# MARY II.

## QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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## CHAPTER IX.

Vigour of the queen's government—Accouchement of princess Anne at Sion-house—Death of her infant—Her danger—Queen visits her—Queen's harsh manner—Long illness of the princess—Her letters (as Mrs. Morley) on queen's sending Marlborough to the Tower—Negotiation between the queen and princess—Their letters—Victory of La Hogue—Queen's conduct—Her portrait by Vandervaart, (*description of second portrait*)—Severity of her reign—Princess Anne's letter brought to James II.—Remarks on the royal sisters by the messenger—Queen's letter to lady Russell—Princess Anne settled at Berkeley-house—Series of letters on petty annoyances (as Mrs. Morley), to lady Marlborough (as Mrs. Freeman)—Queen stands sponsor with archbishop Tillotson—His curious letter on it—Return of the king—Anecdotes of the queen—Verses on her knitting—Continued enmity to princess Anne—Queen accompanies the king to Margate—Obliged to return to Canterbury—King's departure—Anecdotes of the queen's stay at Canterbury—Queen relates particulars to Dr. Hooper—Her presents to the cathedral altar—Queen and the theatre—Her persecution of Dryden—Anecdotes of the queen and her infant nephew—Return of the king.

Queen Mary was again left, surrounded by unexampled difficulties. There were few persons in the country but anticipated the restoration of her father. A great naval force was collecting and arming for the invasion of the country; the French had remained masters of the seas ever since the Revolution, despite the junction of the fleets of England with the rival forces of Holland. The queen had reason to believe that the only competent naval commander from whose skill she could hope for success, was desirous of her father's restoration; she likewise knew that the princess Anne had written to her father, "that she would fly to him the very instant he could make good his landing in any part of Great Britain." Indeed, a letter to James II. containing these words, it is said, was intercepted by the king and

queen, and that it was the cause of the disgrace of the Marlboroughs, since they were mentioned as active agents in the projected treason. Thus, the dangers surrounding the career of queen Mary were truly appalling, and, to a spirit less firm, would have been insurmountable. But she was not, in 1692, altogether a novice in the art of government; she had weathered two regencies, each presenting tremendous difficulties. It was strongly in her favour that Marlborough, instead of sharing her most intimate councils as a disguised friend, was now an unmasked enemy..

One of queen Mary's earliest occupations was, to review the trained-bands of London and Westminster, mustered in Hyde-park to the number of 10,000 men: they were destined to the defence of the capital in case of an invasion from France. She likewise ordered the suspected admiral Russell to proceed to sea, while her royal partner in Holland caused the Dutch fleet to hasten out, to form a junction with the naval force of England under the command of Russell. How singular it is that history, which is so lavish in commendations on the excellence of queen Mary's private virtues, should leave her abilities as a ruler unnoticed. Time has unveiled the separate treacheries of her coadjutors in government: the queen was the only person at the head of affairs on whom the least reliance could have been reposed in time of urgency. It is well known now that Nottingham, Godolphin, Russell, and many others, both high and low in her ministry, were watching every event, to turn with the tide if it tended to the restoration of her father. But while giving queen Mary every credit as a wise and courageous ruler in the successive dangers which menaced her government in the spring of 1692, what can be said of her humanity, when called to the bedside of her suffering sister in the April of that year? The princess Anne sent sir Benjamin Bathurst from Sion-house with her humble duty, to inform her majesty "that the hour of her accouchement was at hand, and that she felt very ill indeed, much worse than was usual to her." Queen Mary did not

think fit to see sir Benjamin Bathurst, and took no notice of this piteous message.[1]

After many hours of great suffering and danger, the princess Anne brought into the world, April 17th, 1692, a living son, who was named George, after her husband; but the miserable mother had the sorrow to see it expire soon after its hasty baptism. Lady Charlotte Bevervaart, one of the princess Anne's maids of honour, being a Dutchwoman, and on that account considered as the more acceptable messenger, was despatched from Sion-house to announce to queen Mary the death of her new-born nephew. Lady Charlotte waited some time before the queen saw her. At last, after her majesty had held a consultation with her uncle lord Rochester, the messenger of the princess was admitted into the royal presence. The queen herself informed lady Charlotte Bevervaart that she should visit the princess that afternoon; indeed, her majesty arrived at Sion almost as soon as that lady.

Queen Mary entered the chamber of her sick and sorrowful sister, attended by her two principal ladies, the countesses of Derby and Scarborough. The princess Anne was in bed, pale and sad, but the queen never asked her how she did, never took her hand, or expressed the least sympathy for her sufferings and her loss. Her majesty was pleased to plunge at once into the dispute which had estranged her from her sister, to whom she exclaimed in an imperious tone, as soon as she was seated by the bedside, "I have made the first step by coming to you; and I now expect that you should make the next by dismissing lady Marlborough." The princess Anne became pale with agitation at this unseasonable attack; her lips trembled as she replied, "I have never in my life disobeyed your majesty but in this one particular; and I hope, at some time or other, it will appear as unreasonable to your majesty as it does now to me." The queen immediately rose from her seat, and prepared, without another word, to depart. Prince George of Denmark, who was present at this extra-

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 69.

ordinary scene, led her majesty to her coach; while so doing, the queen repeated to him precisely the same words which she had addressed to the unfortunate invalid in bed. The two ladies who had accompanied their royal mistress comported themselves according to their individual dispositions on the occasion. Lady Derby, who had been recommended to the queen by the princess Anne as groom of the stole, in those halcyon days when these royal sisters were rejoicing together on the success of the Revolution, now showed her ingratitude by turning away from the sick bed without making the slightest inquiry after the poor invalid; but lady Scarborough behaved in a manner better becoming a womanly character.

The queen retained sufficient conscientiousness to be shocked, on reflection, at her own conduct. She was heard to say, on her return to Kensington, "I am sorry I spoke as I did to the princess, who had so much concern on her at the renewal of the affair, that she trembled and looked as white as her sheets."[1] Yet the queen's uneasy remembrance of this cruel interview arose from remorse, not repentance; for the unfeeling words she regretted were the last she ever uttered to her sister. Thus the three persons of the Protestant branch of the royal family in England were irreconcilably divided during life, two against one. Lonely as they were in the world, they were at mortal enmity with every other relative who shared their blood. It will be allowed that the causes of war and division with the exiled Roman-catholic head of their family were of a lofty nature: there is an historic grandeur in a contention for the establishment of differing creeds, and even for the possession of thrones; great, and even good princes, have struggled unto the death when such mighty interests have been at stake. But when enmities that last to death between sisters may be traced in their origin to such trash as disputes concerning convenient lodgings or amount of pocket-money, what can be the opinion of the dignity of such minds?

Queen Mary had received a letter, in the same April,

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, pp. 69–71.

directed by the hand of her exiled father, and written throughout by him. It was a circular addressed to her, and to those members of her privy council who had been most active in raising the calumny that disinherited his unfortunate son. This communication announced that his queen expected her confinement in May, and invited them to come to St. Germains to be present at the expected birth of his child, promising from Louis XIV. freedom to come and go in safety.[1] Such announcement must have been sent in severe satire, rather than in any expectation of the invitation being accepted.

As may be supposed, the princess Anne did not undergo all the harassing agitation the queen's harshness inflicted on her in the hour of her weakness and suffering with impunity. A dangerous fever followed her sister's visit, and she hung for several days on the very verge of the grave. From this dispute, some information regarding the royal etiquette of that period may be ascertained, for it appears that her majesty, queen Mary II., honoured all her female nobility not below the rank of a countess with a state lying-in visit; but if she knew not better how to comport herself in a sick room than she did in that of her sister, these royal visitations must have thinned the ranks of her female nobility. Long before the princess Anne was convalescent she underwent fresh agony of alarm: by her majesty's orders lord Marlborough was arrested, and was forthwith hurried to the Tower. Then the invalid princess harassed herself by writing, all day long, notes and letters to his wife, who was obliged to leave Sion in order to visit and assist her husband. The earliest letter written by the princess Anne to lady Marlborough after this event, seems to have been the following. It is dateless, but probably occurs the day after Marlborough's incarceration in the Tower. Although the princess had not then left her lying-in chamber, it seems she had been agitated by reports that her own arrest was pending. She addresses lady Marlborough as Mrs. Freeman, the assumed name they had pre-

[1] Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 32. Memoirs of James II.

viously agreed upon: she terms herself, as usual, Mrs. Morley:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.

[May 16, 1692.]

"I hear lord Marlborough is sent to the Tower, and though I am certain they have nothing against him, and expected by your letter it would be so, yet I was struck when I was told it, for methinks 'tis a dismal thing to have one's friends sent to that place. I have a thousand melancholy thoughts, and cannot help fearing they should hinder you from coming to me, though how they can do that, without making you a prisoner, I cannot guess.

"I am just told by pretty good hands, that as soon as the wind turns westerly, there will be a guard set upon the prince and me. If you hear there is any such thing designed, and that 'tis easy to you,[1] pray let me see you before the wind changes; for afterwards, one does not know whether they will let one have opportunities of speaking to one another. But let them do what they please, nothing shall ever vex me, so I can have the opportunity of seeing dear Mrs. Freeman, and I swear I would live on bread and water between two walls without repining; for as long as you continue kind, nothing can ever be mortification to your faithful Mrs. Morley, who wishes she may never enjoy a moment's happiness in this world or the next, if ever she proves false to you."

The correspondence of lord Marlborough with the court of St. Germains was the cause of his arrest; it would be waste of time, after the specimens produced regarding it, to discuss it as a mystery. Many circumstances prove that queen Mary had accurate intelligence of his treacherous intrigues. It is as evident, that the intention of her government was not to prove his guilt home to him, lest the princess Anne's share in it should be revealed,—not that the queen screened her sister out of tenderness, but from a sagacious anticipation that, if her conduct were discovered, most of her party would not scruple in following her example. Invasion was threatened daily, and the queen acted with proper precaution, by securing so slippery a person as lord Marlborough until the expected naval battle was decided. Meantime, the princess Anne resolved to write to her sister, queen Mary, and determined to send the letter by the hands of one of the prelates, Stillingfleet bishop of Worcester. Anne's policy in writing to the queen is explained in one of her confidential billets to lady Marlborough. She anticipated that the queen would debar her approach; but she wished it to be spread far and wide, and to become universally known, that she had

[1] So written; meaning, "if it is easy for you to come to me."—Coxe's Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 51. Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

desired to visit her sister, and had been forbidden. As the best plan for promoting this end, she sent for the bishop of Worcester. He returned her royal highness a polite answer that he would come to her, but said not when; therefore the princess observed, in one of her notes, that she dared not go to London, as she had intended to do, to meet lady Marlborough, lest the prelate should arrive at Sion during her absence.[1]

The next morning, the bishop of Worcester actually came to Sion before the princess Anne was dressed. On her interview with him, he willingly undertook the commission of delivering the letter of the princess to the queen, but praised her majesty so very warmly, as to induce some disgust in her sister on account of his partiality. The princess, who gives this narrative in her letters to her dear lady Marlborough, adds this extraordinary conclusion to her narrative: "I told the bishop of Worcester that you had several times desired you might go from me; but I beg again, for Christ Jesus' sake, that you would never more name it to me. For, be assured, if you should ever do so cruel a thing as to leave me,—and should you do it without my consent, (which if I ever give you, may I never see the face of Heaven)—I will shut myself up and never see the world more, but live where I may be forgotten by human kind." It is difficult to credit that this rant was written by a royal matron who was considered under the guidance of religious principles, being, moreover, married to a prince to whom she was much attached, and was deemed a model of the conjugal virtues. The princess Anne finally prevailed on bishop Stillingfleet to deliver the letter she had prepared to the queen:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO QUEEN MARY.

"Sion, the 20th of May, [1692].

"I have now, God be thanked, recovered my strength well enough to go abroad. And though my duty and inclination would both lead me to wait upon your majesty as soon as I am able to do it, yet I have, of late, had the misfortune of being so much under your majesty's displeasure, as to apprehend there may be hard constructions made upon any thing I either do, or not do, with the most respectful intentions.

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[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, pp. 74–76.

"And I am in doubt whether the same arguments that have prevailed with your majesty to forbid people from showing their usual respects to me, may not be carried so much farther as not to permit me to pay my duty to you. That, I acknowledge, would be a great increase of affliction to me, and nothing but your majesty's own command shall ever willingly make me submit to it; for whatever reason I may think in my own mind I have to complain of being hardly used, *yet I will strive to hide it as much as possible*."[1]

This last sentence is disgusting in its falsehood, because the princess had, according to her voluntary avowal, deliberately devised the whole plan of writing and sending the letter by the bishop, with the intention of making her wrongs as publicly notorious as possible.

The bishop of Worcester, if we may trust the account of the princess Anne, returned to her not a little scandalized at the reception which the queen had given to her sister's letter. The princess seems to have had no other end than to elicit some harsh answer, and to let her sister be aware that she had been apprized of her command to forbid any of the nobility to pay her their usual visits at Sion. The princess had added, at the conclusion of her letter, "That she would not pretend to reside at the Cockpit, unless her majesty would make it *easy* to her." This was meant as a leading question, to ascertain whether, if she returned to that isolated fragment of Whitehall, the queen would wink at the presence there of lady Marlborough. The reply which her majesty sent to the princess Anne by the bishop of Worcester, was couched in these words:—

"QUEEN MARY TO THE PRINCESS ANNE.

"I have received yours by the bishop of Worcester, and have little to say to it, since you cannot but know that as I never use compliments, so now they cannot serve. 'Tis none of my fault that we live at this distance, and I have endeavoured to show my willingness to do otherwise; and I will do no more.

"Don't give yourself any unnecessary trouble,[2] for be assured 'tis not words can make us live together as we ought. You know what I required of you; and now I tell you, if you doubted it before, that I cannot change my mind, but expect to be complied with,[3] or you must not wonder that I doubt of your kindness. You can give me no other marks that will satisfy me, nor can I put any other construction upon your actions than what all the world must do that sees them. These things do not hinder me from being very glad to hear that you

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[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 76. The letter ends with a formula of great devotion to the queen.

[2] By coming to court, where the queen did not mean to receive her.

[3] By the dismissal of lady Marlborough.

are well, and wishing that you may continue so, and that you may yet, while it is in your power, oblige me to be your affectionate sister,

"MARIE, R."

The princess Anne gathered from this answer, that her sister was inflexible regarding the expulsion of the Marlboroughs from the precincts of Whitehall,—a circumstance which decided the question of her future residence. She was at that time in treaty for a lease of the princely mansion built by John lord Berkeley, and after the reception of the royal epistle, she hastened to conclude the business, and settle her household there.[1] The princess did not wholly forsake the Cockpit; she retained her possession of that establishment, and used it as cantonments for those of her servants who were not offensive to the government.

The plans and politics of Anne are unveiled, by her own hand, in the letter she wrote to her confidante, when the answer of the queen settled these arrangements. It is a letter which thoroughly displays her disposition, written about two days after that to the queen dated May 20th :—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE LADY MARLBOROUGH.

(*Under the designation of Mrs. Freeman.*)

"May 22, [1692,] Sion-house.

"I am very sensibly touched with the misfortune that my dear Mrs. Freeman has in losing her son,[2] knowing very well what it is to lose a child; but she knowing my heart so well, and how great a share I bear in all her concerns, I will not say any more on this subject, for fear of renewing her passion too much.

"Being now at liberty to go where I please, by the queen's refusing to see me, I am mightily inclined to go to-morrow, after dinner, to the Cockpit, and from thence, privately, in a chair to see you. Sometime next week I believe it will be time for me to go to London, to make an end of that business of Berkeley-house."[3]

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[1] The princess Anne's residence at Berkeley-house is usually stated to have taken place in 1690 to 1691; but her letter herewith marks the precise time of her concluding the agreement.

[2] Alluding to the death of lady Marlborough's first-born son, an infant.

[3] This marks the time exactly of the commencement of Anne's residence at Berkeley-house. She went direct, in February, to Sion, and from thence to Bath, and passed the winter of 1692-3 at Berkeley-house, which was her town-house till after the death of her sister. It was (as is evident from the MS. letters in the possession of his grace the duke of Devonshire) situated on the site of the present Devonshire-house. The noble old trees, which are plentiful in that neighbourhood, are relics of the grounds of the princess Anne.

In shameless contradiction of her voluntary assertion to the queen, that although she thought herself ill used, she would hide it as much as possible, occur the following passages:—

"The bishop [of Worcester] brought me the queen's letter early this morning, and by that letter, he said he did not seem so well satisfied with her as he was yesterday. *He has promised to bear me witness that I have made all the advances that were reasonable*; and, I confess, I think *the more it is told about* that I would have waited on the queen, but that she refused seeing me, *is the better, and therefore I will not scruple saying it to any body when it comes in my way.*

"There were some in the family, [the household of the princess,] as soon as the news came this morning of our fleet beating the French, that advised the prince [George of Denmark] to go in the afternoon to compliment the queen; and another [of her household] asked me 'if I would not send her one?' But we neither of us thought there was any necessity of it then, and much less since I received this arbitrary letter. *I don't send you the original*, for fear an accident may happen to the bearer, for I love to keep such letters by me for my justification. Sure never any body was so used by a sister! But I thank God I have nothing to reproach myself withal in this business; but the more I think of all that has passed, the better I am satisfied. And if I had done otherwise, I should have deserved to have been the scorn of the world, and to be trampled upon as much as my enemies would have me.

"Dear Mrs. Freeman," [concludes this remarkable missive,] "farewell! I hope in Christ you will never think more of leaving me, for I would be sacrificed to do you the least service, and nothing but death can ever make me part with you. For, if it be possible, I am every day more and more

"Your's.

"P. S.—I hope your lord is well. It was Mr. Maule and lady Fitzharding that advised the prince and me to make our compliments to the queen."

It is evident that this letter contained a copy of the queen's letter to the princess Anne; and the spirit of the whole communication prompted lady Marlborough, nothing loath, to make it as public as possible, in which the princess justified herself by producing the original. Such intrigues added greatly to the dangers by which queen Mary was beset at this difficult period of her government,—dangers which can only be appreciated by a knowledge of the falseness of too many who were, perforce, trusted by her with important offices. The naval victory alluded to by the princess Anne in her letter to lady Marlborough, on which the faction in her household advised her to send the queen "a compliment," was the celebrated one of La Hogue, where the English navy regained some of the credit they had lost since the Revolution. It was a victory gained almost against the will of the commanders, Russell and

Carter, by the tenacious valour of the seamen they commanded. The correspondence of admiral Russell with James II. has been matter of history for nearly a century. Queen Mary knew it well; but she, moreover, was aware that most of the superior officers in the fleet were positively resolved not to strike a blow against her father, their old master, who was then at La Hogue, waiting the result of the mighty preparations that France had made in his behalf.

Queen Mary met the danger with the high spirit arising from her indomitable courage and great abilities. She sent to the officers of the fleet, "that much had been told her of their disaffection, and she had been strenuously advised to take their commissions from them; but, for her part, she was resolved to rely on their honour. She felt convinced that they would not at once betray her, a helpless woman, and the glory of their country at the same time: she trusted the interests of both implicitly in their hands." If king William had been governing England at the time, the Protestant cause had been lost; but the reins of sovereignty being held by a queen, whose manners were soft and popular, created a strong sympathy among all classes. What the queen felt, meantime, may be guessed by those who have read her correspondence of the year 1690, where she analyzes pathetically her system of enclosing hermetically the agonies of her suspense in the recesses of her own heart.

Admiral Russell had promised James II. to avoid fighting, if he could do so without loss of the honour of the British navy. If Tourville, he said, would be content to slip out of port in a dark night, and pass him, he would not keep too sedulous a look-out for him, especially if he had king James on board; but if he came out of port in open day, and defied him, then an action must take place, and, with the eyes of Europe on them, the fight would be in earnest. King James was far from thinking this arrangement unreasonable, and the same was signified to Tourville, the French admiral, who thought more of his own personal glory than the interest of James II. He refused to pass in the manner Russell indicated, although he might have done so without the least

imputation on his valour, since the united English and Dutch fleets were so much superior to him in force, that his hope of victory must have been mere desperation. He came out of port in bravado, on the 16th of May, in his flag-ship, and a battle ensued. When once engaged, admiral Russell and his coadjutor Carter (who was a Jacobite without concealment) did their duty to their country. Carter was killed by some French bullet not aware of his affection to his old master. There is a noble historical ballad, one of the naval songs of England, which illustrates the battle of La Hogue in fewer and more impressive words than any other pen can do:—

"THE VICTORY OF LA HOGUE.

"Thursday, in the morn, the ides of May,
(Recorded for ever be the famous ninety-two,)
Brave Russell did discern, by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing slow;
'All hands above—aloft! let English valour shine;
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line;
Let every hand attend his gun!
Follow me, you soon will see,
A battle soon begun.'

Tourville on the main triumphant rolled,
To meet the gallant Russell in combat on the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral at his feet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself's on fire.
Mighty fate stood looking on,
While a flood,
All of blood,
Filled the scuppers of the Royal Sun.[1]

Sulphur, smoke, and fire filled the air,
And with their thunders scared the Gallic shores;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see their lily banners streaming now no more.
At six o'clock the red the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow,
The final overthrow,—
British colours ride the vanquished main!

See! they fly amazed through rocks and sands,
On danger they rush, to shun direr fate;
Vainly they seek for aid their native land,
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.

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[1] Tourville's flag-ship was Le Soleil Royal.

> For evermore adieu, thou royal dazzling Sun!
> From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun.
> Now we sing
> Live the king,
> And drink success to every British tar!"

This victory was decisive against the Jacobite cause. No formidable effort, from that time, was made for James II. Many of his most ardent friends, (among others, the celebrated dean Sherlock,) out of a sense of duty to their country, took the oaths to William and Mary.

When the English fleet arrived at Spithead, without the loss of a single ship, queen Mary promptly sent 30,000*l.* in gold to be distributed among the common sailors, and sent gold medals to be given to the officers. There is a tradition, that after the victory of La Hogue, the unfinished shell of the new palace of Greenwich was ordered by queen Mary to be prepared for the reception of the wounded seamen; and that from this circumstance the idea first originated in her mind of the conversion of this neglected building into a hospital, similar in plan to her uncle's foundation at Chelsea for veteran soldiers. The vigour and ability of queen Mary's government at the period of difficulty preceding the battle of La Hogue, became themes of commendation of all the poets of her party. Among the verses to her honour, those of Pomfret are really the best:—

> "When her great lord to foreign wars is gone,
> And left his Mary here to reign alone,
> With how serene a brow, how void of fear,
> When storms arose did she the vessel steer!
> And when the raging of the waves did cease,
> How gentle was her sway in times of peace;
> How good she was, how generous, how wise,
> How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes!"

Vandervaart's pencil[1] proves the great difference a few years, accompanied by increase of *embonpoint*, can make in the person of a female. Mary II. appeared in 1692, accord-

[1] Several fine engravings in the mezzotinto style, from the original portrait of Mary at this period, may be seen in the British Museum, in the collection of English portraits, vol. xi. p. 127. MARIA D. G. ANGLIÆ, SCOTICÆ, ET HIBERNIÆ REGINA, &c. *Vandervaar pinxit; J. Smith fecit. Sold by E. Cooper, Three Pidgeons, in Bedford-street.* Another, same plate, in Crowles' London, vol. xi.

ing to the engraving, as represented in the second portrait which illustrates this volume. All angles are filled up in this delineation of the royal matron; her cheeks, which present any thing but roundness of contour in her elegant portrait painted by Wissing for her father, when she was princess of Orange,[1] are now comely, and she appears on the verge of that decided obesity which is presented in her portraits and medals about the period of her demise. The architecture to the right of the queen marks both the date of the present portrait, and the place where her majesty is represented to be seated. The round windows are the entresols of the interior of the Fountain-court, Hampton-palace, and thus they are seen from the chapel-royal there. The queen is represented at morning service in the royal gallery, probably listening to some favourite preacher. She is sitting half enveloped in the velvet curtain of the royal closet; part of the curtain, with the heavy gold fringe, is flung over the front of the gallery on which her elbow leans. Her hand is supported by the large Spanish fan, closed, which ladies used when walking, instead of a parasol, until the end of the eighteenth century.

The queen's singular habiliments give a correct idea of the morning dress which ladies in England wore from 1687 to 1707, and certainly is not inaptly described in the Spectator as head-clothes: it superseded the use of the bonnet or hat, and seems a Dutch modification of the ever-elegant Spanish mantilla-veils. It is a cornette head-dress of three tiers made of guipure point, piled on the top of the hair, which is combed up from the roots and set on end, excepting some curls ranked as love-locks, serving as basements to the lace structure. Broad and full lappets border the cheeks on each side, and fall as low as the elbows, and are ornamented with bows of striped ribbon. Probably these lappets, or side veils, drew over the face to shade off the sun. The brocade robe is stiff-bodied, and very hard and high; the sleeves are narrow at the shoulders, where they fasten with bows of ribbon; they widen as they descend, and turn up

[1] See frontispiece.

with cuffs from the elbows, to show the sleeves of the chemise, which sustain rich ruffles of guipure-point, meeting stiff long gloves of leather, that mount too high to permit any portion of the arm to be visible. The bosom is shaded by the chemise, the tucker heavily trimmed with guipure. A large magnificent cluster of diamonds on the chest, and a throat-necklace of enormous pearls, are the only jewels worn with this costume. The queen must have been constant to this style of dress, since one of her Dutch portraits, on which is marked the year 1688, presents her precisely in the same attire. It is a fine work of art, of the Flemish school, in the possession of lord Braybrooke, by whose permission it was exhibited a few years since at the British Institution. The queen is represented sitting in a doleful-looking apartment, by a table with a green cloth, calling strongly to mind the small and dark parlour she was forced to dine in, after she had resigned her dining-room at the Hague to serve for her chapel.

At the awful crisis of the battle of La Hogue, Mary II. was but thirty years of age; her height, her fully-formed and magnificent figure, and, as her poet sings, "the brightness of her eyes," were singularly becoming to her royal costume. In the absence of her cynical partner, she took care to derive all possible advantages from frequently appearing in the grandeur of majesty, and kept the enthusiasm of the London citizens at its height by receiving their congratulatory addresses in her royal robes, and on her throne in the fatal Banqueting-room, and by often reviewing their trained-bands and artillery-companies in person, which civic militia was considered, in that century, formidable as a military body. Nevertheless, there were dark traits mixed with her government: the fate of Anderton, the supposed printer of some tracts in favour of the queen's father, is cited as an instance of open tyranny, unexampled since the times of Henry VIII.[1] The printer was brought to trial during the queen's regency of 1693. He made a vigorous defence, in spite of being brow-beat by the insults of judge

[1] Smollett's History of England, vol. ix. p. 209.

Treby from the bench. There was no real evidence against him, nothing but deductions, and the jury refused to bring in a verdict of high treason; they were, however, reviled and reprimanded by judge Treby, till they brought in Anderton guilty, most reluctantly. The mercy of queen Mary was invoked in this case; but she was perfectly inexorable, and he suffered death at Tyburn under her warrant, the man protesting solemnly against the proceedings of the court. "The judge," he declared, "was appointed by the queen, not to try, but to convict him." He likewise forgave his jury, who expressed themselves penitent for his death. If these circumstances be as the historian has represented,[1] England, after the Revolution, had small cause to congratulate herself on her restored liberties, and juries were composed of more pliant materials than in the case of sir Nicholas Throckmorton. William and Mary, who had reversed the sentence of Algernon Sidney, and signed the Bill of Rights, were not remarkably consistent. Perhaps they meant to limit liberty merely to the members of the house of commons, and the responsible representatives of large masses of money and land.

John Dunton, a fanatic bookseller, who wrote a journal, thus comments on his publication of the History of the Edict of Nantes. "It was a wonderful pleasure to queen Mary," observes Dunton,[2] "to see this history made English. It was the only book to which she granted her royal licence in 1693." Whether John Dunton means leave of dedication, or whether the liberty of the press was under such stringent restrictions as his words imply, is not entirely certain, but the doleful fate of Anderton gives authenticity to the latter opinion.

The historical medals of the reign of William III. and Mary are a most extraordinary series: many of them, quaint,

[1] Smollett.

[2] Dunton's Auto-biography, p. 153. John Dunton opened his shop, at the sign of the Raven in the Poultry, the day of the proclamation of William and Mary. He soon after published the Secret History of Whitehall, the blackest libel on the family of his royal patroness that had yet appeared: it was concocted by one Wooley, a hack-writer, and John Dunton himself.

absurd, and boastful, seem as if meant to out-do the vain-glorious inscriptions of Louis XIV. A medal, which was struck in Holland in commemoration of the events of this year, is unique in artistical productions, for no other potentate, either Christian or pagan, ever thus commemorated a scene of torture. "It is," says the obsequious historian,[1] "the more remarkable, as the antients never represented such subjects on their medals." It represents the horrible death of Grandval, who was accused and convicted of conspiring to kill William III., and executed in Flanders at the English camp, according to the English law of treason.[2] This tender testimonial was plentifully distributed in Great Britain under Mary's government, and is to be seen in bronze still, in old family cabinets. It presents William in wig and laurel on one side of the medal; the reverse is ornamented with the executioner standing over the half-animated corpse of Grandval, knife in hand. Fires burn at the head and feet of the victim, in one of which his heart is to be consumed: the front of the scaffold is adorned with the inscription of the crime. On the right side are three stakes; on one is the head, on the two others the fore-quarters of the miserable wretch: the other side is adorned with the gallows, and the other quarters. August 13, 1692, the day of the butchery, is beneath.[3] Detestable as these executions might be, they were legal. The monarchs reigning in England were justified in permitting them; but to celebrate them in such commemorations is unexampled, and infinitely disgraced the epoch. Medals in those days must have taken the place of political caricatures; in these of William and Mary, every kind of grotesque absurdity is represented as befalling their adversaries. Several medals were struck on the escape of William from the fog off Goree; he is seen in the boat, in his wig and armour, pointing to

[1] Medallic History of the four last Reigns,—William, Mary, Anne, and George; with prints of the Medals: p. 23, plate 14.

[2] Toone's Chronology.

[3] The author has lately been shown one of these extraordinary medals in silver by W. D. Haggard, esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., extant in his valuable collection at Hammersmith.

two gothic towers which seem to command the port of Goree. Towards the end of Mary's life she is represented in these medals as enormously fat, with two or three ponderous chins; in general, the reverses represent her in the character of a lioness crushing serpents, or valiantly aiding her husband king William, who, in the semblance of a lion, is catching and mauling, not only the Gallic cock, but several hens, making their feathers fly about very absurdly. A droller series of caricatures on themselves were never perpetrated, than this series of medals illustrative of the regnal history of William and Mary.

Meantime, we must return to the penitential letter written by Anne to her father, which, although dated in the preceding December, had been travelling by circuitous routes several months before the bearer reached James II. in Normandy. At the town of La Hogue, not far from the ancient port of Barfleur, James II. had encamped with the army which the ships of Tourville were intended to convey to England. The king had expressed, in his Journal, great distrust of the affected repentance of his daughter Anne and her advisers. He observed, "Former treachery made such intentions liable to suspicion; yet Marlborough put so plausible a face upon his treasons, that if they were not accompanied by sincerity, they had, at least, a specious appearance. They had this reason, above all others, to be credited; they were out of favour with the prince of Orange [William III.], and reaped no other benefit from their past infidelities than the infamy of having committed them. The most interested persons' repentance may be credited, when they can hope to mend their fortunes by repairing their fault, and better their condition by returning to their duty."[1] Such were the very natural reflections of the outraged father, when he received the intimation of the repentance of his daughter Anne, and of her favourites the Marlboroughs. Captain Davy Lloyd, the old sea-comrade of James II., who had been entrusted with the penitential letter of Anne, brought it to him the day after the battle

[1] Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clark.

of the Hogue. Notwithstanding the cool shrewdness of the above remarks, the old king's parental tenderness yearned when he read the letter of his favourite child. As captain Lloyd left the presence, king James observed to some friend who stood by him, "That his daughter Anne was surely better than her sister Mary." Captain Lloyd, over-hearing this remark, re-opened the door he had closed, put in his head, and, with a rough seaman's oath and rude canine comparison, let his master know his opinion, that both were alike in principle.[1] Captain Davy Lloyd was an intimate friend of admiral Russell. He had had several secret interviews with that admiral—and, as some say, with the princess Anne herself—on Jacobite affairs before he brought the letter to her father. A few words which the princess let fall regarding her own selfish interests, probably occasioned his well-known burst of indignation, when he heard her father mention her with fondness. When impartially considered, the conduct of Anne was far less excusable than that of her sister, queen Mary; nor is her guilt against her country to be palliated. If the princess had had any real conviction of the religious principles she professed, she would have endured far severer mortifications than any William and Mary had the power to inflict on her, before she would have disturbed the settlement whereby a Protestant religion was secured the predominance in England. Supposing James II. had been restored in 1692, there would have been far more danger from the encroachments of Rome than before the Revolution took place. Anne therefore remains convicted of betraying not only her king and father, but the monarch of the Revolution, whom she had helped to raise. As her father was still more devoted to the church of Rome in 1691 and 1692 than in 1688, base self-interest or revengeful pique must have been the ruling motives of her communication with him.

From some unexplained caprice, admiral Russell refused a title with which queen Mary was desirous of investing him.

[1] Bibl. Birch, 4163, folio 44.

Her majesty had recourse to the intervention of his venerated relative, Rachel lady Russell; the following fragment of the royal correspondence on this subject has been preserved:—"I confess myself lazy enough in writing, yet that has not hindered me from answering lady Russell's letter, but staying for Mr. Russell's own answer, to which you referred me. I have seen him this day, and find he is resolved to be Mr. Russell still. I could not press him further on a thing he seemed so little to care for, so there is an end of that matter. Whether the king will think I have done enough on that matter or no, I cannot tell; but it is not in my nature to compliment, which always makes me take people at their words."[1]

When queen Mary had surmounted the most formidable of the difficulties which beset her regnal sway in the eventful summer of 1692, she had once more leisure to descend from the greatness of the firm and courageous monarch to the pettiness of the spiteful partisan, and to devise new annoyances for the mortification of her sister. According to the narrative of lady Marlborough, it was the earnest endeavour of queen Mary to prevent the nobility from paying the princess Anne the accustomed visit of ceremonial on her convalescence, when she left her lying-in chamber. For this purpose, the queen intimated to all her courtiers, both lords and ladies, that those who went to Sion-house would not be received at court. The queen (if the Marlboroughs may be believed) herself condescended to intimate this resolution to lady Grace Pierrepoint,[2] who replied, "That she considered that she owed a certain degree of respect to the princess; and if her majesty declined receiving her for paying it, she must submit to her pleasure and stay away from court." Lady Thanet was not so high-spirited, but she sent her excuse in writing to the princess, lamenting the prohibition of her majesty. To this letter the following answer was returned:—

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[1] Bibl. Birch, 4163, folio 44.

[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 96.

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE DOWAGER-LADY THANET.[1]

"It is no small addition to my unhappiness in the queen's displeasure, that I am deprived by it of the satisfaction of seeing my friends, especially such as seem desirous to see me, and to find by those late commands which her majesty has given you, that her unkindness is to have no end. The only comfort I have in these great hardships is, to think how little I have deserved them from the queen; and that thought, I hope, will help me to support them with less impatience.

"I am the less surprised at the strictness of the queen's command to you upon this occasion, since I have found she can be so very unkind to, &c.,

"ANNE."

The princess, when her health permitted the journey, left Sion-house, and went, for the restoration of her shattered constitution, to try the waters of Bath. Thither the indefatigable ill-nature of the queen pursued her. The report of the honours with which the mayor and corporation of Bath received Anne, enraged her majesty. The mortifications were but trifling which the queen had the power to inflict, yet she did her worst, and condescended to order such letters as the following to be written to the mayor of Bath, a tallow-chandler by trade, to prevent the respect that his city thought due to the heiress-presumptive of the crown:—

"LORD NOTTINGHAM, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, TO THE MAYOR OF BATH.[2]

"SIR,

"The queen has been informed, that yourself and your brethren have attended the princess with the same respect and ceremony as have been usually paid to the royal family. Perhaps you may not have heard what occasion her majesty has had to be displeased with the princess, and therefore I am commanded to acquaint you, that you are not, for the future, to pay her highness any respect or ceremony without leave from her majesty, who does not doubt of receiving from you and your brethren this public mark of your duty.

"Your most humble servant,

"NOTTINGHAM."

This undignified mandate was duly received by the mayor of Bath, and his brethren the aldermen, who were sorely troubled and perplexed therewith. They consulted with Mr. Harrington, of Helston, as to what course would be most prudent to take, without making himself an instrument of the queen's malice by putting a public affront on their illustrious visitor. In consequence of Harrington's advice, he commu-

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 96.

[2] Ibid, p. 98.

nicated the letter to Anne, who is said to have smiled at the paltry manifestation of her august sister's ill-will, and with great good sense desired the corporation to omit all mark of distinction to herself in future, as she would not, on any account, wish that the friendly city of Bath should incur the ill-will of their majesties on her account. In consequence of this reply, the mayor and corporation, who had been accustomed to attend her royal highness in procession to the abbey-church every Sunday, discontinued that mark of attention for the future;[1] but the ungenerous conduct of the queen had, of course, the effect, always to be observed in the English character, of exciting the enthusiasm of the independent citizens in favour of her persecuted sister. Anne's manner of treating the withdrawal of such honours as a corporation could bestow, is told in an affectionate note which she wrote to her favourite after they came out of the abbey-church. From it may be learned, that lady Marlborough was more startled and disturbed at the loss of the corporation-homage than her mistress:—

"The Princess Anne to Lady Marlborough.[2]

(*Under the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

"Dear Mrs. Freeman must give me leave to ask her, if any thing has happened to make her uneasy? I thought she looked to-night as if she had the spleen, and I can't help being in pain whenever I see her so. I fancied, yesterday, when the mayor failed in the ceremony of going to church with me, that he was commanded not to do it. I think 'tis a thing to be laughed it. And if *they* imagine either to vex me or gain upon me by such sort of usage, *they* will be mightily disappointed. And I hope these foolish things *they* do will every day show more and more what *they* are, and that *they* truly deserve the *name* your faithful Morley has given them."

The pronoun *they* perhaps pertains to the sovereigns William and Mary; as for the name the princess had given them, there is no further information afforded. The names of "Caliban" and "monster" were appellations the princess very liberally bestowed on her brother-in-law king William at this juncture; but in neither of these, nor in others not quite so refined, could his royal partner claim her share. The princess Anne was an adept in the odious custom

[1] History of Bath, by the rev. Richard Warner.
[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 99.

of giving nick-names,—a proceeding to which only the lowest minds condescend. Before the Marlborough published her letters, she expunged the abusive epithets found in them which were meant to designate king William.

It appears, from Dr. Pearse's Memorials of Bath, that the place of residence of the princess Anne was called in that city the Abbey-house, a mansion now demolished, but which was then inhabited by a Dr. Sherwood, the most celebrated physician in the west of England. The princess was his patient as well as his tenant: he caused a private communication to be made between the Abbey-house and the king's bath for her use. The following letter from the princess to her favourite was written, it is supposed, at Berkeley-house, soon after leaving Bath.

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.[1]

(*Under the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

"I really long to know how my dear Mrs. Freeman got home; and now I have this opportunity of writing, she must give me leave to tell her, that if she should ever be so cruel as to leave her faithful Mrs. Morley, she will rob her of all the joy and quiet of her life; for if that day should come, I could never enjoy a happy minute, and I swear to you I would shut myself up, and never see a creature. You may see all this would have come upon me, if you had not been, [*i. e.* never existed,] if you do but remember what the queen said to me the night before your lord was turned out of all, when she began to pick quarrels.

"And if they [*i. e.* king William and queen Mary] should take off twenty or thirty thousand pounds (per annum), have I not lived on as little before? When I was first married we had but twenty, (it is true, *the king*[2] was so kind as to pay my debts); and if it should come to that again, what retrenchment is there in my family I would not willingly make, and be glad of that pretence to do it?

"Never fancy, dear Mrs. Freeman, if what you fear should happen, that you are the occasion; no, I am very well satisfied, and so is the prince too, it would have been so, however, for *Caliban* is capable of doing nothing but injustice, therefore rest satisfied you are no ways the cause. And let me beg once more, for God's sake, that you would never mention parting more,—no, nor so much as think of it; and if you should ever leave me, be assured it would break your faithful Mrs. Morley's heart.

"P. S.—I hope my dear Mrs. Freeman will come as soon as she can this afternoon, that we may have as much time together as we can. I doubt you will think me very unreasonable, but I really long to see you again, as if I had not been so happy this month."

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[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 99. The square brackets contain the explanations by the author; the round ones are the parentheses of the princess.

[2] This was her father, James II.; it is confirmatory of some preceding anecdotes.

The above letter, and the succeeding one of the same series, are totally without dates; but there are some allusions to the imprisonment of lord Marlborough in the Tower, and subsequently to his release on bail, which circumstances caused considerable absences of his lady from the side of her adoring princess; because, to use the phrase so often occurring in Burnet's historical narratives, "'twas scarce *decent*" that a person under bail for treason should reside in the family of the heiress-presumptive of the British crown.

The queen kept lord Marlborough as long as possible either incarcerated in the Tower, or under the restraint of bail. It was Michaelmas term before his bail was exonerated; afterwards, he took up his abode in the household of the princess Anne. A new struggle then commenced, regarding the residence of this obnoxious pair in the household of the heiress. In this, a party against them in the princess's establishment at Berkeley-house took ardent interest. Lord Rochester, the uncle of the royal sisters, again went and came from the queen, with proposals respecting their dismissal; Mr. Maule, the bedchamber gentleman of prince George, undertook to sway his master, and sir Benjamin Bathurst and lady Fitzharding the princess. Lord Rochester hinted to his niece, that if she would dismiss lady Marlborough, in order to show a semblance of obedience to the queen, her majesty would permit her to receive her again into her service. The princess seems to have caught at this compromise, for she sent lady Fitzharding to her sister to know if she had rightly understood their uncle's words; for if there was no mistake, she would give her majesty "satisfaction of that sort." This compliance was so far from giving queen Mary satisfaction of any kind, that she fell into a great passion, and declared to lady Fitzharding, "that she would never see the princess again upon other terms than parting with lady Marlborough,—not for a time, but for ever." And Mary added, with imperious voice and gesture, "she was a queen, and would be obeyed:" this sentence, according

to lady Fitzharding's testimony, her majesty repeated several times with increasing harshness.[1]

Lady Marlborough again proposed retiring of her own accord, which proposition, as she well knew, would draw from her fond mistress an agonizing appeal by letter not to forsake her, in which entreaty the compliant prince George joined.

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.[2]

(*By the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

"In *obedience* to dear Mrs. Freeman, I have told the prince all she desired me; and he is so far from being of another opinion, that, if there had been occasion, he would have strengthened me in my resolutions, and we both beg you will never mention so cruel a thing any more."

"Can you think," continues the princess, "either of us so wretched that, for the sake of 20,000*l.*, and to be tormented from morning to night with knaves and fools, we should forsake those we have such obligations to, and that we are so certain we are the occasion of all their misfortunes? Besides, can you believe we will truckle to *Caliban*, who, from the first moment of his coming, has used us at that rate as we are sensible he has done?

"But suppose that I did submit, and that the king could change his nature so much as to use me with humanity, how would all reasonable people despise me? How would that *Dutch monster* laugh at me, and please himself with having got the better? And, which is much more, how would my conscience reproach me for having sacrificed it, my honour, reputation, and all the substantial comforts of this life, for transitory interest, which, even to those who make it their interest, can never afford any real satisfaction to a virtuous mind?"[3] It is sickening to find Anne and her accomplices talking of virtue to one another, each knowing that they were betraying their country from private pique and self-interest, just as they had previously

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 100. [2] Ibid., p. 84.

[3] Blanks are left in the printed copy for the epithets of 'Caliban' and 'Dutch monster,' which are restored from the Coxe MSS., Brit. Mus.

betrayed a father and benefactor. She proceeds, after this burst of undeserved self-praise,—"No, my dear Mrs. Freeman! never believe your faithful Mrs. Morley will ever submit. She can wait with patience for a sunshine day, and if she does not live to see it, yet she hopes England will flourish again." Namely, when her young son, the duke of Gloucester, had arrived at man's estate,—"a sunshine-day" neither he nor his mother were ever to behold. Meantime, the young duke lived at his nursery-palace of Campden-house, from whence he was frequently taken to wait upon her majesty, who made a marked difference between her treatment of this child and of his parents.

If our readers wish to form any idea of the features of the metropolis, and its manners and customs, under the sway of Mary II., in like manner as they have been shown under our Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor sovereigns, vain would be the search among the folios which it has pleased the policy of modern writers to call *history;* in truth, filled up as they are with dry details of foreign battles, and the mere outward movements of cabinet diplomacy, such narrative is the history of any country rather than our own. There were, however, writers who traced with horrible exactitude popular manners at the close of the seventeenth century, even as the gentler pen of Addison drew the statistics of society in the latter years of queen Anne. From one of these works are gathered a few memorials of localities in London and Westminster at the close of the seventeenth century. The author has chosen to sketch a tour through London, beginning with May fair,—not the well-known *locale* of fashionable celebrity, but an ancient fair held on the sites of those streets, which fair, departing wholly from the useful purposes which caused its foundation, had become coarsely vicious. The tourist and his friend, to convey them to "the May fair," took a hackney-coach, a vehicle resembling the modern hired carriages of the kind in nothing but in name. "For want of glasses to our coach," he says, "we drew up tin sashes, pinked

with holes like a cullender, to defend us from stifling with the dust." [1]

Among the strange proceedings at the May fair, the describer of its "humours" mentions "that a countryman, walking in its vicinity, near the Hayhill-farm, (now Farm-street,) had picked up a toad in one of the ditches; and seeing a coach full of ladies of quality proceeding to look at the fair, he became much incensed at the sight of the *loup* masks by which they hid their faces, and preserved at once their complexions and their *incognito*. 'In those black vizards you look as ugly as my toad here,' said the man to them; and so saying, he tossed the creature into the low-hung carriage, a manœuvre which caused the whole party to alight in great consternation for the purpose of expelling their unwelcome inmate, to the infinite delight of the mob of May fair." Such parties of the queen's ladies, escorted by her lord chamberlain and lady Derby, often made excursions from her palace, and it was the custom to bring home very rich fairings, either from the May fair, or from the July fair, likewise called that of "St. James." This circumstance is mentioned in a lively letter of lady Cavendish[2] to her lord, descriptive of some such excursion;[3] but it was to the St. James's fair, and seems to have been performed on foot, one of the guards of the fair bevy being a certain sir James, of whose identity no traces are to be found in her letter, but we presume that he was sir James Lowther. There is some reason to suppose that the queen was of the party. "I have been but once to the fair; sir James gallanted us thither, and in so generous a humour, that he presented us all with fairings: the queen's fairing cost him twenty guineas. None of us but Mrs. Allington had the grace to give him a fairing. On our return, we met my lord chamberlain, lord Nottingham, in the cloisters of St. James's-palace. He addressed himself extremely to the afore-named lady, [Jane Alling-

[1] Ward's London. [2] Daughter of Rachel lady Russell.

[3] Devonshire Papers, copied by permission of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

ton,] and never left her all the time we stayed there; which, indeed, was not long, for our two *gouvernantes*, lady Derby and sir James, were impatient to be gone, so I had not time to choose a fairing."[1]

St. James's-palace is described, by the author quoted above,[2] as being entered "through a lofty porch into the first court, where a parcel of country-boobies were gazing at the whale's ribs with great amazement." Thus it appears that the naval kings of England had ornamented the gates of their home palace with this maritime trophy. Then, after describing the beauties of the palace, and promenading in the Birdcage-walk, he went to take a turn on the parade, "which is," he says, "in a morning quite covered with the bones of red herrings! From thence we walked to the canal, where ducks were frisking in the water and standing on their heads, showing as many tricks as a Bartholomew tumbler. I said to my friend, 'Her majesty's ducks are wondrous merry.'" Queen Mary was thus considered as the heiress of the pet ducks of her uncle Charles II., as well as of his crown. "We then took a view of the famed figure of the Gladiator, which is indeed well worthy of the place it stands in. Behind this figure, at the foot of the pedestal, we sat down to see the aqueduct, and watch its inhabitants the ducks, who delighted us with their pastimes. Thence we walked by the decoy, where meandering waters glided smoothly beneath their osier canopies. We turned from thence into a long lime-walk; at the termination of this delectable alley was a knot of lofty elms by a pond side, round which were commodious seats. Here a parcel of old cavaliers were conning over the history of the civil wars, and perhaps comparing the two revolutions."

In the course of their walk, they pass Westminster-abbey. The remarks prove that it was in a state of the most dreadful desolation, and that it was crowded with "the poor of St.

[1] This letter has no date of year or day, but it is in answer to one from her lord, directed to her at Arlington-house, (since Buckingham-house,) dated July 1692, in which he begs her to buy him a fairing. July 25th is St. James's-day, when the fair commenced.

[2] Ward's London.

Margaret's parish, begging in the time of divine service;" that is, the pauper population of the fearful haunts of misery and vice in the purlieus of the streets round the abbey, came to hold out their hands for the offertory given by the abbey-congregation,—a proof that all organization of proper distribution was even then broken up. "We crossed the palace-yard, on the east end of which lay the relics of Westminster clock-house,[1] in a confused heap; from thence we moved on to the tennis-court of Whitehall-palace, fenced round with network." This the author affected to consider "as a net set up to catch Jacobites;" therefore it may be presumed it was one of their haunts. "We passed the tennis-court, and went forwards to Whitehall, whose ruins we viewed with no little concern, as consumed by flames near so much water, and all that artists, at the cost of our greatest kings, had improved to delight and stateliness, remains dissolved in rubbish; those spacious rooms where majesty has sat so oft, attended with the glories of the court —the just, the wise, the beautiful—now huddled in confusion, as if the misfortunes of princes were visited on their palaces as well as persons. Through several out-courts we came to Scotland-yard, covered with recumbent soldiers, who were basking in the sun." At Whitehall-stairs the author embarked for the city. "When we came upon Tower-hill, the first object that more particularly affected us was that emblem of destruction, the scaffold. Next to this *memento mori* we were struck with the Traitors'-gate, where the fall of the moat-waters, in cataracts on each side, made so terrible a noise, that it is enough to fright a prisoner out of the world before his time of execution. The passage to it is fortified with rusty iron guns." They saw the regalia, "with the crown made for the coronation of her *late* majesty, [Mary Beatrice of Modena,] and three crowns worn by her present majesty, Mary II., with distinct robes for several occasions."

[1] The Clock-house had been demolished by the roundhead mob forty years before, as popish, at the time they demolished Charing-cross.

No comments are made upon the state of the arts by this writer; in times of war, even if monarchs have the taste to wish to reward them, they are usually destitute of funds. The frightful costume of periwigs, in which the masculine portion of the human race were at this period enveloped, from the age of three years to their graves, greatly injured the pictorial representation of the human form: portrait and historical painting then commenced the dull decline which subsisted from Kneller to Hogarth. Some few artists obtained reputation as painters of animals and flowers: these were all Flemings or Dutchmen. Queen Mary patronised the celebrated flower-artist, John Baptist Monnoyer,[1] who was brought to England by the duke of Montague, to decorate the walls and ceilings of Montague-house with the beautiful wreaths of flowers that have been the admiration of succeeding generations.[2] His most curious work is said to be a looking-glass at Kensington-palace, which queen Mary employed him to decorate for her. She watched the progress of this beautiful representation of still-life with the greatest interest. Tradition says it was wholly painted in her presence. In all probability, the exquisite wreaths of flowers round looking-glasses at Hampton-Court were painted by Monnoyer for his royal patroness.

Some of queen Mary's subjects were desirous that she should turn her attention to the reformation of female dress. In her zeal for moral improvement, she had talked of a sumptuary-law she designed for the purpose of suppressing the height of cornette caps, the growth of top-knots, and above all, the undue exaltation of the *fontange*, a streaming ribbon floating from the summit of the high head-dresses, first introduced by the young duchess de Fontange, the lovely mistress of Louis XIV. These were the favourite fashions of the times, and queen Mary's contemporary affirms, that her majesty was infinitely scandalized "that the proud minxes of the city" and the lower ranks should wear such modes. Nevertheless, two pictures of her ma-

[1] Biography of Monnoyer, Grainger. [2] The British Museum.

jesty, as well as her wax effigy in Westminster-abbey, are decorated with the obnoxious *fontange*. The costume she projected for her female subjects, (if the periodicals of her day be correct,)[1] was the high-crowned hat in which the Dutch *frows* and *boorines* are seen in the pictures of Teniers and Ostade. This was really an old English costume; it had become a general fashion in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and was adopted by the fanatics of the Cromwellian era: it lingered among the old people at the end of the seventeenth century. The day was gone by when queens could with impunity impose sumptuary laws, and fulminate penalties against exaggerated ruffs and unreasonable furbelows, regulate the length of rapiers and shoe-ties, the amplitude of trains, and prescribe the rank of the wearers of cloth, satin, velvet, and gold tissue. It was a laughable mistake, moreover, to impute moral virtue to a queer-shaped hat; and had the queen known any thing of the history of the past, she would have been aware that the original introducers of the sanctified steeple-crowns were considered by their contemporaries[2] as presumptuous vessels of wrath, and were vituperated as much as the "city minxes" who flaunted in cornettes and top-knots after her gracious example.

From some fragments of correspondence between her majesty and Rachel lady Russell, it appears that lady was a frequent applicant for places and pensions; but that the queen perpetually referred her to the king, not daring to dispose of any thing, even in her own household, without his sanction. The king, there is every reason to believe, followed the bad fashion brought in from France at the Restoration, of selling court places.[3] This mode Rachel lady Russell either could not, or would not, understand: queen Mary was too diplomatic to enter into full explanation, and the lady sought other means of making more powerful interest. For this purpose she applied to archbishop Tillotson, whose answer

[1] London Spy, 1699. [2] See Bulwer's Artificial Changeling.

[3] According to Evelyn, king William ordered Marlborough, on his dismissal, to sell his court places directly. It is pretty certain he had never bought them.

gives some view of the queen at this period of her reign. "On Sunday morning, August 1, 1692," wrote the archbishop to lady Russell, "I gave yours to the queen, telling her that I was afraid it came too late. She said, '*Perhaps not.*' Yesterday, meeting the queen at a christening, she gave me the inclosed to send to your ladyship, and if I could but obtain of your severe judgment to wink at my vanity, I would tell you how this happened. My lady-marchioness of Winchester being lately delivered of a son, spake to the queen to stand godmother; and the queen asking 'whom she thought of for godfathers?' she said, 'only the earl of Bath, and whatever others her majesty might please to name.' They agreed on *me,* which was a great surprise to me, but I doubt not a gracious contrivance of her majesty to let the world know that I have her countenance and support. If it please God to preserve my good master [William III.] and grant him success, I have nothing to wish in this world but that God would grant children to this excellent prince, and that I, *who am said not to be baptized myself,* may have the honour to baptize a prince of Wales. With God, to whose wisdom and goodness we must submit every thing, this is not impossible. To his protection and blessing I commend your ladyship and hopeful children. Reading over what I have written, puts me in mind of one who, when he was in drink, always went and showed himself to his best friends; but your ladyship knows how to forgive a little folly to one, so entirely devoted to your service as is, honoured madam,

"Your obliged and humble servant,

"JO. CANT."[1]

The elation of the archbishop was not with drink, according to his somewhat unclerical jest above quoted; but he had just felt himself in secure possession of the see of Canterbury, and had not yet experienced the thorns that lined his archiepiscopal mitre. It is a curious circumstance, that, in connexion with this incident, he should name one of

[1] Birch's Life of Tillotson, cxxi. Works, vol. i.

the great objections urged against his primacy by the non-juring church,—that he had never been baptized, at least according to the ritual of the church of England. The fact remains dubious, for he does not clear the point, since irony is not assertion. The report that Tillotson had never been baptized, gave rise to a bitter Latin epigram,[1] which has thus been paraphrased by some Jacobite:—

"EPITAPHIUM ECCLESIÆ ANGLICANÆ.

"*Hic jacet Ecclesia Anglicana,*
*Semi mortua, semi sepulta,*" &c.

"Here lies the widowed Anglican church,
Half buried, half dead, and left in the lurch;
Oh, sick and sorrowful English church!
You weep and wail and sadly search,
To hide from the mocking enemy,
The utter shame of your misery.
Let not Rome know,
The depths of your woe,
By fanatics bit, from the land of fogs
Defiled and choked by a plague of frogs.
Oh, sorrowing, wretched Anglican church!
Speak not of your Head or Archbishop;
For that schismatic primate and Hollander king
Are still in want of christening!"

The truth of this epigram aggravates its sting. The religion of William III.—that of the Dutch dissenters, is utterly bare of all rites. He was never baptized in Holland, and he certainly was not in England. His first compliance with the rites of the church of England was, by communicating at the altar of the chapel at St. James's-palace in the winter of 1688, while the convention was debating his election to the throne. His hatred to the English church, and his irreverence during divine service, have been recorded by Dr. Hooper, and even by his admirer, Tindal.[2]

The extraordinary burglary which had been committed about eighteen months previously, in that division of the royal dwelling-rooms called the queen's side, at the palace of Whitehall, had probably some connexion with the order of council issued by the queen during her regnal government in the autumn of 1692. The robbers of royalty were never

[1] Cole's MSS.; British Museum.
[2] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin.

discovered, neither were the perpetrators of the following sacrilege, which had preceded the daring escalade of the queen's dressing-room. "Whereas there was a robbery committed in the collegiate church of Westminster, the 30th of December, 1689; two large silver candlesticks, three suits of rich velvets fringed with gold, for the communion-table and altar, three damask table-cloths, the covers of the great Bible and Prayer-book." There is no reward offered for the discovery by the government, but pardon is offered, if within forty days any accomplice declared his instigators.[1]

Queen Mary, on the 13th of September, 1692, issued that remarkable edict by proclamation, offering "40*l.* per head for the apprehension and conviction of any burglar or highwayman."[2] The queen was singularly unfortunate in all her legislation by proclamation. The above reward, which speedily obtained the portentous appellation of "blood-money," acting in woful conjunction with her husband's enthusiastic recommendations "for the better encouragement of distilling spirits from malt,"[3] completed the demoralization of her most miserable people. If a premium be offered for the production of any article, be sure an abundant supply will forthwith ensue; and, to the consternation of humanity, this "blood-money" speedily occasioned a terrific number of convictions and executions, while, at the same time, the evil the queen meant it to suppress, increased at the rate of a hundred per cent. The most dreadful effects of her mistake in legislation[4] unfortunately continued in

[1] The dean and chapter offered 100*l.* reward. Gazette, 1689, Jan.

[2] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, p. 93, vol. i.

[3] The MS. Journals of the House of Lords (library of E. C. Davey, esq., Grove, Yoxford) repeatedly mention, in the years 1692 and 1693, the visits of William III. to the house for this unwise purpose, which, judging, by facts, we firmly believe the worst of our native sovereigns would have died rather than enforce. The king's personal tastes, and his desire to induce the consumption of a taxable article, were the causes of this conduct.

[4] Lord Mohun's History of England from the Peace of Utrecht enters into the statistics of crime in this woful century with rectitude of purpose and power of ability. The date of his era did not enable him to trace the cause of the evil of blood-money to its origin, but those who wish to see its results in the course of a quarter of a century, will do well to read his account of the Fleet and other prisons in the reign of George I., who is not in the least accountable for abuses which existed before his reign.

active operation for almost a century after her death, and how long it would have scourged and deteriorated the English is unknown, if the powerful pens of Gay, Swift, and Fielding had not drawn some attention, in the course of years, to the horrid traffic carried on by the thief-takers, their informers, and the gaolers, all acting under the fatal stimulus of blood-money. Thus the evil received some check; yet no one seems to have reasoned on its enormities until the end of the last century,[1] for it was scarcely subdued until the establishment of the present police. A long retrospect of human calamity is thus opened up to one terrific error in legislation, emanating from an order in council, authorized by Mary II. in her capacity of queen-regent and queen-regnant. It must have been carried against her own private conviction of its folly and mischievous tendency. The same vigorous reasoning power which led her to plead earnestly with her cruel husband to bestow the Irish confiscations for the purpose of erecting and endowing schools over that miserable country, must have brought her to the conclusion that blood-money, treacherous gaolers, and thief-takers acting in unison, with a prison discipline formed after the nearest idea of the dread place of future perdition, were not likely to cure her people of crime. Mary ought to have made firm resistance against the edict, and if she found her cabinet council contumacious, she ought to have referred it to parliament, where its consequences might have met with the free discussion of many minds.

Much of the crime and sorrow of the present day, and, indeed, the greatest national misfortune that ever befell this country, originated from the example given by William III. and his Dutch courtiers as imbibers of ardent spirits. In fact, the laws of England, from an early period, sternly prohibited the conversion of malt into alcohol, excepting a small portion for medicinal purposes.[2] Queen Elizabeth (and the act, it is said, originated from her own virtue of tem-

[1] Colquhoun on Crime.

[2] Stowe's London. Statutes at Large; British Museum. The law is in the drollest Saxon English, appearing among the Norman-French law dialect.

perance) strictly enforced this statute, and treated the infringement of it as a moral dereliction; and those were the times when breaking laws made for the health and happiness of the people were not visited by fines, which were easily spared from fraudulent Mammon profits, but by personal infliction on the delinquents. The consummation of all injury to the people, was the encouragement that king William III. was pleased to give to the newly-born manufactories of spirituous liquors. Strange it is, after noting such stringent laws against converting food into "fire-water," that a sovereign of Great Britain could come repeatedly to his senate for the purpose of earnestly recommending to legislators its encouragement; yet this respectable request of royalty stares the reader in the face in manuscript journals of parliament.[1] What would have been said of James I., if, in addition to his worst fault, that of intemperance, he had pursued a similar course of proceeding?

The alteration of the wise restrictive law of Elizabeth was not done in ignorance; more than one noted literary character belonging to church or law remonstrated. These are the words of Whiston:—"An act of parliament has abrogated a very good law for discouraging the poor from drinking gin; nay, they have in reality encouraged them to drunkenness, and to the murder of themselves by such drinking. Judge Hale earnestly supported the restrictive law, and opposed its abrogation, declaring that millions of persons would kill themselves by these fatal liquors." The prediction of the legal sage has indeed been fearfully verified, owing to the acts of this unpaternal reign.[2] It is, perhaps, the most urgent duty of a regal biographer to trace the effects of laws emanating from the sovereign in person,—orders of council, for instance, where a monarch hears and even partakes in the discussion, and perforce must be instrumental towards the accomplishment of any enactment. Had Mary made so little progress in the high science of statistical wisdom as

[1] MS. Journals of the House of Lords, in the library of E. C. Davey, esq., Grove, Yoxford.

[2] Whiston's Auto-biography.

not to trace the cause she instituted to its future tremendous effects?[1] Yet her letters prove that her intellect was brilliant.

Such were the fruits of the enactment of an unpaternal government, where men were looked upon as likely to afford "food for powder" as probable recruits, rather than worthy members of society. What with the temptations of the newly permitted gin-shops; the temptations of the thief-takers, (themselves stimulated by rewards for blood); what with the mental bewilderment produced by the wrangling of polemic-preachers on the "sinful nature of good works," and the angry jealousy of the revolutionary government regarding the influence of the reformed catholic church on the minds of the poor, the populace of England, wheresoever they were congregated in towns, were steeped to the very lips in guilt and misery. Executions under the reward-conviction system, which soon was supported by parliament, often amounted to forty victims per month for London only; and when the most dreadful revelations took place of gangs of miscreants congregated for the purposes of obtaining the blood-rewards by the denouncement of innocent persons, liberal as the law was in dispensation of death, no commensurate punishment whatsoever was found on the statute-book for those who had been murderers by wholesale by false

[1] The reward known as 'blood-money,' gave rise to an organized crew of human fiends called thief-takers: the plan followed by these villains was, for one of them, under the semblance of a professional robber, to entice two persons to join him in robbing one of his confederates; which confederate, taking care that the instigator should escape, apprehended the two dupes, and having his evidence supported by another of the gang who had managed to purchase some of the property of which the party in the plot had been robbed, found all in train for successful conviction of the two tempted wretches, whose death secured the payment of the queen's reward. When they received this horrid donation, the confederates divided the spoil at an entertainment, which went among the association by the significant name of "the blood-feast." Fearful it is to relate that, emboldened by the prosperous working of this trade, the thief-takers often dispensed with the dangerous machinery of drawing in dupes, and boldly swore away the lives of totally innocent people, who were the victims of this dreadful confederacy without the slightest participation in any robbery. A captain of one of these gangs, called Jonathan Wild, when the measure of his inquity was full, put in a paper at his trial stating his good services, as he had been rewarded for the hanging of *sixty-seven* highwaymen and *returned convicts!*—Knight's London, Maitland's London, and Colquhoun on Crime.

witness. As if to make the matter worse, the cruel legislature put the traffickers in human life in the pillory, where they were atrociously immolated by the mob. Proper reprobation cannot be given to wicked laws that make crime profitable to a vast number of persons, without pointing out the frightful duration of such laws. Notwithstanding many appalling public exposures of the murderous traffic of false witnesses from the time when Mary II. instituted the blood rewards, her grievous system lasted till the recent days of 1816.[1] Many dissertations have been written on these direful proceedings, all replete with fearful interest; yet the task of tracing up the source of sorrow to her cruel enactments has never entered the idea of statistic writers. But to mark the awful point of the year, the hour, and the day when the woe first arose, is an act of historical justice. Much of the sorrow and crime of our present era may be traced to the calamitous acts of legislation by which William III. encouraged gin distilling, and his queen instituted blood-money.[2]

To court popularity with the English, king William, moreover, did all in his power to depress the industry of the

[1] The whole system was swept away in 1816, according to Knight's London, p. 233, vol. iv. The evidence of the good policeman, Townshend, is worth reading on this head. Some traces of the direful system still work woe in our distant convict colonies. See the works of captain Maconochie.

[2] Captain Maconochie, whose late government of Norfolk Island has drawn so much public attention, thus expresses himself in his first work on "Penal Science," as he aptly calls that knowledge which is best worthy of the attention of a paternal legislature. When speaking of one of his measures, which he found most effectual in the cure of crime, he says, "It will give each man a direct concern in the good conduct of his fellows, a highly advantageous circumstance, associating all with the government in the maintenance of discipline instead of, *as now too frequently occurs, an interest in encouraging, and subsequently revealing the crimes of others,—a most detestable feature in the present system.*" Thus it seems that the mistakes or perversities of the edict emanating from the government of Mary II. and her cabinet, Sept. 13, 1692, are still bringing forth bad fruit. The following observations, quoted by the same work, were probably written in illustration of this fatal act of council: "To set a price on the head of a criminal, or otherwise on a great scale to reward the information of accomplices, is the strongest proof of a weak or unwise government. Such an edict confounds the ideas of virtue and morality, at all times too wavering in the mind of man. It encourages treachery, and to prevent one crime, gives birth to a thousand. Such are the expedients of weak and ignorant nations, whose laws are like temporary repairs to a tottering fabric."—Australiana, p. 73, by Captain Maconochie, R.N., K.H.

Irish, and by that means ruined a number of the most worthy of that portion of his subjects. "I shall," said he, in his speech to the English commons on the 21st of July, 1698, "do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufactures of Ireland."[1] Alas, poor Ireland! crushed in her virtuous efforts for employing her starving population by the unpaternal foreigner who had been entrusted with the sovereignty of the British empire, dearly and deeply have her children cause to rue the success of William's ruthless determination to inflict evils, for which wiser and better rulers are anxiously seeking to provide remedies.

King William returned to England, September the 29th, having, as usual, lost a bloody and hard-contested battle, and two or three towns in Flanders, the earth of which country was in his reign literally saturated with British blood. The last battle this year was that of Steinkirk, only now remembered on account of an obsolete fashion, which prevailed as much in the capital of the English as in that of the victorious French. One of the young princes of the blood in the French army tied his Mechlin-lace cravat in a hurry carelessly round his neck like a scarf, with long ends. This mode became universal, and king William, although vanquished, wore it till his dying day. It mattered little who lost, or who won in Flanders; a certain quantity of human blood was shed very formally on that fighting ground every campaign by the regimental sovereigns William and Louis, until the wealth of both their states was exhausted. The great body of the people in each country were wofully and miserably taxed to sustain the warlike game, realizing the clever observation of Louis, when discussing the termination of the war: "Ah!" said he, "the last guinea will carry the victory." The fleets of England would have been quite sufficient for the defence of this country, but they were miserably neglected, although it seemed more natural for a Dutchman to understand and practise marine warfare.

[1] Dr. Playfair's Family Antiquities; Ireland.

Directly the king arrived, his brother-in-law, the prince George of Denmark, sent him, in the phraseology of the day, 'a compliment,' which was, in truth, little otherwise than a complaint of the queen's behaviour, saying, "that his wife and himself, having had the misfortune to receive many public marks of her majesty's displeasure, therefore he did not know whether it were proper for him to wait on his majesty as usual." [1] Neither the king nor the queen took other notice of this message than sending an order to Dr. Birch, the clergyman of the newly-built church of St. James's, which was attended by the princess Anne, forbidding him from having the text placed in her pew on her cushion. The doctor was a particular partisan of the princess Anne, and refused to deprive her of such a trifling mark of distinction without he had a written order for that purpose. Their majesties declined sending such a document, and the princess, thanks to the affection of Dr. Birch, remained every Sunday in triumphant possession of her text at St. James's church. Dr. Hooper had set the example of resisting all attempts to deprive the princess of the distinctions of her rank, when she attended divine service in the west of England.

Not a vestige at present remains of the once-magnificent mansion where the princess Anne retired from the wrath of her sister and her sister's spouse, and kept her little court apart when banished by them from the court of England. Berkeley-house was in the neighbourhood of Berkeley-square, to which it gave its name. It has long ago been destroyed by fire. In ancient times there was a farm on this place, abutting on Hyde-park, known by the pretty pastoral name of Hay-hill Farm, noted in history as the spot where the severest struggle took place in the insurrection led by Wyatt, and where his head was set up on a pole after his execution. This farm fell into the possession of lord John Berkeley, who built on it a stately mansion, and laid out the Hay-hill Farm in ornamental grounds pertaining to it.

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 103.

Berkeley-house is said to have been, in the days of queen Mary, the last house in Piccadilly.[1]

The return of king William in safety was celebrated by a thanksgiving on the 10th of November, and by a grand civic dinner at Guildhall, which their majesties attended in person. The enormous taxes necessary to be raised to meet the expenses of the next Flanders campaign, after all the disastrous losses king William had sustained, made attention to the citizens requisite. The queen likewise dined in state with the king at the new armoury at the Tower, since destroyed by fire. It had been commenced by her father. A splendid banquet was laid out in the great room, then considered the largest in Europe. The royal pair were waited upon by the master-architects and their workmen in masonic costume, with white aprons and gloves.[2]

The Jacobite war was virtually concluded; an efficient navy, appointed and supplied by honest ministers, would have been alone sufficient to guard the coasts of Great Britain from insult and to protect commerce. Very far was the intention of king William from pursuing a line of policy consistent with the vital interests of England. His object was to obtain

[1] Evelyn says, in August 1672, "I dined with lord John Berkeley in his new house, or rather palace, for I am assured it cost him 30,000*l*. It is very well built, and has many noble rooms, but they are not convenient, consisting but of one *corps de logis* without *closets*, [dressing or retiring room]. The staircase is of cedar, the furniture is princely, the kitchen and stables ill-placed, and the corridor even worse, having no report to the wings they join to. For the rest, the fore-court is noble, so are the stables, and above all the gardens, which are incomparable, by reason of the inequality of the ground, and the pretty *piscina*." This, in plain English, is a fishpond, which has probably been long filled up; but the inequality of the ground still makes Berkeley-square and its neighbourhood the most picturesque spot in the unpicturesque *beau-monde* of our metropolis. A terrace extended along the ridge of the hill. "The holly hedges on that terrace," continues Evelyn, "I advised the planting of; the porticoes are in imitation of a house described by Palladio, the very worst in the book, though my good friend, Mr. Hugh May, was the architect." Such were the now-departed glories of Berkeley-house. The site of its grounds and dependencies extended from Devonshire-house to Curzon-street, and the Hay-hill Farm is to be traced in the present appellations of the adjacent streets, as Hill-street, Farm-street, besides the historical street of Hay-hill, which were all appertaining to the old farm, and were the grounds of the mansion which gave name to the present Berkeley-square.

[2] Toone's Chronological History.

funds to maintain a great army in Flanders, where every year he lost a sharply contested battle, where the enormous sums raised by unprecedented taxation in England were expended, and never circulated back again,—a calamity which is, perhaps a just punishment on insular kingdoms maintaining foreign armies. The feudal laws, with their forty days' military service, had provided, not without some statistic wisdom, against such injurious effects on national prosperity.

The queen's attention to business during her regencies, and her natural feelings as an Englishwoman, might have led her to protect the interests of her country; she was, notwithstanding, zealous in her exertions to appropriate all she could raise by taxation to the maintenance of that foreign warfare which was the sole passion of her husband's life. When William was in England, she seemed wholly occupied in needle-work and knotting. Her panegyrists mention that she was oftener seen with a skein of thread about her neck, than attending to affairs of state. Sorry praise is this for a queen-regnant; yet it had the good effect of inducing harmless employment among the ladies of her court, and, of course, conduced to the encouragement of industry among her female subjects of the imitative middle classes. "Her majesty," says a contemporary,[1] "did not disdain to busy her royal hands with making of fringes, or knotting, as it was then called. She was soon imitated, not only by her maids of honour, but by all ladies of distinction throughout the kingdom, and so fashionable was labour of a sudden grown, that not only assembly-rooms and visiting [drawing] rooms, but the streets, the roads,—nay, the very playhouses were witnesses of their pretty industry. It was considered a wonder that the churches escaped." The wonder was the greater, because the Dutch and German ladies of the era always took their knitting to sermons. It were pity that queen Mary, when she made this handicraft the rage, had not introduced the construction of something useful or beautiful. Some of the knotted fringe made after the royal

[1] Tindal's Continuation.

example survives to the present day, in a vast old Japan chest well known to the author. It is made of white flax thread, and is as ugly, heavy, and tasteless an article as can be imagined. The contemporary who relates the circumstance, breaks into enthusiastic encomiums on this "pretty industry," and likewise informs us that her majesty, "resolving as much as in her lay to strike at the very root of vice and idleness, encouraged the setting up of a linen manufacture, in which many thousands of poor people were employed."[1] It would have been only just to the memory of Mary II. if the place and particulars of this right royal work had been pointed out, in order that she might receive equal credit with her great ancestress, queen Philippa. But Mary II. must have lavished her kindness "on many thousands of most ungrateful linen weavers," who have forgotten it in a very short time.

Those who have read queen Mary's letters, and noticed her almost agonizing struggle to obtain command of her countenance, will have a clue to her devotion to the useless industry of knotting fringe; the eyes that were fixed on the shuttle, could not betray the inward emotions of the soul to watchful bystanders. The sedulous attention of the queen to the production of "thread fringe" is satirized in the verses of sir Charles Sedley, who combines in the little poem a much severer sarcasm on the expensive and disastrous Flemish campaigns of her husband.

"Oh, happy people, ye must thrive,
While thus the royal pair does strive
Both to advance your glory;
While he by his valour conquers France,
She manufactures does advance,
And makes thread fringes for ye.

Blest we, who from such queens are freed,[2]
Who, by vain superstition led,
Are always telling beads;
But here's a queen now, thanks to God,
Who, when she rides in coach abroad,
Is always knotting threads.

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[1] Tindal's Continuation, p. 66.

[2] Catharine of Braganza and Mary Beatrice of Modena. These lines were, it is probable, written just after queen Catharine returned to Portugal.

> Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste,
> And when thy summer show is past,
> Let all thy trumpets sound;
> The fringe that this campaign has wrought,
> Though it cost the nation but a groat,
> Thy conquests will surround."

It is easy to gather from these lines, and from some others on the wars of William III., that the witty sir Charles Sedley was no friend to the Dutch hero. He celebrated his return to England, in 1792, with another epigram :—

> "The author, sure, must take great pains,
> Who fairly writes the story,
> In which of these two last campaigns,
> Was gained the greatest glory.
>
> For while he marched on to fight,
> Like hero nothing fearing,
> Namur was taken in his sight,
> And Mons within his hearing."

Sir Charles Sedley was at this period one of the courtiers at Berkeley-house; he was no Jacobite, for he was full of indignation at the insult offered to his honour by James II.'s seduction of his daughter. James II. had, in the opinion of the outraged gentleman, made his wrong still more notorious, by creating Catharine Sedley countess of Dorchester. Sir Charles Sedley became one of the most earnest promoters of the Revolution; and after queen Mary was on the throne, he said, "I have now returned the obligation I owed to king James. He made my daughter a countess; I have helped to make his daughter a queen."

Queen Mary seemed destined to be the object of the repartees of the Sedley family. This countess of Dorchester, who appears to have been a lady of the bedchamber at the Revolution, on its successful completion had the audacity to come to court, and present herself before the queen when she held her first drawing-room. Her majesty turned away her head, as if offended at her intrusion, on which the bold woman exclaimed,—"Why so haughty, madam? I have not sinned more notoriously in breaking the seventh commandment with your father, than you have done in breaking the fifth against him." Lady Dorchester had just been

concerned in the Jacobite plot of Preston and Ashton, on account of which the queen had shed some blood, and had kept her elder uncle in prison. Lady Dorchester contrived to escape all bad consequences, and even dared defy her majesty, whose displeasure was merely occasioned by the political sins of the bold woman, for king William obliged her not only to receive, but to live with a woman as notoriously evil. The queen, for some reason best known to herself, suffered lady Dorchester to intrude her speeches upon her regarding matters of taste. Her majesty wished to rival her uncle's Lely room of beauties at Hampton-Court; but her artist, Kneller, who could paint a plain man in an ugly wig, or a masculine woman in whalebone armour and a cornette cap, with startling verity, was no hand at a beauty. The costume was tasteless, the ladies were grim, the artist truthful; consequently, queen Mary's "beauty-room" was a failure throughout. The duchess of Somerset, whose ardent ringlets are really marvels of art, is absolutely the belle of the collection. Worse results ensued than the perpetrating of a score of plain portraits. There are always handsome women at an English court, and the real beauties were almost in a state of insurrection, because the queen had given the palm of loveliness to her frights. The queen was surprised at her sudden unpopularity with the female nobility, and lady Dorchester spoke her oracular opinion on the measure: "Madam," she said, "were his majesty to order portraits of all the clever men in his dominions, would not the rest consider themselves treated as blockheads?" [1]

At the same Christmas occur some notices illustrative of Anne's residence at Berkeley-house, in a witty address to the bellman of St. James's, written by some Jacobite, concerning a series of squibs, casting ridicule on the frequent arrests of her subjects, which were ordered by Mary II. during the years of Anne's retirement from court.

[1] Cole MSS., Brit. Mus. There is the same incident, with little variation, in the Tour of a German Artist in England, vol. i. p. 95.

"THE BELLMAN OF PICCADILLY'S VERSES TO THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK.[1]

"Welcome, great princess! to this lowly place,
Where injured loyalty must hide its face;
Your praise each day by every man is sung,
And in the night by me shall here be rung.
God bless our queen! and yet I may, moreover,
Own you our queen in Berkeley-street and Dover:
May your great prince and you live numerous years!
This is the subject of our loyal prayers."

Appended to these verses is the following droll parody on queen Mary's orders in council, during her long suspension of the *habeas corpus* act: "The earl of Nottingham's orders to Mr. Dives, late clerk of the council, were as follows: Ye are to take a messenger, and to find out the dwelling-house of the bellman of Piccadilly; and when you meet with him, search his fur cap, his night-cap, and above all his bell, and whatever verses you find upon him you are to bring to me. You are privately to acquaint him, if he never heard of it, with the reasons of her majesty's displeasure with the princess, of which I herewith give you an account in writing. Ye are to charge him, on pain of forfeiture of his employment, that he do not proceed to sing such verses about those streets without our licence. Ye are to charge him not to pay the ceremony to the princess, in his night-walk, as he usually does to the rest of their majesties' subjects that are not under their majesties' displeasure. Ye are to charge him to take care of thieves and robbers, but to waive that part of his duty to the princess; for since her guards are taken off, she is neither to be regarded by day, or guarded by night. Any one is to rob her who may choose to be at the trouble. Ye are to acquaint him that his majesty's displeasure is so great against the princess, that his government designs to stop her revenues, and starve her, as well as many other Jacobites, into humble submission. Ye are to go from him to Dr. Birch, and charge him to introduce no ceremonies of bowing, as he will answer to his grace of Lambeth, (it being contrary to his [archbishop Tillotson's] education).

[1] Collection of popular Songs, for the earl of Oxford; Lansdowne Papers.

Lastly, you are to acquaint both the bellman and the parson that her majesty expects exact compliance, as a mark of their duty; but as for waits, fiddlers, and others, her orders are sent to Killigrew about them."[1] There are one or two points in this *jeu-d'esprit* that have reference to circumstances on which this biography has previously dwelt. "That the princess is neither to be *regarded* by day, or *guarded* by night," and "that any one may rob her," alludes to the highway robbery, either real or pretended, she had suffered the preceding spring, when travelling from London to Sion, after the malice of her brother-in-law had deprived her of her guards. And as for the evil report at Lambeth, to be made of Dr. Birch for his bowings at St. James's, he is threatened with the anger of Dr. Tillotson, because that archbishop, when a presbyterian, had not been used to any church ceremonial.

A settled, but more quiet hostility was now established between the royal sisters during the remainder of queen Mary's life. The princess Anne, divested of every mark of her royal rank, continued to live at Berkeley-house, where she and her favourite amused themselves with superintending their nurseries, playing at cards, and talking treason against queen Mary and 'her Dutch Caliban,' as they called the hero of Nassau. Lady Marlborough wrote all the news she could glean to the court of St. Germains, where her sister, lady Tyrconnel, the once-beautiful Frances Jennings, was resident. Lady Tyrconnel gossiped back all the intelligence she could gather at the exiled court. The letters of Marlborough himself were more actively and deliberately mischievous. He sent word to the exiled king all the professional information he could betray. But, in most instances, James II., in utter distrust of his falsehood, refused to act on his intelligence. He well knew that the exaltation of his grandson, the young duke of Gloucester, and not the

[1] Harley's Collections, Lansdowne Papers, p. 73, No. 852. The date given here is 1690, but this must be an error of the transcriber, since Anne herself distinctly points out the day, in 1692, when she first treated for that residence, nor were the differences between the royal sisters public in 1690.

restoration of the prince of Wales, was the object of the party at Berkeley-house.

England was once more placed under the regnal sway of the queen, in March 1693. As the king meant to embark for Holland from Margate, he requested her majesty to bear him company to the coast. When they arrived at Margate, the wind turned contrary, on which the king chose to wait at Canterbury till it was fair. The queen, who meant to have returned that night to London, resolved to go there with him; "for," adds the Hooper manuscript, "the king's request was too high a favour to be refused. Though her majesty had no other attendance than lady Derby and Mrs. Compton, who were in the coach with her and the king, the royal party drove to the largest house in the city. The mansion was owned," says our authority,[1] "by a lady of great birth and equal merit, but by no means an admirer of the king. She had received notice of the approach of the king and queen, and she not only fled from her house, but locked up or carried off every possible convenience there. All was wanting that could make the house habitable. Queen Mary said to her vice-chamberlain, who was one of the representatives of Canterbury in parliament, 'Look about anywhere for a house, for I must remove from this to pass the night.' Mr. Sayers told her majesty, that he believed 'the deanery was the next largest house in Canterbury.'—'Oh,' said the queen, 'that is Dr. Hooper's. Why did not I think of it before? I will go there.'" Her majesty actually arrived at the deanery before fires could be lighted, or the least preparation made for her; but there she stayed some days, and passed the Sunday at Canterbury after the king had sailed from Margate. Dean Hooper was then at his living of Lambeth, and did not hear that her majesty had been at his house until it was too late to go down.

The queen returned to London, and directly she arrived

[1] Hooper MS., printed in Trevor's William III., vol. ii. p. 474. There is no date, but as other authors maintain the king was baffled by the wind, and returned from Margate this spring, it was probably 1693.

dean Hooper waited on her, to excuse himself for not being at the deanery to entertain her majesty, who thus gave him an account of her sojourn under his roof: "It was impossible," she said, "that you should know I was there. Yours is the cleanest house I ever was in; and there is a good old woman there, with whom I had a great deal of discourse. The people were very solicitous to see me; but there grew a great walnut-tree before the windows, which were, besides, so high, that I could not gratify them." This little trait casts some light on Mary's inclinations. Her majesty continued the description of her sojourn at the deanery: "I went to Canterbury cathedral in the morning, and heard an excellent sermon from Dr. Battely, (once chaplain to archbishop Sancroft). In the afternoon I went to a parish church, where I heard a very good sermon by Dr. Cook; but," added the queen, "I thought myself in a Dutch church, for the people stood upon the communion-table to look at me."[1] Dean Hooper told the queen "that she had condemned the walnut-tree and the windows at the deanery," for her majesty intimated "that she should come again to Canterbury on the like occasion." She never did so; yet dean Hooper gave orders to sash the antique windows, and cut down the walnut-tree. "Some little time after the visit of queen Mary to the deanery at Canterbury, the queen sent for dean Hooper again, and led him to her dressing-room, where she showed him some pieces of silver stuffs and purple-flowered velvets. These, her majesty told him, 'if he approved,' she would give to Canterbury cathedral, as she observed the furniture to be dirty; but as there was not enough of the figured velvet, she had sent to Holland to match it.' The queen, when all was ready, despatched to the cathedral a page of her backstairs, who always arranged matters regarding her gifts, with the rich velvets. The altar at the cathedral was furnished with the figured velvet, and a breadth of the gold stuff, flowered with silver, let in. The archbishop's throne was covered

[1] Hooper MS., vol. ii. p. 476.

with plain velvet: the fringe for the whole was a *rufted* one of gold, silver, and purple; it alone cost the queen 500*l.*"[1]

The queen was considered as the protectress of public morals, which were, indeed, at the lowest ebb. In that capacity she exerted herself to suppress an offensive exhibition at Southwark fair, representing the great earthquake which subverted Port Royal, in Jamaica,[2]—a convulsion of nature which was alarmingly felt all over the continent of Europe, and even in London. It had, withal, nearly cost king William his life,[3] he being then in his camp at Flanders at dinner in an old deserted house, which shook fearfully before his majesty could be induced to rise and quit it, and fell directly he issued from under its roof. Yet queen Mary, in her attempted reforms among the lower classes, was far from successful. The reason was, as Dr. Johnson observes, "she was not consistent, because she was a frequenter of the theatre of that day, and a witness of its horrible profaneness."[4] Certain it is, that "the idle and vicious mock-show of the earthquake," as it is called by a contemporary,[5] "was not replete with a thousandth part of the vice coolly exhibited in the atrocious comedies of her era, of which she was the constant and delighted spectatress. She never willingly omitted being present at the representation of the Old Bachelor, of Congreve, a preference which obtained for her the honour of an elegy from the pen of that dramatist at her death." But the author whom her majesty honoured with her especial patronage, was an ill-living and loathsome person, named Thomas Shadwell, a suborner, deep in the iniquities of Oates's plot. The writings of this man were at once foul and talentless; his memory only exists by the fact, that queen Mary deprived Dryden of the laureateship and bestowed it on Thomas Shadwell. She did worse; she went to see the plays of this

[1] Hooper MS., vol. ii. p. 476.

[2] An earthquake sank the town of Port Royal, in Jamaica, and destroyed 300C persons, Sep. 8, 1602.—Evelyn, Toone, &c. The shock was felt in England.

[3] Life of Edmund Calamy.

[4] Johnson's Lives of the Poets.

[5] Evelyn.

odious author, and in most of them there was a passage of adulation prepared for her. Thus, in the Volunteers, or the Stockjobbers, one of the female characters observes, "Would you have me set my heart on one who may be lost in every rencontre?" She is answered by her lover, who offers the example of queen Mary, in these words, "Does not our royal mistress do the same, and bear it with a princely magnanimity? She and our country have the greatest stake in Europe. She is to be reverenced and admired; but hard it is to imitate so glorious an example, and, methinks, a private lady may be happier." This is, perhaps, the only passage which can be quoted out of the last production of Mary's laureate. It is useless to aver that the taste of her era was gross, for was it not her duty to lead that taste, and to reform what was so deeply objectionable in it? Why could she not have "put down" the vicious plays of Shadwell as well as the poor puppet-show at Southwark fair, instead of encouraging them by her royal presence? All the writers of her age did not agree with her in this detestable predilection. Collier, a nonjuring divine, who had been deprived of his benefice at the same time that the queen ejected archbishop Sancroft, represented to his country, in a well-known essay, the infamy into which the drama had fallen, and its bad effect on the happiness of the community. In time his moral lessons were heeded, but not by queen Mary, for Collier was "not among *her* friends."

The same year, the queen ordered for her dramatic regale the Double Dealer, one of Congreve's plays. The actor Kynaston, who had figured on the theatre in her majesty's youthful days, was now to perform before her as "lord Touchwood." He was taken ill, and the notorious Colley Cibber, then a stage-struck youth, who had only distinguished himself by his awkwardness, was permitted to perform the part in the presence of royalty. Her majesty was received with a new prologue, written by Congreve, and spoken by Mrs. Barry; two lines of it are preserved:—

"But never were in Rome or Athens seen,
So fair a circle and so bright a queen."[1]

William III. usually bears the blame of persecuting Dryden, and encouraging Shadwell; but the deed was done in his absence, and he cannot be accountable for the tasteless preference, since it would be very difficult to prove that he ever read an English book. The fact that Shadwell had been a tool of Oates in his plot, was probably the cause of his favour in the eyes of the Dutch monarch, since the only literary persons he ever patronised were those implicated with that perjurer, and the pensions and gifts bestowed on them were apparently more from necessity than choice. William and Mary were, like all monarchs whose resources are consumed by foreign warfare, poor and parsimonious: difficult would it be to discover any disbursement to a literary person, with the exception of Shadwell, their most loathsome laureate. This person likewise received an appointment as one of their historiographers. On what he founded his claims to be considered an historian we have not discovered, but he wrote, besides his unseemly comedies, a long panegyric in rhyme on the perfections of queen Mary, and another on the success of king William in establishing the revolution in 1688.

Dryden felt himself more aggrieved at the transfer of his laurel to so dishonourable a brow as that of Shadwell, than at the loss of his pension: he attributed both misfortunes to the queen's hostility. He was old, sick, and poor, and dependent on his pen for bread; yet the queen condescended to act as his personal enemy, by suborning writers to attack his dramatic works. "About a fortnight ago," so wrote the unfortunate author to his publisher, Jacob Tonson,[2] "I had an intimation from a friendly letter, that one of the secretaries (I suppose Trenchard) had informed the queen

[1] Colley Cibber, who relates this anecdote in his Apology, says expressly, "the queen came and was received." He does not mention that the "choir dramatique" were transferred to Whitehall or St. James's, therefore it must be concluded that she went to the public playhouse, called the Queen's, in Dorset Gardens, Fleet-street.—Apology of Colley Cibber, Bellchambers' edition, pp. 195, 196.

[2] Sir Walter Scott's Life of Dryden.

that I had abused her government,—these were the words in the epistle to lord Radcliffe; and that thereupon she had commanded her historiographer, Rymer, to fall upon my plays, which he assures me he is now doing." A more serious visitation of her majesty's displeasure awaited poor Dryden, when, in the time of sickness and destitution, his play of Cleomenes, the Spartan Hero, was interdicted, on account of its alleged Jacobite tendency. Had he written on the subject of Agis, we may imagine that the daughter of James II. might have dreaded the effects of an English audience being led to form comparisons between her conduct and that of the divine Chelidonis; but Cleomenes bears little reference to the relative situations of the parties, save that Cleomenes with his faithful consort are in exile, and suppliants to a foreign power for aid in their reverse of fortunes to deliver Sparta from a foreign yoke. Queen Mary, however, who then exercised the whole functions of the crown in the absence of William, commanded the lord chamberlain to prohibit the representation of the play. Dryden addressed an agonizing appeal to the queen's maternal uncle, the earl of Rochester. The daughters of this literary nobleman, who were the first-cousins of her majesty, and great admirers of Dryden's genius, likewise pleaded for him very earnestly. The queen had taken these young ladies into favour since their father had been induced to acknowledge her title, and thus urged, her majesty took off her interdict. Cleomenes was performed, but a very strong party was raised against it by her majesty's court; and, though the purest of all Dryden's productions, it scarcely lived out the nine nights which were then requisite to make a play profitable to a dramatic poet. On queen Mary's side, it has been urged that Dryden had previously provoked her by his prologue to his former play of the Prophetess, in which he had ventured to introduce some sarcastic allusions to the female regency, the war in Ireland, and to reflect on the Revolution itself. All this had given great offence to Mary, and she had forbidden its repetition.

The queen, having a mind one afternoon to be entertained with music, sent for the illustrious Henry Purcell and the rev. Mr. Gostling, belonging to the chapel-royal; also for Mrs. Arabella Hunt, who had a fine voice, and was likewise celebrated as a lutanist. The vocalists sung several melodies by Purcell, while that great composer accompanied them on the harpsichord; but queen Mary became weary of Purcell's exalted style, and before his face inquired if Arabella Hunt could sing the old Scotch ballad of

"Cold and raw the wind doth blaw."

The lady sang it to her lute; the mightiest composer that England ever boasted sitting, meantime, unemployed at his instrument, not a little mortified at the queen's preference of a ballad, the words of which might not only be considered vulgar, but something worse. Supposing, however, that it was the air with which her majesty was so much pleased, Purcell adapted it to her next birthday ode, sung by Mr. Gostling. The queen had been accustomed to hear Mr. Gostling's performance in her earlier days, when he used to join in duets with her royal uncle Charles II., who sang the tenor, while her unfortunate father, then the gay and gallant duke of York, accompanied them on the guitar. Purcell's feelings, it seems, were much wounded by the queen's manner when she silenced his compositions; the incident was never forgotten by him: in consequence it has been interwoven with the history of his science.[1]

As the young duke of Gloucester lived at Campden-house, he was, when his royal aunt kept court at Kensington, taken daily there: her majesty usually gave him audience whilst superintending the progress of her workmen, who were fitting up and finishing the interior of the palace. The infant duke likewise took much interest in watching these proceedings, and usually made up his mind to become a carpenter, a smith, or a painter, according to the prevalence of the operations he beheld. The queen seemed fond[2] of

[1] Hawkins' History of Music. Ancient Scotch Music; Maitland Club.
[2] Lewis Jenkins' Life of the Duke of Gloucester.

him, and took pleasure in hearing him prate. She presented him with a box of ivory tools, on account of the predilection he showed to handicrafts. The gift cost her twenty pounds, which was rather pompously announced in the Gazette. The child had thriven pretty well at Campden-house, but his speech and intellect were far more advanced than his physical strength, for at four years old he was scarcely able to walk without support.

The queen's regency lasted until the 27th of October, when king William arrived at Harwich. The results of the naval war under her majesty's guidance at home, and of the regimental war conducted by king William in Flanders, had been dreadfully disastrous. The naval defeat at St. Vincent, —that cape whose name has since been so glorious in the annals of British marine warfare,—had taken place in Mary's regency; twelve English and Dutch men-of-war were destroyed by Tourville, who thus revenged himself for the loss he had sustained the preceding year at La Hogue; likewise by the plunder of the rich Turkey fleet. King William had lost another hard-fought and bloody battle in Flanders,—that of Landen. The defeat of admiral Benbow, when bombarding the Breton town of St. Malo, was the last disaster in queen Mary's regency; the naval captains who were to have supported Benbow, probably out of dislike to the government, refused to fight, and a darker shade was cast on the British name than that of defeat, for executions ensued for cowardice. Such were the troubles of a divided nation.

These disasters were very freely commented upon in the speech from the throne, wherewith the king opened parliament, November 7th. The loss of his battle he acknowledged, but he attributed it to insufficiency of money-supplies. The naval defeats he likewise admitted, and said they should be inquired into. The people of England were aghast at the enormity of taxation; they groaned under their burdens, and manifested such a tendency to mutinous faction, that after long contests in parliament, the king declared in privy council, "that as they seemed better satisfied

with the government of the queen, he would leave her to rule them, and retire wholly to his native country."[1] This threat was, of course, a very alarming one to a devoted wife like Mary; but his majesty was induced to think better of his resolution, and in place of abdication, to try the effects of a change of administration, composed of personages belonging to the old nobility, to whom appertained such vast hereditary estates, that they would be inaccessible to the corruption practised by the dishonest prime-minister who had at various times during the last twenty years governed England, under the oft-changing epithets of sir Thomas Osborne, lord Danby, marquess of Carmarthen, and duke of Leeds. It was this man who had exalted Mammon into the supremacy, of which the king and church had been deprived at the Revolution. He had systematically devoted a large share of the unexampled taxation raised since the Revolution to purchasing a majority in the house of commons. The queen always looked up to this wily veteran with considerable deference while he was president of her council. From her letters to her husband her reasons have been quoted, because, when lord Danby, he had negotiated her marriage.

The venerable primate of England, William Sancroft, died November 23, 1693, in his humble paternal cottage at Fressingfield, in Suffolk, where he led a holy, but not altogether peaceful life. Ever and anon, on the rumours of Jacobite insurrections, the queen's messengers were sent to harass the old man with inquisitions regarding his politics.[2] The queen gained little more from her inquiries than information of his devotions, his ascetic abstemiousness, and his walks in a bowery orchard, where he spent his days in study or meditation. Death laid a welcome and gentle hand on the deprived archbishop, at the age of seventy-seven years. Far from the pomps of Lambeth, he rests beneath the humble green sod of a Suffolk church-yard. There is a tablet raised to his memory, on the outside of the porch of Fressingfield

[1] Dalrymple's History of the Revolution.
[2] D'Oyley's Life of Sancroft.

church, which is still shown with pride and affection by the inhabitants of his native village. A poet of his native county has nobly illustrated the retreat of Sancroft. His words, however beautiful and touching, do not exaggerate the truth:—

> "He left high Lambeth's venerable towers,
> For his small heritage and humble bowers.
> * * * * *
> Now with his staff in his paternal ground,
> Amid his orchard trees he may be found,
> An old man late returned where he was seen,
> Sporting a child upon the village green.
> How many a changeful year had passed between!
> Blanching his scattered hair, but leaving there
> A heart kept young by piety and prayer,
> That to the inquiring friend could meekly tell,
> 'Be not for me afflicted: it is well,
> 'For 'twas in my integrity I fell.'"[1]

"Sancroft had died a year before, in the same poor and despicable manner in which he had lived for some years." This sentence is in Burnet's own hand in his manuscripts; it is likewise in his printed history. But just opposite, on the next page of the latter, appears the self-contradiction of these words, when lauding Tillotson for dying poor: "So generous and charitable was he in a *post*, out of which Sancroft had raised a great estate." Thus Sancroft is despised for his poverty in one page, and taunted with his riches in the next. The fate of archbishop Sancroft had a remarkable effect on the mind of the most original genius of his times, who was then rising into the first consciousness of great and varied powers. When Sancroft died, all hope and trust in the possibility of the prosperity of goodness left the mind of Swift. Every vision of virtue, purity, and divine ideality which haunts the intellect of a young poet, was violently repudiated by him in an access of misanthropic despair. Ambitious, and replete with mighty energy, and sorely goaded by want and impatience of dependence, Swift, nevertheless, resolved to swim with the current of events, and float uppermost on the stream of politics, howsoever corrupt

[1] These lines are by the rev. John Mitford; the last words embody an answer which the venerable Sancroft made to his chaplain when on his death-bed.

the surface might be. He took his farewell, in his "Ode to Sancroft," of all that was beautiful and glorious in the animus of his art, to devote himself to the foulest and fiercest phase of satire. How can a documentary historian read without emotion that magnificent invocation with which Swift, the young kinsman of John Dryden, commences his elegy[1] on the fall of Sancroft!

"Truth, the eternal child of holiest heaven!
Brightest effluence of the immortal ray!
Chief cherub and chief lamp of that high seven
Which guard the throne by night, and are its light by day!
First of God's mighty attributes,
Thou daily seest him face to face,
Nor does thy essence fixed depend on giddy circumstance
Of time or place.
*How shall we find thee, then, in dark disputes?*
*How shall we search thee in a battle gained,*
*Or a weak argument by force maintained?*

For where is e'en thy image on our earth,
Since heaven will claim thy residence and birth?
And God himself has said, 'Ye shall not find it here!'
Since this inferior world is but heaven's dusky shade,
By dark reverted rays from its reflection made.

Is not good Sancroft, in his holy rest,
In the divinity of his retreat,
The brightest pattern earth can show?
But fools, for being strong and numerous grown,
Suppose the truth, like the whole world, their own;
And holy Sancroft's course irregular appears,
Because entirely opposed to theirs.

Ah, Britain, land of angels! which of all thy sins,—
Say, hapless isle, although
It is a bloody list we know,—
Has given thee up a dwelling place for fiends?
Sin and the plague ever abound
In easy governments and fruitful ground;
Evils which a too gentle king,
Too flourishing a spring,
And too warm summers bring.

Our Britain's soil is over rank, and breeds
Among the noblest flowers a thousand pois'nous weeds;
And every noxious weed so lofty grows,
As if it meant to o'ershade the royal rose,—

[1] These extracts are from a copy in Cole's Miscellaneous MSS., in which the poem is far superior in perspicuity and polish to the copies printed in the editions of Swift's works, where, however, it is very rare.

> The royal rose, the glory of our morn,
> But ah! too much without a thorn.
> Forgive (original mildness) this ungoverned zeal,
> 'Tis all the angry Muse can do.
> *In the pollution of these days*
> *No province now is left her but to rail,*
> For poetry has lost the art to praise,
> Alas! the occasions are so very few."

Swift fulfilled the determination here expressed so completely, that the quotation of this historical poem will excite no little surprise, for it is forgotten or stifled among the profusion of his productions of a contrary tendency. Nevertheless, Swift, as a contemporary memorialist, throws true light on the events of his era, when his historical notations were not garbled for premature publication. Having lamented the undeserved adversity of the disinterested primate of the English church, Swift buckled his fortunes on those of that primate's mortal enemy, William III. The king, on becoming acquainted with Swift at the house of sir William Temple, offered him a troop of horse; and after wondering wherefore a man of his unclerical mind refused an occupation more fitting to it than that of Christian tuition, he left him with no other benefit than teaching him the Dutch way of cutting asparagus from the beds at Moor Park, when his majesty staid with sir William Temple. King William likewise inculcated the propriety of his mode of eating this vegetable, which was to devour the whole of the stalks. Swift insisted on all his guests practising the same refined royal method when, in after life, he became dean of St. Patrick's; but more out of satire on the "glorious memory," and to vex its Irish adorers, than for any sincere admiration of this Dutch custom.[1]

[1] Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift.