Mary II.

in 1692

London, Henry Colburn, 1852.

MARY II.

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Regnal life of Mary II.—Her position in the sovereignty—Remarkable instances of conjugal submission—Scene of her landing, from a contemporary painting—Arrival at Greenwich—Meeting with her sister Anne—Lands at Whitehall-stairs—Unseemly joy—Proclamation of William III. and Mary II.—Queen sends for archbishop Sancroft's blessing—Awful answer—Queen's ill-will to her uncles—Her visit to Hampton-Court—Exhortation to Dr. Burnet and his wife—Coronation morning—Arrival of her father's letter—His malediction—Coronation of William and Mary—They take the oath as king and queen of Scotland—Dissension with the princess Anne—Her pecuniary distress—King's rudeness to her at table—Queen's behaviour at the play—Goes to curiosity-shops—To a fortune-teller—Rude reproofs of the king—Life of king and queen at Hampton-Court—Birth of the princess Anne's son—Baptized—Proclaimed duke of Gloucester—His delicate health—Anne retires from Hampton-Court to Craven-hill—Quarrel with the queen—Parliament provides for Anne—Ill-will of the queen—Insults to the princess—King prepares for the Irish campaign.

The swiftest gales and the most propitious weather that ever speeded a favourite of fortune to the possession of a throne, attended Mary princess of Orange in her short transit from the port of the Brill to the mouth of her native Thames. She arrived there, glowing in health, and overflowing with an excess of joyous spirits beyond her power to repress. Mary was brilliant in person at this epoch, and had not yet attained her twenty-seventh year; she had been declared joint sovereign with her husband, but was not yet proclaimed, their signatures to the Bill of Rights being expected in return for the election which elevated them to her father's throne.

Mary brought in her train her domestic rival, Elizabeth Villiers, whom she had neither the power nor the moral courage to expel from her household. William of Orange

had not dared to outrage public opinion in England, by making this woman the companion of his expedition against his consort's father; but as he by no means intended to break his connexion with her, his wife was doomed to the mortification of chaperoning her from Holland. Subservient to conjugal authority in all things, Mary submitted even to this degradation. Her compliance prevented the English people from murmuring at witnessing the toleration of her husband's mistress at Whitehall, at the same time holding a responsible situation about her own person.

The success of William and Mary was not a little accelerated by the publication of an absurd prophecy, which affected to have described the tragic death of Charles I., the restoration of Charles II., and ended by declaring "that the next king would go post to Rome;" all which was to happen "when there were three queens of England at the same time." The three queens were expounded to mean herself, Catharine of Braganza, and Mary Beatrice.[1] The scene of Mary's landing in England[2] on the morning of February 12, 1688-9, is graphically delineated in the second of the contemporary Dutch paintings recently brought to Hampton-Court palace. A group of English courtiers are bowing down before the princess: her page stands in the background, laden with her large orange cloak, which, with its hanging sleeves and ample draperies, sweeps the ground. Her gown is very low, draped with folds of fine muslin round the bosom, looped with strings of pearls; her hair is dressed with lofty cornettes of orange ribbon and aigraffes of pearls; the purple velvet robe shows an ostentatious-looking orange petticoat. Orange banners are borne before the princess, and about her. Her tall lord chamberlain, hat in hand, is directing her attention to her grand state charger, which is richly caparisoned with purple velvet saddle, and housings emblazoned with the crown and royal arms of Great Britain, and led by her master of the horse,

[1] Lamberty, vol. i. p. 371.

[2] The queen embarked at the Brill, Monday, Feb. 10, and was at the Nore in a few hours.

sir Edward Villiers, who is in full court dress. Females are strewing flowers. Mary is surrounded by her officers of state, and attended by her Dutch lady of honour, in lofty stiff head-gear. It appears that she made a land journey from the place of her debarkation to Greenwich. The princess Anne and prince George of Denmark, with their attendants, received her majesty at Greenwich-palace.[1] The royal sisters met each other "with transports of affection," says lady Churchill, "which soon fell off, and coldness ensued." But not then; both Mary and Anne were too much elated with their success, to disagree in that hour of joy and exultation,—joy so supreme, that Mary could neither dissemble nor contain it. The royal barge of her exiled father was waiting for her at Greenwich-palace stairs, and, amidst a chorus of shouts and welcomes from an immense throng of spectators, she entered it with her sister and brother-in-law, and was in a short time rowed to Whitehall-stairs, where she landed, and took possession of her father's palace.[2] Her husband, for the first time since his invasion, came to Whitehall, but not until Mary had actually arrived there.[3] "By such artifice William threw on the daughter of the exiled king the odium of the first occupation of his palace."[4]

Four writers, who all profess to be eye-witnesses of her demeanour, have each recorded what they saw: one of them, a philosophical observer, Evelyn; another an enemy, lady Churchill; a third, a panegyrist, Oldmixon; and the fourth an apologist, her friend Burnet. This concurrence of evidences, each of whom wrote unknown to the other, makes the conduct of Mary one of the best authenticated passages in history. "She came into Whitehall, jolly as to a wedding," wrote Evelyn, "seeming quite transported with joy." Some of Mary's party, to shield her from the disgust that eye-witnesses felt at her demeanour, declared she was acting a part that had been sternly prescribed her

[1] Oldmixon, p. 780.

[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough. [3] Lamberty.

[4] Mazure, Révolution d'Angleterre, vol. iii. 365.

by her husband's letters. Her partisan, Oldmixon, enraged at these excuses, exclaimed, "If they had seen her as others did, they would not have ventured to report such falsity; so far from acting a part not natural to her, there was nothing in her looks which was not as natural and as lovely as ever there were charms in woman."[1] Lady Churchill, in her fierce phraseology, speaks of what she witnessed without the slightest compromise, and as her assertions are borne out by a person respectable as Evelyn, she may be believed: "Queen Mary wanted bowels; of this she gave unquestionable proof the first day she came to Whitehall. She ran about it, looking into every closet and conveniency, and turning up the quilts of the beds, just as people do at an inn, with no sort of concern in her appearance. Although at the time I was extremely caressed by her, I thought this strange and unbecoming conduct; for whatever necessity there was of deposing king James, he was still her father, who had been lately driven from that very chamber, and from that bed; and if she felt no tenderness, I thought, at least, she might have felt grave, or even pensively sad, at so melancholy a reverse of fortune.[2] But I kept these thoughts in my own breast, not even imparting them to my mistress, the princess Anne, to whom I could say any thing." As the conduct of her mistress had been still more coarse and unnatural than that of her sister, lady Churchill knew that she could not blame one, without reflecting severely on the other.

The following apology, made by her friend Burnet,[3] weighs more against Mary than the bold attack of her sister's favourite. "She put on an air of great gaiety when she came to Whitehall. I confess I was one of those who censured her in my thoughts. I thought a little more seriousness had done as well when she came into her father's palace, and was to be set on his throne the next day. I had never seen the least indecency in any part of her deportment

[1] Oldmixon's History, p. 780.
Conduct of Sarah duchess of Marlborough, p. 26.
[3] Burnet's Own Times.

before, which made this appear to me so extraordinary that, afterwards, I took the liberty to ask her, 'How it came, that what she saw in so sad a revolution in her father's person had not made a greater impression on her?' She took this freedom with her usual goodness, and assured me 'that she felt the sense of it very lively in her thoughts;' but she added, 'that the letters which had been writ to her had obliged her to put on a cheerfulness, in which she might, perhaps, go too far, because she was obeying directions, and acting a part not natural to her.'" Thus did queen Mary throw from herself the blame of an unfeeling levity, which had revolted even the coarse minds of Burnet and lady Churchill; but surely the commands of her partner had reference only to the manner in which she acted the part of royalty while the eyes of her new subjects were upon her; it did not dictate the heartless glee,[1] when she made her perambulations to examine into the state of the goods that had fallen into her grasp on the evening of her arrival, and betimes in the succeeding morning. He might prescribe the grimace he chose to be assumed in her robes, but not her proceedings in her dressing-gown, before her women were on duty.

"She rose early in the morning," says Evelyn, who had a relative in waiting on her, "and in her undress, before her women were up, went about from room to room, to see the convenience of Whitehall. She slept in the same bed and apartment where the queen of James II. had lain, and within a night or two sat down to basset, as the queen her predecessor had done. She smiled upon all, and talked to every body, so that no change seemed to have taken place at court as to queens, save that infinite throngs of people came to see her, and that she went to our prayers. Her demeanour was censured by many. She seems to be of a good temper, and that she takes nothing to heart; while the prince, her husband, has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderfully serious and silent, and seems to treat all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on his affairs." Mary thus took possession, not only of her father's house, but of all the

[1] Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 37.

personal property of her step-mother which had been left in her power. Evelyn was scandalized at seeing in her possession several articles of value, among others a cabinet of silver filigree: "It belonged," he says,[1] "to our queen Mary, wife of James II., and which, in my opinion, should have been generously sent,"—honestly would have been the more appropriate term. The case was uglier, since her old father had sent by Mr. Hayes—a servant kinder to him than his own child—a request for his clothes and his personal property, which her uncle, lord Clarendon, with a sad and sore heart observes "was utterly neglected."

The morrow was appointed for the proclamation in London of the elected sovereigns, although it was Ash-Wednesday. The first day of Lent was then kept as one of deep humiliation: strange indeed did the pealing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the flourishing of drums seem to those attached to the established church. The day was most inclement, and with a dismal down-pouring of wet.[2] All London was, however, astir, and the new queen earlier than any one, according to the preceding testimony. About noon on Ash-Wednesday, February 13th, 1688-9, William and Mary proceeded in state-dresses, but without any diadems, from the interior of the palace of Whitehall to the Banqueting-house, and placed themselves in chairs of state under the royal canopy. This scene is best described in a letter written by lady Cavendish, the daughter of the celebrated lady Rachel Russell, a very young woman, sixteen years of age:[3] "When the lords and commoners had agreed upon what power to take away from the king, [she means the Bill of Rights,] my lord Halifax, who is chairman, went to the Banqueting-house, and in a short speech desired them, [William and Mary,] in the name of the lords, to accept the crown. The prince of Orange answered in a few words, the princess made curtsies. They

[1] Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 37. [2] Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii.

[3] The letter is extant, in the collection of the duke of Devonshire: I saw, however, only the first portion of the original MS. It is addressed to her cousin, Mrs. Jane Allington, whom, in the fashion of that day, she calls Silvia, and herself Dorinda. She gives, it will be seen, romantic names to that very unsentimental pair, William and Mary.

say, when they named her father's faults, she looked down as if she were troubled."—"It was expected," said Evelyn, "that both, especially the princess, would have showed some reluctance, seeming perhaps, of assuming her father's crown, and made some apology, testifying her regret that he should by his mismanagement have forced the nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, which would have showed very handsomely to the world, according to the character given of her piety; consonant, also, to her husband's first declaration, 'that there was no intention of deposing the king, only of succouring the nation;' but nothing of the kind appeared."

As soon as their signatures were affixed to the Bill of Rights, William and Mary were proclaimed William III. and Mary II., sovereign king and queen of England, France, and Ireland. "Many of the churchmen," resumes the young lady Cavendish, "would not have it done on that day, because it was Ash-Wednesday. I was at the sight, and, as you may suppose, very much pleased to see Ormanzor and Phenixana proclaimed king and queen of England, instead of king James, my father's murderer.[1] There were wonderful acclamations of joy, which, though they were very pleasing to me, they frighted me too; for I could not but think what a dreadful thing it would be to fall into the hands of the rabble,—they are such a strange sort of people! At night, I went to court with my lady Devonshire, [her mother-in-law,] and kissed the queen's hands, and the king's also. There was a world of bonfires and candles in almost every house, which looked *extreme* pretty. The king is wonderfully admired for his great wisdom and prudence. He is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight: yet, if one looks long at him, he has something in his face both wise and good. As for the queen, she is really altogether very handsome; her face is agreeable, and her motions extremely graceful and fine. She is tall, but not so tall as the last queen, [the consort of James II.]. Her room is mighty full of

[1] The young lady was lady Rachel, daughter of the lord Russell who was beheaded in 1683.

company, as you may guess." At this memorable drawing-room, the princess Anne displayed her knowledge of the minute laws of royal etiquette. The attendants had placed her tabouret too near the royal chairs, so that it was partly overshadowed by the canopy of state. The princess Anne would not seat herself under it, until it was removed to a correct distance from the state-chair of the queen her sister.[1]

Queen Mary was neither so much engrossed by her inquisition into the state of the chattels her father had left in his apartments, nor by the triumph of her accession on that memorable Ash-Wednesday, as to leave neglected a delicate stroke of diplomacy, whereby she trusted to sound the real intentions of archbishop Sancroft. The conduct of the primate was inscrutable to her consort and his courtiers. No character is so inexplicable to double dealers as the single-hearted; no mystery so deep to the utterers of falsehood as the simplicity of truth. When archbishop Sancroft resisted the measures of James II., as dangerous to the church of England, and tending to bring her back to the corruptions of Rome, no one of the Orange faction believed for a moment in his sincerity. They took the conscientious and self-denying Christian for a political agitator,—the raiser of a faction-howl, like Titus Oates. In their distrust of all that was good and true, they deemed that the primate of the church of England had some secret interest to carry, which had not been fathomed by William of Orange, on account of his want of familiarity with the technicalities of English ecclesiastical affairs; they supposed that the primate and the queen would perfectly understand each other. The queen had the same idea, and accordingly despatched two of her chaplains, one of whom was Dr. Stanley, to Lambeth, on the afternoon of the important proclamation-day, to crave for her archbishop Sancroft's blessing. The clerical messengers had, however, other motives besides this ostensible one; they were to attend service at the archbishop's

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

private chapel, observe whether king James and his son were prayed for, and bring the report to the new queen.[1]

While her majesty waited for this important benediction, she once more took possession of the home of her childhood, St. James's-palace, where she meant to tarry till her coronation, which circumstance a brilliant contemporary has thus illustrated in his description of that palace:—

> "There through the dusk-red towers, amidst his ring
> Of Vans and Mynheers, rode the Dutchman king;
> And there did England's Goneril thrill to hear,
> The shouts that triumphed o'er her crownless Lear."[2]

The archbishop's chaplain, Wharton, went to his venerable master for directions as to "what royal personages he was to pray for in the service for Ash-Wednesday afternoon."—"I have no new directions to give you," replied the archbishop. Wharton, who had been brought up in the church of England, had left it for the Roman-catholic creed, and had turned again, determined to take the oath to William and Mary. He therefore affected to consider this injunction as a permission to use his own discretion, and prayed for the newly-elected sovereigns. The archbishop sent for him, in great displeasure, after service, and told him, "that henceforth he must desist from this innovation, or leave off officiating in his chapel." The expression of the archbishop in reproof of those who prayed for William and Mary was, "that they would require to have the absolution repeated at the end of the service, as well as at the beginning." The archbishop then admitted the messengers sent at the request of the queen for his blessing. "Tell your princess," answered the uncompromising primate, "first to ask her father's blessing; without that, mine would be useless."[3] The political ruse of requiring Sancroft's benediction, is illustrative of Mary's

[1] Life of Archbishop Sancroft, by Dr. D'Oyley, vol. i. p. 434. Wharton has likewise related these events in his curious Latin diary.

[2] New Timon, part i. p. 3.

[3] Two contemporaries, who certainly never saw each other's historical reminiscences, relate this remarkable incident, but without marking the day when it

assumption of godliness; and the response, of archbishop Sancroft's unswerving integrity in testing all such assumptions by the actions of the professor, whether princess or peasant.

As early as the second day of her reign, queen Mary manifested inimical feeling towards her uncles. Clarendon had retired to his seat in the country, for repose after his labours in the convention; he was ill and heart-sick at the aspect of the times. He wrote a letter, and gave it to his wife to deliver in person to his royal niece. This epistle, doubtless, contained an unwelcome disquisition on filial duty, for lady Clarendon, when she saw the demeanour of the queen, dared not deliver it. "My wife," wrote lord Clarendon, "had some discourse with the new queen on Thursday, (February 14th,) who told her she was much dissatisfied with me, and asked angrily, 'What has *he* to do with the succession?' Lady Clarendon assured her 'that he had acted for her and for her sister's true interest.' She moreover asked her majesty, 'when she would please to see her uncle?' To which queen Mary replied, 'I shall not appoint any time.' Lady Clarendon asked 'whether she forbad his visits?' The queen said, 'I have nothing to do to forbid any body coming to the withdrawing-room, but I shall not speak in private to him.'"[1] Her uncle Lawrence was not more graciously treated. "My brother," continues lord Clarendon, "told me that the new queen had refused to see him; but that he had kissed king William's hand, who treated him civilly. My brother advised my wife not to deliver to the queen the letter I had written." Three days afterwards, queen Mary refused to see the children of her uncle Lawrence. They were little girls of seven or eight years old, incapable of giving political offence.[2]

Dr. Bates had an audience of the king and queen on their return to St. James's; he was deputy from the English dissenters, and came to express their expectation that a general

occurred. These authorities are the duke of Berwick, in his Memoirs, and lord Dartmouth, in his Notes: the fact is therefore indisputable.

[1] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. pp. 263, 264. [2] Ibid.

union of principles and church-property should forthwith take place between the dissenters and the church of England. The reply of the queen was, "I will use all endeavours for promoting any union necessary for edifying the church. I desire your prayers."[1] The new queen showed her zeal for church reform, by expelling from her chapel at St. James's "several fiddlers," who chiefly sustained the sacred music therein. Her majesty's religious deportment at church gave general satisfaction, but the behaviour of her spouse scandalized all who saw him at church, where it was his pleasure to wear his hat. If ever he happened to be uncovered during the solemn recital of the liturgy, he invariably assumed his hat directly the sermon began. His partisans excused this conduct, by observing that such was the custom among the Dutch dissenters. They likewise pleaded that the Jews did the same;[2] but members of the church of England did not like the king's irreverent demeanour a whit the better on account of the examples he followed. The queen's suppression of "fiddling" was universally approved, but they could not away with the hat of her Dutch partner.

King William, being thoroughly impatient of London air, and of all the pomps and ceremonies connected with his accession, hurried the queen away with him to Hampton-Court. "He was apt to be very peevish," says Burnet, "and to conceal his fretfulness, put him in a necessity of being very much in his closet. He had promised his friends to set about being more visible, open, and communicative. The nation had been so much used to this in the two former reigns, that many persuaded him to be more accessible. He said 'that his ill health made it impossible.' He only came to town on council days, so that the face of a court was now quite broke. This gave an early and general disgust. The gaiety of court disappeared, and though the queen set herself to make up what was wanting in the king by a great vivacity, yet, when it appeared that she meddled little in business, few

[1] White Kennet's History of England.
[2] Tindal's Continuation, p. 24, vol. i.

found their account in making their court to her. Though she gave great content to all that came to her, yet very few came." It was the custom for presentations to be made to the queen after divine service. Lord Clarendon writes, "In the evening, March 3rd, 1689, my brother Lawrence told me that he had been to Hampton-Court, where king William had, at last, presented him to the queen; but it was in the crowd, as she came from church. He kissed her hand, and that was all."[1]

The veteran diplomatist, Danby, was extremely sedulous in his visits to Lambeth, hoping to induce archbishop Sancroft to crown the new sovereigns. The archbishop refused, and, as well as lord Clarendon, persisted that he could not take any new oath of allegiance. Four of the bishops who had been sent to the Tower by king James II., with two others of their episcopal brethren,[2] and several hundreds of the lower English clergy,—among whom may be reckoned the revered names of Beveridge, Nelson, Stanhope, and Sherlock,—followed the example of their primate, and forsook livings and property rather than violate their consciences.[3] By the great body of the people they were infinitely reverenced, but from the triumphant party they obtained the rather ill-sounding designation of nonjurors, or non-swearers. Queen Mary gave sir Roger l'Estrange, a literary partisan of her father, the cognomen of *Lying Strange Roger*. Her majesty deemed it was an anagram of his name.

Her late chaplain, Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, expressed himself indignantly regarding her personal demeanour: he refused to quit his bishopric, or take the oaths to her. Queen Mary sarcastically observed, "Bishop Ken is desirous of martyrdom in the nonjuring cause, but I shall disappoint him." There was great political wisdom in this

[1] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 267.

[2] Archbishop Sancroft; Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells; Dr. Francis Turner, bishop of Ely; Dr. Lake, bishop of Chichester; Dr. White, bishop of Peterborough; and Dr. Lloyd, bishop of Norwich, were the nonjuring prelates who refused to take oaths of allegiance to William and Mary.

[3] Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, and Trelawney, bishop of Bristol, not only followed the revolutionary movement, but had been its agents.

observation, yet there are few persons who would not have felt grieved at standing low in the estimation of a man, whose moral worth ranked so high as that of Ken. An early opportunity occurred for the queen to reward the revolutionary services of Burnet, by his promotion to the valuable see of Salisbury. Her majesty exercised her functions as the "*dual* head" of the church, by a personal exhortation to the following effect:—"That she hoped that I [Burnet] would set a pattern to others, and would put in practice those notions with which I had taken the liberty sometimes to entertain her," adding a careful proviso regarding Mrs. Burnet's habiliments. "She recommended to me," he writes, "the making my wife an example to the clergymen's wives, both in the simplicity and plainness of her clothes, and in the humility of her deportment."[1] The "notions" commended by her majesty were not much to the taste of the English people. Burnet's inaugural pastoral letter was condemned by parliament to be burnt by the common hangman, and was actually thus executed, the national pride being aroused by a "notion" as untrue as it was insolent, the new bishop having declared that William and Mary exercised their regal power by right of conquest,—a distasteful clause to the victors of Solebay. The execution of Dr. Burnet's sermon was not the only case of the kind in this reign. The lords sentenced a book published by Bentley to be burnt by the common hangman in Old Palace-yard, entitled, "King William and Queen Mary Conquerors."[2]

Notwithstanding the settlement of the English crown in the names of both William and Mary, a glance at the lord chamberlain's books will prove that the queen (some days after her recognition at the Banqueting-house) was admitted to her own apartments at Whitehall by the power of her husband's name alone. The king's lord chamberlain, lord Dorset, signed a document, dated February 19, 1688-9, in the first year of his majesty king William's reign, addressed to William Bucke, blacksmith, authorizing him to make

[1] MS. of Burnet, Harleian MSS.
[2] MS. Journal of the House of Lords, 1693.

new keys for the queen's apartments at Whitehall-palace, and to deliver the said new keys to her majesty's lord chamberlain, lord Wiltshire.[1] Mary was not admitted to her royal suite at the state-palace until February 29, when the king's lord chamberlain gave her access to a certain number of apartments in Whitehall, excepting those which the king's majesty had allotted otherwise, as marked by him in the margin.[2] Thus the queen's sovereign rights did not even give her free possession of her own apartments, for a portion of them had by her husband been arbitrarily awarded to some other person. It is not difficult to surmise for whom these apartments were destined by William. Lord Wiltshire's[3] warrant as lord chamberlain to the queen, was not made out until the 12th of the ensuing month.

The coronation of the joint sovereigns next occupied the thoughts of every one at their court. The former regalia with which the queens-consort were inaugurated was not deemed sufficiently symbolical of the sovereign power shared by Mary II., and a second globe, a sceptre, and a sword of state were made for her.[4] An alteration of far greater import was effected in the coronation ceremony. The oath was altered decidedly to a Protestant tendency, and the sovereigns of England were no longer required to make their oath and practice diametrically opposite. The coronation morning (April 11th) brought many cares to the triumphant sovereigns. Just as their robing was completed, and they were about to set off for Westminster-hall, news arrived of the successful landing of James II. at Kinsale, in Ireland, and that he had taken peaceable possession of the whole island, with the exception of Londonderry and a few other towns. At the same moment lord Nottingham delivered to queen Mary the first

[1] Lord-chamberlain's books. [2] Which does not appear.

[3] Although his name appears in the pages of Lamberty as well as in lord chamberlain's warrants, no account can be found of the lord Wiltshire of 1688 in any English history: he had soon to give way to lord Nottingham as the queen's lord chamberlain.

[4] Regal Records, by J. Planche, esq., Menin, and above all, the abstract of the coronation-service forwarded to the princess Sophia at Hanover, just after the coronation of James II., shows the coronation-oath before the alteration was made. King's MSS. Brit. Museum.

letter her father had written to her since her accession. It was an awful one, and the time of its reception was awful. King James wrote to his daughter, "That hitherto he had made all fatherly excuses for what had been done, and had wholly attributed her part in the revolution to obedience to her husband; but the act of being crowned was in her own power, and if she were crowned while he and the prince of Wales were living, the curses of an outraged father would light upon her, as well as of that God who has commanded duty to parents." If queen Mary were not confounded by this letter, king William certainly was. Lord Nottingham, who recorded the scene as an eye-witness, declares "that king William forthwith thought fit to enter into a vindication of himself from having by harsh authority enforced the course of conduct which had brought on his wife her father's malediction;" and he took the opportunity of declaring, "that he had done nothing but by her advice, and with her approbation."[1] It was on this memorable occasion that, irritated by the ill news of her father's formidable position, the queen recriminated, "that if her father regained his authority, her husband might thank himself, for letting him *go as he did*."[2] These words were reported to James II., who from that hour believed, to use his own words, "that his daughter wished some cruelty or other to be perpetrated against him."[3]

The alarming news of the arrival of her father in Ireland was communicated to the princess Anne likewise, while she was dressing for the coronation. The political prospects of the Orange party seemed gloomy, and the ladies at the toilet of the princess Anne, who had jeered and mocked at the birth of the disinherited prince, were now silent, and meditated how they should make their peace if king James were restored. Mrs. Dawson was present, who had belonged to the household of Anne Hyde, duchess of York, and of queen Mary Beatrice: she had been present at the birth of the exiled prince of Wales. The princess Anne, in the midst

[1] MSS. of lord Nottingham, printed in Dalrymple's Appendix. [2] Ibid.
[3] Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clark, vol. ii. p. 329.

of the apprehensions of the moment, asked Mrs. Dawson "whether she believed the prince of Wales was her brother or not?"—"He is, madam, as surely your brother, the son of the king, [James,] and of his queen, as you are the daughter of the late duchess of York; and I speak what I know, for I was the first person who received ye both in my arms."[1] It will be remembered that, in the odious correspondence which took place between the princesses on this subject, it was mentioned that Mrs. Dawson had previously given the same solemn testimony to the princess Anne. She had, moreover, added technical evidence,[2] which must have brought conviction to any woman who was not predisposed to the falsehood, and desirous of believing the worst. Such conversations as these, occurring as they did at the actual robing for the coronation of Mary and her spouse, resemble more the passionate dialogue of tragedy, where the identity of some princely claimant is discussed, than the dull routine of ceremonial in times closely approximating to our own. And then, as if to bring this drama of real life to a climax, the old exiled king, in his memoirs, after relating the horrid observation of his once-beloved Mary, bursts into the following agonizing exclamations: "When he heard this, he perceived that his own children had lost all bowels, not only of filial affection, but of common compassion, and were as ready as the Jewish tribe of old to raise the cry, 'Away with him from the face of the earth!' It was the more grievous, because the hand which gave the blow was most dear to him. Yet Providence gave her some share of disquiet too; for this news, coming just at their coronation, put a damp on those joys, which had left no room in her heart for the remembrance of a fond and loving father. Like another Tullia, under the show of sacrificing all to her country's liberty, she truly sacrificed her honour, her duty, and even religion, to drive out a peaceful Tullius, and set up another Tarquin in his place."[3]

[1] Memoirs of James II., p. 329.

[2] Correspondence of the princess Anne and princess of Orange, Dalrymple's Appendix.

[3] Memoirs of James II., vol. ii. pp. 328, 329.

The mere ceremonial of the coronation of Mary II. and William III. sinks into flat and vapid verbiage, after its introductory scenes of stormy passion. Who, after the awful malediction and the agonizing bewailment, where the tenderness of the parent is still apparent, can pause to measure the length of trains? or value the weight of gold or the lustre of jewels? The strange scene of recrimination between the king and queen of the revolution, must have taken place nearly at their entering on the business of the day. It explains what Lamberty mysteriously affirms, "that all was ready for the coronation by eleven o'clock," but such were the distractions of that eventful day, "that the ceremony did not commence till half-past one." The king went from the palace of Whitehall nearly an hour before the queen, descended the privy-stairs, where his royal barge waited, entered it with his suite, and was rowed to Westminster-palace. He arrived at the Parliament water-stairs, passed up by Old Palace-yard at ten o'clock, and went direct to the 'prince's chamber,' where he reposed himself, and was invested with his surcoat and parliamentary robes.

The queen, who received the news of her father's landing in Ireland just after the completion of her toilet, retired from the foregoing discussion, to perform the private devotions considered suitable for her coronation-morning. When her majesty left Whitehall, which was an hour subsequently to the king, she was attired in her parliamentary robes, furred with ermine; on her head she wore a circlet of gold richly adorned with precious stones. In this array, she entered her chair, and was carried from Whitehall-palace, through the Privy-garden,[1] thence into the Channel or Cannon-row, and so across New Palace-yard, up Westminster-hall into the large state-room called 'the court of wards,' where she rested herself while the proceeding was set in order in the hall."[2] The place of the princess Anne is not

[1] "When Whitehall existed," says Menin, "a way was opened through Privy-gardens to New Palace-yard for the chairs, not only of the queen, but the nobility, by special order of the lord chamberlain."

[2] Menin's English Coronations, (William and Mary,) pp. 6–16. Lamberty.

noted in any account of the procession; in fact, her situation rendered it imprudent for her to take any part, excepting that of a spectator. Her husband, prince George of Denmark, went in the robes of an English peer as duke of Cumberland, which title his brother-in-law, king William, had recently bestowed on him. The prince walked next to the archbishop of York, and took precedence of the nobility.[1] The peers were called over by the heralds in the house of lords, and the peeresses in the Painted-chamber, "where," adds the herald, as if it were an unusual custom, "their majesties were graciously pleased to be present,"—no doubt for the purpose of specially noting the absentees, "for," observes Lamberty, "the number of peers and peeresses at the coronation of William and Mary was remarkably small, and not, by a great number, equalling the procession in the preceding coronation." The peers and peeresses being drawn up in order, were conducted four abreast from the court of requests, down the great stone staircase, into Westminster-hall, and their majesties followed them by the same way: "they took their places in Westminster-hall, and their seats on the throne, then placed above the table."

The coronation medal illustrated the sudden dethroning of the late king. Thereon, Phæton was represented as stricken from his car. Neither the subject, nor the execution, nor the motto, was greatly relished by Evelyn; still less was that of another medal, representing the British oak shattered, while a flourishing orange-tree grew by the stem, with the motto, "Instead of acorns, golden oranges."—"Much of the splendour of the ceremony," continues Evelyn, "was abated by the absence of divers who should have contributed to it. There were but *five* bishops and four judges; no more had taken the oaths. Several noblemen and great ladies were absent." In all probability, the alarming news that James II. was then reigning in the green island had caused the absence of many time-servers. The chief peculiarity in the ceremony was that of the double regal household, and the

[1] Menin's English Coronations, (William and Mary,) pp. 6–16. Lamberty.

addition of those who carried the regnant-queen's orb, regal sceptre, and state sword.

At the recognition, both the king and queen appeared on the platform, and the demand was made, "Whether the people would accept William and Mary for their king and queen?" The answer was, as usual, by acclamation. "The king was presented by the bishop of London, although," adds Lamberty, "the archbishop of York was actually in the abbey; the queen by the bishop of St. Asaph. The bishop of Rochester, as dean of the church, gave the king instructions how he was to conduct himself. Notwithstanding these instructions, an odd blunder occurred: their majesties were kneeling by the rail of the altar at the time when their first offering was to be made, consisting of twenty guineas wrapped in a piece of rich silk; the envelope was there, but, alas! the gold was absent. The grand-chamberlain looked aghast at the lord treasurer, the lord treasurer returned the glance; then each demanded of the other the guineas for the offering,—none were forthcoming. The gold bason was handed to the king, the king was penniless; to the queen, her majesty had no money; the bason remained void. A long pause ensued, which every one began to deem excessively ridiculous," when lord Danby, who had had assuredly enough of the public money, drew out his purse, and counted out twenty guineas for the king: the bason was therefore not sent empty away.

The holy Bible was presented for king William and queen Mary to kiss. The Bible thus presented is now at the Hague: in the title-page are these words, written in the hand of the queen: "This book was given the king and I at our *crownation*. MARIE, R."[1] Dr. Burnet, the new bishop of

[1] In Macaulay's England, vol. i. p. 394, the sentence is quoted as an instance of queen Mary's ignorance and want of education; yet the only variation from correct orthography occurs in the word "crownation,"—the queen's mode of spelling which word is *now* obsolete, but not illiterate. Milton, Dryden, and Addison, if their earlier editions are examined, will be found guilty of the same ignorance. If Mr. Macaulay had condescended to read queen Mary's series of historical letters, he would have found many passages in which her language expresses her ideas, not only with elegant simplicity, but with power and pathos. The historian had, perhaps, some confused notion of the ignorance of

Salisbury, then presented himself in the pulpit, and preached his sermon, which lasted just half an hour, and their majesties were observed to be very attentive to it. It was considered to be an excellent one, and so it was—for the purpose, being an invective on the queen's father, by name, from beginning to end.[1] The bishop of London tendered the coronation-oath, according to the recent alterations, "to maintain the Protestant religion as established by law." The king and queen replied simultaneously to each proposition, blending their voices in assent, and each holding up the right hand: they likewise kissed the book together. The unction was not simultaneous: the bishop of London first poured the oil on the head of William, and then went to the queen and performed the same ceremony.[2]

King William appropriated all that was possible of the ceremonials symbolical of sovereign power wholly to himself. Queen Mary was neither girt with the sword, nor assumed the spurs or armilla, like the two queens-regnant, her predecessors. When the sword was offered at the altar, Mary and her regal partner carried it between them, when the difference of their stature must have had an odd effect; and the action itself, a diminutive man and a very tall, fully formed woman carrying an enormous sword between them, appeared rather absurd. The ancient coronation-ring by which England had been wedded to her royal admiral, James II., still encircled his finger, for he mentions his struggle to preserve it in the scene of his direst distress, when plundered by the rabble at Feversham. As he was successful, it is certain that this ancient gem was never worn by either Mary or her spouse. There exist, in fact, accounts of charges made by the court-jeweller at this time for two new coronation-rings. The archbishop of Canterbury having positively refused to crown either William or Mary, his office was performed by the former tutor of the queen,

her sister queen Anne, whose mangled tenses, misspelled and misapplied adverbs and prepositions, may truly deserve censure.

[1] Menin's English Coronations, (William and Mary,) p. 64. Lamberty.

[2] Lamberty's History, vol. ii. p. 247. He was present, being one of Bentinck's secretaries.

Compton bishop of London. The usual supporters, the bishops of Durham and of Bath and Wells, were likewise absent: one was infirm, the other said "he would not come." Altogether, it was a coronation completely out of sorts. Something new and extraordinary happened in every part of it, and ever and anon fresh tidings respecting the progress of James II. in Ireland were discussed between the parties most concerned. Queen Mary looked hot and flushed, and being commiserated by her sister, made that well-known rejoinder, "A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it appears." [1]

The additional length of the service, owing to the partnership regality and the interruptions occasioned by the absence of the cash for the offering, caused such delay, that the crown was not set on the head of the queen until four o'clock.[2] The coronation-banquet was in Westminster-hall. The story goes, that the challenge, when given, was accepted; for when Dymoke flung down the glove, an old woman upon crutches hobbled out of the crowd, picked it up, and retreated with singular agility, leaving a lady's glove in its place, in which was an answer to the challenge, time and place being appointed in Hyde-park. It is certain that some incident of an extraordinary kind connected with the usual challenge of the champion took place, for Lamberty says, "When the time arrived for the entrance of the champion, minute passed after minute. At last two hours wore away; the pause in the high ceremonial began to be alarming, and promised to be still more awkward than that in the morning. Sir Charles Dymoke at last made his entrance in the dusk, almost in the dark: he was the son of James II.'s champion. He made his challenge in the name of our sovereign lord and lady, William and Mary. I heard the sound of his gauntlet when he flung it on the ground, but as the light in Westminster-hall had utterly failed, no person could distinguish *what was done.*" The circumstances of the challenge are thus proved by Lamberty to have been favourable enough for the adventure pre-

[1] Oldmixon's History of the Stuarts. [2] Lamberty.

served by tradition. "The banquet," he says, "had not been lighted up," and the long delay of the challenge of the champion made it past eight o'clock before the king and queen retired from Westminster-hall.

A stalwart champion, who, by his attitudes, seemed an excellent swordsman, was observed to pace up and down the appointed spot in Hyde-park from two to four the next day. The Jacobite Walk[1] in the park was probably the scene of this bravado, and had the champion accepted the challenge, a general engagement might have ensued. Dymoke, however, did not appear to maintain his own defiance, and the champion of James II. went his way unscathed for his boldness.[2] This incident has been told as a gossip's tale pertaining to every coronation in the last century which took place while an heir of James II. existed. Sir Walter Scott has made use of it in his romance of Redgauntlet. If it ever took place, it must have been at the coronation of William III. and Mary II. The times were most unsettled; half the people considered them usurpers, and the other half fully expected the return of James II., which perhaps encouraged the adventure.

Next day the house of commons in a full body walked from Westminster to the Banqueting-house, where they attended their majesties to congratulate them on their coronation, in a speech which we do not inflict on our readers at length, but merely quote the concluding line, which seems to allude to the altered coronation-oath, — "that the lustre of their deeds might eclipse their predecessors, so that the English should no longer date their laws and liberties from Saint Edward the Confessor's days, but from those of William and Mary." To this address the queen did not reply. Her lord and master briefly answered, "that by God's assistance they both hoped to render them shortly a flourishing people."[3]

The sovereignty of Scotland was assumed by Mary and her consort, without a trace of coronation ceremonial. In

[1] That there was such a promenade, we learn by Vernon's letter to the duke of Shrewsbury, vol. i. p. 89. [2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes.
[3] White Kennet's History of England.

truth, the commissioners could not get at the Scottish regalia, as it was safe in Edinburgh-castle, held out by the duke of Gordon for James II. The earl of Argyle, sir James Montgomery, and sir John Dalrymple of Stair, were the commissioners sent by post from the convention[1] of the estates of Scotland to offer them the northern sovereignty, assisted by a procession of those of the Scotch nobility in London who could be induced to attend. Mary and William entered the Banqueting-house, Whitehall, in state. A sword was carried before them by lord Cardross: they seated themselves on a throne under a rich canopy. The commissioners being introduced by sir Charles Cottrell, the earl of Argyle prefaced his presentation of the letter from the estates with a speech, affirming that the king and queen had been called to the Scottish throne by the unanimous votes of the senate. But in reality, Dundee and all the unequivocal friends of James II. had left the house of convention after almost fighting a battle there, and had flown to arms before the vote was passed.

The Scottish coronation-oath was tendered to the king and queen. Lord Argyle pronounced it distinctly, word by word, and Mary as well as William repeated it after him, holding up their right hands, according to the custom of taking oaths in Scotland. In the course of the recital occurred the words, "And we shall be careful to root out all heretics." Here king William interrupted the earl of Argyle, and said, "If this means any sort of persecution, I will not take the oath." The commissioner replied, "It was not meant in any such sense;" and the voices of the king and his consort again proceeded in unison. Before the signature, the earl of Argyle explained to their majesties, that "obstinate heretics by the law of Scotland can *only* be denounced and outlawed, and their moveable goods confiscated." And this interpretation appearing to imply "no persecution" in the eyes of William and his consort,

[1] The whole scene and documents are given from the official account of the transaction, published in Edinburgh, May 24, 1689; re-edited by J. Malcolm, 1811.

the ceremonial was completed, each signing the deed. The oath of allegiance to William and Mary was remarkable for its simplicity. It ran thus: "I do promise and swear, that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to their majesties king William and queen Mary. So help me God."[1] When the coronation was over, the people expected to see the king take the queen in grand state to the houses of parliament; strange to say, although elected by them to the regal diadem of England, her majesty never attained the privilege of meeting her constituents assembled. The Gazette enumerates king William's frequent visits to parliament, both before and after the coronation of himself and Mary.[2] His custom was to go privately in his barge, the passage from the water-stairs to the house of lords being lined with his Dutch guards; yet never, by any chance, is the queen named as his companion in these short voyages from Whitehall-stairs to Parliament-stairs. The fact that William III. wore the state-crown and robes in parliament almost every third day, whenever he was in or near London, stands in odd contradiction to his assumed preference of simplicity, and scorn of royal magnificence. Perhaps he had satiated himself thus early in his reign with the coveted externals of majesty, and found no permanent satisfaction in their use. His queen, however, had no chance of coming to the same conclusion, for she never was permitted to have any communication with her parliament excepting by means of deputations, which carried up addresses to her; and her usual mode of receiving them was, seated by her husband's side, in that fatal Banqueting-hall where the last tragic scene in the life of her hapless grandsire, Charles I., had been performed, and which was literally stained with his blood. When it is remembered how sadly and solemnly Mary had been accustomed from early infancy to observe the anniversary of that martyrdom; how she had been taught to raise her little hands in prayer; how she had seen her father and mother, in mourning garb

[1] Parliamentary Debates, vol. ii. p. 263.

[2] The Gazette was, even at that period, formally recognised as an official government organ.

and bitter sorrow, seclude themselves with all their children and household, and pass the 30th of January in tears and supplications to Heaven,[1] it seems passing strange that she could shake off her early impressions so far as to endure such receptions, especially as it has been shown that her customary observance of that day of sad remembrances had been rudely broken by her husband.[2]

The internal state of the Banqueting-room, before it was consecrated in the reign of Anne as a chapel, is described by a foreigner a few years previously. The Italian secretary of Cosmo III., grand-duke of Tuscany, thus wrote of it: "Above a door opposite to the throne is a statue in *alto relievo* of Charles I., whose majestic mien saddens the spectator by the remembrance of the tragedy which took place in this very room. On the threshold of the window there are still to be seen drops of blood, which fell when that enormity was committed: they cannot be obliterated, though efforts have been made to do so."[3]

A remarkable feature in the state-documents of William and Mary, was the perpetual iteration of allusions to the reign of their dear uncle, Charles II. This peculiarity was not lost on the literary Jacobites who lurked in court; the queen was accordingly thus greeted in one of their frequent pasquinades:—

"Your royal uncle you are pleased to own,
But royal father, it should seem, you've none.
A dainty mushroom, without flesh or bone,
We dare not call you, for it seems you are
Great Charles' niece, o' the royal character,—
Great James's daughter *too*, we thought you were.
That you a father had you have forgot,
Or would have people think that he was not;
The very sound of royal James's name
As living king, adds to his daughter's shame.
The princess Mary would not have it known,
That she can sit upon king James's throne!"[4]

The solemn entry of the Dutch ambassadors, being Odyke, Dyckvelt, and four others, to congratulate the king and

[1] Diary of Henry earl of Clarendon.

[2] D'Avaux' Ambassades, as quoted in the preceding chapters.

[3] Travels of Cosmo III. in England, 1669, p. 368.

[4] Selected abstract from sir Robert Strange's MSS. See proclamations in Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

queen on their coronation, took place at the end of May. On their landing at the Tower, the royal state-carriages came for them, both those of the king and queen, attended by sixteen pages and sixty running footmen in splendid liveries. The Dutchmen were then brought to Cleveland-house, St. James's, where they received messages of welcome, from the king by lord Cornwallis, from the queen by sir Edward Villiers, her master of horse. Lord Cornbury brought compliments from prince George, and the princess Anne sent colonel Sands on the same errand.[1]

Dissension very soon ensued between the princess Anne and her sister the queen, "partly arising," observes lady Marlborough, "from the conviction of William III., that the princess and her husband, prince George of Denmark, had been of more use than they were ever like to be again, and partly from the different humours of the two sisters. Queen Mary soon grew weary of any body who would not talk a great deal; and the princess Anne was so silent, that she rarely spoke excepting to ask a question." Whilst giving the world these characteristics of the royal sisters, the writer indulges in an enthusiastic flow of self-praise, because she, "by earnest representations, kept her mistress from quarrelling with the new queen. It was impossible for any body to labour more than I did to keep the two sisters in perfect unison and friendship, thinking it best for them not to quarrel when their true interest and safety were jointly concerned to support the revolution." There were likewise other interests at stake; for, if we may believe the uncle of the queen and princess, strong bribes had been promised to this person and her husband,[2] for the service of inducing the princess Anne to give precedence to her brother-in-law in the reversionary succession.

Great rewards had been distributed at the coronation among the promoters of the revolution, especially those who held situations in the households of either Mary or

[1] Gazette, May 27, 1689.

[2] Likewise, Sheffield duke of Buckingham's Narrative of the Revolution, vol. ii. p. 87. This accomplished noble deserves belief, because, like Clarendon, he was in that revolution unstained by bribes, self-interest, or treachery.

Anne. Lord Churchill received the title of earl of Marlborough, and a rich income arising from court places; and from this time his wife, whose domination over the mind of the princess Anne rendered her the ruler of her fortunes and the leading spirit of her history, will be known by the name of lady Marlborough. But, to the infinite consternation of the princess Anne, she discovered that, whatsoever golden harvests other agents of the revolution had reaped, she herself, so far from having bettered her condition, was likely to be deprived of the certain and liberal income which had been settled on her by her indulgent sire. It had been whispered to her that king William, when examining the treasury-lists, had said to lord Godolphin, "that he was astonished to think how it was possible for the princess Anne to spend her revenue of thirty thousand pounds per annum?"[1] As Anne had been malcontent with her father for not adding ten thousand pounds to this allowance, it may be supposed that the observation of her brother-in-law created some alarm in her mind.

It had been discussed in the royal circle, that it was quite a novelty for any junior branch of the royal family to receive an independent revenue. These were ominous hints for the princess Anne, who had actually yielded her place in the succession to her brother-in-law on the promise of a large addition to her revenue. So far from that promise being realized, king William seemed to consider that a separate table ought not to be allowed to any cadet branches of royalty. Certainly the king's conduct at his own table was not of that courtly polish which would render a domestication at his board during life a very pleasant anticipation. "I could," says lady Marlborough, who speaks as an eye-witness, "fill many sheets with the brutalities that were done to the princess in this reign. William III. was, indeed, so ill-natured, and so little polished by education, that neither in great things nor in small had he

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 32. The amount was really 32,000*l.* allowed by James II., as a foregoing document has shown.

the manners of a gentleman. I give an instance of his worse than vulgar behaviour at his own table, when the princess dined with him. It was the beginning of his reign, and some weeks before the princess was put to bed of the duke of Gloucester. There happened to be just before her a plate of green peas, the first that had been seen that year. The king, without offering the princess the least share of them, drew the plate before him, and devoured them all. Whether he offered any to the queen, I cannot say, but he might have done that safely enough, for he knew she durst not touch one. The princess Anne confessed, when she came home, that she had so much mind for the peas that she was afraid to look at them, and yet could hardly keep her eyes off them."[1] The situation of the princess Anne rendered disappointment in such cravings somewhat dangerous.

Assuredly hospitality was not among the royal virtues on the throne: when the king dined at St. James's-palace, no one was permitted to eat with him but the marshal Schomberg, the general of the foreign troops, and some Dutch officers. If any English noblemen came in, according to their national custom during the royal dinner, they stood behind William's chair, and never a word did the monarch speak to them; nor were they ever invited to sit down to eat, a courtesy common in such cases. So there did the haughty English stand, humbled and neglected witnesses of the meal of the Dutchmen, who evidently deemed themselves their conquerors. The earl of Marlborough had, as an aide-de-camp, a young noble cadet named Dillon, who had formed a great intimacy with Arnold van Keppel, the handsome page and favourite of the Dutch king. These boys were usually present at the royal dinners. Dillon observed to Keppel, "that he had been present at several of them before he heard the king utter one word to any body;" and asked, "Does your master ever speak?"—"Oh, yes," replied the young favourite; "he talks fast enough at night

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 115; likewise Echard, in his History of England.

over his bottle, when he has none about him but his Dutch friends."[1] His bottle was not one that could be produced before the proud English magnates, who were too apt to commit excess with champagne or burgundy, but they scorned Hollands-gin. Lady Marlborough sent for young Dillon, and questioned him on what he saw and heard at the king's table. The boy told the truth, which was in all probability what her spouse did not; he said, "that he never saw any man treated with such neglect and contempt as lord Marlborough."—"It is just what he deserves," exclaimed the gracious helpmate, who had certainly led him into this awkward situation; "he should have considered how much better he was off some months ago." This speech marks the earliest period that can be traced of enmity expressed by the favourite of the princess Anne towards the sovereign of the revolution. The weak intellect of the princess followed the lead of her ruler as a matter of course. From the same source,—the gossiping of the two pages, Keppel and Dillon, king William was reported to have said, "that lord Marlborough had the best talents for war of any one in England; but he was a vile man, and though he had himself profited by his treasons, he abhorred the traitor."[2] William really acted according to this idea, for he appointed Marlborough to the command of the English troops sent to Holland to fill the place of Dutch forces kept to awe the English, thus removing him, for some months, from communication with the factions fermenting at court.

Other causes of discord had arisen between the queen and her sister. They were, it is true, of an undignified nature, and resembled more the petty bickerings of lodgers in humble dwellings, than aspirants for royal dignity in palaces. When the changes took place at the revolution, Anne was, with her favourite, very vigilant to secure all that could accrue for their personal convenience. They had fixed their desires on those splendid apartments at Whitehall which had

[1] Carte Papers, printed by Macpherson. Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 282.
[2] Ibid.

been built, rebuilt, and fitted up several times by Charles II. to indulge the luxury of the duchess of Portsmouth. This grant king William had promised Anne before the arrival of her sister. When queen Mary was settled at Whitehall, the earl of Devonshire, who had a great taste for balls, made interest with her majesty to be put in possession of them, declaring "that these apartments were the best in England for dancing." The princess averred, "that she desired these apartments because of their easy access and vicinity to those of the queen," and that "she was ready to give up the Cockpit in exchange for them." Unfortunately, queen Mary happened to say, "she would consult the earl of Devonshire on the subject," which gave her sister high displeasure. The princess sullenly observed, "whichever way *he* decided, *she* would not take the earl of Devonshire's leavings."[1] It appears that king William interposed his authority that the princess Anne might have the benefit of his promise, and she remained in full possession of the Cockpit, and of these coveted apartments as well. The next acquisition desired by the princess Anne was the palace of Richmond. She said "that she loved it in her infancy, and the air agreed with her." Richmond had been, since the time of Henry VII., the seat of the heir to the crown, a fact which did not lessen its charms in the eyes of the princess Anne. But lady Villiers, the deceased governess of the princess, had had a lease of the palace, and madame Puissars, one of her daughters, having obtained the reversion, refused to yield it to the heiress of the throne. The mistress of William III., Elizabeth Villiers, and the arrogant favourite of the princess Anne, declared fierce war against each other in the course of the controversy; but the matter ended by the triumph of the Villiers' alliance.[2] From that hour the hostility became permanent in the minds of the royal sisters, although for some time their mutual heart-burnings rested smouldering under the semblance of kindness.

In June 1689, several skirmishes had taken place between the Williamite army in Ireland and the troops of James II.

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough. [2] Ibid.

Blood had flowed; soldiers, in the name of the queen and husband, were constantly arrayed against the life of her father, and fresh reports were every day raised that king James was killed, taken, or had died of fatigue or grief. Just as these agitating rumours were the most rife in London, king William came for a few days to hold privy councils at St. James's-palace, and his queen took that opportunity of recreating herself with seeing a play. There was but one play which had been forbidden to be acted by James II., and this his daughter particularly desired to see performed; it was the Spanish Friar, by Dryden, interdicted because its licentious comic scenes held up one of the Roman church to ridicule. It deserved banishment altogether for its sins against general decorum. The queen had probably never read the drama; for, instead of finding, as she hoped, passages which would tell severely against her father, she found that the tragic part of the plot seemed as if it had been written for her own especial castigation. Perhaps the great enmity she ever manifested against Dryden arose from some vague idea that he had purposely caused the vexation she endured that night. "The only time," wrote her friend Nottingham,[1] "that her majesty gave herself the diversion of a play, has furnished the town with discourse for a month. Some unlucky expressions put her in disorder, and forced her to hold up her fan, often look behind her, and call for her palatine, [pelerine,] hood, or any thing she could contrive to speak of to her women. It so happened that every speech in that play seemed to come home to her, as there was a strong report about town that her father James II. was dead in Ireland; and whenever any thing applicable was said, every one in the pit turned their heads over their shoulders, and directed their looks most pointedly at her." Nor could this be wondered at; for a daughter sitting to see a play acted which was too free for the morals of *that* age, at the

[1] Autograph letter, written by Daniel Finch, lord Nottingham, dated June 1689, given by Dr. Percy to sir John Dalrymple; see his Appendix, p. 78. It is likewise printed by Dr. Birch. Nottingham was at that time the queen's confidential adviser, and soon afterwards her lord chamberlain. He had not at this period made up his mind whether the revolutionary changes would be permanent.

moment when reports were prevalent that her own father was dead, was indeed a sight to be gazed upon with consternation.

The English public, notwithstanding all that partisans may do or say, always feel rightly in such cases, and they took care that the queen should be conscious of that feeling. "Twenty things were said, which were wrested by the audience to her confusion. When it was uttered on the stage, 'Tis observed at court who weeps, and who wears black, for good king Sancho's death,' the words were made to come home to her. Again, when the queen of Arragon is going in procession, it is said, 'She usurps the throne, keeps the old king in prison, and at the same time is praying for a blessing on her army.' Another speech occurred, 'Can I seem pleased to see my royal master murdered, his crown usurped, a distaff on his throne? What right has this queen but lawless force?' The observations then made furnished the town with talk till something else happened, which gave as much occasion of discourse."[1] The historical scene above narrated, which really may be cited as part of a drama performed by the spectators of a comedy, receives no little corroboration by a manuscript entry at the lord chamberlain's office, noting that, just at this period, Mrs. Betterton received a donation for performing in the Spanish Friar by the queen's command. Another play was ordered by the queen, to which she came not. Most likely king William himself had commanded the queen's absence, since she had so far forgotten her political position as to order the cavalier comedy of The Committee, and he or his ministers foresaw some mortifying manifestation of popular feeling during its representation. In fact, such was the case, as recorded by the pen of Lamberty, the secretary of his prime-minister, Bentinck. This writer says, "that when the roundheads tender the oath of the commonweath to the loyal colonels, Blunt and Careless, those cavaliers reply, 'Why should we take it, when the king will be restored in a few days?' When the passage occurred, the pit rose simultaneously, and gave

[1] Autograph letter, by Daniel Finch, lord Nottingham.

three rounds of applause." The popular allusion pointed at the oath just tendered at the coronation of William and Mary.

The master of the revels, from the time of those memorable performances, was a harassed and distressed man, his duty leading him to weigh every word on the stage, and to examine in all possible lights the action, lest the perverse public should draw therefrom any allusion to the queen's father in the plays permitted to be performed. Shakspeare was viewed with peculiar suspicion, for the inquisition extended not only to new plays, but to those stamped with the admiration of several generations. King Lear was condemned root and branch; no one could wonder at that circumstance, but, alas! the master of the revels flew upon Richard the Third, when it was afterwards revived at a great expense, and docked off unmercifully a whole act. The players lamented piteously, and begged "that a few speeches of Shakspeare might be restored to them, only to make the remaining four acts intelligible."—"Not one," replied the director of the diversions of royalty. At last the distressed manager ventured to ask the reason wherefore the play of Richard the Third was alarming to the court? "Because," replied the great man, "the death of Henry VI. will remind the people of king James II., now living in France,"[1]—a speech which proves that bulls are not limited to Irish eloquence.

The theatre at which queen Mary witnessed the representation of the Spanish Friar, was, in all probability, that called 'the queen's theatre,' Dorset-gardens.[2] It was evident that king William wished her to limit her theatrical diversions to

[1] Colley Cibber's Apology, p. 59. The master of the revels, according to Colley Cibber, is the inferior officer of the lord chamberlain.

[2] Dorset-garden theatre, as early as Feb. 1688-9, is called in the London Gazette the Queen's Theatre. It was situated near Salisbury-square, Fleet-street. The site once belonged to the see of Salisbury, from which it had been reft as a gift to the Sackvilles, earls of Dorset, relatives to queen Elizabeth by Anne Boleyn. The theatre itself is said to have been a conventual hall. Queen Mary witnessed new plays by Tom D'Urfey, 1692 and 1694, performed, as the title-page avers, at her theatre in Dorset-garden. After her death, the actors transferred their theatre to Drury-lane.—Cunningham's London.

the plays performed at the palaces. Some historical lines were written about the same period, from which may be deduced the nervous anxiety manifested by queen Mary and her master of the revels concerning Shakspeare's plainly expressed feeling regarding right and wrong.

"Oh, we have heard that impious sons before
Rebelled for crowns their royal parents wore;
But of unnatural daughters rarely hear,
Save these of hapless James, and those of ancient Lear.
Yet worse than cruel, scornful Goneril, thou;
She took but what her monarch did allow,
But thou, more impious, robbest thy father's brow!"[1]

After such an exhortation, few persons can wonder that the magnificent tragedy of Lear was viewed by Mary's theatrical critic as a Jacobitical libel.

Lord Nottingham, in his news-letter descriptive of the movements of his royal lady at this juncture, continues to narrate,—"Her majesty, being disappointed of her second play, amused herself with other diversions. She dined at Mrs. Graden's, the famous woman in the hall,[2] that sells fine ribbons and head-dresses. From thence she went to Mrs. Ferguson's, to De Vett's, and other Indian houses, but not to Mrs. Potter's, though in her way. Mrs. Potter said, 'that she might as well have hoped for that honour as others, considering that the whole design of bringing in queen Mary and king William was hatched at her house;' but it seems, that since my lord Devonshire has got Mrs. Potter to be laundress, she has not had much countenance of the queen."

These tours through the curiosity-shops, then called Indian houses, were rather more respectable than the next freak queen Mary thought fit to indulge in. The queen had heard that Mrs. Wise, a famous fortune-teller, had prophesied that king James II. should be restored, and that the duke of Norfolk should lose his head. "The last," adds lord Nottingham, in comment, "I suppose will be the natural consequence of the first." Her majesty

[1] MS. in possession of lady Strange. Few of the relics in this valuable collection of historical songs and poems are later than the year 1692.

[2] Either Westminster-hall or Exeter-Change, which were two bazaars at that time.

went in person to the fortune-teller, to hear what she had to say regarding her future destiny,—probably, to know if report had spoken truly, and whether she might reckon her hapless sire among the dead. Queen Mary took this disreputable step without obtaining the gratification of her profane curiosity. The witch-woman was a perverse Jacobite, as may be supposed from the tenour of her prophecies, and positively refused to read futurity for her majesty.[1] King William was completely incensed at the queen's proceedings; his reprimand was not only severe, but public. Whether the visit to the fortune-teller ever came to his ears is doubtful, but his wrath was particularly excited by the dinner at Mrs. Graden's. In terms not to be repeated here, (but which proved that his majesty, although a Dutchman, was a proficient in the English vulgar tongue,) he observed to the queen, that he heard "she had dined at *a house of ill repute;*" and added, with some little humour, that "the next time she went to such a place, he thought it was only proper that he should be of the party." The queen replied, in excuse, "that the late queen [Mary Beatrice] had done the same." The king retorted, "whether she meant to make her an example?"—"More was said," concludes lord Nottingham, "than ever was heard before; but it was borne like a good wife, who leaves all to the direction of the king, who amuses herself with walking six or seven miles every day, with looking after her buildings, making of fringe, and such like innocent things." The queen's curiosity was by no means restrained by her husband's reproof, rude as it was, for she afterwards went to visit a place of entertainment on the Thames called 'the Folly,' accompanied by some of her suite. According to the description of a very coarse delineator of London, her contemporary, this floating ark of low dissipation well deserved its name, or even a worse one.[2]

"The censures of the town," wrote lord Nottingham, "were loud on the queen's utter absence of feeling in regard to her father." Her conduct provoked another fierce satire,

[1] Lord Nottingham's letter. [2] Ward's Picture of London.

which was handed about in manuscript among the coffee-houses, where Dryden and the *literati* of the day, and the wits of the court, did congregate. In lines of great power, portraits were drawn of queen Mary and the princess Anne, as the elder and the younger Tullia:—

"In time when princes cancelled nature's law,
In 'Declarations'[1] which themselves did draw;
When children used their parents to disown,
And gnawed their way like vipers to a crown—
* * * * *
The king removed, the assembled states thought fit
That Tarquin in the vacant throne should sit,
Voted him regnant in the senate-house,
And with an empty name endowed his spouse,—
That elder Tullia, who some authors feign,
Drove o'er her father's trembling corpse a wain;
But *she*, more guilty, numerous wains did drive,
To crush her father and her king alive,
And in remembrance of his hastened fall,
Resolved to institute a weekly ball!
She, jolly glutton, grew in bulk and chin,
Feasted in rapine, and enjoyed her sin;
Yet when she drank cool tea in liberal sups,
The sobbing dame was maudlin in her cups."

As for Marlborough, his treachery to his master is discussed with a pen of fire, and a sketch added of his wife:—

"His haughty female who, as folks declare,
Did always toss proud nostrils to the air,
Was to the younger Tullia[2] governess,
And did attend her when, in borrowed dress,
She fled by night from Tullius in distress;
A daughter *who by letters brought his foes*,
And used all arts her father to depose,—
A father always generously bent,
So kind, that he her wishes would prevent."

The author of this severe satire must have been intimately acquainted with the interior history of the royal family, since the treacherous letter written by Anne at the same time with that affected one of duty left on her table, slept in the obscurity of William III.'s private box at Kensington till George III. opened it to sir John Dalrymple: even now it is scarcely known. This, and the curious coincidence

[1] The "Declaration" is here alluded to, disseminated by the prince of Orange at his landing. In it he abjured all intention of aiming at the crown.

[2] The princess Anne.

between the comparison of the family of Tullius made by James II. himself, whose manuscript memoirs were then not only unpublished but known to few, shows that the writer of this extraordinary poem must have been deeper in the hidden archives of the royal family than the authors to whom it is severally attributed, Dryden or Mainwaring, could possibly be.

Perhaps count Hamilton, who had lingered at the court of England in hopes of doing some mischief in behalf of his master, was the author. Hamilton was a favourite of queen Mary II., who found him among her courtiers at her accession: he was her relative by descent from the royal line of Stuart. He affected great zeal for her interest, and undertook, with the gayest air in the world, to induce lord Tyrconnel, the lord-lieutenant, (who had married his brother's widow, Frances Jennings,) to give up Ireland into the hands of king William. Lord Clarendon, who had lately been lord-lieutenant there, and was more of a patriot than a partisan, alarmed at the peril of the Protestant community, overcame his abhorrence for William sufficiently to offer his assistance in obtaining the allegiance of the Irish without bloodshed. The newly elected sovereigns treated the only honest statesman who came in contact with them with contumely, being enraged that the oath he had sworn to his royal brother-in-law prevented him from taking another to his niece on the throne, or to her husband. The advice of the gay deceiver, Hamilton, (although, if he had a religion, he was of the church of Rome,) was preferred, and off he went, as plenipotentiary, to confer with Tyrconnel. The way in which he performed his mission was, by persuading Tyrconnel to hold out the kingdom for James II. When the news came of the part acted by Hamilton, the heir of sir William Temple, who had accepted the office of secretary of state, and had advised the measure, drowned himself at London-bridge, and the court remained in consternation. Suicide had become hideously prevalent in England at the end of the seventeenth century.

While queen Mary was in London, endeavouring to

revive the spirit of gaiety which had for ever departed from Whitehall, her sister remained at Hampton-Court, where she awaited her accouchement. Whenever the princess Anne went abroad, her extraordinary figure excited astonishment. Evelyn seemed to behold her with no little consternation, and thus described her in June 1689:— "The princess Anne of Denmark is so monstrously swollen, that it is doubted that her state may prove only a violent tympany, so that the unhappy family of the Stuarts seems to be extinguishing. Then what government is likely to be set up is unknown, whether regal or by election, the republicans and dissenters from the church of England looking that way." Although the whole hopes of the country were fixed on the expected offspring of Anne, and she was thus rendered in some degree a person of more importance than either of the sovereigns, her pecuniary anxieties continued; and if the narrative of her favourite may be credited, she did not receive a single payment of money throughout the year 1689, or rather, from the time of the departure of her father from England.

The queen took up her residence at Hampton-Court, permanently for the summer, in the commencement of July. The manner of life led there by her and her spouse is dimly remembered by tradition. When the king used to walk with her across the halls and courts of that antique palace, he never gave the queen his arm, but hung on hers, and the difference of their size and stature almost provoked risibility. The king every day seemed to grow smaller and leaner, beneath the pressure of the cares which his three crowns had brought him; whilst Mary, luxuriating in her native air and the pleasures of her English palaces, seemed to increase in bulk every hour. She took a great deal of exercise, but did not try abstinence as a means of reducing her tendency to obesity. She used to promenade, at a great pace, up and down the long straight walk under the wall of Hampton-Court, nearly opposite to the Toy. As her majesty was attended by her Dutch maids of honour, or English ladies naturalized in Holland, the common people who gazed on

their foreign garb and mien named this promenade "Frow-walk." It is now deeply shadowed with enormous elms and chestnuts, the frogs from the neighbouring Thames, to which it slants, occasionally choosing to recreate themselves there, and the name of Frow-walk is now lost in that of Frog-walk.

In the first year of queen Mary's reign, most of her household were Dutch; a few of the higher offices were, perhaps, given to English. Her majesty's chamberlain was lord Wiltshire; her vice-chamberlain, "Jack Howe," (familiarly so called); her equerry, sir Edward Villiers; her first lady and mistress of her robes, the countess of Derby; her ladies of honour, Mrs. Mordaunt and Mrs. Forster: these seem to have been all the English of her household. Madame Stirum, who had accompanied her majesty from Holland, returned in great dudgeon, because she could not be her first lady in England.[1]

The daily routine of the life of William and Mary is only preserved in squibs and lampoons; among these manuscripts, detestable as they are in construction and metre, some lost traits are found.

"Hampton-Court Life,[2] in 1689.

"Mr. Dean says grace with a reverend face,
'Make room!' cries sir Thomas Duppa;[3]
Then Bentinck up-locks his king in a box,
And you see him no more until supper."

The supper took place at half-past nine; by half-past ten, royalty and the royal household were snoring. If queen Mary had to write a letter or despatch at eleven at night, she could not keep her eyes open. The regal dinner-hour was half-past one, or two at the latest, and breakfast was at an hour virtuously early.

Queen Mary, like every one descended from lord chancellor Clarendon, with the exception, perhaps, of her uncle,

[1] Lord-chamberlain's books, and Lamberty.

[2] Inedited MS. from the earl of Oxford's collection of state poems: Lansdowne Papers, No. 852, p. 195.

[3] Sir T. Duppa's monument, at Westminster-abbey, notices that he was gentleman-usher to king William.

Henry earl of Clarendon, indulged in eating rather more than did her good: her enemies accused her of liking strong potations. The elegance of her figure was injured by a tendency to rapid increase, on which the satires and lampoons of her political opponents did not fail to dwell. She was scarcely twenty-eight years of age when she became queen of England, but her nymph-like beauty of face and form was amplified into the comeliness of a tall, stout woman. Among the valuable collections of colonel Braddyll, at Conishead Priory, Lancashire, was preserved a very fine miniature of William III., delicately executed in pen-and-ink etching. It is a small oval, laid on a background of white satin, surrounded with a wreath of laurel, embroidered in outline tracery in his royal consort's hair, surmounted with the crown-royal. The frame is of wood, curiously carved and gilded, and at the foot is a circular medallion, radiated and enclosed in the riband of the Garter, containing also, under a fair crystal, queen Mary's hair, which is of a pale brown colour, and of an extremely fine and silky texture. At the back of the picture queen Mary has inscribed on a slip of vellum, with her own hand, "My haire, cut off March y^e^ 5th, 1688." Under the royal autograph is written, "Queen Mary's hair and writing."

"Hampton-Court, June 30th. On the 28th instant, the baron de Leyenberg, envoy-extraordinary from the king of Sweden, had a public audience of the king, and on the 30th, of the queen, to notify the death of the queen Christina.[1] He had afterwards audience, on the same occasion, of their royal highnesses the prince and princess of Denmark, being conducted by sir Charles Cottrell, master of the ceremonies."

The princess Anne was, at this time, living dependent on the bounty of her sister and brother-in-law, at Hampton-Court. Here she was treated, it is true, as princess, but was forced to owe to them the supply of the very bread she ate at their table.

[1] The queen of Sweden, whose death was thus formally announced at the British court, was the eccentric Christina, who had long abdicated her throne, and lived as a Roman-catholic, under the protection of the pope, at Rome.

The Gazette announced, "July 24th. This morning, about four o'clock, her royal highness the princess Anne of Denmark was safely delivered of a son, at Hampton-Court. Queen Mary was present the whole time, about three hours; and the king, with most of the persons of quality about the court, came into her royal highness's bedchamber before she was delivered. Her royal highness and the young prince are very well, to the great satisfaction of their majesties and the joy of the whole court, as it will, doubtless, be of the whole kingdom." The existence of an heir to the throne, who would be assuredly educated in Protestant principles, was deemed by the queen to be the best security against the restoration of the Roman-catholic line of Stuart. The infant was baptized William, in Hampton-Court chapel. The king and queen stood sponsors: they proclaimed him duke of Gloucester the same day, and were generally understood to regard him as their adopted son. He was not created duke of Gloucester, because his mother considered that title as dreadfully unlucky.[1]

The queen paid great attention to her sister during a long period of weakness and ill-health. Her majesty was, however, deeply incensed to find, even before the princess was wholly recovered, that she was secretly making interest, by the agency of lady Marlborough, with some members of the house of commons, to move that an independence might be settled on her according to promise. The large sum of six hundred thousand pounds had been voted by the commons as the civil list of William and Mary, and it was then specified that the princess Anne was to be provided for out of it. It seems extraordinary, that either the king or the queen should expect that their sister could forego her undefined share of this provision. One night the queen took the princess severely to task, asking her, "What was the meaning of the proceedings in the house of commons?" Anne replied, that "she heard her friends there wished to move that she had some settlement." The queen replied hastily, with a most imperious air, "Friends? Pray, what friends

[1] Hooper MSS.

have you but the king and me?"[1] The queen never mentioned the business again to her sister, although they met every night. Anne repeated it to lady Marlborough with more anger than she had ever before been known to express. King William prorogued the parliament just as a motion was about to be made, "That his majesty would please to allow the princess Anne fifty thousand pounds out of the civil list lately granted to him." Meantime, the princess was burdened with debt and care, and other sorrows began to press heavily upon her.

During the first two months of the existence of the young prince, his death was frequently expected; his size was diminutive, and his constitution very weakly. A perpetual change of nurses was the remedy proposed: the poor infant seems to have been brought to the last gasp by this plan. One day, a fine-looking young quakeress, a Mrs. Pack, came from Kingston, with a baby of a month old at her breast: she wished to tell the princess Anne of a remedy that had done her children good. When the prince of Denmark saw her, he begged she would go to bed to the pining and sickly heir of Great Britain, who was that evening expected to breathe his last. The young quakeress complied; the infant duke imbibed nourishment eagerly from her, and from that hour his mother felt hopes of rearing him.[2] The residence of the princess Anne and her husband at Hampton-Court with the king and queen, began to be excessively irksome to them, and before the autumn was past, the princess sought for a place near London, the air of which was unexceptionable, for her delicate child.

King William went from Hampton-Court to Newmarket October $\frac{1}{2}\frac{0}{0}$, in one day: this was considered surprising expedition. He passed whole days on the race-ground, or in hunting; in the evenings he gambled: he lost four thousand guineas at basset, at one sitting.[3] The next morning, being

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 29.

[2] Memoirs of William Henry duke of Gloucester, by Lewis Jenkins: Tracts, British Museum.

[3] Lamberty. He was probably present, being in the service of Bentinck, earl of Portland.

in a state of great exasperation, he gave a gentleman a stroke with his horsewhip, for riding before him on the race-ground. The English were not used to such manners; the proceeding was satirized by a *bon-mot*, declaring "that it was the only blow he had struck for supremacy in his kingdoms." His majesty thought fit, in his homeward progress, to pay a visit to Cambridge. There he was received and harangued by the vice-chamberlain, who was the same Dr. Covell whose letter concerning the ill-treatment of queen Mary has already been quoted. While the king was absent, lord Halifax represented to the queen "how very inconvenient it was for the council to travel to Hampton-Court to meet the king there, and represented that a palace near London would be a great convenience." [1]

The princess Anne prudently withdrew her child and herself from the vicinity of her royal sister and brother-in-law while the great cause of her own future provision was debated by parliament. Lord Craven lent his fine house at Kensington Gravel-pits[2] for the prince's nursery: there he remained twelve months. Every day he went out in a miniature carriage, presented him by the duchess of Ormonde, nor was the severest cold suffered to detain him from the air. The horses, Shetland ponies, which were scarcely larger than good-sized mastiffs, were guided by Dick Drury, the prince of Denmark's coachman. Lady Fitzharding was the household spy in the establishment of the princess Anne; besides being strongly in the interest of her sister (Elizabeth Villiers) and of the king, she was considered to possess an extraordinary share of the queen's favour. This lady was instructed to persuade the princess to let the motion in parliament for her provision drop; but

[1] Lamberty.

[2] The memory of the residence of the old heroic earl of Craven, (who was supposed to have been privately married to the queen of Bohemia,) is preserved in the name of Craven-hill, Bayswater. The beauties of this spot are now marred by dense rows of brick houses. The house was destroyed by fire in the last century: its site may be guessed by a fine row of old elms, near Mrs. Loudon's house, Porchester-terrace.

the earl of Marlborough had returned from the campaign in Holland, and he urged on the measure as if his dearest personal interests were concerned. Finally, on the 18th of December, 1689, the commons signified to the king the propriety of allowing his sister-in-law 50,000*l.* out of the civil list.[1] The hatred of queen Mary to her sister thenceforth became implacable,—not openly and avowedly as yet, for the outward grimace of friendly intercourse continued more than two years. Meantime, Anne was considered not only as heiress to the British throne, but in the more important light of mother to the future line of sovereigns, for her infant son grew and prospered. The circumstance of her bearing an heir at a very important political crisis, and that he should live, while three children she had previously borne had died, formed a parallel case to the birth and prolonged existence of her unfortunate brother.

One winter's night of 1689, the queen's apartment at Whitehall was entered by a scaling-ladder from the Thames, and the daring burglars carried off the plate of her majesty's toilet and the branches of a silver lustre; in all, prey to the amount of five or six hundred pounds. The apartment of the queen's Dutch official, Overkirk, was at the same time robbed of a large silver cup. This daring act was generally supposed to have been committed under the auspices of captain Richardson, gaoler of Newgate, or rather, captain of the thieves put under his charge, to whom he was dreadfully cruel by day, but at night let the worst of them out to rob for his benefit. "The perpetrators of the Whitehall burglary were never discovered, although some of the booty was found, being a branch of one of the queen's toilet-lustres, thrown into a darksome hole in Westminster, which had never before needed a lustre from a queen's table to illumine its depths."[2]

The foregoing stream of occurrences but brings us down to the Christmas of 1689-90,—an epoch equally marked with anxiety to the Protestant branch of the royal family reigning in England, and to their exiled father reigning in Ireland.

[1] Ralph. [2] Lamberty, 696, vol. ii.

The saying went throughout the British realm, that if king James would give some proper pledge for the security of the established religion, he could not be kept out of the government a single day. In truth, every description of plunderer, high and low, had seized on the finances with such vigorous activity, that in one twelvemonth only the revenue, which James II. had left perfectly clear and free from debt, was minus by three millions.[1] What was worse, the English navy, left by their sailor-king the ruler of the seas, had sustained a scandalous defeat at Bantry-bay, not for lack of skill or bravery, but because the infamous peculators, who had been kept at bay by king James, now embezzled all the funds provided for food and ammunition. The war was carried on in Ireland in the same spirit of peculation. The soldiers sent to oppose king James perished with disease, because the contractors supplied them with rotten food and damaged clothing. The duke of Schomberg wrote piteous despatches from Ireland on the iniquity of the Englishmen in office, especially if they were leaders in the house of commons. William III. writhed under the consciousness that this corruption was sapping the foundations of his throne. One day he was discussing these troubles with his minister and confidant Bentinck, whom he had lately created earl of Portland; they observed, with consternation, the appalling public defalcations which had impaired the revenue since the deposition of king James. Portland asked his royal friend, "whether he believed that there was one honest man in the whole of Great Britain?"—"Yes, there are many," replied king William with a sigh. "There are as many men of high honour in this country as in any other, perhaps more; but, my lord Portland, they are not *my* friends."[2]

This conviction did not prevent king William from disgracing himself by the patronage he afforded to the noxious wretch, Titus Oates. The parliament annulled the just sentence of the law against the perjurer, and William and Mary

[1] See Dalrymple's Appendix. Toone's Chronology.

[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes. Portland told the anecdote to Dartmouth's father.

not only pensioned him with 520*l.* per annum,[1] but, what was far worse, rewarded him for his deeds with two rich livings in the church of England. Titus likewise wrote a most libellous book against James II., and was impudent enough to present it in full levee to the king and queen. Evelyn mentions, with disgust, that his work contrived to insult the grandfather as well as the father of the queen, being entitled, "Eikon Basilike, or a picture of the *late* king James." It was a vulgar parody on the beautiful work of Charles I. The patronage of this foul character occasioned horror, but king William was supposed to be in his power, on account of former political intrigues. Notwithstanding all the personal favour and riches the king and queen were pleased to shower on Titus Oates, the parliament still refused to remove the stigma of perjury from him. What would be thought in these days, of a clergyman being inducted into rich pluralities, whose oath was inadmissible as a convicted false witness?

The queen was observed by her courtiers to put on a statue-like coldness whenever she communed with her sister, who was glad to retreat to her old dwelling, the Cockpit, from the coveted Portsmouth apartments, which were in near vicinity to those of her majesty. The queen's side of the ancient palace of Whitehall seems to have been on the site of the range of buildings now called Whitehall-terrace; while the residence of the princess, the Cockpit, was on the other side of the Holbein-gateway, and opened into St. James's-park. The Portsmouth apartments were occupied by the infant duke of Gloucester as his nursery, whenever he was in town; and the queen could at times approach her

[1] An extract from the Secret Service-book of William III. sets this assertion beyond dispute. The king privily paid this perjurer ten pounds every week, sir Denham Norreys having favoured us with an extract from the document among the Irish State-papers: the date from Sept. 29 to Dec. 25, 1690.

"*Titus Otes*, upon his all^ce^ of x*l.* per week, and is for four weeks, commencing on the 9th October and ending on the 6th Nov. . . . . 40 0 0"

This payment is regularly repeated through the account, and gives him 520*l.* per annum. Hume states only 400*l.* per annum to be the amount.

adopted son without always meeting the mother, and assuming the austere frown with which she usually beheld her.[1] The princess, who was a tender mother, passed much of her time in the nursery of her heir. Whenever the queen heard that her sister was there, she forbore to enter the room, but would send an inquiry or a message to her infant nephew,—"a compliment," as it was called in the phraseology of the day. The set speech used to be delivered by the queen's official in formal terms to the unconscious infant, as he sat on his nurse's knee; and then the courtly messenger would depart, without taking the slightest notice of the princess Anne, although she was in the room with her child. Sometimes queen Mary sent her nephew rattles or balls, or other toys, all which were chronicled in the Gazette with great solemnity; but every attention shown to the little Gloucester was attended with some signal impertinence to his mother.[2]

Early in the spring of 1690, king William completed the purchase of lord Nottingham's lease of Kensington-house, for which 30,000*l.* was paid out of the treasury,[3] and determined to build there a palace which would be conveniently contiguous to London for councils, and yet out of the reach of its smoky atmosphere, which often aggravated his constitutional disease of asthma to agony. The earl of Nottingham's ground at Kensington consisted of only twenty-five acres, being the angle between the present conservatory and Kensington town, and the whole demesne in king William's occupation never exceeded it. Hyde-park then came up to the great walk,[4] which now reaches from Bayswater to Kensington, extending in front to the palace. A wild gravel pit occupied the ground between the north of the palace and the Bayswater road,[5] afterwards enclosed by queen Anne. A straight avenue of trees and a formal carriage-drive led across the park to William III.'s suburban palace: the round pond did not then exist, therefore the present features of the scene are essentially different.

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough. [2] Ibid.
[3] Tindal's Continuation.
[4] Knight's London. [5] Ibid.