MARY II.

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

The reins of government consigned to queen Mary—Plan to seize her father—Departure of William III. to Ireland—The queen's letters—She describes her quarrel with the queen-dowager—Arrest of her uncle—Enmity against him—Her Sabbath laws—Her want of money for building—Her regnal troubles—Her annoyance from lord Monmouth—She orders the fleet to fight—Loss of the battle of Beachy Head—Her letter on it—Writes to the Dutch admiral—Her affliction—Letter on the king's wound—On the battle of the Boyne—Her meeting with lord Lincoln—Visit to the privy council—Is named in Jacobite songs—She pleads for education in Ireland—Horrors inflicted there by her husband—Queen reviews the militia—Her disgust at Burnet and his sermon—Her discussions in council—Urged to seize power—Her fidelity to her spouse—Harassed with naval matters—Offers command to admiral Russell—Tormented with cabinet factions—Expects the king home—Kensington-palace and Hampton-Court unfinished—Dreads her husband's anger—Fears for his capture at sea—Plagued by factions—Beset by a mad lord—Regnal perplexities—Has the vapours.

Queen Mary was brought by William the Third to council June 3rd, 1690, an act of parliament having previously passed, investing her with full regnal powers during the king's absence. William appointed in her presence the junta of nine privy councillors whom he had chosen to assist her.[1] The president of this cabinet-council was lord Danby, who first practised, systematically, the black art of swaying the English senate by personal bribes. He was now marquess of Carmarthen. His eight coadjutors were lord Pembroke, lord Devonshire, lord Nottingham, lord Godolphin, lord Marlborough, lord Monmouth,[2] admiral Russell, and sir John Lowther. Such were the materials of Mary II.'s government, when, in the prime of life, in

[1] Lord Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. p. 316. Sir J. Dalrymple's Appendix.

[2] This person is the same eccentric hero celebrated under the name of lord Peterborough in the reign of queen Anne. It is a task to identify historical characters under the rapid changes of titular appellation assumed by the revolutionists.

her nine-and-twentieth summer, the reins of a divided empire were placed in her inexperienced hands. A most extraordinary story was at the same time circulated concerning her, which was, that she had suffered since her coronation great mental agony on account of her conduct to her father; and in consequence, had had recourse to the spiritual aid of her friend, Dr. Tillotson. He, to comfort her, preached a sermon from Matt. xxx. 46, on hell torments. It appears that Tillotson leaned to doubts as to their eternity, for furious comments were made on the sermon by his enemies, as a promulgation of the tenets of the Socinians. The most provoking assertion was, that they were adopted to soothe the queen's despair.[1]

"The day before the king set out for Ireland," says Burnet,[2] "he called me into his closet; he seemed to have a great weight on his spirits from the state of his affairs, which was then very cloudy. He said, 'for his part he trusted in God, and would either go through with this business, or perish in it; only he pitied the poor queen,—the poor queen!' repeating that twice with great tenderness, and 'wished that those who loved him would wait much on her, and assist her;' adding, 'the going to a campaign was naturally no unpleasant thing to him. He was sure he understood *that* better than how to govern England; and though he had no mistrust or doubt of the cause he went on, yet, going against king James in person was hard upon him, since it would be a vast trouble, both to himself and the queen, if her father should be either killed or taken prisoner.' He [king William] *desired my prayers,* and dismissed me very deeply affected with all he had said."[3] I had a particular occasion to know how tender he [William III.] was of king James's person, for *one*[4] had sent *by me* a proposition to him, [Wil-

[1] Life of Dr. Tillotson, by Dr. Birch. The sermon was preached March 7, 1690. The uproar concerning it lasted some months.

[2] Harleian MSS. No. 6584. Brit. Museum.

[3] Burnet's Own Times, which thus far varies little from the MSS.

[4] The author has some idea that this "one," unnamed by Burnet, was sir Cloudesley Shovel. Burnet's MS. leaves the chronology of this remarkable

liam,] which seemed fair: That a first-rate ship, manned by men on whom the king [William] might depend, and commanded by one that the king [William] might trust, should be sent to Dublin, with orders to 'declare for king James.' He [the commander of the ship] offered to be the person who should carry the message to king James, then at Dublin, for he had served him at sea, and was known to him. He knew the king's temper [James] so well, that, upon an invitation, he was sure he would come on board, and then they might sail away with him, either 'to some part of Spain or Italy;' for he [the betrayer] 'would *not engage in it*, unless he was assured he [James II.] *was not to be made a prisoner*.'[1] When *I* [Burnet] *carried this to the king*, [William,] he thought 'the thing might, probably enough, succeed.' But he would not hearken to it, 'he would have no hand in treachery; and besides, if king James should go on board with his guards, there might be some struggle with them and the seamen, and in it somewhat might happen to king James's person, in which he would have no hand;' so he would not entertain the notion. I told this afterwards to the queen, and saw in her a great tenderness for her father, and she seemed much touched at the answer the king had made." Would, for the honour of human nature, that this passage were true, but sternly is it gainsaid by the secret proceedings of the pair. A warrant was found,[2] a few years

incident in his usual indefinite manner. He mentions it June 13, old style; it might have occurred previously.

[1] In Burnet's printed history the audacious figment is stated, "that king James was to be set on shore in the Catholic states of Spain or Italy, with a present of 20,000*l*." His manuscripts say nothing of this present.

[2] Lord Dartmouth, Notes to Burnet, vol. iv. p. 82. Torrington's papers were all seized after his defeat at Beachy Head, July 1, 1690. A writer in the Edinburgh Review, finding these facts distasteful to his preconceived ideas of history, has endeavoured, on mere assertion, to invalidate the connexion between William and Mary's privy-seal warrant for delivering their father up to the Dutch and this plan of Burnet for kidnapping him. The Edinburgh Review says the dates disagree. Let any reader examine the matter by chronological tables, and it will be seen that the date of the warrant must, perforce, be limited between the time James arrived at Dublin, April 1689, and Herbert lord Torrington's defeat at Beachy Head, June 29th, (O.S.) 1690, because Herbert lord Torrington never held any command afterwards. The dates *are* coincident, and cannot

afterwards by lord Dartmouth, among Herbert earl of Torrington's papers, written throughout by queen Mary's great confidant, the earl of Nottingham, and signed by the hand of king William, authorizing the same admiral [Torrington] "to seize the person of James II., and to deliver him up, certainly not to Spain, or Italy, but to the states of Holland, to be disposed of *as they should think proper.*" The mercies of the Dutch to the admiral-prince who had quelled their flag in so many tremendous conflicts, were not likely to be very tender. The new information gained by comparing Burnet's manuscript notation of current events with the printed version given to the world in general, is worth attention. It has been shown that he claims the *merit* of introducing to William III. the above plan for kidnapping king James II., by enticing him on board one of the ships that had formerly belonged to him; but whether the parricidal warrant mentioned by lord Dartmouth was only drawn at that very time, or had previously existed, it convicts the filial pair of deep hypocrisy, with their tears and pious ejaculating, and "desired prayers." In further illustration of their true feelings may be seen, to this day, the London Gazette printed under Mary's regency, in which exultant mention is made "that the cannons of her husband, pointed against the tents of her father, had beat down many in close vicinity to him."[1]

"The queen would not enter on the government until the king was upon the seas," pursues Burnet's MSS. "She was regular in her private and public devotions to admiration. She was much in her closet, and read a great deal; she *wrought* much, [in handiworks,] and seemed to employ her thoughts on any thing but business. All she did was natural and unaffected; her conversation was natural and obliging, and she was singular for her vast charities to the poor. A vast mass

be disconnected by abusive words. Lord Dartmouth *is* a credible witness; he bore evidence on a matter concerning his own peculiar business, for he was lord privy-seal in the reign of queen Anne, and avowedly spoke from the Torrington papers he found in his own office.

[1] London Gazette, July 1690, which is further quoted in Ralph's History, p. 21.

of people of quality had fled from Ireland, and drew from her great marks of her bounty and goodness; nor was she ever uneasy or angry with those who threw objects in her way. But all this was nothing to the public; if the king talked to her of affairs, it was in so private a way as nobody seemed to apprehend it. Only Shrewsbury told me [Burnet] that the king said to him, that 'Though he could not hit the right way of pleasing the nation, he was sure she could, and that we should be all very happy under her.'"[1]

Queen Mary bade adieu to her husband June $\frac{4}{14}$, 1690. He commenced his journey towards the coast of Cheshire[2] the same day, meaning to land in that part of Ireland which would enable him to effect a speedy junction of the great forces he brought with the miserable and dispirited army commanded by Schomberg and Kirke. The day of his departure the queen came to Whitehall-palace, where she ostensibly took up her residence and assumed the reins of government. In due time she received a letter from her husband, announcing his safe arrival at Carrickfergus, June $\frac{14}{24}$.

After William's departure to Ireland may be observed, for the *first time,* a recognition of Mary's participation in the sovereignty in her own palace, by the alteration in the lord chamberlain's warrants, which then begin to be dated in the second year of *their* majesties' instead of *his* majesty's reign. But never, in the most stormy periods of her regency, had the queen the slightest communication with her parliament excepting by commission,[3] the instruments for which bear her full sign-manual, MARIA REGINA; to which is added, *Guliel. et Maria, Dei gratia Angliæ,* &c. Nevertheless, the formula of all assented bills ran, *le Roy et la Reyne le veulent.*[4] Perhaps the king's regal jealousy of his wife had been aggravated by a remarkable circumstance,—that when the bill was passing in the spring of this year of

[1] Harleian Collection, Burnet's original autograph MSS., No. 6584.
[2] Diary of Lord Clarendon.
[3] MS. Journals of the House of Lords.
[4] So written.

1690, to enable the queen to exercise in the king's absence the sole sovereign power, very singular queries were started: for instance, "Whether, if the queen gave contrary commands to the king, or signed any documents contradicting his orders, *which sovereign* was to be obeyed?" Such is, however, the mere heading of the diurnal notation; the very remarkable debate which ensued thereon passed with closed doors, and if any minutes remain of the speeches, they exist in as yet undiscovered private manuscripts.

A glance over the long-sealed household records of the reign of William and Mary is sufficient to convince any person, not wilfully blind, to the exclusive patronage bestowed on the countrymen of the Dutch sovereign. His *vans* and *mynheers* monopolize all offices about his august person. Beginning with his principal favourites, Bentinck and Keppel, who were invidiously styled his minions by the great body of the people, and ending with his two corn-cutters, no names occur but those of foreigners.

The queen wrote daily to her spouse during the Irish campaign, giving him minute information on all occurrences, political and domestic. The first letter of the series found in king William's box at Kensington is as follows:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, June, 1690.

"You will be weary of seeing every day a letter from me, it may be; yet, being apt to flatter myself, I will hope that you will be as willing to read as I to write, and, indeed, it is the only comfort I have in this world, besides that of trust in God. I have nothing to say to you at present that is worth writing, and I think it unreasonable to trouble you with my grief, which must continue while you are absent, though I trust, every post, to hear some good news of you; therefore I shall make this very short, and only tell you I have got a swelled face, though not quite so bad as it was in Holland, five years ago. I believe it came by standing too near the window when I took the waters.

"I cannot thank God enough for your being so well past the dangers of the sea. I beseech him, in his mercy, still to preserve you so, and send us once more a happy meeting upon earth. I long to hear again from you how the air of Ireland agrees with you, for I must own I am not without my fears for that, loving you so entirely as I do, and shall till death."

Mary's next letter to her husband shows her launched on the sea of troubles belonging to her exalted station. She

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 115.

details to her absent lord her refusal to sign the death-warrant of Macguire, the burglar, and her determination of commuting his sentence of death into transportation.[1] "I shall not trouble you," she adds, "with every thing the lords said to me at this time; the chief thing was, that they had had the *parson* in examination." Her majesty proceeds to relate, in diction rather too involved for direct quotation, why "this *parson*" was in trouble with the privy council. A prayer had been ordered by her to be said in all church-of-England places of worship, for the success of king William's arms against her father in Ireland. Lord Feversham, chamberlain to the queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza, had taken upon him to stop this prayer from being said by "the parson" of the Savoy chapel, because it was under the jurisdiction of Somerset-house, the dower-palace of Catharine of Braganza, whereby king William was deprived of the benefit of the prayers of the protestant part of the dowager's household,—conduct which Mary viewed with intense indignation.

The bitterness which pervaded the mind of Mary against the forlorn queen-dowager, her uncle's widow, whose friendless state in a foreign land ought to have called forth better feelings, is apparent throughout the whole of this correspondence. She proceeds thus to describe to her wedded partner how she took lord Feversham to task for the offences of his royal mistress. "I was," she writes,[2] "*extreme* angry, which the lords [of the privy-council] saw, but I shall not trouble you with it. I told them, *that I thought there was no more measures to be kept with the queen-dowager herself after this;* that is, if it were her order, which no doubt it is. First, lord Nottingham was to send for lord Feversham to him. I desired him 'to speak as angrily to him as possible,' which he promised to do. Lord Feversham was with him as soon as he got home, having heard of the *parson*

[1] It must be remembered that the West India islands and North America were, at that time, the penal settlements for convicts.

[2] Letters of queen Mary to king William, printed in Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii., from the Kensington box, pp. 115, 116.

being examined. When lord Nottingham told him all I said, he seemed much concerned, and desired to come *and throw* himself at my feet, and own all the matter as a very great fault in him, but done out of no ill design. To be short, he came yesterday to my bedchamber, at the hour when there was a great deal of company, (I mean just before dinner); he looked as pale as death, and spoke in great disorder." As lord Feversham had recently been a prisoner in the Round-tower at Windsor-castle,[1] on the committal of king William, perhaps his pallor proved his alarm lest the queen should send him back to his old place of durance.

Queen Mary's narrative proves that she gave her morning receptions in her bedchamber. She thus continues to narrate the tribulations of poor lord Feversham, who, being a Frenchman, was, of course, rather hyperbolical in his mode of apology to the fair offended majesty of Great Britain:— "He said," continued the queen, "that he must own it was a very great fault, since I took it so; but he begged me to believe it was done not out of any ill intention, nor by agreement with any body. He assured me the queen-dowager knew nothing of it: that it was a fault, a folly, an indiscretion, or any thing I would call it.' I told him 'that after doing a thing of that nature, the best way was not to go about excusing of it, for *that* was impossible, since, to call it by the most gentle name I could give it, 'twas an unpardonable folly, which I did not expect after the protestations he had made.' Upon which he said an abundance of words: I doubt whether he himself knew what he meant by them. At last, he spoke *plain* enough. He said, 'God pardoned sinners when they repented, and so he hoped I would.' I told him, 'God saw hearts, and whether their repentance was sincere, which, since I could not do, he must not find it strange if I trusted only to actions,' and so I left him. I pity the poor man for being obliged thus to take the queen-dowager's faults upon him, yet I could not bring myself to

[1] Sir Henry Ellis's Historical Letters, second Series, vol. iv. p. 184. His name was Louis Duras: he was nephew to the great Turenne.

forgive him. I remember I did say more, 'that if it had been myself, I could have pardoned him; but when it immediately concerned your person, I would not, nor could not.'

"The queen-dowager sent me a compliment yesterday on my swelled face. I do not know whether I have writ you word of it. Yesterday I had leeches set behind my ears, which has done but little good, so that it mends but slowly; and one of my eyes being again sore, I am fain to write this at so many times, that I fear you will make but ill sense of it. The queen-dowager will come to-day to see me, but desired an hour when there was least company, so I imagine she will speak something of herself; and that which inclines me the more to this opinion is, that she has sent for lord Halifax,[1] and was shut up in her chamber about business with him and others the whole morning. I shall give you an account of this before I seal up my letter."

Queen Mary was, however, disappointed. Catharine of Braganza came not as a suppliant at her levee, to receive a rating like her lord chamberlain, Feversham. As that nobleman had promised and vowed that *his* queen knew nothing of the offence, Catharine wisely resolved to appear as if she remained in utter ignorance of the whole affair; nor could queen Mary insist that her dowager-aunt knew aught of what was going on in a Protestant place of worship which she never attended. At the close of her letter, queen Mary says, "The queen-dowager has been, but did not stay a moment, or speak two words. Since she went, I have been in the garden, and find my face pretty well; but it is now candle-light, therefore I dare say no more. I have still the same complaint to make that I have not time to cry, which would a little ease my heart, but I hope in God I shall have such news from you as will give me no reason; yet your absence is enough, but since it pleases God, I must have patience. Do but continue to love me, and I can bear all things with ease." The next day brought

[1] He was chancellor to the queen-dowager's (Catharine of Braganza) establishment.

tidings of sufficient import to divert her mind from dwelling on her heart-burnings with the queen-dowager; it was, that a mighty French fleet, which had been long expected to invade England, was seen passing through the Channel. Queen Mary announced this event in two duplicate letters to her husband:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, June 22, half-past 11 at night.

"The news which is come to-night of the French fleet being upon the coast, *makes it thought* necessary to write to you *both ways*,[2] and I (that you may see how matters stand in my heart) prepare a letter for each. I think lord Torrington (admiral of the English fleet in the Channel) has made no haste, and I cannot tell whether his being sick, and staying for lord Pembroke's regiment, will be a sufficient excuse. But I will not take up your time with my reasonings. I *shall* only tell you that I am so little afraid, that I begin to fear that I have not sense enough to apprehend the danger; for whether it threatens Ireland or this place, [England,] to me 'tis much as one to the fear, for as much a coward as you think me, I fear me for your dear person more than my poor *carcase*. I know who is most necessary in the world. What I fear most at present, is not hearing from you. Love me, whatever happens, and be assured I am ever entirely

"Your's till death."

In the duplicate letter which she wrote at this exigence, the chief variation is in her pretty expressions of affection to her husband. She says to him, "As I was ready to go into my bed, lord Nott[ingham] came and brought me a letter, of which he is going to give you an account. For my own part, I shall say nothing to it, but that I trust God will preserve us,—you where you are, and *poor* I here." She again repeats, "that her insensibility to fear is so complete, that she attributes it to a defect of character." William, it seems, had formed no high idea of her valour, for she playfully alludes to his opinion of her cowardice. She nevertheless showed, at this awful crisis, as valiant and steady a spirit as her most renowned sires.

Left alone, or surrounded by those whose fidelity was doubtful, Mary II. acted with decision and vigour. While a victorious fleet threatened her coasts, she issued warrants

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 117, printed from king William's box, Kensington.

[2] By two different routes to Ireland: both of the queen's letters arrived safely.

for the capture of a large number of the discontented nobility, among whom her mother's brothers were numbered; and strong in her reliance on the middle-classes of England, she reviewed in person the militia called "the London and Westminster trained-bands." Her next measure was to banish all the Catholics from the vicinity of the metropolis, a step which met with the enthusiastic applause of her party. She devotes a whole letter to her husband on the subject of the arrests, and manifests as little natural affection at incarcerating, or, as she calls it, "clapping up" her uncle lord Clarendon in the Tower on suspicion, as she did when dispossessing her father of his throne and country. These are her words on the subject:—

"Since I writ to you about the coming of the French fleet upon the coast, the lords have been very busy. I shall not go about to give you an account of all things, but shall tell you some particular passages. One happened to-day at the *great* council, [privy council,] where I was by their advice. When they had resolved to seize on suspected persons, in naming them, sir H. Capel would have said something for lord Clarendon, (whose first wife, you know, was sir H. C.'s sister). Every body stared at him; but nobody preparing to answer, I ventured to speak, and told sir H. Capel 'that I believed every body knew, as I did, that there was too much against him [lord Clarendon] to leave him out of the list that was making.' I can't tell whether I ought to have said this; but when I knew your mind upon it, and had seen his [lord Clarendon's] letter, I believed it as necessary that he should be *clapt up* as any, and therefore thought myself obliged to say so. But as I do not know when I ought to speak, and when not, I am as silent as can be; and if I have done it now *mal-à-propos*, I am sorry, but could not help it, though, at the same time I must own I am sorrier than it may be well believed for him, finding the Dutch proverb true, which you know, but I should spoil in writing."[1]

It is to be regretted that queen Mary did not quote her Dutch proverb, since any thing in illustration of her feeling towards her mother's family would be an historical curiosity. Mary knew that the manner in which her uncle treated her advancement implied the severest blame on her conduct, and she never forgave him for viewing her queenship with grief and shame, instead of rushing to profit by her power.

At an early period of her regnal labours, the queen requested her council to assist her in framing regulations for the better observance of the Sabbath. All hackney-car-

[1] Whitehall, June 24, [July 4, o.s.].

riages and horses were forbidden to work on that day, and their drivers to ply for customers. The humanity of this regulation was, however, neutralized by the absurdity of other acts. The queen had constables stationed at the corners of streets, who were charged to capture all puddings and pies on their progress to bakers' ovens on Sundays; but such ridiculous scenes in the streets took place, in consequence of the owners fighting fiercely for their dinners, that her laws were suspended amid universal laughter.[1] Perhaps some of her council, remembering her own Sunday evening gamblings, both in England and Holland, thought that her majesty might have had mercy on the less culpable Sunday puddings and pies of the hungry poor, belonging to persons too often destitute of fire and conveniences for preparing their humble meal.

Mary seldom appeared at the privy council board, and then only when there was some measure in agitation which required the weight of her personal influence and *vivâ voce* observations, such as the consignment of her eldest uncle to the Tower. Did she then cast a thought on his devoted attachment to her expatriated sire? or take shame that the love of the brother-in-law and the friend of early youth so far exceeded that of "Mary the *daughter*," as her Scottish subjects, in the utmost bitterness of satire, ironically termed her? No; for there was but one spot of tenderness in the marble of her heart, and that was exclusively devoted to her husband. The queen continues her narrative, in the course of which the reiteration of her sneering phrase, "clapt up," proves that she had little pity for those whom her warrants had hurried into captivity. She says,—

"I hope the easterly wind is the only cause I do not hear from you, which I am very impatient for now; and, when I consider that you may be got a great way if you began to march last Thursday, I am in a million of fears, not knowing when you may be in danger. That alone is enough to *make* me the greatest pain imaginable, and in comparison of which all things else are not to be named. Yet, by a letter from lord Torrington,[2] dated three o'clock yesterday afternoon, I see he thought *this day* was like to decide a great deal there. I cannot but

[1] Somers' Tracts; British Museum.

[2] From the fleet he was commanding, off Beachy Head.

be in pain. It may be I do not reason *just* on the matter, but I fear, besides disheartening many people, the loss of a battle would be such an encouragement to the disaffected ones, that might put things here into disorder, which, in your absence, would be a terrible thing: but I thank God I trust in him, and that is really the only consolation I have.

"I was last night in Hyde-park, for the first time since you went: it swarmed with those who are now ordered to be *clapt up*. Yesterday lord Feversham [queen Catharine's lord chamberlain] came to lord Nottingham [queen Mary's lord chamberlain], and told him that he had put the queen-dowager off the Hamburgh voyage, but she would go to Bath. After which he came again, and said, 'that seeing it might be inconvenient to have guards there, she desired to go to Islington;[1] but lord Marlborough desired an answer might not be given for a day or two, till we heard something of the success of the fleet.

"Since I have writ this, I was called out to lord Nottingham, who brought me your dear letter, which is so welcome that I cannot express it, especially because you pity me, which I like and desire from you, and you only. As for the buildings, I fear there will be many obstacles, for I spoke to sir J. Lowther this very day, and hear of so much use for money, and find so little, that I cannot tell whether that of Hampton-Court will not be the *worst* for it, especially since the French are in the Channel, and at present between Portland and us, from whence the stone must come."

The queen alludes to the quadrangle at Hampton-Court, which had been demolished by William III., and was then in course of reconstruction by sir Christopher Wren. It is apparent that the queen was fearful that her consort could not enjoy his tastes for war and building both at the same time. She wrote, two days after, to her absent king, dated Whitehall: the troubles of empire appear to thicken around her.

"By this express I shall write freely, and tell you what great suspicions increase continually of major Wildman.[2] It would be too long to tell you all the reasons of suspicion, but this one instance I will give, that since your going from hence there is not one word come from Scotland, neither from lord *Melvin* nor colonel Mackay, to lord Marlborough, which methinks is unaccountable. Lord Nottingham desired I would sign letters to the governors of Berwick and Carlisle, not to let any persons go by who had not a pass, and that they should stop all the mails. This I have done, and the express is to be immediately sent away. I ever fear not doing well, and trust to what nobody says but you; therefore I hope it will have your approbation."

The intense difficulty of the queen's position, surrounded as she was by secret enemies, petulant friends, or partisans

[1] Probably to Canonbury-house.

[2] Wildman had been engaged in all the plots for the last forty years. He appears to have been secretary to lord Monmouth, afterwards so well known as the warlike and eccentric Charles Mordaunt, earl of Peterborough, heir of James II.'s friend, the old cavalier and Jacobite.

solely devoted to their own interest, was really frightful, and if she had had no truer support from the English people than she had from the English court and aristocracy, her cause would have been a desperate one. Such as it was, it is best to be comprehended through the medium of her own pen, as she relates her troubles to her only friend and confidant:—

"The duke of Bolton also tells me, last night, you had given him leave to raise some horse-volunteers, for which he should have had a commission; but that you went away, and therefore he would have *me* give it. I put it off, and lord Marlborough advises me not to give it. Lord president [Carmarthen] some time since told me the same thing, but I will not give any positive answer till you send me your directions. I must also give you an account of what lord Nottingham told me yesterday. He says, 'lord steward [the earl of Devonshire][1] was very angry at lord Torrington's deferring the fight, and proposed 'that somebody should be joined in commission with him;' but that, the other lords said, 'could not be done.' So lord Monmouth offered to take one, whose name I have forgot, (he is newly made, I think, commissioner of the navy,) and (as lord Nottingham tells me you had thoughts of having him command the fleet if lord Torrington had not,) this man lord Monmouth proposed 'to take, and go together on board lord Torrington's ship as volunteers, but with a commission about them to take the command, in case he should be killed.' I told Nottingham 'I was not willing to grant any commission of that nature, not knowing whether you ever had any thoughts of that kind, so that I thought he was only to be thanked for his offer.' I added, 'that I could not think it proper, that he, being one of the nine you had named, [as her council of regency,] should be sent away.' Upon which lord Nottingham laughed, and said, 'That was the greatest compliment I could make lord Monmouth, to say I could not make use of his arm, having need of his counsel. I suppose they are not *very* good friends, but I said it really as I meant, and besides, to hinder propositions of this kind for Mr. Russell; for lord president [Carmarthen] has upon several occasions to me alone mentioned sending Mr. Russell, and I believe it was only to be rid of him. For my part, after what you have told me of all the nine, I should be very sorry to have him from hence."

This Mr. Russell was the person called admiral Russell in history. Queen Mary seems to have placed the utmost reliance on his fidelity, though his rough and savage temper, together with his perpetual grasping after money and profit, made him by no means a practicable member of the regency council. Just at this time he had taken some affront,—a frequent case; and the queen was forced to court him back to her aid at this awful crisis, by the assistance of his relative, the celebrated Rachel lady Russell. Her majesty continues,—

[1] In this, as in other instances, the author's explanatory interpolations are in square brackets; the round parenthetical enclosures are by the queen.

"And now I have named Mr. Russell, I must tell you that, at your first going, he did not come to me, nor I believe to this hour would not have asked to have spoke with me, had not I told lady Russell one day I desired it. When he came, I told him freely, 'that I desired to see him sometimes, for being a stranger to business, I was afraid of being led or persuaded by one party.' He said, 'that he was very glad to find me of that mind, and assured me that, since I gave him that liberty, he would come when he saw occasion, though he would not be troublesome.' I hope I did not do amiss in this, and, indeed, I saw at that time no one but lord president Carmarthen, and I was afraid of myself. Lord Carmarthen is, on all occasions, afraid of giving me too much trouble, and thinks, by little and little, to do all. Every one sees how little I know of business, and therefore, I believe, will be apt to do as much as they can. Lord Marlborough advised me 'to resolve to be present as often as was possible,' out of what intention I cannot judge; but I find they meet often at the secretary's office, and do not take much pains to give me an account. This I thought fit to tell you; pray be so kind to answer me as *particular* as you can.

"Queen-dowager has been to take her leave, in order to going to Hammersmith, where she will stay till she can go for Windsor. I have tired you with this long letter, and it is now staid [waited] for. I shall say no more, but beg you to believe it is impossible to love more than I do: don't love me less."

This letter and the succeeding one were written during the period of anxiety which preceded the impending sea-fight off Beachy Head. Suspicion of lord Torrington, and an earnest desire to interfere in his business as admiral, were the prevalent feelings in the queen's cabinet. Just time enough had elapsed for the English navy to feel the want of the royal admiral, for the harpies of corruption, ever on the alert in an elective monarchy, had done their business so effectually with the well-appointed ships and stores he had left, that a discomfiture had been experienced by the English navy at Bantry-bay the year before, and another disgraceful defeat awaited it.[1] Great jealousies existed between the Dutch admiral, Evertzen, and the English admiral, lord Torrington, who was desirous of avoiding an engagement: knowing the miserable state of his appointments, he wished to defend the English coasts from invasion, and this

[1] The lamentable state into which the navy had fallen may be judged by the following piteous extract from lord Carmarthen's letter to king William, (June 13,) the same year. After mentioning the French naval force, he says, "How ill a condition we are in to resist them, your majesty can judge. The fleet cannot be at sea for three weeks,—I fear not so soon; and though vice-admiral Killigrew be arrived at Plymouth, yet his ships are so foul, that he can't avoid the enemy if he should attempt to come up the Channel." It seems he was not even in condition to run away.

opinion he communicated to the queen. Her proceedings may be gathered from her letter to her husband:—

"Queen Mary to King William.

"June 28, N.S., 8 in the morning; (July 8, O.S.)

"Seeing I cannot always write when I will, I must do it when I can, and that upon something that happened yesterday. As for lord Torrington's letter, you will have an account of that, and the answer from lord Nottingham. I shall tell you, as far as I could judge, what the others did.

"Lord Carmarthen was with me, when lord Nottingham brought the letter: he was mightily hot upon sending Mr. Russell down to the fleet. I confess I saw, as I thought, the ill-consequence of that, having heard you say *they*[1] were not good friends, and believing lord Torrington, being in the post he is in, and of his humour, ought not to be provoked. Besides, I do believe lord president [Carmarthen] was willing to be rid of Mr. Russell, and I had no mind to *that*; so I said what I could against it, and found most of the lords of my mind when they met, but lord Monmouth was not with them. Mr. Russell drew up a pretty sharp letter for me to sign; but it was softened, and the only dispute was, 'whether he [lord Torrington] should have a positive order to fight?' At last, it was wrote in such terms as you will see, to which all agreed but lord steward, who said, 'it was his duty to tell his thoughts upon a subject of this consequence;' which *was*, 'that he believed it very dangerous to trust lord Torrington with the fate of three kingdoms, (this was his expression,) and that he was absolutely of opinion that some other should be joined in commission with him.' To which Mr. Russell answered, 'You must send for him prisoner, then;' and all the rest concluded it would breed too much disturbance in the sight of the enemy. So the letter was signed, and lord Nottingham writ another letter, in which he told him our other accounts received of the fleets from the Isle of Wight.

"I was no sooner a-bed, but lord Nottingham came to me from the lords, who were most of them still at his office, where lord Monmouth was come, very late, but time enough to know all. He offered his service immediately to go down post to Portsmouth, (so that the admiralty would give him the commission of a captain,) and fit out the best ship there, which he believes he can do with more speed than another, with which he will join lord Torrington, and being in a great passion, swears 'he will never come back again if they do not fight.' Upon his earnest desire, and the approbation of the lords who were present, lord Nottingham came up to ask my consent. I asked 'who was there?' and finding few besides lord Monmouth and lord Nottingham,—I remember but the names of three of them, which were the lord president, lord steward, and sir John Lowther, but the fourth was either lord Pembroke or lord Marlborough,—I thought, in myself, they were two-thirds of the committee, so would carry it if put to the vote; therefore, seeing they were as earnest as he for it, I thought I might consent."

Every post-day lord Monmouth brought to the queen and her junta letters written in lemon-juice, which he declared his friend, major Wildman, had intercepted. He began to show these letters about four days before king William sailed for Ireland. They contained an abstract of every

[1] *i. e.* Torrington and Russell.

thing that was done by either the sovereigns or their ministers in the cabinet council, of which lord Monmouth was one. They were directed to "M. Contenay, Amsterdam." The marquess of Carmarthen expressed his opinion to king William that the letters were fabricated by lord Monmouth himself, with the aid of major Wildman, in order to breed doubts and strife in the queen's council. Mary intimates her own suspicions on the subject to her absent consort, in the following guarded terms:—

"I own to you that I had a thought which I would not own, though I did find some of the lords have the same, about the *lemon letters* (which I suppose you have heard of) which *comes* so constantly, and are so very exact, the last of which told even the debates of the committee as well as if one of the lords themselves had writ them. This, I think, looks somewhat odd, and I believe makes many forward for this expedition; and for my own part, I believe he [Monmouth] may be best spared of the company. Though I think it a little irregularity, yet I hope you will excuse it, and nobody else can find fault.

"*Ten at night.*—Since my writing this, there has come a great deal of news. As I was going to cabinet council, sir William Lockhart came with a letter from the committee there. Lord Monmouth was there, after having been in the city, where he has found one major Born (I think his name is), who has the commission of captain, and not himself, he desiring his intentions may be kept as secret as may be, lest he should come too late; in the mean time, his regiment's being at Portsmouth is the pretence. He [lord Monmouth] made great professions at parting, and desired me to believe there are some great designs."

This passage reveals remarkable differences in the customs of England scarcely one century beyond the memory of man in the present time. The professions of naval and military warfare were not separated. Lord Monmouth, whose regiment was stationed at Portsmouth, demanded of the queen the command of a ship of the line. Although many of these land-officers had greatly distinguished themselves in the mighty naval battles which made James II. sovereign of the seas, (Monmouth being one among them,) yet James, in his famous naval regulations, forbad any one to command ships, without such person had, to use his own term, "served a proper apprenticeship to a naval life." His daughter did not observe this excellent rule, and a disgraceful naval defeat was the consequence. Monmouth was desirous of taking the whole command of the navy from the admiral who had possession of it, a measure queen Mary demurred upon, not because soldiers ought not to command fleets, but because

she doubted of Monmouth's fidelity.[1] Her majesty proceeds thus:—

"We had another *lemon letter*, with things so particular that none but some of the nine lords could know them, especially things that were done at our office late last night; upon which all sides are of the same mind. Before I went out of the room, I received your dear letter from Lough Bricklin; but I cannot express what I then felt, and still feel, at the thoughts that *now* you may be ready to give battle, or have done it. My heart is ready to burst. I can say nothing, but pray to God for you. This has waked me, who was almost asleep, and almost put out of the possibility of saying any thing more; yet must I strive with my heart to tell you, that this afternoon the ill news of the battle of Fleury came. I had a letter from the prince of Waldeck, with a copy of the account he sent you; so that I can say nothing but that God, in whose hands we only are, knows best why he has ordered it so, and to Him we must submit.

"This evening there has been a person with me, from whom you heard at Chester, [probably earl of Breadalbane,] and whom you there ordered to come to me, as he says 'he believes you will know him by this,' and will by no means be named, and what is worse, will name nobody; so I fear there is not much good to be done, yet I won't give over so. I must end my letter, for my eyes are at present in somewhat a worse condition than before I received your letter. My impatience for another is as great as my love, which will not end but with my life, which is very uneasy to me at present; but I trust in God, who can alone preserve and comfort me."

Among the other dangers which beset the queen's government, was an angry jealousy felt by many of her subjects, lest the hated earl of Sunderland should have any sway in her determinations. The precise time when the king and queen thought him sufficiently purified from his late profession of popery to appear at court has never been defined by history. He returned *incognito* a few weeks before the coronation, but he was forced to keep much in the back-ground, because the English people were unanimous in their resentment for his betrayal of king James. The public mind was thus expressed:—

"On Sunderland's coming to Court.

"Who could have thought that Rome's convert so near
The true protestant side of the queen should appear?

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[1] Among the causes of the decrepitude of the French monarchy in the last century, even so lately as the reign of Louis XVI., it was the custom to appoint any courtier of high rank, albeit utterly unused to naval affairs, (who had, perhaps, never even seen a ship,) to command the French navy. See the autobiography of that execrable coxcomb, the last duke of Lauzun, of his doings in 1773.

Sure his highness[1] forgets both the time and the place
Since this statesman and lord were admitted to grace.
Howe'er, since 'tis plain
He this peer will retain,
We heartily wish, for the good of his reign,
He may serve him as well as he did his last master,
And stick quite as close in the case of disaster.

May this peer, and the rest of the learned and wise
That are left here our *wan, silent* queen to advise,
Prove as true as before,—be like Churchill unmoved,
As watchful as Dorset, like Nottingham loved,
As just as Carmarthen,
Who never took farthing,
And as wise as the white dog of lady Fitzharding."[2]

It is probable that Monmouth wrote this formidable squib as well as the "lemon letters," for the sarcastic allusion to the queen's loquacity and rubicund complexion, by the expression "our wan, silent queen," proves that the author was acquainted with her personally, and was as well aware of her manners as of her complexion.

The disastrous news of the naval defeat at Beachy Head is the chief subject of the queen's next letter. Again Mary had "to strive with her heart," as she poetically expresses herself, and communicate to her royal lord the most signal naval overthrow that England had ever experienced:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, (June 29, N.S.) July 7, O.S. 1690.
"Seven in the morning.

"I am sorry there is not as pleasing news to send you from hence as what I had last from you. I would not write last by the post, being assured the messenger this morning *should* overtake him before they came to Highlake. Here has been great things done, but so unanimously, that I hope, when you have an exact account from lord Nottingham, you will approve of it. I must confess I think they were in the right; but if I had not, I should have submitted my judgment when I saw all of a mind.

"What lord Torrington can say for himself I know not, but I believe he will never be forgiven here. The letters from the fleet, before and since the engagement, show sufficiently he was the only man there who had no mind to fight, and his not doing it was attributed to orders from hence, [*i. e.* from the council]. Those [orders] which were sent and obeyed, have had but very ill success, the news of which is come this morning.

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[1] King William, as prince of Orange.

[2] The verses must belong to the regency of 1690, because Churchill (Marlborough) was excluded from every other. Monmouth is the same person as Pope's lord Peterborough, who wrote some poems in this metre.

"I will not stop the messenger with staying for my letter, and 'tis unnecessary for me to say much, only as to the part of sending Mr. Russell away. I believe it was a great irregularity, and for my own part I was sorry to miss him here, after what you had told me, and the fear I am in of being imposed upon; but all were for it, and I could say nothing against it. I confess I was as sorry lord Monmouth came so soon back, for all agree in the same opinion of him."

The above letter was in answer to one which king William had sent, in remonstrance against Russell being transferred from his post in her council to superintend the disabled fleet, for the queen had evidently sent to recall him, since she resumes,—

"Mr. Russell was overtaken before he came to Canterbury, so the nine are again together. As to the ill success at sea, I am more concerned for the honour of the nation than for any thing else; but I think it has pleased God to punish them justly, for they really *talkt* as if it were impossible they should be beaten, which looks too much like trusting to the arm of flesh. I pray God we may no more deserve the punishment; the same God who has done so much can tell what is best, and I trust he will do more than we deserve.

"This afternoon I am to go to the great council, [privy council,] *to take order* about the prorogation of parliament, according to your orders. I long again to hear from you, which is my only comfort. I fear this news may give courage to those who retired before, but God can disappoint them all, and I hope will take care of his own cause. He of his mercy send us a happy meeting again! that will be a happiness to me beyond all others, loving you more than my life."

In her next letter, she continued the painful subject of the defeat to king William, who was daily expecting to give battle to her father in Ireland:—

"Queen Mary to King William.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{3}{13}$.

"If you knew in what fear I am that my letter I writ yesterday morning did not overtake the post, you would pity me, for though it is but one day's difference, yet I would not, for any thing, seem to have missed an opportunity of writing to you; and, indeed, as sleepy as I was *a*-Tuesday night I would have writ, had not lord Nottingham assured me the message should follow the next morning early, and so he was certain it would come time enough; but when the letter came in from lord Torrington, and what was to be done being thought necessary to acquaint you with, he stopt the messenger without telling me."

The queen then describes to her husband[1] the proceedings of her nine assistants, among whom she wished to choose two, to send down to take charge of the remains of the fleet, while lord Torrington was displaced and brought to

[1] In the same letter, printed from king William's Kensington box by sir John Dalrymple. See his Appendix, pp. 126, 127.

trial.[1] Lord Monmouth and Mr. Russell, the two professed seamen of the junta, both excused themselves to the queen from the ungracious office,—Monmouth, because he was related to the delinquent, and was not to *command* the fleet. Russell declined because he had served for many years under Torrington as his officer, "therefore," pursues queen Mary, in the phraseology of the times, "it would seem something indecent in him to be forward in offering his service in this particular."

Queen Mary, in this dilemma, turned to her lord chamberlain, and then to lord Marlborough, who both told her, very truly, "that they should make themselves ridiculous if they interfered in sea matters." On this, the queen herself named lord Devonshire and lord Pembroke; but at the same time she observed lord president Carmarthen "look very black, and found that he wished to undertake the commission himself." She drew him aside, after her consultation broke up, and told him "she could not spare him from his post, as king William had informed her he was the person whose advice she was most to rely upon." He replied, "he did not look upon himself as so tied." Her majesty remarks,—"There is another thing that I must acquaint you with, by-the-by, that I believe will anger him [Carmarthen], which is, that neither Mr. Hampden nor Mr. Pelham will sign the docket for lady Plymouth's 8000*l.* *He* complained to me; I promised to ask them about it, which I have done, and both of them asunder have told me 'the sum was too great to be spared at present, when money was so much wanted,' and, indeed, I think they are in the right. I hope you will let me know your mind

[1] He was not tried till the succeeding December, when a court-martial was held upon him at Sheerness, and he was unanimously acquitted. He was the man who led the Dutch fleet through the Downs at William's invasion. He was most unjustly treated in regard to all this odium, as the ships were utterly out of condition, and the men in want of every necessary, as food, ammunition, &c. He withdrew into obscurity and disgrace.—Dalrymple's Appendix. On his death, the title of Torrington was speedily granted to admiral Byng, a commander whom James II. had drawn from obscurity. The similarity of title and profession in these two admirals, who were contemporaries, causes great confusion in the history of the Revolution.

about it; but they say sir Stephen Fox signed it by surprise, and is of their mind. The only thing I could say to this was, 'that *you* had signed the warrant before you went, which I thought was enough.'" Thus this mysterious order for so large a mass from the public money is proved to have originated wholly from king William. It was equally distasteful to his wife and his ministers. The queen proceeded to say, "By advice, I writ a letter to admiral Evertzen, but I forgot to tell you so, and not knowing he spoke English, with much ado I writ it in Dutch, so as I believe he could have understood me; but *'tis* come back to be burnt." What a literary curiosity this Dutch letter of English Mary would have proved, if it had not, very provokingly to autograph collectors, "come back to be burnt!"

The next paragraph of Mary's narrative mentions interviews with her reputed lover, lord Shrewsbury, who might be considered (when all his advantages were computed) the mightiest power among the aristocracy of Great Britain. He was, at this juncture, a displaced prime-minister, yet displaced by his own obstinate renunciation of office:—

"Lord Shrewsbury was at my dinner. I told him 'I was glad to see him so well again;' he said, 'He had been at Epsom for the air, or else he would have been here sooner.' He stayed not long, but went away with Mr. Wharton, who I have not seen once at council, and but seldom any where. Lord Shrewsbury was here again at my supper, and as *I thought took pains to talk, which I did to him as formerly, by your directions.* Though by my letter, it may be, you would not think me in so much pain as I am, yet I must tell you I am very much so, but not for what lord Monmouth would have me be. He daily tells me of the great dangers we are in, and now has a mind to be sent to Holland, (of which you will hear either this, or the next post). I see every one is inclined to it, for a reason I mentioned before, and, indeed, things have but a melancholy prospect."

It seems ambiguous whether Mary means that all her political assistants proved alarmists and endeavoured to intimidate her, like lord Monmouth; or whether, as he did, they all wished to seek refuge in Holland. In whichever way the sense is taken, it affords strong proof that Mary's courage was firm, when the leading spirits of England quailed before the expected storm.

"I am fully persuaded," she continues, "that God will do some great thing or other, and, it may be, when human means fail he will show his power. This

makes me that I cannot be so much afraid as, it may be, I have reason for; but that which makes me in pain is, for fear what is done may not please you. I am sure it is my chief desire, but you know I must do what the others think fit, and I think they all desire, as much as may be, to act according to your mind. I long to hear from you, and know in what we have failed. For my own part, if I do in any thing what you don't like, 'tis my misfortune and not my fault, for I love you more than my life, and desire only to please you."

The queen's next letter is a hurried one, written under the influence of sadness. She was suffering from disease in her eyes, and is perforce obliged to confine the limits of her despatch to affectionate expressions:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{5}{15}$, 1690.

"This is only to tell you I have received yours of the 28th of June, old style, which puts me in so many troubles, that I shall not trouble you with at present. To-morrow night an express shall go to you that cannot possibly be despatched to-night; and I am not sorry, for at this time I dare say but little by candlelight, and 'tis, to-morrow, the first Sunday of the month.[1] I have really hardly had time to say my prayers, and was fain to run away to Kensington, where I had three hours of quiet, which is more than I have had together since I saw you. That place made me think how happy I was there when I had your dear company; but now—I will say no more, for I shall hurt my own eyes, which I want more than ever.

"Adieu! think of me, and love me as much as I shall you, *who* I love more than my life. I should have sent this last post, but not seeing madame Nieuhuys hindered me then, and makes me send it now, which I hope you will excuse."

Thus it is evident that the queen dared not give vent to her overcharged heart by tears, because weeping would injure her eyes. Her anxiety was increased the next day, by the tidings that her husband had been wounded in one of the skirmishes that preceded the hourly expected battle in Ireland:[2]—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{6}{16}$, 1690.

"I can never give God thanks enough, as long as I live, for your preservation. I hope, in his mercy, that this is a sign he preserves you to finish the work he has begun by you; but I hope it may be a warning to you, to let you see you are exposed to as many accidents as others; and though it has pleased God to keep you once in so visible a manner, yet you must forgive me if I tell you, that I should think it *a-tempting* God to venture again without a great necessity. I know what I say of this kind will be attributed to fear. I own I have a great deal for your dear person, yet I hope I am not unreasonable upon the subject, for

[1] She means to intimate, that she was to receive the sacrament then.

[2] A brief sketch of the war in Ireland had place in vol. vi.; Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

I do trust in God, and he is pleased every day to confirm me more and more in the confidence I have in him; yet my fears are not less, since I cannot tell if it should be his will to suffer you to come to harm for our sins, for though God is able, yet many times he punishes the sins of a nation as it seems good in his sight.

"Your writing me word how soon you hoped to send me good news, shows me how soon you thought there might be some action, and this thought puts me in perpetual pain. This morning, when I heard the express was come, before lord Nottingham came up, I was taken with a trembling for fear, which has hardly left me yet, and I really don't know what to do. Your letter came just before I went to chapel, and though the first thing that lord Nottingham told me was that you were very well, yet the thoughts that you expose yourself thus to danger fright me out of my wits, and make me not able to keep my trouble to myself. For God's sake, let me beg you to take more care for the time to come. Consider what depends upon your safety: there are so many more important things than myself, that I think I am not worthy naming among them; but, it may be, the worst may be over before this time, so that I will say no more.

"I did not answer your letter by the post last night, because the express could not be despatched; I can say little on any subject at present, for really I had my head and heart so full of you, I could mind nothing else. It is now past ten o'clock. I don't tell it you for an excuse, for I am not sleepy."

The expectation of a battle between her father and her husband's forces in Ireland, and the alarm regarding the wound the latter had received, had the effect of keeping her majesty queen Mary wide awake at the hour of past ten o'clock, which was evidently the time usual for their high mightinesses in Holland to go to bed, or to *roost*, according to the Dutch language; for, in the course of this correspondence, she often mentions "that it is ten o'clock, and that she is so sleepy she cannot write." It may be observed that, in the commencement of this letter, her majesty dwells with much spiritual unction on the possibility "that her husband's wound was sent as a visitation for the sins of the British nation." She proceeds to ask the king's directions for the command of the fleet, which remained still unsettled. Lord Monmouth claimed the command, of which Torrington had been deprived; but Mary was fully aware of his Jacobite tendencies, and suspecting that his confidant, major Wildman, was author of the letters written in lemon-juice, she declined his services. She wished to appoint Russell, but he positively refused. Sir Richard Haddick and sir John Ashby were proposed by the council; but sir Richard Haddick wished

the office might be put in commission, with two seamen and one man of quality. And the queen adds, he thought that person might be the duke of Grafton; first, because he had "behaved lately 'very brave' in this last business," [*i. e.*, the defeat at Beachy Head,] and also "that he might learn, and so in time prove good for something,"[1]—a plain indication that she did not consider this illegitimate cousin good for much without improvement. While discussing the difficult matter of naval command, she observes to the king "that Shovel was considered the best officer of his age." He had just taken her father's only remaining frigate.

The news of the long-expected battle arrived the next day. The victory at Boyne Water obliterated from the public mind the recent defeat of the British navy. The disastrous naval defeat occurred on the 30th of June;[2] the land victory took place the very day after, July 1st, but, as may be perceived by this correspondence, the queen did not receive the news until a week had elapsed.

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{7}{17}$, 1690.

"How to begin this letter I don't know, or how ever to render to God thanks enough for his mercies,—indeed, they are too great if we look on our deserts; but, as you say, 'tis his own cause,' and since 'tis for the glory of his great name, we have no reason to fear but he will perfect what he has begun. For myself in particular, my heart is so full of joy and acknowledgment to that great God who has preserved you, and given you such a victory, that I am unable to explain it. I beseech him to give me grace to be ever sensible as I ought, and that I and all may live suitable to such a mercy as this is. I am sorry the fleet has done no better, but 'tis God's providence, and we must not murmur, but wait with patience to see the event. I was yesterday out of my senses with trouble. I am now almost so with joy, so that I can't really as yet tell what I have to say to you by this bearer, who is impatient to return. I hope in God, by the afternoon, to be in a condition of sense enough to say much more, but for the present I am not."

If novelists or dramatists had been describing the situation of queen Mary, they would, according to the natural feelings of humanity, have painted her as distracted between tenderness for her father, and her love for her husband,—

[1] Grafton had but a short time left "to learn and prove good for something," for he was killed a few months afterwards at the siege of Cork, under Marlborough, fighting as a land soldier.

[2] Old style, by which all English history is dated till the middle of the last century.

mourning amidst victory for her sire, and alive only to the grief that such unhallowed contests should awaken in the bosom of the woman who had been the indulged daughter of the one antagonist, and was the wife of the other. Such feelings were attributed by the Greek tragedians to virtuous heathens of old, and by Shakspeare to the royal heroines of England's earlier day; but no trace of them is to be discerned in Mary's actual letters. Unmixed joy and exulting thanksgiving are the first emotions which burst from her heart in this epistolary *Te Deum*. Towards the end of the letter, however, she recollects herself sufficiently to express her satisfaction that the "late king," as she calls her father, was not among the slain, a passage which will be read with intense interest by those who know Mary's situation, but who are utterly in the dark regarding her own opinion of her extraordinary position in the world. The queen resumes, after she has given vent to her joy,—

"When I writ the foregoing part of this, it was in the morning, soon after I had received yours, and 'tis now four in the afternoon; but I am not yet come to myself, and fear I shall lose this opportunity of writing all my mind, for I am still in such a confusion of thought that I *scarce* know now what to say, but I hope in God you will more readily consent to what lord president wrote last, for methinks you have nothing more for you to do.

"I will hasten Kensington as much as it's possible, and I will also get ready for you here, for I will hope you may come before that is done. I must put you in mind of one thing, believing it is now the season; which is, that you would take care of the church in Ireland. *Every body agrees 'tis the worst in Christendom.* There are now bishoprics vacant, and other things; I beg you will take time to think who you will fill them with. You will forgive me that I trouble you with this now, but I hope you will take care of these things, which are of so great consequence as to religion, which I am sure will be more your care every day, now it has pleased God still to bless you with success.

"I think I have told you before how impatient I am to hear how you approve what has been done here. I have but little part in it myself, but I long to hear how others have pleased you. I am very uneasy in one thing, which is, want of somebody to speak my mind freely to, for 'tis a great restraint to think and be silent, and there is so much matter, that I am one of king Solomon's fools, *who am* ready to burst. I believe lord president and lord Nottingham agree very well, though I believe the first pretends to govern all; and I see the other [lord Nottingham] is always ready to yield to him, and seems to me to have a great deal of deference for him: whether they always agree or not, I cannot tell. Lord Marlborough is much with them, and loses no opportunity of coming upon all occasions with the others. As yet I have not found them differ, or at least so little, that I was surprised to find it so, (I mean the whole nine,) for it has never come to put any thing to the vote; but I attribute that to the great danger I believe all have apprehended, which has made them all of a mind."

Great natural sagacity is shown by the queen in her remarks on the unwonted unanimity of her councillors. The whole of her cabinet had so far committed themselves with king James, that they were obliged to unite in one common purpose to prevent his return, which they knew would ruin them. Mary likewise adopted a very rational idea of the origin of the intercepted letters written in lemon-juice, which was suggested to her by Mr. Russell, that they were written on purpose to be intercepted, and to raise vain suspicions and doubts in the councillors towards each other. While lord Monmouth and his colleague Wildman were away at the fleet, these letters ceased, but directly they returned, the correspondence recommenced. Yet, totally unconscious of the conclusions the queen had drawn, lord Monmouth sedulously seized the opportunity of every conference he held with her to insinuate distrusts of his colleagues, which her majesty thus detailed to her partner in regality:—

"I had a conversation with lord Monmouth, t'other morning, in which he said, 'What a misfortune it was that things thus went ill, which was certainly by the faults of those that were in trust; that it was a melancholy thing to the nation to see themselves thus thrown away. And, to speak plain,' said he, 'do not you see how all you do is known? that what is said one day in the cabinet-council, is wrote next day to France? For my part,' added he, 'I must speak plainly. I have a great deal of reason to esteem lord Nottingham; I don't believe 'tis he, but 'tis some in his office,'—and then he fell on Mr. Blaithwit. I owned 'I wondered why you would let him serve here, since he would not go with you;' but I said, 'I supposed you knew why you did it.' And when he, lord Monmouth, began to talk high of ill-administration, I told him in the same freedom that he seemed to speak to me, 'that I found it very strange you were not thought fit to choose your own ministers. That they had already removed lord Halifax, the same endeavours were used for lord Carmarthen, and would they now begin to have *a bout* at lord Nottingham too? I would show they would pretend even to control the king in his choice, which, if I were he, I would not suffer, but would make use of whom I pleased.'

"I can't tell if I did well or no in this, but in the free way we were speaking I could not help it. Upon this, he [lord Monmouth] said, 'He had, indeed, been an enemy to lord Halifax, but he had done what he could do to save lord Carmarthen out of personal friendship, as well as because he believed him firm to our interest. Upon which I took occasion to remember my obligations to him [lord Carmarthen[1]] 'upon account of our marriage;' *from which* he [lord Monmouth] still went on, 'that he thought it necessary the nation should be satisfied.' I asked him 'if he thought *that* possible?' He said he could tell

[1] When he was lord Danby, one of the ministers of Charles II.

me much on that subject; but we were called to council, and so our discourse ended for that time."

The reader will observe, in this colloquy, how fiercely the queen resented the shadow of an attack on her friend and lord chamberlain, lord Nottingham. She shows, too, resentment because lord Halifax had been displaced from the ministry, and her expressions are in thorough contradiction to the resentment king William affirmed she bore that lord for his personal ridicule of her father. Queen Mary proceeds to give her absent husband a rapid sketch of the characteristics and conduct of the chief of her councillors:—

"As for lord Pembroke, I never see him but in council. Lord *cham* [Shrewsbury[1]] comes as little as he can with decency, and seldom speaks, but he never comes to the cabinet council. Lord *stuard*, [Devonshire,] you know, will be a courtier among ladies. Speaking of him puts me in mind that M. Sesak, before we went to cards, came and made me a very handsome compliment on your victory and wound, and assured me 'no man living wished us a longer and happier reign.' But to return to *that* lord, who[2]—I think I have named all. I must say once my opinion, that lord Nottingham seems to be very hearty in all affairs; and, to my thinking, appears to be sincere, though he does not take much pains to persuade me of it upon all occasions, as others do, for he never spoke but once of himself, yet I confess I incline to have a good opinion of him. It may be his formal grave look deceives me. He brought me your letter yesterday, and I could not hold; so he saw me cry, which I have hindered myself before every body till then. Then it was impossible.

"And this morning, when I heard the joyful news from Mr. Butler, I was in pain to know what was become of the late king, [meaning her father, James II.] and durst not ask him; but when lord Nottingham came, I *did* venture to do it, and had the satisfaction to hear he was safe. I know I need not beg you to let him be taken care of, for I am confident you will for *your own sake;* yet add that to all your kindness, and, for my sake, let people know you would have no hurt come to his person. *Forgive me this.*"

In this last paragraph is comprised all that can, with truth, be urged in Mary's vindication regarding the reports of her alleged parricidal instigations against the life of her father, which had been previously brought to that hapless parent's ears. Her sole defence rests on the passage above mentioned, in which, nevertheless, she can find no kinder

[1] Great-chamberlain. The double regality made a perplexing duplication of state-offices and officers; for instance, lord Nottingham was not Mary's lord chamberlain as queen-consort, but held a place of more responsibility as lord chamberlain to her as a queen-regnant.

[2] This is as the queen wrote it; she has, through some interruption, left the construction of the sentence defective. By *that* lord, she means Monmouth, and recurs to his insinuations against her friend lord Nottingham.

name than "the late king" for the author of her being; and, withal, asks "forgiveness," as if such cold and unnatural expressions were *too* kind towards her unfortunate sire.

"I have writ this," resumes Mary, in her letter, "at so many times, that I fear you will hardly make sense of it. I long to hear what you will say to the proposition that will be sent you this night by the lords, and I do flatter myself mightily with the hopes to see you, for which I am more impatient than can be expressed, loving you with a passion which cannot end but with my life."

The "proposition" on which the queen dwells with such fond interest was, that the king, having broken the Jacobite army, should return instantly to England. William was too good a general not to be aware that the battle of the Boyne, if attention had been fixed solely on its physical advantages, was far from decisive of the contest. The praises of William III.'s great valour in this battle have resounded throughout Europe; but he had in Ireland 30,000 regular and disciplined troops,—he had the most formidable train of artillery in the world at his command. Surely, the very act of looking such a formidable force in the face, as opponents, was one of superior valour in the ill-armed, and undisciplined, and unpaid militia who fought for James. That unfortunate king has been called a coward on account of its loss, which, indeed, made good his own representations in his naval regulations, "that a wholly different genius is required for marine and land warfare." Every one to his profession. The battle of the Boyne was won by a furious charge of cavalry, and we never heard that English sailors were particularly skilful in equestrian evolutions,[1] or that a British admiral ought to be called a coward because he was not an adroit general of horse. When the sailor-king met the Dutch on his own element, history gave a different account of him. The cavalry tactics of William would have

[1] Lord Dartmouth, a favourite naval pupil of James, observes that the king had made him renounce the land-service for ever; saying, "If he serves not out his naval apprenticeship, and forgets not his land-fashions, I will trust him with no ship of mine." Lord Dartmouth, in one of his interesting letters to James II., when admiral of the fleet at the crisis of the Revolution, writes, "I have sent your majesty a despatch by a Scotch sailor on horseback; but what has become of either man or horse I know not, for you well know, sire, that we sailors are not quite so skilful with horses as with ships."

availed him as little on the seas. That most mysterious politician, Defoe, although a Dutchman by descent, in his Memoirs of Captain Carlton, first called on Englishmen to notice this point, and remarks the injustice and ingratitude of condemning their greatest admiral as a coward, because he was not equally skilful in a cavalry-skirmish.

The standards and other spoils taken from king James at the battle of the Boyne, were by his daughter ordered to be carried in triumphant procession, and finally hung up in St. James's chapel, as stimulants to her devotions. Great was the indignation of her father's old friends and companions in arms at this proceeding. One of them has preserved its memory in an epigram, entitled,—

"ON SEEING THE COLOURS HUNG IN ST. JAMES'S CHAPEL.[1]

"Walking the park I, to my horror, there
Saw what from hardest hearts might force a tear,
The trophies of a monarch openly
Displayed in scorn before each vulgar eye,—
A crime which Absalom did never do.
Did ever he to every cobbler show
The relics of his father's overthrow?"

The author then urged king James to hurl his malediction on his daughter, not knowing that the awful denunciation had already mingled with the splendours of her coronation.

Charles Montague, earl of Halifax, wrote a long poem on the battle of the Boyne, in heroic verse. It consists of the most lofty eulogiums on William, without either naming or alluding to his antagonist. After lauding his valour and generosity, he leaves it in complete mystery against whom he fought, and but for the word "Boyne," no one could ever guess the subject. He sums up with the presumption, that if William had been a Frenchman, France would have said and done more to his honour and glory than ungrateful Englishmen deemed necessary:—

"Their plays, their songs, would dwell upon his wound,
And operas repeat no other sound;
Boyne would for ages be the painter's theme,
The *Goblin's* labour,[2] and the poet's dream;

[1] MS. of sir Robert Strange.

[2] Probably meaning the name of Gobelin, the tapestry-worker.

The wounded arm would furnish all their rooms,
And bleed for ever scarlet in their looms.[1]

* * * * *

The queen, the charming queen herself, should grace
The noble piece, and in an artful place
Soften war's horrors with her lovely face.
Who can omit the queen's auspicious smile,
The pride of the fair sex, the goddess of our isle?
Who can forget what all admired of late,
Her fears for him, her prudence for the state?
Dissembling cares, she smooth'd her looks with grace,
Doubts in her heart, and pleasure in her face;
As danger did approach, her courage rose,
And putting on the king, dismay'd his foes."

The last couplets present a true picture of the queen's personal demeanour at this tremendous crisis. Her efforts "to grin when her heart was bursting," according to her expressions in her letters, were seen by by-standers in the light she wished.

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{8}{18}$, 1690.

"Being resolved never to miss a post, I write now to let you know I have received yours by Mr. Grey, who came at nine in the morning, and was dressing till one before he brought it. To-morrow I think to write again by him. Now I shall tell you that I have been satisfied with the sight of lord Lincoln, which I have so often wished for in vain. I met him as I came from prayers, with a hundred people at least after him. I can't represent to you my surprise at so unexpected an object, and so strange a one; but what he said was as much so, if it were possible. He called lord president [Carmarthen] by name, (and all in general who are in trust) 'rogues;' told me 'I must go back with him to council [privy council] to hear his complaint,' which I think was against lord Torrington. He talked so like a madman that I answered him as calmly as I could, looking on him as such, and so with much ado got from him.

"I shall say no more now, but that I am so sleepy I can't see; but I shall live and die entirely

"Your's."

The unfortunate noble who was thus met by queen Mary with a rabble at his heels, to whom he was addressing his wayward ideas on politics, was Edward, the last earl of Lincoln of the elder line of Clinton. It is plain by this amusing little letter of the queen, that her curiosity had been excited by the reported eccentricities of that peer, but that she did not expect so strange an encounter in her

[1] In allusion to the scratch which William received in the commencement of the action.

progress to Whitehall chapel. The earl of Lincoln then seated himself in Whitehall gallery,[1] bawling out to every one, "that the queen was shut up by three or four lords, who would not let her appear at the privy council, or suffer her nobles to have access to her,"—"although," as the queen herself observed, "he never asked it all the while." He was evidently incited to torment the whig junta of nine, by whose counsels her majesty was implicitly guided, instead of having recourse to the privy council. The troubles in which the queen was involved are best described by her own pen:—

"Whitehall, July $\frac{10}{20}$, 1690.

"I wrote to you *a*-Tuesday night by the post, only to show that I would miss no opportunity of doing it, and have kept Mr. Grey ever since, having nothing worth writing or troubling you with. I shall now begin with answering your letter to him by him, and thank God with all my soul for the continuance of your good success, and hope you will have no more to do but come back here, where you are wished for by all that love you or themselves,—I need not say most by me; it would be a wrong of me to suppose you doubt it.

"If the first part of your letter was *extreme* welcome, the next was not less so, for next to knowing of your health and success, that of your being satisfied with what has been done here is the best news, and till then I was very much in pain. You will see, also, that we have had the good fortune here to have done just as you would have had it yourself, in sending Mr. Russell down to the fleet; but that was prevented, as you will know before this. I told Mr. Russell what your design was there, and asked 'what I might write on it now?' He told me 'he should be always ready to serve you any way,' and seemed mightily pleased at what I had told him. I did not say it openly at the *committee*, [the council of nine,] because I know how much lord Monmouth would have been troubled; but I told lord president as you writ him word, and lord Nottingham, and lord Marlborough. It seems he [Russell] still wishes for a commission to other people, and not to be alone. The day that I received yours by Mr. Grey, which was on Tuesday noon, the *great council* was called extraordinarily, being thought fit to acquaint them with the good news."

By the "great council," the queen means to designate the privy council, which the king and his ministers had warned her from attending often. The members conceived their functions were unconstitutionally superseded by a body bearing some resemblance, at least in name, to the Venetian "council of ten."

Mary was placed in a situation of the most exquisite difficulty, which no person could have passed through without

[1] The reader must remember that the great palace of Whitehall, the seat of royalty and government, was not yet burnt down.

imminent danger, excepting one who possessed her peculiar concentrativeness of purpose. Had she felt an atom of kindliness to father, sister, brother, nephew, or friend, or even a particle of egotism or personal ambition which was not centered in that second self, her ungracious and ungraceful little partner, she could not have steered the vessel of state steadily enough to have avoided the shoals of the oligarch faction on the one side, and the rocks of Jacobitism on the other. She likewise had to dread the political jealousy of her spouse, however well she might govern, if she put herself too forward in her function of queen-regnant. This dread is apparent in the continuation of her narrative, where she expresses her reluctance to attend the privy council, and describes the stormy scene raised therein because she had hitherto denied her presence, according to her husband's orders:—

"Seeing you had left me to the advice of the committee of nine when to go, [to the privy council,] I asked them in the morning, 'If they thought it necessary? that, for *my part, I did not.*' Lord president Carmarthen said, 'No.' In the afternoon, when the privy council met, all began, it seems, to ask 'if I came?' The lord president Carmarthen said, 'No.' Upon which, there were some who grumbled. Sir R. Howard made a formal speech, wherein he hinted many things, as if he thought it not reasonable that I did not come to privy council. He was seconded by the duke of Bolton."

That afternoon faction ran very high in the privy council. In the midst of the murmurs on account of her majesty's absence, lord Monmouth and the lord steward [Devonshire] thought proper to leave their seats at the council-board and enter her private apartments, where they began to entreat her to accompany them back, to appease the malcontents. The queen, who shrewdly suspected lord Monmouth to be the secret mover of the storm, and dreading the displeasure of her husband if she appeared too often at the more public council, thus expresses herself in the dilemma:—

"I was surprised at it, for they sent for me out of my closet. I will not trouble you with all they said, but they were very pressing; and lord steward [Devonshire] told me there were many there, who absolutely told him 'they would not speak but before me; that they were privy councillors established by law, and did not know why they should be denied my presence.'

"I answered *them* [*i. e.* Devonshire and Monmouth] at first as civilly as I could, and as calmly; but being much pressed, I grew a little peevish, and told them 'that, between us, I must own I thought it a *humour* [caprice] in some

there, [of the privy council,] which I did not think myself bound to please; for, should I come now for this, I should at last be sent for when any body had a mind to it, and that I wondered they, who had heard me in the morning say I *would not* come, should now be so importunate.' But all I could say would not satisfy them, and had not lord Nottingham come in, I believe they would not have left me so soon. I cannot tell if I did well or no, but I think I did. This was the same day lord Lincoln was here, as I wrote you word before, and he sat in the gallery crying aloud 'that five or six lords shut me up, and would let nobody else come near me,' yet never asked it all the time.

"Lord Nottingham will give you an account of lord mayor's being called next day to the *great council*, [privy council,] where I was; but I must needs observe that he came with his answer ready wrote, and pulled out his paper and read it. Upon which, many of those who came with him looked upon one another as amazed, and the more because the lord president did not desire *it* till Friday."

The queen suspected some treachery in the singular circumstance that the '*lord mayor*' brought his speech ready written in his pocket, and pulled it out, and read it to her. Her majesty was not quite so familiar with speeches ready cut and dried as her successors have been: this was one of the first experiments of the kind, and queen Mary confessed herself amazed at the proceeding.

The members of the privy council were bent on protecting those Jacobite lords who had been marked down by herself and council for imprisonment and prosecution. A plot was maturing in Scotland which gave great uneasiness to William and Mary, and, in conjunction with the French invasion, might have wrecked their government, if the leaders, lord Annandale and lord Breadalbane, had not severally visited the king and queen, and made their confessions, to the discomfiture of their colleagues. Lord Ross, then in London, was one of those betrayed. Queen Mary thus expresses herself regarding his apprehension: "Another thing happened that I must tell: lord Nottingham had secured lord Rosse, and now desired the [privy] council that he might be sent to the Tower, as well as so many others. All consented. Duke of Bolton asked 'Why?' Lord Nottingham said 'There *was* informations against him; and more, his own letters to sir John Cochrane;' upon which all said a warrant should be drawn. But when it came to be signed, duke of Bolton would not; he hindered lord Devon by a whisper,

and his son by a nod.[1] Lord Montague would not sign it *neither*. If this be usual I cannot tell, but methinks it ought not to be so."

Her majesty continues in her letter to discuss, in no very perspicuous terms, the half-revealed Jacobite plot in Scotland, and mentioned the opinion of her "junta of nine," that sir James Montgomery,[2] a whig lately turned Jacobite, who was deeply concerned in the plot, "ought to be arrested and sent from Scotland, for he was crafty and malicious, and his confessions, if listened to, would implicate *honest* persons;" meaning, doubtless, by 'honest persons,' not only various members of the now discontented oligarchy who had aided in the revolution, but most of themselves,—the queen's assistant junta. Many traces are to be found in Mary's letters of the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act; and if we may judge by the glee with which she mentions persons being now "clapt up" who were fluttering in the park but a few hours before, she had some satisfaction in the exertion of this despotism.

Jacobitism was, in the year 1690, so frequent in every-day life, that it was a common occurrence to see a messenger enter a house, a theatre, or Hyde-park, show a privy council warrant to some gallant, all embroidery, cravat, and ruffle, and march him off, bewigged and befringed as he was, from among a circle of belles to the Tower. If not seriously implicated in any of the numerous plots then in active concoction, either in Scotland or England, the prisoner was let out, after some weeks' detention, much impoverished in purse by his visit to the grim fortress, for no one in the

[1] Lord Ross seems to have married a daughter of Rachel lady Russell, and was in consequence closely connected with the family of Cavendish and their powerful alliances. He is frequently mentioned familiarly in the manuscript letters in the Devonshire Papers.

[2] Sir James Montgomery had been in strong opposition to James II. during his reign: he was one of the principal deputies who had brought the offer of the Scottish crown to William and Mary. He became malcontent, as well as the other revolutionist leaders, Breadalbane, Annandale, and Ross, because his desire of gain was not sufficiently satisfied. He had therefore joined the Jacobite plot of 1689, which was disorganized by the death of Dundee at Killiecrankie. (See Dalrymple's Memoirs and Appendix.)

seventeenth century was freed from the Tower at less than the cost of 200*l.* in fees and other expenses. So common was this manœuvre in the reign of William and Mary, that the matter-of-fact comedies of the day make these arrests, either feigned or real, incidents for the purpose of removing rivals, or furnishing adventures to the hero of the piece. In illustration of these traits of the times may be quoted a passage from an original letter of sir George Rooke,[1] who seems not a little scandalized at the conduct of one of queen Mary's captives, when her majesty was pleased to sign a privy-council warrant for his liberation. "I could easily believe that my lord Falkland was very much transported with his release from the Tower, but did not think that he would leap from thence into a ball."

Jacobite poetry had formed a powerful means of offence against the revolutionary government. It had originated in opposition to the faction which strove to exclude James II., when duke of York, from the throne. The first Jacobite songs, "York, our great admiral," and "We'll stand to our landlord as long as we 've breath," were decidedly of English composition; but the subject was caught up in the more musical and poetical land beyond the Tweed. Numerous Jacobite lyrics were adapted to the rhythm of the exquisite melodies of Scotland. Some were tender in pathos; others bold and biting in satire. There was one of the latter, written by the heir of Lothian, which dashed at the points on which the four persons of the royal family in England were most liable to censure, and combined them in one fierce couplet:—

> "There's Mary *the daughter*, there's Willy the cheater,
> There's Geordie the drinker, there's Annie the eater."

Another party-song took its rise within a few months of the accession of William and Mary. It was hummed by every voice, and being set to a bold original air, haunted every ear, although it was but a burst of audacious doggerel:—

[1] In the MS. collection of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

"Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?[1]
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James the Seventh had ae daughter,
And he gave her to an Oranger.

Ken ye how he requited him?
Ken ye how he requited him?
The dog has into England come,
And ta'en the crown in spite of him!

The rogue he sal na keep it lang,
To budge we'll make him fain again;
We'll hang him high upon a tree,
King James shall ha'e his ain again!"

The plaintive and elegant Jacobite songs of this period are not numerous. The exquisite one, both in words and melody, by Ogilvie of Inverquharity, written after the loss of the battle of the Boyne, "It was a' for our rightful king," has previously been quoted. Perhaps the following beautiful song, in which queen Mary is alluded to, was composed by the same brave exile. It is the lament of a Jacobite lady for the absence of her lover at St. Germains:—

"I ha'e nae kith, I ha'e nae kin,
Nor ane that's dear to me,
For the bonny lad that I lo'e best,
He's far ayont the sea.

He's gane with ane[2] that was our ain,
And we may rue the day,
When our king's ae[3] daughter came,
To play sae foul a play.

Oh, gin I were a bonny bird,
Wi' wings that I might flee,
Then I wad travel o'er the main,
My ain true love to see.

Then wad I tell a joyful tale
To ane that's dear to me,
And sit upon a king's window,
And sing my melody."

At St. Germains, the window of the room once tenanted by king James juts boldly over a commanding view, as

[1] *Foreigner* is the answer to this quaint question.

[2] James II. Ogilvie, the sweetest Jacobite poet of his day, was in the Scottish brigade, being one of the officers of the Dumbarton regiments broke by William III. for refusing to take the oaths to him. He fought at the Boyne for James II., and fell at the battle of the Rhine.

[3] Mary: *ae* daughter, is 'eldest daughter.'

if to invite such winged minstrels,—and strongly did it recall this exquisite old melody to the mind of the writer, when standing, in musing mood, within it. The concluding verses allude to the plots of the period, regarding which the Jacobites were high in hope: by "the crow," or "corbie," is meant William III. and his party.

"The adder lies i'th' corbie's nest,
Beneath the corbie's wame;
And the blast that reaves the corbie's nest,
Shall blaw our good king hame.[1]

Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
Oh! bring the lad that I lo'e best,
And ane I dare na name."

The queen, in full expectation that king William would return speedily from Ireland, found it requisite to apologize to him that his Kensington villa was not ready for his reception. She concludes her letter, dated July $\frac{18}{28}$, with these words: "You don't know how I please myself with the hopes of seeing you here very soon, but I must tell you that it is impossible to be at Kensington. Your closets here are also not in order, but there is no smoke in the summer, and the air much better than in another season. Pray let me have your orders; if not by yourself, then tell lord Portland, and let him write. I see I can hardly end this, but I must force myself, without saying a word more but that I am ever yours—more than ever, if that be possible—and shall be so till death."

The next letter was written by the queen from her bed, at eleven at night, at which hour she was too sleepy to write a long one, having fatigued herself by a visit to Hampton-Court, to superintend the Dutch devices disfiguring that ancient palace. The grand apartments, where the English-born sovereigns held their state, had been demolished; and had it not been for a felicitous lack of money and Portland stone, not a fragment of their noble country-palace would have been left:—

[1] James II.

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, 1690, July $\frac{12}{22}$, N. S., at eleven at night.

"You will excuse me from answering your letter I received yesterday morning, (which was writ on Sunday last,) when you know I have been this morning to Hampton-Court and back again by noon, and ever since have had one or other to speak to me, of which I will give you an account when I have more time. Now I shall only tell you that things go on there [at Hampton-Court] very slowly. Want of money and Portland stone are the hindrances, and, indeed, in a time when there are such pressing *necessitys*, I am almost ashamed to speak about it; and yet *it is* become so just a debt, that it ought to be paid,—I mean the privy seal which you passed long ago.

"I fancy the joy at St. Patrick's church was greater than can be exprest, and wish I had been with you; but though at a distance, none ever praised God so heartily for many reasons, chiefly that of your wonderful deliverance, upon which, the queen-dowager sent lady Arlington to compliment me. I am now in my bed, having bathed, and am so sleepy I can say no more, but that I am ever and entirely "Your's."

In the three succeeding days she wrote two more letters to her husband, full of hopes of seeing him quickly, mingled with fears that the French ships—which then rode victors both in the English and Irish Channels, in a manner unprecedented for centuries,—should intercept him on his return.

"All my *fears*," observes the queen,[2] "*is*[3] the French ships, which are going to St. George's Channel, and are already at Kinsale. If those should hinder you, what will become of me? I think the fright would take away my reason. But I hope the express, which goes this evening to sir Cloudesley Shovel, will come time enough to prevent any surprise. I am the most impatient creature in the world for an answer about your coming, which I do hope may be a good one, and that I shall see you, and endeavour myself to let you see, if it be possible, that my heart is more yours than my own."

The queen, in continuation, gives more laudable proofs of her sincerity in religion than can previously be discovered in her conduct.

"I have been desired," she says to her husband, "to beg you not to be too quick in parting with the confiscated estates, but consider whether you will not keep some for public schools, to instruct the poor Irish. For my part, I must needs say that I think you would do very well, if you would consider what care can be taken of the poor souls there; and, indeed, if you would give me leave, I must tell you I think the wonderful deliverance and success you have had, should oblige you to think upon doing what you can for the advancement of true religion and promoting the gospel."[4]

Alas! king William, like all mere military sovereigns, had no endowments to bestow on Christian civilization of any

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 138. [2] Ibid., p. 141.
[3] So written. [4] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 141.

kind. The property she mentions was the private inheritance of her father from the earls of Clare and Ulster. It was given by her husband to his mistress, Elizabeth Villiers. Probably it was some intimation of its infamous destination that prompted Mary to make the request that it might be appropriated to the above virtuous use; but her regal partner little thought of any atonement for the excessive miseries inflicted on wretched Ireland during his reign. Far from that, it is to be feared that he was the cause of many atrocities being perpetrated by his cruel troops: the slightest mention of one thrills the nerves with horror. When William was compelled to raise the siege of Waterford, he was asked, "In what manner he should dispose of the sick and wounded prisoners?"—"Burn them!" was his ill-tempered reply. There is too much reason to believe that this peevish expletive was literally obeyed; for one thousand of these unfortunates were destroyed in this inhuman manner, by the place in which they were penned directly afterwards bursting into flames, in which they miserably perished.[1]

Towards the end of July, it was found necessary that queen Mary should in person review the militia, which had been called out for the defence of the country, then threatened with invasion by the victorious fleets of France. This was trenching very closely on the office of her military lord and master, and she evidently deemed it proper to apologize for playing the general as well as the sovereign in his absence:—

"I go," she says in her next letter, "to Hyde-park, to see the militia drawn out there, next Monday; you may believe *I go against my will*. . . . . I still must come back to my first saying; which is, that I do hope and flatter myself that you will be come back, if it can be with safety. I'm sure if that can't be, I shall wish you may rather stay where you are, though I long never so much to see you, than that you should venture your dear person, which is a thousand times *more so* to me than my own self, and ever will be so while I breathe."

All that has been hitherto known of Mary II. has been imbibed by the public from Burnet's panegyric. But with what promptitude would the revolutionary bishop have demolished his own work, could he, like us, have read her

[1] Porter's History of Ireland. It is cited by the author of "Ireland as a Kingdom and Colony."

majesty's letter to the king, of July $\frac{1}{10}\frac{8}{8}$, and seen the contemptuous reluctance with which she acceded to his desire of having his "thundering long sermon" on the Boyne victory printed. Many passages in these letters, written with unstudied grace and simplicity, prove that Mary's tastes in composition were elegant and unaffected; consequently, Burnet's style must have been odious to her. How differently did the man himself and the world believe he was rated in her majesty's estimation! Let her speak for herself, as follows:[1] "I will say no more at present, but that the bishop of Salisbury made a *thundering long* sermon this morning, which he has been with *me to desire me to print*, which I could not refuse, *though* I should not have ordered it, for reasons which I told him . . . . . I am *extreme* impatient of *hearing* from you, which I hope in God will be before I sleep this night; if not, I think I shall not rest. But if I should meet with a disappointment of your not coming, I don't know what I shall do, for my desire of seeing you is equal to my love, which cannot end but with my life."

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{1}{2}\frac{7}{7}$, 1690.

"Every hour makes me more impatient to hear from you, and every thing I hear stir I think brings me a letter. I shall not go about to excuse myself; I know 'tis folly to a great degree to be so uneasy as I am at present, when I have no reason to apprehend any ill cause, but only might attribute your silence to your marching farther from Dublin, which makes the way longer. I have stayed, till I am almost asleep, in hopes; but they are vain, and I must once more go to bed in hopes of being waked with a letter from you, which I shall get at last, I hope."

By the conclusion of this letter may be gathered, that her majesty's councillors were much agitated with quarrelsome divisions, and that stormy discussions constantly sprang up, to her great uneasiness. In truth, the immediate danger of her father's restoration had frightened them into something like unanimity while the queen presided over them; but

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 142. A panegyrist of the queen has published some of her letters, but has carefully omitted this passage, the editor being an admirer of Burnet. No one ought to touch documents in such a spirit. Letters and diaries ought to speak honestly for themselves; then let readers draw their own deductions, if they are not satisfied with those of the biographer.

after the battle of the Boyne they deemed that danger passed, and they relapsed, in consequence, into their usual state of factious animosity. Their tempers had previously greatly annoyed her liege lord, who had prepared her for their troublesome behaviour. She had secretly imagined that he found fault from his own cynical spirit; she thus owns that he knew them better than she did:—

"I cannot resolve to write you all that has past at council this day, till which time I thought you had given me wrong characters of men; but I now see they answer my expectation of being as little of a mind as of a body.[1]

"Adieu! do but love me, and I can bear all."

As the king was still detained in Ireland, Mary's next despatch brought details more particular of the quarrels which pervaded both the cabinet and the privy council, and had for their object the appointment of commanders of the shattered and fugitive navy, then skulking dishonourably in the ports of the Thames. The queen mentions that she had had the vapours in the evening of the 27th of July, having been worried by the mad lord Lincoln that morning. The term "vapours" requires explanation, as much as any other historical antiquity of a bygone day: we believe it is synonymous with an "attack on the nerves" in the present century. But nervous complaints were classed by queen Mary's court into three separate maladies: these were vapours, megrims, and spleen. Vapours, we believe, veered in symptoms towards hysterics, megrims to nervous headache, while the spleen simply meant a pain in the temper. Pope, in his brilliant court poem, the Rape of the Lock, represents all three keeping watch round his fainting Belinda, a fair belle of the courts of queen Mary and queen Anne, Mrs. Arabella Fermor by name, from whom the lord Petre of that day had contumaciously, and against her consent, stolen a curl. Queen Mary may be excused, then, for having had one of these feminine afflictions, especially when she had been agitated by conflicting feelings that day,—plagued by the council, and beset by a madman withal, according to her own description in the following letter:—

[1] The queen means, that her councillors are no more "*one in mind, than they are one in body.*"

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, July ⅝.

"Could you but guess at my impatience for a letter, you would be able to judge of my joy at receiving yours from Timolin. At present I shall say nothing to you, but that I have, at last, seen the council in a great heat, but shall stay till I see you to tell you my mind upon it. Lord Nottingham will send you the account the commissioners have brought from sea, of the assurance of the fleet being ready Wednesday next.

"Lord Lincoln," pursues her majesty's historical narrative, "was with me this afternoon no less than an hour and a half, reforming the fleet, correcting abuses, and not shy, either, of naming persons. He talked so perfectly like a madman, as I never heard any thing more in my life: he made me the *most extravagantest* compliments in the world, but was by no means satisfied that I would do nothing he desired me. He had an expression that I have heard often within this few days; which is, 'that I have the power in my hand, and they wonder I do not make use of it;' and 'why should I stay for your return?' And 'whether I *should* [ought to] lose so much time as to write you word or no, is doubted; that is, when *they* must stay till an answer come.' I shall tell you more of this when I shall be so happy once more to see you, or when I can write you a long letter, *for I have taken the vapours*, and dare not to-night. But you know, whatever my letters are, my heart is more yours than my own."

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[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 143.