MARY II.

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

Queen Mary urged to assume sovereignty independently of her husband—Dialogues with sir Thomas Lee—Affronted by him—Dialogue with lord Devonshire—Her perplexities—Her arrangements for the king's return—Laments the unfinished state of Kensington-palace—His angry reproof—Her humble apologies—Preparations at Kensington—General style of her writing—Proceedings of the princess Anne—Queen goes to look at Campden-house—Young duke of Gloucester settled there—William III.'s letter concerning the queen—Her celebration-ball at Whitehall deferred—The queen disappointed of her husband's return—Continuation of her letters—Her difficulties increase—Her troubles with naval matters—Listens to Dutch cabals—Joy at the king's approval—Announces that Kensington-palace is ready—Intercedes for Hamilton—Her interviews with informers—Detects a plot—Urges the king's return—State of England under her sway—Her aversion to Whitehall—Receives Zulestein—Communes with Jacobite traitors—Sends their secret confessions to William III.—Mentions Nevill Payne—Her fondness for Holland—Sends cannon and money to her husband—Mentions its loss—Her dialogue with Russell—Her tender expressions to the king—Gossip about his relatives—Her anguish of mind—Dread of the king's campaign in Flanders—Receives an amber cabinet—Hears news of the king's landing—Enmity to Catharine of Braganza—Meets king William—Their residence at Kensington—King's jealousy of his wife's government—Traits of costume.

Whether for the purpose of breaking the unanimity of purpose between the king and queen, or really from motives of personal preference to herself as the native-born monarch, it is certain that a strong party existed, eager to urge her majesty to acts of independent sovereignty. It is no slight amplification of her conjugal virtue to find her strenuously resisting every temptation to her own separate aggrandizement. A long historical despatch from the queen to her absent partner opens, according to custom, like a love-letter, as follows:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. 1, N.S. (July 21, O.S.) 1690.[1]

"Last night I received your letter with so much joy, that it was seen by my face, by those who knew the secret of it, that you were coming. I will not take more of your time with endeavouring to tell you what is impossible to be expressed; but you know how much I love you, and therefore you will not doubt of my delight to think I shall soon see you. I will not, at this time, tell you any thing that can be writ by others."

The gist of the political part of the epistle is the detail of the feuds in the two councils, founded on the facts that the king and queen wished Mr. Russell to take the command of the fleet. Subsequent events proved they were perfectly right; but Russell would not take the responsibility after the disastrous defeats which had succeeded each other since the Revolution. He chose to have two partners, one a nobleman,—his friend lord Shrewsbury, the ex-minister; the other, a seaman. The queen did not object to the appointment of Shrewsbury, but she always named him with mysterious prudery. Both herself and the king insisted on the third admiral being sir Richard Haddick; but Russell remained obstinate, for he hated Haddick. The lords of the admiralty, too, thought fit to place themselves in strong opposition to the queen, and in her next letter are represented as positively disobedient and contumacious to her authority,—ostensibly out of hatred to sir Richard Haddick, between whom and sir Thomas Lee (a leading man in the admiralty) there was a violent enmity. The queen concluded her letter with these words:—

"'Tis impossible for Kensington to be ready for your coming, though I will do my best that you shall not stay long for it when you are come: I will make my apology for the matter when I see you. I shall now only tell you I am in great pain to know if I have done well in this business, or no. Pardon all my faults, and believe that I commit none willingly; and that I love you more than my life."

Two days afterwards, the queen describes, with some animation, a dialogue between herself and sir Thomas Lee.[2]

"So the commissioners of the admiralty were sent for, and lord president Carmarthen told them what the resolution was.[3] Sir Thomas grew as pale as

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[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 146.

[2] That admirals Russell and Haddick should command the fleet, in conjunction with some great noble.

[3] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 148.

death, and told me 'that the custom was, that they [the lords of the admiralty] used to recommend, and that they were to answer for the persons, since they were to give them the commissions, and did not know but what they might be called to account in parliament.' Lord president answered and argued with them. At last, sir Thomas Lee came to say plainly, 'Haddick was the man they did not like.' He added, afterwards, 'I might give a commission if I liked, but they would not.' When I saw he *talkt* long, and insisted upon their privilege, I said, 'I perceived, then, that the king had given away his own power, and could not make an admiral which the admiralty did not like.' Sir Thomas Lee answered, 'No; no more he can't.' I was ready to say, 'Then the king should give the commission to such as would not dispute with him;' but I did not, though I must confess I was heartily angry. It may be, I am in the wrong; but, as yet, I cannot think so. Lord president, after more discourse, desired them to retire."

The blunt answer of sir Thomas Lee could not be digested by the queen, who soon found that he was set on by her friend Russell, whose hatred to sir Richard Haddick was equal to that of sir Thomas Lee. The next step taken by the lords of the admiralty was a downright refusal to sign the commission. Carmarthen, the lord president, brought this intelligence to the queen. He was, or pretended to be, in a very great rage. The observations her majesty made[1] on his angry demeanour, display good sense and command of temper:—

"I *askt* lord president what answer was to be sent? He was very angry, and *talkt* at a great rate; but I stopped him, and told him '*I* was angry enough, and desired he would not be *too* much so, for I did not believe it a proper time.' Lord president answered, 'The best answer he could give from me was, that they, the lords of the admiralty, would do well to consider of it.' I desired he would add, 'that I could not change my mind, if it were proper to say so much.' He said, 'It was rather too little.'

"I saw Mr. Russell this morning, and I found him very much out of humour. *He excused sir Thomas Lee*, and would not believe he had said such a thing as I told you. I said, 'Indeed that he had angered me very much;' but he [Russell] endeavoured to talk it over. He said, 'that Haddick was not acceptable to them, because they believed lord Nottingham had recommended him, and they did not like that.' I saw Russell shifted off signing the commission, and, indeed, I never saw him out of humour before. There was company by, so I had not a fair opportunity of saying more to him; only he prest naming lord Shrewsbury for a third, [as joint admiral of the fleet,] as the best means to allay all these things. But as I had not time or convenience to say more to him then, I was fain to leave off at a place I would have said more upon. This I had the opportunity of doing this morning to lord Marlborough, who came to me about the same thing. I told him why I should be unwilling to name Shrewsbury myself, 'for I thought it would not be proper for me, by any means, to name a person who had quitted [*i. e.*, resigned office] just upon your going away, though

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 148.

I was persuaded you would trust him, and had a good opinion of him; yet for *me* to take upon me alone, (for we concluded none would be for it but those only who are trusted with the secret,[1] I mean lord Marl and Mr. Russell, and lord cham,) for me, I say, now so to name him [Shrewsbury] without being assured from yourself of your approbation, I thought not proper."

The queen's pique that Shrewsbury should have resigned office just at the time when he had an opportunity of assisting her in reigning, is, perhaps, apparent here. The rest of her detail of passing events is full of interesting individual particulars of her thoughts and feelings at this trying epoch:—

"I pray God to send you here quickly, for besides the desire I have to see you for my own sake, (which is not now to be named,) I see all breaking out into flames. Lord steward [Devonshire] was with me this afternoon from sir Thomas Lee, to excuse himself to me. He said, 'The reason was, because he saw this [the appointment of Haddick] was a business between two or three—a concerted thing, and that *made him;* he could not consent.' I told him [Devonshire] 'he himself could have assured sir Thomas Lee it was your own orders, in your letter from you to me.' At which he shaked his head. I *askt,* 'If he or sir Thomas Lee did not believe me?' He said, 'sir Thomas Lee thought that Haddick was imposed on the king.' I said, 'I did not believe *that* was so easy.' 'I mean,' said lord [Devonshire], 'recommended by persons they don't much like.'—'Indeed, my lord, if they only dislike sir Richard Haddick because he is recommended by such as they don't approve, it will only confirm me in the belief that he is a fit man, since they make no other objection against him. I confess,' said I, 'my lord, I was very angry at what sir Thomas Lee said yesterday; but this is to make me more so, since I see 'tis not reason, but passion makes sir T. Lee speak thus.' Upon which, *we* [the queen and lord Devonshire] fell into discourse of the divisions, [quarrels in council,] which we both lamented, and I think we were both angry, though not with one another. He complained 'that people were too much *believed that ought not* to be so, and we could not agree.' I should never have done, should I *say* [repeat] all I hear on such matters; but what I have said, I think absolutely necessary for you to know. If I have been too angry, I am sorry for it. I don't believe I am easily provoked, but I think I had reason. If I may say so, I do not think people should be humoured to this degree. Mr. Russell again desired the duke of Grafton should not be in, [*i. e.* in command of the fleet,] and lord Nottingham, who was one of those who mentioned him before, desired me to let you know he is concerned at having mentioned him, having since been informed how unfit he is."

On account of his rude and brutal manners, which exasperated every one with whom he came in contact, the queen, who had wished this illegitimate cousin of hers to be employed that he might "become good for something," now

[1] What the secret was, is not very clear. In all probability, it was that king William was exceedingly desirous for Shrewsbury again to take office, let that office be whatsoever he chose. It seems very odd that a courtier of rank, not bred to the naval profession, should be solicited to command a fleet, but such were the customs of that day.

shrank from the responsibility of her recommendation. She continues thus:—

"One thing more I must desire to know positively, which is, about Kensington, whether you will go there though my chamber is not ready. Your own apartment, lord Portland's, Mr. Overkirk's, and lady *Darby's* are done; but mine impossible to be used, and nobody else's lodgings ready. The air there is now free from smoke, but your closet as yet smells of paint, for which I *will ask pardon* when I see you. This is the true state of your two houses, but if you will go *lye* only at Kensington, for I suppose your business will keep you here [*i. e.* at Whitehall] all day, pray let me know. You may be sure I shall be very willing to suffer any inconvenience for the sake of your dear company, and I wish I could suffer it all; for I deserve it, being something in fault, though I have excuses which are not lies. . . . . . I hope," concludes the queen, "this long letter may meet you so near, that you may bring your own answer. If not, if you love me, either write me a particular answer yourself, or let lord Portland do it for you. You see the necessity of it for the public; do a little also for my private satisfaction, who love you much more than my own life."

The succeeding letter is wholly devoted to the personal and private arrangements of the royal pair:—

"Queen Mary to King William.[1]

"Whitehall, Aug. 5, n.s. (July 24, o.s.) 1690.

"Last night I received yours from Benit-bridge, by which I find you designed to summon Waterford again last Monday. I beseech God give you good success, and send you safe and quickly home. There was an order taken yesterday in council for the pro*rogue*ing the parliament for three weeks. I have been this evening at Kensington, for though I did believe you would not be willing to stay at Whitehall, yet what you write me word makes me in a million of fears, especially since I must needs confess my fault, that I have not been pressing enough till it was too late."

King William had certainly written a sharp reproof to his loving spouse, on the subject of Kensington-palace not being ready for his reception. How humbly she asked pardon for his closet at Kensington smelling of paint, has been shown in the preceding letter. It was rather unreasonable of the king, who only left her in the middle of June, to expect that, with an exhausted treasury, his queen could prepare his palace for his reception in the first days of August; therefore her apology and extreme humiliation for the non-performance of impossibilities,—especially in asking pardon for smells for which the house-painter and his painting-pots were alone accountable,—seem somewhat slavish. The rest of her letter is couched in the same prostration of spirit:—

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 150.

"The outside of the house [at Kensington] is the *fiddling* work, which takes up more time than one can imagine; and while the *schafolds* are up, the windows must be boarded up. But as soon as that is done, your own apartments may be furnished; and though mine cannot possibly be ready yet awhile, I have found out a way, if you please, which is, that I may make use of lord Portland's, and he *ly* in some other rooms; we [*i. e.*, she and the king] may *ly* in your chamber, and I go *throw* the *councill*-room down, or *els* dress me there. And as I suppose your business will bring you often to town, so I must take such time to see company here; and that part of the family which can't *come* there, must stay here, for 'tis no matter what inconvenien*cys* any *els* suffers for your dear sake. I think this way the only one yourself will have, will be my lying in your chamber, which you know I can make as easy to you as may be. Our being there [at Kensington] will certainly forward the work. I hope this letter will not come to your hands, but that you will be on your way hither before this. My greatest fear is for your closets here; but if you consider how much sooner you come back than any one durst have hoped, you will forgive me, and I can't but be *extreme* glad to be so deceived. God in his mercy send us a happy meeting, and a quick one, for which I am more impatient than I can possibly express."

Although extremely interesting as a transcript of queen Mary's private feelings, and affording an amusing view of her domestic arrangements and expedients, the foregoing narrative presents us with the most faulty specimen of her orthography and phraseology which has been as yet discovered. Those of our readers who are familiar with the literature of the seventeenth century, will consider Mary's letters in general as wonderful productions, not only on account of the good sense and graphic power of expressing what she has to say, whether in dialogue or narrative, but as presenting occasionally favourable specimens of the familiar English of her era. It may be observed, that her majesty was in advance of Steele and Addison, and of the dramatists of her day, who wrote *you was,* instead of *you were.* She generally uses her subjunctives correctly, and her sentences, however hurriedly written, have a logical connexion in their divisions.

Throughout this mass of voluminous correspondence, not a word occurs regarding the princess Anne, nor does the queen ever allude to her nephew and heir-presumptive, the infant duke of Gloucester, then twelve months old. The hatred that was brooding in the minds of queen Mary and her sister had not yet burst into open flame: they still observed the decencies of dislike, had ceremonious meetings

and formal leave-takings, when courtly etiquette required them. The princess having discovered that Craven-house was too small for her son's nursery, the queen condescended to accompany her to look at Campden-house,[1] situated (as the remains of it are at present) behind Kensington-palace. The princess considered that its vicinity would be convenient for the queen to see her godson and nephew at pleasure, when her majesty took up her abode at the new-built palace; she therefore hired Campden-house for her nursery, at an enormous rental, of Mr. Bertie, the guardian of young Noel, to whom the house belonged. Here the infant duke of Gloucester was established,[2] and his improved health manifested the salubrity of the site the queen and his mother had chosen.

The queen continued to devote a large portion of her time to epistolary communication with her absent husband. His replies have been vainly sought, yet, from the remaining specimens of his letters, their absence is perhaps no great historical loss, as it is doubtful whether his majesty ever wrote a narrative letter in his life. His enormous handwriting spreads far and wide over his paper, as if to prevent the introduction of much matter; and this habit was acquired as an adult, for his hand, in his boyish letters to his uncle Charles, in the State-Paper office, is not quite so large as children's writing in general. Few of his notes consist of more than two or three prettily turned French sentences, from which it is scarcely possible to extract any individual information; in consequence, it may be observed that her majesty was often in great perplexity to know his wishes and intentions. The following letter from the king, written throughout by his own hand, to the earl of Devonshire, then one of the council of nine, belongs to this period. The original is in French: it contains more matter than any other extant from William's pen, excepting the wrathful

[1] The front built by sir Baptist Hicks, in 1612, was demolished in the commencement of the present century. The old gateway, surmounted by the supporters of the Noel family, has been demolished since 1848.

[2] Memoirs of the young Duke of Gloucester, by Lewis Jenkins.

one relating to Dr. Covell's transgressions.[1] The present document, hitherto inedited, is in answer to "a compliment" on the king's wound, previously sent to Ireland by the lord steward of the household, the earl of Devonshire:—

"WILLIAM III. TO THE EARL OF DEVONSHIRE.[2]

"At the Camp of Welles, this July 17.

"I am very much obliged by the part that you take in what concerns my person, and the advantage[3] that I have gained over my enemies.[4] The misfortune that has befallen my fleet[5] has sensibly touched me, but I hope that it will soon be in a state to put to sea. It will be necessary to chastise severely those who have not done their duty.[6]

"If it had been possible, without abandoning all here, I should have set out as soon as yesterday morning, when I received your despatches; but, without losing all the advantages I have gained, I cannot leave the army for five or six days. Of this I have written to the queen and to the lords of the committee, to whom I refer you, and hope very soon to have the satisfaction of seeing you, and of assuring you of my constant friendship and esteem, on which you may entirely rely.

"WILLIAM, R."

The absence of nomenclature is a curious feature in this epistle of the royal diplomatist. No one is named in it but the queen, although he refers to several persons; no place is mentioned, yet he alludes to the battle of the Boyne, the defeat at La Hogue, and the court-martial pending at Sheerness on lord Torrington.

From the contents of the royal missive from the seat of war, lord Devonshire concluded that queen Mary would be forced to postpone a grand ball for which the palace was in preparation. Her majesty meant, by this festival, to celebrate the king's victory of the Boyne, and his return to England. The idea of a ball given by queen Mary in exultation over her father's losses at "the fatal Boyne-water," again exasperated that powerful satirist under whose scourge she had previously writhed. The following historical poem was disseminated in the usual manner, being transcribed

[1] Previously quoted.

[2] Holograph letter from William III. to the first duke of Devonshire, (then earl,) lord steward of the household. From the family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

[3] Battle of the Boyne.

[4] King James II. and the French.

[5] Loss of the battle off Beachy Head.

[6] Court-martial on lord Torrington.

in numerous manuscripts, and scattered in the Mall (Pall-mall) and the Birdcage-walk:—

> "The youthful Tullia on her pillow lay
> At dead of night, after a midnight ball,
> In her own father's palace of Whitehall;
> When straight the scene upon a sudden turns,
> Her blood grows chill, the taper dimly burns;
> A trembling seizes all her limbs with awe,
> As her dead mother[1] did the curtain draw,
> And thus begin:—
> 'Can quiet slumber ever close thine eyes?
> Or is thy conscience sunk too low to rise?
> From this same place was not thy aged sire
> Compelled by midnight ruffians to retire?
> Had he been murdered, there'd been mercy shown;
> 'Tis less to kill a king than to dethrone.
> Where are the crimes of which he was accused?
> How is the nation gulled, and he abused!'
> Night's watchful sentinel here blew his horn,
> 'I must be gone!' her mother said; 'Farewell!
> What you have seen and heard, your sister[2] tell.'
> Thus having spoke, the vision disappears,
> Leaving the trembling Mary drowned in tears."[3]

For purposes either of her royal pleasure or policy, the queen had been indefatigable in giving balls at Whitehall during the king's absence. The earl of Devonshire, her high-steward, notwithstanding his known taste for these diversions, required a respite. Other troubles annoyed the lord steward,—the ladies of the queen's court danced awkwardly, and there were more ladies than gentlemen. Some of the young nobles were fighting in Ireland against the queen's father, some were fighting for him; others were exiled for maintaining his cause, and not a few of the best beaux were incarcerated by the queen's warrants in the Tower. However, her majesty had expressed her particular wish that the daughter-in-law of the earl of Devonshire might be present at her grand celebration-ball. The royal pleasure was thus notified to that lady by her mother-in-law, lady Devonshire:[4]—

[1] Anne Hyde. [2] Princess Anne of Denmark.

[3] Contemporary MSS. in possession of lady Strange, date 1690; evidently written before the burning of Whitehall, or the queen's rupture with the princess Anne.

[4] The hand is very large and masculine, but as the letter is signed E. Devonshire, and *her lord* is mentioned, it must be written by the countess.

"THE COUNTESS OF DEVONSHIRE TO LADY CAVENDISH,[1] (DAUGHTER TO RACHEL LADY RUSSELL).

(Saturday.)

"I am very glad to hear by Mr. Woolman, not only of your good health, but that I shall see you sooner than you seemed to intend I should. You may still be in time, as the queen desires, for the ball, for nobody can tell when it will be, the king's coming not being so soon as was expected. I hope there will be a respite, too, in the dancings at Whitehall, till it be for the great ball; yet there *is* more ladies than men, and worse dancers than them they have found can hardly be met with. Mrs. Moone danced rather worse than better than she did last year. My lord is come from Newmarket. My head aches, so I leave Betty,[2] dear daughter, to end my letter with what news she knows."

[*Betty's conclusion.*]

"I hope you will pardon my not answering yours at this present, but you may believe that I am very full of business when I fail it. We have danced very often at Whitehall, where you are wanting extremely, there being not above one or two tolerable dancers; and as for myself, I am worse at it than last year. We are just going to supper. I believe this would hardly pass with you for a letter if I should say more, so I will only desire you to give my humble service to my lady Ross. I am very sorry to hear by Mr. Belman that she does not come with you to town."

Endorsed—"To the Lady Hartington, at Woburn Abbey, in Bedfordshire."

The husband of "lady Ross" here mentioned, is the same lord Ross who, it will be remembered, was then the object of queen Mary's particular displeasure. Her majesty, in a letter quoted a few pages back, we have seen express her lively displeasure that the powerful families of Devonshire and Bolton had successfully prevented her from incarcerating lord Ross in the Tower, on her mere privy-council warrant.

The queen's hopes of the return of her husband, which had been lively at the beginning of July, were now deferred from week to week. Success had turned in Ireland against the Protestant party. The defence of Limerick by the Jacobite general, Sarsfield, rivalled in desperation that of Londonderry, in the preceding year, by the Calvinist minister, Walker. An equal number of William's highly-disciplined soldiers fell in the siege, as king James had lost of the half-armed Irish militia at the passage of the Boyne. The Protestants of Ireland had been discouraged by the speech that broke from the ungrateful lips of the Orange

[1] Family Papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

[2] Probably lady Elizabeth Cavendish, youngest daughter to the earl and countess of Devonshire.

king. When one of them told him, in a tone of lamentation, "that parson Walker was among the slain in the *mêlée* at the Boyne,"—"Why did the fool go there?" was the best tribute king William gave to the memory of the valiant partisan to whom he owed Ireland. The reverend gentleman had given his aid at the Boyne, in the expectation of gaining further renown in regular warfare, and the regimental king scorned all glory that had not been at drill. William remained unwillingly in Ireland, witnessing the waste of his army in the fatal trenches of Limerick. His passage home was by no means an easy matter, for the victorious French fleets not only rode triumphantly in the English Channel, but in that of St. George, rendering dangerous the communication between England and Ireland.

The queen's letters continued to describe the difficulties which beset her at the helm of government. Her next epistle details the feuds and factions regarding the command of the fleet:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, Aug. 9, N.S. (July 30, O.S.) 1690.

"You will not wonder that I did not write last night, when you know that at noon I received yours by Mr. Butler, whose face I shall love to see ever hereafter, since he has come twice with such good news. That he brought yesterday was so welcome to me, that I won't go about expressing it, since 'tis impossible. But (for my misfortune) I have now another reason to be glad of your coming, and a very strong one, (if compared to any thing but the kindness I have for your dear self,) and that is the divisions, which, to my thinking, increase here daily, or at least appear more and more to me. The business of the commission is again put off by Mr. Russell."

Points of precedence had to be settled between the admirals Killigrew and sir John Ashby, before sir R. Haddick could accept the promotion the queen designed him. Her majesty, in discussing the affair with Russell, again mentioned her displeasure against sir Thomas Lee:—

"Russell went to excuse him, [Lee,]" she continues. "I said, 'that I must own to him, that were I in your place, I would not have borne his [sir Thomas Lee's] answer; but when he had in a manner refused to sign the commission, I should have put it into such hands as would have done it.' Mr. Russell said, 'He hoped I would not think of doing it now.' I told him, 'No, he might be sure, in your absence, I would not think of any thing of that nature, especially

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 151.

not without your orders for it.' At my coming from council I was told of Mr. Butler's being come.[1] He soon brought me your letters, and though I was in hourly expectation, yet being sure you were coming did really transport me so, that I have hardly recovered it yet, and there's such a joy everywhere, that 'tis not to be exprest.

"I went last night to Kensington, and will go again by and by. They promise me all shall be ready by Tuesday next, and this is Wednesday. That is the night, [the ensuing Tuesday,] by Mr. Butler's reckoning, that with a fair wind you may be here,[2] though I think, by your dear letter, it is possible you may come a day sooner. At most, if you lye here [*i. e.* at Whitehall] two nights, the third you may certainly, if it please God, be at Kensington. I will do my endeavour that it may be sooner; but one night, I reckon, you will be content to lie here. I writ you word in my last, how I thought you might shift at Kensington without my chamber; but I have thought since to set up a bed (which is already ordered) in the council-chamber, and that I can dress me in lord Portland's, and use his closet: M. Neinburg is gone to get other rooms for him. Thus I think we may shift for a fortnight, in which time I hope my own [chamber] will be ready: they promise it sooner.

"This letter will, I hope, meet you at Chester. It shall stay for you there, so that if there be any thing else you would have done, do but let me know it by one word, and you shall find it so; if it be in my power. I have one thing to beg; which is, that if it be possible I may come and meet you on the road, either where you desire or anywhere else, for I do so long to see you, that *I am sure, had you as much mind to see your poor wife again, you would propose it.* But do as you please; I will say no more, but that I love you so much it cannot increase, else I am sure it would."

There is a little tender reproach implied in the concluding sentence. Perhaps Mary thought of Elizabeth Villiers, and wished to prevent her from holding a first conference with her husband; however, neither the queen nor her rival were to meet William so soon as was expected. His next despatch declared that his return was delayed, on which intelligence her majesty thus expresses herself, in a letter[3] dated

"Whitehall, Aug. 2/12, 1690.

"Unless I could express the joy I had at the thoughts of your coming, it will be vain to undertake telling you of the disappointment 'tis to me you do not come so soon. I begin to be in great pain lest you should be in the storm *a*-Thursday night, which I am told was great, though its being *a t'other* side of the house, hindered my hearing it, but was soon delivered by your letter of the 29th from Ch.[4] I confess I deserve such a stop [*i. e.* the delay of the king's return] to my joy, since, may be, it was too great, and I not thankful enough to God, and we are here apt to be too vain upon so quick a success. But I have mortification

[1] This was the messenger with king William's letters.

[2] The king delayed his return till a month afterwards.

[3] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 153.

[4] Chapelford, where William's head-quarters were at that instant, is probably the place indicated by this contraction. The queen usually contracts proper names; thus lord Nottingham is always lord Nott; Pembroke, lord Pem; Marlborough, Marl; Feversham, Fev; lord chamberlain, cham, &c.

enough to think that your dear person may be again exposed at the passage of the Shannon, as it was at that of the Boyne; this is what goes to my heart. But yet I see the reasons for it so good, that I will not murmur, for certainly the glory would be greater to terminate the war this summer, and the people here are much better pleased than if they must furnish next year for the same thing again. Upon these considerations I ought to be satisfied, and I will endeavour, as much as may be, to submit to the will of God and your judgment; *but you must forgive a poor wife, who loves you so dearly, if I can't do it with dry eyes.* Since it has pleased God so wonderfully to preserve you all your life, and so miraculously now, I need not doubt but he will still preserve you. Yet let me beg of you not to expose yourself unnecessarily; that will be too much tempting that Providence, which I hope will still watch over you.

"Mr. Russell is gone down to the fleet last Thursday, to hasten, as much as may be, all things there, and will be back *a-Monday*, when there is a great council appointed. I don't doubt but this commission will find many obstacles, and this [naming Killigrew] among such as don't like him will be called in question, as well as the other two, [*i. e.* Ashby and Haddick,] and I shall hear again 'tis a thing agreed among two or three.

"I will not write now, *no* more *than* I *used to do what others can;*[1] and, indeed, I am fit for nothing this day. My heart is so opprest, I don't know what to do. I have been at Kensington for some hours' quiet, to-morrow being the first Sunday of the month, and have made use of lord Portland's closet as I told you in my last I would. The house [Kensington-palace] would have been ready by Tuesday night, and I hope will be in better order now,—at least, it shall not be my fault if it is not. I shall be very impatient to hear again from you, till when, I shall be in perpetual pain and trouble, which I think you can't wonder at, knowing that you are dearer to me than my life."

The cabals in the two councils, relative to the command of the beaten and disgraced fleet of England, continued to harass the queen. The fine navy her father had formed for his destroyers was at the command of Mary,—at least, all that remained of it from the two disastrous defeats that had followed her accession. But the harpies of corruption had rushed in; the vigilant eye, which watched over the proper appointment of stores and necessaries, was distant. The elective sovereigns durst not complain of the peculations, which had become systematic; the English fleet was degraded, not for want of brave hearts and hands, and fine ships, but because all the civilians concerned in finding stores, ammunition, provision, and pay, pilfered daringly. The consequence was, that none of James's former sea-captains could be induced to take a command which must,

[1] So written by the queen. In her hurry and trouble of mind, she has failed to express her meaning clearly, which is, "I will not now write to you any thing which can be written by others, for, indeed, I am fit for nothing to-day," &c. &c.

perforce, end in disgrace, when the British navy came in collision with the well-appointed ships which Louis XIV. had been raising for the last twenty years.

Queen Mary was fully justified by her husband in the displeasure she had expressed at the insolence of sir Thomas Lee. She expresses her satisfaction at finding that the king viewed the affront in the same light as herself, in the following manner:—

"Queen Mary to King William.

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

"Last night I received yours of the 3rd of July, and with great satisfaction that it was plain; you approving of my anger is a great ease to me, and I hope may make things go on the better, if it be possible, though great pains are taken to hinder the persons named from serving at all,[1] or from agreeing, but I hope to little purpose."

In order to deprive sir Richard Haddick of the royal favour, a Dutchman of the queen's household was employed to tell her sir Richard railed furiously at every thing Dutch. The queen had him called to account for it; and afterwards wrote to the king, that she considered he had cleared himself. She mentioned, that lord Torrington had very earnestly demanded his trial, but doubted whether his acquittal would not greatly incense the Dutch at that time.[2] A scheme she alludes to for the delay of his trial, comes the nearest to unrighteous diplomacy of any portion of these letters; for if the Englishman deserved his acquittal, he had a right to it, whether the Dutch approved of it or not.

"I should not write you this thought of mine, if I did not find several [of the council] of my mind, which makes me apt to believe I am not quite in the wrong,—but *that* you know better; and you may believe I shall do as much as lies in my power to follow your directions in that, and all things whatever, and

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[1] The four were Russell, Haddick, Killigrew, and Ashby; all excepting Haddick, were extremely unwilling to take the command the queen offered them, and thus to risk the fate of lord Torrington. The historical result of all the queen's anxious deliberations was, that Torrington was sent to the Tower on the 9th of August, and Haddick, Killigrew, and Ashby appointed joint admirals of the fleet. Russell positively refused serving with Haddick, having an intrigue on foot to advance Marlborough's brother, captain Churchill, over the heads of the veterans, as will be shown in the queen's succeeding letters.

[2] The Dutch navy was most severely handled by the French. The Dutch accused Torrington of remaining passive, and seeing with pleasure the French contest the day with them; but the bad state of the English fleet is most evident by Carmarthen's letter to king William, already quoted.

am never so easy as when I have them. Judge, then, what a joy it was for me to have your approbation of my behaviour; the kind way you express it in, is the only comfort I can possibly have in your absence. What other people say, I ever suspect; but when *you* tell me I have done well, I could be almost vain upon it."

It was this intimate union of purpose and of interest between these two sovereigns, and the entire confidence in each other, that produced their great worldly prosperity. The same result is usually the case where unanimity prevails between a married pair, in whatever rank of life their lot may be cast, for never was a prophecy, or proverb, more divinely true, than that pronounced by the Saviour: "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

"I am sure," continues the queen's narrative of events, "I have all the reason in the world to praise God, who has sustained me in things so difficult to flesh and blood, and has given me more courage than I could have hoped for. I am sure 'tis so great a mercy, I can never forget it. We have received many; God send us grace to value them as we ought! But nothing touches people's hearts here enough to make them agree; that would be too much happiness. Lord Nottingham will give you an account of all things, and of some letters, which by great luck are fallen into our hands. I have been at Kensington this evening, and made it now so late, that I am very sleepy, and so can't say much more. I shall only assure you, that I shall take all the pains I can. Kensington is ready. Had you come this night, as I did flatter myself you would have done, you could have lain there, that is to say, in the council-chamber; and there I fear you must lie when you do come, which God grant may be soon. I must needs tell you on the subject, that when it was first known you intended to come back, 'twas then said, 'What! leave Ireland unconquered,—the work unfinished?' Now, upon your not coming, 'tis wondered whose council this is, and why leave us thus to ourselves in our danger? Thus people are never satisfied. But I must not begin upon the subject, which would take up volumes, and, as much as I was prepared, surprises me to a degree that is beyond expression. I have so many *several* [different] things to say to you, if I live to see you, that I fear you will never have patience to hear half; but you will not wonder if I am surprised at things which, though you are used to, are quite new to me.

"I am very impatient to hear if you are over the Shannon: that passage frights me. You must excuse me telling my fears: I love you too much to hide them, and that makes all dangers seem greater, it may be, than they are. I pray God, in his mercy, keep you, and send us a happy meeting here on earth first, before we meet in heaven. If I could take more pains to deserve your kindness, that which you write would make me do it; but that has been ever so much my desire, that I can't do more for you, nor love you better."

Similar expressions of tenderness pervade her letter, dated August $\frac{17}{7}$, intermixed with state information and council disputes relative to calling a new parliament, and of the bankrupt state of the treasury, of which "sad stories are

told," the queen says, "by Mr. Hampden,[1] which I fear will prove true."

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. 10/8, 1690.

"I have had no letter from you since that of the 31st, from Chapelford: what I suffer by it you cannot imagine. I don't say this by way of complaint, for I really believe you write as often as 'tis convenient or necessary; but yet I cannot help being extremely desirous of hearing again from you. This passage of the river Shannon runs much in my mind, and gives me no quiet, night nor day. I have a million of fears, which are caused by what you can't be angry at, and if I were less sensible I should hate myself, though I wish I were not so *fear full*; and yet one can hardly go without t'other,—but 'tis not reasonable I should torment you with any of this.

"Lord steward [Devonshire] desires me to let you know he has had a letter from monsieur et madame de *Grammon*, about her brother, Mr. Ham[ilton]. They earnestly desire he may be exchanged for lord Mountjoy."

The celebrated family group thus named by queen Mary, were all individuals intimately known to her in her youth. Madame de *Grammon* was the beautiful Miss Hamilton, who married the count de Grammont. He resided some time at the court of Charles II., which (if possible) he made worse than he found it. Mr. Hamilton,[2] mentioned by the queen, was the brother of the lady; he is better known as the witty count Anthony Hamilton, the author whose pen embodied the scandalous reminiscences of his brother-in-law, under the title of Mémoires de Grammont. Count Anthony Hamilton was now a prisoner from the battle of the Boyne. He had greatly incensed king William, by undertaking to induce lord-lieutenant Tyrconnel to yield up Ireland to him; and when he had obtained all the confidence with which the whigs could trust him, he posted over to Ireland, and did all in his power, by pen, interest, or

[1] This gentleman was as much concerned in the revolution of 1688, as his more celebrated ancestor had been in that of 1640, who declared death to be peculiarly welcome when it came on the battle-field at Chalgrove; but it came not speedily enough to his descendant, whose own desperate hand committed suicide. His name, as a bribed tool of France, at the time of the agitation of 'the popish plot,' is disgustingly apparent on Barillon's black list of payments made.—See Dalrymple's copy of the documents, Appendix, part i. p. 316. The whole of Barillon's despatches should be read; likewise p. 286. The originals are under the care of M. Dumont, a learned contemporary, at *Les Affaires Etrangères*, at Paris.

[2] The queen has throughout written his name, according to her usual abbreviations, *Ham*; but his description as the countess de Grammont's *brother*, clearly identifies him.

sword, in the cause of his master, king James. A man of delicate honour could not, would not, have accepted the confidence of William, or acted thus; but a few falsehoods more or less broke no squares with the author of the scandalous chronicle aforesaid. Yet it is strange to find count Anthony Hamilton risking at once his life and his honour in the service of James II., whom he had libelled so viciously, and after his ruin too!

When Hamilton was brought into the presence of William, a prisoner at the Boyne, he was questioned as to the forces still maintaining the contest. His answer was doubted, when he maintained it by the asseveration, "On my honour!" At this, William turned contemptuously away, muttering, "Honour! on *your* honour!" History leaves the literary soldier in this very bad predicament. No one has ever noticed that queen Mary interested herself so deeply for him, and she continued her letter, excusing herself, however, for interfering in the behalf of a man so thoroughly on her husband's black list, by her sympathy for the sufferings of lord Mountjoy's family. Lord Mountjoy was then a prisoner in the Bastille, and Louis XIV. offered to exchange him for Hamilton.[1]

"I told lord Devonshire that I knew nothing of Ham[ilton]'s faults, which I see he is very apprehensive the parliament will take into consideration, if *he* [Hamilton] be not out of their power. But that upon *his* [lord Devonshire's] earnest desire I would let you know it, I would have had him [Devonshire] write it you himself; but he begs me to do it.

"As for lord Mountjoy, I hope you will consider if any thing can be done for him. I can never forget that I promised his son's wife to speak to you, and she really died of grief, which makes me pity her case. His family is in a miserable way, and I am daily solicited by his eldest daughter about him. If you would let lord Portland give me some answer to this, I should be very glad, for I can't wonder at people's desiring an answer, though I am tormented myself."

The queen's humane appeal in behalf of lord Mountjoy's unfortunate children was successful, inasmuch as there appears in king William's Secret-service book a notation of a pittance allowed to them, small indeed in comparison with

[1] Mountjoy, who was considered the head of the Protestants in Ireland, went to France to demonstrate to James II. how impossible it was for Ireland to resist William and Mary. He had been seized and sent to the Bastille by Louis XIV., as a punishment for undertaking this mission; therefore queen Mary had every right to interest herself in his behalf.

that weekly paid to the perjurer Titus Oates.[1] There is little doubt but that the united interest of the queen and the earl of Devonshire, to say nothing of that of the fair Grammont, obtained the release of Hamilton, for he soon after re-appeared at the court of St. Germains. "I have staid," continues the queen, "till I am ready to go to bed, and can now put off the sealing of my letter no longer. I pray God to give me patience and submission. I want the first exceedingly; but I hope all is well, especially your dear self, *who* I love much better than life."

The queen was about the same time deeply occupied in receiving the confessions of the lords Annandale, Breadalbane, and Ross. These men were not originally the friends of her father, but his enemies, who, with sir James Montgomery, had headed the deputation sent to offer her and her husband the crown of Scotland, and to receive their oaths. They deemed they had not been rewarded commensurately with their merits, and therefore joined the widely ramified plot against the government, which the death of the great Dundee had disorganized in the preceding year. According to what might be expected from the treachery of their characters, there was a race between these persons as to who should first betray the devoted Jacobites who had unfortunately trusted them. The titled informers made a bargain, that they were not to be brought in personal evidence against their victims. Breadalbane, *incognito*, waylaid the king at Chester, to tell his tale.[2] Annandale came in disguise to the queen for the same purpose, and, it is said, had an interview with her on the evening of her birthday.[3] Ross (regarding whose imprisonment the queen has described a contest between herself and the privy council) now offered

[1] The same summer, there is an entry to the following effect:—

"Lady Mountjoy's children upon our allowance of 3*l.*
per week to them . . . . 12 0 0"

Extract from king William's Secret-service accounts, Ireland, with which we have been favoured by sir Denys Norreys, bart.

[2] Dalrymple's Memoirs.

[3] Dalrymple's Memoirs. It could not have been this year, as her birthday, April 30, had occurred before the king went to Ireland.

to confess to her all he knew; but, as he refused to reiterate his confessions as a witness against those he had accused, the queen finally committed him to the Tower.

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug: $\frac{22}{12}$, 1690.

"You cannot imagine the miserable condition I was in last night. I think if your letter had not come as it did, I should have fallen sick with fear for your dear person; but all that trouble made your news of the French having left *Limmerick* the more welcome, I will not say your letters, for those are ever so. I am sure this news affords new reason of praising God, since I hope it will prevent any more fighting. You speak of your coming back now in a way which makes me hope, not only that it will be quickly, but that you will come willingly, and that is a double joy to me; for before, I confess, I was afraid to have seen you dissatisfied when you were here, and that would have been very unpleasant; but now, I hope in God to see you soon, and see you as well pleased as this place will suffer you to be, for I fancy you will find people really worse and worse."

"Lord steward," [the earl of Devonshire,] continues Mary, falling into her usual style of narrative,

"was with me this afternoon, with whom I had a long conversation, which will be worth your while knowing when you come; but he has made me promise to write you word *now* some part of it, which is, that he begs you 'to consider if you will not have a new parliament, for this,' he is sure, 'will do no good: this,' he says, 'is his opinion.' I see it is a thing they are mightily set upon. Lord president, methinks, has very good arguments to try this [parliament] first; but of all this you will judge best when you come. I can't imagine how it comes to pass that you have not received my letter of the 26th July; I am sure I writ,[1] and that you will have had it by this time, or else there must be some carelessness in it, which must be *lookt* after.

"I have had this evening lord Annandale who is to *tell all*, and then I am to procure a pardon from you; but I think I shall not be so easily deceived by him, as I fear lord Melville has been by sir James Montgomery. But these are things to talk of when you come back, which I pray God may be very soon. 'Tis the greatest joy in the world to hear you are so well. I pray God continue it. I hope this will meet you upon your way back; *so* it goes by express, that it may not miss you. I can't express my impatience to see you; there is nothing greater than that which it proceeds from, which will not end but with my life."

The arrival of two Dutchmen in the mean time, caused her majesty to add, as postscript, "I have seen Mr. Hop and Mr. Olderson, but have to say no more. You will have an account of the business of the admiralty from lord Nott." Mr. Hop was ambassador from the *Hogan Mogans,*—the States-General. The utmost jealousy was excited among

[1] She did write, and the reader, on looking back, will see it is a hurried, ill-spelled letter, on which some comment has been made. Mary reckons here by the new style.

the other diplomatists, because he had been received with a greater number of bows than any of them. Queen Mary likewise sent her best coach and horses, with their gayest trappings, attended by forty running footmen and pages, to fetch Mr. Hop to Whitehall when he brought his credentials.[1]

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. 23/13, 1690.

"Though I have nothing to say to you worth writing, yet I cannot let any express go without doing it, and Mr. *Hop*, it seems, believes this business of the Swedish ship too considerable to stay till to-morrow. The commissioners of the admiralty have resolved to come to me to-morrow, with some names for flags. Mr. Russell recommends Churchill and Ellmor, because, he says, nothing has been done for them, though they were both trusted when you came over, and have ever been very true to your interest; but I think, if it be possible, to let them alone till you come, though Mr. Russell seems to think it cannot be delayed. I shall hear (if it must be so) what the other commissioners think, and do as well as I can."

Had the queen possessed the smallest germ of political justice, she would have recoiled from appointing captain Churchill to a place of trust. He had, in the succeeding year, been expelled from the house of commons for his peculations, by receiving convoy-money, and had at the same time been deprived of the naval command he abused. Taking convoy-money of merchant ships had been sternly forbidden by the sea-king, James II.; but among the evils of William and Mary's government was a most injurious one, that convoys were seldom provided, and when they were, the captains of the ships of war impoverished the merchant by the extortion of convoy-money.[2] Churchill was brother to lord Marlborough, and worthy of the brotherhood: his ship had been the first to desert king James. Queen Mary seems to have considered that Churchill's service to her party, by thus leading the race of treachery, covered a multitude of sins. At first, king William stood aghast at the

[1] Lamberty.

[2] A petition to the house of commons from the London merchants, presented Nov. 14th, 1689, proves that, in the first year of the Revolution, one hundred merchant ships, worth 600,000*l.*, were lost for want of convoys, or by the corruption of the naval captains. Captain Churchill's conduct appeared in such a light, that he was expelled the house four days after.—See Journals of the House of Commons, 1689.

rapacity with which such men as the Churchills, and other patriots of the same stamp, flew on the quarry of the public money, which had been so carefully guarded by the frugality of king James: it seemed as if the Revolution had been only effected for liberty of theft. At that very moment queen Mary had suspended the *habeas corpus* law; the Tower and other prisons were full of captives, seized on her mere signature; the summer circuits of the itinerary justices were delayed at her dictum. English soldiers and seamen were subjected to the horrors of the lash, and many millions of debt, besides enormous outlays, had been incurred since her father's deposition. All was submitted to by the well-meaning people, supposing these portentous measures were effected by the united wisdom of parliament.

The present system of military punishments can be traced no farther back than the era of William and Mary. Two Scotch regiments, commanded by lord Dumbarton at the Revolution, refused to submit to William after James II. had dismissed them, and unfurling their standards, commenced a bold march to Scotland; but, unfortunately for themselves, they encumbered their progress home with four cannons, because these instruments of destruction had originally belonged to Edinburgh-castle. William III. caused the regiments to be pursued, and to be surrounded. To make vengeance legal on these soldiers, the mutiny bill was brought into parliament by the ministers of William and Mary;[1] the result was, that British soldiers were, whether serving in these islands or abroad, subjected to the punishments which prevailed among William's foreign mercenaries,—the wickedest and cruellest troops that England had ever seen, as Ireland knew full well. When king William was armed with the terrific power given by the mutiny bill, he broke the loyal Scotch regiments, gave the officers leave to go wheresoever they pleased, and distributed the unfortunate common soldiers among his troops. The most resolute he sent to Flanders, where, if they were not flogged to death, it was no fault of the mutiny bill and the Dutch code which

[1] Dalrymple's History of the Revolution.

had superseded that of St. George.[1] Stranger innovations even than these took place in this free country. Among the Somers' Tracts in the British Museum there is a complaint, that the government in 1690, not content with instituting a sharp press of men for both army and navy, actually forced women into the service of the camp and into the navy, at the rate of ten for every ship of war, as nurses, sempstresses, and laundresses. The atrocities to which such a system naturally gave rise need no comment, but lead at least to the conclusion, that if the Dutch prince were a liberator, it was not over every class of the British people that his blessings were diffused.

Queen Mary, in her next letter, flattered her husband's known tastes by depreciating Whitehall, the palace of her ancestors:—

"I have been this day to Kensington, which looks really very well, at least to a poor body like me, who have been so long condemned to *this place*, and see nothing but wall and water. I have received a letter from lord Dursley, who I suppose will write of the same thing to yourself, and therefore I shall not do it. I am very impatient for another letter, hoping that will bring me the news of your coming back; 'tis impossible to believe how impatient I am for that, nor how much I love you, which will not end but with my life."

The succeeding letter is wholly personal:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{24}{14}$, 1690.

"I only write for fashion's sake, for I really have nothing in the world to say; yet I am resolved never to miss an opportunity of doing it while I live. To-morrow I am to go to the great council, [privy-council,] where my lord mayor and aldermen are to come to be thanked for their two regiments, and released of them. When that is over, I go, if it please God, to Hampton-Court, which I fear will not be much advanced.

"It has been such a storm of rain and wind this whole day, that I *thankt* God with my whole heart that you could not be near the sea. I hope the ill weather will spend itself now, that when you do come, you may have a quick passage. I have seen Mr. Zulestein to-day, who is so tanned that he frights me."

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[1] It is acknowledged by the government, in a MS. requisition to the council of Scotland, that "these regiments having lost all their men by *death* and *desertion* in Flanders, more recruits must be sent." The Scotch tradition is, that resisting these new laws, the soldiers were all tortured to death with the lash. The extract, with other valuable matter, was obtained through the courteous permission of W. Pitt Dundas, esq., from the royal Records of Scotland, Privy Council-books MS., Edinburgh. The code of St. George is in intelligible language: it may be seen, in the Fœdera, that there was no flogging in the days of the Plantagenets. Captain Marryat, in one of his brilliant naval sketches, is the first person who has ever traced this anti-national cruelty to the Dutch king.

Zulestein is the same person whose marriage with Mary Worth caused queen Mary so much trouble in her youth. He was the beau of the Dutch court, and having made the Irish campaign with the king, had injured his fine complexion, which is rather affectedly mentioned by the queen. He was inseparable from the king, unless despatched on some mission wherein his diplomatic cunning was indispensable.

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{26}{16}$, 1690.

"This time I write with a better heart than the last, because it goes by an express which must find you out,—may be, the common post will not. I have a paper to send you, which lord Nottingham is to copy, which is what lord Annandale has made sir William *Lochart* [Lockhart] write, because he was not willing it should be seen in his own hand.

"I think I writ you word," continues her majesty's narrative of current events, "or should have done, that he lord [Annandale] sent by his wife to sir William that he would surrender himself, if he might be sure not to be made an evidence of. Upon which, sir William drew up conditions that *he should tell all, and then he should be made no evidence,* and has my word to get your pardon. I think I writ you this before; but to be short, he is come in, and I have spoke twice with him.

"Lord Annandale told me, that after the time the papers were burnt, (wherewith this ends,) sir James Montgomery proposed sending a second message by the same, Simson; but he [Annandale] rejected it as much as he durst, but was afraid to tell him plainly he would not. So having a mind to get out of this, he [Annandale] pretended business at his own house in the country; but his coldness made sir James Montgomery the warmer in it, and assure him that he would spend his life and fortune in *that interest*," [meaning the interest of her father].

The result of these private conferences with the queen was, that Neal, or Nevill Payne, the tutor of the young earl of Mar,[1] should be forced to take upon himself the infamy of legal informer regarding the secrets of this Jacobite conspiracy, from which detestable task Montgomery, Annandale, Breadalbane, and the rest of the real betrayers had bargained with the queen to be excused. The queen and these double traitors, deeming Nevill Payne a plebeian "fellow of no reckoning," had not the most distant idea of the high-spirited scorn with which he resisted both bribes and torture, and showed to high-born informers how a man of the people could keep his oath and his word. The dreadful scenes that ensued certainly belong to this portion of

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 161.

the queen's government, although they actually occurred some days after king William's return to England. The queen's letters are worded with guarded mystery, but, as the prime-minister of Scotland, lord Melville, was at her court in England co-operating with her in guiding the whole affair, and her personal conferences with the real informers were frequent, it is utterly impossible to acquit her of pre-knowledge of the atrocities that ensued.[1] In the paper enclosed by the queen to the king, as the confession of lord Annandale to the queen, written by the hand of sir William Lockhart, according to the words of her letter above, Nevill Payne is thrice mentioned as being present at the Jacobite meeting at the Globe tavern, near Northumberland-house, Strand: the Jacobites were likewise convened under the Piazzas, Covent-garden. The paper is too long and heavy to be inserted here;[2] we must be content with giving our readers the gist of the queen's part in the affair, as briefly as the records of a conspiracy which fill a large quarto will permit.

Mary again alluded to the mysterious man who encountered her spouse at Chester, whom she now distinctly names as lord Breadalbane, saying,

"Lord Breadalbane came to see lord Annandale on his way to Chester, where he went *to meet you.* He told him that sir James Montgomery had certainly sent another message, [*i. e.* to king James, her father,] but he [Breadalbane] was not engaged in it, and he believed nobody was but lord Arran, though he could not be positive that lord Ross was not likewise in. This he told me last night, and desires 'to be *askit* more questions, not knowing but he might remember more than he can yet think of.' Thus he seems to deal sincerely, but, to say the truth, I think one does not know what to believe. But this I am certain *off* [of], that lord Ross did not keep his word with me, much less has sir James Montgomery with lord Melville; for he has been in town ever since this day was seven-night, and I have heard nothing of him,—a plain breach of the conditions.

"I hope in God I shall soon hear from you: 'tis a long while since I have, but I am not so *uneasie* as I was the last time, yet enough to make me wish extremely for a letter.

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[1] Cunningham's History of England.

[2] Printed in Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 103, and is the same paper, the copy of which the queen mentions here as enclosed to the king; for it is dated the 14th of August, 1690, and endorsed "as given by sir William Lockhart to her most excellent majesty the queen."

"*D'Lone*[1] is to send lord Portland, by this post, a copy of a letter from Mr. Priestman, in which you will see what need you have of that Divine protection which has hitherto so watched over you, and which only can make me easy for your dear sake. The same God who has hitherto so preserved you, will, I hope, continue, and grant us a happy meeting here, and a blessed one hereafter. Farewell! 'tis too late for me to say any more, but that I am ever and *intirely* yours, and shall be so till death."

The queen, in the continuation of her narrative, affected to regret her former days passed in Holland.

In a remarkable letter, dated Whitehall, August 29/19, 1690, Mary says,—

"Last night, when it was just a week since I had heard from you, I received yours of the 26/16, after I was *a*-bed. I was extremely glad to find by it you had passed the Shannon, but cannot be without fears, since the *enemys* have still an army together, which, though it has once more run away from you, may yet grow desperate, for aught I know, and fight at last. These are the things I cannot help fearing, and as long as I have these fears, you may believe I *can't* be easy; yet I must look over them, if possible, or presently every body thinks *all lost*."

Thus, the royal countenance was viewed, by those who habitually studied it, as a species of political barometer, from which might be learned news of the fate of the Irish campaign or the Jacobite plots. Hence arose the imperturbable demeanour which Mary assumed, designedly, as a diplomatic mask.

"This is no small part of *my penance*, but all must be endured as long as it please God, and I have still abundant cause to praise him, who has given you this new advantage. I pray God to continue to bless you, and make us all as thankful as we ought, but I must own that the thoughts of your staying longer *is* very uneasy to me. God give me patience!

"I hope you will be so kind as to write oftener, while you are away. It is really the only comfort this world affords, and if you knew what a joy it is to receive such a kind one as your last, you would by that, better than any thing else, be able to judge of *mine* for you; and the belief that what you say on that subject is true, is able to make me bear any thing. When I writ last, I was *extream* sleepy, and so full of my Scotch business, that I really forgot Mr. Harbord."

The queen had sent him to apologize to the Dutch for the defeat of their fleet off Beachy Head. Her message of condolence was not very complimentary to the seamen of her country, who, under the command of her father, had so often beaten them. Indeed, English Mary, in this whole affair, comported herself much like a Dutchwoman; for, in

[1] Meaning the queen's French secretary, D'Alonne.

her condolence, she directly accused her countrymen "of cowardice," and said, withal, "she had sent lord Torrington to the Tower."[1] She likewise had the Dutch sailors taken care of in the hospitals in preference to the English, which, to be sure, was only right in a strange country. The States, in return, sent most affectionate answers, and a supply of ships. She continues,—

"Harbord wrote to sir R. Southwell, as he told me, but he has a great deal to say. He pleased me extremely to hear how much people love me *there. When I think of that, and see what folk do here, it grieves me too much, for Holland has really spoiled me in being so kind to me:* that they are so to YOU, 'tis no wonder. I wish to God it was the same here, but I ask your pardon for this: if I once begin upon this subject, I can never have done.

"To put it out of my head, I must put you once more in mind of the *custos rotulorum* for lord Fitzharding: he thinks his honour depends on it, since it has been so long in his family."

The rest of her letter is taken up with the solicitations of Marlborough that his peculating brother might be made an admiral, and for that purpose be put over the head of a veteran officer, despite of the protestations of the lord president Carmarthen :—

"Marlborough says, that lord president may write to you about one Carter. 'Tis like enough he will, for he tells me *he is a much older officer, and will quit if others come over his head*, and says, 'all goes by partiality and faction,' as, indeed, I think 'tis but too plain in other things. How it is in this, you are best able to judge. I writ you word before what Mr. Russell said. You will do in it as you please, for I told the commissioners myself that 'I hoped you would be here soon, and that I did not see why this matter should not stay for your coming.' And so I resolve to leave it, if 'tis possible, but could not refuse my lord Marlborough, nor indeed myself, the writing you the matter as it is, though he expects I should write in his favour, which, though I would not promise, yet I did make him a sort of compliment *after my fashion*."[2]

What fashion this was, both biographer and reader would equally like to know; but, if we may judge by the preceding words, it was not a very sincere one. Queen Mary, however, evidently desired to appoint Churchill, broken as he was for dishonesty, both by parliament and navy, in preference to the brave Carter, who died a few months afterwards on the deck of his ship in her cause. The confession of sir John Fenwick, made after her death, names Carter as one of her father's warmest friends; and, at the same time, implicates Marlborough, Russell, and

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 163. [2] Ibid.

Churchill, as in correspondence with the Jacobites. It is a strange task to compare the letters extant of all these personages: it is like looking into a series of windows, which betray to the observer all that passed in those treacherous bosoms, until death revealed to them the uselessness of their toils and deceits.

The queen, before she wrote again, was alarmed by the vague rumour of one of the daring actions performed by Sarsfield, her father's partisan in Ireland, who intercepted the supplies of cannons, provisions, and money which she had sent from England for the aid of her husband's troops, then besieging Limerick :—

"Queen Mary to King William.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{31}{21}$, 1690.

"This is only to let you know that I have received your duplicate of the 14th, which came by Waterford, and got hither last night by nine o'clock. There was no time lost in obeying your orders, but I have several remarks to make another time.

"Sir Robert Southwell's letter speaks of a misfortune to the artillery (which he refers to your letter) that is coming[1] by Dublin. I cannot imagine the reason 'tis not come yet, nor can I help being very impatient *for it*, [about it]. The messenger tells an imperfect story, which makes a great noise in the town, [in London,] and does not lessen the desire for knowing the truth; besides, 'tis such a comfort to hear from you, that I can't be blamed for wishing it. This is all I will say to-night, for should I begin to tell my fears that you will not be back so soon as I could wish, I should trouble you, and write myself asleep, it being late. You know my heart: I need say nothing of that, 'tis so entirely yours."

The next day brought the confirmation of the bad news. The event was briefly as follows: William had advanced to Limerick on August the 8th, o.s. Three days after the siege commenced, colonel Sarsfield, having got intelligence that the battering cannon and ammunition were expected to arrive in William's camp next morning, went secretly out of Limerick with his forces, and laid an ambush among the mountains. When the convoy arrived, he made a sudden attack, spiked the cannon, and exploded the ammunition. The Irish, in their eagerness, blew up with it three barrels of money, which the queen had sent her husband. The uproar alarmed the English camp, but Sarsfield re-

[1] The queen's ideas are confused between the artillery and her expected letter. We find by her succeeding letters, that this "*cross*," as she piously calls it, delayed the taking of Limerick.

turned safely back to Limerick.[1] The queen alludes to Sarsfield's successful action in her despatch[2] dated

"Whitehall, Sep. 1, (Aug. 22,) 1690.

"This day at noon I received yours, which came by the way of Dublin, and am sorry to see the messenger's news confirmed; but it has pleased God to bless you with such continued success, that it may be necessary to have *some little cross.* I hope in God this will not prove a main one to the main business,[3] though it is a terrible thought to me that your coming is put off again for so long time. I think it so, I'm sure, and have great reason, every manner of way.

"I will say nothing of what my *poor* heart suffers, but must tell you that I am now in great pain about the naming of the flags. Mr. Russell came to me last night, and said it would now be absolutely necessary. I insisted upon staying till I heard from you. He desired to know 'if I had any particular reason?' I told him, plainly, 'that since I could not pretend to know myself who were the fittest, it troubled me to see all were not of a mind; that I was told, by several persons, that there were ancient officers in the fleet, who had behaved themselves very well this last time, [battle of Beachy Head,] and would certainly quit if these were preferred; so he [Russell] could not blame me if I desired in this difficulty to stay for your answer.' To this Russell answered, in more passion than I ever saw him, 'that Carter and Davis [the senior officers alluded to] were *too* pitiful fellows, and very mean seamen, though he knew lord president and lord Nottingham had spoken for them; and that next summer he would not command the fleet, if they had flags.' After a long dispute about this matter, I have put him off till the last moment comes when they are to sail. He [Russell] says, 'then he must speak of it to the commissioners, and hear who will speak against it, by which I may judge.'"

The matter was, for the promotion of the disgraced brother of Marlborough to a flag. How strange it is that queen Mary did not urge the impossibility of placing a man, branded as Churchill was, in such a situation. In these days, the public press would have thundered their anathemas against such a measure, wheresoever the English language was read or spoken.

"I see lord Marlborough's heart is very much set on this matter, and Mr. Russell, as you may see by what I write. On t'other side," adds her majesty, "lord president says, 'If Churchill have a flag, it will be called *the flag by favour,* as his brother [Marlborough] is called *the general by favour.*'"

Marlborough had as yet done little to justify, even in the eyes of his party, the extraordinary course of prosperity he had enjoyed, except by his services as revolutionist. Few persons at this period gave him credit for his skill

[1] Dalrymple's Memoirs, p. 447, collated with Kelly's Contemporary History, published by the Camden Society.

[2] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 164.

[3] The siege of Limerick; see Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 164.

in military tactics, on which his fame was founded in the reign of Anne. As for his personal prowess, *that* was never greatly boasted, even by his warmest admirers. Queen Mary mentions, in the paragraph just quoted, the precise value at which he was rated by the revolutionary party, his compeers in 1690; and as she avowedly leant to the appointment of his peculating brother to an admiral's flag, as shown in her letter of August $\frac{22}{12}$, she certainly does not speak with the bitterness of opposition. Neither does queen Mary ever manifest the slightest enmity to Marlborough himself in this correspondence. Far from it; she always mentions him with complacency, though she owns her dislike to his wife. She continues, on the subject of the navy,—

"Lord president says, 'If Churchill have a flag, that absolutely this Carter will quit:' he commends him highly. But I must tell you another thing, which is, that he [lord president] is mightily dissatisfied with the business of Kinsale.[1] I see he does not oppose it, for he says, 'it is your order, and therefore must be obeyed;' but I find he raises many difficulties to me. What he does to others I cannot tell, but among other things he endeavours to fright me by the danger there is of being so exposed, when the fleet and 5000 men are gone, which he reckons all the force, and tells me how easy it will be then for the French to come with only transport-ships, and do what they will."

The victorious French fleet, which had for some weeks prevented the king of Great Britain from returning from Ireland, now began to find the autumnal seas dangerous; consequently, the passage was left free for William III. to slip over to England. The queen's narrative proceeds,—

"You will have an account from lord Nottingham of what has been done this day and yesterday. I know you will pity me, and I hope will believe that had your letter been less kind, I don't know what had become of me. 'Tis that only makes me bear all that now so torments me, and I give God thanks every day for your kindness. 'Tis such a satisfaction to me to find you are satis*fyed* with me, that I cannot express it; and I do so flatter myself with the hopes of being once more happy with you, that that thought alone in this world makes me bear all with patience. I pray God preserve you from the dangers I hear you daily expose yourself to, which *puts* me in continual pain. A battle, I fancy, is soon over, but the perpetual shooting you are now in is an intolerable thing to think on. For God's sake, take care of yourself. You owe it to your own [Holland] and this country, and to all in general. I must not name myself where church and state are equally concerned, yet I must say you owe a little care for my sake, who I am sure loves you more than you can do me; and the little care you take of your dear person I take to be a sign of it, but I must still love you more than life."

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[1] Kinsale and Cork still held out for her father.

This tender strain pervades the letter she wrote five days after, in which she unveils still more of her feelings, and gives, withal, some amusing family-gossip of the affairs of king William's relatives :—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, Sep. 5, (Aug. 26,) 1690.

"Yesterday I was very much disappointed when lord Nottingham brought me a letter from you, to find it was only a duplicate of a former, which brought your orders to lord Marlborough, so that I have now received three of yours of one date; you may be sure they are all *extreme* welcome, but I confess that which came yesterday would have been more so, had it been of a fresher date.

"I have been just now writing to your aunt, the princess of Nassau, in answer to one which she wrote, to let me know of her daughter being about to marry the prince of Saxenschnach. I believe you will be glad, for your cousin's sake, that she will be disposed of before her mother dies; and I ever heard *it* at the Hague that this young man was good-natured, which will make him use her well, though she is so much older. And for his good fortune, she has enough [good-nature] I believe, to govern him more *gently* than *another cousin of yours does her spouse.*"

Meaning herself and William: with playful irony, she contrasts her own utter submission and devotion to her master with the airs of a governing wife. She then opens her own heart to the object of her love, while her ostensible purpose of sending cannon, and the use to be made of them, are mingled strangely with her honeyed sentences :—

"I can't help laughing at this wedding, though my poor heart is ready to break every time I think in what perpetual danger you are. I am in greater fears than can be imagined by any one who loves less than myself. I count the hours and the moments, and have only reason enough to think, as long as I have no letters, all is well.

"I believe, by what you write, that you got your cannon Friday at farthest; and then Saturday, I suppose, you began *to make use of them.* Judge, then, what cruel thoughts they are to me, to think what you may be exposed to all this while. I never do any thing without thinking now, it may be, you are in the greatest dangers, and yet I must see company upon my *sett* days. I must play twice a-week,—nay, I must laugh and talk, though never so much against my will. I believe I dissemble very ill to those who know me,—at least, 'tis a great constraint to myself, yet I must endure it. All my motions are so watched, and all I do so observed, that if I eat less, or speak less, or look more grave, all is lost in the opinion of the world. So that I have this misery added to that of your absence and my fears for your dear person, that I must *grin when my heart is ready to break,* and talk when it is so oppressed I can scarce breathe."[2]

Such was the result of the fruition of her ambition! Surely Dante, in all his descriptions of torture, whether

[1] Dalrymple's Memoirs, p. 166. [2] Ibid., p. 167.

ludicrous or pathetic, or both combined, does not surpass Mary's "grin when her heart was ready to burst." Queen Mary, like all the royal race of Stuart, excepting her sister Anne, was born with literary abilities. Happily for herself, she was unconscious of those powers, for the excitability of the brain devoted to literary pursuits is by no means likely to soothe the thorns interwoven in every regnal diadem. The calamities of authors are as proverbial as those of kings, and both had been united in her hapless race. It would be difficult for any professional pen to have given a more forcible or beautiful transcript of human feeling than this, which sprang in unstudied simplicity from the queen's mind, written, as it avowedly is, against her inclination, in order to unburden her overcharged heart to its only confidant. She continues,—

"I don't know what I should do, were it not for the grace of God, which supports me. I am sure I have great reason to praise the Lord while I live, for his great mercy that I don't sink under this affliction,—nay, that I keep my health, for I can neither sleep nor eat. I go to Kensington as often as I can for air, but then I can never be quite alone; neither can I complain,—*that* would be some ease; but I have nobody whose humour and circumstances agree with mine enough to speak my mind freely. Besides, I must hear of business, which, being a thing I am so new in, and so unfit for, does but *break my brains the more*, and not ease my heart.

"I see I have insensibly made my letter too long upon my own self, but I am confident you love enough to bear it for once. I don't remember I have been guilty of the like fault before since you went, and that is now three months; for which time of almost perpetual fear and trouble this is but a short account, and so I hope may pass."

It is apparent, from this passage, that Mary had been chidden by her spouse on account of the length of these letters. She resumes,—

"'Tis some ease to me to write my pain, and 'tis some satisfaction to believe you will pity me. It will be yet more when I hear it from yourself in a letter, as I am sure you must, if it be but out of common good-nature; how much more, then, out of kindness, *if you love me as well as you make me believe*, and as I endeavour to deserve a little by that sincere and lasting kindness I have for you. But, by making excuses, I do but take up more of your time, and therefore must tell you that this morning lord Marlborough went away. As little reason as I have to care for his wife, yet I must pity her condition, having lain-in but eight days; and I have great compassion for wives, when their husbands go to fight."

It is remarkable, that the only person besides her husband for whom, in her correspondence, queen Mary manifests a

human sympathy, should be the woman whose pen was most active in vituperating her. Lord Marlborough set off for Ireland on an expedition to reduce Cork and Kinsale, which, it is as well to mention here, fell in the course of six weeks, and were the first fruits of his genius in battle and siege. The queen says of this undertaking,—

"I hope this business will succeed. I find if it do not, those who have advised it will have an ill time, all, except lord Nottingham, being very much against it; lord president only complying because it was your order, but not liking it, and wondering England should be left so exposed, thinking it too great a hazard. There would be no end should I tell you all I hear upon this subject, but I thank God I am not afraid, nor do I doubt of the thing, since it is by your order. I pray God the weather does not change with you as it does here: it has rained all the last night and this day, and looks as if it were set in for it. Every thing frights me now, but were I once more so happy as to see you here, I fancy I should fear nothing.

"I have always forgot to tell you, that in the Utrecht Courant they have printed a letter of yours to the states of Holland, in which you promise to be soon with them. I can't tell you how many ill hours I have had about that, in the midst of my joy when I thought you were coming home, for it troubled me to think you would go over and fight again there."

And what was worse, indulge at Loo in the society of her rival, Elizabeth Villiers, the companion of his coarse relaxations in Holland; which consisted of schnaps, smoking, and more vulgarity than could be ventured upon in the presence of the English court and his stately queen, who, whatsoever were her deficiencies in family benevolence, these letters will prove possessed a cultivated mind; yet, like her ancestress the wife of the Conqueror, and Matilda Atheling, she was often left to sway a lonely sceptre, while her husband was absent prosecuting his continental wars, and soothing the discontents of his transmarine subjects. The Dutch, in fact, soon began to murmur at the pains and penalties of absenteeism, which is, sooth to say, the curse of pluralities, whether they be possessions temporal or spiritual.

The next paragraph in the queen's letter alludes to an eccentric character, whom we suppose to be the elector of Brandenburgh. From her description, his letter to her must have been a real curiosity, and we regret in vain that a copy was not enclosed to her spouse.

"I must tell you, that Mr. Johnson writes that Mr. Danckleman has writ the elector word that you received the news very coldly that he, the elector, was come to the army, which they say *vext* him. I wish you had seen a letter I had from him; it was full of so many extraordinary things, but *so like him.* I have had a present from him of an amber cabinet, for which I think it is not necessary *to write.*"

The amber cabinet seems to indicate that the queen's eccentric correspondent was the sovereign of Prussia.[1]

"Now," concludes queen Mary, "my letter is so long, 'tis as if I were bewitched to-night. I can't end for my life, but will force myself now, beseeching God to bless you, and keep you from all dangers whatsoever, and to send us a happy meeting again here upon earth; and, at last, a joyful and blessed one in heaven in his good time. Farewell! Do but continue to love me, and forgive the taking up so much of your time by your poor wife, who deserves more pity than ever any creature did, and who loves you a great deal too much for her own ease, though it can't be more than you deserve."

King William was defeated in an attempt to storm Limerick, August 26, owing to the desperate resistance of the governor, colonel Sarsfield. After leaving 1200 regular soldiers dead in the trenches, he raised the siege of Limerick, August 30, and embarked, September 5th, for England. His brother-in-law, prince George of Denmark, was permitted to sail in the same ship with him, though not to enter his coach. So prosperous was his voyage, that they arrived in King's-road, near Bristol, September $\frac{6}{16}$, driven by the equinoctial winds, before which the French ships had prudently retired from the dangerous British Channels, when the king of Great Britain, finding the coast clear, got safely to the other side of the water. The news of his landing drew from the queen the following letter:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

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

"Lord Winchester is desirous to go meet you, which you may believe I will never hinder any one. Whether I ought to send him out of form sake I can't tell; but it may pass for what it ought to the world, and to your dear self, at least, I suppose it is indifferent. Nothing can express the impatience I have to see you, nor my joy to think it is so near. I have not *sleept* all this night for it, though I had but five hours rest the night before, for a reason I shall tell you. I am now going to Kensington to put things in order there, and intend to dine there to-morrow, and expect to hear when I shall *sett* out to meet you.

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[1] He was made knight of the Garter about a month after, at the same time with the duke of Zell, another friend and ally of William III., the father of George I.'s unfortunate wife, Sophia Dorothea.

"I had a compliment, last night, from the queen-dowager, [Catharine of Braganza,] who came to town *a-Friday*, [on Friday]. She sent, I believe, with a better heart, because *Limmericke* is not taken; for my part, I don't think of that, or any thing but you. God send you a good journey home, and make me thankful as I ought for all his mercies."

So closes this regnal correspondence: it concludes as it began, with the expression of ill-will against the unfortunate Catharine of Braganza.

King William arrived at Kensington, September $\frac{20}{10}$. How affectionately he was received by his adoring consort, may be supposed from her preceding love-letters. The queen met her husband at Windsor, from whence they went to Hampton-Court, where they settled for the remainder of the autumn.

The queen is said to have resided, while the rebuilding of the state-rooms of Hampton-Court proceeded, in a suite of rooms called 'the Water Gallery,' the principal structure in which, the banqueting-room, is now in existence, and this communicated with the royal apartments of the queens of England by a subterranean way. The contemporary drawing, representing the original appearance of the banqueting-room, shows that it was turreted and had a flag-staff, which indicated, by the standard of England, when royalty abode at Hampton-Court.[1]

[1] Hampton-Court Tracts, King's MSS., Brit. Museum.