in negotiating by letter to her spouse the return of her friend and neophyte Sunderland.³ Most willingly would William of Orange have received him, but, unfortunately, the great body of the English people manifested against the serviceable revolutionist a degree of loathing and hatred which he deemed dangerous. In the course of the correspondence, the royalists accused the princess of reproaching her spouse "for letting her father go as he did,"—a reproach which seems afterwards to have been uttered by her in passion,⁴ when she was in London, safely surrounded by her English partisans; but as for writing or uttering a disapproving word to her lord and master whilst

¹ Burnet's MSS., Harleian MSS.

² Wodrow's *Analecta*, tom. i. p. 281.

³ Cunningham's *History of England*.

⁴ *Memoirs of James II.*

she was in Holland, it was certainly more than she dared to do. The family junta ever surrounding the princess of Orange in her own domestic establishment were reduced by death just as the Dutch party became triumphant in England. Anne Villiers, the wife of Bentinck, died soon after the prince of Orange landed at Torbay.¹ Lady Inchiquin, madame Puissars, and the mistress of the prince of Orange, Elizabeth Villiers, still formed part of the household of the princess in Holland, while the English revolution was maturing.

Meantime, the taciturn obstinacy of the prince of Orange in England fairly wearied out the opponents to his independent royalty. He knew that the English nobility who had effected the revolution were placed in an awkward position, and that, in fact, they would be forced to perform his will and pleasure. His proceedings are thus noted by an eye-witness: "Access to him was not very easy. He listened to all that was said, but seldom answered. This reservedness continued several weeks, during which he enclosed himself at St. James's. Nobody could tell what he desired."² At last, the "gracious Duncan" spake of his grievances. One day he told the marquess of Halifax, and the earls of Shrewsbury and Danby, his mind in this speech: "The English," he said, "were for putting the princess Mary singly on the throne, and were for making him reign by her courtesy. No man could esteem a woman more than he did the princess; but he was so made, that he could not hold any thing *by apron strings*."³ This speech plunged the English nobles into more perplexity than ever, from which, according to his own account, they were relieved by Dr. Burnet. He came forward as the guide of Mary's conscience, and her confidant on this knotty point, and promised, in her name, "that she would prefer yielding the precedence to her husband in regard to the succession, as well as in every other affair of life." Lord Danby did not wholly trust to the evidence of Burnet. He sent the princess of Orange a nar-

¹ Clarendon Diary.

² Works of Sheffield duke of Buckingham, vol. ii. pp. 86, 87.

³ Ibid.

rative of the state of affairs, assuring her, "that if she considered it proper to insist on her lineal rights, he was certain that the convention would persist in declaring her sole sovereign." The princess answered, "that she was the prince's wife, and never meant to be other than in subjection to him, and that she did not thank any one for setting up for her an interest divided from that of her husband." Not content with this answer, she sent Danby's letter and proposals to her spouse in England.¹

The national convention of lords and commons then settled, that the prince of Orange was to be offered the dignity of king of England, *France*, and Ireland, (Scotland being a separate kingdom); that the princess, his wife, was to be offered the joint sovereignty; that all regal acts were to be effected in their united names, but the executive power was to be vested in the prince. No one explained why the English convention thought proper to legislate for France and Ireland, while, at the same time, it left to Scotland the privilege of legislating for itself. The succession was settled on the issue of William and Mary; if that failed, to the princess Anne and her issue; and if that failed, on the issue of William by any second wife; and if that failed, on whomsoever the parliament thought fit.² The elder portion of the English revolutionists were happy to find affairs settled in any way, but the younger and more fiery spirits, who had been inspired by romantic enthusiasm for the British heiress and a female reign, began to be tired of the revolution, and disgusted with the sullen selfishness of its hero. Their discontent exhaled in song:—

"All hail to the Orange! my masters, come on,
I'll tell you what wonders he for us has done:
He has pulled down the father, and thrust out the son,
And put by the daughters, and filled up the throne
With an Orange!"³

¹ Tindal's Continuation, pp. 86, 87.

² Burnet and Rapin, vol. ii. folio, p. 794.

³ Contemporary MS. from the library of the Stuart-palace at Rome. It consists of the popular political songs of the English revolution, and was presented to the great English artist, sir Robert Strange, by the chevalier St. George, whose armorial insignia are on the binding. The volume preserves

The prince of Orange, after the settlement was made to his own satisfaction, permitted his consort to embark for England; she had been ostensibly detained in Holland, while the succession was contested, by frosts and contrary winds. It is said that Mary was so infinitely beloved in Holland, that she left the people all in tears when she embarked, February 10th, to take possession of the English throne. She burst into tears herself, on hearing one of the common people express a wish "that the English might love her as well as those had done whom she was leaving." The embarkation of the princess took place at the Brill. The evening when the news arrived in London that the Dutch fleet, escorting the princess of Orange, was making the mouth of the Thames, the metropolis blazed with joyous bonfires. The pope, notwithstanding his deep enmity to James II., was duly burnt in effigy: he was provided with a companion, the fugitive father Petre. These were accompanied by a representative of the rival of the princess of Orange in the succession to the British throne, even the image of her poor little infant brother,—the first time, perhaps, that a baby of six months old was ever executed in effigy. Many persons have heard that puppets, representing the "pope and pretender," were always consumed on the anniversaries of the Revolution, but few know how early the latter was burnt in these pageants, as a testimonial of respect to celebrate the landing and proclamation of his sister. "Aliment to the brutal passions was prepared," observes a French historian of this century,¹ "being ignoble representations of the pope, father Petre, and the prince of Wales, which were thrown into the flames,—a spectacle agreeable to the multitude, no doubt; but even political expediency ought not to be suffered to outrage nature."

many curious traits of the people utterly lost to history. The author has been favoured, by the present accomplished lady Strange, with the loan of the manuscript.

¹ Mazure, Révolution de 1688, p. 368.