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GEORGE THE FOURTH

LIFE AND TIMES

OF

HIS LATE MAJESTY

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

WITH

ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS OF THE
LAST FIFTY YEARS

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

A. L. FOWLE

NEW YORK

1900

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A MEMOIR
OF
THE LIFE
OF
GEORGE THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

The Brunswick Line.

THE origin of the Brunswick Family is lost in the fabulous ages of the north. The first occurrence of the name has been dimly traced by the German antiquaries to the invasion of the Roman empire under Attila, in the middle of the fifth century. Among the tribes which that almost universal chieftain poured down upon Italy, the Scyrri (Hirri or Heruli) are found, whose king, Eddico, was sent as one of Attila's ambassadors to the court of Theodosius. The native country of the Scyrri was, like that of the principal invaders, in the north of Europe; and they are supposed, on Pliny's authority, to have possessed the marshes of Swedish Pomerania, and some of the islands near the mouth of the Baltic.

On the sudden death of Attila and the dismemberment of his conquests, the Scyrri seized upon a large tract bordering on the Danube. But the possession was either too tempting or too carelessly held, to be relinquished without a struggle by the fierce chieftains, who, in returning from Italy, had seen the fertility of Pomerania. The Scyrri were involved in

a furious war, which seems to have spread from the Adriatic to the Euxine. The calamities of Rome were mercilessly revenged by the wounds inflicted in this mutual havoc of her conquerors; and in one of those battles, in which extermination or victory was the only alternative, the tribe of the Pomeranian Scyrri were totally cut off, with Eddico, their king, at their head, and GUELPH, his son, or brother, whose name is then first heard in history.

But the fortunes of the Scyrri were destined to be rapidly revived by one of the most singular and fortunate conquerors of a time remarkable for striking changes of fortune. A remnant of the tribe, unable or unwilling to follow their king in the Roman invasion, had, by remaining in Pomerania, escaped the general extinction. Odoacer, the son of the fallen king, put himself at their head, and marched from the Baltic to revenge the slaughter of his countrymen. Like many of the northern chieftains, he had been educated, probably as a hostage, in the Roman camps, and had been familiar with the habits of the accomplished but profligate court of the Western Empire. His address and valour raised him to the command of the German troops in the service of the throne. Some slight which he received from Orestes, his former general, but now the father of the emperor; or, more probably, his own lofty and daring ambition, stimulated him to the seizure of a diadem disgraced by the feebleness of its possessor. Sword in hand, he forced Augustulus to abdicate; and, under the name of the Patrician, Odoacer ascended the throne of the Cæsars.

Power won by the sword is naturally lost by the sword; and Theodoric, the Goth, disputed the sovereignty. After a succession of battles, in which the courage and military skill of Odoacer earned the praise of history, artifice circumvented the soldier; he was assassinated at a banquet, within ten years of his triumph, his dynasty extinguished, and his

tribe, with his brother Guelph at their head, driven out once more to create a kingdom for themselves by their valour. But this expulsion was the true origin of that singular fortune by which the Guelphic blood has been the fount of sovereignty to the most renowned quarters of Europe.

Guelph (variously called Anulphus, Wulfoade, and Onulf,) saw, with a soldier's eye, the advantage which a position in the Tyrolese hills gave to the possessor, for the purposes of invasion or defence. Expelling the Roman colonists, he established his kingdom in the mountains, formed alliances with the neighbouring tribes, and, looking down upon Germany on one side, and upon the loveliness and magnificence of Italy on the other, calmly prepared his people for future supremacy.*

Without following the progress of this distinguished line through the conflicts of the dark ages, and the restless revolutions of power in the Italian sovereignties; we come to the authorized conclusion, that the house of Brunswick have held rank among the German princes for six hundred years.

From George the First the ascent is clear up to the first Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg, who received his investiture from the Emperor Frederick the Second in the middle of the 13th century. Still, this investiture was less an increase of honours than a shade on the ancient splendour of a family, whose dominions had once numbered Bavaria and Saxony, then of the size of kingdoms, and whose influence was felt from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. But the direct male line of the Brunswick princes is Italian.

The marquises or sovereigns of Este, Liguria, and perhaps of Tuscany, were among its first branches. "In the eleventh century the primitive stem was divided into two. The elder migrated to the banks

* Halliday's Annals of the House of Hanover.

of the Danube and the Elbe; the younger more humbly adhered to the shores of the Adriatic. The dukes of Brunswick and the kings of Great Britain are the descendants of the first: the dukes of Ferrara and Modena are the offspring of the second.”*

A singular compact in the sixteenth century added to the celebrity of the house of Brunswick Lunenburg. William, the reigning duke, fourth son of Ernest, who had obtained for himself a title more illustrious than that of thrones, the CONFESSOR, by his support of the great Protestant Confession of Augsburg; had left fifteen children, seven of whom were sons. The young princes, on the death of their father in 1593, resolved, for the purpose of keeping up their house in undiminished dignity, that but one of them should marry: the marriage to be decided by lot, and the elder brother to have the undivided inheritance and be succeeded by the next survivor. The lot was drawn by the sixth brother, George, who married Ann Eleanora, daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt, by whom he had five children. The compact was solemnly kept by the brothers, and drew so much notice by its romantic fidelity, that the Sultan Achmet the First pronounced it “worth a man’s while to take a journey through Europe to be an eye-witness of such wonderful brotherly affection and princely honour.”

The accession of George the Third to the throne of these realms was welcomed by the whole British empire. The difficulties which had thwarted the popularity of his two immediate predecessors were past; the party of the exiled dynasty had been wasted away by time, or alienated by the proverbial selfishness and personal folly of the Stuarts; a war was just closed, in which all the recollections of England

* Gibbon’s *Posthumous Works*.

were of triumphs and territories won from the habitual disturber of Europe; commerce was rising from the clouds always thrown round it by war, but rising with a strength and splendour unseen before, shooting over the farthest regions of the world those beams which are at once light and life, brightening and developing regions scarcely known by name, and filling their bosom with the rich and vigorous fertility of European arts, comforts, and knowledge.

All the acts of the young king strengthened the national good-will. His speech from the throne was deservedly applauded as the dictate of a manly and generous heart; and this characteristic was made a wise topic of congratulation in the corresponding addresses of the people. "It is our peculiar happiness," said the London Address, "that your Majesty's heart is truly *English*; and that you have discovered in your earliest years the warmest affection to the laws and constitution of these kingdoms."

An expression in the king's address to the privy council was seized with peculiar avidity as a proof alike of his head and heart. "I depend," said he, on the support of every *honest man*,"—a sentiment which united republican simplicity with kingly honour. He prohibited the court flattery then customary in the pulpit to the sovereign, reprimanding Wilson, one of his chaplains, in the expressive words,—"That he came to church to hear the praises of God, and not his own." The independence of the judges was among his first objects; and on the dissolution of parliament he consummated the national homage, by forbidding all ministerial interference in the elections, and magnanimously declaring that "He would be tried by his country."

The royal marriage now became a consideration of public importance. A bride was sought among the immediate connexions of the Royal Family, and the Princess Dowager proposed Sophia Charlotte, daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz

Lord Harcourt was made the bearer of the proposal which was unhesitatingly accepted. The future queen arrived at St. James's on the 8th of September, 1761. At nine on the same evening, with the formal rapidity of court marriages, she was wedded, and from that time, through half a century, became an object of interest and respect to the British nation.

It was one of the striking features of the Hanover line, that it for the first time united the blood of the four races of kings,—the British, the Cambro-British, the Scottish, and the English; deducing the succession from Cadwaldr, last king of the Britons, through the seventeen princes of Wales, to Guledys Ddu, sister and heiress of Dafydd, married to Ralph Mortimer, and thence through

19. Roger, their son.

20. Edmund Mortimer, his son.

21. Roger, son of Edmund, first Earl of March.

22. Edmond, son of Roger, married to Philippa, daughter and heiress of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward the Third.

23. Roger, their son.

24. Anne, daughter and heiress of Roger, married to Richard of Conisburg, Earl of Cambridge.

25. Richard, Duke of York, their son.

26. Edward the Fourth, eldest son of Richard.

27. Elizabeth, Edward's eldest sister, married to Henry the Seventh.

28. Margaret, their eldest daughter, married to James the Fourth of Scotland.

29. James the Fifth of Scotland, their son.

30. Mary, Queen of Scots, daughter of James.

31. James the First of England, son of Mary, by Lord Darnley.

32. Elizabeth, daughter of James, married to Frederick, Elector Palatine.

33. Sophia, their daughter, married to Ernest Augustus, Elector of Hanover.

34. George the First, their son.
35. George the Second, his son.
36. Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George the Second.
37. George the Third, his son.
38. George the Fourth, his son.*

CHAPTER II.

Birth of the Prince.

ON the 12th of August, the birth of the heir-apparent was announced; her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales, the ladies of her majesty's bedchamber, and the chief lords of the privy council, being in attendance.

On this occasion the king's popularity, independently of the great interests connected with the royal succession, had excited the most universal public feeling. As the time of the queen's accouchement drew nigh, the national anxiety increased. It was raised to its height by the intelligence, on the evening of the 11th, that her majesty's illness was immediately at hand. The great officers of state were now ordered to await the summons in the neighbourhood of the royal bedchamber; a precaution which sounds strangely to our ears, but which has been considered a matter of propriety, from the imputations thrown on the birth of the son of James the Second.

* "Yorke's Royal Tribes." Those who desire to search deeper into the antiquities of the Hanoverian line, may examine "Eccard's Origines Guelphicæ," "Muratori's Antichita Estense," for the Italian branch; and Sir Andrew Halliday's "Annals of the House of Hanover," for a detail of the various possessions and alliances of the northern.

The palace was crowded during the night. At four in the morning the Princess Dowager of Wales arrived. The queen had been taken slightly ill some time before. The great officers of state were in attendance in the anteroom of the royal chamber from five; and at twenty-four minutes past seven the joyful news was spread through the palace that an heir was born to the throne. The sound was caught with enthusiasm by the people, who had long since thronged the avenues of St. James's, was instantly conveyed through London, and was hailed by all as an event which accomplished the singular public prosperity of the new reign.

On those occasions popular feeling delights in seizing on every fortunate coincidence. The day was deemed auspicious, as the anniversary of the Hanover succession. But a more direct popular triumph occurred while the king was yet receiving the congratulations of the nobility.

Of all wars, in those times, the most popular was a Spanish war; and of all prizes, the most magnificent was a Spanish galleon. The *Hermione*, one of those treasure-ships, sailing from Lima, had been taken in May, off Cape St. Vincent, by three English frigates. Rumour had exaggerated the wealth on board to the enormous sum of twelve millions sterling in silver, besides the usual precious merchandise from the Spanish settlements. But the actual treasure was immense; the officers made fortunes, and even the share of a common sailor, though three crews were to divide the capture, was computed at nearly one thousand pounds. The chief cargo was silver, but many bags of gold were found hidden in the dollar chests, probably to evade some impost at Cadiz, which largely increased the value to the fortunate captors.

The wagons conveying the treasure had arrived in London on the night before, and were on this morning to have passed before the palace in their

way to the Tower. Almost at the moment of announcing the royal birth, the cavalcade was seen entering St. James's Street, escorted by cavalry and infantry with trumpets sounding, the enemy's flags waving over the wagons, and the whole surrounded by the multitude that such an event would naturally collect. The sudden spectacle (a striking and even triumphant one) led the king and the nobility to the palace windows. The news of the prince's birth was now spread like flame; and innumerable voices rose at once to wish the young heir prosperity. A Roman would have predicted, that an existence begun under such omens must close without a cloud. The king, in the flower of youth, and with the exultation of a sovereign, and the still deeper delight of a father, was conspicuous in exhibiting his feeling of the public congratulation; and the whole scene was long spoken of as one of the most natural and animated exhibitions of national joy known in the reign.

George the Third had commenced his sovereignty with a manly and generous declaration of his pride in being born a Briton,—a declaration in which he had the more merit from its being his own, and from its being made in defiance of the cold-blooded statesmanship which objected to it in the privy council, as a reflection on the Hanoverian birth of the two former kings. The result showed the superior wisdom of a warm heart to a crafty head; for this single sentence superseded the popular memory of every other syllable in the royal speech, and became instantly the watchword of national affection to the throne.

But the king followed the principle into the details of life. He loved to be a thorough Englishman. Like every man of sense, he scorned all affectation; and, above all, scorned the affectation of foreign manners. The lisping effeminacy, the melancholy jargon, the French and German sonnery of the

mustached and cigarred race that the coffee-house life of the continent has propagated among us, would have found no favour in the eyes of this honest and high-principled king. Honour to God and justice to man, public respect for religion and private guidance by its spirit, public decorum and personal virtue, a lofty and generous zeal for the dignity of his crown and people, and a vigilant yet affectionate discipline in his family and household, were the characteristics of George the Third. But even in his royalty he loved to revive the simple customs of English domestic life: and his famous speech from the throne scarcely gave more national delight and assurance of an English heart, than the homely announcement, which followed in a few days after the queen's recovery; that the royal infant was to be shown in its cradle to all who called at the palace; and that their majesties, after the old English custom, invited the visitors to cake and candle.

On the 17th of August, a few days after his birth, his royal highness had been created Prince of Wales by patent, in addition to that weight of honours which devolves on the heir of the British and Hanoverian sovereignties. The title of Prince of Wales was one of the trophies of the conquest of Llewellyn, and was originally conferred by the first Edward upon his son in 1284, investing him by cap, coronet, verge, and ring. The title is exclusively devoted to the *eldest* son of the throne, except where it has been engrossed by the throne itself.

The eldest son is also, as inheriting from the Scottish kings, hereditary Steward of Scotland, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, and Baron of Renfrew; titles conferred by Robert the Third, king of Scotland, on the prince his eldest son, in 1399; and appropriated for ever to the princes of Scotland from their birth.

The heir-apparent is born Duke of Cornwall, and possessor of the revenues of the duchy. But it is

singular that he has no Irish title, while all the junior branches of the royal family enjoy honours from Ireland.

Addresses rapidly flowed in from the leading public bodies: that of the city seemed to have imbodyed the substance of the chief popular testimonials. After congratulating his majesty on the birth, it alluded to the Hanover succession. "So important an event, and upon a day ever sacred to liberty, fills us with the most grateful sentiments to the Divine Goodness, which has thus early crowned your majesty's domestic happiness, and opened to your people the agreeable prospect of permanence and stability to the blessings which they derive from the wisdom and steadiness of your majesty's victorious reign." This was courteous. But the addresses of the clergy were observed to be generally in a higher tone; and the address of the clergy of the province of Canterbury was distinguished by a direct appeal to those great doctrines on which the constitution stands. The king's answer was manly, and suitable to the free king of a free people. "He saw with peculiar pleasure their gratitude to Heaven for the birth of a Protestant heir. Their confidence in his fixed intention to educate the prince in every principle of civil and religious liberty, was truly acceptable to him; and he desired them to rely upon him for observing his pledges to the empire, and for leaving nothing undone that could promote the sacred interests of Christian piety and moral virtue, and transmit to posterity our most happy constitution."

The fickleness of popularity is the oldest lesson of public life: yet the sudden change of public feeling towards George the Third is among its most remarkable and unaccountable examples. No European throne had been ascended for the last hundred years by a sovereign more qualified by nature and circumstances to win "golden opinions" from his people. Youth, striking appearance, a fondness not

less for the gay and graceful amusements of court life than for those field sports which make the popular indulgence of the English landholder, a strong sense of the national value of scientific and literary pursuits, piety unquestionably sincere, and morals on which even satire never dared to throw a stain, were the claims of the king to the approbation of his people. In all those points also the contrast of the new reign with those of the two preceding monarchs was signally in its favour.

Horace Walpole, a man rendered caustic by a sense of personal failure, and whose pen delighted to fling sarcasm on all times and men; for once forgets his nature, and gives way to panegyric in speaking of the young king. "The new reign begins with great propriety and decency. There are great dignity and grace in the king's manner. I don't say this, like my dear Madame de Sevigné, because he was civil to *me*; but the part is well acted. The young king has all the appearance of being amiable. There is great grace to temper much dignity, and a good nature which breaks out upon all occasions."

The choice of Lord Bute as his prime minister tarnished all the king's qualities in the general eye. Insinuations that this handsome nobleman owed his rank at once to the passion of the princess dowager, and to arbitrary principles in the king,—insinuations never substantiated, and in their nature altogether improbable,—were enough to turn the spirit of that multitude who take their opinions from the loudest clamourer. Wilkes, a man broken in fortune, and still more broken in character, hopeless of returning to the ranks of honourable life, and both too notorious and too intemperate to be fit for any thing but faction, had been buoyed up into a bastard influence chiefly by the national jealousy of Scotland.*

* "No petticoat government—no Scotch minister—and no Lord George Sackville," were the watchwords of the time, placarded on the

But Lord Bute had soon ceased to be the object. A nobler quarry was found in the king. The "eagle towering in his pride of place, was by the mousing owl hawked at;" and though not degraded in the opinion of men of honour and virtue, yet, with the multitude, his intentions were vilified, his personal qualities were turned into caricature, and his popularity was suddenly obscured, if not extinguished, by the arts of a demagogue, scandalous and criminal in every mode by which the individual can earn exclusion from society.

Princes soon become public personages; and it cannot be denied that his royal highness displayed himself at a sufficiently early age; for in 1765 he received a deputation from the Society of Ancient Britons, on St. David's day. The prince's answer to their address was certainly not long, for it was simply—"He thanked them for this mark of duty to the king, and wished prosperity to the charity." Though probably an earlier speech has been seldom made; for the speaker was not quite three years old. But it was not lost on the courtiers. They declared it to have been delivered with the happiest grace of manner and action; and that the features of future oratory were more than palpable: all which we are bound to believe. In December of the same year he was invested with the order of the garter, along with the Earl of Albemarle and the hereditary Prince of Brunswick.

walls, and echoed by the mob: the three combining all the grievances of a party, afflicted by that most angry of all distempers—the desire to get into place.

CHAPTER III.

The Prince's Education.

THE prince had now reached a period when it became necessary to commence his education. Lord Holderness, a nobleman of considerable attainments, but chiefly recommended by his dignity of manner and knowledge of the court, was appointed governor: Dr. Markham and Cyril Jackson were the preceptor and sub-preceptor.

Markham had attracted the royal notice by his celebrity as a schoolmaster. At the age of thirty he had soared to the height of professional glory; for he was placed at the head of Westminster School, where he taught for fourteen years. The masters of the leading schools are generally cheered by some church dignity, and Markham received the deanery of Christ Church: from this he had been transferred to Chester; and it was while he was in possession of the bishopric, that he was selected for the preceptorship of the Prince of Wales.

But this private plan of education was severely criticised. It was pronounced to be a secluded, solitary, and narrow scheme for court thralldom, fitter to make the future sovereign a bigot or a despot, than the generous and manly leader of a generous and manly people.

The old controversy on the rival merits of public and private education was now revived; and, to do the controversialists justice, with less of the spirit of rational inquiry than of fierce and prejudiced partisanship.

The great schools were panegyricized, as breeding

a noble equality among the sons of men of the various ranks of society; as inspiring those feelings of honour and independence, which in after-life make the man lift up his fearless front in the presence of his superiors in all but knowledge and virtue; and as pre-eminently training the youth of the land to that personal resolution, mental resource, and intellectual dignity, which are essential to every honourable career; and are congenial, above all, to the free spirit and high-minded habits of England.

All those advantages must be conceded, though burlesqued and tarnished by the fantastic and selfish tales of extraordinary facilities furnished to the man by the companions of the boy; of the road to fortune smoothed, the ladder of eminence miraculously placed in his grasp, the coronet, the mitre, the highest and most sparkling honours of statesmanship, held forth to the aspirant by the hand of early association.—Hopes, in their conception mean, in their nature infinitely fallacious, and in their anticipation altogether opposed to the openness and manly self-respect, which it is the first duty of those schools to create in the young mind. Yet the moralist may well tremble at that contamination of morals which so often defies the vigilance of the tutor; the man of limited income is entitled to reprobate the habits of extravagance engendered in the great schools; and the parent who values the affections of his children, may justly dread the reckless and unruly self-will, the young insolence, and the sullen and heartless disdain of parental authority, which spring up at a distance from the paternal eye. But the question is decided by the fact, that without public education a large portion of the youth of England would receive no education whatever; while some of the more influential would receive, in the feeble indulgences of opulent parentage and the adulation of domestics, an education worse than none. The advantages belong to the system, and to no other,

while the disadvantages are accidental, and require nothing for their remedy beyond increased activity in the governors, and a more vigorous vigilance in the nation.

But of the education of a British prince there can be no question. It ought to be in its whole spirit public. Under all circumstances, the heir to a throne will find flatterers; but at Eton, or Westminster, the flattery must be at times signally qualified; and his noble nature will not be the less noble for the home truths which no homage can always restrain among the rapid passions and fearless tongues of boys. The chance of his falling into the snares of early favouritism is trivial. School fondnesses are easily forgotten. But, if adversity be the true teacher of princes, even the secure heir to the luxurious throne of England may not be the worse for that semblance of adversity which is to be found in the straight-forward speech, and bold, unhesitating competitorship of a great English school.

Under Lord Holderness and the preceptors, the usual routine of classical teaching was carefully inculcated, for Markham and Jackson were practised masters of that routine; and the prince often afterward, with the gratitude peculiarly graceful in his rank, professed his remembrance of their services. But, though the classics might flourish in the princely establishment, it soon became obvious that peace did not flourish along with them. Rumours of discontent, royal, princely, and preceptorial, rapidly escaped from even the close confines of the palace; and, at length, the public, less surprised than perplexed, heard the formal announcement, that the whole preceptorship of his royal highness had sent in their resignations.

Those disturbances were the first and the inevitable results of the system. Lord Holderness obscurely complained that attempts were made to obtain an illegitimate influence over the prince's mind.

Public rumour was active, as at all times, in throwing light on what the courtly caution of the noble governor had covered with shade. The foreign politics of the former reigns, the Scotch premier, and the German blood of the queen, were easy topics for the multitude; and it was loudly asserted, that the great object of the intrigue was to supersede the prince's British principles by the despotic doctrines of Hanover.

Similar charges had occurred in the early life of George the Third. That prince's governors were alternately accused of infecting his mind with arbitrary principles, and with a contempt for the royal authority, with excessive deference to the princess his mother, in opposition to the due respect for the sovereign; and with an humiliating subserviency to the will of the sovereign, in neglect of the natural affection for his mother. Preceptors had been successively dismissed; committees of inquiry held upon their conduct; books of hazardous political tendency,—Father Orleans' *Revolutions of the House of Stuart*, Ramsay's *Travels of Cyrus*, Sir Robert Filmer's *Works*, and Père Perefixe's *History of Henry the Fourth*,—had been reckoned among the prince's peculiar studies; and the whole scene of confusion ended, as might be expected, in the greater misfortune of Lord Bute's appointment to the governorship—an appointment which gave a form and colour to all the popular discontents, alarmed the public friends of the constitution, furnished an unfailing fount at which every national disturber might replenish his eloquence, and for many years enfeebled the attachment of the empire to a king whose first object was the good of his people.

A new establishment of tutors was now to be formed for the Prince of Wales. It bore striking evidence of haste; for Lord Bruce, who was placed at its head, resigned within a few days. Some ridicule was thrown on this rapid secession, by the

story that the young prince had thought proper to inquire into his lordship's attainments, and finding that the pupil knew more of classics than the master, had exhibited the very reverse of courtiership on the occasion. Lord Bruce was succeeded by the Duke of Montague; with Hurd, Bishop of Litchfield, and the Reverend Mr. Arnald, as preceptor and sub-preceptor.

The choice of the preceptors was harmless. Hurd was a man of feeble character, but of scholarship sufficient for the purpose. He contributed nothing to his profession but some "Sermons," long since past away; and nothing to general literature but some "Letters on Chivalry," equally superseded by the larger research and manlier disquisition of our time. It had been his fortune to meet in early life with Warburton, and to be borne up into publicity by the strength of that singularly forcible, but unruly and paradoxical mind. But Hurd had neither inclination nor power for the region of the storms. When Warburton died, his wing drooped, and he rapidly sank into the literary tranquillity which, to a man of talents, is a dereliction of his public duty; but to a man stimulated against his nature into fame, is policy, if not wisdom.

Arnald was the prince's tutor in science. He had been senior wrangler at Cambridge, an honour which he had torn from Law, the friend of Paley, and brother of the late Lord Ellenborough. It is a curious instance of the impression that trifles will make, where they are not superseded by the vigorous and useful necessities of active life, to find the defeated student making a topic of his college overthrow to the last hour of his being. Not even Law's elevation to the opulent Irish bishopric of Elphin could make him forget or forgive the evil done at Cambridge to his budding celebrity. To the last he complained that the laurel had not fallen on the right head, that some unaccountable partiality had suddenly veiled the majestic

justice of Alma Mater, and that he must perish without adding the solid glories of the wranglership to the airy enjoyments of the pegrage and ten thousand pounds a-year.

Lord North's spirit was peace, though plunged in perpetual quarrel at home and abroad, in the palace, in parliament, with the people, with the old world, and with the new. On this occasion he softened the irritation of the exiled governors and tutors by lavish preferment. The marquis of Carmarthen, married to Lord Holderness's daughter, obtained the appointment, valuable to his habits, of Lord of the Bedchamber; Markham was made Archbishop of York; and Cyril Jackson received the rich preferment of the deanery of Christ Church. Even Lord Bruce's classical pangs were balmed by the earldom of Aylesbury, an old object of his ambition.

The name of Cyril Jackson still floats in that great limbo of dreams, college remembrance. He was Dean of Christ Church during twenty-six years, and fulfilled the duties of his station, so far as superintendence was concerned. In this period he refused the Irish primacy—a refusal which was idly blazoned at the time as an act of more than Roman virtue. But heroic self-denial is rare among men; and Jackson had obvious reasons for declining the distinction. His income was large, his labour light, and his time of life too far advanced to make change easy or dignified.

Preferment in Ireland, too, is seldom a strong temptation to the opulent part of the English clergy. The remoteness from all their customary associations, and the perplexity of mingling among a new people, with new habits, and those not seldom hostile to the churchman, naturally repel the man of advanced life. The probability of being speedily forgotten by the great distributors of ecclesiastical patronage makes Irish preferment equally obnoxious to the younger clergy who have any hopes at home. Swift's cor-

respondence is a continual complaint of the misfortune of having the channel between him and the life he loved; and his language has been echoed by almost every ecclesiastic who has suffered his English interest to be expended in Irish promotion.

If Swift at length abandoned his complaints, it was only for revenge. He cured his personal querulousness by turning it into national disaffection. Gifted with extraordinary powers of inflaming the popular mind, he resolved to show the British government the error which they had committed in sending him into what he to the last hour of his life called "his banishment." In the fierce recollections and national misery of Ireland, then covered with the unhealed wounds of the civil war, and furious with confiscations and party rage, Swift found the congenial armory for the full triumph of embittered genius. His sense of ministerial insult was balmed by being expanded into hatred to the English name. Despairing of court favour, his daring and unprincipled spirit made occupation for itself in mob patriotism. Swift's was the true principle for a great demagogue. From the time of his first drawing the sword he showed no wavering, no inclination to sheath it, no faint-hearted tendency to make terms with the enemy. He shook off the dust of his feet against the gates of England, and once excluded, never deigned to approach them again, but to call down the fires of popular hatred upon their battlements. Even at this distance of time, and with the deepest condemnation of Swift's abuse of his talents, it is difficult to look upon him without the reluctant admiration given to singular ability, and inflexible and inexorable resolve, let the cause be what it may. For good or evil he stood completely between the government and the nation. The shadow of this insolent and daring dictator extinguished the light of every measure of British benevolence, or transmitted it to the people distorted, and in colours of tyranny and blood: and

unquestionably, if popular idolatry could repay a human heart for this perpetual paroxysm of revenge, no idol ever enjoyed a thicker cloud of popular incense. Swift was the virtual viceroy, in whose presence the English representative of the monarch dwindled down into a cipher. And this extraordinary superiority was not a mere passing caprice of fortune. Among a people memorable for the giddiness of their public attachments, his popularity continued unshaken through life. To the last he enjoyed his criminal indulgence in thwarting the British government; exulted in filling with his own gall the bosoms of the generous, yet rash and inflammable race, whom he alternately insulted and flattered, but whom, in the midst of his panegyrics, he scorned; libelled the throne, while he bore the sentence of court exile as the keenest suffering of his nature; solaced his last interval of reason by an epitaph, which was a libel on the human species; and died, revenging his imaginary wrongs, by bequeathing to the people a fierce and still unexpired inheritance of hatred against the laws, the institutions, and the name of England.

Jackson, in 1809, finding age coming heavy upon him, resigned his deanery at sixty-four, and then had the merit, which deserves to be acknowledged, of feeling that there is a time for all things, and that man should interpose some space between public life and the grave. Refusing a bishopric, offered to him by his former pupil, the Prince Regent, the old man wisely and decorously retired to prepare himself for the great change. He lived ten years longer, chiefly in the village of Felpham, in Sussex, amusing himself by occasional visits to his old friends in London, or to the prince at Brighton, by whom he was always received with scarcely less than filial respect; and then returning to his obscure, but amiable and meritorious life of study, charity, and prayer. He died of a brief illness in 1819.

CHAPTER IV.

The Prince's Establishment.

THE lavish distribution of patronage among the successive tutors and servants of the prince excited some angry remark, and much ridicule, at the time. But the minister rapidly overwhelmed this topic of public irritation by supplying the empire with injuries on a larger scale. North's propensity to govern by favours was the weakness of his nature; and this weakness was soon urged into a diseased prodigality by the trials of his government.

America had just taken the bold step of declaring her independence;* France was almost openly preparing for war. Every lurking bitterness of fancied wrong, or hopeless rivalry, throughout Europe, was starting into sudden life at the summons of America. The beacon burning on the American shores was reflected across the Atlantic, and answered by a similar blaze in every corner of the continent. Even at home, rebellion seemed to be rising, scarcely less in the measured hostility of the great English parties, than in the haughty defiance and splendid menace of Ireland, then half-phrensied with a sense of young vigour, and glittering in her first mail.

Lord North was now at the head of the Treasury, and on him rested the whole weight of the British administration; a burden too heavy for the powers of any one man, and in this instance less solicited by his own ambition than urged upon him by the royal command. The king, abandoned by the Duke of Grafton, insulted by Chatham, tyrannised over by the great party of the nobility, and harassed by the perpetual irritation of the people, had soon felt the severe tenure of authority; and there were times

* See Note I.—Page 412.

when, in mingled scorn and indignation, he was said to have thought of laying down the galling circle of an English crown, and retiring to Hanover. In this emergency his choice had fallen upon North, a man of rank, of parliamentary experience, and probably of the full measure of zeal for the public service, consistent with a personal career essentially of caution, suspicion, and struggle;—but of undoubted respect for his royal master, and loyal attachment to the throne.

North had been all but born in the legislature, and all his efforts had been early directed to legislative distinction. "Here comes blubbering North," was the observation of some official person to George Grenville, as they saw the future premier in the Park, evidently in deep study. "I'll be hanged if he's not getting some harangue by heart for the House." He added, "that he was so dull a dog, that it could be nothing of his own." The latter remark, however, Grenville more sagaciously repelled, by giving tribute to North's parliamentary qualities, and saying, that, "If he laboured with his customary diligence, he might one day lead the councils of the country." But the injurious yet natural result of North's official education was, his conceiving that the empire must be prosperous so long as the minister was secure, and that the grand secret of human government was a majority.

At a distance of time, in which the clouds that then covered public affairs with utter mystery have melted away, we can discover that the minister, with all his intrepidity, would gladly have taken refuge under any protection from the storm that was already announcing itself, as if by thunder-claps, round the whole national horizon. But the competitors for his power were too certain of possession to suffer him to take shelter among them; and his only alternative was to resign his place, or make a desperate use of the prerogative. Whatever may be the virtue of

later ministers, the temptation would have been irresistible by any administration of the last century; and we can scarcely blame North, so much as human nature in his day, if he embraced the evil opportunity in all its plenitude.

Ten peers at once were called up to the English house. But it was in Ireland, a country then as much famed for the rapid production of patriotism and its rapid conversion to official zeal, as now for the more tangible product of sheep and oxen; where the perpetual defalcation of revenue was proudly overpaid by the perpetual surplusage of orators ready to defend the right at all hazards and all salaries, and rally round government to its last shilling,—it was in Ireland, where the remoteness of the Treasury table seems never to have dulled the appetite of the guests for the banquet, that the minister dazzled the eyes of opposition at home, by the display of his unchecked munificence.

One day, the 2d of July, 1777, saw the Irish peerage reinforced by eighteen new barons, seven barons further secured by being created viscounts, and five viscounts advanced to earldoms! Against the wielder of patronage like this, what party fidelity could stand? There never had been such a brevet in Ireland: and every man suddenly discovered the unrighteousness of resistance to a minister so gifted with wisdom, and the privilege of dispensing favours. The fountain of honour had often before flowed copiously in ministerial emergencies; but now, as one of the Irish orators said on a similar occasion, in the curious pleasantry of his country, "It flowed forth as freely, spontaneously, and abundantly as Holywell, in Wales, which turns so many mills." It fairly washed Irish opposition away. In England it softened even the more stubborn material of opposition to an extraordinary degree of plasticity. In the midst of popular outcry, the increase of public expenses, and disastrous news from America, the address was carried by a majority of three to one.

But a more powerful and inflexible antagonist than political partisanship soon rose against this feeble system of expedients; public misfortune was against the ministry. The American revolt had rapidly grown from a scorned insurrection into a recognised war; Washington's triumphs over the ignorance of a succession of generals, who should never have been trusted out of sight of Hyde Park, legitimated rebellion; and popular indignation at unexpected defeat turned round and revenged itself on the premier. In this emergency, North undoubtedly exhibited powers which surprised and often baffled his parliamentary assailants. If fancy and facetiousness could have sustained an administration, his might have triumphed, for no man ever tossed those light shafts with more pungent dexterity. But his hour was come. Every wind that blew from America brought with it evil tidings for the minister. Opposition, paralyzed by its first defeats, now started up into sudden boldness. Every new disaster of the cabinet recruited the ranks of its enemies. There was treachery too within the camp. Every man who had any thing to lose provided for the future by abandoning the falling cause. Every man who had any thing to gain established his claim by more open hostility. The king alone stood firm. At length, worn out by this perpetual assault, North solicited leave to resign, left his power to be fought for by the parties that instantly sprang out of opposition; and, after one more grasp at office, which showed only how ineradicable the love of power is in the human heart, retired—to make apologues on political oblivion, and, like a sage of Indian fable, tell children that the world was governed by sugar-plums, and that the sugar-plums were always forgotten when their distributor had no more to give.

On the first of January, 1781, the prince, though but little more than eighteen, had been declared of age, on the old ground that the heir-apparent knows

no minority. A separate establishment, on a small scale, was assigned to him, and he was, for the first time, allowed to feel that the domestic discipline of Kew was about to be exchanged for the liberty suitable to his age and station. The measure was beginning to form an angry topic; but it was accidentally extinguished by another which is given, as having attracted the whole curiosity of the time.

This topic was the seizure of De la Motte, a French spy, of remarkable adroitness and some personal distinction. De la Motte had been a colonel in the French regiment of Soubise, and behaved with gallantry on several occasions in the preceding war. On the peace, his regiment was reduced; but a considerable estate falling to him, with the title of baron, he flourished for a while in Paris. Play, at length, broke down his resources; and, at once to evade his creditors and to profit by the gaming propensities of this country, he fixed himself in London; where, on the breaking out of the American war, he yielded to the temptation of acting as a private agent to the French ministry. An intercourse was soon established with a clerk in the navy department, through one Lutterloh, a German. This person figured as a country gentleman, of no slight importance. He took a villa at Wickham, near Portsmouth, to be on the spot for intelligence of the fleets: he lived showily, even kept a pack of hounds, and gave entertainments, by which he ingratiated himself with the resident gentry and officers, and was considered a prodigious acquisition to the hilarity and companionship of the country. De la Motte remained in London, attracting no attention, but busily employed in forwarding the information received from his confederate; until full information of his treason reached government, a messenger was despatched for him, who found him tranquilly studying at his lodgings in Bond Street, and conveyed him to the secretary of state's office, then in Cleveland Row. He was evidently taken by

surprise, for he had his principal papers about his person, and could find no better way to get rid of them than by dropping them on the stairs of the office. They were of course immediately secured, and given to the secretary, Lord Hillsborough. His diligence as a spy was sufficiently proved by their value. They contained particular lists of all matters relating to the British dock-yards, the force and state of every ship, with their complements of men at the time of their sailing; and his accuracy was urged so far as even to details of the number of seamen in the various naval hospitals.

An order was now issued for Lutterloh's apprehension. He was found following the usual easy pursuits of his life, with his hunters and pack waiting for him, and his boots ready to be drawn on. The messengers prohibited his hunting for that day and ordered him to deliver the keys of his desks where they found but money, cash and bills for 300*l.* but on looking more carefully at the bills, they perceived that they were all drawn payable to the same person, and dated on the same day, with those of the baron. Lutterloh now felt that he was undone, and offered to make a general disclosure of the treason. His garden was dug up, and a packet of papers was produced in his handwriting, the counterparts of those already seized on De la Motte. He acknowledged his employment by the French ministry, at the rate of fifty guineas a month; and pointed out the inferior agents. Ryder, the clerk, who had furnished the principal intelligence, was next arrested: this was the blackest traitor of them all; for he was in the receipt of a pension of 200*l.* a-year, a considerable sum at that period, for services rendered in sounding the enemy's coasts, and had been put into an office in the navy at Plymouth, where he was employed by the Admiralty in contriving signals, which signals, it appears, he immediately communicated to the enemy. The last link was detected

in the conveyancers of the intelligence across the channel, Rougier, a Frenchman, and his mistress, by whom the letters were despatched by way of Margate and Ostend.

This affair derived a peculiar public interest from the rumour that high names were behind the curtain, which the attorney-general's speech was deemed to substantiate, by his dwelling strongly upon the "very *great* and *dangerous* lengths" to which De la Motte's money and connexions enabled him to go. The attorney and solicitor-generals were employed by government, and the celebrated Dunning was counsel for the prisoner. The confession of Lutterloh certainly showed an extraordinary command of information. He had been first employed by De la Motte, in 1778, to furnish the French ministers with secret intelligence of matters relating to the navy. His first allowance for this was trivial,—but eight guineas a month. But his information had soon become so valuable, that his allowance was raised to fifty guineas a month, besides occasional presents of money. He had been in Paris, and held conferences with De Sartine, the French naval minister. There he had struck a bold bargain, not simply for the casual returns of ships and dock-yards, but for whole fleets, offering a plan for the capture of Commodore Johnson's squadron, on condition of his receiving eight thousand guineas, and a third of the value of the ships for himself and his associates. But the bargain was thrown up by the economy of the Frenchman, who hesitated at giving more than an eighth of the ships! Offended by this want of due liberality in his old employers, he sought out new, and had offered a plan to Sir Hugh Palliser for taking the French fleet. Dunning's cross-examination of this villain was carried on with an indignant causticity which was long reckoned among his finest efforts. He tore the approver's character in pieces, but he could not shake his evidence. At length

Dunning himself gave way; he became exhausted with disgust and disdain: broke away from the court, and was taken home overpowered and seriously ill.

Lutterloh was one of those specimens of desperate principle, restless activity, and perpetual adventure, which might have figured in romance. He had tried almost every situation of life, from the lowest; he had been in various trades, and roved between France, England, and America, wherever there was money to be made by cunning or personal hazard. From the book-keeper of a Portsmouth inn, he had started into a projector of war; had offered his agency to the revolted colonies; and as their chief want, in the early period of the struggle, was arms, he had gone to America with a plan for purchasing the arms in the magazines of the minor German states. The plan was discountenanced by Congress, and he returned to Europe, to engage in the secret agency of France, through the medium of De la Motte.

Radcliffe, a smuggler, who had a vessel constantly running to Boulogne, was the chief carrier of the correspondence. His pay was 20*l.* a trip. Rougier, the carrier to Radcliffe, received eight guineas a month.

Yet it is a striking instance of the blind security in which the most crafty may be involved, and of the impossibility of relying on traitors, that De la Motte's whole correspondence had for a long time passed through the hands of the English secretary of state himself; the letters being handed by Radcliffe to a government clerk, who transmitted them to Lord Hillsborough, by whom again, after having taken copies of them, they were forwarded to their original destination; and, thus anticipated, had undoubtedly the effect of seriously misleading the French ministry. De la Motte was executed.

As the Prince was now to take his place in the

legislature, arrangements were commenced for supplying him with an income. The times were hostile to royal expenditure, and the king, for the double reason of avoiding any unnecessary increase to the public burdens, and of discouraging those propensities which he probably conjectured in the prince, demanded but 50,000*l.* a year, to be paid out of the civil list. The proposition was strongly debated in the cabinet, long given down to scorn by the name of the Coalition Cabinet, and Fox insisted on making the grant 100,000*l.* a year. But his majesty was firm, and the ministry were forced to be content with adding 40,000*l.* and a complimentary message, to the 60,000*l.* for outfit proposed by the king.

The Duke of Portland, on the 23d of June, brought down the following message to the lords.

“G. R. His majesty, having taken into consideration the propriety of making an immediate and separate establishment for his dearly beloved son, the Prince of Wales, relies on the experience, zeal, and affection of the house of lords, for their concurrence in, and support of, such measures as shall be most proper to assist his majesty in this design.”

The question was carried without a dissenting voice in the lords; and the commons voted the sums of 50,000*l.* for income, and 100,000*l.* for the outfit of the Prince's household. Now fully began his checkered career.

There are no faults that we discover with more proverbial rapidity than the faults of others; and none that generate a more vindictive spirit of virtue, and are softened down by fewer attempts at palliation, than the faults of princes in the grave. Yet, without justice, history is but a more solemn libel; and no justice can be done to the memory of any public personage without considering the peculiar circumstances of his time.

The close of the American war was the commencement of the most extraordinary period of

modern Europe : all England, all France, the whole continent, were in a state of the most powerful excitement : England, rejoicing at the cessation of hostilities, long unpopular and galling to the pride of a country accustomed to conquer ; yet with the stain of transatlantic defeat splendidly effaced by her triumph at Gibraltar, and the proof given in that memorable siege of the unimpaired energies of her naval and military power,—France, vain of her fatal success, and exulting in the twofold triumph of wresting America from England,* and raising up a new rival for the sovereignty of the seas,—the continental states, habitually obeying the impulses of the two great movers of the world, England and France, and feeling the return of life in the new activity of all interests, public, personal, and commercial. But a deeper and fearful influence was at work, invisibly, but resistlessly, inflaming this feverish vividness of the European mind.

The story of the French Revolution is still to be told ; and the man by whom that tale of grandeur and atrocity is told, will bequeath the most appalling lesson ever given to the tardy wisdom of nations. But the first working of the principle of ruin in France was brilliant ; it spread a universal animation through the frame of foreign society. All was a hectic flush of vivacity. Like the Sicilian landscape, the gathering fires of the volcano were first felt in the singular luxuriance and fertility of the soil. Of all stimulants, political ambition lays the strongest hold on the sensibilities of man. The revolutionary doctrines, still covered with the graceful robes of patriotism and philosophy, seemed to have led the whole population of France into enchanted ground. Every hour had its new accession of light ; every new step displayed its new wonder. Court formality—hereditary privilege—the solemnity of the altar—all that had hitherto stood an obstacle to the full indulgence of natural impulses, all the rigid

* See Note III.—Page 413

and stately barriers established by the wisdom of elder times against popular passion, were seen suddenly to shrink and fade away before the approach of the new regeneration, like mists before the sunbeams. The listless life of the man of rank was suddenly supplied with an excitement that kindled all the latent activities of his nature; the man of study found, with delight, his solitary speculation assuming a life and substantial shape before his eye, and the long arrears of fortune about to be paid in public fame and power; the lower classes listened with fierce avidity to the declaration, that the time was at hand for enjoying their share of that opulent and glittering world on which they had hitherto gazed, with as little hope of reaching it as the firmament above their heads.

Thus was prepared the Revolution. Thus was laid under the foundation of the throne a deadly compound of real and fantastic injury, of offended virtue and embittered vice, of the honest zeal of general good, and the desperate determination to put all to hazard for individual license, rapine, and revenge, —a mighty deposite and magazine of explosion, long visible to the eyes of Europe, invisible to the French government alone, and which only waited the first touch of the incendiary to scatter the monarchy in fragments round the world.

“Philosophy” was the grand leader in this progress of crime; and it is a striking coincidence, that at this period its title to national homage should have been, as if by an angry destiny, suffered to aid its popular ambition. Europe never teemed with more illustrious discoveries: the whole range of the sciences, from the simplest application of human ingenuity up to the most sublime trials of the intellect, found enthusiastic and successful votaries: the whole circle was a circle of living flame. The French philosophers collected the contributions of all Europe, and, by embodying them in one magnificent work,

claimed for themselves the peculiar guardianship and supremacy of human genius. Law, policy, and religion had long possessed their codes: the French philosophers boasted that in the "Encyclopédie" they had first given the code of science. With all our hatred of the evil purposes of Diderot and D'Alembert, and all our present scorn of the delusions which their fierce malignity was devised to inflict upon mankind, it is impossible to look upon their labours without wonder. France had within a few years outstripped all competition in the higher branches of mathematical learning, a pursuit eminently fitted to the fine subtlety of the national genius: but she now invaded the more stubborn precincts of English and German research; seized upon chymistry and natural history; and, by the success of Lavoisier and Buffon, gave science a new and eloquent power of appeal to the reason and imagination of man.

A multitude of minor triumphs, in the various provinces of invention, sustained the general glow of the scientific world; but all were to be extinguished, or rather raised into new lustre, by three almost contemporaneous discoveries, which to this hour excite astonishment, and which at some future time, decreed for the sudden advancement of the human mind to its full capacity of knowledge, may be among the noblest instruments of our mastery of nature. Those three were, Franklin's conductors, Montgolfier's balloon, and Herschel's Georgium Sidus. Never was there an invention so completely adapted to inflame the most fantastic spirit of a fantastic people as the balloon. It absolutely crazed all France—king, philosophers, and populace. The palpable powers of this fine machine, its beauty as an object, the theatrical nature of the spectacle presented at the ascents, the brilliant temerity of the aerial navigators, soliciting the perils of an untried element, and rising to make the conquest of an unexplored region

in a floating "argosie" of silk and gold, rich as the pavilions of a Persian king, filled the quick fancy of France with dreams. A march to the moon, or a settlement among the stars, was scarcely too high for the national hope. The secrets of the atmosphere were only lingering for French discovery; but the immediate propagation of the French name and power through the earth was regarded less as a probable achievement than as an inevitable result of this most dazzling of all inventions.*

Among the innumerable observations to which those discoveries gave rise, it was remarked that there was something of curious appropriateness in their respective countries.—That the young audacity of America claimed the seizure of the lightning; a sentiment not forgotten in Franklin's motto:

"Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

That the balloon was an emblem of the showy volatility and ambitious restlessness of France;—while the discovery of a new planet, the revelation of a new throne of brightness and beauty in the firmament, was not unsuited to the solemn thought and religious dignity of the people of England.

But to England was given the substantial triumph: Cook's southern discoveries were made in this era; and the nation justly hailed them, less as cheering proofs of British intelligence and enterprise, than as a great providential donative of empire—dominion over realms without limit, and nations without number,—a new and superb portion of the universe, unveiled by science, and given into the tutelar hand of

* The topic superseded all others for the time. The answer of one of the city members to Lord Mansfield was a long-standing jest against the city. The earl, meeting him immediately on his return from France, asked, "Was the *Anglomanie* as prevalent as ever?" The honest citizen not recognising the word, and conceiving that France could furnish but one theme, answered, "that *Anglomanies* were to be seen every day in some part of Paris, and that he had seen a prodigious one go up on the day he left it."

the British people, for the propagation of British arts and arms through the world, and for an eternal repository of our laws, our literature, and our religion.

The peace of 1762 threw open the continent; and it was scarcely proclaimed, when France was crowded with the English nobility. Versailles was the centre of all that was sumptuous in Europe. The graces of the young queen, then in the pride of youth and beauty; the pomp of the royal family and the noblesse; and the costliness of the fêtes and celebrations, for which France has been always famous, rendered the court the dictator of manners, morals, and politics, to all the higher ranks of the civilized world. But the Revolution was now hastening with the strides of a giant upon France; the torch was already waving over the chambers of this morbid and guilty luxury. The corrective was terrible: history has no more stinging retrospect than the contrast of that brilliant time with the days of shame and agony that followed—the untimely fate of beauty, birth, and heroism,—the more than serpent-brood that started up in the path which France once emulously covered with flowers for the step of her rulers,—the hideous suspense of the dungeon,—the heart-broken farewell to life and royalty upon the scaffold. But France was the grand corrupter; and its supremacy must in a few years have spread incurable disease through the moral frame of Europe.

The Englishmen of rank brought back with them its dissipation and its infidelity. The immediate circle of the English court was clear. The grave virtue of the king held the courtiers in awe: and the queen, with a pious wisdom for which her name should long be held in honour, indignantly repulsed every attempt of female levity to approach her presence. But beyond this sacred circle the influence of foreign association was felt through every class of society. The great body of the writers of England, the men of whom the indiscretions of the

higher ranks stand most in awe, had become less the guardians than the seducers of the public mind. The "Encyclopédie," the code of rebellion and irreligion still more than of science, had enlisted the majority in open scorn of all that the heart should practise or the head revere; and the Parisian atheists scarcely exceeded the truth, when they boasted of erecting a temple that was to be frequented by worshippers of every tongue. A cosmopolite infidel republic of letters was already lifting its front above the old sovereignties, gathering under its banners a race of mankind new to public struggle,—the whole secluded, yet jealous and vexed race of labourers in the intellectual field,—and summoning them to devote their most unexhausted vigour and masculine ambition to the service of a sovereign, at whose right and left, like the urns of Homer's Jove, stood the golden founts of glory. London was becoming Paris in all but the name. There never was a period when the tone of our society was more polished, more animated, or more corrupt. Gaming, horse-racing, and still deeper deviations from the right rule of life, were looked upon as the natural embellishments of rank and fortune. Private theatricals, one of the most dexterous and assured expedients to extinguish, first the delicacy of woman, and then her virtue, were the favourite indulgence; and, by an outrage to English decorum, which completed the likeness to France, women were beginning to mingle in public life, try their influence in party, and entangle their feebleness in the absurdities and abominations of political intrigue. In the midst of this luxurious period the Prince of Wales commenced his public career. His rank alone would have secured him flatterers; but he had higher titles to homage. He was then one of the handsomest men in Europe; his countenance open and manly; his figure tall, and strikingly proportioned; his address remarkable for easy elegance, and his whole air singularly noble.

His contemporaries still describe him as the model of a man of fashion, and amusingly lament over the degeneracy of an age which no longer produces such men.

But he possessed qualities which might have atoned for a less attractive exterior. He spoke the principal modern languages with sufficient skill; he was a tasteful musician; his acquaintance with English literature was, in early life, unusually accurate and extensive; Markham's discipline, and Jackson's scholarship, had given him a large portion of classical knowledge; and nature had given him the more important public talent of speaking with fluency, dignity, and vigour.

Admiration was the right of such qualities, and we can feel no surprise if it were lavishly offered by both sexes. But it has been strongly asserted, that the temptations of flattery and pleasure were thrown in his way for other objects than those of the hour; that his wanderings were watched by the eyes of politicians; and that every step which plunged him deeper into pecuniary embarrassment was triumphed in, as separating him more widely from his natural connexions, and compelling him in his helplessness to throw himself into the arms of factions alike hostile to his character and his throne.

CHAPTER V.

The Prince's Embarrassments.

IN 1787, the state of the prince's income began to excite the anxious attention of parliament and the country. The allowance given three years before had been found totally inadequate to his expenditure,

and there was at length no resource but to apply to the nation.

On the original proposal of 50,000*l.* a-year, the "prince's friends," for he had already found political protectors, had strenuously protested against the narrowness of the sum. But the prince decorously reprehended their zeal, and declared his readiness to submit entirely to the will of his father, and his extreme reluctance to be the cause of any misunderstanding between the king and his ministers.

Yet a short experience showed that the income was altogether inadequate to the expenses of Carlton House. The prince was now upwards of 150,000*l.* in debt. His creditors, perhaps in some degree alarmed by the notorious alienation of the court, had begun suddenly to press for payment. The topic became painfully public; the king was applied to, and by his command a full statement was laid before him. But the result was a direct refusal to interfere, formally conveyed through the ministers.

Family quarrels are proverbial for exhibiting errors on both sides; and even the quarrel on this occasion, high as the personages were, made no exception to the rule. The prince was treated sternly; in return, the prince acted rashly. The royal indignation might have been justly softened by recollecting the inexperience, the almost inevitable associates, and the strong temptations of the heir-apparent; and the measure ought to have been made an act of favour, which was so soon discovered to be an act of necessity. On the other hand, the prince, impetuously, on the day after the royal answer, broke up his household, dismissed his officers in attendance, ordered his horses to be sold, shut up every apartment of his palace not required for immediate personal accommodation, and commenced living the life of a hermit, which he called that of a private gentleman; his political friends, that of an ancient sage; and the court, that of a young rebel. The decided impres-

sion on the king's mind was, that this sudden resolution was suggested by individuals whose first object was to enlist the sympathies of the nation against the minister, and who also had no reluctance to see the king involved in the disgrace of his cabinet. A remarkable incident at this period made the alienation palpable to the empire. Margaret Nicholson's attempt to assassinate the king,* an attempt which failed only from the accidental bending of the knife, had been immediately communicated to all the authorities, and the principal persons connected with the royal family, with but one exception. To the prince no communication was made. He heard it at Brighton, and hastened to Windsor, where he was received by the queen alone. The king was inaccessible.

But the system of seclusion was too little adapted to the great party who had now totally engrossed the direction of the prince; and too repulsive to the natural habits of rank and birth, to last long. The windows of Carlton House were gradually opened, and the deserted halls gave their pomps to the light once more. His advisers prompted him to strengthen his public influence by private hospitality; and, from all the records of those years, we must believe that no host possessed more abundantly the charm of giving additional zest to the luxuries of the banquet. He now began to give frequent entertainments; from personal pleasure, the feeling grew into political interest; and it was at length resolved, that the prince owed it to his own character to show that he was not afraid of public investigation.

The opening of the budget† was considered a proper time, and the subject was confided to the hands of Alderman Newnham, no orator, but a man of mercantile wealth and personal respectability. This advocate contented himself, in the first instance,

* August 2, 1786.

† April 20, 1787.

with a brief panegyric on the prince's efforts to meet his difficulties ; and a demand whether ministers intended to bring forward any proposition for retrieving his affairs.

Concluding with the words, that "though the conduct of that illustrious individual under his difficulties reflected the highest honour on his character, yet nothing could be surer to bring indelible disgrace upon the nation, than suffering him to remain any longer in his present embarrassed circumstances."

Pitt's reply was short but peremptory. "It was not his duty to bring forward a subject of the nature that had been mentioned, without his majesty's commands. It was not necessary, therefore, that he should say more, than that on the present occasion he had not been honoured with any such command."

The campaign was now fairly begun, and opposition determined to crush the minister. Private meetings were held, friends were summoned, and the strength of parties was about to be tried in a shock which, in its results, might have shattered the constitution. Pitt's sagacity saw the coming storm, and he faced it with the boldness that formed a prominent quality of his great character. He sternly denounced the subject, as one not merely delicate but dangerous ; he warned the mover of this hazardous matter of the evils which rashness must produce ; and concluded a short but powerful address, by threatening to call for "disclosures which must plunge the nation into the most formidable perplexity." While the house were listening with keen anxiety to this lofty menace, and expecting on what head the lightnings were to be launched, Pitt renewed the charge, by turning full on the opposition bench, and declaring, that if the "honourable member should *persist* in his determination to bring his motion forward again, his majesty's government would be *compelled*

to take the steps which they should adopt ; and that, for his own part, however distressing it might be to his personal feelings, from his profound respect for the royal family, he had a public duty to discharge which he would discharge, freely, fairly, and unconditionally."

A succession of debates followed, in which the whole vigour of party, and no slight portion of its virulence, were displayed. Rolle, the member for Devonshire, with a superabundant zeal, which exposed him naked to all the fiery wrath of Sheridan and Fox, and lifted him up as a general mark for the shafts of opposition wit, had imbodied Pitt's mysterious charge into "matters by which church and state might be seriously affected,"—an allusion understood to refer to the rumoured marriage of the prince with Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Sheridan, with contemptuous pleasantry, denied the truth of the report, which, he said, "the slight share of understanding that nature had vouchsafed to *him*, was altogether unable to comprehend ; though, to be sure, something of his ignorance might be accounted for by his not being peculiarly fond of putting himself in the established school for this kind of learning. Among all the shows to which curiosity had led him in the metropolis, he had unfortunately omitted the *whispering* gallery in the neighbourhood of Whitehall. He was also confident that there was a great deal of recondite knowledge to be picked up by any diligent student who had taken his degree on the *back-stairs*, and he duly commended the progress the honourable gentleman had made in those profitable studies. For his own part, Heaven help him ! he had always found the treasury passages at best, cold, dark, and cheerless ; he believed the conscience as well as the body might have a rheumatic touch ; and he acknowledged that he was never the better for the experiment. But where *he* had heard only the ominous cries and wailings of the wind ; the ears

of others, more happily disposed, might be more fortunate; where he heard only the rage of Auster and Eurus, to others Auster might come 'the zephyr perfumed from my lady's bedchamber;' and Eurus be the

—'purpureo spirans ab ortu, eois, Eurus equis.'

There the honourable gentleman and his friends might be regaled with those snatches and silver touches of melody, which they shaped and expanded into harmonies on so grand and swelling a scale, for the admiration of the house and the country."

The house laughed, but Rolle's remarks had made an impression; and Fox, who had been unaccountably absent from the debates, was compelled to appear: he now became the challenger in turn.—"He stood there prepared to substantiate every denial that had been made by his honourable friend (Sheridan). He demanded investigation. He defied the sharpest scrutiny, however envenomed by personal feelings, to detect in the conduct of the prince, as a gentleman, or as the hope of an illustrious line, any one act derogatory to his character. He came armed with the immediate authority of his royal highness to assure the house, that there was no part of his conduct which he was either afraid or unwilling to have investigated in the most minute manner."

This bold defiance, delivered with the haughtiest tone and gesture, raised a tumult of applause; which was interrupted only by his suddenly fixing his eyes full on the minister; and, as if he disdained to pour his vengeance on minor culprits, heaping the whole reprobation upon him, whom he intimated to be the origin of the calumny.

"As to the allusions," said he, scornfully, "of the honourable member for Devon, of danger and so forth to church and state, I am not bound to understand them until he shall make them intelligible; but

I suppose they are meant in reference to that *falsehood* which has been so *sedulously* propagated out of doors for the wanton sport of the vulgar, and which I now pronounce, by *whomsoever invented*, to be a miserable calumny, a low, malicious falsehood."— He had hoped, that in that house a tale, only fit to impose upon the lowest persons in the streets, would not have gained credit; but, when it appeared that an *invention* so monstrous, a report of what had not the smallest degree of foundation, had been *circulated* with so much industry as to make an impression on the mind of members of that house, it proved the extraordinary efforts made by the enemies of his royal highness to propagate the grossest and most malignant falsehoods, with a view to depreciate his character, and injure him in the opinion of the country. He was at a loss to imagine what *species* of party could have fabricated so base a calumny. Had there existed in the kingdom such a faction as an anti-Brunswick faction, to it he should have certainly imputed the invention of so malicious a falsehood; for he knew not what other description of men could have *felt an interest* in first forming and then circulating, with *more than ordinary* assiduity, a tale in every particular so unfounded. His royal highness had authorized him to declare, that as a peer of parliament he was ready, in the other house, to submit to any the most pointed questions; or to afford his majesty, or his majesty's ministers, the fullest assurances of the utter falsehood of the statement in question, which never had, and which common sense must see never could have, happened.

After this philippic, to which Pitt listened with the utmost composure, but which produced an extraordinary interest in the house, Fox adverted to the original purpose of the application: "Painful and delicate the subject undoubtedly was; but however painful it might be, the consequences were attributable solely to *those* who had it in their power to

supersede the necessity of the prince's coming to parliament, to relieve him from a situation embarrassing to himself and disgraceful to the country."

This speech may be taken as a specimen of Fox's vituperative style,—the reiterated phrases of scorn, the daring defiance, and the reckless weight of contempt and condemnation, which he habitually flung upon his adversary. But the full effect can be conceived only by those who have heard this great speaker. His violent action, confused voice, and ungainly form were forgotten, or rather, by one of the wonders of eloquence, became portions of his power. A strong sincerity seemed to hurry him along: his words, always emphatic, seemed to be forced from him by the fulness and energy of his feelings; and in the torrent he swept away the adversary.

This speech decided the question. Rolle still persisted in his alarms, and still brought down upon himself the declamation of Sheridan and the retorts of Fox, who bitterly told him, that "though what he had said before was, he thought, sufficient to satisfy *every candid* mind, he was willing still to restate and re-explain, and, *if possible*, satisfy the *most perverse*."

The member for Devon at last declared that he had spoken only from his affection for the prince; that "he had not said, he was dissatisfied," and that he now left the whole matter to the judgment of the house. Pitt covered his friend's retreat, by a defence of the privileges of speech in the legislature.

But such contests were too hazardous to be wisely provoked again. Misfortune, which in private life has a singular faculty of stripping the sufferer of his friends, in public life often gathers the national sympathy round him. The man who would have been left to perish in his cell, brought to the scaffold, is followed by the outcry of the multitude. The general voice began to rise against the severity of go-

vernment; and in a few days after the debate,* the prince was informed by the minister, that if the motion intended for the next day were withdrawn, every thing should be settled to his satisfaction. Accordingly, Alderman Newnham communicated to the house, in which four hundred members were present, the intelligence that his motion was now rendered unnecessary; and all was mutual congratulation.

The ministerial promise was kept; but kept with a full reserve of the royal displeasure. A stern rebuke was couched in a message to parliament.

“G. R. It is with the *greatest concern* his majesty acquaints the house of commons, that from the accounts which have been laid before his majesty by the Prince of Wales, it appears that the prince has incurred a debt to a large amount, which, if left to be discharged out of his annual income, would render it impossible for him to support an establishment suited to his rank and station.

“Painful as it is at all times to his majesty to propose an addition to the many expenses necessarily borne by his people, his majesty is induced, from his paternal affection to the Prince of Wales, to recur to the liberality and attachment of his faithful commons for their assistance on an occasion so interesting to his majesty's feelings, and to the ease and honour of so distinguished a branch of his royal family.

“His majesty could not, however, expect or desire the assistance of this house, but on a well-grounded expectation that the prince will *avoid contracting any debts in future.*

“With a view to this object, and from an anxious desire to remove any possible doubt of the sufficiency of the prince's income to support amply the dignity of his situation, his majesty has directed the sum of 10,000*l.* per annum to be paid out of the civil list, in addition to the allowance which his majesty has

* May 3.

hitherto given him; and his majesty has the satisfaction to inform the house, that the Prince of Wales has given his majesty the fullest assurances of his determination to confine his future expenses within the income, and has also settled a plan for arranging those expenses in the several departments, and for fixing an order for payment, under such regulations as his majesty trusts will effectually *secure* the *due execution* of the prince's intentions.

“His majesty will direct an estimate to be laid before this house of the sum wanting to complete, in a proper manner, the work which has been undertaken at Carlton House, as soon as the same can be prepared with sufficient accuracy, and recommends it to his faithful commons to consider of making some provision for this purpose.”

This account was shortly after laid on the table.

Debts.

Bonds and debts	13,000 <i>l.</i>
Purchase of houses	4,000
Expenses of Carlton House	53,000
Tradesmen's bills	90,804

160,804*l.*

Expenditure from July, 1783, to July, 1786.

Household, &c.	29,276 <i>l.</i>
Privy purse	16,050
Payments made by Col. Hotham, particulars delivered in to his majesty	37,203
Other extraordinaries	11,406

93,936*l.*

Salaries	54,734
Stables	37,919
Mr. Robinson's	7,059

193,648*l.*

On the day following the presentation of this paper, the commons carried up an address to the throne, humbly desiring that his majesty would order 161,000*l.* to be issued out of the civil list for the payment of the debt, and a sum of 20,000*l.* for the completion of Carlton House.

This proceeding had the usual fate of half measures, it palliated the evil only to make it return in double force. It showed the king's displeasure, without ensuring the prince's retrenchment. The public clamoured at the necessity for giving away so large a sum of the national money; while the creditors, whom the sum, large as it was, would but inadequately pay, boldly pronounced themselves defrauded. Whether the leaders of the legislature were rejoiced or discontented, remained in their own bosoms. But Pitt had accomplished the important purpose of suppressing for the time a topic which might have deeply involved his administration; and Fox's sagacity must have seen in this imperfect measure the very foundation on which a popular leader would love to erect a grievance. It gave him the full use of the prince's injuries for all the purposes of opposition. Hopeless of future appeal, stung by public rebuke, and committed before the empire in hostility to the court and the minister, the prince was now thrown completely into his hands.

CHAPTER VI.

The Prince's Friends.

THERE seems to be a law of politics, by which the heir of the crown is inevitably opposed to the crown. This grew into a proverb in Holland, when the stadtholderate had become hereditary; and may have found its examples in all countries where the constitution retains a vestige of freedom. The line of the Georges has furnished them for three generations. Frederic, Prince of Wales, son of George the Second, was in constant opposition to the court, was the centre of a powerful party, and was even in-

volved in personal dispute with the king. There is a curious similitude in his life to that of his late majesty.—The origin of the alienation was, the old “root of all evil,” money. The opposition headed by Pulteney (the Fox of his day) adopted the prince’s cause, and moved in parliament for the increase of his income to 100,000*l.* The king resented equally the demand and the connexion; and the dispute was carried on with the natural implacability of a family quarrel.—The prince collected the wits round him; the king closeted himself with a few antiquated and formal nobles.—The prince’s residence, at Cliefden, in Buckinghamshire, was enlivened by perpetual festivity, balls, banquets, and plays; among which was the mask of Alfred, by Thompson and Mallet, written in honour of the Hanover accession, with Quin in the part of Alfred. St. James’s was a royal fortress, in which the king sat guarded from the approach of all public gayety.—Frederic, too, pushed the minister so closely, that he had no refuge but in a reconciliation between the illustrious belligerents; and Walpole, perplexed by perpetual debate, and feeling the ground giving way under him, proposed to the prince an addition of 50,000*l.* to his income, and 200,000*l.* for the discharge of his debts. But Walpole’s hour was come; opposition, conscious of his weakness, determined to give him no respite. The prince haughtily refused any accommodation while the obnoxious minister was suffered to remain in power. Walpole was crushed. The prince led opposition into the royal presence; and the spoils of office rewarded them for a struggle carried on in utter scorn alike of the king’s feelings and the national interests, but distinguished by great talent, dexterity, and determination. Yet victory was fatal to them; they quarrelled for the spoils. and Walpole had his revenge in the disgrace of Pulteney for ever.

On the death of Prince Frederic, the next heir

Prince George, became the prize of opposition headed by Pitt (Lord Chatham), Lord Temple, and the Grenvilles. Leicester House, the residence of his mother, again eclipsed St. James's, and the Newcastle administration trembled at the popularity of this rival court. To withdraw his heir from party, the king offered him a residence in St. James's. But before the hostility could be matured into open resistance, a stroke of apoplexy put an end to the royal life, placed the prince on the throne, and turned the eloquence of opposition into sarcasms on Scotch influence, and burlesques on the princess-mother's presumed passion for the handsome minister.

In other lands the king is a despot, and the heir-apparent a rebel; in England the relation is softened, and the king is a tory, and the heir-apparent a whig. Without uncovering the grave, to bring up things for dispute which have lain till their shape and substance are half dissolved away in that great receptacle of the follies and arts of mankind, it is obvious that there was enough in the contrast of men and parties to have allured the young Prince of Wales to the side of opposition.

Almost prohibited, by the rules of the English court from bearing any important part in the government; almost condemned to silence in the legislature by the custom of the constitution; almost restricted, by the etiquette of his birth, from exerting himself in any of those pursuits which cheer and elevate a manly mind, by the noble consciousness that it is of value to its country; the life of the eldest born of the throne appears condemned to be a splendid sinecure. The valley of Rasselas, with its impassable boundary, and its luxurious and spirit-subduing bowers, was but an emblem of princely existence; and the moralist is unfit to decide on human nature, who, in estimating the career, forgets the temptation.

It is neither for the purpose of undue praise to those who are now gone beyond human opinion, nor with the idle zeal of hazarding new conjectures, that the long exclusion of the Prince of Wales from public activity is pronounced to have been a signal injury to his fair fame. The same mental and bodily gifts which were lavished on the listless course of fashionable life, might have assisted the councils, or thrown new lustre on the arms, of his country; the royal tree, exposed to the free blasts of heaven, might have tossed away those parasite plants and weeds which encumbered its growth, and the nation might have been proud of its stateliness, and loved to shelter in its shade.

The education of the royal family had been conducted with so regular and minute an attention, that the lapses of the prince's youth excited peculiar displeasure in the king. The family discipline was almost that of a public school: their majesties generally rose at six, breakfasted at eight with the two elder princes, and then summoned the younger children: the several teachers next appeared, and the time till dinner was spent in diligent application to languages and the severer kinds of literature, varied by lessons in music, drawing, and the other accomplishments. The king was frequently present; the queen superintended the younger children, like an English mother. The two elder princes laboured at Greek and Latin with their tutors, and were by no means spared in consequence of their rank. "How would your majesty wish to have the princes treated?" was said to be Markham's inquiry of the king. "Like the sons of any private English gentleman," was the manly and sensible answer. "If they deserve it, let them be flogged; do as you used to do at Westminster."

The command was adhered to, and the royal culprits acquired their learning by the plebeian mode

The story is told, that on the subsequent change of preceptors, the command having been repeated, Arnald, or one of his assistants, thought proper to inflict a punishment, without taking into due consideration that the infants whom Markham had disciplined with impunity were now stout boys. However, the Prince and the Duke of York held a little council on the matter, and organized rebellion to the rod: on its next appearance they rushed upon the tutor, wrested his weapons from him, and exercised them with so much activity on his person, that the offence was never ventured again.

Louis the Fourteenth, when, in his intercourse with the accomplished society of France, he felt his own deficiencies, often upbraided the foolish indulgence which had left his youth without instruction; exclaiming, "Was there not birch enough in the forest of Fontainebleau?" George the Third was determined that no reproach of this nature should rest upon his memory; and probably no private family in the empire were educated with more diligence in study, more attention to religious observances, and more rational respect for their duties to society, than the children of the throne.

This course of education is so fully acknowledged that it has even been made a charge against the good sense of that excellent man and monarch; as stimulating some of the dissipations of the prince's early life by the contrast between undue restraint and sudden liberty. Yet the princes were under no restraint but from evil. They had their little sports and companionships; they were even, from time to time, initiated into such portions of court life as might be understood at their age; children's balls were given; the king, who was fond of music, had frequent concerts, at which the royal children were shown, dressed in the ribands and badges of their orders; and in the numerous celebrations at Kew and Windsor, they enjoyed their full share. All their birthdays were kept

with great festivity; and August, from its being an auspicious period for the royal family, as the month of the Hanover accession, the battle of Minden, and the birth of three of the princes, was almost a continual holyday: prizes were given to the watermen on the Thames, sports were held in Windsor and Kew, and the old English time of both rustic and royal merriment seemed to have come again.

There can be no difficulty in relieving the memory of George the Third from the charge of undue restraint; for nothing can be idler than the theory, that to let loose the passions of the young is to inculcate self-control. Vice is not to be conquered by inoculation; and the parent who gives his sons a taste of evil, will soon find that what he gave as an antidote has been swallowed as a temptation.

The palpable misfortune of the prince was, that on emerging from the palace, he had still to learn human character, the most essential public lesson for his rank. Even the virtues of his parents were injurious to that lesson. Through infancy and youth he had seen nothing round him that could give a conception of the infinite heartlessness and artifice, the specious vice, and the selfish professions, that must beset him at his first step into life. A public education might have, in some degree, opened his eyes to the realities of human nature. Even among boys, some bitter evidence of the hollowness and hypocrisy of life is administered; and the prince's understanding might have been early awakened to the salutary caution, which would have cast out before him, naked, if not ashamed, the tribe of flatterers and pretended friends who so long perverted his natural popularity.

But there was much in the times to perplex a man of his high station and hazardous opportunities, let his self-control be however vigilant. The habits of society have since been so much changed, that it is difficult to conceive the circumstances of that sin-

gular and stirring period. We live in a day of mediocrity in all things. The habits of fifty years ago were, beyond all comparison, those of a more prominent, showy, and popular system. The English nobleman sustained the honours of his rank with a larger display; the Englishman of fashionable life was more conspicuous in his establishment, in his appearance, and even in his eccentricities: the phaeton, his favourite equipage, was not more unlike the cabriolet, that miserable and creeping contrivance of our day, than his rich dress and cultivated manners were like the wretched costume and low fooleries that make the vapid loungee of modern society. The women of rank, if not wiser or better than their successors, at least aimed at nobler objects: they threw open their mansions to the intelligent and accomplished minds of their time, and instead of *fête*-ing every foreign coxcomb, who came with no better title to respect than his grimace and his guitar, surrounded themselves with the wits, orators, and scholars of England.

The contrivance of watering-places had not been then adopted as an escape, less from the heats of summer than from the observances of summer hospitality. The great families returned to their country-seats with the close of parliament, and their return was a holyday to the country. They received their neighbours with opulent entertainment; cheered and raised the character of the humbler ranks by their liberality and their example; extinguished the little oppressions, and low propensities to crime which habitually grow up where the lord is an absentee; and by their mere presence, and in the simple exercise of the natural duties of rank and wealth, were the great benefactors of society. A noble family of that time would no more have thought of flying from its country neighbours to creep into miserable lodgings at a watering-place, and hide its diminished head among the meager accommodations and miscella-

neous society of a seacoast village, than it would of burning its title-deeds. The expenses of the French war may have done something of this; and the reduced rent-rolls of the nobility may countenance a more limited expenditure. But whether the change have been in matter or mind, in the purse or the spirit, the change is undeniable; and where it is not compelled by circumstances is contemptible.

The prince was launched into public life in the midst of this high-toned time. With an income of 50,000*l.* a-year, he was to take the lead of the English nobility, many of them with twice his income, and, of course, free from the court-encumbrances of an official household. All princes are made to be plundered; and the youth, generosity, and companionship of the prince marked him out for especial plunder. He was at once fastened on by every glittering profligate who had a debt of honour to discharge, by every foreign marquis who had a *bijou* to dispose of at ten times its value, by every member of the turf who had an unknown Eclipse or Childers in his stables, and by every nameless claimant on his personal patronage or his unguarded finance, until he fell into the hands of the Jews, who offered him money at fifty per cent.; and from them into the hands of political Jews, who offered him the national treasury at a price to which a hundred per cent. was moderation.

At this time the prince was nineteen, as ripe an age as could be desired for ruin; and in three short years the consummation was arrived at,—he was ruined.

The Prince of Wales had now reached the second period of his public life. He had felt the bitterness of contracted circumstances, and the still keener trial of parliamentary appeal. His personal feelings had been but slightly spared in either; and we can scarcely be surprised at his shrinking from the cabinet, in which he had found none but baffled castiga-

tors, and attaching himself more closely to that opposition in which he had found none but active and successful friends.

It is certain, that few men of his rank had ever been more wrung by the severity of the public inquisition into the habits of their lives. Court scandals are, at all times, precious; but the power of probing the wounds of princely life was never indulged in more generously for the sake of popular science. The newspapers, too, plunged fiercely into the merits on both sides, and

“By decision more embroiled the fray.”

Those formidable, but salutary scourges of public error, were just beginning to assume their influence; and, like all possessors of unexpected power, their first use of it was to lay on the lash without mercy. Crabbe, then young, tremulously describes the terrors that must have naturally startled the chaplain of a duke at the rise of this grand flagellator; though, like all satirists, he overlooks the actual and measureless good in the picturesque evil.

“But Sunday past, what numbers flourish then,
What wondrous labours of the press and pen!
Diurnal most, some thrice each week affords,
Some only once; O, avarice of words!
When thousand starving minds such manna seek,
To drop the precious food but once a week!

Endless it were to sing the powers of all,
Their names, their numbers, how they rise and fall,
Like baneful herbs, the gazer's eye they seize,
Rush to the head, and poison where they please;
Like summer flies, a busy, buzzing train,
They drop their maggots in the idler's brain;
The genial soil preserves the fruitful store,
And there they grow, and breed a thousand more.

* * * * *
Nor here th' infectious rage for party stops,
But flits along from palaces to shops;
Our weekly journals o'er the land abound
And spread their plague and influenza round.

The village, too, the peaceful pleasant plain,
Breeds the whig farmer, and the tory swain ;
Brooks' and St. Alban's boast not, but instead
Stares the red Ram, and swings the Rodney's Head.

Here clowns delight the weekly news to con,
And mingle comments as they blunder on ;
To swallow all their varying authors teach,
To spell a title, and confound a speech.
One with a muddled spirit quits the News,
And claims his native license,—to abuse ;
Then joins the cry, that ' all the courtly race
Strive but for power, and parley but for place ;'
Yet hopes, good man, that all may still be well,
And thanks his stars—he has a vote to sell.”*

If the prince had been a man of a harsh and gloomy mind, he had already found matter to qualify him for a Timon. But his experience produced no bitterness against human nature, though it may have urged him into more intimate connexion with the party that promised at once to protect and to avenge. Long attracted to Fox by the social captivations of that singularly-gifted individual, he now completely joined him as the politician, made friends of his friends and enemies of his enemies, unfurled the opposition banner, and all but declared himself the head of the great aristocratic combination, which was now more than ever resolved to shake the minister upon his throne.

In 1792† the prince had been introduced to the house of peers, attended by the Dukes of Cumberland, Richmond, Portland, and Lord Lewisham, and had spoken on the Marquis of Abercorn's motion for an address on the proclamation for repressing seditious meetings. The speech was much admired for the grace of its delivery. It was in substance that —“ He was educated in the principle, and he should ever preserve it, of a reverence for the constitutional liberties of the people ; and as on those liberties the happiness of the people depended, he was determined,

* Poem of “The Newspaper,” published in 1784.

† November 11.

as far as his interest could have any force, to support them. The matter at issue was, whether the constitution was or was not to be maintained; whether the wild ideas of theory were to conquer the wholesome maxims of established practice; and whether those laws, under which we had flourished for so long a series of years, were to be subverted by a reform unsanctioned by the people.

“As a person nearly and dearly interested in the welfare, and he would emphatically add, the happiness and comfort of the people, it would be treason to the principles of his mind, if he did not come forward and declare his disapprobation of those seditious publications which had occasioned the motion now before their lordships; his interest was connected with the interests of the people; they were so inseparable, that unless both parties concurred, happiness could not exist.

“On this great, this solid basis, he grounded the vote which he meant to give; and that vote should unequivocally be, for a concurrence with the address of the commons.” He concluded by saying, with remarkable effect,—“I exist by the love, the friendship, and the benevolence of the people, and them I never will forsake as long as I live.”

This speech, whether suggested by the Duke of Portland (as was rumoured), or conceived by the prince, was obviously ministerial. But in those days, when the lord of the treasury might in the next month be thundering at the head of its assailants, and in the month after be flinging back their baffled bolts from the secure height of ministerial power; when in one month he might be the rebellious Titan, and in the next the legitimate Jove, the waving of whose curls shook the Olympus of Downing-street from its summit to its base; the rapid changes of the administration made ministerial allegiance curiously fugitive. Before the worshipper had time to throw himself at the foot of the altar, the idol was gone,

and another was in possession ; before the cargo of fealty could reach the port, the port was in dust and ashes, or a hostile ensign waved upon its walls. North, Pitt, Shelburne, Fox, and Rockingham successively mastered the treasury bench, within scarcely more months than their names; until government had begun to be looked on as only a more serious masquerade, where every man might assume every character in turn, and where the change of dress was the chief difference between the Grand Turk and his buffoon.

The prince was the great political prize. From the hour of his infancy, when he was first shown behind his gilded lattice at St. James's to the people, he was the popular hope. The king's early illness, which made it probable that the heir might soon be the master of the crown, fixed the public interest still more anxiously upon him, and the successive cabinets felt the full importance of his name: but now the whole advantage was on the side of opposition. England had never before seen such a phalanx armed against a minister. A crowd of men of the highest natural talents, of the most practised ability, and of the first public weight in birth, fortune, and popularity, were nightly arrayed against the administration, sustained by the solitary eloquence of the young Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Yet Pitt was not careless of followers. He was more than once even charged with sedulously gathering round him a host of subaltern politicians, whom he might throw forward as skirmishers,—or sacrifices, which they generally were. Powis, describing the “forces led by the right hon. gentleman on the treasury bench,” said, “the first detachment may be called his body-guard, who shoot their little arrows against those who refuse allegiance to their chief.”* This light infantry were, of course, soon scattered

* Wraxall's Memoirs.

when the main battle joined. But Pitt, a son of the aristocracy, was an aristocrat in all his nature, and he loved to see young men of family round him; others were chosen for their activity, if not for their force, and some probably from personal liking. In the later period of his career, his train was swelled by a more influential and promising race of political worshippers, among whom were Lord Mornington, since Marquis Wellesley; Ryder, since Lord Harlowby; and Wilberforce, still undignified by title, but possessing an influence which, perhaps, he values more. The minister's chief agents in the house of commons were Mr. Grenville (since Lord Grenville) and Dundas.

Yet, among those men of birth or business, what rival could be found to the popular leaders on the opposite side of the house,—to Burke, Sheridan, Grev Windham, or to Fox, that

"Prince and chief of many throned powers,
Who led the embattled seraphim to war."

Without adopting the bitter remark of the Duke de Montansier to Louis the Fourteenth, in speaking of Versailles:—"Vous avez beau faire, sire, vous n'en ferez jamais qu'un favori sans mérite," it was impossible to deny their inferiority on all the great points of public impression. A debate in that day was one of the highest intellectual treats: there was always some new and vigorous feature in the display on both sides; some striking effort of imagination or masterly reasoning, or of that fine sophistry, in which, as was said of the vices of the French noblesse, half the evil was atoned by the elegance. The ministerialists sarcastically pronounced that, in every debate, Burke said something which no one else ever said, Sheridan said something that no one else ought to say, and Fox something that no one else would dare to say. But the world, fairer in its decision, did justice to their extraordinary powers; and found

in the Asiatic amplitude and splendour of Burke,—in Sheridan's alternate subtlety and strength, reminding it at one time of Attic dexterity, and another of the uncalculating boldness of barbarism,—and in Fox's matchless English self-possession, unaffected vigour, and overflowing sensibility,—a perpetual source of admiration.

But it was in the intercourses of social life that the superiority of opposition was most incontestable. Pitt's life was in the senate: his true place of existence was on the benches of that ministry, which he conducted with such unparalleled ability and success. he was in the fullest sense of the phrase, a public man; and his indulgences in the few hours which he could spare from the business of office, were more like the necessary restoratives of a frame already shattered, than the easy gratifications of a man of society: and on this principle we can safely account for the common charge of Pitt's propensity to wine. He found it essential, to relieve a mind and body exhausted by the perpetual pressure of affairs: wine was his medicine: and it was drunk in total solitude, or with a few friends from whom the minister had no concealment. Over his wine the speeches for the night were often concerted; and when the dinner was done, the table council broke up only to finish the night in the house.

The secret history of those symposia might still clear up some of the problems that once exceedingly perplexed our politicians. On one occasion Pitt's silence on a motion brought forward by the present Earl Grey with great expectation and great effect, excited no less surprise, than its being replied to by Dundas, whose warfare generally lay among less hazardous antagonists. The clubs next day were in a fever of conjecture on this apparent surrender of a supremacy, of which the minister was supposed to be peculiarly jealous.

The mystification lasted until Dundas laughingly

acknowledged that, on the night before the debate, Pitt and some of their immediate friends had been amusing themselves after dinner with imaginary speeches for opposition: he himself had made a burlesque speech for the motion, and Pitt enjoyed the idea so highly, that he insisted on his replying to the mover in the house, saying, "that by the law of Parliament nobody could be so fit to make a speech *against*, as he who had made a speech *for*; and that his only chance of escaping the charge of being a proselyte, was by being an assailant." When the debate came on, Dundas had waited for the minister's rising, as usual; but, to his surprise, he found that Pitt was determined to keep up the jest, and compel him, *malgré, bongré*, to speak. There was no resource, Pitt was immovable, and the festive orator, to his considerable embarrassment, was forced to lead.

But wine, if a pleasant associate, is a dangerous master: and an after-dinner frolic is mentioned as having nearly cost the minister his life. Returning, past midnight, with his friends to Wimbledon, from Mr. Jenkinson's, at Croydon, they found one of the turnpike gates open; and, whether from the natural pleasure of baffling the turnpikeman, or of cheating the king, the party put spurs to their horses and galloped through. Those sportive personages were no less than the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Chancellor, and the Treasurer of the Navy—Pitt, Thurlow, and Dundas. The gate-keeper called after them in vain, until deciding, from their haste, and there having been rumours of robberies on the road, that they were three highwaymen, he summarily took the law into his own hands, and discharged a blunderbuss at their backs. However, their speed, or his being unaccustomed to shoot ministers flying saved them; and they had to suffer from nothing but those "paper bullets of the brain" which Benedick so much despised. Of those they

had many a volley. The Rolliad thus commemorated the adventure :

“ Ah think what danger on debauch attends !
Let Pitt, o'er wine, preach temperance to his friends,
How, as he wandered darkling o'er the plain,
His reason drowned in Jenkinson's champaign,
A rustic's hand, but righteous fate withstood,
Had shed a premier's for a robber's blood.”

But those were rare condescensions to society in the premier. From remaining unmarried, he was without an establishment ; for the attempt which he made to form one, with his fantastic relative Lady Hester Stanhope at its head, soon wearied him, and he escaped from it to the easier hospitality of Mr. Dundas, whose wife, Lady Jane, was a woman of remarkable intelligence, and much valued by Pitt. His official dinners were generally left to the management of Steele, one of the secretaries of the treasury.

But with Fox all was the bright side of the picture. His extraordinary powers defied dissipation. No public man of England ever mingled so much personal pursuit of every thing in the form of indulgence with so much parliamentary activity. From the dinner he went to the debate, from the debate to the gaming-table, and returned to his bed by daylight, freighted with parliamentary applause, plundered of his last disposable guinea, and fevered with sleeplessness and agitation ; to go through the same round within the next twenty-four hours. He kept no house ; but he had the houses of all his party at his disposal, and that party were the most opulent and sumptuous of the nobility. Cato and Antony were not more unlike, than the public severity of Pitt, and the native and splendid dissoluteness of Fox.

They were unlike in all things. Even in such slight peculiarities as their manner of walking into the house of commons, the contrast was visible.

From the door Pitt's countenance was that of a man who felt that he was coming into his high place of business. "He advanced up the floor with a quick firm step, with the head erect and thrown back, looking to neither the right nor the left, nor favouring with a glance or a nod any of the individuals seated on either side, among whom many of the highest would have been gratified by such a mark of recognition."* Fox's entrance was lounging or stately, as it might happen, but always good-humoured; he had some pleasantry to exchange with everybody, and until the moment when he rose to speak, continued gayly talking with his friends.

As the royal residences were all occupied by the king, or the younger members of the royal family, the prince was forced to find a country-seat for himself; and he selected Brighton, then scarcely more than a little fishing village, and giving no conception of the seashore London that it has since become. Our national rage for covering every spot of the land with brick, and blotting out the sky with the smoke of cities linked to cities, had not then become epidemic; and Brighton, in all its habits, was as far removed from London as Inverness: but its distance, not above a morning's drive for the rapid charioteering of his royal highness, made it eligible; and at Brighton he purchased a few acres, and began to build.

Probably no man has ever begun to build, without having the prince's tale to tell. Walpole advises a man never to lay the first stone, until he has settled his children, buried his wife, and hoarded three times the amount of the estimate. There is no royal road to building; and the prince soon found that he must undergo the common lot of all who tempt their fate with architecture.

* Wrexall.

His first work was a cottage in a field. The cottage was a singularly pretty and picturesque little fabric, in a small piece of ground where a few shrubs and roses shut out the road, and the eye looked unobstructed over the ocean. But visitors naturally came, and the cottage was found small. The prince's household and visitors gradually increased, and there was then no resource but in a few additional apartments. It was at last found that those repeated improvements were deformities, and that their expense would be better employed in making a complete change.

From this change grew the present Pavilion; the perpetual ridicule of tourist wit, and certainly unsuited in style to its present encumbered and narrow site, and perhaps to European taste. But if no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, no man is a prince to his architect. Whatever be his repugnance, he is bound hand and foot by the dictator of taste; is accountable for nothing, but the rashness of surrendering himself at discretion; and has henceforth nothing to do but to bear the public pleasantries as patiently as he may, and consider how he shall pay his bill.

Yet the happiest hours of the prince's life were spent in this cottage. But it is not for men of his condition to expect the quiet of an humbler and more fortunate situation, the happy, honeyed lapse of years occupied only in cultivating the favourite tastes or the gentle affections of the human heart. He was too important to the public, in all senses of the word, to be suffered to enjoy the "*jucunda oblivia*," which every man of common knowledge of life feels to be among its best privileges. He was too essential to the objects of the great competitors for power; to the multitude, who look upon the purse of princes as their own; and even to the general eagerness of the populace for royal anecdote, to be left unmolested in any retreat, however remote or secluded. His best quiet was only that of the centre of a vortex;

and he was scarcely suffered to make the experiment of ease, when the question of the Regency led, or rather flung, him into that sea of troubled and conflicting interests from which he was destined never to emerge.

His royal highness had joined the Foxites almost at the commencement of his public life. The captivation of Fox's manners, the freedom from restraint which he found in the society of which Fox was the idol, and the actual elegance and high life of the whig circle, were probably the chief sources of his choice. For what could be the *politics* of a handsome boy of nineteen, living in a perpetual round of entertainments, with nothing to take care of but his beauty, and with all the world saying civil things to him, and he saying civil things to all the world? But, once fairly in the harness of party, the only difficulty was to keep him from overturning the machine by his eagerness.

In the debates on the celebrated India bill, which Fox called the pyramid of the British power, but which he might more justly have called the mausoleum of his own; the Prince of Wales made himself conspicuous to a degree, which brought down strong charges of influence on his friends; and certainly embarrassed North and Fox, already almost overborne by national displeasure. It was remarked on the prince's frequent presence in the house of commons during this perilous discussion, that "if the great personage in question, not content with merely listening to the debates, should, on any occasion, testify by his behaviour or gesticulation, while in the house, a predilection or partiality for any set of men; such marks of his preference would be unbecoming, and might operate as a means of influence." Lord North delicately defended the practice, by a panegyric on the prince's "eminent abilities," and by expressing his personal gratification in seeing "a prince to whom the country must look up as its hope, thus practically

becoming acquainted with the nature of this limited government, rather than taking up the hearsay of the hour, or looking for his knowledge to flatterers."

Fox, with his usual boldness, dashed out at once into lofty invective on the charges, "pernicious and ridiculous alike, adopted by no less the enemies of free discussion in that house, than the calumniators of the motives of a distinguished personage, whose whole spirit was honour."—"Was the mind which might, at any hour, by the common chances of mortality, be summoned to the highest duties allotted to man, to be left to learn them by accident? Was he to be sent to discover the living spirit of the constitution in the dust of libraries, or in the unintelligible compilations of black-letter law; or to receive it from the authority of the politicians, *pious* or otherwise, who had doled out doctrines to the house, which the house and the country, he believed, had heard with equal astonishment, however popular they might be in the inquisition, or perhaps in the conventicle? For his part, he rejoiced to see that distinguished personage disdain to use the privileges of his rank, and keep aloof from the debates of that house. He rejoiced to see him manfully coming among them, to imbibe a knowledge of the constitution, within the walls of the commons of England. He, for his part, saw nothing in the circumstances which had called down so much volunteer eloquence and unnecessary reprobation, but a ground for praise; an evidence of the British mind of that high personage, and a practical pledge to the free institutions of the country."

The member alluded to as the conventicle orator was Sir Richard Hill, brother of the preacher, who had the foolish and indecorous habit of introducing Scripture phraseology into his speeches,—a habit by which, without increasing any man's respect for the Scriptures, he naturally brought himself into constant ridicule. Sir Richard was often thus more troublesome to his friends than to his enemies. One eve-

ning, in contrasting Pitt's influence at St. James's with Fox's full-blown power in the house, he burst upon the astonished audience with the information, that "the honest Israelite, Mordecai, repaired privately to court, and averted the danger which threatened the people from Haman's ambition, who, being driven from the cabinet, was finally suspended from a gibbet."

The comparison with the *Israelite*, intended as a matchless compliment to Pitt, was received by him without a smile; and he was probably the only man in the house whose countenance did not wear one.

The Rolliad, which spared none on the ministerial side, naturally delighted in such a victim.

"Brother of Rowland! or, if yet more dear
 Sounds thy new title, cousin of a peer;
 Scholar of various learning, good and evil,
 Alike what Heaven inspired, and what the Devil;
 Speaker well skilled, what no man reads to write,
 Sleep-giving poet of a sleepless night;
 Polemic, politician, saint, and wit,
 Now lashing Madan, now defending Pitt:
 Thy praise shall live till time itself be o'er,
 'Friend of king George, but of king Jesus more.'"

The last line was verbally one of Sir Richard's declarations. The critical knife was again plunged deep:—

* * * * *
 "His reverend jokes see pious Richard cut;
 Let meaner talents from the Bible draw
 Their faith, their morals these, and those their law
 His lively genius finds in holy writ
 A richer mine of unsuspected wit;
 What never Jew, what never Christian taught,
 What never sired one sectary's heated thought,
 What not even Rowland dreamed, he saw alone,
 And to the wondering senate first made known,
 How bright o'er mortal jokes the Scriptures shine."
 * * * * *

To Fox the prince's connexion was a tower of strength. For it partially discountenanced the rumours, that in his fall he had abandoned more than place, and was embittered not only against his suc-

cessful antagonists, but against the laws and the throne. As Pope said to Prince Frederic, on being asked "how he contrived to feel so much regard for princes, and so little for kings?" that "he was afraid of the full-grown lion, but could play with it before its teeth and claws were come;" Fox might have liked or loved the heir to the monarchy, however indignant at the grasp of the monarch himself; but his association with the prince may have done even more than assisted his public name. In the proverbial madness of ambition, the contumacious temper of the time, and the angry workings of utter defeat upon a powerful and impassioned mind, there was formidable temptation to the great demagogue.

Too generous and too lofty in his habits to stoop to vulgar conspiracy; perhaps, alike too abhorrent of blood, and too fond of his ease, to have exhibited the reckless vigour, or endured the long anxieties, or wrapped up his mystery in the profound concealment of a Catiline; he had all the qualities that might have made a Caius Gracchus,—the eloquence, the ingenuousness of manner, the republican simplicity of life, and the showy and specious zeal of popularity in all its forms. Fox would have made the first of tribunes. He unquestionably possessed the means, at that period, to have become the most dangerous subject of England.

Fox's life is a memorable lesson to the pride of talents. With every kind of public ability, every kind of public opportunity, and an unceasing and indefatigable determination to be at the summit in all things, his whole life was a succession of disappointments. It has been said, that, on commencing his parliamentary course, he declared that there were three objects of his ambition, and that he would attain them all:—that he should be the most popular man in England, the husband of the handsomest woman, and prime minister. He did attain them all; but in what diminished and illusory degree.

how the "juggling fiend kept the promise to the ear, and broke it to the hope," is long since known. He was the most popular man in England, if the Westminster electors were the nation; his marriage secured him beauty, if it secured him nothing else; and his premiership lasted scarcely long enough for him to appear at the levee. In a life of fifty-eight years, Fox's whole existence as a cabinet minister was but nineteen months; while Pitt, ten years his junior, and dying at forty-seven, passed almost his whole life, from his entrance into parliament, at the head of the country.

The public and parliamentary language of the time was contemptuous of all government. Junius had set the example, by insulting, not only the throne, but the private habits and personal feelings of the sitter on the throne. Going beyond the audacity of Cromwell, who declared that "if he saw the king opposite to him in the field, he would fire his carbine into his bosom as soon as into any other man's;" Junius adopted the joint fierceness and insolence of Horne Tooke, who declared that "he would fire into the king's bosom *sooner* than into any other man's." English libel had, till then, assailed only the public life of royalty; Junius was the subtle traitor who dropped poison into the cup at its table. The ability of the writer is undoubted; but its uses deprive it of all the higher admiration due to the exercise of ability in an honest cause. The remorseless and malignant venom of this political serpent destroys all our praise of its force and beauty. While the school of Junius continued to be the model of English political writing, a ceaseless perversion was festering and enfeebling the public sense of truth, justice, and honour.

Perhaps the safety of the constitution at that hour was owing to that personal character on which the whole host of pamphleteering turned all their artillery. A king jealous of his authority would

have haughtily avenged it by a stretch of his power; a vindictive king would have fiercely torn away the covering from his libellers, and in lashing them have hazarded blows at higher interests; an ambitious king would have grasped at the opportunity always offered by popular license to royal aggression, have raised up against the mob barriers from which he might afterward menace the nation, and have more than retaliated as a tyrant all that he had suffered as a victim.

But George the Third confided his quarrel to his virtues; he saw deeper than the ostentatious sagacity of those declaimers and insulters into the true character of the people; he knew that those furious gusts and "yesty waves" of sedition were passing and superficial things; that the time must come when the great expanse, the depth and breadth of the public mind of the empire, would find its level, and be open to the light; and in pious and manly resignation he awaited his time.

The failure of the American war had concentrated upon the king the whole weight of party obloquy. Lord North, terrified at his own responsibility, instead of standing before the throne, flung himself at its feet; and exhibited the repulsive spectacle of a first minister without resource in himself or in his friends, and after having exhausted the royal means by his struggle for power, encumbering the royal person by his weakness. But if we may forgive the popular ignorance in its wrath for the loss of America, with what feeling shall we listen to the language of the great senatorial authorities? History never gave a sterner rebuke to political foresight. "What," said Lord Chatham, in the famous speech which he almost died uttering; "what is to be the compensation for the thirteen colonies? Where are we to look for it? I never will consent to deprive the royal offspring of the House of Brunswick of their fairest inheritance. Where is the man who *dares* advise such a measure?"

The sentiment branded itself on the reputation of all the leading statesmen.

"When I hear," said Lord George Germaine, "the topic of abandoning the colonies calmly proposed, I own my astonishment; I own that I cannot comprehend the proposal; I see in it only national ruin. I own I have not that philosophic equanimity, that more than political nerve, which can contemplate without shuddering the opening of a gulf into which all that is valuable in the British empire must inevitably be merged. I must pause, I must tremble, when I stand on its edge; for it is my firm belief, that from the moment of acknowledging the independence of America, England is *ruined*."

Lord Shelburne, a minister not celebrated for rashly giving way to his feelings, exceeded, if possible, the melancholy prophecies of Chatham and Germaine. Even when first lord of the treasury,* and with all the restrictions of official speech; he could glow on this subject, and ominously pronounce, that,—“in whatever year, in whatever hour, the British parliament should lose the sovereignty of the thirteen colonies *the sun of England's glory was for ever set*. He had hoped that there would be some reserve for national safety, if not for national honour; that a spark at least would be left, which might light us up in time to a new day. But if independence were once conceded, if parliament considered that measure to be advisable, he, for his part, must avow his belief; he foresaw, in his own mind, that *England was undone!*"

Such was the wisdom of the wise; or rather, such was at once the blindness which could not see that the growing patronage of the colonies, if they had remained a few years longer in our hands, must have given the minister a power deadly to a free constitution; the political selfishness of arrogating to England a perpetual dominion which no authority

* April, 1778.

* See Note V.—Page 413.

three thousand miles off could wisely administer, but which must cramp and wither the prosperity of a young continent by the burdens and institutes of an old island; and not less the ungenerous neglect, or the narrow and ungrateful disregard of those immeasurable means of strength, happiness, and national stability, which Providence has lavished on Great Britain. But we can scarcely be surprised that opinions thus inculcated by the gravest names of political council, voices that came like oracles, should have sunk deep into the popular bosom. A bitter repugnance to every act of the throne was rapidly engendered, thoughts of a general change began to be familiar, and the language of the principal members of opposition assumed a tone, at whose uncalled-for violence we can now only wonder. Dunning, though a lawyer, and at an age not likely to be inflamed by enthusiasm, the keen, cold man of jurisprudence, actually moved, in the house of commons, that the power of dissolving parliament should be taken from the crown; his motion being, that* “the parliament should not be dissolved, nor the session prorogued, until proper measures were adopted for diminishing the influence of the crown, and correcting the other evils complained of in the petitions.” Fox carried his sentiments still further, and coming hot from the contact of the Corresponding Society, and full of the popular grievance of seeing a body of soldiers placed to protect the members of the house from insult, unhesitatingly declared, that “if the soldiery were to be thus let loose on the assemblages of the people, the people who attended them *must go armed.*” Mirabeau’s famous declaration in the national assembly, that “if the king desired the French deputies to retire, it must be at the point of the bayonet,” the watchword of the revolution, was scarcely more defying than this menace.

* April, 1780.

But the better genius of England prevailed. The statesman shrank from the hideous worship of the devil of revolution. He could not pass at once from the princely banquet to the squalidness and obscene riot of the democratic carousal. He grew weary of the furious fondness and the irrational hate of the populace; his angry temperament cooled, his natural tastes were restored, and long before the close of his life, Fox was, what he had begun, the high aristocrat by habit, by association, and by nature. He still continued member for Westminster, and he made his customary periodic appeals to party. But if he wore the robes of the worship, he had abandoned the fanaticism; he no longer menaced the institutions of England with the fierce fervour of his old prophecies of evil; he no more shook against the throne the brand snatched from the revolutionary altar; he still went through the established ceremonial; but when it was done, he cast aside the vestments, and hastened to be the companion of nobles and princes again.

The society at the Pavilion was remarkably attractive; no prince in Europe passed so much of his time in society expressly chosen by himself. Intelligent conversation is the great charm of man, the finest solace of intellectual labour, and the simplest yet most effectual and delightful mode of at once resting and invigorating the mind, whether wearied by study, or depressed by struggles with fortune. Next to the power of extensive benevolence, there is no privilege of princes which the wisdom of humbler life may be so justified in desiring, as their power of collecting accomplished minds from the whole range of the community. The Prince of Wales availed himself largely of this privilege. It happened that English society at this period singularly abounded with men of conspicuous ability. To his royal highness, of course, all were accessible; and though his associates were chiefly men of rank or of high political

name, yet talents, grace of manners, and conversational brilliancy were the principle of selection.

Frederic the Great had attempted to draw round him a circle of this kind. But he chose ill: for he chose dependants, and those Frenchmen. His own habits were querulous and supercilious; and as the fashions of royalty are quickly adopted by its associates, Frederic's *coterie* was in a state of perpetual warfare. Voltaire led the battle, and when he had sneered his companions out of all resistance, he fell on the monarch himself. No man in a state of perfect idleness can be satisfied with his life; and the Frenchmen had nothing to do but to quarrel, invent scandals, and yawn.

Thiebault, one of the chosen dwellers in the paradise of Sans Souci, tells us, that their only occupation from morning till night was conjugating the verb *s'ennuyer*, through all persons, moods, and tenses. Frederic treated them like monkeys in a cage, came in from the council or the parade to amuse himself for the half-hour with looking at their tricks and their visages; then turned on his heel, left them to the eternal weariness of their prison, and went about the business of the world. The Frenchmen at last slipped, one by one, out of this gilded menagerie; ran off to Paris, the only spot where a Frenchman can live; and libelled the royal wit and infidel with a pungency and profligacy even superior to his own, until they turned the "Grand Frederic" into a public laugh in every corner of Europe beyond the lash of his drum-majors.

Frederic, Prince of Wales, the grandfather of his late majesty, had also attempted to collect a familiar and literary society round him. But the attempt was a reluctant one, and it naturally failed. It was Lyttelton's suggestion as a source of popularity; and it humiliated Thomson and Mallet, by making them pensioners on an individual. Authorship, to be worthy of public honour, cannot shrink too sensitively

from personal protection. The past age scandalized the natural rank of genius. But a wiser, because a more dignified, feeling now prevails among men of literary name. They appeal only to the public, and honourably disdain to stoop to the degradation of any patronage below that of the people and the throne.

CHAPTER VII.

The Prince's Friends.

THE prince's table afforded the display of men too independent by both their place in society, and their consciousness of intellectual power, to feel themselves embarrassed by the presence of superior rank. Hare, Jekyll, Fitzpatrick, Eriskine, with the great parliamentary leaders, were constant guests, and the round was varied by the introduction of celebrated foreigners, and other persons capable of adding to the interest of the circle.

Hare, "the Hare and many friends," as he was called by the clever Dutchess of Gordon, in allusion to Gay's fable and his own universal favouritism, was then at the head of conversational fame. Like Johnson's objection to Topham Beauclerk—"Sir, a man cannot dine with him and preserve his self-applause; sir, no man who gives a dinner should so overwhelm his guests"—Hare's chief fault was said to be his superabundant pleasantry; a talent which suffered nothing among his friends or enemies to escape, yet which had the rare good fortune of being pointed without ceasing to be playful.

Some of the sayings of the circle are still remembered. But if they are given here in the miscella-

neous and accidental order of their transpiring in the chances of society, it is by no means without a sufficient feeling, that the repetition of a *bon-mot* can seldom give more than a proof of the fading nature of pleasantry. The occasion is all. The promptness of the idea, the circumstances, the company even the countenance, are essential to its poignancy. The revived pleasantry is a portrait drawn from the dust, and the originals of whose features have passed away—the amusement of a masquerade, when we have nothing of the masquerade left but the mask and the robe. If actors “come like shadows, so depart;” the fame of wits is still more fugitive; until it is scarcely paradoxical to say, that the security of their fame depends on the speed of our consigning all its specimens to oblivion. Selwyn was the wit *par excellence* of his day, and so paramount, that he turns even Horace Walpole into a worshipper: Walpole, himself a wit, and as full of the keenest venom of the smallest ambition, as any man who ever prostrated himself to a court and libelled it. Yet Selwyn’s best sayings are now remarkable for scarcely more than their stiffness, their sulkiness, or their want of decorum. They are stamped with bald, dry antiquity; and are perfectly worthy of the fate which has, a second time in our age, sent the skeleton to the grave.

The merit of Hare’s *jeux-d’esprit* was their readiness and their oddity.—Fox, after the fall of the coalition, coming to dinner at the Pavilion just as he had returned from London, and apologizing for appearing in his *dishabille* and without powder:

“Oh,” said Hare, “make no apology; our great guns are *discharged*, and now we may all do without *powder*.”

“Pleasant news, this, from America,” said he, meeting General Fitzpatrick on the first intelligence of Burgoyne’s defeat. The general doubted, and re-

plied, "that he had just come from the secretary of state's office without hearing any thing of it." "Perhaps so," said Hare, "but take it from me as a *flying* rumour."

Fox's negligence of his fortune had induced his friends to find out a wife for him among the great heiresses. Miss Pulteney, afterward Countess of Bath, was fixed upon; and Fox, though probably without any peculiar inclination to the match, paid his court for a while. A seat was frequently left for him beside the lady, and he made his attentions rather conspicuous during Hastings's trial. Some one observed to Hare the odd contrast between Fox's singularly dark complexion, and Miss Pulteney's pale face and light hair. "What a strange sort of children they will make," was the observation. "Why, *duns*, to be sure," replied Hare; "cream-coloured bodies. with black manes and tails."

Fox was more celebrated for fulness of conversation, for the outpouring of an abundant mind than for piquaney of phrase. His animation was unequal, and there were periods when a stranger might have pronounced him even taciturn. But those times were generally brief; a sudden influx of ideas would seem to fertilize his mind, and he then overbore every thing by the richness and variety of his conceptions. Yet the chief remembrances of Fox in private society are some little poems, thrown off with the carelessness of the moment, and deriving their principal value from his name.

The Dutchess of Devonshire applied to him for a charade. "On what subject?" said Fox. "The happiest of all subjects—myself," was the laughing reply. Fox took his pencil, and on the back of a letter wrote the lines so often since made the property of wits and lovers in distress:

My *first* is myself in a very short word,
 My *second's* a plaything,
 And *you* are my *third*. (Idol.)

His lines on the Rose are pretty and pathetic :

The rose, the sweetly blooming rose,
 Ere from the tree 'tis torn,
 Is like the charm which beauty shows
 In life's exulting morn.

But ah, how soon its sweets are gone,
 The rose-bud withering lies,
 So, long ere life's pale eve comes on,
 The flower of beauty dies.

But, since the fairest heaven e'er made
 Soon withering we shall find,
 Be thine, sweet girl, what ne'er shall fade.
 The beauties of the mind.

The well-known lines on Poverty, and on Mrs. Crewe, are of a higher order. But all those things are trifles, which might be produced by any pen, and which can be given only as instances of the occasional lightness of a grave and powerful mind. Fox's triumphs were all parliamentary. But his conversation, when he was "i' the vein," is always spoken of as leaving us only to regret that so little of it remains.

One evening at Devonshire House, some remark happening to be made on the skill of the French in emblems, the Dutchess playfully said, "that it would be impossible to find an emblem for *her*." Several attempts were made with various success. The Dutchess still declared herself dissatisfied. At length Fox took up a cluster of grapes and presented it to her, with the motto, "*Je plais jusqu'à l'ivresse*;" his superiority was acknowledged by acclamation.

Burke was contending, in his usual enthusiastic manner, for the possibility of raising Italy to her former rank; and instanced, that several nations which

had sunk under the sword had risen again. Fox argued that her ruin was irretrievable, and that the very tardiness and tranquillity of her decay made restoration hopeless. "The man," said he, "who breaks his bones by being flung from a precipice, may have them mended by his surgeon. But what hope is there when they have dissolved away in the grave?"

A high official personage, since dead, notorious for his parsimony, and peculiarly for his reluctance to contribute to charitable institutions, was seen at a charity sermon for some school, in which Fox and Sheridan were accidentally interested. How far the sermon had acted on this noble person's liberality became a question over the table. "I think he gave his pound," said Sheridan. "Impossible," said Fox, "the rack could not have forced such a sum from him; or, he must think that he is going to die." "Poh," was Sheridan's reply, "the sum is not much; even Judas threw away twice the money." "Yes," returned Fox; "but how long was it before he was hanged?"

Gibbon, one of the most fastidious of men, and disposed by neither party nor personal recollections to be enamoured of Fox, describes his conversation as admirable. They met at Lausanne, spent a day without other company, "and talked the whole day:" the test was sufficiently long under any circumstances, but Gibbon declares that Fox never flagged; his animation and variety of topic were inexhaustible.

Major Doyle, the present Gen. Sir John Doyle, who after a course of renown in the field and the senate, is still the life of his circle, and abounds in the spirit and pleasantry of his early years; was, for a long period, private secretary to the prince. The choice had nothing to do with politics or Eng-

lish connexions, for Doyle was an Irishman and a stranger, or known only by his character for wit and eloquence in the Irish parliament, where he had attained a high rank among opposition. The prince, already acquainted with his name, met him in the crowd of an enormous London rout, was struck with his obvious intelligence, and invited him at the moment to accompany a large party who were going to spend the week at the Pavilion. There the first impression was so fully confirmed, that he offered him the private secretaryship, and Doyle was thenceforth one of the stars of the Brighton galaxy. It is an honour to this distinguished gentleman and soldier, that neither time nor circumstance has worn away his feelings for his royal friend: to whom, on all occasions, he unequivocally and eloquently gives the tribute of having been the most attractive and accomplished man whom he ever met, in the range of a life spent in the best society of Europe; as the most open-hearted and even-tempered of human beings, during the entire period of their intercourse; as possessing a remarkable degree of knowledge, peculiarly on military subjects; and, on the whole, as gifted with acquirements and abilities which, if the field for their exertion had not been so sternly closed at the commencement of his public life, must have placed the Prince of Wales among the most popular and eminent individuals who ever inherited the British throne.

The charges of caprice, and of those sudden checks of familiarity which have been subsequently laid against him, if they were not founded more in the foolish presumption of those who made them than of him who might have had no other means of repulsing unworthy society, seem to have had no existence at this period. The table was free and equal; the prince enjoyed his witticism, and bore its reply; and perhaps at no table in England was there more ease, liveliness, or freedom from

the royal frown that looks down subjects into silence.

On the king's opening the session of parliament, the prince had gone in state in a military uniform with diamond epaulettes. At dinner Doyle came in late, and, to the prince's inquiry whether he had seen the procession? answered, that he had been among the mob, "who prodigiously admired his royal highness's equipage." "And did they say nothing else?" asked the prince, who was at this time a good deal talked of, from his encumbrances.

"Yes. One fellow, looking at your epaulette, said, 'Tom, what an amazing fine thing the prince has got on his shoulders!' 'Ay,' answered the other, 'fine enough, and fine as it is it will soon be *on our shoulders.*'" The prince paused a moment, then looked Doyle in the face, and laughing, said, "Ah! I know where that hit came from, you rogue; that could be nobody's but yours. Come, take some wine."

Curran, the celebrated Irish barrister, was a frequent guest at the Pavilion, and all his recollections of it were panegyric. He said, and this at a time when his intercourse with courts, and nearly with life, was at an end; that, considered as a test of colloquial liveliness and wit, he had never met any thing superior to the prince's table, and that the prince himself was among the very first there; that he had never met any man who kept him more on the *qui vive*; and if his own habits might have given him a little more practice, the prince "fairly kept up at saddle-skirts with him."

St. Leger, a showy Irishman, coming to London, and being extensively known from his connexions and manners, had availed himself of the hospitalities of whig and tory alike; and on his first dinner at the Pavilion, was laughingly taken to task for his indiscriminate taste for the burgundy of both sides.

The Irishman defended himself gallantly, and said, that he saw no difference of principle in beauty or burgundy; but that, "love or drink where he would, he would always adhere to his political friends."

"St. Leger is quite right," said the prince; "he promises like the prospectus of a newspaper,—'open to all *parties*, but influenced by none.'"

The Lewes races were thinly attended, in consequence of a rainy day. The prince and a few persons of rank were there, and underwent a drenching. On their return, some observation was made on the small number of noblemen on the course. "I beg pardon," said the prince; "I think I saw a very handsome *sprinkling* of the nobility."

The conversation turning on some new eccentricity of Lord George Gordon, his unfitness for a mob leader was instanced in his suffering the rioters of 1780 to break open the gin-shops, and, in particular, to intoxicate themselves by the plunder of Langdale's great distillery, in Holborn. "But why did not Langdale defend his property?" was the question. "He had not the means," was the answer. "Not the means of defence?" said the prince; "ask Angelo: he, a brewer, a fellow all his life long at *cart* and *tierce*."

The prince's regiment were expecting orders for Ireland. St. Leger said that garrison duty in Dublin was irksome, and that country quarters were so squalid that they would destroy the lace and uniforms of the regiment, which, even then, were remarkably rich. "Well, then," said the prince, "let them do their duty as dragoons, and *scour* the country."

A heavy-heeled cavalry officer, at one of the Brighton balls, astounded the room by the peculiar *unpressiveness* of his dancing. A circle of affrighted

ladies fluttered over to the prince, and inquired, by what possibility they could escape being trampled out of the world by this formidable performer. "Nothing can be done," said the prince, "since the war is over: then he might have been sent back to America as a republication of the *stamp act*."

Horne Tooke was committed to prison on a charge of treason, which he bore so loftily, that he was said to have an intention of establishing regular club dinners in the jail.

"The parson had better give a masquerade, and appear as *Tartuffe*," said Sheridan. "No; a concert is the thing," said the prince: "Newgate is a capital place for a *ketch club*."

Sheridan was detailing the failure of Fox's match with Miss Pulteney. "I never thought that any thing would result from it," said the prince. "Then," replied Sheridan, "it was not for want of sighs: he sat beside her cooing like a turtle dove."

"He never cared about it," said the prince; "he saw long ago that it was a *coup manqué*."

At a later period, one of the newspapers quoted a speech of Sir Joseph Yorke, who, in his usual good-humoured style, said, at some public dinner in winter, "that, for his part, in such society, he knew no difference of politics or seasons. And that a coal fire, champaign, and good company might turn winter into summer at any day of the year."

"Shakspeare and Sir Joseph agree," said the prince:

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the *Son of Yorke*."

In Cyril Jackson's visits to Brighton, the conversation frequently turned on points of literature. On

one occasion, the prince quoted a phrase from Homer. Jackson doubted, the prince persisted. "Well, then," said the old man, with the freedom of former preceptorship, "if that be the line, you have got it by heart to puzzle me: you have *parroted* it." "Let the Homer be brought," said the prince, "and now see if I have parroted it." The book was brought, and he repeated half the page from memory. Jackson was delighted. "Ah!" said he, "I knew that you would be a scholar; and it was I who made you one."

Fox disliked Dr. Parr; who, however, whether from personal admiration, or from the habit which through life humiliated his real titles to respect—that of fastening on the public favourites of the time, persecuted him with praise. The prince saw a newspaper panegyric on Fox, evidently from the Dr.'s pen; and on being asked what he thought of it, observed, that "It reminded him of the famous epitaph on Machiavel's tomb,—

"Tanto nomini nullum *Par* elogium."

If English punning be a proscribed species of wit; though it bears, in fact, much more the character of the "chartered libertine," every where reprobated, and every where received; yet classical puns take rank in all lands and languages. Burke's pun on the "divine right of kings and toastmasters,"—the *jure de-vino*—perhaps stands at the head of its class. But in an argument with Jackson, the prince jestingly contended that trial by jury was as old as the time of Julius Cæsar; and even that Cæsar died by it. He quoted Seutonius: "*Jure cæsus videtur.*"

The late Sir William Curtis was equally known for his loyalty and his good living, his speeches and his jovial visage; in particular, that feature which

gave Bardolph his fame, was the sign of many a banquet, as it was the theme of a good deal of caricaturing and temporary pleasantry. The prince, looking over one of those caricatures, representing Sir William, with an exaggerated nose, going to the siege of Walcheren, and singing a parody on Black-eyed Susan; remarked, that he supposed his old friend would succeed better as an orator than a poet, for—"no man cut a greater figure in the *rostrum*."

St. Leger was repeating a fragment of a striking speech which Grattan had delivered at the Rotunda (a place of popular meeting in Dublin), in his parliamentary canvass. The colonel apologized for its want of the original effect, which "belonged to the circumstances under which it had been spoken,—the place, the people, the speaker himself," &c. "Yes," said the prince, "nothing will do for a speech of Grattan's but the *ore Rotundo!*"

Among the adventures to which the prince's unrestricted style of life exposed him, he was once robbed; not by his friends or his household, for that seems to have been the daily occurrence with, at least, the lower ranks of both; but by those professional collectors of the streets, who, fifty years ago, made a midnight walk in London as perilous as a walk in Arabia. The prince and the Duke of York had remained till a late hour at one of the St. James's Street clubs, where the duke had played, and, by an unusual fortune with that honest and open character, had won a considerable sum. The royal brothers got into a hackney-coach, and were driving down Hayhill, when the coach was suddenly stopped, the doors were thrown back, and the robbers, masked, presented their pistols: resistance would have been idle. The prince had a diamond watch of great value, which he cleverly slipped under the cushion,

and thus saved: but the duke was obliged to refund all his winnings; and the robbers were so well satisfied with this prize, that they forgot the prince's purse, closed the doors, and wished them a good night. They had evidently been followed from the club-house, and, it was strongly suspected, by some of the gamesters themselves. On driving off, the prince triumphantly showed his purse. "How did you contrive to keep it?" said the duke. "Easily enough," answered the prince, drawing his watch from under the cushion; "there is nothing like having the *watch* in the coach with one."

The leading barristers, Erskine, Adam, Ponsonby, Curran, Butler, and others, were frequent guests at the Pavilion. The society of those accomplished men speaks not slightly for the intellect that could have enjoyed their company; and innumerable anecdotes might be told of their intercourse.

Erskine, always animated, full of conversation, and sportive, was then in the flower of his fame. Led by his original propensities to take the side of the whigs, and personally attracted by Fox, Erskine had embraced party with a vividness natural to his character, and a sincerity new to his profession. No man, within memory, had so rapidly mastered the difficulties of rising at the bar. His singular eloquence, boldness, and fervour broke down the barriers of that most jealous and repulsive of professions; and, from the moment of his appearing, he was visibly marked for the highest success: he less solicited popularity than was carried on its shoulders up to fame and fortune. The Dean of St. Asaph's case, the trials of Keppel, Hardy, and a succession of others, made him the idol at once of the people and the bar. By the power given to genius alone, of impressing its own immortality on all that it touches, he turned the dry details of law into great intellectual and historic records, exalted the concerns of

private individuals into monuments of national freedom, and raised on common and temporary topics, some of the richest trophies of forensic eloquence in any age or nation.

Erskine, by the result of those extraordinary displays, was a benefactor to the whole state—to the crown, the government, and the people. The times were disturbed in both the earlier and later periods of those great orations. In the former, the people were agitated by fears of the crown; in the latter, the crown was made jealous by fears of the people; prerogative in the one instance, and revolution in the other, were the terrors on both sides. The success of Erskine's incomparable appeals to the law showed the people that they had a sure defence in the last extremity, and thus quieted their alarms. His effect on the common sense of the people gradually quieted the alarms of the crown, which had been excited only by the dread that revolutionary principles were largely vitiating the national allegiance. Erskine proved that those principles were but on the surface, that the depths of the soil were of the same ancient and generous mould; and that the worst evil of the day was but the mixture of a few weeds foreign to the clime, and certain to be soon extinguished and overgrown by the native exuberance of the loyalty of England.

With the common fate of lawyers, Erskine added nothing to his legal distinctions by his appearance in parliament. Locke, in his chapter on the association of ideas, speaks of a man who, having learned to dance in a chamber where his trunk lay, could never afterward dance where that trunk was not present to inspire his agility. Something of this fetter, perhaps, clings to all men long accustomed to effort, mental or bodily, in a peculiar place. The barrister, divested of the array of judge, jury, counsel, and constables, loses the sources of his oratory; the props of his invention are stricken from under him;

the spring-wells of his fancy are dried up; the landscape, adust as it is, on which his eye fixed with the delight of a life of litigation, fills that eye no more. He is the Arab of the desert; his hand is against every man, and every man's hand against his; but he must have the desert for his display: and thrown into the "populous ways of men," the prince of plunderers is strange and helpless, a fugitive or a mendicant. Curran, the readiest and most versatile of human beings, a man whom it would seem impossible to embarrass by circumstances, pathetically declared, that "without his wig he was nothing." He said, that he felt not merely his barristerial physiognomy diminished, but his brains; he acknowledged the hand of another Delilah upon him, and the extinction of his faculties followed the curled honours of his brow. When the Dublin barristers were compelled to appear without their wigs in court, from the chamber where they were kept being overflowed by the river; Curran, opening a cause, began, "My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, the counsel for the plaintiff is—what *remains* of me."

But Erskine, like many characters of peculiar liveliness, had a morbid sensibility to the circumstances of the moment, which sometimes strangely enfeebled his presence of mind: any appearance of neglect in his audience, a cough, a yawn, or a whisper, even among the mixed multitude of the courts, and strong as he was there, has been known to dishearten him visibly. This trait was so notorious, that a solicitor, whose only merit was a remarkably vacant face, was said to be often planted opposite to Erskine by the adverse party, to yawn when the advocate began.

The cause of his first failure in the house was not unlike this curious mode of disconcerting an orator. He had been brought forward to support the falling fortunes of Fox, then struggling under the weight of the "coalition." The "India Bill" had heaped

the king's almost open hostility on the accumulation of public wrath and grievance which the ministers had with such luckless industry been employed during the year in raising for their own ruin. Fox looked abroad for help; and Gordon, the member for Portsmouth, was displaced from his borough, and Erskine was brought into the house, with no slight triumph of his party, and perhaps some degree of anxiety on the opposite side. On the night of his first speech, Pitt, evidently intending to reply, sat with pen and paper in his hand, prepared to catch the arguments of this formidable adversary. He wrote a word or two; Erskine proceeded; but with every additional sentence Pitt's attention to the paper relaxed; his look became more careless; and he obviously began to think the orator less and less worthy of his attention. At length, while every eye in the house was fixed upon him, he, with a contemptuous smile, dashed the pen through the paper, and flung them on the floor. Erskine never recovered from this expression of disdain; his voice faltered, he struggled through the remainder of his speech, and sank into his seat dispirited and shorn of his fame.

But a mind of the saliency and variety of Erskine's must have distinguished itself wherever it was determined on distinction; and it is impossible to believe, that the master of the grave, deeply-reasoned, and glowing eloquence of this great pleader, should not have been able to bring his gifts with him from Westminster-hall to the higher altar of parliament. There were times when his efforts in the house reminded it of his finest effusions at the bar. But those were rare. He obviously felt that his place was not in the legislature; that no man can wisely hope for more than one kind of eminence; and except upon some party emergency, he seldom spoke, and probably never with much expectation of public effect. His later years lowered his name; by his retirement from active life, he lost the habits forced

upon him by professional and public rank; and wandered through society, to the close of his days, a pleasant idler; still the gentleman and the man of easy wit, but leaving society to wonder what had become of the great orator, in what corner of the brain of this perpetual punster and story-teller, this man of careless conduct and rambling conversation, had shrunk the glorious faculty, that in better days flashed with such force and brightness; what cloud had absorbed the lightnings that had once alike penetrated and illumined the heart of the British nation.

Erskine's well-known habit of talking of himself, often brought the jest of the table against him. He was once panegyricizing his own humanity: "There," said he, "for instance is my dog; I wish it to be happy in this life, I wish it to be happy in the other. Like the Indian, I wish that wherever I may go my faithful dog shall bear me company." "And a confoundedly *unlucky dog* he would be," murmured Jekyll.

All the London world was amused by Mingay's retort on Erskine, in one of those fits of laudation. The trial was on some trivial question of a patent for a shoe-buckle. Erskine held up the buckle to the jury, and harangued on "the extraordinary ingenuity of an invention which would have astonished and delighted past ages. How would my ancestors," said he, "have looked upon this specimen of dexterity!" From this point he started into a panegyric on his forefathers. Mingay was counsel for the opposite side; and concluded his speech with,—“Gentlemen, you have heard a good deal to-day of my learned friend's ancestors, and of their probable astonishment at his shoe-buckle. But, gentlemen, I can assure you their astonishment would have been quite as great at his *shoes and stockings*.”

The conversation at the Pavilion once turned on the choice of professions. After a number of opi-

nions in favour of the church, the army, and the other leading pursuits, Erskine pronounced for the bar, as "conducting to surer public distinctions than any other;" rather loftily adding, that "it was fitter for combining with *noble* blood than any of them, the army excepted." The allusion was obvious; and Curran, on being asked his sentiments, said, "that *he* had not the same reasons for cherishing the bar: he had brought to it no hereditary honours to foster; he had no infusion of noble blood to pour into it; but he believed as much money, and as much vexation, could be earned at it as in any other profession.—For one thing, however," he gracefully added, "I must feel indebted to the bar, and that is, its having raised me from an humble origin into the society of persons of the highest merit, and introduced the son of a peasant to the friendship of his prince."

Curran and Erskine had frequent opportunities of meeting, and must have looked on each other's powers with respect. But this foible of the English barrister sometimes shook the Irishman's philosophy. Grattan's name was mentioned; and Erskine casually asked what "he said of himself." "Said of himself!" was Curran's astonished interjection;—"nothing. Grattan speak of himself! Why, sir, Henry Grattan is a great man; sir, the torture could not wring a syllable of self-praise from Grattan,—a team of six horses could not drag an opinion of himself out of him. Like all great men, he knows the strength of his reputation, and will never condescend to proclaim its march like the trumpeter of a puppet-show.—Sir, he stands on a national altar, and it is the business of us inferior men to keep up the fire and the incense. You will never see Grattan stooping to do either the one or the other."

This sally may have been stimulated in some degree by one of those fits of irritability to which Curran was liable; but no man could be more en-

titled to the praise than the speaker himself. Of course, every man of vigorous faculties knows his own powers, and knows them better than the world can. But no popular applause, and he was its idol,—no homage of his profession, and he was the acknowledged meteor of the Irish bar,—and no admiration of private society, and he was the delight of the table,—could ever betray Curran into self-praise.

It must be supposed, that when he was thus scrupulous in his own instance, he demanded no less reserve from others. When Lord Byron rose into fame, Curran constantly objected to his talking of himself, as the great drawback on his poetry.

“Any subject,” said he, “but that eternal one of self. I am weary of knowing once a month the state of any man’s hopes or fears, rights or wrongs. I should as soon read a register of the weather, the barometer up so many inches to-day and down so many inches to-morrow. I feel skepticism all over me at the sight of agonies on paper, things that come as regular and as notorious as the full of the moon. The truth is, his lordship *weeps for the press, and wipes his eyes with the public.*”

Curran, even when he found all the objects of his ambition broken up, and himself fixed in an unsuitable and uncongenial office, while his whole party were enjoying the rewards of political success,—fixed, as he characteristically said, “in a garret-window to see the procession go by below,”—rather laughed at his mischance, than contrasted it with his ability. His services were matter of public record, and to those he appealed boldly : but his talents he left to be judged of by his countrymen, and to be replaced, if they could, by the ablest of a party which had betrayed and defrauded the most brilliant mind of Ireland.

An occasional guest, and a sufficiently singular one, was the Irish Franciscan Arthur O’Leary ; a

man of strong faculties and considerable knowledge. His first celebrity was as a pamphleteer, in a long battle with Woodward, the able bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, on questions of the establishment; in which he generally contrived to have what a Frenchman would reckon as victory, *les rieurs de son côté*.—One of his retorts to the bishop's arguments against purgatory, was a recommendation, that "his lordship would be content to stop *there*; for he might *go further and fare worse*."

O'Leary abounded in Irish anecdote, and was a master of pleasant humour, rude enough, but novel and characteristic. His chief claim, however, was, that he was no unskilful medium of intercourse between his church and the whigs; and contributed in no slight degree to the popularity of the prince in Ireland.

Curran professed, that he kept up his acquaintance with O'Leary, in the hope that, as St. Francis occasionally holds the keys of paradise, he might let him in. "Better for you," was the reply, "that he should keep the keys of the other place, that he might let *you out*."

An officer of remarkable stature was complaining at the prince's table of the neglect of some memorial at the Horse Guards. O'Leary consoled him by observing, that "no gentleman *stood higher* in the opinion of his friends, and no man could *look down* on him, at the Horse Guards or elsewhere."

Sheridan said, that he considered claret the true parliamentary wine for the peerage; "for it might make a man sleepy or sick, but it never warmed his heart or stirred up his brains. Port, generous port, was for the commons; it was for the business of life, it quickened the circulation and the fancy together. For his part, he never felt that he spoke

as he liked, until after a couple of bottles." O'Leary observed, that "this was like a porter; he could never go steady without a *load* on his head."

Another Irishman, introduced at this period to the prince, was a memorable instance of the power of accident. This was O'Beirne, afterward bishop of Meath, in Ireland. He had been educated at St. Omer's for the Roman Catholic priesthood. Returning to his college from a visit to his friends in Ireland, he happened to stop at the inn of some English village, so humble, that its whole stock of provisions was but one shoulder of mutton; which he immediately ordered for dinner. While it was preparing, a post-chaise with two gentlemen stopped to change horses; the roasting shoulder of mutton attracted their appetites; they had travelled some distance, were weary, and they agreed that the next half-hour could not be better spent than in dining on what they could get.

But a new difficulty arose, on their being told, that the only dinner in the house belonged to a "young Irish gentleman above-stairs." The travellers were at first perplexed; but after a little consultation, agreed with the landlady's idea, that the shoulder should be theirs; but that, to save the credit of her house, the young Irishman should be invited to partake of it. She was despatched as ambassadress; but returned, after an ineffectual attempt at persuasion, announcing that "the young gentleman was not to be softened; but on the contrary, protested that no two travellers, nor any ten on earth, should deprive him of his dinner." This menacing message, however, was followed by the appearance of O'Beirne himself, good-humouredly saying, that though he could not relinquish the shoulder of mutton to anybody, yet "if they would partake of it with him, he would be happy to have their company at dinner."

The proposal was pleasantly made and pleasantly

accepted. The party sat down; the bottle went round; none of the three was deficient in topics; and before the evening closed, the travellers were so much struck with the appearance and manners of their entertainer, then a very handsome young man, and always a very quick, anecdotal, and intelligent one, that they asked him, "What he meant to do with himself in the world?" His destination for the Irish priesthood was immediately set down as altogether inferior to the prospects which might lie before his abilities in English life. On parting, the travellers gave him their cards, and desired him to call on them on his arrival in London. We may judge of his surprise, when he found that his guests were no less personages than Charles Fox and the Duke of Portland!

Such an invitation was not likely to be declined. His two distinguished friends kept their promise honourably; and in a short period O'Beirne enjoyed all the advantages of the first society of the empire. What his graceful appearance and manners gained in the first instance, was kept by his literary acquirements and the usefulness of his services. He was for a considerable period on a confidential footing in the Duke of Portland's household, and much employed in the party negotiations of the time. Among his lighter labours were two dramas, from the French, which he assisted the Duchess of Devonshire in translating and adapting for the stage; and of whose failure, for they seem to have been blown away by a tornado of criticism, the assistant gallantly bore the blame. But O'Beirne had now securely fastened himself on prosperity, and "neither domestic treason nor foreign levy," neither the check of a negotiation nor the overthrow of a drama, could uproot him. On Howe's conciliatory mission to America, O'Beirne was sent with him as chaplain, and in some measure as secretary. The mission was flung into utter scorn by the Americans, as

every one predicted that it would be; but the chaplain preached a famous sermon at New-York, and brought home the only laurels of the embassy.

On Lord Fitzwilliam's fatal appointment to the viceroyalty of Ireland, O'Beirne accompanied him as chaplain and private secretary, and with the usual promise of the first diocess. The viceroyalty lasted but six months; yet six months which were long enough to lay the foundations of the rebellion. The alternate feebleness and violence of this brief government, of whose results the noble viceroy was probably as unconscious as the babe unborn, made the change one of imperious necessity. Yet O'Beirne escaped from the wreck; floated where all was going down round him; and had scarcely reappeared in London, when he was raised to the peerage, and the opulent bishopric of Meath, valued at 8000*l.* a-year.

Whether this accession of rank and wealth added equally to his happiness, is a graver question. It may well be presumed that they were not gained without envy, nor, at such a time, held without attack. His change of religion, though at an early period of life, and on conviction, was not forgotten by his fellow-students at St. Omer's, who were now scattered through Ireland as priests. His political connexions were at an end; their debt had been paid; and except a solitary letter from the Duke of Portland, his English intercourse was closed. The party fiercenesses of Ireland are always bitter in the degree of their unimportance; their patriotism tears the country with the passion and the impotence of children. And to this worthless and nameless strife was a man relegated, who had spent the flower of his days in the first society of England, among women, the "cynosures" of elegance and fashion; in constant intercourse with men of first-rate ability and national influence; and in the centre and living glare of those great transactions which moved all Europe, and which will shape its history for ages to come.

The restlessness natural to such a life, rather than the necessity for reform, urged him to a hasty reform in his diocese. But there is no operation more delicate, under any circumstances; and no reliance on the value of his intentions could shield their practice from long and bitter animadversion. He died a few years ago; after a career which might have made an instructive and curious biography, and no bad manual of "the art of rising in the world."

Those statements are given from public rumour; but the fact that O'Beirne was the extinguisher of the "commercial propositions," so well known in the history of the Irish legislature, in 1785, rests on higher authority.—Ministers, for the purpose of equalizing the system of trade, and diminishing the restrictions on the commerce between England and Ireland had transmitted a series of resolutions to the Irish viceroy, the Duke of Rutland; whose chief secretary, Mr. Orde, was the instrument of bringing them forward in the house. The measures were advantageous; for, in Grattan's language, who favoured them on their introduction, "They put an end to debt, they established Irish economy, and they made the British minister a guarantee to the integrity of the house of commons and the economy of the Irish government." The address was carried unanimously.

O'Beirne was at that period occupied in writing on commercial subjects; and a pamphlet, in which he examined the "propositions," threw so strong a light on their disadvantages to the trade of some of the outports, that ministers began to be startled at their own measure. The propositions were accordingly returned to Ireland *modified*. But the Irish opponents of government had now found a theme, and they made unsparing use of it. Flood, a man of great natural powers, highly cultivated, and who "wielded the fierce democracy without a rival," until

the spirit of Mammon came over him, and in an undeserved pension he buried his fame and his faculties together, was vehement in his reprobation of the measure. He charged it with overthrowing the independence of Ireland. "The British parliament has declared," said he, "that the laws of British commerce shall be adopted in Ireland. There is but one thing more for the British parliament to declare,—that there shall be a slave-trade in Ireland! The freedom of our constitution is necessary to support the freedom of our trade. But *if* a parliament could be so *profligate*, so base as to attempt that liberty—(here Fitzgibbon, afterward Lord Clare, the chief organ of the Irish government, contemptuously cheered.) "I ask *you*," exclaimed Flood, raising his tone, "may it not be attempted? But my voice shall be heard at the extremities of the land. My head and my heart are independent. My fortune is independent of prince or people. I am content to be a fellow-subject with my countrymen; but I will not be their fellow-slave. *That man shall not descend to the grave in peace* who would destroy the freedom of my country."

The menace was characteristic, and perfectly intelligible; but nothing could fall lighter on Fitzgibbon, who was as fearless in the field as he was haughty in the cabinet, insolent in the house, and tyrannical every where else; and who, being a good swordsman and a capital shot, was in all points a first-rate Irish attorney-general.

But if Flood lashed the contrivers of the measure, Grattan thundered and lightened on the measure itself. "Contemplate for a moment," exclaimed this nervous orator, "the powers this bill presumes to perpetuate;—a perpetual repeal of trial by jury; a perpetual repeal of the great charter; a perpetual writ of assistance; a perpetual felony to strike an exciseman.

"The late Chief-Baron Burgh, speaking on the

revenue bill, justly said, ' You give to the dipping rule what you should deny to the sceptre.'

* * * * *

" Could the parliament of England covenant to subscribe your laws? Could she covenant that young Ireland should command, and that old England should obey? If such a proposal to England were treachery, in Ireland it cannot be constitution. I rest on the authority on which the revolution rests. Locke says, in his chapter on the Abolition of Government, that ' The transfer of legislative power is the abolition of the state, not a transfer.'

" Thus I congratulate this house and myself, that it is one of the blessings of the British constitution, that it cannot perish of rapid mortality,—not die in a day, like the men who should protect her. Any act which would destroy the liberty of the people is dead-born from the womb. Men may put down the public cause for a season; but another year will see the good institution of parliament shaking off the tomb, to reascend in all its pomp and plenitude."

Grattan then turned to the prohibitions, and smote them in a memorable passage.—" See now, what you obtain by compensation. A covenant not to trade beyond the Cape of Good Hope or the Straits of Magellan! This is not a surrender of the political rights of the constitution, but of the natural rights of man,—not of the privileges of parliament, but of the rights of nations: not to sail beyond the Cape of Good Hope or the Straits of Magellan, an awful interdict! Not only European settlements, but neutral countries excluded; and God's providence shut out in the most opulent boundaries of creation! Other interdicts go to particular places, for local reasons, because they belong to certain European states; but here are neutral regions forbidden, and a path prescribed to the Irishman in the open sea. Other interdicts go to a determinate period of time; but here is an eternity of restraint! You are to have

no trade at all during the existence of any company ; and no free trade to those countries after its expiration. This resembles rather a *judgment of God* than an *act of the legislature*, whether you measure it by immensity of space or infinity of duration, and has nothing *human about it but its presumption.*"

It has been the habit of late years to scoff at Irish eloquence ; but let the scoffers produce among themselves the equal of this passage, or of a thousand others that still live in the records of the fallen parliament of Ireland. The meager and affected style which has at length so universally pervaded the departments of public speaking—parliament, bar, and pulpit—shrinks with natural jealousy from the magnificence and native power of this great faculty of appeal to the understandings of all men alike ; whose excellence was, that, at once enriched and invigorated by the noblest imagination, it awoke the reason not less than the feelings ; and even in its most fantastic decoration, lost nothing of its original strength. It was ornamented ; but its force was no more sacrificed to its ornament, than the solid steel of the Greek helmet to its plumage and sculptures. Grattan and Curran in Ireland, Sheridan and Burke in this country, were among the most logical of speakers ; their finest illustrations were only more powerful arguments. The gold and jewels of that sceptre which they waved over the legislature with such undisputed supremacy, only increased the weight and substantial value of the emblem.

The obnoxious resolutions were withdrawn, and the house was in an uproar of applause. Curran finished a speech, full of every attribute of oratory, with a fine peroration.

"The bill is at an end. The cloud that had been collecting so long, and threatening to break in tempest and ruin on our heads, has passed harmlessly away. The siege that was drawn round the constitution is raised, and the enemy are gone : *Juvat ire et Do*

rica castra We may now go abroad without fear, and trace the dangers from which we have escaped. Here was drawn the line of circumvallation that cut us off for ever from the eastern world, and there the corresponding one that enclosed us from the west." The orator now adverted to the principal members who had contributed to the defeat of the measure, in a few words, which, from their locality, produced an electric effect on the whole eager assemblage.

"Here," said he, pointing to Mr. Conolly, a country gentleman of great public influence, and brother-in-law to the Duke of Leinster, "Here stood the trusty mariner on his old station, the mast-head, and gave the signal. Here stood Mr. Flood, the collected wisdom of the state, explaining your weakness and your strength, detecting every ambuscade, and pointing to the masked battery that was brought to bear on the shrine of freedom; and here, Mr. Grattan was exerting an eloquence almost more than human; inspiring, forming, directing, animating to the great purposes of your salvation."

The introduction of a doubt of the legislative independence of Ireland into one of the resolutions, had produced the result of overthrowing the whole. Whether this were accident, or (as is more probable) cabinet dexterity, the purpose of the English government was answered. It was even more than answered; for the withdrawal of the resolutions raised the popularity of the minister in Ireland. Thus the parliament exulted in the Hibernian triumph of *gaining* a loss; and the English administration were relieved from the burden of a measure which might have deeply shaken their popularity at home. But the inspirer of this piece of unwilling wisdom was O'Beirne.

There was still a little appendix to the debate; for Fitzgibbon having said, with his usual insolence, "that if Ireland sought to quarrel with Great Britain, she was a besotted nation; and that Great

Britain was not easily roused nor easily appeased :” adding the still more offensive remark, “that Ireland was *easily roused*, and *easily appeased* ;” this extra-official taunt raised a storm of indignation. The whole opposition demanded an apology ; which was tardily made by Fitzgibbon’s proud heart, in the shape of an *explanation*. But Curran was not to be so pacified. He had been bruised by the attorney-general’s official superiority in the courts, and he took a fierce delight in inflicting vengeance on him where his precedency went for nothing. He now pounced upon the oppressor, tore his character in pieces, and declared that—“the libel which he had so contumeliously ventured to fix on Ireland, was in his own person a truth ; that *he* was *easily roused* and *easily put down*.” The result was a duel ; in which the parties fired without effect. But the hatred did not pass away with the rencounter. Fitzgibbon, on leaving the ground, said, with unchivalric bitterness, “Well, Mr. Curran, you have escaped for this time.” Curran retorted with severer pungency—“If I did, it was no fault of yours, sir ; *you took aim enough*.”

The hostility continued through life, in the house and out of the house. Fitzgibbon rose to the summit of his profession, and was, in a few years after, Lord Chancellor. But he had not the magnanimity to forget in the chancellor what he had suffered in the lower grades of office. The “king did not forgive the injuries of the Duke of Orleans ;” power seemed only to reinforce his hostility ; and Curran constantly charged him with labouring to crush, by the weight of the bench, the antagonist whom he could not overcome by his talents. But never man less consulted his own ease, than the chancellor by this perversion of authority. His adversary was not to be extinguished ; the contest only roused him into the keener exertion of his great abilities. On all occasions Curran smote or stung him ; and the whole annals of vindictive oratory probably con-

tain nothing more execrating, more utterly tearing off the skin, and steeping the naked nerve in poison, than Curran's celebrated invective on Lord Clare, in his speech before the privy council of Ireland.

The prince was fond of manly sports; and cricket was often played in the lawn before the Pavilion, and the dinner which followed was served in a marquee. On one of those occasions, the Duke of York and Sheridan fell into dispute on some point of the game. The day was "a burning day in the month of September," the wine had gone round rapidly, and the disputants, who had heated themselves with play, and were both at all times easily affected by wine, began to attract the notice of the table. Sheridan at length angrily told the duke, "that *he* was not be talked out of his opinion there or any where else, and that at play all men were on a par." The blood of the Brunswicks flamed, and the duke was evidently about to make some peculiarly indignant reply; when the prince stood up, and addressed them both.

The narrator of the circumstance, a person of rank, who was present, himself one of the most attractive public speakers of the day, has often declared, that he never, on any occasion, saw an individual suddenly called on acquit himself with more ability. The speech was of some length, ten or fifteen minutes; it was alternately playful and grave, expressed with perfect self-possession, and touching on the occurrences of the game, the characters of both disputants, and the conversation at the table, with the happiest delicacy and dexterity. The prince made a laughing apology for Sheridan's unlucky use of the phrase, "on a par," by bidding his brother remember, that the impressions of school were not easily effaced, that Dr. Parr had *inflicted* learning upon Sheridan, and that, like the lover in the "Wonder," who mixes his mistress' name with

every thing, and calls to his valet, "roast me these Violantes;" the name of Parr was uppermost in Sheridan's sleep: he then ran into a succession of sportive quotations of the word *par*, in the style of—" *Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longâ*;" until the speech was concluded in general gayety, and the dispute was thought of no more.

Biography has, at least, not flattered Sheridan. Some of the writers of his life have evidently thought, the more libel the more truth; and even his ablest biographer has suffered the clouds on Sheridan's moral character to spread to his intellectual.

But where, in the whole compass of literature, shall we look for wit equal, not merely to what might be collected from the mass of Sheridan's dramatic efforts, but to that of any one of them. Congreve is the only dramatist who approaches him in variousness and grace of dialogue. But in wit, in the power of condensing and refining language until it sparkles, those alone who read Congreve with a view to the comparison can conceive his inferiority. There is, probably, more of the essence of wit in a single scene of the "School for Scandal" than in all that Congreve ever wrote. The facility and playfulness of Vanbrugh's dialogue were often praised by Sheridan, as a model for the stage. But Vanbrugh is content with humour, seldom aims at wit, and still seldomer reaches his aim. If we are to be told that Sheridan often covered the margin of his paper with facetiæ, reserved to be used on further occasion; what is this, more than the evidence that his fancy teemed faster than he required its offspring, that his vein was redundant, and that he deposited on the margin of his manuscript the thoughts which he could not crowd into his already crowded dialogue? The true test of the rarity and vigour of his talent is, how much has it done—how immeasurably has it distanced all rivalship in its time—

how dim is the prospect of a successor; and with what native and perpetual enjoyment, the public, after the lapse of half a century, still look upon the polished and attic structure of the "School for Scandal."

Unhappily, this opinion must be limited to its wit. The moral, the characters, and the plot belonged to a state of public manners which no man of decorous feelings can desire to see revived. Sheridan's life furnished only one more of the melancholy instances of talent rendered useless, and great opportunities turned into shame and suffering, by the want of qualities, higher than wit, and crowning the head of man with honours more enduring than the wreaths of genius. But let justice be done; let him have upon his tomb the prize for which he toiled, and for which, neither living nor dead, has he found a competitor.

But it will be fully allowed, that Sheridan, of whom it was said that "he never kept a receipt nor a key," was as careless in the abandonment or the appropriation of wit, as of money. His seizure of the quaint expression of Sir Philip Francis on the unlucky peace of Amiens,—“This is a peace which every one will be pleased with, but no one will be proud of,”—is well known; though perhaps the winding up of the anecdote is not equally public.—Sir Philip, on learning Sheridan's use of his apothegm, looked upon himself as not a little injured, and said, “Ay, that is the way with the whigs; those fellows *suck* me.” Sheridan's reported answer was, “You may tell Sir Philip that I, for one, am *weaned* long ago; but I think he would make an excellent *dry-nurse*”

Sheridan's ruin was ambition; and the ruin began at his first step into life. He launched into an expenditure beyond his means; coped with men of ten times his fortune, for the first year; and before it was over, was in debt for the rest of his days. His carelessness was systematic; for he openly profes-

as his maxim, that "debt, though an inconvenience, was no disgrace." The next rock on which his fatal ambition drove him was parliament. By attempting to combine the two characters of stage proprietor and statesman, he lost the advantages of both; the emoluments of the stage vanished from the touch of a man whose soul was in the struggles of party; while the substantial honours of public life were hopeless to one hourly perplexed by the task of stage management, and perpetually driven to extremity by the shattered finances of his theatre. By adopting the firm resolution to abandon either career, he might have made himself opulent and eminent in the other: for such were the superabundant powers of his mind, that nothing but a steady determination was wanting, to have given him eminence in any pursuit within the reach of genius.

Yet few men could plead such excuses for parliamentary ambition. Of all the great speakers of a day fertile in oratory, Sheridan had the most conspicuous natural gifts. His figure, at his first introduction into the house, was manly and striking; his countenance singularly expressive, when excited by debate; his eye large, black, and intellectual; and his voice one of the richest, most flexible, and most sonorous, that ever came from human lips. Pitt's was powerful, but monotonous; and its measured tone often wearied the ear. Fox's was all confusion in the commencement of his speech; and it required some tension of ear throughout to catch his words. Burke's was loud and bold, but unmusical; and his contempt for order in his sentences, and the abruptness of his grand and swelling conceptions, that seemed to roll through his mind like billows before a gale, often made the defects of his delivery more striking. But Sheridan, in manner, gesture, and voice, had every quality that could give effect to eloquence.

Pitt and Fox were listened to with profound re-

spect, and in silence, broken only by occasional cheers; but from the moment of Sheridan's rising, there was an expectation of pleasure, which to his last days was seldom disappointed. A low murmur of eagerness ran round the house; every word was watched for, and his first pleasantry set the whole assemblage on a roar. Sheridan was aware of this; and has been heard to say, "that if a jester would never be an orator, yet no speaker could expect to be popular in a *full house*, without a jest; and that he always made the experiment, good or bad; as a laugh gave him the country gentlemen to a man."

It is a remarkable instance of the advantages of time and place to an orator, that his speeches on Hastings's trial, which were once the wonder of the nation, and which Pitt, Fox, and Burke loaded with emulous panegyric, are now scarcely reckoned among his fortunate efforts. With the largest allowance for party or policy, it is impossible to doubt that the utterers of the panegyric were to a great extent sincere; or that the nation at large hailed those speeches as the most consummate work, the twelfth labour, of modern eloquence. Yet Sheridan's total carelessness, if not cautious suppression, of them, shows that his sagacity was perfectly awake to their true value; and the remnants which have come down to us appear memorable for nothing but their success in bewildering the senatorial understanding, and deluding the national sense of justice.

But in the house he was always formidable; and though Pitt's moral or physical courage never shrank from man, yet Sheridan was the antagonist with whom he evidently least desired to come into collision, and with whom the collision, when it did occur, was of the most fretful nature. Pitt's sarcasm on him as a theatrical manager, and Sheridan's severe yet fully justified retort, are too well known to be now repeated; but there were a thousand instances of that "keen encounter of their wits," in which person was more involved than party.

"I leave," said Pitt, at the conclusion of an attack of this kind; "I leave the honourable gentleman what he likes so well, the woman's privilege—the last word." Sheridan started up: "I am perfectly sensible," said he, "of the favour which the right honourable gentleman means, in offering me a privilege so peculiarly adapted to himself; but I must beg leave to decline the gift. I have no wish for the last word: I am content with having the *last argument*."

But he sometimes aimed a more sweeping blow, and assailed the minister with his whole power. In a speech on the suspension of the habeas corpus act, in the disturbances of 1795, after detailing the sources of the popular irritability, he drew Pitt's portrait to his face; of course, in the overcharged colours of a political enemy, but with great keenness and dexterity of exaggeration.

"I can suppose the case," said he, "of a haughty and stiff-necked minister, who never mixed in a popular assembly, and who had therefore no common feeling with the people, no knowledge of the mode in which their intercourse is conducted; who was not a month in the ranks of this house before he was raised to the first situation; and though on a footing with any other member, was elevated with the idea of a fancied superiority. Such a minister *can* have no communication with the people of England but through the medium of spies and informers; he is unacquainted with the mode in which their sentiments are expressed; he cannot make allowance for the language of toasts and resolutions adopted in the convivial hour. Such a minister, if he lose their confidence will bribe their hate; if he disgust them by arbitrary measures, he will not leave them till they are completely bound and shackled; above all, he will gratify the vindictive spirit of apostacy, by prosecuting all who dare to espouse the cause which he has betrayed; and he will not desist, till he has buried in one grave, the peace, the glory, and the independence of England."

But the effect of those vehement appeals was singularly heightened by the orator's facility of turning at once from the severe to the ludicrous, and by the flashings of his wit giving force and distinctness to his deepest-toned pictures of national calamity. In allusion to the state trials of 1794, he contemptuously said, "that he never pretended to preternatural valour, and that, having but one neck to lose, he should be as sorry to find *his* undergoing the operation of the lamp-post, as any honourable gentleman in that house; but that he must confess he felt himself considerably cheered by the discovery that the danger existed all within the vision of the treasury bench. He could not help thinking, with the chief-justice, that it was much in favour of the accused, that they had *neither men, money, nor zeal.*"

He then ridiculed the fears of government. "I own," said he, "that there was something in the case, quite enough to disturb the virtuous sensibilities and loyal terrors of the right honourable gentleman. But so hardened is this side of the house, that our fears did not much disturb us. On the first trial *one* pike was produced. That was, however, withdrawn. Then a terrific instrument was talked of, for the annihilation of his majesty's cavalry; it appeared, upon evidence, to be a *tetotum in a window in Sheffield*. But I had forgot, there was also a *camp in a back shop*, an arsenal provided with *nine muskets*; and an exchequer containing the *same number of pounds*, exactly nine, no, let me be accurate, it was nine pounds and *one bad shilling*.

On the rumours of the Scottish conspiracy,— "There is now," exclaimed he, "but one way of wisdom and loyalty, and that is panic. The man who is not panic-struck is to be incapable of common sense. My honourable friend (Windham) has acquired this new faculty, and has been a sage on the new plan above a week old. Another friend (Burke) was inspired in the same fortunate manner. He has been

so powerfully affected, that he saw in the sky nothing but cloud, on the earth nothing but a bleak opposition, where there was not a politic bush or a shrub to shelter him from the coming tempest. But he has luckily taken refuge in the ministerial gabardine, where, I hope, he may find security from the storm.” —“The alarm had been brought in with great pomp and circumstance on a Saturday morning. At night, the Duke of Richmond stationed himself, among other curiosities, at the Tower! and a great municipal officer, the lord mayor, made a discovery in the east. He had found out that there was in Cornhill a debating society, where people went to buy treason at sixpence a-head: where it was retailed to them by inch of candle; and five minutes, measured by the glass, were allowed to each traitor to perform his part in overturning the state.—In Edinburgh an insurrection was planned; the soldiers were to be corrupted; and this turned out to be—by giving sixpence for porter. Now, what the *scarcity of money may be in that country* I cannot tell, but it does not strike me that the system of corruption had been carried to any great extent. Then, numbers were kept in pay, they were drilled in dark rooms by a sergeant in a brown coat, and on a given signal they were to sally from the back parlour and overturn the constitution.”

His quotations from the classics were often happy. The allusion to the motto of the Sun newspaper, which had been commenced under ministerial patronage, was universally cheered.—“There was one paper in particular, said to be the property of members of that house, which had for its motto a garbled part of a beautiful sentence, when it might, with much more propriety, have assumed the whole :

“ Solem quis dicere falsum
 Audeat? Ille etiam cæcos instare tumultus
 Sæpe monet, fraudemque et opera tumescere bella.”

The prince, himself remarkable for his dexterity in telling a story, was fond of collecting instances of the whim and humour of the Irish peasantry. One of those was—the history of Morgan Prussia.

Morgan, the gay and handsome son of a low Irish farmer, tired of home, went to take the chances of the world, and seek his fortune. By what means he traversed England, or made his way to France, is not told. But he at length crossed France also, and, probably without much knowledge or much care whether he were moving to the north or the south pole, found himself in the Prussian territory. This was in the day of the first Frederic, famous for his tall regiment of guards, and for nothing else; except his being the most dangerous compound of fool and madman among the crowned heads of the Continent. He had but one ambition, that of inspecting twice a-day a regiment of a thousand grenadiers, not one of whom was less than six feet and a half high. Morgan was an Irish giant, and was instantly seized by the Prussian recruiting sergeants, who *forced* him to *volunteer* into the tall battalion. This turn of fate was totally out of the Irishman's calculation; and the prospect of carrying a musket till his dying day on the Potsdam parade, after having made up his mind to live by his wits, and rove the world, more than once tempted him to think of leaving his musket and his honour behind him, and fairly trying his chance for escape. But the attempt was always found impracticable; the frontier was too closely watched, and Morgan still marched up and down the Potsdam parade with a disconsolate heart; when one evening a Turkish recruit was brought in: for Frederic looked to nothing but the thews and sinews of a man, and the Turk was full seven feet high.

“How much did his majesty give for catching that heathen?” said Morgan to his corporal. “Four hundred dollars,” was the answer. He burst out into an exclamation of astonishment at this waste of royal

treasure upon a Turk. "Why, they cannot be got for less," replied the corporal. "What a pity my five brothers cannot hear of it!" said Morgan, "I am a dwarf to any one of them, and the sound of half the money would bring them all over immediately." As the discovery of a tall recruit was the well-known road to favouritism, five were worth at least a pair of colours to the corporal; the conversation was immediately carried to the sergeant, and from him through the gradation of officers to the colonel, who took the first opportunity of mentioning it to the king. The colonel was instantly ordered to question Morgan. But he at once had lost all memory on the subject.—"He had no brothers; he had made the regiment his father and mother and relations, and there he hoped to live and die." But he was urged still more strongly, and at length confessed, that he had brothers, even above the regimental standard, but that "nothing on earth could stir them from their spades."

After some time, the king inquired for the five recruits, and was indignant when he was told of the impossibility of enlisting them. "Send the fellow himself," he exclaimed, "and let him bring them back." The order was given, but Morgan was "broken hearted at the idea of so long an absence from the regiment." He applied to the colonel to have the order revoked, or at least given to some one else. But this was out of the question, for Frederic's word was always irrevocable; and Morgan, with a disconsolate face, prepared to set out upon his mission. But a new difficulty struck him. "How was he to make his brothers come, unless he showed them the recruiting money?" This objection was at last obviated by the advance of a sum equal to about three hundred pounds sterling, as a first instalment for the purchase of his family. Like a loyal grenadier, the Irishman was now ready to attempt any thing for his colonel or his king, and Morgan began his

journey. But, as he was stepping out of the gates of Potsdam, another difficulty occurred; and he returned to tell the colonel, that of all people existing, the Irish were the most apt to doubt a traveller's story, they being in the habit of a good deal of exercise in that style themselves; and that, when he should go back to his own country and tell them of the capital treatment and sure promotion that a soldier met with in the guards, the probability was, that they would laugh in his face. As to the money, "there were some who would not scruple to say that he stole it, or tricked some one out of it. But, undoubtedly when they saw him walking back only as a common soldier, he was sure that they would not believe a syllable, let him say what he would, about rising in the service."

The objection was intelligible enough, and the colonel represented it to Frederic, who, doubly outrageous at the delay, swore a grenadier oath, ordered Morgan to be made a *sous officier*, or upper sergeant, and, with a sword and epaulette, sent him instantly across the Rhine to convince his five brothers of the rapidity of Prussian promotion. Morgan flew to his home in the County Carlow, delighted the firesides for many a mile round with his having outwitted a king and a whole battalion of grenadiers, laid out his recruiting money on land, and became a man of estate at the expense of the Prussian treasury.

One ceremony remains to be recorded. Once a year, on the anniversary of the day in which he left Potsdam and its giants behind, he climbed a hill within a short distance of his house, turned himself in the direction of Prussia, and, with the most contemptuous gesture which he could contrive, bade good-by to his majesty! The *ruse* was long a great source of amusement, and its hero, like other heroes, bore through life the name earned by his exploit, *Morgan Prussia*.

Burke was among the earliest friends of the prince; and his admirable talents, sincere honesty, and inexhaustible zeal in whatever cause he undertook, made him one of the most valuable advocates and advisers that his royal highness could have found in the empire. No individual in the memory of the house, had risen to such sudden fame as Burke; if the difficulties of his first years are taken into consideration. Pitt's youth was sustained by his hereditary renown, at a time when to be the son of Chatham was a passport to all honours. His early official rank also gave an extraordinary weight to his authority as a speaker; and when the house listened at once to eloquent language and the sentiments of the first minister of the crown, the impression was complete.

Fox had the same advantage of hereditary renown; for, if Lord Holland was an inferior orator to Chatham, he still was a speaker of distinguished acuteness, force, and knowledge, and the most daring and able antagonist of that great man which the house had witnessed.

Fox, too, as the head of opposition, had a species of official weight, scarcely less than that of the minister. He was the oracle of a party which might, within twenty-four hours, be masters of the government; and the most common declaration from the lips of the leader must be received with the attention due to the public will of the aristocracy of England.

But Burke had nothing to depend upon but himself; he possessed none of the powerful levers of English birth and connexion, to raise him above the natural obstacles that in all lands obstruct the stranger. Of all helpless beings, an Irishman cast loose into the streets of London, at that day, was the most helpless. The Scotchman clung to some lucky emigrant from the north colonized in the fat fertility of London; or found protection in his national name,

and patiently worked his passage to fortune. But the Irishman landed in the metropolis, as if he landed on the shores of Africa; he was on *terra firma*, but no more—the earth produced no fruits to him; the landscape showed him nothing but a desert; and it was a piece of no common good fortune, if his first fraternal embrace were not from a brotherhood of banditti, and his final residence were not in a dungeon.

At this period but little intercourse subsisted between the two countries. They talked of each other as if half the world lay between. To England, Ireland was what Sicily was to the Greek—a land of monsters and marvels, of rebellious giants and desperate hazards, that made the sleek skin of England quiver to its extremities. To Ireland, England was a place of inordinate prejudice and eternal gloom; memorable only for license at home and ambition abroad; lavishing her vindictiveness on Ireland in perpetual visitations of super-subtle secretaries and dull viceroys; in unintelligible acts of parliament, and taxes without mercy and without end; yet, nevertheless, having certain paths knee-deep in gold-dust for the gallant adventurers who were bold enough to run the chance of being starved or hanged in the discovery.

The romance on both sides has been much cooled by time and knowledge. England is no more the El Dorado, nor Ireland the Cyclops' cave: the peaceful annual importations of her ten thousand paupers and her hundred representatives, show the generosity with which the sister-country can part with her population for the sake of the empire; and the zeal with which the importation of both is welcomed here shows that England is not to be outdone in the magnanimous virtues.

Burke had scarcely entered the house when he drew all eyes upon him. He was marked out for eminence, from his first speech. “A young Irishman

has just appeared here, who astonishes everybody by his information and eloquence," was Fitzpatrick's account of him to his correspondent in Ireland.

Parliament was Sheridan's undoing; for it excited his vanity, already too headstrong; prevented him from making any rational effort to restore his fortune, already falling into decay; and by its temptations alike to the peculiar species of indolence and the peculiar species of exertion which Sheridan most unwisely loved, led him from one evil to another, until his fate was decided.

To Sheridan, parliament, in its best day, was but a larger club, where he found a ready entertainment, an easy fame, irregular hours, and a showy, amusing, and various society, always willing to receive his jest, and to repay it with applause. Thus he fluttered through life, as the moth round the candle, continually wheeling closer to ruin; until his flight was scorched at last, and he dropped, like the insect, withered and wingless, to writhe on the ground in misery for a while. and die.

But Burke was created for parliament. His mind was born with a determination to things of grandeur and difficulty.

*"Spumantemque dari, pecora inter inertia, votis
Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem."*

Nothing in the ordinary professions, nothing in the trials or triumphs of private life, could have satisfied the noble hunger and thirst of his spirit of exertion. This quality was so predominant, that to it a large proportion of his original failures, and of his unfitness for general public business, which chiefly belongs to detail, is to be traced through life. No Hercules could wear the irresistible weapons and the lion's skin with more natural supremacy; but none could make more miserable work with the distaff. Burke's magnitude of grasp, and towering conception, were so much a part of his nature that he could never forego

their exercise, however unsuited to the occasion. Let the object be as trivial as it might, his first instinct was to turn it into all shapes of lofty speculation, and try how far it could be moulded and magnified into the semblance of greatness. If he had no large national interest to summon him, he winged his tempest against a turnpike bill; or flung away upon the petty quarrels and obscure peculations of the underlings of office, colours and forms that might have emblazoned the fall of a dynasty.

It is only consistent with this power, that but few recollections of his private thoughts should remain. His conversation was remarkable for fluency and variety; and Johnson's character of it must have been deserved.—“Sir, if a stranger were to be driven with *Mun Burke* under a gateway, from a shower, he must discover him to be a great man.” But his thoughts had little to do with the level of society. Where his treasure was, there were his watchings and his aspirations; and even the fragments of his familiar talk, that remain, generally bear some reference to the public and engrossing topics of the orator and the statesman.—*Windham*, always high-flown, had been paying some extravagant compliment to the old French noblesse. *Burke*, who, with all his abhorrence of the revolution, was fully awake to the follies of the old regime, took his pupil to task on the subject.

“Sir,” said he, “you should disdain levity on such a theme. I well knew the unhappy condition of those gentlemen. They were brave, gay, and graceful; they had much more honour than those who tore them down and hunted them like wild beasts; and to the full as much virtue as those who libelled them most with the want of it; but, for all the true enjoyment of life, for every thing in the shape of substantial happiness, they might as well have been so many galley-slaves. Shut out from every natural exertion, and, of course, from every natural reward

of a manly understanding; from the professions; from literature, except as scribblers of love-songs; and from ambition, except as the wearers of blue and red ribands, and hangers-on about a court; what could they enjoy? Political distinction, the noblest stirrer of the indolence of man, was closed upon them. They had nothing for it, but to die of war or *ennui*. They absolutely did nothing. Their very look wearied me: I would rather have looked on the skulls in the catacombs."

"Yet," retorted Windham, "I suppose not from *their* industry. I never heard that they did much."

"True, sir," gravely answered Burke; "but they don't shock one's feelings by *pretending to be alive!*"

Yet he was sometimes provoked into humour. David Hartley, who had been employed as a negotiator of the treaty with America, was remarkable for the length and dulness of his speeches. One day, when Burke was prepared to take an important part in the debate, he saw, to his infinite vexation, the house melting down, under Hartley's influence, from an immense assemblage into a number scarcely sufficient to authorize the Speaker's keeping the chair. In the course of this heavy harangue, Hartley had occasion to desire that some clause in the riot act should be read at the table. Burke could restrain himself no longer. "The riot act," said he, starting from his seat; "my honourable friend desires the riot act to be read! What would he have? Does he not see that the mob has dispersed already?"

It was of this interminable talker against time, that Jenkinson, the first Lord Liverpool, told the amusing story,—that, seeing Hartley rise to speak, he left the house to breathe a little of the fresh air. A fine June evening tempted him on. It was no more than five o'clock. He went home, mounted his horse, and rode to his villa, some miles from town; where he dined, rambled about the grounds,

and then returned at an easy pace to London. But the hour was now nine o'clock; and conceiving that the division must be nigh, he sent a note to the house to inquire what had been done, and who had spoken. The answer returned was, that "nobody had spoken but Mr. Hartley, and that he was speaking still." The note, however, contained the cheering conjecture, "that he might be expected to close soon." Even that conjecture was disappointed; for, when Jenkinson at last went down to Westminster, he found Hartley on his legs, in the same position in which he had left him half a day before, pouring out the same sleepy wisdom, and surrounded by a slumbering house. The story does not tell by what means this inveterate haranguer was ever induced to conclude. But he had, by that time, been speaking five hours.

Fitzpatrick was one of the prince's circle, which he adorned by his wit and courtly manners. He was a handsome man, with the air of fashion, and the acquirements which belong to a life spent in the first opportunities of cultivating both mind and manners. Like all the leading whigs, he was distinguished for those poetical *jeux d'esprit*, those toyings about the foot of Parnassus, which enabled them to possess the pleasures, and some of the reputation, of poetry, without challenging criticism. They wrote in the spirit of the French school of "royal and noble" poets, and with that easy mixture of sportiveness and sarcasm which raised the laugh of the moment, and passed away—the true spirit of the *vers de société*. But they sometimes affected a graver strain; and Fitzpatrick's "Inscription on the Temple of Friendship, at St. Anne's Hill," has, with Horatian lightness, a touch of that melancholy which so delicately shades the mirth of the Epicurean bard.

"The star whose radiant beams adorn
With vivid light the rising morn,—

The season changed, with milder ray
 Cheers the sweet hour of parting day ;
 So Friendship (of the generous breast
 The earliest and the latest guest),
 in youth's rich morn with ardour glows,
 And brightens life's serener close.

Benignant power ! in this retreat,
 Oh, deign to fix thy tranquil seat !
 Where, raised above life's dusky vale,
 Thy favourites brighter scenes shal' hail ;
 Think of the past but as the past,
 And know true happiness at last.
 From life's too anxious toils remote,
 To thee the heart and soul devote ;
 (No more by idle dreams betrayed,)
 See life, what life's at best, a shade ;
 Leave fools to fling their hearts away ;
 And scorn the idol of the day.
 Yes ! while the doweret's in its prime,
 We' ll breathe the bloom, redeem the time,
 Nor waste a single glance to know,
 What cares disturb the world below !"

Fitzpatrick, educated with Fox, brought into public life with him, initiated at Brookes's, and familiar with the whole round of high life, was inevitably a Foxite. Fox made him secretary of war, and his faith was never impeached, among the changes of a time rich in political versatility. It would have been fortunate for this attractive personage, if he had not urged his fidelity into an imitation of more than the public life of his friend. But he played deep, and exhausted his income and his life together in a round of dissipation. Fox, by some marvellous power, resisted the effects of gaming, politics, and pleasure alike ; misfortune seemed to rebound from him, until it was at last weary of its attacks ; and Fox was left to almost the tranquil age of a philosopher. But Fitzpatrick's powerful frame broke down into premature decay, and for some years before his death, he could be scarcely said to live.

The trial of Hastings had brought Sir Philip Francis into public notice, and his strong Foxite principles introduced him to the prince's friends. His rise

is still unexplained. From a clerk in the War-office, he had been suddenly exalted into a commissioner for regulating the affairs of India, and sent to Bengal with an appointment, estimated at ten thousand pounds a-year. On his return to England he joined opposition, declared violent hostility against Hastings, and gave his most zealous assistance to the prosecution; though the house of commons would not suffer him to be on the committee of impeachment. Francis was an able and effective speaker; with an occasional wildness of manner and eccentricity of expression, which, if they sometimes provoked a smile, often increased the interest of his statements.

But the usual lot of those who have identified themselves with any one public subject rapidly overtook him. His temperament, his talents, and his knowledge were all Indian. With the impeachment he was politically born, with it he lived, and when it withered away, his adventitious and local celebrity perished along with it. He clung to Fox for a few years after; but while the great leader of opposition found all his skill necessary to retain his party in existence, he was not likely to solicit a partisan at once so difficult to keep in order and to employ. The close of his ambitious and disappointed life was spent in ranging along the skirts of both parties, joining neither, and speaking his mind with easy, and perhaps sincere, scorn of both; reprobating the whigs, during their brief reign, for their neglect of fancied promises; and equally reprobating the ministry for their blindness to fancied pretensions.

But he was still to have a momentary respite for fame. While he was going down into that oblivion which rewards the labours of so many politicians; a pamphlet, ascribing Junius's letters to Sir Philip, arrested his descent. Its arguments were plausible; and, for a while, opinion appeared to be in favour of the conjecture, notwithstanding a denial from the

presumed Junius; which, however, had much the air of his feeling no strong dislike to being suspected of this new title to celebrity.* But further examination extinguished the title; and left the secret, which had perplexed so many unravellers of literary webs, to perplex the grave idlers of generations to come.

Yet the true wonder is not the concealment, for a multitude of causes might have produced the continued necessity even after the death of the writer, but the feasibility with which the chief features of Junius may be fastened on almost every writer, of the crowd for whom claims have been laid to this dubious honour; while, in every instance, some discrepance finally starts upon the eye, which excludes the claim.

Burke had more than the vigour, the information, and the command of language; but he was incapable of the virulence and the disloyalty. Horne Tooke had the virulence and the disloyalty in superabundance; but he wanted the cool sarcasm and the polished elegance, even if he could have been fairly supposed to be at once the assailant and the defender. Wilkes had the information and the wit; but his style was incorrigibly vulgar, and all its metaphors were for and from the mob: in addition, he would have rejoiced to declare himself the writer: his well-known answer to an inquiry on the subject was, "Would to Heaven I had!" *Utinam scripsissem!* Lord George Germaine has been lately brought forward as a candidate; and the evidence fully proves that he possessed the dexterity of style, the powerful and pungent remark, and even the individual causes of bitterness and partisanship, which might be supposed to stimulate Junius: but, in the

* His note, on the occasion, to the editor of one of the newspapers, might mean any thing or nothing. It was in this style:—"Sir, you have attributed to me the writing of Junius's letters. If you choose to propagate a false and malicious report, you may. "Yours, &c. "P. F."

private correspondence of Junius with his printer, Woodfall, there are contemptuous allusions to Lord George's conduct in the field, which at once put an end to the question of authorship.

Dunning possessed the style, the satire, and the partisanship; but Junius makes blunders in his law, of which Dunning must have been incapable. Gerard Hamilton (Single-speech) might have written the letters, but he never possessed the moral courage; and was, besides, so consummate a coxcomb, that his vanity must have, however involuntarily, let out the secret. The argument, that he was Junius, from his notoriously using the same peculiarities of phrase, at the time when all the world was in full chase of the author, ought of itself to be decisive against him; for nothing can be clearer, than that the actual writer was determined on concealment, and that he would never have toyed with his dangerous secret so much in the manner of a schoolgirl, anxious to develop her accomplishments.

It is with no wish to add to the number of the controversialists on this bluestocking subject, that a conjecture is hazarded; that Junius will be found, if ever found, among some of the humbler names of the list. If he had been a political leader, or, in any sense of the word, an independent man, it is next to impossible that he should not have left some indication of his authorship. But it is perfectly easy to conceive the case of a private secretary, or dependant of a political leader, writing, by his command, and for his temporary purpose, a series of attacks on a ministry; which, when the object was gained, it was of the highest importance to bury, so far as the connexion was concerned, in total oblivion. Junius, writing on his own behalf, would have, in all probability, retained evidence sufficient to substantiate his title, when the peril of the discovery should have passed away, which it did within a few years; for who would have thought, in 1780, of punishing

even the libels on the king in 1770! or when, if the peril remained, the writer would have felt himself borne on a tide of popular applause high above the inflictions of law.

But, writing for another, the most natural result was, that he should have been *pledged* to extinguish all proof of the transaction; to give up every fragment that could lead to the discovery at any future period; and to surrender the whole mystery into the hands of the superior, for whose purposes it had been constructed, and who, while he had no fame to acquire by its being made public, might be undone by its betrayal.

The marks of *private secretaryship* are so strong, that all the probable conjectures have pointed to writers under that relation; Lloyd, the private secretary of George Grenville; Greatrakes, Lord Shelburne's private secretary; Rosenhagen, who was so much concerned in the business of Shelburne House, that he may be considered as a second secretary; and Macauley Boyd, who was perpetually about some public man, and who was at length fixed by his friends on Lord Macartney's establishment, and went with him to take office in India.

But, mortifying as it may be to the disputants on the subject, the discovery is now beyond rational hope; for Junius intimates his having been a spectator of parliamentary proceedings even farther back than the year 1743; which, supposing him to have been twenty years old at the time, would give him more than a century for his experience. In the long interval since 1772, when the letters ceased, not the slightest clew has been discovered; though doubtless the keenest inquiry was set on foot by the parties assailed. Sir William Draper died with but one wish, though a sufficiently uncharitable one, that he could have found out his castigator before he took leave of the world. Lord North often avowed his total ignorance of the writer. The king's reported

observation to Gen. Desaguliers, in 1772, "We know who Junius is, and he will write no more," is unsubstantiated; and if ever made, was probably prefaced with a supposition; for no publicity ever followed; and what neither the minister of the day nor his successors ever knew, could scarcely have come to the king's knowledge but by inspiration, nor remained locked up there but by a reserve not far short of a political error.

But the question is not worth the trouble of discovery; for, since the personal resentment is past, its interest can arise only from pulling the mask off the visage of some individual of political eminence, and giving us the amusing contrast of his real and his assumed physiognomy; or from unearthing some great unknown genius. But the leaders have been already excluded; and the composition of the letters demanded no extraordinary powers. Their secret information has been vaunted; but Junius gives us no more than what would now be called the "chat of the clubs;" the currency of conversation, which any man mixing in general life might collect in his half-hour's walk down St. James's Street: he gives us no insight into the *purposes* of government; of the *counsels* of the *cabinet* he knows nothing. The style was undeniably excellent for the purpose, and its writer must have been a man of ability. If it had been original, he might have been a man of genius; but it was notoriously formed on Col. Titus's letter, which, from its strong peculiarities, is of easy imitation. The crime and the blunder together of Junius were that he attacked the king, a man so publicly honest and so personally virtuous, that his assailant inevitably pronounced himself a libeller. But if he had restricted his lash to the contending politicians of the day, justice would have rejoiced in his vigorous severity. Who could have regretted the keenest application of the scourge to the Duke of Grafton, the most incapable of ministers, and the most openly

and offensively profligate of men; to the intolerable selfishness of Mansfield; to the avarice of Baccard, the suspicious negotiator of the scandalous treaty of 1763; or to the slippered and drivelling ambition of North, sacrificing an empire to his covetousness of power?

CHAPTER VIII.

The King's Illness.

THE prince's adoption of whig politics had deeply offended his royal father; for the coalition ministry had made Fox personally obnoxious to the monarch, who remembered its power by a series of mortifications, so keen that they had inspired the desperate idea of abandoning England for a time, and seeking refuge for his broken spirit and insulted authority in Hanover. This conception the king was said to have so far matured as to have communicated to Thurlow; who, however, repelled it in the most direct manner, telling his majesty,—that “though it might be easy to go to Hanover, it might be difficult to return to England; that James the Second's was a case in point; and that the best plan was, to let the coalition take their way for a while, as they were sure to plunge themselves into some embarrassment, and then he might have them at his disposal.”

The advice was solid and successful. The king thenceforth exhibited his aversion to the ministry in the most open manner, by steadily refusing to bestow a single English peerage, while they were in power; and it was surmised, that Fox was driven by his consciousness of this total alienation, to the rash and defying measure of the India bill, as a support against

the throne. The game was a bold one; for its success would have made Fox king of lords, commons, and people; and George the Third, king of masters of the stag-hounds, gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and canons of Windsor. But it failed, and its failure was ruin. It not merely overthrew Fox, but it spread the ruin to every thing that bore the name. His banner was not simply borne down in the casual fortunes of the fight; but it was broken, trampled on, and extinguished. By the India bill the languors of political warfare were turned into the fierceness of personal combat; and whiggism, pressed by the new-armed wrath of the monarch, and losing its old refuge in the popular sympathy, hated by the throne, and repelled by the nation, feebly dispersed on the field.

Such is the fate of the noblest parties, when the spirit that once animated them has passed away. The men of 1688 would have found it impossible to recognise their descendants, in the shifting politicians of the eighteenth century; but woe be to the people whose liberties depend upon the character of individuals! The revolution itself would have been a mockery, but for its taking refuge in the manliness and religious virtue of the nation. All the overthrows of all the tyrannies of ancient or modern days were never able to make corruption free; more than the loudest professions of principle ever made a profligate the fit trustee and champion of national freedom. The personal vice nullifies and contaminates the public profession. No revolution ever succeeded, nor ever deserved to succeed, which was not demanded by the same natural and righteous necessity which demands the defence of our fireside; and which was not conducted by men unstained by the crime of individual ambition, or the deeper crime of bartering the national blood for their own avarice, licentiousness, or revenge;—men who felt themselves periling their lives for an object that dignifies

death; and in the impulse of holiness and faith offering up their existence a willing and solemn sacrifice to their fellow-men and their God.

The success of the first French revolution is no answer to this principle; for France had showed only the frightful rapidity with which the name of freedom can be vitiated; and the incalculable means of public explosion and misery which may exist under the surface of the most ostentatious patriotism. The second revolution is yet to display its results; but auspicious and justifiable as has been its commencement, its only security will be found in purifying the habits of the people.

If Italy, with her magnificent powers, her vivid susceptibility of character, her living genius, and her imperishable fame,—Italy, where every foot of ground was the foundation of some monument of the most illustrious supremacy of the human mind,—is now a prison, the crime and the folly are her own; her own vices have riveted the chain round her neck, her own hand has barred the dungeon; and in that dungeon she will remain for ever, if she wait until vice shall give vigour to her limbs, or superstition throw back the gates of her living sepulchre. A purer influence must descend upon her. A deliverer, not of the earth, earthy,—but an immortal visitant, shedding the light of holiness and religion from its vesture, must come upon her darkness; and, like the angel that came to Peter, bid her awake and follow.

If Spain and Portugal are still convulsed with civil discord, who can hope to see rational freedom ever existing in those lands, while the corruption of the people feeds the license of the throne; while, if the king imprisons, the peasant stabs; while, if the crown violates the privileges of the subject, the subject habitually violates the honour of the holiest ties of our nature; while, if government is tyranny, private life is rapine, promiscuous passion,

and merciless revenge? Let the changes be as specious as they may, the political suffering will only deepen, until the personal reform comes to redeem the land; until faith is more than an intolerant superstition, courage than assassination, and virtue than confession to a monk. Till then, freedom will be but a name; and the fall of a Spanish or Portuguese tyrant but a signal for his assailants to bury their poniards in each other's bosoms; constitution will be but an upbreking of the elements of society; and the plunging of despotism into the gulf, but a summons to every gloomy and furious shape of evil below, to rise upon the wing, and darken and poison the moral atmosphere of mankind.

The India bill gave the final blow to the existence of the old whigs. The name had long survived the reality; but now even the name perished. When the fragments of the party were collected, in the course of years, after their almost desperate dispersion; they were known by another name; and the new whigs, however they might claim the honours of the old, were never recognised as successors to the estate. From this period, Pitt and toryism were paramount. Fox, defeated in his ambition of being a monarch, was henceforth limited to such glories as were to be found in perpetual discomfiture. Unequaled in debate, he talked for twenty years, and delighted the senate; was the idol of Westminster, the clubs, and the conversations at Devonshire House; but saw himself in an inexorable minority in the only place where triumph was worthy of his abilities or dear to his ambition. Perhaps, too, if Fox had never existed, his rival might never have risen to eminence; for even great powers require great opportunities, and the struggle with the colossal frame and muscle of Fox's genius might be essential to mature the vigour of his young antagonist and conqueror. Still, when all hope of wresting the supremacy out of Pitt's hand was past, the exercise

was useful; and Fox, for the rest of his days, had the infelicitous honour of keeping those powers in practice, whose inaction might have dropped the sceptre. He was the noblest captive linked to Pitt's chariot-wheel, but to that chariot-wheel he was linked for life; and no other arm could have so powerfully dragged his rival's triumphal car up the steeps of fame.

The prince unhappily soon created a new grievance, that came home more directly to the royal bosom than even his politics. Rolle's allusion to his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert* was believed by the king to be true, and no act could be calculated to give deeper offence to the monarch, as a parent, a Protestant, or a man of virtue. The lady was high-bred and handsome; and, though by seven years the prince's elder, and with the formidable drawback of having been twice a widow, her attractions might justify the civilities of fashion. But her rank and her religion were barriers, which she must have known to be impassable.

The king was peculiarly sensitive to *mésalliances* in the blood royal. The Marriage Act of 1772, had originated in the royal displeasure at the marriages of his brothers the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester, with subjects;† and the determination with

* Mrs. Fitzherbert was the daughter of Wm. Smythe, Esq., of Tonge Castle, and niece of Sir E. Smythe, Bart., of Acton Burnel, Salop. Her sister was married to Sir Carnaby Haggerstone, Bart. At an early age she married Weld, of Lulworth Castle, Dorset. On his death she married Fitzherbert, of Swinnerton, Leicestershire, a remarkably striking person, who died of either over-exertion in a walk from Bath to town, or some imprudence at the burning of Lord Mansfield's house, in the riots of 1780. The lady was a Roman Catholic.

† The Duke of Cumberland had married Mrs. Horton, Lord Irnham's daughter; the Duke of Gloucester the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, but this marriage was not acknowledged for some time after. The bill passed rapidly through parliament, yet was debated with unusual perseverance in all its stages. With the public it was highly unpopular, and was assailed by every weapon of seriousness and ridicule. It was described as intolerably aristocratical; as insulting to English birth and beauty; as violating one of the first laws of our being; and even as giving a direct encouragement to crime. Epigram

which the bill was urged through the legislature against the strongest resistance, showed the interest which his majesty took in preserving the succession clear.

But the prince's error had gone further than the passionate violation of an unpopular law; for the marriage of the heir-apparent with a Roman Catholic must have defeated his claim to the throne.

To this hour the marriage has been neither proved nor disproved. It was rumoured that the lady's scruples were soothed by having the ceremonial performed according to the rites of her own church. But no Roman Catholic dispensation, guiltily facile as such license is in that church, could have acquitted the parties of the crime of sustaining a connexion notoriously void by the laws of the land. Fox's declaration in the house admits of no subterfuge; language could not have been found more distinctly repelling the charge; and that Mrs. Fitzherbert felt it to be decisive, is palpable from the anger and alienation with which she, for years after, affected to treat him. However, she still enjoys at least the gains of the connexion; and up to the hoary age of

and satires innumerable were showered upon the bill, and its opponent certainly had all the wit and all the women on their side. One of those *jeux d'esprit* was—

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT.

Says Dick to Tom, "This Act appears
The oddest thing alive;
To take the crown at eighteen years,
The wife at twenty-five.

The thing a puzzle must remain;
For, as old Dowdeswell* said,
'So early if one's fit to reign,
One must be fit to wed.'

Says Tom to Dick, "The man's a fool,
Or knows no rubs of life;
Good friend, 't is easier for to rule
A kingdom than a wife!"

* An opponent of the bill.

seventy-five, •almly draws her salary of ten thousand pounds a-year!

The theme is repulsive. But the writer degrades his moral honour, and does injustice to the general cause of truth, who softens down such topics into the simplicity of romance. Yet, between the individuals in question there can be no comparison. The prince was in the giddiest period of youth and inexperience; he was surrounded by temptation; it was laid in his way by individuals craftily accomplished in every art of extravagance and ruin. For him to have escaped the snare would have been not less than the most fortunate of accidents, or an exhibition of the manliest sense and virtue. But for those who ministered to his errors, or shared in them, the condemnation must be altogether of a deeper die.

In this most unhappy intercourse originated all the serious calamities of the prince's life. From its commencement it openly drew down the indignation of his excellent father; it alienated his general popularity in an immediate and an extraordinary degree; it shook the confidence of the wise and good in those hopes of recovery and reformation which such minds are the most generous to conceive, and the most unwilling to cast away; the cold gravity of this unlover-like connexion gave it the appearance of a system; and its equivocal and offensive bondage was obviously a fixture for life. It embarrassed him with the waste of a double household, when he was already sinking under the expenses of one; and precipitated him into bankruptcy. It entangled him more and more inextricably with the lower members of that cabal who gathered round him in the mask of politics only to plunder; and who, incapable of the dignified and honourable feelings that may attach to party, cared nothing for the nation, or for political life, beyond what they could filch for their daily bread from the most pitiful sources of a contemptible popularity. It disheartened all his higher friends, the

Duke of Portland, Fox, Grey, Burke, and the other leaders of opposition ; while it betrayed the prince's name and cause into the hands of men who could not touch even royalty without leaving a stain. Finally, it destroyed all chance of happiness in his subsequent marriage ; and was the chief ingredient in that cup of personal anxiety and public evil which was so sternly forced to his lips almost to the close of his days.

Fox's declaration in the house had given the first example of the pangs which the prince was to feel. It unquestionably threw dishonour on the connexion. Yet, to expect Fox to retract his words, and this too when their object was gained by the payment of the prince's debts, was utterly hopeless. Grey was then sounded ;* but he declined this singular office. Sheridan was the next resource ; and, with that miserable pliancy, which, in him, resulted less from a casual deference to the will of others, than from a total want of moral elevation, a guilty callousness to the principle of self-respect, he undertook to equivocate the house into sufferance. In allusion to the prince's offer, through Fox, to undergo an examination in the lords, he affectedly said,—“ that the house deserved credit for decorum, in not taking advantage of the offer, and demanding such an inquiry. But while his royal highness's feelings had been, doubtless, considered on the occasion, he must take the liberty of saying, however some might think it a subordinate consideration, that there was another person, entitled, in every delicate and honourable mind, to the same attention ; one whom he would not otherwise venture to describe, or allude to, but by saying it was a name which malice or ignorance alone could attempt to injure, and whose character and conduct claimed and were entitled to the truest respect.”

* Moore's Life of Sheridan.

Nothing could be more filmy than this veil; and nothing more contemptible than the conduct of the man who exhibited himself thus ready to cast it, thin as it was, across the eyes of the house. But the question had been settled long before; the equivocation was scornfully left undisturbed, and the individuals were given over to that tardy prudence which will learn no lessons but from misfortune.

A second and more bitter proof of the public feelings rapidly followed. In October, 1788, symptoms of that disease of the mind, which afterward broke out into such violence, were apparent in the king. In November the fears of the nation were confirmed; and, in the midst of a strong expression of public sorrow, it was declared expedient to provide for the government of the country.

On the occasion of a similar, but slighter attack, in 1765, his majesty's speech to parliament, on his recovery, declared, that the "thoughts with which the memory of his illness affected him, touching the welfare of his people and his children, urged him to propose to its consideration, whether it might not be expedient to vest in him the power of appointing, from time to time, by instruments in writing, under his sign manual, the queen, or some other person of the royal family usually residing in Great Britain, to be the guardian of any of his children, who might succeed to the throne before the age of eighteen and to be regent of the kingdom until his successor should attain that age, subject to the restrictions and regulations specified in the act made on occasion of his father's death.—The regent so appointed to be assisted by a council, composed of the several persons who, by reason of their dignities and offices, were constituted members of the council established by that act, together with those whom they might think proper to leave to his majesty's nomination."*

* April 24 1765.

A bill on this principle, but with considerable modifications relative to the individuals who might be appointed to the regency and guardianship, was passed in the same year.*

The recurrence of the king's illness made the immediate meeting of parliament necessary: and on the 20th of November, the day to which it had been prorogued, the session began. But the opinions of the royal physicians were still so dubious, and both ministers and opposition were still so imperfectly prepared for any direct measures, that a fortnight's adjournment was agreed on without difficulty.

Fox was then absent on a foreign tour; but he had been sent for, and was expected hourly. In the mean time, Sheridan appears to have acted as the chief counsellor of opposition, in which capacity he addressed the following letter to the prince:†

“Sir,—From the intelligence of to-day, we are led to think that Pitt will make something more of a speech, in moving to adjourn, on Thursday, than was at first imagined. In this case, we presume your royal highness will be of opinion that we must not be totally silent. I possessed Payne‡ yesterday with my sentiments on the line of conduct which appears to me best to be adopted on this occasion, that they might be submitted to your royal highness's consideration; and I take the liberty of repeating my firm conviction, that it will greatly advance your royal highness's credit, and, in case of events, lay the strongest grounds to baffle every attempt at opposition to your royal highness's just claims and rights, that the language of those who may be in any sort suspected of knowing your royal highness's wishes and feelings, should be that of great moderation in disclaiming all party views, and

* May 13, 1765.

† Moore's Life of Sheridan.

‡ Captain Payne (afterward Admiral), the prince's private secretary.

avowing the utmost readiness to acquiesce in any reasonable delay.

“At the same time, I am perfectly aware of the arts which will be practised, and the advantages which some people will attempt to gain by time. But I am equally convinced, that a third party will soon appear, whose efforts may, in the most decisive manner, prevent this sort of situation and proceeding from continuing long.

“Payne will probably have submitted to your royal highness more fully my idea on this subject, towards which I have already taken some successful steps. Your royal highness will, I am sure, have the goodness to pardon the freedom with which I give my opinion; after which I have only to add, that whatever your royal highness’s judgment decides, shall be the pride of my conduct, and will undoubtedly be so to others.”

Those negotiations are now chiefly valuable for the light which they throw on human nature. Lord Chancellor Thurlow was destined to afford the chief illustration. His lordship, so well known as a leading lawyer, and a clamorous partisan, was especially a boaster of immaculate principle. The present transaction showed him to be also a low intriguer and a contemptible hypocrite. While he sat at the council-table of the ministry he was intriguing with opposition; while he was intriguing with opposition he was watching the king’s physicians; and the moment he was assured, from the king’s symptoms, that he might cheat both ministers and opposition—without the loss of his place! he marched down to the house, proclaimed himself the inalienable servant of the throne, and obtested Heaven, in language little short of blasphemy, that—“whenever he forgot his king, might his God forget him.”

Sheridan’s allusion to “the third party,” referred to Thurlow. This negotiation took Fox by sur-

prise, who had been previously pledged to give the seals to Loughborough. Thurlow, however, was now hired, and must have his hire; to which Fox, after no slight struggle with himself, acceded. His letter on the subject is a striking instance of the vexatious compliances, to which men are sometimes driven who seem to be at the height of their ambition, and whom the world looks on as carrying every thing by their will.

“ Dear Sheridan,—I have swallowed the pill: a most bitter one it was,—and have written to Lord Loughborough, whose answer must, of course, be content. What is to be done next? Should the prince himself, or you, or I, or Warren, speak to the chancellor? The objection to the last is, that he must probably wait for an opportunity, and that no time is to be lost. Pray tell me what is to be done. I am convinced, after all, the negotiation will not succeed, and am not sure that I am sorry for it. I do not remember feeling so uneasy about any political thing I ever did in my life. Call if you can.

“ Yours ever,

“ C. J. F.”

It is astonishing to see how feebly a sense of public decency or personal honour sometimes acts upon the minds of men accustomed to the traffic of politics. In Thurlow, we have the instance of an individual at the head of an honourable profession, and therefore doubly bound to think of character; opulent, and therefore under no necessity of consulting the increase of his means; advanced in life, and therefore at once destitute of the excuses of young ambition, and incapable of the long enjoyment of power; and yet involving himself in a labyrinth of falsehood and self-degradation, for the wretched purpose of retaining place. There is a just pleasure in being able to state after this, that he lost the object of his scandalous compromise. He retained

the name of chancellor, but he lost alike the public respect attached to his rank, and the real power of a cabinet minister. The hollowness of his colleague could not escape the eye of Pitt. He suffered him to linger for a while in a condition of half-confidence in the cabinet, which must have been a perpetual torment to his haughty heart; but even the half-confidence at length changed into open bickering, and Pitt was said to have charged him with direct inefficiency, as "a man who proposed nothing, opposed every thing, and gave way to every thing." Thurlow's day was now done; the prize had slipped from his hands; and, with abilities and professional knowledge which might have made him one of the pillars of the state, he rapidly sank into the deserved decay of a selfish and unprincipled politician.

The chancellor's brutal manners in private life, and insolence on the bench, were, as they always are, repaid by private and public disgust. His habit of execration on all subjects was notorious, and excited a still deeper aversion; and it was equally an error in opposition and in ministers, to have suffered themselves to negotiate with a man whose merited unpopularity must have heavily encumbered any party which he espoused. In the crowd of pamphlets and verses produced by the struggle, Thurlow was not forgotten; he figured at great length in the "Probationary Odes," where he is represented as expectorating curses on every public name; or, as an epigram expressed it,—

" Here bully Thurlow flings his gail
Alike on foes and friends;
Blazing, like blue devils at Vauxhall,
With sulphur at both ends."

The Probationary Ode, after some verses too much in the style of his lordship's vocabulary for quotation here, gives a strophe of calmer scorn:

" Fired at her voice, I grow profane !
 A louder yet and yet a louder strain :
 To Thurlow's lyre more daring notes belong.
 Now tremble every rebel soul,
 While on the foes of George I roll
 The deep-toned *execrations* of my song.
 In vain my brother's piety, more meek,
 Would preach my kindling fury to repose .
 Like Balsam's ass, were he inspired to speak,
 'Twere vain, I go to *curse* my prince's foes."

But Thurlow's treachery, even at the moment when he was probably surest of having hoodwinked both parties, was ludicrously visible to the new and old colleagues, whom he was equally ready to deceive. He even raised an open laugh against him at the council-table, by coming in with the prince's hat in his hand, which, in the confusion of his double plot, he had carried from a Carlton House conference. Fox and his friends were fully aware of his perfidy. A letter from Lord Loughborough, who watched him with the keenness of a rival candidate, lays bare the chancellor's policy. Thurlow had contrived to obtain permission to visit the king during his illness, and thus ascertain the chances of recovery ; a knowledge which he employed for the due regulation of his own conscience. This privilege the letter deprecates, as giving him the entire advantage of position. It is addressed to Sheridan.

" The chancellor's object evidently is, to make his way by himself, and he has managed hitherto as one very well practised in that game. His conversations both with you and with Mr. Fox, were encouraging ; but at the same time checked all explanations on his part, under a pretence of delicacy towards his colleagues. When he let them go to Salt-hill, and contrived to dine at Windsor, he certainly took a step that most men would have felt not very delicate in its appearance ; and, unless there was some private understanding between him and

them, not altogether fair; especially if you add to it the *sort of conversation he held with regard to them.*

“I cannot help thinking that the difficulties of managing the patient have been *excited or improved, to lead to the proposal* of his inspection (without the prince being conscious of it); for, by that situation, he gains an easy and frequent access to him, and an opportunity of *possessing the confidence* of the queen. I believe this the more, from the account of the *tenderness* that he showed at the first interview, for I am sure it is not in his character to feel any. With a little instruction from Lord Hawksbury, the sort of management that was carried on by means of the princess dowager, in the early part of the reign, may easily be practised.

“In short, I think he will try to *find the key of the back stairs*, and with that in his pocket, take any situation that preserves his access, and enables him to hold a line between different parties.”

It was while all those vigilant eyes were fixed upon him, with every movement watched, ridiculed, and scorned,—with the whole ordnance of party pointed against him, and ready to give fire at the first signal,—that this noble intriguer, plumed in the full triumph of having escaped detection, came down to the house, and astonished his brother peers by a burst of unexpected piety. But he was not suffered to remain long under this delusion. A storm of contempt and reproof was poured upon him by opposition. Thurlow had contrived to weep in the delivery of his speech. His tears were a new source of ridicule; his reluctant piety was held up in contrast with his life; and the chancellor’s name was from that day a watchword for every thing worthless in political tergiversation.

An epitaph from some unknown pen, condensed the public feelings on the occasion:—

TO THE MEMORY OF ——

Here lies, beneath the prostituted mace,
 A patriot, with but one base wish—for place.
 Here lies, beneath the prostituted purse,
 A peer, with but one talent,—how to curse :
 Here lies, beneath the prostituted gown,
 The guardian of all honour—but his own ;
 Statesman, with but one rule his steps to guide—
 To shun the sinking, take the rising side ;
 Judge, with but one base law—to serve the time,
 And see in wealth no weakness, power no crime ;
 Christian, with but one value for the name,
 The scoffer's prouder privilege—to blaspheme ;
 Briton, with but one hope—to live a slave,
 And dig in deathless infamy his grave.

The details of the royal illness must be passed over. There would be neither wisdom nor feeling in now recalling to the public mind the circumstances of an affliction which then threw the empire into sorrow, and which still must give pain to bosoms which it is our duty to honour. But the transactions arising from it are invaluable, as a lesson to partisanship.

To make the prince unrestricted regent, would have been to make him virtually king for the time, and to have made Fox “ viceroy over him.” The prospect was dazzling, but there were difficulties in the way. The royal fortress stood upon a hill, which was not to be stormed even by the boldness and vigour of opposition, while it continued loaded with the restraints of law, popular rights, and personal declarations and pledges of all kinds. But the time pressed; every hour added to the strength of the garrison; and Fox took the gallant resolution of cutting away his whig encumbrances, and assaulting the battlements in the unembarrassed right of despotism.

“ I have heard,” exclaimed he, “ of precedents for binding the regent; but I can find none existing for laying a hand on an heir-apparent of full capacity and age to exercise power. It behooves, then, the house to waste not a moment, but to proceed with all becoming speed and diligence to *restore* the sove-

reign power and the exercise of the royal authority. From what I have read of history, from the ideas I have formed of the law, and, what is still more precious, of the spirit of the constitution, I declare that I have not, in my mind, a doubt that I should think myself culpable, if I did not take the first opportunity of saying, that in the present condition of his majesty, his royal highness the Prince of Wales has as clear, as express a right to exercise the power of sovereignty, during the continuance of the illness and incapacity with which it has pleased God to afflict his majesty, as in the case of his majesty's having undergone a natural demise."

This was such a palpable abandonment of the first principles of constitutional law, as is to be accounted for only by that phrensy which sometimes seizes on powerful understandings when assailed by more powerful passions. Fox was evidently inflamed by the sight of all the objects of his ambition within his grasp, into the desperate experiment of casting away his character, and leaving it to success to justify the rejection of his principles. By his language he had nullified the power of parliament and the nation alike. "The circumstance to be provided for," he repeated, "did not depend on their deliberations as a house of parliament,—it rested elsewhere." This "elsewhere" was the hereditary *right* of the prince to assume the throne, in scorn of parliament, and without restriction. Sheridan followed him, and presumptuously warned the house "of the *danger* of provoking the prince's assertion of his claim. But Pitt instantly threw back the menace, in language which found an indignant echo in the house and the nation.

"We have now," said he, "an additional reason for asserting the authority of the house, and defining the boundaries of right; when the deliberative faculties of parliament are invaded, and an indecent menace is thrown out to awe our proceedings. I trust

the house will do its duty, in defiance of any threat. Men, who feel their native freedom, will not submit to a threat, however *high the authority* from which it may come."

But Fox was the great antagonist, and it was over him that Pitt exulted with the loftiest sense of superiority. When he heard him utter the ominous sentence, declaring the regent's independence of parliament, he turned round to the member who sat next him, and, with a brightened countenance, and striking his thigh, triumphantly, said,—“I'll *un-whig* the gentleman for the rest of his life.”*

Pitt, now master of the house, and secure of the national support, urged his measures vigorously; and in the committee on the state of the nation,† carried, by a division of 268 to 204, after a long debate, the two resolutions: first, “that there was an interruption of the royal authority;” and secondly, “that it was the duty of the two houses of parliament to supply that defect.” The next step taken by the triumphant minister was to embody his intentions in a letter to his royal highness:—

“Sir,—The proceedings in parliament being now brought to a point, which will render it necessary to propose to the house of commons the particu- lar measures to be taken for supplying the defect of the personal exercise of the royal authority during the present interval; and your royal highness having some time since signified your pleasure that any communication on this subject should be in writing, I take the liberty of respectfully entreating your royal highness's permission to submit to your consideration the outlines of the plan, which his majesty's confidential servants humbly conceive (according to the best judgment which they are able to form), to be proper to be proposed in the present circumstances.

* Moore.

† Dec. 16, 1788.

“It is their humble opinion, that your royal highness should be empowered to exercise the royal authority, in the name and on the behalf of his majesty, during his majesty’s illness ; and to do all acts which might legally be done by his majesty ; with provisions, nevertheless, that the care of his majesty’s royal person, and the management of his majesty’s household, and the direction and appointment of the officers and servants therein, should be in the queen, under such regulations as may be thought necessary. That the power to be exercised by your royal highness should not extend to the granting real or personal property of the king (except as far as relates to the renewal of leases), to the granting any office in reversion, or to the granting for any other term than during his majesty’s pleasure, any pension, or any office whatever, except such as must by law be granted for life, or during good behaviour ; nor to the granting any rank or dignity of the peerage of this realm to any person except his majesty’s issue, who shall have attained the age of twenty-one years.

“Those are the chief points which have occurred to his majesty’s servants. I beg leave to add, that their ideas are formed on the supposition that his majesty’s illness is only temporary, and may be of no long duration. It may be difficult to fix beforehand the precise period for which those provisions ought to last ; but if, unfortunately, his majesty’s illness should be protracted to a more distant period than there is reason at present to imagine, it will be open hereafter to the wisdom of parliament, to reconsider these provisions whenever the circumstances appear to call for it.

“If your royal highness should be pleased to require any further explanation on the subject, and should condescend to signify your orders that I should have the honour of attending your royal highness for that purpose, or to intimate any other mode in which your royal highness may wish to receive such ex-

planation, I shall respectfully wait your royal highness's commands.

"I have the honour to be, with the utmost deference and submission,

"Sir,

"Your Royal Highness's

"most dutiful and devoted Servant,

"W. PITT.

"*Downing Street, Tuesday Night, Dec. 30, 1788.*"

The prince's letter in answer attracted remarkable attention, from its tone of dignity, and its general grave excellence as a composition. All the leading persons of the prince's councils were named as the writers, and each with some degree of plausibility; but the votes fell chiefly on Sheridan. However, the question is cleared up at last, and the authorship is given to Burke, on the testimony of Sir J. Mackintosh, and the following note of the late Sir Gilbert Elliot (Lord Minto), Jan. 31, 1789:

"There was not a word of the prince's letter to Pitt mine. *It was originally Burke's*, altered a little, but not improved, by Sheridan and other critics.

"The answer made by the prince yesterday, to the address of the two houses was entirely mine, and done in a great hurry, half an hour before it was to be delivered."*

Answer to Mr. Pitt's Letter, delivered by his Royal Highness to the Lord Chancellor, Jan. 1, 1789.

"The Prince of Wales learns from Mr. Pitt's letter that the proceedings in parliament are now in a train which enables Mr. Pitt, according to the intimation in his former letter, to communicate to the prince the outlines of the plan which his majesty's confidential servants conceive to be proper to be proposed in the present circumstances.

* Moore.

“Concerning the steps already taken by Mr. Pitt, the prince is silent. Nothing done by the two houses of parliament can be a proper subject of his animadversion; but when, previously to any discussion in parliament, the outlines of a scheme of government are sent for his consideration, in which it is proposed that he shall be personally and principally concerned, and by which the royal authority and the public welfare may be deeply affected, the prince would be unjustifiable were he to withhold an explicit declaration of his sentiments. His silence might be construed into a previous approbation of a plan, the accomplishment of which, every motive of duty to his father and sovereign, as well as of regard for the public interest, obliges him to consider as injurious to both.

“In the state of deep distress in which the prince and the whole royal family were involved by the heavy calamity which has fallen upon the king, and at a moment when government, deprived of its chief energy and support, seemed peculiarly to need the cordial and united aid of all descriptions of good subjects, it was not expected by the prince that a plan should be offered to his consideration, by which government was to be rendered difficult, if not impracticable, in the hands of any person intended to represent the king’s authority, much less in the hands of his eldest son, the heir-apparent of his kingdoms, and the person most bound to the maintenance of his majesty’s just prerogatives and authority, as well as most interested in the happiness, the prosperity, and the glory of the people.

“The prince forbears to remark on the several parts of the sketch of the plan laid before him; he apprehends it must have been formed with sufficient deliberation to preclude the probability of any argument of his producing an alteration of sentiment in the projectors of it; but he trusts with confidence to the wisdom and justice of parliament, when the whole

of this subject, and the circumstances connected with it, shall come under their deliberation.

“ He observes, therefore, only generally on the heads communicated by Mr. Pitt ; and it is with deep regret that the prince makes the observation, that he sees in the contents of that paper a project for producing weakness, disorder, and insecurity, in every branch of the administration of affairs ; a project for dividing the royal family from each other, for separating the court from the state ; and therefore, by disjoining government from its natural and accustomed support, a scheme for disconnecting the authority to command service from the powers of animating it by reward, and for allotting to the prince all the invidious duties of government without the means of softening them to the public by any one act of grace, favour, or benignity.

“ The prince’s feelings on contemplating this plan are also rendered still more painful by observing, that it is not founded on any general principle, but is calculated to infuse jealousies and suspicions (wholly groundless, he trusts), in that quarter whose confidence it will ever be the first pride of his life to merit and obtain.

“ With regard to the motive and object of the limitations and restrictions proposed, the prince can have but little to observe. No light or information is offered him by his majesty’s ministers on these points. They have informed him *what* the powers are which they mean to refuse him, not *why* they are withheld.

“ The prince, however, holding as he does, that it is an undoubted and fundamental principle of this constitution, that the powers and prerogatives of the crown are vested there as a trust for the benefit of the people, and that they are sacred only as they are necessary to the preservation of that poise and balance of the constitution which experience has proved to be the true security of the liberty of the

subject, must be allowed to observe, that the plea of public utility ought to be strong, manifest, and urgent, which calls for the extinction or suspension of any one of those essential rights in the supreme power or its representative, or which can justify the prince in consenting, that in his person an experiment shall be made to ascertain with how small a portion of the kingly power the executive government of this country may be carried on.

“The prince has only to add, that if security for his majesty’s repossessing his rightful government, whenever it shall please Providence, in bounty to the country, to remove the calamity with which he is afflicted, be any part of the object of this plan, the prince has only to be convinced that any measure is necessary, or even conducive to that end, to be the first to urge it, as the preliminary and paramount consideration of any settlement in which he would consent to share.

“If attention to what is presumed might be his majesty’s feelings and wishes on the happy day of his recovery be the object, it is with the truest sincerity the prince expresses his firm conviction, that no event would be more repugnant to the feelings of his royal father, than the knowledge that the government of his son and representative had exhibited the sovereign power of the realm in a state of degradation, of curtailed authority, and diminished energy—a state hurtful in practice to the prosperity and good government of his people, and injurious in its precedent to the security of the monarch and the rights of his family.

“Upon that part of the plan which regards the king’s real and personal property, the prince feels himself compelled to remark, that it was not necessary for Mr. Pitt, nor proper to suggest to the prince, the restraint he proposes against his granting away the king’s real and personal property. The prince does not conceive that, during the king’s life, he is

by law entitled to make any such grant; and he is sure that he has never shown the smallest inclination to possess any such power. But it remains with Mr. Pitt to consider the eventual interests of the royal family, and to provide a proper and natural security against the mismanagement of them by others.

“The prince has discharged an indispensable duty in thus giving his free opinion on the plan submitted to his consideration.

“His conviction of the evil which may arise to the king's interests, to the peace and happiness of the royal family, and to the safety and welfare of the nation, from the government of the country remaining longer in its present maimed and debilitated state, outweighs, in the prince's mind, every other consideration, and will determine him to undertake the painful trust imposed upon him by the present melancholy necessity (which, of all the king's subjects, he deploras the most), in full confidence that the affection and loyalty to the king, the experienced attachment to the house of Brunswick, and the generosity which has always distinguished this nation, will carry him through the many difficulties inseparable from this critical situation, with comfort to himself, with honour to the king, and with advantage to the public.

(Signed)

“G. P.”

“*Carlton House, January 2, 1789.*”

The minister suffered no further delay to take place; but brought in his propositions, and carried them by large majorities, in the face of the whole strength of opposition, armed with protests, motions, and the formidable resistance of the blood royal. The Dukes of York, Cumberland, and fifty-five other peers, signed a remonstrance against the restrictions. The princes of the royal family even expressly

refused to suffer their names to appear in the commission for opening the session. But Pitt was not to be shaken; the first reading of the bill was boldly carried in the commons;* and another week had brought it to the verge of commitment; when the struggle was stopped at once, by the cheering intelligence that the king's illness was already giving way, and that within a short time a perfect recovery might be expected. Those tidings, which diffused sincere joy through the nation, were speedily confirmed; and within a month, a commission for holding the parliament was issued by the king.

This had been the lottery of politics. If the prince had ascended the throne, even with limited powers, Fox and his friends would have obtained every wish which it was in the regent's power to realize. A turn of chance flung them into political exile; and the minister used his first leisure unhesitatingly to punish the symptoms of wavering among his own followers: the Duke of Queensberry, Lords Carteret and Malmesbury, and the Marquis of Lothian, were summarily dismissed from office; but it was in Ireland, where the defection had been more glaring, that vengeance and justice were gratified together, in a sweeping exclusion of functionaries venturous enough to speculate on London politics, and criminal enough to speculate on the wrong side.

Yet the wit and eloquence of opposition were never more conspicuous than in those disastrous debates. Sheridan was in a perpetual glow; and, whether sportive or sarcastic, was the delight of the house.

"I am staggered," said he, "when I hear Dr. Willis's assertions. I hear him attribute his majesty's illness to twenty-seven years of study, abstinence, and labour; and he tells us that his medicine has cured all this. What must I think of Dr. Willis

* Feb. 12, 1789.

when I hear that his physic can, in one day, overcome the effects of seven-and-twenty years' hard exercise, seven-and-twenty years' study, and seven-and-twenty years' abstinence? It is impossible for me to preserve gravity on such a subject. It reminds one of the nostrums that are to cure this or that malady, and also *disappointments in love and long sea voyages!*"

In allusion to a charge of insincerity in the minister, he declared "that he believed the right honourable gentleman sincere in his intention, though he did not profess Dr. Willis's gift, that of seeing hearts by looking into countenances. He remembered the doctor's telling the Committee, 'that he could thus see the *heart* of any man, whether he was sick or not.' And the declaration appeared to have *particularly alarmed* the right honourable gentleman."

The restrictions had left the regent the power of making war or peace; but had prohibited his making any change in the household. Sheridan treated this reserve with unceasing ridicule.

"Talk of his majesty's feelings when he shall recover, and find his household changed! We are to be told that his feelings would be less shocked to learn that the constitution of the country was changed, or part of his dominions, by an unjust war, lost, or, by a foolish peace, ceded to foreign potentates. What was this, but like a man who, having intrusted his mansion to a person, in his absence, to take care of it, and finding it gone to ruin, and the winds of heaven suffered to blow through every part of it, the enclosures to be broken, the sheep to be shorn, and all exposed to ruin and decay; yet should have no regret for those things, but feel all his anxiety awakened for a few looking-glasses and worthless *gilt lumber* locked up in an old-fashioned drawing-room."

Burke's appeals to the house were in a loftier

style, and distinctly showed that he had already formed those views which were to be yet developed in his immortal work on the French revolution.

“I consider myself,” said he, “fully justified in asserting that Great Britain is governed by an hereditary monarchy. Heaven forbid it should ever prove otherwise: it is our powerful barrier, our strong rampart, against the ambition of mankind. It says to the most aspiring, ‘thus far shalt thou go, and no farther:’ it shelters the subject from the tyranny of illegal tribunals, bloody proscriptions, and the long train of evils attendant upon the distractions of ill-guided and unprincipled republics.”

His opinion of Thurlow was contemptuously avowed. “What is to be done when the crown is in a *deliquium*? It is intended, we are told, to set up a *man with black brows* and a *large wig*, to be a *scarecrow* to the two houses, and give a fictitious assent in the royal name.”

The chancellor’s tears had excited great ridicule; but it was left for Burke to give him the castigation due to his hoary hypocrisy. “The other house are not yet recovered from that extraordinary burst of the pathetic which had been exhibited the other evening; they have not yet dried their eyes, nor been restored to their placidity. The tears shed on that occasion were not the tears of patriots for dying laws, but of *lords for expiring places*. They were the ‘iron tears that flowed down Pluto’s cheek,’ and rather resembled the dismal bubbling of Styx, than the gentle streams of Aganippe.

“In fact, they were tears for his majesty’s bread. There is a manifest difference between this house and the other, between plebeians and patricians. We, in an old-fashioned way, would have said—‘If we could no longer serve the king, we will no longer receive his wages, we will no longer eat his bread.’ But the lords of the household held a different language; they would stick by the king’s loaf as long

as a si gle cut of it remained. They would fasten on the crust, and gnaw it while two crumbs of it held together; and they would proudly declare, at the same time, that it was the honour of the service, the dignity of the office, which alone they regarded. The lords of the household were beyond the reach of influence; they were a set of saints and philosophers, 'superior to the lusts of the flesh and the vanities of this world.'"

By a fiction of law, the great seal was to represent the royal authority, and under this semblance of a king the session was to be opened. For this singular substitution the valid plea was, the necessity of the case. But it was too open to burlesque to escape Burke, who, amid the laughter of the house, turned it in all the lights of vindictive pleasantry.

"I cannot, for my soul," he exclaimed, "understand the means of this art magic, any more than I can doubt the purpose. I see a phantom raised. But I never heard of one being raised in a family, but for the purpose of *robbing the house*. The whole ceremonial, instead of being a representative of the forms of the constitution, is a masquerade, a mummery, a piece of buffoonery, used to ridicule every form of government. A phantom conjured up to fright propriety and drive it from the isle; a spectre, to which, as to Banquo's ghost, it might be said,

'Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold,
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
That thou dost glare with!"

In adopting Fox's words, that the limitations of the regency went to establish a republic, and that would have been the manlier way to call for a republic at once, Burke burst into a strain of lofty scorn, which may have suggested the famous apostrophe—

"O calumniated crusaders! O tame and feeble Cer-

vantes!"—in Fox's letter to the electors of Westminster.

"A republic! do I hate a republic? No. But it cannot be speculated upon, according to the principles of our constitution: I love, I adore the true principles of a republic; but is this the mode of instituting a republic?"

"O republic, how art thou libelled! how art thou prostituted, buffooned, and burlesqued! O fabric! built after so many ages, and cemented by the blood of so many patriots, how art thou degraded! As well might it be said that the creatures of the opera-house were representatives of heroes, the true and perfect Cæsars, Catos, and Brutuses, as that strange and jumbled chaos the representative of a real republic!"

The India bill had been the death-blow of the original whigs; the regency question was all but the death-blow of the party which assumed the name. Disunion and discredit fell upon them from that hour; opposition lost its final hold on the national confidence; and though partisanship was still active, and profession as loud as ever, the empire looked upon it thenceforth in its true light, that of a mere combination to drive ministers from their places, and to usurp them in their own persons. The three leaders of opposition were equally conscious that their cause was lost, and this consciousness was not relieved by the feeling that any one of them had exhibited the prudence essential to great successes. Fox's assertion of the extravagant right of the prince had given the first advantage of the field to his antagonist. Sheridan's still more obnoxious threat of royal vengeance had embittered the constitutional offence by personal indignation; and Burke's wild indulgence in the impulses of an uncontrollable fancy had dazzled his friends to the edge of a precipice, from which to retreat was ignominy, while to advance was ruin.

There can now be no doubt that the triumph of

opposition would have been the defeat of the law; and that the doors of parliament might as well be closed at once, when an unlimited regent, in his own misinterpreted right, set his foot upon the step of the throne.

Burke's dissatisfaction was well known; and a brief but sufficiently expressive record of it is preserved in a letter to his Irish friend, Lord Charlemont.* "Perpetual failure," said he, "even though nothing in that failure can be fixed on the improper choice of the object, or the injudicious choice of means, will detract every day more and more from a man's credit, until he ends without success and without reputation. In fact, a constant pursuit even of the best objects, without adequate instruments, detracts something from the opinion of a man's judgment. This, I think, may in part be the cause of the inactivity of others of our friends who are in the vigour of life, and in possession of a great degree of lead and authority.

"I do not blame them, though I lament that state of the public mind in which the people can consider the exclusion of such talents and virtues from their service as a point gained to them. The only point in which I can find any thing to blame in these friends is, their not taking the effectual means, which they certainly had in their power, of making an honourable retreat from their prospect of power into the possession of reputation, by an effectual defence of themselves. There was an opportunity which was not made use of for the purpose, and which could scarcely have failed of turning the tables on their adversaries."

Such are the bitter fruits of political ambition even in a noble mind, instinctively repellent of all the basenesses, that, while they stimulate the passions of meaner spirits, envenom their punishment.

Burke knew nothing of those feelings which strew scorpions on the pillow of the artificial and perfidious; yet this is the letter of a vexed heart, ready to exclaim that all was vanity. But his triumph was to come; and the time was now fast approaching when, with prouder objects in view than the struggle for the narrow distinctions of office, he was to stand forth the champion of the surviving religion, manliness, and loyalty of Europe; a light to England, and a redeeming honour to her legislature and her people.

The king's recovery had closed the contest in the English parliament; but the luckless fortune of Ireland reserved her for one of those blunders which are supposed to be indigenious to the soil. The Irish parliament had acknowledged the unlimited right of the regent almost by acclamation. There never had been a more precipitate worship of the rising sun. The Irish ministers were overwhelmed by this rush of new-born allegiance, or suffered themselves to swell the tide. All was principled hypocrisy and magnanimous defection; and the holders of office, the wearers of blue and green ribands, and the bearers of gold keys, black rods, and white sticks, exulted in being able to give such costly attestation of their new faith as the sacrifice of their badges on the altar of the regency. But from fraud the progress is easy to mountebankism, and from folly to faction. In the midst of this carnival of party success, perfidy began to fix its eye on darker objects; murmurs were heard that were little short of treason, the key-note of rebellion was touched more than once in this chorus of new-born loyalty; and in the wild resolutions of the Irish whigs, and their still wilder speeches, were first founded those just alarms, which predisposed the English cabinet to the calamitous measure of the Union.

But, whatever might have been the original plot of the drama, it finished in characteristic burlesque.

The last scene of the tragedy found a substitute in farce. The lord-lieutenant having naturally refused to make himself a culprit by forwarding the "resolutions," an embassy from the lords and commons was sent with them to London. The deputation reached London, and made their first bow to the prince, a week *after* the announcement of the king's convalescence! Thus vanished into thin air the fabric of place, pension, and general spoil, which patriotism had erected with such triumphant anticipation. The rewards of the deputies were, a gracious answer from the prince, informing them that they were *too late*, and the shrinking thanks of the Irish parliament, conscious that it had committed an irreparable folly, and trembling through all its limbs at the just indignation of the throne.

But the first infliction was the laugh of the empire: caricatures of "the six deputies riding on bulls," and satirical squibs and verses of every kind, were poured upon this unhappy failure. Some of those sports of scorn may be still remembered.

EPIGRAM.—THE BULL-RIDERS.

Though Pats are famed for sportive sculls,
This feat all feats surpasses:
For, not content with breeding bulls,
Those bulls are rode by asses.

THE GLORIOUS HALF-DOZEN.

Six rogues have come over our pockets to pick,
And dispose of their second-hand ware;
To play the buffoon, to jump, tumble, and trick,
But they've come—the *day after the fair*.

Productions like those are made only for the moment; but one more, as giving the names of the commission, must be quoted. It is obviously founded on Horace's Ode, "*Pastor quum traheret.*"

THE PROPHECY.

When the packet o'er the tide
 Bore Ierne's patriot pride,
 Harry Grattan's delegates,
 Pregnant with a nation's fates,
 Pondering all on bribes and places,
 Making all, all kinds of faces,
 Schemes of native thievery brewing,
 Scoundrels, made for fools' undoing
 While along the loaded deck
 Sickening lay the human wreck,
 Right beneath the pilot's nose
 From the wave a phantom rose ;
 Bull-necked, black-mouthed, water-bloated,
 Still buff-vested and blue-coated ;
 Round of belly, round of chin,
 Thus began the shape of sin.

“ Asses, from the land of asses,
 Ere your cargo this way passes,
 While your worships have an ear,
 Hear your true-blue Prophet, hear !
 Hear me, every party hack !
 Scoffed at ye shall all come back,
 Scoffed at as the tools of tools,
 All incorrigible fools !

“ Hear me, purse-bound, lack-brained **Leinster**
 Model of an ancient spinster ;
 Hear me, mountebank O'Neill,
 Tied to every rabble's tail ;
 Hear me, Conolly ! the prime
 Of talkers against sense and time ;
 Hear me, sullen Ponsonby !
 Thou of the place-hunting eye ;
 Hear me, Stewart, of beaux supreme,
 Thyself thy everlasting theme,
 Bold defier of the wave
 (Thine's a *terra firma* grave) ;
 Hear me, simpering Charlemont,
 With thy Machiavelian front,
 With thy opera lisp and smile,
 Israelite that knows no guile ;
 Compound soft of softest cant,
 Faction's gentle figurant.

“ Hear me, dotards, one and all—
 Sudden scorn shall on you fall,
 Laughter follow on your track,
 Laughter drive you flying back,
 Scoffs from people, king, and prince !
 Till your ass-skin withers wince

Not a dinner for your pains,
 Not a stiver for your gains ;
 Till, though naked, not ashamed,
 All your patriot fires are tamed ;
 Till your mob-bepelted souls
 Wish your senders at the poles,
 Curse the hour they first harangued,
 And long to see them drowned or hanged. ”

Then before their spell-bound view
 Dived the phantom buff and blue—
 Laughter from the Cambrian rocks
 Mingled with the name of Fox ;
 Laughter from the British main
 Came with clanks of lash and chain ;
 Laughter in the tempest's roar
 Rolled from cloud, and sea, and shore.

The consternation of the ministerial deserters in Ireland was boundless, and for once they were not disappointed. They were cashiered in all directions. Office was cleared of every timeserver of the whole tribe ; and the minister was justly said to have “made more patriots in a day than patriotism had ever made in a year.” Sheridan's brother Charles, the Irish secretary of war, was among the culprits, and was cast out like the rest. But his fall was softened by some unaccountable job, which gave him a pension of 1200*l.* a-year, with a reversion of 300*l.* to his wife !

In England the king's recovery broke up as many dreams of office as were ever engendered between vanity and selfishness. Opposition had cut royal patronage into suits of every shape. Every partisan, and every partisan's partisan, was to be provided for ; and the whole loose and pauper mob who hang on the skirts of politics, were each to find a covering for his multitude of sins. To take the single instance of Sheridan himself ; he was to have the treasurership of the navy ; an office totally unfit for his careless habits. But this was not the limit ; his brother-in-law, Tickell, an idler, was to have a seat in parliament ; and his associate, Richardson, another

idler, was to have a commissionership of stamps. Who can regret that those caterpillars were shaken off the public tree; or that the objects of a party, which thus linked itself with avarice and intrigue, were defeated? The man must be fertile in tears who could grieve that an association for the purposes of plunder should be deprived of the public spoil; or that mercenaries should be stripped of the honours due only to patriotism and virtue.

CHAPTER IX.

The Prince's Marriage.

THE regency question drove the prince from politics. No experiment could have been more disheartening. Fond of popularity, he saw it crush his last hope; relying on the wisdom of his friends, he saw their councils ignominiously baffled, their connexion threatened by personal jealousy, and the great antagonist of both prince and party raised into undisputed power; while, attached to his royal father by duty, he found his personal conduct the object of reproof, and his defence answered only by more open displeasure.

The result was disastrous to himself, to the kingdom, and to the king. It abandoned him to pursuits still more obnoxious than those of public ambition. It encouraged his natural taste for those indulgences which, however common to wealth and rank, are in all their shapes hostile to the practical values and high-minded purposes of life; and it embarrassed his circumstances, until, pressed by creditors, and entangled by a multitude of nameless perplexities, he suffered himself to be urged into a marriage, formed

without respect or attachment, and endured in bitterness and vexation until its close.

It was said, that at this period a proposal was made to ministers by the prince to accept the viceroyalty of Ireland; a situation for which he would have been highly fitted, by his attachment to its people, and his general knowledge of its habits and interests: but the proposal, if ever made, was discountenanced. An application was next forwarded to the king for military rank: but the prince still remained a colonel of dragoons, while all his royal relatives were advanced to the highest stations of the service. Chagrined might not unnaturally have seized upon the mind of any man thus in early life stopped in all his efforts for distinction; and no trivial blame must fall upon the councils by which the heir of the crown was virtually consigned to either indolence or error.

For some years he abjured all appearance of political feeling. He received the nobility and public persons sumptuously; but with something like a determination to forget on what political side they ranged. He spent the chief part of his time at Brighton; came occasionally to Carlton House; signaled his presence by a ball or a dinner; and then, having done his share as a leader of the fashionable world, galloped back to Brighton, and amused himself with pursuits that cost less trouble.

Here he was not companionless, though the times had changed in which his table was the scene of the highest discussions of public life. With political hope the leading names of opposition had disappeared, and their places were filled up by individuals chiefly remarkable for their submission to the tastes of their royal entertainer, or their personal eccentricity. Occasionally guests of a higher rank appeared; and among those were the late Duke of Orleans, the Prince de Leury, and other foreign noblemen.

The Duke of Orleans had visited England some

years before, nominally on a tour of pleasure, but more probably by an order from the French cabinet, which had already suspected him of sowing disaffection in the court. He had been summoned back to France by an order of the king, after a few months' absence, and returned, laden with English fashions, and followed by a train of race-horses, English jockeys, and a whole travelling establishment; which he displayed, to the horror of the ancient *régime* of jackboots and diligences; to the infinite delight of the Parisians, who read liberty in this invasion of Newmarket caps and dock-tailed horses; and to the universal popularity of the *Anglomanie*, which in the Parisian intellect implied English bootmaking, betting, prize-fighting, and the constitution.

In return, the duke had assisted the prince with his knowledge of play; and considerable sums were lost at the Pavilion. From this, a transaction arose, in which, under the various names of a loan, a debt, and a present, the duke was said to have made an offer of a large sum to his royal highness: but the offer was finally declined, by the advice of Sheridan and the Duke of Portland.

In 1789 the duke visited England for the last time. France was exhibiting symptoms of disturbance, which made his presence hazardous to the court; and under the pretext of a mission from the king, he was ordered to leave Paris. But the national assembly were already kings of France, and their passport too was necessary. It was at length granted; with no slight astonishment that the leading regenerator should leave his country at the moment when she was on the wing, ascending to the third heaven of political perfection. But France had another race of kings, higher than even the national assembly, —the *poissardes* of Boulogne. Those legislators seized the royal envoy, nullified the king's commission on the spot, put his passport in their pockets, and marched him to the hotel, where they placed a

guard over him, until they should send a deputation from their own body to the national assembly. The deputation returned, bearing the national sanction. The fishwomen expressed themselves satisfied; the prisoner was let loose,—fortunate if he had been taught by this example the madness of popular license; and was received in London with great distinction by the prince and the chief nobility.

The bewildered career and unhappy fate of the Duke of Orleans are now matter of history. He was born in a hazardous time for a man of weak understanding, strong passions, and libertine principles.—The monarch but a grown child: the queen, estimable but imperious, full of Austrian “right divine,” and openly contemptuous of the people: the court jealous, feeble, and finding no resource for its weakness but in obsolete artifice and temporary expedient: the nobility a mass of haughty idlers, a hundred and twenty thousand gamblers and intriguers, public despisers of religion and the common moral obligations by which society is held together; chiefly poor, and living on the mendicant bounty of the court; worthless consumers of the fruits of the earth, yet monopolists of all situations of honour and emolument; and by their foolish pride in the most accidental of all distinctions, birth,—by their open meanness of solicitation for that last livelihood which a man of true dignity of mind would seek, a dependence on the public purse,—and by their utter uselessness for any purpose but that of filling up the ranks of the army,—rendered at once weary of themselves and odious to the nation. But beyond those central projecting points in the aspect of France, those fragments of the old system of the monarchy, the politician saw a wilderness of living waves, a boundless and sullen expanse of stormy passions, furious aspirations, daring ambition, and popular thirst of slaughter; a deluge, rising hourly round the final, desperate refuge of the state, and soon to overtop its last pinnacle.

But the Duke of Orleans was not to see this consummation. He returned to France; was seized by the men of liberty; condemned without a hearing by the votaries of immaculate justice; and murdered on the scaffold by the purifiers of the crimes of law-givers and kings.

The son of that duke has now peaceably ascended the magnificent throne which dazzled the ambition of his father. Whether France will long suffer a king, may be doubtful. But, while his claim is that of the national choice, entitled, by an exertion of extraordinary courage, justice, and moderation, to the disposal of the throne, we must rejoice that France has obtained a man of virtue, and that such a man should be endowed with so illustrious an opportunity of redeeming his name, and of spreading the benefits of wisdom and power to mankind.

A remarkable personage visited England at the same time, the Duc de Lauzun, the finished representative of the French noblesse of the higher order. Of great elegance of manners, and of striking talents, but utterly prodigal and unprincipled, he was the chevalier whom Grammont would have delighted to draw, if his pencil could have touched the man of fashion with a shade of republicanism. Lauzun remained only a few months in England; but a Frenchman is a rapid pupil, and in those months he became the most matchless specimen of the *Anglomanie* that had ever captivated the glance of Paris.

Yet one step more was necessary to perfection. He retired to Passy, a village in the suburbs, and there commenced philosopher. He had succeeded to the title of Biron, and was for a while the wonder of the pre-eminent sons of science and freedom, who enjoyed his classic banquets, and exulted in the arrival of the golden age. But the republic was now mounted on its car, and rushing, with fiery wheels, over the frontiers of rival states, and the necks of potentates and armies. Biron became an avowed

republican, was placed at the head of an army, fought and conquered; was suspected, was seized by the convention, and completed the course of a revolutionary general by dying on the scaffold.

He finished his career in the dramatic style of his country, *en héros*. Revolutionary justice suffered no stigma of the "law's delay;" and the ceremonial seldom consisted of more than the criminal's pronouncing his name, and the tribunal's ordering his execution. The scaffold followed the example of the tribunal, and the condemned were generally put to death within the next five minutes. In Biron's instance, there was the delay of a whole hour; and he used it to exhibit the epicurean ease which distinguished the wits and sages of the era.

On returning to his dungeon, he ordered oysters and white wine. While he was indulging over this final meal, the executioner entered, to tell him that "the law could wait no longer." "I beg a thousand pardons, my friend," said the duke; "but do me the honour to allow me to finish my oysters." The request was granted. "But I had forgot," observed Biron: "you will have something to do to-day, and a glass of wine will refresh you: permit me to fill one." The offer was graciously accepted. "Again, I had forgot," added the duke; "there is our mutual friend, the turnkey." The turnkey was called in; three glasses were filled; the three were drunk off—*à la santé*; and in a few minutes after, the head of this gay libertine, traitor, and philosopher was rolling on the scaffold.

The prince's marriage now became the national topic. The Duke of York had already been married some years,* but was still childless: and the king naturally anxious to see an undisputed succession, and leave his descendants masters of the throne, warmly urged the heir-apparent to select a wife

* October, 1791.

from the royal families of Europe; and thus give a pledge to the empire of that change of habits, and that compliance with the popular wish, which, in those days of revolution, might even be essential to the public safety.

No advice could have been more startling. His royal highness had often declared, that he would not give up "his free, unhoused condition" for any woman on earth: and he had even peculiarly turned to scorn those forms of princely marriages, which preclude previous knowledge on both sides; and avowed himself, in the plainest terms—a "rebel to royal matrimony."

But the embarrassment extended further than the princely breast. The first announcement of the possibility of his marriage threw the whole female world into confusion. Fashion trembled through all her thrones. In our present intangible state of female influence, it is hopeless to conceive the supremacy asserted by women of rank *forty* years ago. Even our novelists, with all their eagerness to give pungency to the manners of the great, can find nothing for public curiosity beyond the commonplace echo of an elopement, or the childish canvass for the *entrée* of a ball-room. Our journals, the "brief abstracts and chronicles of the time," represent all women in the higher circles as giving head and heart to the domestic purpose of securing opulent alliances, the matrons for their daughters, and the daughters for themselves. But the fashion of the last century was of another mould.

London then saw a constellation of female luminaries, any one of which would throw our modern stars into profound eclipse. Each had her peculiar source of homage. The Dutchess of Devonshire gave the most sumptuous entertainments, and by her elegance and accomplishment sustained a long reign. The Dutchess of Gordon, handsome in her youth, had become a *bel-esprit* when she ceased to be a

beauty ; and always said the cleverest, and often the keenest things, with the easiest air of any high-born wit since the days of him

“ Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.”

The Dutchess of Rutland, who, happily, still lives, and still gives evidence of that beauty which once made her the “ rose of the fair state ;” was then, by universal acknowledgment, the loveliest woman of the English court ; and completed the celebrated trio, to whom the first homage of every man who aspired to the praise of taste was paid, and of whom it was said in a popular epigram,—

Come, Paris, leave your hills and dells ;
You'll scorn your dowdy goddesses,
If once you see our English belles,
For all their gowns and boddices.

Here's Juno Devon, all sublime ;
Minerva Gordon's wit and eyes ;
Sweet Rutland, Venus in her prime :
You'll die before you give the prize.

The age of English poetry had perished, and we were to wait long for its revival. But, in the interval, every one wrote verses ; and the essential tribute to a reigning belle was a poetic panegyric upon her attractions. If an English beauty could have been overwhelmed, like Tarpeia, by her ornamental tributes ; the women of rank of the last century must have died under a superabundance of verse. Fortunately, nothing is more evanescent : but an ode by Sir Hercules Langrishe, a popular member of the Irish house of commons,—a favourite every where, and familiar with all that life has of the graceful and the gay, is among the surviving examples of this playful courtesy. The subject is not of the heroic order,—a gnat's stinging the lady.

TO HER GRACE THE DUTCHESS OF RUTLAND

As poor Anacreon bleeding lies
 From the first glance of Stella's eyes,
 Too weak to fly, too proud to yield,
 Or leave an undisputed field ;
 He rallies, rests upon his arms,
 And reconnoitres all her charms.
 Vainly he fancies, that by peeping
 Through all the beauties in her keeping,
 He may, in such a store, collect
 The healing balm of *one* defect,
 One feeble point, one faulty spot,
 By Nature's forming hand forgot,
 Or left, in mercy, a defence
 Against her soft omnipotence,
 Which spurns philosopher nor sage,
 Nor tender youth nor cautious age.
 He viewed her *stature* towering high,
 The liquid lustre of her *eye*,
 The rosy beauties of her *mouth*
 Diffusing sweetness like the south ;
 He viewed her whole array of charms,
 Her swan-like neck, her polished arms ;
 He looked through every rank and file,
 The look, the sigh, the grace, the smile.
 No advantageous pass was lost,
 No beauty sleeping on its post ;
 But all was order, all was force,—
 A look was victory of course.

At length an incident arose
 That flattered him with lesser woes :
 The bold intrusion of a fly
 Had closed the lustre of an eye,
 And given him hopes that, thus bereft
 Of half her splendour, what was left
 He might resist or else evade,
 Or cool his passion in the shade.
 But while he thrills beneath her glance,
 He sees another foe advance ;
 The *snowy arm's* sublime display
 Was raised to chase the cloud away
 He felt how frail is hope, how vain :
 The vanquished lustre came again ;
 The living ivory supplied
 The splendour which the eye denied.
 So Savoy's snowy hills arise,
 And pierce the clouds and touch the *skies*
 And scattering round the silver ray,
 Give added brightness to the day.

Thus disappointed in his dream
 Of imperfection in her frame,
 The lover ventures to explore
 One final, fond expedient more

" Must lovers' eyes be always blind,—
 Have I no refuge in her mind ?
 Can I no female error trace
 To heal the mischiefs of her face ;
 One tax, one countervailing duty,
 To balance her account of beauty ;
 One saving foible, bairny fault,
 One impropriety of thought,
 To lend its medicinal aid,
 And cure the wounds her eyes have mad

Presumptuous thought ! I viewed once
 The blaze that dazzled me before,
 And saw those very eyes impart
 A soul, that sharpened every dart,
 With every rich endowment fraught,
 The tender care, the generous thought,
 The sense of each exalted duty,
 The beauty that was more than beauty ;
 The wish, on every smile impress'd,
 To make *all* happy, and *one* blest !
 The whole was softness mixed with love
 The arrow feathered from the dove.

Finding no hope of safe retreat,
 I yield contented to my fate ;
 I unreluctant drag the chain
 And in the *passion* lose the *pain* ;
 Feel her sweet bondage all so light,
 Her fetters all so soft and bright,
 That, vain and vanquished, I must own
 I never wish to lay them down,
 Nor longer struggle to be free :
 Such chains are worth all liberty !

The announcement of a stranger, who was to be higher than the highest of those glittering and imperious rulers, produced a universal tumult. But there were others, of inferior rank and more disputable merits, who had deeper reasons for alarm, and public report gave them the discredit of a determined conspiracy against the peace and honour of the future Princess of Wales.

Even in the purer circle of the court, discussions arose which boded ill for her tranquillity. The king, who was much attached to his sister, the Dutchess of Brunswick, had proposed her daughter, the Princess Caroline Amelia Elizabeth ; and, in the first instance, had corresponded with the court of Bruns-

wick on the subject, where the prospect was contemplated with exultation. The queen, not less attached to the honour of her own connexions, had proposed her niece, Louisa Princess of Mecklenburg, afterward so distinguished and unfortunate as the Queen of Prussia. Yet there was still a third to be conciliated, more interested and more reluctant than either, the future husband. But he had a pressure upon him which no resolution can finally resist: he was overwhelmed with demands upon his income; his creditors were gathering round him again; that querulous and persevering eagerness for royal anecdote which had harassed so many of his earlier years, was again invading his private life with tenfold animosity; and at last, in an evil hour, he gave way, and suffered himself to be announced as the suitor of the Princess Caroline. The king immediately sent a formal intimation of his wishes to the court of Brunswick, and the marriage was decided on.

Still, every thing in this union seemed destined to be adverse. While the Duke and Dutchess of Brunswick were unmeasured in their delight at seeing the succession to the British throne in their family, and themselves the probable ancestors of a race of kings; the princess was said to exhibit no trivial dislike to the match. Among the innumerable rumours which float in the atmosphere of courts on such occasions, it must be difficult to detect the truth; but it was openly asserted, that she had already formed an attachment to an individual in the ducal service; and the following letter was published, purporting to be a declaration of her feelings to a German lady residing in England.

“You are aware of my destiny. I am about to be married to my cousin, the Prince of Wales. I esteem him for his generosity, and his letters bespeak a cultivated mind. My uncle is a good man, and I love him much; but I feel that I shall never be happy. Estranged from my connexions, friends

and all I hold dear, I am about to make a permanent connexion. I fear for the consequences.

"Yet I esteem and respect my future husband, and I hope for great kindness and attention. But, alas! I say sometimes, I cannot now love him with ardour. I am indifferent to my marriage, but not averse to it; but I fear my joy will not be enthusiastic. I am debarred from possessing the man of my choice, and I resign myself to my destiny. I am attentively studying the English language. I am acquainted with it, but I wish to speak it with fluency. I shall strive to make my husband happy, and to interest him in my favour, since the fates will have it that I am to be Princess of Wales."

Whether this letter be authentic or not, it is probable that it gives a true transcript of this unhappy princess's mind. The prince's perplexities, too, might be less public, but they were not less trying; and, by that strange balance which so much equalizes the variety of human condition, there were probably but few in England, even of "the waifs and strays of fortune," who would have had reason to envy the pomps and honours of two beings apparently placed on the golden summit of prosperity.

But the prince's natural good-humour soon returned, and he submitted to necessity like a philosopher. The princess's portrait had been sent to him, and he made a point of praising it. On one occasion, he showed it to an intimate friend, and asked, with some seriousness, "What he thought of it?" The answer was, "That it gave the idea of a very handsome woman." Some observations followed, in which the homely but expressive phrase of "buying a pig in a poke" happened to escape. "However," said the prince, after a pause, "Lennox and Fitzroy have seen her, and they tell me she is even handsomer than her miniature."

The newspapers, which, of course, collect much detail that naturally soon perishes, gave long ac-

counts of the royal marriage, and are still the best authorities for the public impression at the time. One of those says:—"The Princess of Brunswick, to whom his royal highness is shortly to give his hand, is twenty-five years of age; her person is very pleasing, and her accomplishments are exquisite.

"The first thought of the prince's nuptials originated some time ago with an exalted personage, who had the first interest in seeing the prince established; and it was accordingly hinted to him, but in so delicate a manner as to leave it entirely at his option. Juvenile pursuits at that time suspended all further discourse about it; till one day his royal highness, praising the person and accomplishments of the Princess Mary before the Duke of Clarence, the duke observed, she was very like the Princess of Brunswick, whom he had the honour of knowing and conversing much with. The prince grew more inquisitive upon the subject; and the duke so satisfied him in all particulars as to afford him the highest gratification.

"The affair seemingly dropped for this time; but on the morning of a late great gala at Windsor, he mentioned it to a great personage, who was delighted with the proposal; it was instantly communicated to the queen, who felt equal satisfaction: it was then agreed to keep the matter entirely out of the cabinet till it was in some train of forwardness, which was strictly complied with; and the first notice the ministers of state had of it, was an official notice to prepare for the embassy the forms, requisitions, &c.

"Presents and marriage favours, to a great amount, are preparing for the princesses, &c., as well as marks of his royal highness's remembrance to several persons of both sexes about the court.

"The Princess of Wales (we may now call her so) is esteemed one of the best harpsichord performers among the royal families on the continent.

The prince being passionately fond of music, *harmony* will of course be the order of the day.

“Carlton house is furnishing for the reception of the royal pair, with all possible magnificence and despatch. An estimate has been made of the whole; and our readers will form some idea of the expensive grandeur of this new establishment, when they are informed that the Princess of Wales's dressing room alone amounts to twenty-five thousand pounds.

“There has been made up, intended as a present from the Prince of Wales to the princess when she arrives, a most magnificent cap, on which is a plume in imitation of his highness's crest, studded with brilliants, which play backwards and forwards in the same manner as feathers, and have a most beautiful effect. It is now at a banker's in Pall Mall, carefully locked up.

“The betrothed consort of the Prince of Wales is of a middling stature, and remarkably elegant in her person. Her appearance at court is majestic, but accompanied with a sweetness and affability of manners which rivet the admiration of all who behold her. Her eyes are intelligent, her countenance highly animated, and her teeth white and regular. Her hair, of which she has an amazing quantity, is of a light auburn colour, and appears always dressed in a simple but elegant style. Her taste in every part of dress is equally graceful; so that there is no doubt but she will, on her arrival in this country, be the standard of fashionable dress and elegance.”

The king's speech at the opening of the session of 1795, gave the first official knowledge of the intended marriage.

“I have,” said his majesty, “the greatest satisfaction in announcing to you the happy event of the conclusion of a treaty of marriage of my son, the Prince of Wales, with the Princess Caroline, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick. The constant proofs of your affection for my person and family persuade

me that you will participate in the sentiments I feel on an occasion so dear to my domestic happiness and that you will enable me to make provision for such an establishment as you may think suitable to the rank and dignity of the heir-apparent to the crown of these kingdoms."

The princess at length left Brunswick, attended by an escort, and the principal persons of the court.—Those who were inclined to discover the future omens, found ill fortune predicted in every point of her journey. It was commenced in the depth of winter; and within a few days was stopped by the sudden indisposition of the Dutchess of Brunswick, who had intended to accompany her daughter to the shore. The embarkation was to have taken place at Helvoetsluys; but before the princess could reach Osnaburg, it was announced to her that her route must be changed, as the fleet had left the Dutch coast. She then had no resource but to take up her abode in Hanover. At last, on the arrival of the squadron off Cuxhaven, she embarked,* after having spent three months of a German winter on her journey. Even her voyage was a specimen of the inclemency of our climate; and fogs, billows, and gales were her first salutation to the British shore.

The princess arrived at Greenwich on Sunday at noon;† and the virtue of the congregations was said to have been severely tried by the shouts and tumult in the streets. In some instances curiosity overcame decorum, and the preacher was left with a thinned audience. After a short stay at the house of the governor, Sir Hugh Palliser, the princess proceeded to London, attended by her ladies, and among the rest Lady Jersey! The roads and bridges were covered with people, who received her with acclamations; and in this species of triumphal entry she passed along until she reached her apartments at St. James's. The Prince of Wales, always observant of courtesy, waited on her

* March 28 '7

† April 5

instantly, with all the visible ardour of a lover, complimented her on her arrival, her appearance, and her knowledge of English, and asked permission to dine with her. In the evening the royal family visited her, and the king was animated in his congratulations. The party did not break up till near midnight. It was the English family party which his majesty loved; and his honest and hospitable joy communicated itself to all round him.

Among princes, the hopes and fears of the passions are brief; and his royal highness had but three days for romance; for, on the third* from the arrival of the princess, he was summoned to St. James's to be married!

The ceremony had every adjunct of royal magnificence: the bride came, covered with jewels, with a diamond coronet on her brow, and attended by four daughters of nobility as bridemaids, Lady Mary Osborne, Lady Charlotte Spencer, Lady Caroline Villiers, and Lady Charlotte Legge. The prince next appeared, in the collar of the garter, and attended by two unmarried dukes, Bedford and Roxburgh.—Through the whole ceremony the king's gratification was palpable. He peculiarly attended to the bride; and when the archbishop asked the usual question, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" his majesty went hastily forward to the princess, and taking her hand in both his, affectionately gave her to her husband.

But another ceremonial of a sterner nature was to come. The prince had acceded to the royal commands, on a promise that his debts should be discharged. The king's natural and becoming wish to see a change in the habits of his heir, the peculiar importance of rescuing royalty from public imputation in a period when the revolutionary spirit was seeking offence against all thrones, and the humane

* April 8.

necessity of relieving the multitude of creditors who might be ruined by delay, had urged him to the promise. The statement of the debt was laid upon the table of the house of commons. It was formidable.

Debt on various securities, and bearing interest	1500,571	19	1
Tradesmen's bills unpaid	89,745	0	0
Tradesmen's bills and arrears of establishment, from 10th of Oct. 1794, to April 5th, 1795	52,573	5	3
	<hr/>		
	1642,890	4	4

The only palliative of this expenditure is, that his royal highness knew but little of its extravagance, and had probably not so much actual enjoyment of it as many an English gentleman with a tenth of his income. He was surrounded by individuals whose interest it was to keep him in the dark relative to his own affairs; in his rank, he could scarcely be expected to inquire very deeply into household details, or to scrutinize tradesmen's bills; and those to whom the duty naturally fell, had sagacity enough in their own objects to take care that even if he had scrutinized them, he should have been not the less plundered. One instance of this system of wholesale spoliation may serve as an example of the rest: his farrier's bill, for horse medicine and shoeing, was 40,000*l.*

The condition on which the prince had yielded to the royal will was now to be performed; and the proposal for liquidating his debts was ushered in by one of the minister's ablest speeches.* The king had sent a message to the legislature, calling on it to enable him to form an establishment for the newly married pair; but adding, that the first point was to relieve the prince from his embarrassments, as until then he could derive no advantage from the settlement. The message stated also, that the only mode

* April 27, 1795

which the king contemplated of paying the debt was, by deducting a portion of the prince's proposed income, and by handing over the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall for a certain period for the use of the creditors; finally, a pledge was to be given against all future recurrence of debt.

The measure was necessary; but no time could have been more unfortunate for the demand. The nation was fretted with the failures of the French war, and was doubly irritated at the taxes which every session imposed; angry opinions on government had been eagerly spread through the nation; the imbecility of the Bourbons was made a charge against all sovereigns; the daring doctrines, seconded by the memorable military successes, of the new republic, were already influencing opinion in all countries; and England seemed on the verge of some great and fatal change. The prince's embarrassments now gave a new topic to the declaimers, and the debates in the house were long and acrimonious. On the motion for the committee on the message, a formidable array of the county members appeared in opposition; and Stanley, member for Lancashire, adverted in strong terms to the former message, in 1787, and the promises then made relative to the prince's obligations. But there was no remedy; and the minister, with whatever reluctance, was compelled to persevere.

The heads of the proposed establishment were—

Annual income of the prince, exclusive of the dutchy of Cornwall, to be raised to	1125,000
Jewels and plate for the marriage	28,000
For finishing Carlton House	26,000

The revenue of the dutchy was 13,000*l.* The accumulation during the prince's minority, from 1763 to 1783, was 233,764*l.*; and for the liquidation of the debt, a sum of 78,000*l.* a-year was to be appropriated. To this proposal were appended clauses providing

for the future punctual discharge of the arrears, and for making over Carlton House to the crown, with the furniture, as an heir-loom. A jointure of 50,000*l.* a-year was settled on the princess.

The discussion continued nearly three months before the public, and during the whole time the feelings of party within and without the house were in a perpetual ferment. The Duke of Clarence, who had seldom taken a share in the debates, attracted public notice by the generosity and boldness with which he adopted the cause of the innocent sufferer, the Princess of Wales.

“Whatever may be thought,” said he, “of the stipulations for the payment of the debts, there is at least one individual who ought not to be exposed to this harsh and stern inquisition,—a lovely and amiable woman, torn from her family; for though her mother is his majesty’s sister, she must still be said to be torn from her family, by being suddenly separated from all her early connexions. What must her feelings be, from finding her reception in this country followed by such circumstances, when she had a right to expect every thing befitting her rank, and the exalted station to which she was called?”

The princess herself, unused to inquiries into the conduct of courts, was alternately indignant and dejected, declaring, that “she would rather live on bread and water in a cottage, than have the character and conduct of the royal family, and especially of her husband, thus severely investigated.” Opposition, disheartened by perpetual defeat, was now almost reduced to Fox and Sheridan; who, however with more than their usual prudence, pointed out the only way of rational extrication; and with even more than their usual boldness, assailed higher authority than that of ministers. But Sheridan, animated by every motive that could kindle his passions or his genius,—attachment to the prince, vexation at the turn of fortune which had cast him immeasurably

beyond the hope of public honours, and the still stronger offence of being charged with sharing the plunder of the prince's income, eclipsed himself. The house was kept in a state of unwearied admiration by the brilliant variety of powers which this extraordinary man displayed night after night; in the midst of a life of that alternate embarrassment and excess, dreamy indolence and exhausting luxury,—that ague of the mind, which most rapidly exhausts and emasculates the intellectual frame.

The fragments of those speeches which still remain can only do injury to the reputation of the great orator. Yet, shattered as they are, they now and then exhibit some trace of the master hand.

“I disdain,” said he, “all this trifling and quibbling with the common sense of the nation. Let the people not be deceived by our taking the money out of their pockets as a royal income, and paying it back as a royal debt. To-night it is not my intention to vote either way. This seems to surprise some gentlemen opposite; but, to those who make up their minds on all questions *before they come into the house!* some surprise may be natural at my not making up my mind after I am in it.

“The debt *must* be paid immediately, for the dignity of the country and the situation of the prince. He must not be seen rolling about the streets as an insolvent prodigal. But the public must not be burdened with the pressure of a hair, in affording him that relief.

“In the course of these discussions, gentlemen have applied strong language to the conduct of an illustrious prince. But there are *other high and illustrious* characters, who, in future discussions, must be told as plainly what the public have a right to expect from them, and what their conduct ought to have been on the present occasion, however ungracious the task may be.”

The plan in Sheridan's contemplation was, that an

advance should be made from the privy purses of the king and queen, and that the incomes of the sinecure places should be thrown in.

“The king’s privy purse was 60,000*l.*, the queen’s 50,000*l.*; and all their houses and paraphernalia were now finished and furnished. The first and most natural feeling of a parent would be to make some sacrifice to retrieve the imprudence of a son.” He then pounced upon the sinecures;—“places which add to neither the dignity of the crown nor its strength. Let a committee of trustees be appointed, in whom might be placed the sinecure revenues after the death of their present holders. Posterity would look back with gratitude to the arrangement, and with wonder that such places ever existed. This would be the way to make our constitution stable, and to prevent the wild system of Jacobinism from undermining or overturning it. While we were spilling our blood and wasting our money in support of continental monarchy, this would be a rational resource; and prove that monarchy, or those employed under it, could show examples of self-denial, and do something for the benefit of the people. This would add lustre to the crown; unless, indeed, ministers might think that it shone with lustre in proportion to the gloom that surrounded it, and that *a king is magnificent as his subjects become miserable!*

—“There is one class who love the constitution, but do not love its abuses. There is another who love it, with all its abuses. But there is a third, a large and interested party, among whom I do not hesitate to place his majesty’s ministers, who love it, for nothing but its abuses! But let the house, the best part of our constitution, consider its own honour. Let us destroy the sinecures. Let us build the dignity of the prince on the ruins of idleness and corruption, and not on the toils of the industrious poor, who must see their loss *decreased* by the discharge of his encumbrances.”

To the charge of sharing in the prince's expenditure he gave the most distinct denial. "He had never accepted any thing, not so much as a present of a horse. He scorned the imputation, and would leave it to defeat itself." He repulsed with quick sarcasm the attacks made on him in the course of the debates by the minor antagonists, who had rashly volunteered this proof of their ministerial devotion. Colonel Fullarton had said, in a long and desultory speech, that the prince's councils were *secretly* guided by Sheridan. After contemptuously retorting the charge,—“I, the secret counsellor of the prince! I have never given his royal highness a syllable of advice, in which I did not wish it were possible to have the king standing on one side, and the people of England on the other;” he proceeded to repay the colonel:—

“As to certain portions of the honourable gentleman's speech, some of the sentences, I actually believe, no gentleman in this house understood, nor could understand; and the only solution of the problem is, that somebody must have advised him to prepare a speech against what he conjectured *might* be said to-night. He had rifled the English language to find out proverbs and trite sayings; and had so richly enveloped his meaning in metaphor, and embellished it with such colouring, as to render it totally unintelligible to meaner capacities.”

Rolle had called him to order. He did not escape. Sheridan told him, “that he was not at all surprised to hear himself called to order by that honourable gentleman; but he should have been very much surprised to hear *any reason* for the call from that honourable gentleman.” Even to Pitt, who had, on one occasion, made no other reply to his speech than moving to adjourn, he flung down the glove.—“I make no comment on the indecency of moving to adjourn, when the public relief is the topic. To desire the gentlemen on the opposite side to make

provision for the prince by a reduction of useless places, would be to amerce themselves. For my part, I never thought them capable of any folly of the kind."

The prince at length interposed, and by Anstruther, his solicitor-general, sent a message to the house, declaring "his acquiescence in any arrangements which it might deem proper with respect to his income, and its appropriation to the payment of his debts. He was perfectly disposed to make any abatement in his personal establishment that was considered necessary." The princess coincided in the message; and the proceedings were closed by three bills.* The 1st. For preventing future Princes of Wales from incurring debts. The 2d. For granting an establishment to the prince. And the 3d. For the princess's jointure. Commissioners were next appointed for the examination of the debts. The creditors were paid by debentures, with interest on their claims; and the term of nine years was fixed for the final payment. Many of the claims were rejected as groundless, many were largely reduced as exorbitant, and a per centage was taken off the whole. Thus ended a proceeding in which the minister's sagacity had failed of satisfying the nation, the creditors, or the prince. Sheridan's advice would have led to a course more generous and more popular. The debt ought not to have been brought before the nation.

* June 24th, 1795.

CHAPTER X.

The Royal Separation.

IN the period of the prince's retirement, before and after his marriage, several incidents occurred which brought him, from time to time, into the presence of the public. Some of them exhibited that want of caution which was the source of his chief vexations through life; but all bore the redeeming character of his original good-nature.

Prize-fighting had become a popular, and even a fashionable amusement, by the patronage of the nobility and the Duke of Cumberland. Brutal as the habit is, and inevitably tending to barbarize the people, it was for a while considered a peculiar feature of British manliness. The prince adopted this patriotic exhibition, and was honoured accordingly; but one display, at which a wretched man was beaten to death before his face, gave him so effectual an impression of championship, that, with honest indignation, he declared "he would never be present at such a scene of murder again."

The Lennox duel not less exhibited his good feeling. The offence received by the irritable colonel was of the most trivial nature. The attempt on the life of the son of his king, and who might himself yet be his king, was a public crime; and if Colonel Lennox had killed the Duke of York, nothing but the mercy of that duke's grieved parent could have saved him from an ignominious death. But the result was fortunately bloodless, and the king seemed to think it a matter of etiquette to overlook the crime. But the Prince of Wales was unable to

restrain his feelings; and on the first meeting with Colonel Lennox at court, he expressed his displeasure in the most pointed manner, consistent with the presence of royalty.*

The transaction with Jefferys, the well-known jeweller, was one of those instances which made the prince's connexion with Mrs. Fitzherbert so perpetual a source of disaster. Nothing could be more trifling than the transaction itself—a loan of 1600*l.*, which was repaid at the promised time; but the circumstances under which it was borrowed,—to save Mrs. Fitzherbert from an immediate process at law by a creditor, who refused to look upon her in any other light than “as a woman of no rank or consideration in the eye of the law, as to personal privilege;” in other words, who was prepared to throw public contempt upon the tie by which the lady professed to be bound to his royal highness;—at once gave great pain to the prince, and supplied a topic of peculiar scandal to his enemies.

Jefferys was obviously a person unfit for royal confidence. The prince had thanked him, in his good-natured language, for the service; and the jeweller's vanity was instantly inflamed into the most extravagant expectations of patronage. The prince

* The story was thus told in the newspapers. Col. Lennox, to the surprise of every one, had appeared at the ball given at St. James's on the king's birth-day (1789). “The colonel stood up in the country dance with Lady Catherine Barnard. The prince, who danced with his sister, the princess royal, was so far down the set, that the colonel and Lady Catherine were the next couple. The prince paused, looked at the colonel, took his partner's hand, and led her to the bottom of the dance. The Duke of Clarence followed his example; but the Duke of York made no distinction between the colonel and the other gentlemen of the party. When the colonel and his partner had danced down the set, the prince again took his sister's hand and led her to a seat. Observing this, the queen approached the prince, and said, ‘You are heated, sir, and tired. I had better leave the apartment and put an end to the dance.’ ‘I am heated,’ replied the prince, ‘and tired, not with dancing, but with a portion of the company;’ and emphatically added, ‘I certainly never will countenance an insult offered to my family, however it may be regarded by others.’ The prince's natural gallantry next day offered the necessary apology to Lady Catherine Barnard, and he ‘regretted that he should have caused her a moment's embarrassment.’”

was as destitute of power as any gentleman in the kingdom; but he gave him all that he could give, the order for the marriage jewels, which amounted to 64,000*l.* Jefferys had, in the mean time, followed his fortunes in other ways: he had become a member of parliament, Coventry having the honour to return him; and he had at length thrown up trade, and become a solicitor for place. The commissioners for the payment of the prince's debts attempted to deduct ten per cent. from his bill for the jewels. But this he resisted, and, by the help of Erskine, obtained a verdict in Westminster Hall for the full amount; which, however, he complained, was but partly paid. Thus he continued for years, pamphleteering, and appealing to the prince for compensation which he had no power to give, and forcing the royal name before the public in the most perplexing and unfortunate manner.*

The royal marriage was inauspicious; and it was soon rumoured, that the disagreements of habit and temper, on both sides, were too strong to give any hope of their being reconciled. Of an alliance contracted with predilections for others existing in the minds of both parties, the disunion was easily foreseen; a partial separation took place, and the tongue of scandal availed itself fully of all its opportunities.

* The prince's sale of his stud, and retirement from Newmarket, was a public topic for some time. This whole affair also is almost too trifling for record.—A horse belonging to his stud ran ill on one day, when heavy bets had been laid upon his winning. But he ran well on the next day, when heavy bets had been laid on his losing. Chifney, the jockey, was immediately assailed by the losers on both occasions, as having plundered them; but he made an affidavit that he had won only 20*l.* The Jockey Club sat in judgment on the case, and disbelieving the jockey, ordered that he should ride there no more. The prince, believing him, looked on the decision as an injustice to his servant, and as an offence to himself: he instantly withdrew from the course; and feeling for the state to which Chifney must be reduced, gave him a yearly allowance. It was impossible to believe that the prince had been privy to the trick, if trick there were. The charge was soon and totally abandoned.

Lady Jersey has been so distinctly charged with taking an insidious share in this separation, and with personal motives for taking that share, that the public voice must be acquiesced in, peculiarly as no defence was offered by herself or her husband. The charges were repeated with every aggravation, yet those noble persons suffered them to make their unobstructed way through society; much more to the scorn than to the surprise of the country.

The princess had no hesitation in requiring Lady Jersey's dismissal from the household. Her first demand was that this woman should not be suffered to appear at the table, when the prince was not present. The request was not complied with. The princess next applied to the king. His majesty immediately interfered, and directed that Lady Jersey should "come no more into waiting," and should be given up. Half of this order was complied with: her ladyship was dismissed from her waiting; but she was not given up.

Never was there a more speaking lesson to the dissipations of men of rank, than the prince's involvements. While he was thus wearied with the attempt to extricate himself from Lady Jersey's irritations, another claimant came; Mrs. Fitzherbert was again in the field. Whatever might be her rights,—since the royal marriage, at least—the right of a wife could not be included among them; but her demands were not the less embarrassing. A large pension, a handsome outfit, and a costly mansion in Park Lane, at length reconciled her to life; and his royal highness had the delight of being hampered with three women at a time, two of them prodigal, and totally past the day of attraction, even if attraction could have been an excuse, and the third complaining of neglects, which brought upon him and his two old women a storm of censure and ridicule. But the whole narrative is painful, and cannot be too hastily passed over.

On the 7th of January, 1796, the Princess Charlotte was born. The usual officers of state were in attendance, and the prince was in the state chamber, awaiting the event with great anxiety. The royal infant was christened, on the 11th of February, at St. James's, receiving the names of Charlotte from the queen, and of Augusta from the Dutchess of Brunswick; the sponsors were their majesties, with the princess royal as proxy for the dutchess.

A considerable number of addresses from public bodies were presented on this fortunate occasion. But the corporation of London contrived to take offence at his royal highness's expressing that, from the reduction of his establishment, he must be content with receiving a copy of their address, instead of the deputation.

Birch, one of the common council, moved, upon this, "That the court could not, consistently with its dignity, suffer the compliment to be paid otherwise than in the usual form." The prince sent for the lord mayor, and stated, in apology, his reasons for the refusal. The city was considered to have pushed punctilio as far as it could go: for the congratulations of the two houses of parliament had been already presented in private on the same ground,—the state of the prince's household.

During the dissensions of Carlton House, the king paid the most marked civilities to the Princess of Wales, visited her frequently, made her presents, wrote letters to her, and on all occasions evinced his determination to protect her under the difficulties of her circumstances. But, unfortunately, she was totally deficient in prudence: a violent temper and a feeble understanding laid her at the mercy of the female intriguers who surrounded her, with the two-fold malice of personal rivalry and defeated ambition. In defiance of all warnings, she still spoke with open scorn of all whom she suspected of conspiring against her; and there were few whom she did not

suspect. Her opinions even of the royal family were highly sarcastic, and she had the folly to put those opinions on paper, in her correspondence with the court of Brunswick.

At length a whole packet of those angry communications was unaccounted for. They had been intrusted to a Dr. Randolph, a clergyman, who was going to Germany; and they never reached their intended destination. But it was equally clear that they had reached another; and the princess publicly declared that they had been intercepted by Lady Jersey, for the purpose of being scattered among the royal family. Dr. Randolph was, of course implicated in the charge; but the Doctor had no more to say than that, having changed his mind as to his German journey, he had returned the letters to the princess by the usual Brighton conveyance. The inquiry was hotly urged by the public, with the strongest expressions of perfidy, corruption, and intrigue against the parties; until Lady Jersey tardily attempted to vindicate herself at the Dr.'s expense, by the following letter:—

“ *Pall Mall.*

“ SIR,—The newspapers being full of accusations of my having opened a letter either to or from her royal highness the Princess of Wales, and as I cannot in any way account for what can have given rise to such a story, excepting the loss of those letters with which you were intrusted last summer, I must entreat that you will state the whole transaction, and publish the account in the newspapers you may think fit. Her royal highness having told me, at the time when my inquiries at Brighton, and yours in London, proved ineffectual, that she did not care about the letters, they being only letters of form, the whole business made so little impression on me, that I do not even recollect in what month I had the pleasure of seeing you at Brighton. I think you will agree

with me, that defending myself from the charge of opening a letter, is pretty much the same thing as if I were to prove that I had not picked a pocket; yet, in this case, I believe it may be of some use to show upon what grounds so extraordinary a calumny is founded. As I cannot wish to leave any mystery upon this affair, you are at liberty to publish this letter if you think proper to do so."

The matchless equanimity with which husbands of rank sometimes listen to domestic imputations, which would rouse humbler men into a burst of honest resentment, may be among the privileges of their condition; but Lord Jersey, at length, seemed to have made the discovery that a wife's reputation has something to do with a husband's honour; and his lordship came forward in the correspondence with the harassed doctor.

"SIR,—Lady Jersey wrote to you early in the last week, requesting that a full statement from you of all that passed relating to the packet of letters belonging to her royal highness the Princess of Wales, might appear in public print. To that letter she has received no answer from you, nor have I learned that any such publication has appeared. The delay I have been willing to attribute to accident: but it now becomes *my duty* to call upon you, and I do require it of you, that an explicit narrative may be laid before the public: it is a justice she is entitled to, a justice *Lady Jersey's character* claims, and which she has, and which you have acknowledged she has a right to demand at your hands. Your silence upon this occasion I shall consider as countenancing that calumny which the false representations of the business have so shamefully and unjustly drawn upon Lady Jersey. I am, &c."

Dr. Randolph finally came before the general

tribunal as a contributor to this singular exhibition; and discussed the matter, in a letter to her ladyship in full form.

“MADAM,

* * * * *

“I need not recall to your ladyship’s recollection the interview I had with the princess at Brighton: when she delivered to me the packet in question, all her attendants in waiting were, I believe, present, and the conversation generally turned upon the various branches of her august family, and the alteration I should find in them after an absence of ten years. This interview, if I am not mistaken, took place on the 13th of August; and after waiting by her royal highness’s desire till the 14th, when the prince was expected from Windsor, to know if he had any commands to honour me with, I had no sooner received from Mr. Churchill his royal highness’s answer than I departed for London, with the intention of proceeding to Yarmouth.

“On my arrival in town, finding some very unpleasant accounts of the state of Mrs. R.’s health, I took the liberty of signifying the occurrence to her royal highness, annexing to it at the same time a wish to defer my journey for the present, and that her royal highness would permit me to return the packet, or allow me to consign it to the care of a friend who was going into Germany, and would see it safely delivered. To this I received, through your ladyship, a most gracious message from her royal highness, requesting me by all means to lay aside my intentions, and return the packet. In consequence of such orders, I immediately went to Carlton House, to inform myself by what conveyance the letters and parcels were usually sent to Brighton, and was told that no servant was employed, but that every day they were, together with the newspapers, committed to the charge of the Brighton post-coach from

the Golden Cross, Charing Cross. On the subsequent morning, therefore, I attended at the Golden Cross, previous to the departure of the coach, and having first seen it regularly booked, delivered my parcel, enclosing the princess's packet, addressed to your ladyship at the Pavilion. Immediately afterward I set out for Bath, and had scarcely been a fortnight at home, when, to my surprise and mortification, I received the following letter from your ladyship, dated Brighton, Sept. 1 :—

“SIR,—In consequence of your letter, I have had her royal highness the Princess of Wales's commands to desire, that as you did not go to Brunswick, you should return the packet which she had given you. I wrote accordingly, about a fortnight ago. Her royal highness not having received the packet, is uneasy about it, and desires you to inform me how you sent the letters to her, and where they were directed. If left at Carlton House, pray call there, and make some inquiries respecting them.’

“To which letter of your ladyship I then returned the following answer :—

“MADAM,—I know not when I have been more seriously concerned than at the receipt of your ladyship's letter, which was forwarded to me this morning. The morning I left town, which was on the 20th of August, I went to the Brighton post-coach, which I was told at Carlton House was the usual conveyance of the princess's papers and packets, and booked a parcel, addressed to your ladyship, at the Pavilion, enclosing the letters of her royal highness. I have sent to a friend in London by this night's post, to trace the business ; and will request your ladyship, to let your servants call at the Ship, the inn I believe the coach drives to at Brighton, to make inquiry there, and to examine the bill of parcels for Thurs-

day, the 20th August. If this prove not successful, I shall hold it my duty to return to town, and pursue the discovery myself. I shall not be easy till the packet is delivered safe; and trusting that this will soon be the case, I remain, &c."

Public animadversion was inflicted with equal severity on all the individuals concerned in this luckless intrigue. The doctor was sternly asked—how he could have treated the trust of a person of the distinction, and under the peculiar circumstances, of the princess, with such apparent *nonchalance*? Why, at the easy distance of London from Brighton, he had not thought proper to restore the letters to her own hands? Why he had lingered so long in offering his explanation, when the first and most natural impulse of any man publicly lying under so stinging a charge, would have been to cast it from him without a moment's delay, and never desist until his vindication was complete, and the charge was substantiated against the true criminals? Finally, it was demanded, why the people at the coach-office were not brought forward to show what had actually become of the packet, and into whose hands at Brighton it had been delivered?

Lady Jersey was asked—how she could have suffered so long a period as from the 20th of August to the 4th of September to elapse without making any inquiry for the fate of a packet which she was told was to be returned, which was directed to herself, and which it was her duty to see delivered to the princess? The total improbability of its being lost was argued from the usual care in those matters, and from the attention that would be naturally paid to packets for the royal household.

But here discovery closed; the only clear fact being, that the letters never returned to the writer. Her royal highness could scarcely be supposed to preserve silence on a subject which, however inno-

cent. had so much the air of infamy. Her indignation was unbounded; she pronounced that there was but one name of scorn for all the agents; and unhesitatingly declared that, from circumstances, and even phrases, which elapsed in conversation, her correspondence must have been betrayed by some malignant individual into the hands of her enemies.

His majesty, with that kindness which formed so large a portion of his character, made one attempt more to put an end to those painful disputes; but the highest life is, in essentials, like the lowest; and the hazard of interfering in matrimonial differences, even though the mediator were a king, was palpably shown in the still wider alienation of the parties. After a short period a separation was proposed by the prince, and the princess expressed her readiness to accede to the measure, with only the added condition, that the separation should be *perpetual*. To this his royal highness finally agreed, in the following note:—

“MADAM,—As Lord Cholmondeley informs me that you wish I should define, in writing, the terms upon which we are to live, I shall endeavour to explain myself upon that head with as much clearness and with as much propriety as the nature of the subject will admit. Our inclinations are not in our power; nor should either of us be held answerable to the other, because nature has not made us suitable to each other. Tranquil and comfortable society is, however, in our power; let our intercourse, therefore, be restricted to that, and I will distinctly subscribe to the condition which you required, through Lady Cholmondeley,—that even in the event of any accident happening to my daughter, which I trust Providence in its mercy will avert, I shall not infringe the terms of the restriction by proposing, at any period, a connexion of a more particular nature. I shall

now finally close this disagreeable correspondence, trusting that, as we have completely explained ourselves to each other, the rest of our lives will be passed in undisturbed tranquillity.

“ I am, Madam, with great truth,

“ Very sincerely yours,

“ GEORGE P.

“ *Windsor Castle, April 30, 1796.*”

To this communication, the princess, after some interval, replied:—

“ SIR,—The avowal of your conversation with Lord Cholmondeley neither surprises nor offends me; it merely confirmed what you have tacitly insinuated for this twelvemonth. But after this, it would be a want of delicacy, or rather an unworthy meanness, in me, were I to complain of those conditions which you impose upon yourself. I should have returned no answer to your letter, if it had not been conceived in terms to make it doubtful whether this arrangement proceeds from you or from me. You are aware that the honour of it belongs to you alone. The letter which you announce to me as the last, obliges me to communicate to the king, as to my sovereign and my father, both your avowal and my answer. You will find enclosed a copy of my letter to the king. I apprize you of it, that I may not incur the slightest reproach of duplicity from you. As I have at this moment no protector but his majesty, I refer myself solely to him on this subject; and if my conduct meet his approbation, I shall be, in some degree at least, consoled. I retain every sentiment of gratitude for the situation in which I find myself, as Princess of Wales, enabled by your means to indulge in the free exercise of a virtue dear to my heart—charity. It will be my duty, likewise, to act upon another motive—that of giving an example of patience and resignation under every trial.

“ Do me the justice to believe that I shall never cease to pray for your happiness, and to be, your much devoted

“ CAROLINE.

“ *May 6, 1796.*”

The king still interposed his good intentions, and desired that the princess should, at least, reside under the same roof with her husband. She had apartments in Carlton House, while the prince spent his time chiefly at Brighton. But Charlton, a village near Blackheath, was finally fixed on for her residence; and there, with the Princess Charlotte, and some ladies in attendance, she lived for several years.

In this whole transaction the prince was culpable. With habits of life totally opposite to those of domestic happiness, he had married for convenience; and, the bond once contracted, he had broken it for convenience again. Following the fatal example of those by whom he was only betrayed, he had disregarded the obligations fixed upon him by one of the most important and sacred rites of society and religion; and without any of those attempts “to bear and forbear,” and to endure the frailties of temper as well as the chances of fortune, which he had vowed at the altar, he cast away his duties as a toy of which he was tired; and thus ultimately rendered himself guilty of every error and degradation of the unhappy woman whom he had abandoned.

After a seclusion of ten years, the princess came again before the world. In 1804, her royal husband had insisted on the necessity of withdrawing the Princess Charlotte from her superintendance; but the king was prompt in exhibiting his protection, and, after some correspondence, he took the guardianship upon himself.

But the rumours which had produced this discussion at length assumed shape in more formidable charges, which the prince, by the advice of Lord

Thurlow, imbodyed and laid before his majesty. A committee,* consisting of Lords Erskine, Grenville, Spencer, and Ellenborough, examined the papers; which accused the princess of guilty intercourse with the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, Captain Manby, Sir Sidney Smith, and others; but stating Sir Sidney to be the father of a child by her.

The report of the committee fully exculpated her royal highness of crime, simply objecting—"carelessness of appearances," and "levity" in the instance of certain individuals. The king upon this declared her conduct clear, and ordered a prosecution for perjury to be instituted against Lady Douglas, the wife of an officer of marines, who had taken advantage of her hospitality to excite suspicions which might have brought the princess to the scaffold. The child was fully proved to be the son of a poor woman of the name of Austin, in Blackheath. Lady Douglas was covered with obloquy; and her husband, who appears to have been passive on the occasion, was so deeply affected by the public scorn that he was said to have died of a broken heart.

His majesty carried on the triumphant vindication to the last; gave the princess apartments in Kensington palace, and directed that she should be received at court with peculiar attention. She appeared at the next birth-day; and so strong was the national feeling, even in those ranks where it is etiquette to suppress emotion, that as her royal highness passed through the crowd she was received with a universal clapping of hands!

Fortunate for her, if that day had taught her the safety of confiding herself and her cause to a generous people; doubly fortunate for her, if she had for ever shunned the contamination of that foreign residence, and those foreign manners, which are alike pestilent to the honour of man and the virtue of woman.

* May 29, 1806.

CHAPTER XI.

The French Revolution.

THE French Revolution was the offspring of infidelity. The tyranny of Louis the Fourteenth, one of those monarchs whom Providence gives in its wrath to nations destined to fall, had expelled Protestantism by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1683. The first punishment of this act of consummate treachery was a general war, which broke down the military character of France, extinguished its alliances, devastated its provinces, and sent the gray hairs of the persecutor to the grave, loaded with useless remorse, with the scorn of his people, and the universal disdain of Europe.

But the sterner punishment was to come, in the degeneracy of the national religion. From the hour in which Protestantism was exiled, the Gallican church ran a race of precipitate corruption. It had lost the great check; and it cast away at once its remaining morals, and its literature. The Jansenists, a feeble reflection of Calvinism, were assailed by the Jesuits, the concentrated subtlety and fierceness of popery. But the struggle between the domineering and the weak always excites the sympathy of man; and the whole intelligent body of France were summoned by the contest to examine into the rights of both: they were found equally groundless. The arguments of the Jesuits were the dungeon and the sword. The arguments of the Jansenists were pretended miracles, the hysteric follies of nuns, and the artificial enthusiasm of hirelings and impostors. Common sense turned from both the controversialists with equal scorn.

The Jesuits finally trampled down their adversaries ; but they had scarcely time to feel their triumph when ruin fell upon themselves. Their ambition had prompted them to the lofty insolence of mastering the thrones of Europe. Conspiracy and assassination were the means. Kings at length took the alarm ; and by a simultaneous resolution the Jesuits were overthrown, amid the general rejoicing of mankind.

But when the national eye was no longer distracted by the minor conflict of the sects, it was raised with new-born astonishment to the enormous fabric of the Gallican church itself. All France suddenly rang with one uproar of scorn and abhorrence at the inordinate power, the shameless corruption, the contemptible fictions, and the repulsive mummeries of the establishment. Like the prophet, the people had been led within the curtains of the dark chambers, and seen the secret abominations of the shrine ; but not with the righteous indignation of the prophet, but with the malignant joy of accusers who triumphed in their power of blackening all religion with the smoke of its abuses, they proclaimed the discovery to the world.

It is not to be forgotten, as an illustration of one of the greatest moral truths, that the French church found that guilt is weakness. It was utterly unequal to face the day of peril. It still had, hung up in its halls, the whole consecrated armour in which it once defied the hostility of kings and people, the sword with which it had cloven down the diadem, and the shield with which it had blunted, for ages, every lance of the chivalry of freedom. But the nerve and muscle that might have borne them were long withered by indolence and vice. The "falchion of Scanderbeg was there, but where was the arm of Scanderbeg?" The merciless warrior was now the "lean and slippered pantaloon;" while his assailant had started up from the serf into the strong-limbed savage.

wild with insolent revenge, and ravening for blood and plunder.

It is among the most memorable facts of intellectual decline, that of the forty thousand clergy of France, not one man of conspicuous ability was roused by the imminent danger of his church. Like a flock of sheep, they relied on their numbers; and the infidel drove them before him like a flock of sheep. While the battlements of their gigantic church were rocking in every blast, there was no sign of manly precaution, none of generous self-exposure for the common cause, and scarcely any even of that wise suspicion which is the strength of the weak. They took it for granted that the church would last their time, and were comforted.

The pride of the day was distinction in literature; but the whole ecclesiastical body of France saw the race run, without an effort for the prize. They sat wrapped in their old recollections, on the benches of the amphitheatre, and looked on, without alarm, while a new generation of mankind were trying their athletic limbs, and stimulating their young ambition, in the arena where they had once been unrivalled. Raynal, and the few clerics who distinguished themselves by authorship, were avowed deists or atheists; and ostentatious of their complete, if not contemptuous, separation from the establishment.

The last light of ecclesiastical literature had glimmered from the cells of Port Royal; but, with the fall of the Jansenists, "middle and utter darkness" came. During half a century no work of public utility, none of popular estimation, none of genius, none which evinced loftiness of spirit, vigour of understanding, or depth of knowledge had been produced by a churchman.

The consequence was inevitable and fatal. The old awe of the church's power was changed into contempt for its understanding. Ten thousand rents

were made in the fabric, still they let no light upon the voluntary slumberers within. The revolutionary roarechoed through all its chambers, but it stirred no champion of the altar. The high ecclesiastics relied upon their connexion with the court, their rank, and the formal homage of their officials; shields of gossamer against the pike and firebrand of the people. The inferior priesthood, consigned to obscurity, shrank in their villages into cumberers of the earth, or were irritated into rebels. The feeble contracted themselves within the drowsy round of their prescribed duties; the daring brooded over the national discontents and their own, until they heard the trumpet sounding to every angry heart and form of ill in France, and came forth, a gloomy and desperate tribe, trampling their images and altars under foot, and waving the torch in the front of the grand insurrection.

The partition of Poland, in 1773, had insulted the public honour and the Christian feeling of Europe. No act of ambition had ever sprung more directly from the spontaneous evil of the human heart. The destruction of an impotent throne, and the havoc of a helpless nation, were destitute of all the ordinary pretexts of state necessity. The country poor, the people half barbarian, the government already powerless for all objects of aggression, Poland had long been incapable of giving rise to fear; but it excited the deadliest and most unrelenting passion of all that make a serpent's nest of the human heart—covetousness. Prussia, Russia, and Austria entered into the foulest conspiracy against a nation on record, and tore Poland limb from limb. But while the blood of her unfortunate people was still red upon their hands, they were to be punished by the aggression of a power unheard of in the history of vengeance, the impetuous power of popular phrensy; France, bursting from her old dungeon, and wild, furious, and revengeful as ever was unchained madness,—at

once inflicting agonies on herself, and destruction on all in her path,—was let loose against them, a naked shape of evil, brandishing its fetters, and spreading terror and desolation through the world.

Christianity was maligned for the guilt of the royal conspirators against Poland. But the three were open infidels; Frederic from his selfishness and perfidy, Catherine from her personal profligacy, and Joseph from his frigid metaphysics and perhaps disordered mind. But the charge came in the exact time to give the last sting to the growing hostility of the continent against sceptre and shrine. The short interval of quiet that followed the partition was only a preparative for that accumulation of calamity which France was to bring upon mankind; a cataract of living fire, checked on its height for the moment, only to rush down with irresistible ruin.

France first cleared herself of the encumbrances of her government and priesthood; tore to the earth palace and monastery, château and chapel; mowed down, with a desperate hand, her nobles and her clergy, and tossed their remnants to all the winds of heaven; and then sent out her fourteen armies to lay waste every surrounding state; the new Saracens of Europe, carrying their doctrine at the sword's point, and demanding that all should be converts or captives,—republicanism the policy and the religion of mankind.

It was in no presumptuous desire to guide the wrath of Heaven, that men looked for some terrible retribution on the conspirators against Poland; nor was it without that awe, in which the religious mind listens while the thunders of eternal justice are rolling above the world, that they saw a providential vengeance in the prostration of the three guilty kingdoms; in the fugitive monarchs, broken armies, and subjugated capitals of Prussia, Russia, and Austria. But the work bore all the evidences that establish to the human understanding the agency of

a mightier will than of man,—the sudden perplexity of counsel—the sudden disunion of interests—the defeat without a cause—the loss of the race to the swift, and of the battle to the strong; while, on the side of France, all the elements of ruin seemed to assume a new nature, and coalesce into strength and victory. Rude ignorance did the work of knowledge; national bankruptcy, of wealth; insubordination, wild as the waves, was more vigorous than discipline; and the general upbreking of society, the sword at the throat, the scaffold in the streets, famine and feud, unhoused beggary, and the hideousness of civil bloodshed, combined and shaped themselves into a colossal power, that had but to advance its foot against the strongest bulwarks of the continent, and see them crumble into dust and ashes.

The conduct of England in this great crisis was worthy of her virtue and her wisdom. For some years, a large mass of the people had seen nothing in the progress of the revolution but an advance to rational freedom. The fall of the Bastile was, unquestionably, an achievement honourable to young liberty; for, with a Bastile still frowning over him, no man could feel himself in the possession of those rights, without which the highest station of life is but a more conspicuous slavery. But when France plunged from legitimate victory into the guiltiest license,—when she mixed the cup of freedom with blood, and, not content with intoxicating herself with the draught, offered it to the lip of the base and sanguinary in all nations; then England disdained the alliance, interposed her strength between the ferocity of the republic and human nature, and stood in the breach for the cause of God and man!

The declaration of war was one of those decided measures by which the character of the English minister was stamped for boldness and sagacity.

He had not rashly solicited it; and now, when its expediency was clear, he prepared for it with all the resources of his great mind. He long had more than sufficient grounds to justify the sternest retaliation on the republic; seizures of ships, confiscations of property, and those innumerable minor injuries to the allies of England, which power in the hands of the mean loves to commit against the helpless. But the open effort to excite rebellion within the realm; the affiliated societies, the correspondence with the crowd of demagogues, whose obscurity did not disgust the haughty embrace of republicanism, high as it held itself above the kings of Europe; and, more than all, the pledge to revolutionize the world, were unanswerable justifications of hostility.

At length, the unprovoked attack on Holland, an ally whom we were bound to protect, and whose fall would supply a fleet and a station for invading the British Isles, compelled the decision between a hazardous war and a dishonourable submission. The choice was no longer doubtful; war was proclaimed in the midst of national exultation. And the first blow that was struck transmuted the popular discontent into the generous sympathy of Englishmen with the public cause. England purified herself every moment more and more from the principles of republicanism, and she found the way of honour the way of safety. The great pirate that had hoisted the signal of rapine and slaughter against all nations, shrank from an encounter with her stately force; roved the globe for easier spoil; and when, at last, in its vanity and arrogance, it came fairly into conflict with her, found itself crushed by her first broadside.

In 1803, it was announced to the French army that England was to be invaded. An immense force was marched to the shores of the Channel, fleets were collected—transports were built—and, to make

victory secure in the eyes of the soldier, the tutelar genius of France, the son of Fortune, Napoleon the "invincible," was to take the command. In the preparations for military triumph, civil benevolence too was not forgotten. The forms of the republic still lived among the fond recollections of the French slave. Napoleon himself was but a Jacobin upon a throne; and the consummate charm was given to the plan of invasion, by the promise of a republican constitution on the model of the days of Robespierre. England was to acquire new opulence from general confiscation, liberty from French free-quarters, and regeneration from universal chains. Of this republic, Sir Francis Burdett had the burlesque honour to be, in the judgment of Napoleon, "the fittest man in England" to fill the presidential chair!

But nothing less than miracle will ever make a foreigner, and of all foreigners a Frenchman, capable of understanding the English character. Foreign life is essentially theatrical; the streets are a transcript of the stage. There must be, in all things, a false vividness, an abruptness, an artificial force; or life and the business of life loses its interest in the national eye. The sober vigour and noiseless resolution of the Englishman would be looked upon as altogether loss by the foreign craving for perpetual excitement; and Napoleon made but the common mistake of his subjects, in conceiving that men could not love their country without harangues, and civic processions, and triumphal arches, and the fopperies of heroes and patriots glittering in the paint and tinsel of the stage.

But in England, if an insane passion for republicanism had ever existed, it had now been cooled by experience; or its chief exhibitors had been wisely and indignantly sent, by the national justice, where they could harm nothing but themselves. Rebellion had been stripped and shorn; and could now show its head only to bring down the ridicule

of the empire. Even the race of the *philosophers* had dwindled away, from the bold clamourers against every wholesome institution of the country, and every natural feeling of the human heart, into a meager muster of clubbists, the pauperism of literature, giving symptoms of existence only by some obscure production, to which even the virulence of its principles could no longer attract the general eye. But while those men and their followers were ejected, like culprits driven to some barren shore to glean their subsistence from the defying soil and inclement sky, and dream of future luxury and revenge in the wilderness; the power and cultivation of the great empire that had cast them out were rising to their height. A succession of unexampled naval victories at once showed where the true defence of England lay, and spread the national glory through the world. The British fleet solved the famous problem of the ancient legislators,—“How to make a state a conqueror, without making the conqueror itself a slave.” In all the ancient and modern governments, the soldier had recoiled upon his country, and overwhelmed the citizen. But the national and peculiar force of England precluded all hazard to national freedom, while it bore the most irresistible force against the enemy. Victory followed the career of the British fleet, upon her broadest wing.

But the war had done more than show the intrepidity of our fleets and armies; it had effected the still nobler service of totally separating the British mind from the pollutions of the continent: even the imitations of foreign manners had become obsolete; the fantastic coxcombry that has been again introduced among us by the degenerate portion of our higher ranks, and those diplomatic loungers who wear out their languid and contemptible existence in awkward attempts to attain the ease of foreign profligacy, was then to be suffered no longer: the con-

duit for the flow of French and Italian mountebankism into England was cut off. Those un-English specimens of travel, who had plagued and infested the nation for a century, who

———“ Had wandered Europe round,
And gathered every vice on Christian ground,—
Seen every court, heard every king declare
His royal sense of operas, and the fair,”

were laughed out of society,—were consigned, like the tawdry suits of the past age, to the dust and moths, of which alone they were worthy; the *monde perruquière*, as Voltaire named them, were brushed away before the foot of a manly generation, and England was herself again.

But if Napoleon miscalculated the feelings of the British people, no man could have more rapidly furnished himself with the means of discovering his error. The taunt of invasion showed him of what materials the English mind was made; its grave love of country, its patient courage, its solemn and generous conviction how much better it is to die in arms than live a slave. The taunt was as the sound of a trumpet to the empire: the whole population offered itself as one man: all professions, all classes, men of all diversities of political opinion, were prepared with the sacrifice of their lives. Five hundred thousand volunteers came forward in arms, ready to be followed by ten times the number, if a foreign foot had dared to insult the shore. And in this most magnificent exhibition of the strength of freedom, there was nothing that could degrade the scene. In the popular consciousness of irresistible power, there was no alloy of popular violence; no insubordination in a countless host, whose will must have been law; no bitterness against rank, where the force was gathered from the humblest conditions of society; no attempt at national spoil; no political clamour, where the voice of the infinite multitude

might have instantly overwhelmed the voice of the constitution. The reason was, that the heart was sincere. The cause of their free country was at once the impulse, the guide, and the deliverance. they followed it, as the tribes followed the fiery pillar in the wilderness; and giving themselves wholly to its high leading, they passed triumphantly through straits and dangers among which no other people could tread and live.

The volunteer corps were chiefly headed by the gentlemen and nobles of highest consideration in their neighbourhood. Among the crowd of public persons, Pitt was colonel of the Cinque Port volunteers; and the Duke of Clarence commanded a corps near his seat, Bushy, to whom he made a Spartan speech:—"My friends, wherever our duty calls, I will go with you, fight with you, and never come back without you!" The Prince of Wales took a peculiar interest in this little band, and presented it with a pair of colours, which he gave with a feeling and animated compliment to their loyalty and discipline.

But in this national crisis he justly felt that the people required something more than approval, from a prince in the prime of life, and who had the first interest in the defence of the throne. He had, long before this period, felt the offence of being thrown into the background, while all his relatives were in the front, and occupying high opportunities of public service. He now again applied for some military rank which would enable him to stand prominently before the public eye, and show that he too had the heart of an Englishman.

But his request was not to be granted. It is difficult to conceive the political grounds of this refusal. The popular feeling demanded that the prince should exhibit a portion of that manliness which was then glowing in the breast of every subject of the empire. Compliance would have given an additional grace to

royalty, in its day of trial; it would have supplied the prince with a motive for generous and patriotic exertions, which might have restored the old ties between him and the higher classes of the English mind; and if actual public danger were to be encountered, it must have assisted the general cause, by ability and ardour which awaited only the occasion to distinguish themselves. The prince, even in the luxury of his life, had made himself master of the details of military science to an unusual degree. No colonel in the service kept his regiment in higher discipline; no officer could manœuvre a regiment better; and it was acknowledged, among military men, that there were few finer displays than that of a field-day of the corps, with the prince at their head.

The remark of a distinguished general officer, who was on the ground on one of those occasions, was, "that no adjutant of ten years' standing could have done it better in every point." The prince was fond of military reading: he was acquainted with the chief authorities on the science; and he had often declared, that if he had his choice among all the ways of serving his country, it would have been to serve her as a soldier. He even went further; and it was the opinion of those who were admitted to his confidence, that if the alternative lay between the succession to the throne and a military command, he would then have gladly given up the crown for the sword. But even in this cherished and natural desire, he was to have another instance of the mortifications that were to pursue him through life.

He first made his proposal, through Mr. Addington, in the following manly letter:—

"July 18, 1803.

"SIR,—When it was officially announced to the parliament that the avowed object of the enemy was a descent on these kingdoms, it became obvious that the circumstances of the times required a voluntarv

tender of our services. Animated by the same spirit which pervaded the nation at large, conscious of the duties which I owed to his majesty and the country I seized the earliest opportunity to express my desire of undertaking the responsibility of a military command. I neither did nor do presume on supposed talents, as entitling me to such an appointment; my chief pretensions are founded on a sense of those advantages which my example might produce to the state, by exciting the loyal energies of the nation, and a knowledge of the expectations which the public have a right to form, as to the personal exertions of their princes at a moment like the present. The more elevated my situation, in so much the efforts of zeal should become greater. I can never forget that I have solemn obligations imposed upon me by my birth, and that I should ever show myself foremost in contributing to the preservation of the country. No event of my life can compensate me for the misfortune of not participating in the honours and dangers which await the brave men destined to oppose the invader."

This letter remained unanswered. After a week, the prince repeated his proposal, with an expression of surprise at the minister's neglect. Mr. Addington's answer was a brief note, that the prince was referred to his majesty's refusal of similar applications in former years; and that his majesty's opinion being fixed, no further mention could be made to him on the subject.

The minister had now discharged himself of the responsibility; but his royal highness felt that he had a public interest in making a still higher appeal; and he submitted his claims to the king, in the letter from which an extract is given:—

* * * * *

"I ask to be allowed to display the best energies of my character, to shed the last drop of my blood

in support of your majesty's person, crown, and dignity; for this is not a war for empire, glory, or dominion, but for existence. In this contest, the lowest and humblest of your majesty's subjects have been called on; it would, therefore, little become me, who am the first, and who stand at the very footstool of the throne, to remain a tame, an idle, and a lifeless spectator of the mischiefs which threaten us, unconscious of the dangers which surround us, and indifferent to the consequences which may follow. Hanover is lost, England is menaced with invasion, Ireland is in rebellion, Europe is at the foot of France.

“At such a moment, the Prince of Wales, yielding to none of your subjects in duty,—to none of your children in tenderness and affection,—presumes to approach you, and again to repeat those offers which he has already made through your majesty's ministers. A feeling of honest ambition, a sense of what I owe to myself and my family, and, above all, the fear of sinking in the estimation of that gallant army which may be the support of your majesty's crown and my best hope hereafter, command me to persevere, and to assure your majesty, with all humility and respect, that, conscious of the justice of my claim, no human power can ever induce me to relinquish it. Allow me to say, sir, that I am bound to adopt this line of conduct by every motive dear to me as a man, and sacred to me as a prince. Ought I not to come forward in a moment of unexampled difficulty and danger? Ought I not to share in the glory of victory, when I have everything to lose by defeat? The highest places in your majesty's service are filled by the younger branches of the royal family; to me alone no place is assigned; I am not thought worthy to be even the junior major-general of your army.

“If I could submit in silence to such indignities I should, indeed, deserve such treatment, and prove, to the satisfaction of your enemies, and my own

that I am entirely incapable of those exertions which my birth and the circumstances of the times peculiarly call for. Standing so near the throne, when I am debased, the cause of royalty is wounded. I cannot sink in public opinion, without the participation of your majesty in my degradation; therefore, every motive of private feeling and public duty induces me to implore your majesty to review your decision, and to place me in that situation which my birth, the duties of my station, the example of my predecessors, and the expectations of the people of England, entitle me to claim."

Public attention had been strongly fixed on the prince during the progress of this transaction; and from the innumerable rumours which were propagated by his friends and enemies, it became of importance to him, that he should be enabled to bring his whole conduct on the occasion before the empire. The king, at least, gave him no cause to complain of delay. Nothing could be more prompt, nor more peremptory, than his majesty's answer:—

"MY DEAR SON,—Though I applaud your zeal and spirit, in which I trust no one can suppose any of my family wanting, yet, considering the repeated declarations I have made of my determination on your former applications to the same purpose, I had flattered myself to have heard no further on the subject. Should the implacable enemy succeed so far as to land, you will have an opportunity of showing your zeal at the head of your regiment. It will be the duty of every man to stand forward on such an occasion; and I shall certainly think it mine to set an example, in defence of every thing that is dear to me and my people.

"I ever remain, my dear son.

"Your most affectionate father,

"GEORGE R."

Application was thenceforth at an end; but the prince addressed a strong vindication of his motives to his majesty; and after some correspondence with the Duke of York, whom he had hastily conceived to be the king's adviser on the occasion, and a remonstrance on his being omitted in a list of military promotions towards the close of the year, he at length submitted to a necessity which perhaps no subject in the empire could have felt with more pain. A final note to the minister put this offended feeling in the strongest light. The reports of invasion had been loudly renewed, at a time when the prince was known to be preparing to spend the winter at Brighton, a point which must have been considerably exposed, in the event of an enemy's force being off the coast. Mr. Addington* wrote a few lines to beg that the journey might be delayed. The answer was spirited, soldierlike, and indignant.

“SIR,—By your grounding your letter to me on intelligence which has just reached you, I apprehend you allude to information leading you to expect some attempt on the part of the enemy. My wish to accommodate myself to any thing which you represent as material to the public service, would of course make me desirous to comply with your request:—

“But if there be reason to imagine that invasion will take place directly, I am *bound by the king's precise order*, and by that honest zeal which is *not allowed any fitter sphere for its action*, to hasten *instantly to my regiment*. If I learn that my construction of the word intelligence is right, I shall deem it necessary to repair instantly to Brighton.”

In England there can be but few state secrets, and this correspondence soon made its way to the jour-

* October 23.

nals. The debate, on moving for a committee on the defence of the country, introduced the prince's name; when Tyrwhitt, one of his household, defended him from the possible charge of reluctance, by stating the nature of his applications to the throne. The debate, though with closed doors, was immediately made public; and the correspondence thus announced appeared in a few days.

No sufficient light has been hitherto thrown on this inveterate rejection of his royal highness's services. The personal safety of the heir-apparent could not have been the object; for, at the head of his regiment, he would probably have only taken a more exposed share in the struggle. Constitutional maxims could scarcely have interfered; for the prince neither desired to obtain an extensive command, nor, if he had, was the authority of the Duke of York to be superseded, but by the express determination of the king. But no parliamentary torture could force the secret from the minister. The only reply which he made to Fox's angry demands, and to the strong expressions of curiosity on the part of the legislature, was the old ministerial formula of defiance: "Nothing less than the *united* authority of the house, and the direct commands of the king, should compel him to say another word upon the subject." The true cause was probably the king's personal displeasure, originating in his royal highness's conduct to the princess. The unhappy connexion with Mrs. Fitzherbert had continued; and was, as it had begun, a perpetual source of embarrassment to the prince, of regret to the empire, and of offence to the king. While this contumely to English feeling was daily offered, there could be no complete reconciliation between a father who felt himself not more the guardian of the public rights than of the public morality, and a son who exhibited himself in the most conspicuous point of view as an offender against the great bond of society,—

that rite to which, above all the institutions of human wisdom, a hallowed sanction has been given, and whose disregard has been universally the forerunner of national decay, as its purity and honour have been the unfailing pledges of national virtue, prosperity, and freedom.

CHAPTER XII.

Parliament.

THE age of parliamentary greatness was going down. Burke, Pitt, and Fox successively disappeared; and men looked no longer to parliament for the old noble displays of the highest ability, exerted in the highest cause. All the forms of panegyric have been so long lavished on the memory of those illustrious statesmen, that praise would be now alike impotent and unnecessary. Their rank is fixed beyond change. It is the inseparable characteristic of the fame of those who are made for immortal remembrance, that time, which decays and darkens all fabricated renown, has no power over the true; or rather, that it purifies and brightens the natural grandeur and lustre of the master mind. The tumult, the hot and misty confusion of actual life, often distort the great luminary; and it is only when years allow us leisure to look upward, when another face of the world is offered to the heavens, and the orb has emerged from the vapours of our day, that we can see it in its glory.

But time, like death, does even more than exalt and purify. By breaking the direct link between the man of genius and his country, it gives him an illustrious communion with all countries. The

poet, the orator, and the hero are no longer the dwellers of a fragment of the globe ; they belong to the human race in all its boundaries ; the covering of this world's clay thrown off, their renown and their powers are, like their own nature, spiritualized ; they have passed out of, and above, the world ; and from their immortal height they bear healing and splendour on their wings, for all lands and all generations.

Burke died in his 68th year,* with the calmness that belonged to a life in which he had never done intentional evil to a human being, and had done all the good that the finest qualities of head and heart could do to his country. His decline had been gradual, and he was fully aware that his hour was at hand. He had desired a paper of Addison's to be read to him ; talked for some time on the perilous aspect of public affairs ; and then gave directions for his funeral. Finding himself suddenly grow feeble, he expressed a wish to be carried to his bed and as the attendants were conveying him to it, sank down in their arms, and expired without a groan.

Pitt died in his 47th year,† First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. An illness which had confined him for some period, four years before, had left him in a state of comparative debility. The infinite labour of office, on his return to power, still more enfeebled a frame not naturally strong ; and the total overthrow of the Austrian armies at Ulm and Austerlitz, threatening the disruption of those alliances which it had been his pride to form, and on whose firmness depended the safety of Europe, probably increased the depression of disease. His nervous system was at length so completely deranged, that for some weeks he was unable to sleep. His hereditary gout returned ; and after struggling with water on the chest, he expired. By

* July 26, 1797

† At Putney, Jan. 23, 1806.

a vote of the house of commons, his funeral was at the public expense; and a monument was erected to him in Westminster Abbey.

Fox died in his 58th year.* He had reached the prize for which he had been labouring through life; and was, at last, prime minister.† But it came only to escape from his hand. The fatigues of office were too incessant for a frame unused to labour. He appears to have had some presentiment of this speedy termination of his existence. On hearing of his great rival's death; "Pitt," said he, "has gone in January, perhaps I may go in June." It happened, by a curious coincidence, that his disorder, a dropsy, exhibited its first dangerous symptoms in June. In the middle of that month he was forced to discontinue his attendance in parliament. About the middle of the following month he became unable to consult with his colleagues. And, after the usual efforts of the physicians to relieve him, at the end of August he fell into a state of languor, which continued until he died.

It is remarkable, that the happiest period of Fox's life was that which, on ordinary principles, might be expected to prove the most painful—his retirement from the house of commons. If ever man was born for the boldest struggles of popular life, it was he. For almost half a century of the most brilliant, yet the most difficult, time of England, he was foremost in the popular gaze. His element was the legislature. Yet we see him quietly turn from the house without a remonstrance, and perhaps without a sigh; begin a new career, and with books, his garden, and the occasional society of a few personal friends, forget ambition. This is an evidence of more than intellectual vigour. Of all the qualities

* At Chiswick, Sept. 13, 1806.

† Lord Grenville, as First Lord of the Treasury, had the nominal rank; but Fox, though only Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had the real one

of public men, the rarest is magnanimity. The histories of fallen statesmen are generally only histories of the miserable decrepitude of human nature, vanity wounded to the core, and trying to salve itself by mean regrets, or meaner accusations, or, meanest of all, by licking the dust of the trampler's feet, and being content to creep up into influence again—to reach by reptilism a reptile's power.

On the Continent, an overthrown statesman is generally like an overthrown child; he weeps, he tears his hair, he exclaims against every thing round him, he is undone! When Neckar was dismissed by Louis the Sixteenth, no language could equal his despair. He was still the most popular man in France, and one of the most opulent. But the loss of his *porte-feuille*; the departed vision of bowing clerks; the solitude of his hotel, no longer a levee of the courtiers, whom he professed to despise, and whom no man had gone further to ruin; broke down the financial sovereign of France into a discharged menial; and his delicious villa on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, surrounded by every charm of earth and sky, a magnificence of nature that seems given to inspire grandeur into the human mind, was a dungeon to the cashiered minister.

Neckar's is but one instance of the thousand. Even among the more composed manners of English life, the loss of public occupation has been often followed by the loss of mental dignity; and its general result has been either a worthless lassitude, or an eager and dishonourable compromise of principle. But Fox gave up the leadership of opposition, a rank fully equal to the ministerial, in the popular estimate; and seems to have settled down to the simplest occupations of a country life, and planted his flowers, and pruned his trees, and made his playful verses, and carried his musket as a private in the Chertsey volunteers, with as much composure as if he had never tasted the delightful draught of fame,

nor soared among the fiery temptations of popular supremacy.

On the failure of Lord Grey's hopeless motion for reform, in 1797, Fox expressed his determination of withdrawing from parliament. This measure may have been in some degree a dereliction of public duty; but it was probably adopted with the idea of forcing the nation to take some decided step against the ministry. It failed; for he had miscalculated the public attachment to Pitt; and he thenceforth remained tranquilly in his solitude; realizing at St. Ann's Hill, a small demesne near London, the life which Horace has so felicitously sketched for himself, and which, since his day, has been the dream of so many accomplished and weary minds; the leisure, the choice literature, and the "pleasing oblivion" of the cares of life. Here he renewed his knowledge of the classics, conquered Italian, and began Spanish. But the peace of Amiens opened France once more; and Fox, making a pretext to himself of collecting authorities on the History of the Stuarts, but, more probably, with the common desire to see the changes wrought by the revolution, went to Paris.

He was received with extraordinary civilities by all ranks; but the chief feature of his visit, and the only one that can interest us now, was his intercourse with the "First Consul." It is difficult to know whether Napoleon formed a just conception of Fox but it is evident that Fox formed, at least in the beginning, a curiously untrue one of Napoleon. Immediately on his appearance in the crowd at the Tuileries, the first consul singled him out, and held a marked conversation with him. "There are in the world," said this disposer of the fates of empires, "but two nations, the one inhabiting the east, and the other the west. The English, French, Germans, Italians, &c. &c., under the same civil code, having the same manners, the same habits, and almost the same religion, are all members of the same family.

The men who would wish to light up again the flame of war among them wish for civil war." He concluded by a compliment to him, as the distinguished friend of peace.

Fox dined with him on the same day; and the conversation turned on the trial by jury, of which Napoleon could not bring himself to approve,—“it was so Gothic, cumbrous, and might be so *inconvenient* to a government.” Fox, with honest John Bullism, told him, that “the *inconvenience* was the very thing for which he liked it.”

But, startling as those military opinions of justice between man and man might be, Napoleon succeeded in impressing a very high idea even of his heart; and if we are to rely upon reported conversations at the time, Fox declared that—“the first consul of France was as magnificent in his *means* as in his ends; that he possessed a most decided character, and that his views were *not* directed against Great Britain, but against the Continent; that his commercial enmity was but a *temporary* measure, and was never intended to be acted upon as a *permanent policy*; and that he had a *proud candour!* which, in the confidence of success in whatever he resolved, *scorned to conceal its intentions.*” “I never saw,” said he, “*so little indirectness* in any statesman as in the first consul. He makes no secret of his designs.”

The sparkling sentences and oracular maxims of Napoleon, the novelty of the bulletin-style, had evidently imposed on his good-natured guest; and such, by universal acknowledgment, was his brilliancy and force in conversation, that the only hope of detecting the artifice was in removing to a distance from the deceiver. But Fox enjoyed an early and a complete opportunity of rectifying his opinions on this most subtle of men. He had scarcely entered the whig cabinet, when he found himself entangled in a mock negotiation; saw the negotiation dexterously protracted until all things were ripe for the ruin of

Prussia ; and then saw Napoleon and Talleyrand fly together from Paris to the ruin, leaving his bewildered ambassador to be laughed at by Europe.*

Fox's death closed the era of parliamentary eloquence. There have been able and animated speakers since ; but there are few examples of that lofty and original mastery of the understanding and the passions, which characterized the public speaking of that distinguished time : while to the speeches of Fox, Pitt, Burke, and Sheridan, we still go for the study of the art, for the highest principles of eloquence illustrated by the highest examples. Of the comparative powers of those remarkable men, the general impression among their contemporaries was,—that Fox stood in the foremost rank, as a debater. His capacity, his manner, and his language were *parliamentary*, in an exclusive and unequalled degree. Pitt and Burke must have been eminent in any assembly of any age or nation, where the human intellect was to be kindled and charmed by power of thought and language. A Greek or a Roman audience would have listened to either with admiration, and owned the influence of their flow and grandeur ; but Fox was made for England, and peculiarly for the parliament of England.

Innumerable panegyrics on his public abilities appeared immediately after his death. But by far the closest and most critical was given by Lord Erskine, at a distance of time which precluded the immediate influence of partiality, and which allowed full leisure to compare the illustrious dead with all of surviving excellence. The whole passage itself deserves to

* One of the plagues of popularity was felt by Fox in the applications of the French artists to take his likeness. Medalists, sculptors, and painters haunted him perpetually, with all the odd vehemence of the national character. One sculptor had persecuted him to sit for a statue. Fox at last inquired whether the sitting would put him to any inconvenience. "None whatever," said the Frenchman ; "you must only take off your shirt and sit naked, till you are modelled !"

be treasured, as an honour equally to Fox and Erskine.

“ This extraordinary person, generally, in rising to speak, had evidently no more premeditated the particular language he should employ, nor, frequently, the illustrations and images by which he should discuss and enforce his subject, than he had contemplated the hour he was to die. And his exalted merit as a debater in parliament did not, therefore, consist in the length, variety, or roundness of his periods, but in the truth and vigour of his conceptions; in the depth and extent of his information; in the retentive powers of his memory, which enabled him to keep in constant view, not only all that he had formerly read and reflected on, but every thing said at the moment, and even at other times, by the various persons whose arguments he was to answer; in the faculty of spreading out his matter so clearly to the grasp of his own mind, as to render it impossible he should ever fail in the utmost clearness and distinctness to others; in the exuberant fertility of his imagination, which spontaneously brought forth his ideas at the moment, in every possible shape in which the understanding might sit in judgment on them; while, instead of seeking afterward to enforce them by cold premeditated illustrations or by episodes, which, however beautiful, only distract attention, he was accustomed to repass his subject, not *methodically*, but in the most unforeseen and fascinating review, enlightening every part of it; and binding even his adversaries in a kind of spell of involuntary assent for the time.

* * * * *

“ This will be found more particularly to apply to his speeches upon sudden and unforeseen occasions, when certainly nothing could be more interesting and extraordinary than to witness, as I have often done, the mighty and unprepared efforts of his mind, when he had to encounter the arguments of some

profound reasoner, who had deeply considered his subject, and arranged it with all possible art, to preserve its parts unbroken. To hear him begin on such occasions, without method, without any kind of exertion, without the smallest impulse from the desire of distinction or triumph, and animated only by the honest sense of duty; an audience who knew him not, would have expected little success from the conflict; as little as a traveller in the East, while trembling at a buffalo in the wild vigour of its well-protected strength, would have looked to its immediate destruction, when he saw the boa moving slowly and inertly towards him on the grass. But Fox, unlike the serpent in every thing but his strength, always taking his station in some fixed, invulnerable principles, soon surrounded and entangled his adversary, disjoining every member of his discourse, and strangling him in the irresistible folds of truth.

“This intellectual superiority, by which my illustrious friend was so eminently distinguished, might nevertheless have existed in all its strength, without raising him to the exalted station he held as a public speaker. The powers of the understanding are not of themselves sufficient for this high purpose. Intellect alone, however exalted, without *strong feelings*, without even irritable sensibility, would be only like an immense magazine of gunpowder, if there were no such element as fire in the natural world. It is *the heart* which is the spring and fountain of eloquence. A cold-blooded learned man might, for any thing I know, compose in his closet an eloquent book; but in public discourse, arising out of sudden occasions, he could, by no possibility, be eloquent.

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“It has been said, that he was frequently careless of the language in which he expressed himself; but I can neither agree to the justice, nor even comprehend the meaning of that criticism. He could not be

incorrect from carelessness; because, having lived from his youth in the great world, and having been familiarly conversant with the classics of all nations, his most unprepared speaking (or, if critics will have it so, his most negligent) must have been at least *grammatical*, which it not only uniformly was, but distinguished by its taste; more than that could not have belonged to it, without the very care which his habits and his talents equally rejected.

“He undoubtedly attached as little to the musical intonation of his speeches as to the language in which they were expressed. His emphases were the unstudied effusions of nature; the vents of a mind burning intensely with the generous flame of public spirit and benevolence, beyond all control or management when impassioned, and above the rules to which inferior things are properly subjected: his sentences often rapidly succeeded, and almost mixed themselves with one another; as the lava rises in bursts from the mouth of a volcano, when the resistless energies of the subterranean world are at their height.”

Fox's politics may now be obsolete; his parliamentary triumphs may be air; his eloquence may be rivalled, or shorn of its beams by time; but one source of glory cannot be extinguished,—the abolition of the slave-trade! This victory no man can take from him. Whatever variety of opinion may be formed on his public principles, whatever condemnation may be found for his personal career, whatever doubts of his great faculties;—on this one subject all voices will be raised in his honour; and the hand of every man of English feeling will add a stone to the monument that perpetuates his name. On the 10th of June, 1806, Fox brought forward his motion, in a speech brief but decided. “So fully,” said he, “am I impressed with the vast importance and necessity of attaining what will be the object

of my motion to-night, that if, during the forty years that I have had the honour of a seat in parliament, I should have been so fortunate as to accomplish that, and that only, I should think I had done enough, and should retire from public life with comfort, and the conscious satisfaction that I had done my duty."

His speech concluded with the immortal resolution, **THAT THIS HOUSE, CONCEIVING THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE TO BE CONTRARY TO THE PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE, HUMANITY, AND SOUND POLICY, WILL, WITH ALL PRACTICABLE EXPEDITION, PROCEED TO TAKE EFFECTUAL MEASURES FOR ABOLISHING THE SLAVE-TRADE, IN SUCH MANNER AND AT SUCH PERIOD AS MAY BE DEEMED ADVISABLE."**

On the division one hundred and fourteen voted for the measure, against it only fifteen! This was the last effort made by Fox. In a few days after, he was taken ill of his mortal disease. No orator, no philosopher, no patriot could have wished for a nobler close to his labours.

It must seem extraordinary that Pitt should have left this great duty to be done by another. Some of his ablest speeches had been in condemnation of the slave-trade. He had pronounced it a national disgrace and calamity. And what man, not turned into a wild beast by avarice,—that passion alternately the meanest and the most daring, the basest and the bloodiest,—that passion which, of all, assimilates and combines the most thoroughly with the evil of perverted human nature,—but must have looked upon that trade with horror? "This," exclaimed Burke, "is not a traffic in the labour of man, but in the man himself." It was ascertained that from seventy to eighty thousand slaves had been carried from Africa to the West Indies in a single year; and with what misery beyond all calculation! What agonies of heart, at the utter and eternal parting from friends, kindred, and home! What indescribable torture in the slave-ships, where they burned

under the tropical day packed in dens, without room to move, to stand, or éven to lie down,—chained, scourged, famished, withering with fever and thirst: human layers festering on each other; the dead, the dying, the frantic, and the tortured compressed together like bales of merchandise; hundreds seizing the first moment of seeing the light and air, to fling themselves overboard; hundreds dying of grief, thousands dying of pestilence; and the rest, even more wretched, surviving only for a hopeless captivity in a strange land, to labour for life under the whips of overseers, savages immeasurably more brutal and debased than their unfortunate victims!

With what eyes must Providence have looked down upon this tremendous accumulation of guilt, this hideous abuse of the power of European knowledge and wealth over the miserable African; and with what solemn justice may it not have answered the cry of the blood out of the ground! The vengeance of Heaven on individuals is wisely, in most instances, put beyond human discovery. But for nations there is no judgment to come, no great after-reckoning to make all straight, and vindicate the ways of God to man. They must be punished here; and it might be neither difficult nor unproductive of the best knowledge,—the Christian's faith in the ever-waking and resistless control of Providence,—to trace the punishment of this enormous crime in Europe. The slave-trade perhaps lost America to England, and the crime was thus punished at its height, and within view of the spot where it was committed. But our crime was done in ignorance; the people of this kingdom had known little of its nature; and they required only to know it, to wash their hands of the stain. It may have been for this reason, that, of all unsuccessful wars, the American was the least marked with national loss; and that, of all abscissions of empire, the independence of the United States was the most rapidly converted into national

advantage. But it is upon the kingdoms which, in the face of perfect knowledge, in scorn of remonstrances that might wake the stones to feel, in treacherous evasion of treaties, in defiance of even the base bargains in which they exacted the money of this country to buy off the blood of the African, have still carried on the trade, that undisguised and unmitigated vengeance may have fallen, and be still falling.

The three great slave-traders whom it has been found impossible to persuade or to restrain are, France, Spain, and Portugal. And in what circumstances are the colonies for whose peculiar support this dreadful traffic was carried on? France has totally lost St. Domingo, the finest colony in the world, and her colonial trade is now a cipher. Spain has lost all; Portugal has lost all. Mexico, South America, and the Brazils are severed from their old masters for ever. And what have been the especial calamities of the sovereigns of those countries? They have been, all three, expatriated, and the only three. Other sovereigns have suffered temporary evil under the chances of war; but France, Spain, and Portugal have exhibited the peculiar shame of three dynasties at once in exile:—the Portuguese flying across the sea, to escape from an enemy in its capital, and hide its head in a barbarian land;—the Spanish dethroned, and sent to display its spectacle of mendicant and decrepit royalty through Europe;—and the French doubly undone!

The first effort of Louis XVIII. on his restoration, was to re-establish the slave-trade. Before twelve months were past, he was flying for his life to the protection of strangers! On the second restoration the trade was again revived. All representations of its horrors, aggravated as they are now by the lawless rapacity of the foreign traders, were received with mock acquiescence, and real scorn. And where are the Bourbons now?

And what is the peace, or the prosperity, of the countries that have thus dipped their guilty gains in human miseries? They are three vast centres of feud and revolutionary terror;—Portugal, with an unowned monarch, reigning by the bayonet and the scaffold, with half her leading men in dungeons, with her territory itself a dungeon; and fierce retaliation and phrensied enthusiasm hovering on her frontiers, and ready to plunge into the bosom of the land.—Spain, torn by faction, and at this hour watching every band that gathers on her hills, as the signs of a tempest that may sweep the land from the Pyrenees to the ocean.—And France, in the first heavings of a mighty change, that man can no more define than he can set limits to the heaving of an earthquake, or the swell and fury of a deluge. Other great objects and causes may have their share in those things. But the facts are before mankind.

The probable ground of Pitt's reluctance to crush the slave-trade at the instant, was his fear of disturbing the financial system, in the midst of a period which made all minds tremble at the name of experiment. While the whole fabric of empire was tottering, there might be rashness even in the attempt to repair the building; and it required higher feelings than are to be learned in the subterranean of politics,—the magnanimity of religious faith,—to do good without fear, and leave the rest to the great Disposer. The war had been altogether a war of finance. Pitt was, pre-eminently, a financier; and, like all men with one object perpetually before them, he involuntarily suffered the consideration of rents and revenues to distend on his sight, until it shut out every other. The abolition was a novelty; and he had seen a more auspicious novelty, a free constitution, overthrow the whole establishment of the most powerful kingdom of Europe. England was at that hour covered with the wreck of France; prince, priest, and noble flying from the brilliant evil.

The nature of its advocates, too, justified some jealousy; for among the virtuous and patriotic, there were to be found individuals scarcely less than avowed rebels to the constitution. None are more tolerant than they who scoff at all creeds alike; none more humane than they who have nothing to give; none more rigorous in demanding public sacrifices, than they who feel themselves exempt from all sacrifice. In 1792, the commencement of Mr. Wilberforce's efforts against the slave-trade, England was overrun with those cheap sages and heroes. The whole land was thick with a crop of spurious tolerance, generosity, and virtue. The slave-trade came forth a new topic, started in the fortunate hour, to cheer the sinking energies of popular outcry. It was the live coal on the lips of the seer, already weary of denouncing unperformed wrath against the throne. It supplied the whole bustling tribe of the Platos and Phocians of the streets with illustration, and it supplied them with it *safe*. The horrors of the trade threw an allegorical veil over the picture, while the artist was insolently limning the guilt and punishment of supposed royal and aristocratic offences at home; the King of Dahomy prefigured a monarch, whom it was yet hazardous to denounce by name; the smiting of West Indian planters by the popular hand led the mind's eye to loftier execution on more hated possessors of wealth and power; and the havoc of negro insurrection lent its deepest colourings to that promised tornado of vengeance, which, "in an hour that we knew not of," was to sweep from the earth the nobility, church, and crown of the British empire.

Yet, it is to be lamented that, for the completion of a fame almost at the full, Pitt did not give more than his voice against the slave-trade; that he had not nobly dared; that by this solitary instance of hesitation in a cause worthy of himself, the illustrious act which shed glory on the close even of Fox's

struggling career was not permitted to scatter the darkness and sorrow which hung round his honoured death-bed, and finish in kindred splendour the long triumphs of the first statesman of the world.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Whig Cabinet.

THE whig administration of 1807 totally failed, and deserved to fail. Its first announcement had struck the nation with surprise and scorn. Lord Grenville in alliance with Fox! was a coalition which none could comprehend, but on the principle of that all-swallowing avidity for place which degrades alike the personal and public character of the statesman. Lord Grenville, the direct agent of Pitt for so many years, the official opponent of democracy in all its shapes, the professional speaker against reform, the secretary who had dismissed M. Chauvelin and his republican peace with justified contempt, and who, with equal contempt, had denied the competence and will of the successive tyrants of France to make peace; was it possible that this man should now exhibit himself in close connexion with the antagonist of Pitt on every point of government, with the avowed reformer, the perpetual assertor of the sincerity of France, Fox, the orator of the populace, the champion of Jacobin peace, and the public admirer and panegyrist of Napoleon! The very name of a coalition jarred on the public ear. It was the opening of a sluice that let out a whole torrent of scorn.

The national mind of England has never yet made a wrong judgment. A whole people, furnished as England is with the means of knowledge, and the

invaluable freedom of expressing its thoughts, that true salt of the constitution, cannot err. It is preserved from error by something like those great contrivances of Nature which make the salubrity of the ocean and the atmosphere; the innumerable currents and diversities of public opinion, but preserve its activity, while they impel and guide each other into the general course of national safety and wisdom.

Fox's coalition with North was the original sin of his life. He never recovered from that first and fatal impression. Yet, there, little was to be compromised but the personal hostility. Here the hostility was upon all the principles of state; and no ingenuity of gloss, no declared perseverance in principle, and no ostentatious zeal for the good of the country could prevent the nation from looking on Lord Grenville as a fallen man; feebly attempting to cover with the remnant of his reputation the nakedness of whiggism; bowing down at the footstool of office a head to which old experience ought to have taught wisdom, if it could not teach dignity; and thenceforth worthless for all purposes, but the humiliating and melancholy one, of a warning to all who should in future be tempted by a pitiable appetite for power.

The acts of the new coalition were inevitably marked with the disgraces and tergiversations of its parentage. Lord Grenville was appointed first lord of the Treasury. But he had already secured the auditorship of the Exchequer, a place of four thousand a-year for life, and this he was determined not to give up, obnoxious as it must be to the most contemptuous reflections. The national voice demanded,—under what pretence Lord Grenville could retain two offices totally incompatible with each other? Why, in this instance alone, the disbursement of the public money, and the check on that disbursement, should be in the same officer? Why, with one hand in the public purse, he should pass his accounts with the other; be the supervisor over his

own conduct, and give himself a receipt in full for his own integrity?

His lordship bore the storm with official philosophy—listened, and kept his four thousand pounds a-year. A poor attempt at evading public scandal was made, by appointing a trustee for the auditorship, whom his lordship was to pay; a rigid inspector, of course, of the possible irregularities of the man on whose money he was to live!

Another compromise followed, of a still more hazardous nature. To strengthen the administration, it had been deemed necessary to summon the aid of Lord Sidmouth's friends; and his lordship's terms were, two seats in the cabinet, one for himself and one for Lord Ellenborough, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench. This direct attempt to connect the ministry with the courts of law, awoke alarm throughout the empire. The practical value of the free constitution of England exists in the courts of law. If the legislature is the bulwark of English liberty; the purity and complete independence, pecuniary and political, of the bench of judges is liberty itself. For, as no constitution can be worth the paper that it is written upon while the subject fears for his person or his property, the first ground and security of national freedom must be in that majesty of law which protects him in doing all things that are manly, honest, and lawful. And it is thus that, while legislatures may have been weak, and ministers rash or arbitrary, the practical freedom of this first and most fortunate of countries has suffered no disturbance for a hundred years; has continually become more precious to its people; and has secured, and will secure, England from the desperate convulsions which the very impulse of nature forces on foreign lands, to give even a partial restoration to the powers of man.

A motion on this most repulsive appointment was brought forward by Lord Bristol in the lords, and by

Mr. Spencer Stanhope in the commons,—“That it was *highly inexpedient*, and tended to *weaken the administration of justice*, to summon to any committee or assembly of the privy council any of the judges of his majesty’s courts of common law.” The motion was supported in the lords by Lord Eldon, where it was negatived without a division!—and in the commons by Canning, Wilberforce, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Perceval; where, too, it was negatived, and almost with similar contumely,—by 222 to 64!

Nothing could be more palpable than the evil of breaking down the barriers which shut out the influence of ministers from Westminster Hall. By turning the judge into the politician, he might be altogether perverted into a place-hunter; and his integrity must be in a continual state of temptation, from the patronage of office. By making him a cabinet minister, he might be called on to enact measures of severity against the individual whom he might be also called on to try for life or death within the week. How was he to bring an unprejudiced mind into the courts, when he had already made up his determination in the cabinet? or to decide before God and the country on the case of the man whom he had but a few hours past condemned as a libeller or a traitor before the minister and his colleagues?—What was to prevent the persecutor in the cabinet from being the homicide on the bench?

Yet this appointment, which, in the public mind, amounted to the most violent departure from English principle; which might have rapidly involved a total perversion of the law; and which must have instantly shaken the national confidence in the administration of justice, was carried with a high hand by the old clamourers for universal liberty; the champions who, for two-and-twenty years, had made parliament, the hustings, and the tavern alike ring with their more than patriotism; the haughty challengers of the whole power of the state to lay a finger on the ark of the constitution!

The maxims which the coalition thus laboured are worthy of being chronicled:—"The cabinet, as such, is *not responsible* for the *measures of government!*—No individual minister is responsible for *more than his own acts*, and such advice as he can be *proved* to have actually given!—A cabinet counsellor performs *no duties*, and *incurs no responsibility*, to which as a privy-counsellor he is not liable!—And the judges of England are *not intended* by the constitution of the country to be *such insulated beings* as speculative writers represent them!"

And those enormous absurdities were advanced and fiercely defended by the whole body of the whigs! Well might the nation burst into an outcry of wonder and aversion. And well may men, yet untainted by politics, lift up their hands and thank their God for the humble station which has preserved them from being tempted to such betrayals of the headlong folly and short-sighted, sordid covetousness of human nature!

Compromise was the only principle which the new coalition seemed to acknowledge. The Catholic question was Fox's first bond, and to this he was pledged by the declarations of a life. But Lord Sidmouth was disinclined to it; and the king was resolved against it. That honest king had taken no degree in the new school of compromise; he left its hoods and gowns to cover the awkward procession of those "budge doctors of the stoic fur," the professors of expediency. He had instantly refused to concede. There was, then, no alternative but to resign, or to adjourn the question; and *it was adjourned.*

Ministers next required that the control of the army should be put into their hands; in other words, that the Duke of York should be removed. This the king refused, on the obvious ground, that the army had been kept separate from the other branches of the administration since the time of the Duke of

Cumberland; and finally declared that he *would not remove* the Duke of York. The transaction closed, of course, in compromise; the ministers agreed that no change in the command should take place *without the royal approbation*.

All was failure. Their financial discoveries, which had been heralded for years with all the pomp and all the mystery of the new "Illuminés" of Political Economy,—a science which has succeeded to the honours and the merits of astrology,—were found fit only to glitter in the pages of a review, and evaporated, upon trial, into two abortive taxes. But if the relief was visionary, not so was the burden. Whig finance left its mark in two tremendous impositions. The hated property-tax was raised from six and a half to ten per cent. ! and ten per cent. was added to the assessed taxes!

Their exploits as warriors were calculated to give them as high a niche in history as their financial achievements. They sent out four expeditions. The whole four failed; some with heavy loss, some with ignominy, and all with ridicule!—Moore was compelled to fly from the mad king of Sweden in a cart, and to ship off his army at a moment's notice.—The expedition to Egypt was beaten on the old scene of British victory, was forced to lay down its arms to a rabble of Turks, and succeeded in nothing but in alienating the population. The expedition under Whitelock, to Buenos Ayres, is synonymous with national shame: it insulted us with the scandalous spectacle of a British army beaten out of the country by a banditti. The expedition to the Dardanelles exhibited the combined disgrace of our arms and our diplomacy; the British ambassador baffled by the French, and even by the brute policy of the Turkish agent; and the British fleet flying full sail down the Dardanelles, helplessly battered by the Turkish cannon-balls. The four quarters of the

globe were furnished with the trophies of a coalition ministry!

There was one way more in which a cabinet could go wrong; and of that way they availed themselves with characteristic adroitness.

Fox had scarcely entered upon office, when he was enticed into a negotiation by the French government; and the finesse of the contrivance was worthy of Talleyrand. A stranger presented himself to the foreign secretary, with the proposal of assassinating the first consul. Fox, with the feelings of an English gentleman, was shocked at an idea so abominable; and ordering the proposer into custody, wrote a brief letter to the French court to mention the circumstance, and put Napoleon on his guard against this illegitimate mode of terminating hostilities. Talleyrand's answer was equally brief, but contained a dexterous compliment from Napoleon on his correspondent's "honour and virtue." Another letter, of equal civility, dated on the same day, conveyed an appropriate extract from Napoleon's speech on the opening of the legislature. The French minister's note is an exquisite specimen of the diplomatic art of "feeling the way."

Note 2. "SIR,—It may be agreeable to you to receive news from this country.

"I send you the emperor's speech to the legislative body. You will therein see that our wishes are still for peace. *I do not ask* what is the *prevailing inclination* with you; but if the advantages of peace *are duly appreciated*, you know on what basis it may be discussed."

Note 3.—Extract from the speech. "I desire peace with England. On my part I shall never delay it a moment. I shall always be ready to conclude it, taking for its basis the stipulations of the treaty of Amiens."

The snare was completely laid ; and the whig cabinet was caught at the moment. Within a week from the receipt of those billets, a formal cabinet letter was despatched to the Tuileries, plunging headlong into the question, with all its bases, alliances, and compensations. What a sardonic smile must have sat on the lips of the two matchless confederates, as they looked over this letter together ! with what infinite burlesque must they have laughed at the wisdom of the wise ! We may almost forgive them their triumph, for the sake of its dexterity. Napoleon's sworn purpose, from the day of Austerlitz, had been the fall of Prussia. He had felt his dignity molested by her threat of assisting Austria in the war ; and he was determined that, whatever capital of Europe he might seize in future, he would not have a Prussian army of a hundred and fifty thousand men on his flank, to frown at the operation ; Prussia was to be smitten ! But by what artifice was England to be blindfolded, while the last military kingdom of the continent was turned into a kingdom of hewers of wood and drawers of water ? To sow jealousy between them, he gave Hanover to Prussia : the boon was grasped at with guilty eagerness ; and his object was effected at once. England was indignant at the treacherous acceptance. Still, the approach of direct hostilities might rouse England, and even Russia, to her aid. It was essential to distract the attention of both, while France was collecting that storm of havoc which was to sweep the monarchy of Frederic from the list of nations. A negotiation with England would at once paralyze the warlike preparations of the country, make Russia distrustful of our alliance, and cut off Prussia from all hope.

Napoleon knew that Fox's ambition was, to be the peace-maker of Europe ; and he well remembered, too, those conversations at the Tuileries, in which his guest had almost infringed on court etiquette in

vindicating Pitt and Windham, with the loudest scorn and disdain, from all share in the conspiracy of "the infernal machine." It was at this sensitive point of his character that the artifice was levelled. The eloquent abhorrer of assassination was suddenly presented in his closet with an avowed assassin. Of all the stimulants that art could devise, there was none more certain of kindling him. The calculation was incomparably true; Fox, full of generous wrath, instantly wrote to apprise the first consul of his hazard. The letter was answered by bland homage, in which the "first consul *recognised* the honour and virtue" of his feelings; followed by a still blander promise of peace, from a speech made almost at the moment when the pretended assassin was sent from Paris, and the train of artifice was begun, which left Prussia at the mercy of the destroyer.

But all the details of this ludicrous negotiation were equally ludicrous. Talleyrand had completely involved the cabinet; he had, with the ease of consummate skill, played on their peace-making vanity, and entrapped them even into the very folly which they had determined *not* to commit; that of making the first overtures. He had now a second pitfall for them. To make "assurance double sure," and prevent the possibility of their opening their eyes, he actually contrived to make them commission the first ambassador!

He sent for Lord Yarmouth (since Marquis of Hertford), one of the *détenus* at Verdun, a nobleman of enormous fortune, but whose diplomatic faculties were yet in the bud. Lord Yarmouth obeyed the summons, commenced an intercourse with Talleyrand in Paris, and was instantly meshed in the diplomatic web, and puzzled in the *uti possidetis* to such a profound degree, that ministers were compelled to send a superior to extract his lordship from his perplexities; or, in the confused phrase of office, "The necessity arose of some other negotiator, fully in-

structed in the sentiments of his majesty's government on all the various points of discussion that might arise," &c. &c.

But the whole mystification is incomparable. Talleyrand had not chosen his diplomatist in vain; and the familiar dexterity with which he drove his lordship into the toils, is one of the most amusing episodes in the history of negotiation. The wily Frenchman's purpose was to make the British cabinet answerable for every lapse of their unfledged agent; but this could not be done without the production of his powers to treat. He summoned him to a conference, and told him that the fates of Europe depended upon his instant display of those weighty documents. "There was Germany," said the Frenchman, "a week ago you might have saved it, if you were empowered to negotiate: but the emperor could wait no longer. the fate of Germany was sealed: *et nous n'en reviendrons jamais*.*—Russia is now in the scale. Will you save Russia? Produce your full powers, or her fate will be sealed in *two days*!—Switzerland comes next: it is on the eve of undergoing a great change. Will you save it? Nothing can do this but a peace with England: produce your full powers!—We are on the point of invading Portugal. Nothing on earth but a peace with England can prevent our seizing it: our army is already gathering at Bayonne. All depends on England. Produce your full powers!"—But the keenest shaft was in reserve. "Prussia," said Talleyrand, "insists on our confirming her possession of Hanover; and we cannot consent *wantonly to lose the only ally* France has had since the Revolution. Will you save Hanover, and thus permit us to prefer England to Prussia? produce your full powers!"

The appeal was irresistible. His lordship was remorselessly mystified. The visions of kingdoms fall-

* We shall never recede from our decision

ing and fallen round him were not to be withstood, while he had the cheap restorative in his pocket : and, to save Europe, to arrest the progress of Napoleon at the head of five hundred thousand men, and clip the wings of an ambition that was longing to overshadow the world, Lord Yarmouth produced his full powers : and began his career as a plenipotentiary !

How any man living could conceive, after ten years' display of Napoleon's character, that he was to be stopped by the trite fooleries of billets despatched every half-hour from one hotel to another ;—how any person, walking the streets of Paris, could have escaped the knowledge that all France was ringing with preparation for a Prussian campaign, and that the most revengeful feelings against Prussia were exhibited on all occasions ;—how any man of common understanding could have doubted, that the kingdom in the jaws of destruction, the ally which England should instantly seek and support, the last hope of the continent, was Prussia ; are questions which we must leave to the elucidation of noble plenipotentiaries alone.

England was utterly astonished at this transaction. Even the cabinet were forced to awake. A new diplomatist was forthwith transmitted, and a despatch written, to stop his lordship in this precipitate salvation of Europe. " I need hardly observe to your lordship," are Mr. Secretary Fox's emphatic words, " that it is of the utmost importance, that in the interim (till the arrival of the new ambassador) your lordship should avoid *taking any step*, or even *holding any language*, which may tend in the *smallest degree* to commit the opinion of his majesty's government on *any part* of the matters now depending."

But the diplomatic depths of this unfortunate cabinet were not yet sounded. The Fabius substituted for their rapid plenipotentiary was Lord Lauderdale, an old adherent of Fox, and a pamphleteer on political economy ; and content to rest on those titles to

fame. Yet this nobleman was not to go alone; he was to be supported by the *political experience* of Dugald Stewart! a lecturer of much reputation in the North, and probably a personage of formidable wisdom to an Edinburgh student of metaphysics. And those two were to combat the two ablest men in Europe! Two dreamers of the schools, to come into conflict with two men of the first rank of political genius, invigorated by perpetual experience in the highest concerns: Lord Lauderdale and Dugald Stewart, hand to hand, against Talleyrand and Napoleon!

The negotiation was worthy of the negotiators. It was protracted for six months. All its objects might have been discussed in as many days. The ambassador was toyed and trifled with, in the most palpable and contemptuous manner. Sometimes he was refused an audience; sometimes he was kept lingering for an answer; sometimes passports for his couriers were delayed; and at last passports for himself were withheld, until he must have begun seriously to think that his embassy would end in Verdun. Europe looked on in surprise; England in mingled indignation and laughter.

It is only justice to a great man's memory, to relieve Fox from the responsibility of this continued burlesque. His bodily powers had been giving way from the commencement of the year; though the direct symptoms of his mortal disease were not yet discoverable. In a letter to a friend, soon after his accession to office, he said—"My life has been active beyond my strength; I had almost said, my duty. If I have not acted much, you will allow I have spoken much; and I have felt more than I have either acted or spoken. My constitution has sunk under it. I find myself unequal to the business on which you have written; it must be left to younger men."

Napoleon and Talleyrand tossed those ambassadors between them like toys; their object was to gain

time; and it was not till the actual hour when they had gathered the whole mass of destruction, which a touch was to let loose on Prussia, that they condescended to take the bandage from their eyes, and send them back to their insulted country. The negotiation had begun on the 20th of February, 1806. Lord Lauderdale received his passports on the 6th of October; on the 9th, Napoleon was in sight of the Prussian army, and on the 14th he fought the fatal battle of Jena. In three hours he drove the Prussians from the field with the loss of 60,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners; and followed up the battle by the capture of *all* the Prussian soldiery, the surrender of *all* the fortresses, the seizure of the capital, and the pursuit of the king,—the total subjugation of the Prussian monarchy! Then was paid the long arrear of vengeance for the blood and chains of Poland.

Fox was now dead, and the guidance of this disastrous administration had fallen into the hands of Lord Grenville. No compassion was felt for the growing embarrassments of a man who had abandoned the principles of his master. The honourable portion of the country rejoiced to see the cabinet bewilder themselves from day to day, until there was but one false step more to be made—and they made it.

The whigs had come into power under a pledge to the Catholic question. They found the king adverse to its discussion. They endeavoured, in the first instance, to elude it, and yet retain the Catholics. They endeavoured, in the second, to grant it, and yet retain the king. They failed in both. The Catholics pronounced them deceivers: the king gave them that practical proof of his opinion, which of all things they dreaded most,—he dismissed them. And thus, in the midst of general joy, perished the coalition ministry; leaving no record of their existence, but in two bouquets of Sheridan.

On Lord Henry Petty's iron-tax being withdrawn, some one suggested a tax on coals, to make up the

deficiency. "Poh," said Sheridan, "do you want to raise a rebellion in our kitchens? The cooks are worse than the blacksmiths. Tax coals instead of iron! that would be jumping out of the *frying-pan* into the *fire*."

But it was the Catholic question that excited his chief displeasure. None more thoroughly knew the secret of cabinet sincerity. He looked upon the question as a tub to the whale, and had no forgiveness for the sport in which his own office was to be wrecked. "Why did they not put it off, as Fox did," said the angry ex-treasurer of the navy; "I have heard of men running their heads against a wall; but this is the first time I ever heard of men building a wall, and squaring it, and clamping it, for the express purpose of knocking out their brains against it."

But the deed was done; a Protestant ministry was established by the king. The coalition was totally broken down; and Lord Grenville, exiled from power, never to return, was left to learn the bitter lesson, that no man can abandon even political professions with impunity.

All the laurels on this occasion remained with the king. Those who doubted his capacity, were now brought to their senses by the fact, that he had capacity enough to turn out the two most assuming administrations in the shortest time known. The Fox and North coalition, pronouncing itself an assemblage of all the public talent of England; and the Fox and Grenville coalition, formed on the same contempt of public opinion, and making the same boast of matchless ability, were each turned out in little more than a year. The single step between "the sublime and the ridiculous,"* was never shorter than in the latter instance. Insolence is not made to be forgiven; and the titles of "the broad-bottomed ad-

* The pithy maxim on this subject, which has been so often given to Napoleon's knowledge of the world, below. The celebrated phrase, *la nation bouffiquière*, belonged to Barras.

ministration," and "All the talents," threw this conclave of self-sufficiency into national ridicule.

But it was the *insincerity* that sharpened, as it ought, every weapon of public scorn. The pen and the pencil were equally keen; and if popular applause were the object of ministerial dreams, never was vanity more universally chastised.

The following lines were attributed to Canning:—

ALL THE TALENTS.

When the broad-bottomed junto, all nonsense and strife,
Resign'd, with a groan, its political life;
When converted to Rome, and of honesty tired,
It to Satan gave back what himself had inspired;

The Demon of Faction, that over them hung,
In accents of anguish their epitaph sung;
While Pride and Venality joined in the stave,
And canting Democracy wept on the grave.

"Here lies in the tomb that we hollowed for Pitt,
The consistence of Grenville, of Temple the wit,
Of Sidmouth the firmness, the temper of Grey,
And Treasurer Sheridan's promise to pay.

Here Petty's finance, from the evils to come
With Fitzpatrick's sobriety creeps to the tomb;
And Chancellor Ego,* now left in the lurch,
Neither laughs at the law, nor cuts jokes on the church."

Then huzza for the party that here's laid at rest—
"All the talents," but self-praising blockheads at best:
Though they sleep in oblivion, they've died with the hope,
At the last day of freedom to rise with the Pope.

The national feeling had been strongly aggrieved by the debate on giving a public monument to Pitt. On this occasion, it could not be expected that Fox should give any peculiar homage to a government which he had been opposing for so many years; but his tribute to Pitt's personal abilities and virtues did himself honour. This manly example, however, was lost upon some of the speakers; and Windham attracted no trivial resentment by a volunteer attack

* Erskine.

upon the memory of the great minister. It was a public cause, for England loved the name of Pitt, and looked upon it, as she still does, as a sacred part of her glory. Some stanzas of a poem which imbodied the general sentiment had unusual popularity:—

ELIJAH'S MANTLE.

When by th' Almighty's dread command,
Elijah, call'd from Israel's laud,
Rose in the sacred flame,
His mantle good Elisha caught,
And, with the prophet's spirit fraught,
Her second hope became.

In Pitt our Israel saw combined
The patriot's heart—the prophet's mind,
Elijah's spirit here:
Now, sad reverse!—that spirit rest,
No confidence, no hope is left;
For no Elisha's near.

Is there, among the greedy band
Who seize on power with harpy hand,
And patriot pride assume,
One on whom public faith can rest—
One fit to wear Elijah's vest,
And cheer a nation's gloom?

Grenville!—to aid thy *treasury fame*,
A portion of Pitt's mantle claim,
His *gen'rous* ardour feel;
Resolve o'er *sordid self* to soar,
Amid *Exchequer gold* be poor;
Thy wealth—the public weal.

Windham!—if e'er thy sorrows flow
For private loss or public wo,
Thy rigid brow unbend;
Tears over Cæsar Brutus shed;
His *hatred warr'd not with the dead*—
And Pitt was *once thy friend*.

Illustrious Roscius of the state!
New-breech'd and harness'd for debate,
Thou wonder of thy age!
Petty or Betty art thou hight,
By Granta sent to strut thy night
On Stephen's bustling stage.

Pitt's 'Chequer robe 'tis thine to wear.
Take of his mantle too a share,
'Twill aid thy Ways and Means:

And should Fat Jack and his cabal,
Cry, " Rob us the Exchequer, Hal !"
Thou art but in thy teens.

Sidmouth—though low his head is laid
Who call'd thee from thy native shade,
And gave thee second birth—
Gave thee the sweets of power and place,
The tufted gown, the gilded mace,
And rear'd thy nameless worth ;

Think how his mantle wrapp'd thee round :
Is one of equal virtue found
Among thy new compeers ?
Or can thy cloak of Amiens stuff,
Once laugh'd to scorn by Blue and Buff,
Screen thee from Windham's jeers ?

When Faction threaten'd Britain's land,
Thy new-made friends—a desperate band,
Like Ahab, stood reproved :
Pitt's powerful tongue their rage could check,
His counsel saved, mid mankind's wrack,
The Israel that he loved.

Yes, honour'd shade ! while near thy grave,
The letter'd sage, and chieftain brave,
The votive marble claim ;
O'er thy cold corse—the public tear
Congeal'd, a crystal shrine shall rear,
Unsullied as thy fame.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Spanish War.

THE deliverance of Europe began, when, to human eyes, it was ruined beyond hope. The continent was at peace—the dreadful peace of slavery. The sword was the only instrument of dominion. The final struggle had been made, for even that mutilated independence which nations could enjoy, in pepe-

tual terror of a French army; and watching, with feverish anxiety, every sign of wrath from a man of blood and avarice, capricious as the winds, and steady only to the one desperate purpose of turning the world into a French dungeon.

The strength of the allies had been successively tried, and found wanting: Austria had been overwhelmed in a three months' campaign;* Prussia in a day. The Russian armies had been driven back on their own territory; and even their partial escape was soon turned into worse than defeat, by the rash and ignominious treaty of Tilsit. In 1807, Napoleon possessed a power unequalled in extent by any monarchy since the time of Charles V., and immeasurably superior to his in point of effective strength, of opulence, intelligence, and the facility of being directed to any purpose of his ambition. No European sovereign ever possessed such personal supremacy over the means and minds of his subjects. France was a great camp; the people were an army; the government was as simple, rigid, and unquestioned, as the command of a brigade; and Napoleon was the general-in-chief. His business was, to campaign against Europe; and when the campaign was done, his leisure was employed, or amused, in distributing its provinces and crowns to his soldiers.

In the pause after the overthrow of Russia at Golomyn and Pultusk, he divided his conquests. He gave the crown of Holland to Louis, his brother; annexing Venice to the kingdom of Italy, he gave the whole to his stepson, Beauharnois, as viceroy; he gave the kingdom of Naples to Joseph, his brother; Berg and Cleves to Murat, his brother-in-law; Guastalla to Prince Borghese, another brother-in-law; the principalities of Neufchâtel and Pontecorvo to Berthier and Bernadotte; repaid the civil services of Talleyrand with Benevento; and when

* Closed at Austerlitz, December 26, 1806.

this was done, resumed his preparations for the seizure of Spain, Portugal, and Poland!

England was still unconquerable; but she had been severely tried. Her efforts to sustain the cause of Europe had pressed heavily upon her strength. She had paid all the allied armies; and lavished her wealth with no return but that of seeing the continent laid at the foot of the enemy. But the struggle had been at a distance; it was now to be brought home.

By the most extraordinary measure in the annals of hostility, the Berlin and Milan decrees, a line of fire was to be drawn round the continent, and England excluded from the intercourse of nations. Napoleon had felt from the beginning that this country was the great antagonist with whom, sooner or later, he must cope for existence. His object was universal despotism: but the continent could not be finally enslaved while there was still one land, from which the words of freedom and courage were perpetually echoing in the general ear; whose trumpet was sounding to every dejected heart of the patriot and the soldier; and whose proud security, fearless opulence, and perfect enjoyment of peace, in the midst of the convulsions of the world, gave unanswerable evidence that freedom was worth the highest sacrifices that could be made by man.

England was inaccessible to the arms of Napoleon, and his arts were now sufficiently known: but if her spirit was not to be humbled, her resources might be dried up; and to this project he applied himself with the singular perseverance and recklessness of his nature. He knew that the first evil must fall upon himself; for the whole of the immense line of coast stretching from the Meuse to the Vistula, lived upon English commerce; and on the plunder of those provinces depended a large portion of the French revenue. But, at all risks, England was to be ruined. When the deputies from Hamburgh repre-

sented to him 'the havoc that the Berlin and Milan decrees were making in their city, his answer was the brief one of a military tyrant:—"What is that to me? The war must not go on for ever.—You suffer only like the rest. English commerce must be destroyed."

This answer was the signal of universal bankruptcy. The recollections of that period in Germany amount to the tragic and the terrible. Perhaps no single act of tyranny had ever inflicted such sweeping misery upon mankind. The whole frame of society was rent asunder, as by a thunderstroke. Property was instantly valueless, or a source of persecution. The merchandise which had been purchased but the day before, under the sanction of the French authorities, and paid every impost levied by the devouring crowd of prefects and plunderers, was torn from the warehouses, and burned before the unfortunate proprietors' eyes.

The casual stagnations of trade, or the change of popular taste for a manufacture, are always the source of miserable suffering. But here was more than stagnation or change: it was utter ruin, without a hope of recovery. The result was inevitable and dreadful. Thousands and tens of thousands were thrown loose upon the world, with all their knowledge useless, their habits broken up, and their prospects destroyed. The great merchant dismissed his clerks, shut his doors, and lived upon his decaying capital; and even then lived in hourly expectation of some new forced loan, which should send him to beg in the streets. The inferior ranks of trade were undone at once; and sank into paupers, living on the charity of the French barracks. Germany was one immense poor-house. But within a short period the humblest resources of poverty failed; the funds of the old charitable institutions either fell into decay, or were seized on by the merciless rapacity of the invader. Orphans, and old people, and even the

lunatic and idiot, were driven into the fields, to take their chance with the beasts of the earth and the fowls of the air. Time and season made no difference with this hideous tyranny. Hospitals have been emptied of their unfortunate tenants at the point of the bayonet, in the depth of a German winter; and the blind and the bedrid, the paralytic, the fevered, the wounded, and the mad, cast out to scatter themselves over a wilderness of snow, and die.

Then came the conscription, another and a still more heart-breaking scourge. In all the territories annexed to France the yearly drawing, or some equivalent levy, was imposed. As a tax it was ruinous, for the price of a substitute was frequently equal to five hundred pounds sterling; and even where a wretched family had wrung this sum from their last means, to save a son or a brother from the hazards of Napoleon's sanguinary warfare, the death or desertion of the substitute, both hourly occurring, brought a new demand on the conscript, and he must march. The acceptance of a substitute was itself an imperial favour, generally paid for at a high rate to the French agents; and the difficulty, in all cases, was so great that nearly the whole youth of the country were compelled to serve in person. No language can exaggerate the wretchedness of mind felt by the families of those devoted young men, when every day brought accounts of some desperate action,—or hurried march, scarcely less ruinous than battle,—or frightful contagion, breaking out in the desolated scenes of the campaign, and extinguishing the survivors of the field by multitudes.

But the conscription was not limited to a yearly slaughter. The first Russian campaign cost three conscriptions, each of eighty thousand men; and they were almost totally destroyed by the enemy, the inclemency of a Polish winter, and the miseries of the French hospitals. Yet the evil of the system went deeper than the casualties of the field. The

boy of eighteen, suddenly thrown into contact with the profligacy of a camp, was vitiated for life: he saw before him, from day to day, every temptation that can stimulate the hot passions of man, and every horror that can harden the heart; he lived in the midst of plunder, bloodshed, and promiscuous vice; until the sabre or the cannon-ball came to sweep him out of life, he was master of all that he cast his eyes upon; and the brief tenure of the possession only inflamed his guilty appetites the more. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," never was realized with such furious license as in the campaigns of the French imperial army. The soldier rushed on in a perpetual whirlwind of revelry, robbery, and blood.

The natural consequence was, that families looked upon their sons as mere food for the sword; and utterly neglected the morals, religion, and education which were so soon to be made useless by massacre. The few parents who persevered in doing their duty, watched, with agony, every fluctuation of the war, and lived in constant dread of the moment when they should be called on to surrender their children to death, or to what must be, in the mind of the wise and virtuous, worse than death. Even where the sword had mercy, no man could expect to see his son return the being that he had sent him: he saw him dismembered by wounds and disease, an encumbrance to himself and the world; or bringing back the deep corruptions of the soldier's life; contemptuous of morals and religion, a restless profligate, unfit for any one of the rational enjoyments or generous labours of society, and longing only for the fierce excesses of the field again.

But this spectacle was seldom allowed. The wars of Napoleon were computed to have cost France more than two millions of men; they mowed down the whole rising generation. "I can afford ten thousand men a-day," was said to be the boast of this iron homicide. Nothing struck the eye of the tra-

veller more than the almost total deficiency of youth in France. "*Il n'y a point de jeunesse,*" was the universal remark of the allies, on their march through the provinces. The consummate plague of the Egyptians, the last wrath of heaven, had been the first infliction of France on herself: she felt the universal smiting of the first-born; "there was not a house where there was not one dead."

But if France was chastised, the whole immense extent of the conquered provinces, formed into French departments, or given as appanages to some worthless relative or court-slave, was tortured. A system of espionage was established, subtle, and subversive of all the best feelings of society to a fatal degree. Like another scriptural curse, "A man's chief enemies were those of his own household." The simplest word uttered before a menial, or even a relative, might be made the subject of an accusation that cost a life. Even the bordering kingdoms, which enjoyed a nominal independence, were visited by this plague. It was a maxim—that no individual was safe within three days' march of a French garrison! The continent, from the Channel to the confines of Russia, was tormented with surveillance. Throughout three-fourths of Europe, no man could be sure that he would ever eat another meal under his own roof. No man, laying down his head on his pillow, could be sure that he would not be startled before morn by some frightful domiciliary visit, under the pretext of searching for English merchandise, but, in reality, for his own seizure; or that he would not be whirled away to some fortress from which he was never to emerge,—or emerge, only to be brought to a mock trial at Milan, or Mantua, or Paris, and perish before a military tribunal! The French mob had demolished one Bastile, and found in it but one prisoner. Napoleon created eight Bastiles; and the list of his state prisoners amounted to hundreds: those were *never* to be liberated. The imprisoned

for minor offences, chiefly on political suspicion, were ascertained, on the fall of the empire, to be upwards of fifty thousand! Such are the lessons of government given by a legislator from the field.

It is to the honour of England, or rather of that freedom which supplies nerve and virtue to a people, that her determination never gave way. Yet the evils of protracted hostility were now pressing on her with a weight which it required all her fortitude to sustain. The vividness of actual conflict was gone. There was no enemy on the seas to animate her with new triumph; war on land was hopeless against the bulwark of steel that fenced the empire and the vassals of Napoleon. Her pillars of state and war had fallen,—Pitt, Fox, and Nelson,—within a few months of each other. The Berlin and Milan decrees, after working their indescribable ruin on the continent, were gradually sapping her commerce. The enemy had at last detected the vulnerable part of her strength; and England was now less a vigorous and warlike nation, fighting her enemy round the globe, and striking active blows wherever he was to be found; than a great blockaded garrison, waiting within its walls for the attack, forced to husband its materials of support, and preparing to display the last powers of passive fortitude.

In this crisis,—when all hope of change had vanished; when, unquestionably, mere valour and energy had done their utmost; and slavery or eternal war seemed to be the only alternative of nations,—an interposition, a single event, unexpected as the descent of a spirit of heaven, threw a sudden light across Europe and summoned the day.

It does not derogate from this high deliverance, which we will believe to have been providential, that it acted by human passions. The profligate habits of the Spanish court had suffered Godoy, an adventurer, to rise to eminence. The king was a man of weak understanding,—the queen was a libertine,—

and Godoy was the open ruler of both. But even in Spain, sunk as it was in the deepest slough of indolence, and kept down there by the heel of the most sullen and jealous superstition that ever oppressed the human mind, there were curses, deep yet loud enough to reach, from time to time, the ear of the minister, and make him anxious to provide some supreme power safer from the knife and the poison. He proposed the partition of Portugal to Napoleon, securing to himself the province of Alentejo in sovereignty, as a recompense for conniving at the march of the French army through Spain. But he had to deal with one whose sagacity foresaw every thing, and whose ambition grasped at every thing. Napoleon seized Portugal, and gave the traitor no share. The treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, relieved him from the chances of northern war, and he next turned upon Spain. The tissue of artifice which he wound round the nerveless understanding of the Spanish court is unrivalled. He alternately sided with the Prince of Asturias against the king, with the king against the prince, and with both against Godoy; until, by mere dexterity, he induced king, queen, prince, and Godoy quietly to give themselves up to him, walk into his prisons, and leave the Spanish throne at his disposal.

But there was a scene of blood to come. Those royal imbeciles were not worth his fury, they had felt but the velvet of the tiger's paw; others were to feel its talons; and they were instantly darted at the throat of Spain. The first announcement of French dominion in the capital was by a massacre! Then awoke the feelings that God has treasured in the heart of man, to save him from the last degradation. That day's blood dyed the robe of the usurper with a colour never to be washed away. The ten millions of Spain rose as one man. Without leaders, without arms, without military experience, concert, or knowledge, they rushed upon the invaders, and overthrew them like a hurricane. The

French veterans, who had seen the flight of all the disciplined armies of Europe with their princes at their head, were routed and slaughtered by shepherds and tillers of the ground, by women and children; with no other fortresses than the rocks, no other allies than the soil and sky, and no other arms than the first rustic implement that could be caught up for the destruction of a murderer.

It is only due to the feelings of England to declare, that the whole nation rejoiced disinterestedly in this proud attitude of Spain. Whatever might be the advantages of thus recommencing the contest with Napoleon, on a new field, and assisted by auxiliaries in whose cause every heart of Europe sympathized, the first and strongest impulse was an unselfish desire to support the peninsula to the last shilling and last soldier of the kingdom.

Napoleon had long ascended to a height from which he might look down upon the diadems of Europe; but, as if to point the moral of ambition, he was yet suffered, for a moment, to enjoy an actual indulgence and personal splendour of sovereignty, to which all the earlier pomps of his empire were pale. He now sat down to a banquet of kingship, and feasted to the full; while an eye which glanced through the future would have seen his throne smitten under him, and his name a by-word among nations. But, for the moment, Europe had never witnessed so magnificent a spectacle of dominion as Napoleon's court at Erfurt. He was surrounded by the monarchs and princes of the continent in person.

The emperor of Russia with his brother Constantine, daily attended his levees; the emperor of Austria sent an ambassador to apologize for his absence at the feet of this universal king; all the first military and noble names of Europe, marshals, dukes, princes, and prelates, formed his circle. The days were spent in the occupations suitable to this display of royalty; in riding over fields of battle, nego-

tiating treaties, and deciding the fates of kingdoms Prussia was *forgiven*, at the intercession of Alexander; a new code was vouchsafed to Holland; a peace was proposed to England,—which she firmly refused, unless it should include the freedom of Spain; and the German powers were haughtily commanded to be still and obey. No human being could feel this homage with a keener zest than Napoleon himself. The long possession of a throne had not deadened the slightest nerve of his sense of supremacy;—“Come and play at Erfurt,” he wrote to Talma, with the loftiest sneer,—“you shall play before a *pitiful of kings*.”

He broke up the conference, to pour an army of two hundred thousand men upon Spain.

1809.—The Spanish war teemed with great lessons; and the first was, that the only security against public ruin is a free constitution. It would have saved Spain from that miserable spectacle of a depraved and effeminate court, a domineering priesthood, and a decaying people, which invited an invader; and it would have not less supplied the only strength which renders a country unconquerable. The enthusiasm of the Spanish peasantry was beyond all praise; but it expired in a year. Joseph Buonaparte, “the intrusive king,” as he was named by his indignant subjects, returned to Madrid; and Napoleon, after having brushed away the undisciplined levies of the juntas, as his charger would a swarm of flies, rode through the peninsula at his ease.

In one corner of Spain alone he found resistance, a foretaste of that fiery valour which was yet to cost him his diadem. The corps under Moore, after having been endangered alternately by the treason of the Spanish chief, the rashness of the British envoy, and the perplexity of the British general, had at length retired upon Galicia. Napoleon, who felt at all times a personal exasperation against Eng-

land, determined to strike a blow at his heart, by utterly crushing this corps: in his own ruthless phrase,—“ he would put all the wives and mothers of England into mourning.” He thundered after Moore with a force of forty thousand men.

But he found that the British soldier and sailor were men of the same blood; the spirit of Trafalgar was before him. He ought to have extinguished the retreating army at once: his number amounted to nearly three times theirs: he had all the advantages of command of the country, unlimited resources, high equipment, troops flushed with uncontested victory, and, more than all, his own mighty name: before him was a small body of men, hopeless of the contest, disgusted with the country, uncertain of their general, and in *retreat*—a word, that of itself throws a damp upon the soldier, and pre-eminently upon the soldier of England. Yet upon that little army the conqueror of the continent was never able to make the slightest impression. The elements fought against them; the rains and snows threw their battalions into disorder; famine unnerved them; but they felt no other victors. The wild mountains and dreary defiles of Galicia, proverbial for barrenness, were covered with the dying and the dead, the wreck of the British army, wasted by night-marches, hunger, weariness, and despair: but the bold spirit survived; the sound of a French gun was as the sound of a trumpet; the mutinous were instantly restored to order, the fugitive returned, the wounded forgot their wounds, the famished and the dying started from the ground, gathered their last strength, and died with the musket in their hands.

Napoleon's sagacity did not fail him here. A few rencounters of the British rear-guard with the *élite* of his troops, soon convinced him that at least no glory was to be gained by the pursuit: and after a brief but gallant cavalry action, in which Lords Stewart and Paget broke the squadrons of his favourite regiment

of guards,* and at which he was said to have been present; he turned away to easier triumphs, and committed to Soult the rough experiment of "driving the British into the sea." As it was his habitual policy to keep the marshal's baton at a sufficient distance from the sceptre; he had, probably, no disinclination to see Soult's pride, which had already given him some disturbance in Portugal, slightly lectured by the English sword. He now left him to pursue fortune to the borders of the English element. Never was commander more baffled. He was unable to gain a single advantage in the most disastrous march of the war. Moore reached Corunna, with his army in a state of almost total ruin; without cavalry, artillery, or baggage; without tents, shoes, medicine, money, or food. They had expected to find provisions on the road,—they found every hut deserted; the fleet was to have been ready to receive them at Corunna,—from the heights they could not see a sail round the horizon.

The Spaniards had nothing in their magazines but

* This action delighted the French infantry. They saw every feature of it from the heights, and were rejoiced at the defeat of the guard. The French cavalry had assumed that air of superiority over the other branches of the service, which those branches, in all countries, so naturally repay with dislike; and the cavalry of the imperial guard were only the more remarkable for this military coxcomby. They added to their pride in themselves and their horses, in their mustaches, and the vulgar manneries of court soldiership, demands of a choice of quarters, and other privileges, which excited the gall of the regiments of the line more than their tinsel and feathers.

On this occasion, they had rode down, under Le Clerc, a favourite aid-de-camp of the emperor, to "annihilate the English;" for their contempt of our dismantled troops was in the highest tone. The whole French camp ran out to see this easy victory. They were not kept long in suspense; the British hussars made quick work of it; they no sooner saw the showy *garde*, than they dashed at them, broke them in all directions, drove one part back through the river, and made the rest, with their general, prisoners. The fugitives, on reascending the hill, were received with a general shout of scorn by the infantry; taunted with all kinds of insolent questions, and asked "how they liked annihilating the enemy?"—"whether they were pleased with the cold bath after their promenade?"—and, above all, "what quarters they would prefer for the night?" The guards were in no condition to retort, but sullenly rode to the rear, and were hazarded no more in skirmishes.

brandy, which made them phrensied and furious; or the impoverished wine of the province, which produced disorders. But the sight of the French columns overtopping the heights round Corunna, made them soldiers once more. They bore the shock of their well-appointed antagonists with national fortitude, rushed upon them in return, with half their numbers drove them back on every point, and, covering the ground with slaughter, remained masters of the field. Moore fell, in the moment of victory, cancelling all his errors by his gallant death, and earning for himself a record in the hearts of his countrymen. The army embarked without a shot being fired by the enemy. Soult had received too severe a lesson to hazard a second trial. The lion had turned round on the hunter, given him a grasp that paralyzed him, and then walked quietly away.

The Spanish war lingered. The enthusiasm of the multitude must always be transitory. Their means of life are too dependent on daily exertion, and too much exposed to an invader, to make them capable of long enduring a warfare in the bosom of the land. The beginning of the second campaign found the insurrection melted away, the enemy masters of the chief cities, and the people in despair. The hatred subsisted; but the lofty passion, the valour in the field, and the zeal of public sacrifice, were gone.—The dagger was freely substituted for the sword; and the blood of Frenchman and Spaniard was spilled in the gloomy and useless interchanges of private vengeance and military retribution.

Now was fulfilled the evil of a despotic government. It is the instinct of all despotisms to extinguish individual character. They have no fear of a generation of nobles, such as cling to the skirts of foreign courts, fed on the emoluments of fictitious offices, and content to discover dignity in stars and strings. They have no fear of a peasantry, who are too remote, and too busy in toiling for their daily bread, to

be objects of alarm. But their terror is the middle order,—the natural deposite of the virtue, manliness, and vigour of a state; the trunk of the tree, which both root and leaf were created to feed, and without which they would both be but cumberers of the ground.

There was no middle order in Spain. A Roman Catholic throne and priesthood had long trampled it into the grave. For centuries, every vigorous intellect or free spirit that started up in Spain, had expiated its offence by the dungeons of the Inquisition, or death. The hour of national peril came; the hero and the statesman were then wildly called for, but the call was unanswered; they were not in existence; the soul was in the grave, or on the winds; and Spain, once so admirable for the brilliancy of its warlike and political genius, exhibited the extraordinary reverse, of ten millions of brave men without a soldier to lead them, and juntas and councils in every province without a statesman capable of directing them to any measure of common wisdom. The burden soon fell on the British, and it was heroically sustained. But the successes of the peninsular war are too familiar to be detailed here. Six years of almost uninterrupted campaigns, in which all the resources of the art of war were displayed on both sides, proved that England could be as invincible by land as on the ocean, placed the Duke of Wellington in a rank with Marlborough, planted the British standard in France for the first time since the Henries and Edwards, and gave the first blow, within his own frontiers, to the hitherto unchecked and unrivalled career of Napoleon.

The British army alone had interposed between Spain and total slavery. For some years its strength was inadequate to the extent of the field, and to the vast resources of the French empire. But a large share of its difficulties arose from the Spaniards themselves. The successive parties which assumed

the government were found equally feeble. The spirit of the juntas was timid, frivolous, and formalizing. With the most worthless part of national pride, they felt it an insult to be saved by the sword of strangers; with the lowest part of national prudence, they dreaded to irritate the enemy by defeating him. They hated the French, but they would not be helped by the English, and they could not help themselves. In this decrepitude, they solaced their wounded vanity by satires and ballads, determinations of future heroism, and the grand recollection—that their forefathers had expelled the Moors, though the feat had cost them three hundred years!

Those absurdities should be remembered for higher purposes than ridicule. They show how totally the spirit of a grave and high-hearted people may be perverted by a false system of government. The old, generous virtue of the Spanish soil had now force enough only to throw up those flaunting weeds. With liberty, it had lost the rich productiveness of liberty. The juntas differed from the courtiers of the Philips and Ferdinands in nothing but a cockade.

A few years saw them sink into insignificance; and they merited their fate. They had made no use of the highest advantages of their connexion with England. From the great land of freedom, literature, and religion, they borrowed nothing but money and arms. They shrank from the natural and only means of renovating the national heart. While Spain was under the foot of her enemy, with the blood gushing from a thousand wounds, they would suffer no infusion of that living stream of health and virtue which glowed under the impregnable corslet of England.—They turned away their purblind eyes from the splendours which should have taught them to see; and abjured her press, her legislature, and, above all, her religion. The cry of “Heresy” was as keen as in the days of Loyola. They dug up the bodies of the English soldiers, as unworthy to sleep in the

same clay with a Spaniard. They repelled and suppressed the Bible! that first book which a true legislator would put into the hands of his people, even as the noblest manual of patriotism.

All the art of man was never able to reconcile religious slavery with civil freedom. What can be the independence of him who, but by the permission of a priest, dares not read the Bible—that first and most perennial source of freedom; that highest fount of stainless principle, unhesitating courage, and fidelity strong as the grave; which, while it ministers, beyond all philosophy, to the contentment of a private career, and divests the bosom of all eagerness for the trivial and vanishing distinctions of public life, yet lays every man under the responsibility of exerting his best powers for the public good; that book, which, teaching him to be zealous without violence, and aspiring without ambition, and filling his mind with calmer and loftier contemplations than the unsubstantial visions of earth, prepares him to look with composure on the severest sacrifices, solicit no other praise than the testimony of his own conscience, and silently devote himself to the cause of man, and of that mighty Being who will not suffer him to be tempted beyond his power.

CHAPTER XV.

The Regency.

THE Prince of Wales, after a long retirement from public life, was recalled by an event which created the deepest sorrow throughout the empire. The affliction which, in 1788, had made the king incapable of government, was announced to have returned.*

* October 25, 1810.

A Regency bill, with restrictions, to last for a year was passed. The more than useless bitterness of the old contest was not renewed; its leaders had perished; a judicious declaration that the prince, from respect to the king, would make no immediate change in the ministry, at once quieted fears and extinguished hopes; and, with all resistance at home conquered, or neutralized, he entered upon the great office of regent of a dominion extending through every quarter of the globe, numbering one hundred millions of people, and constituting the grand resource of liberty, knowledge, and religion to mankind.

The reign of George the Third was now at an end, for though nominally monarch, he never resumed the throne. The lucid intervals of his malady soon ceased, and the last ten years of his life were passed in dreams. Perhaps this affliction, from which human nature shrinks with such terror, was meant in mercy. He had lost his sight some years before; and blindness, a fearful privation to all, must have been a peculiar suffering to one so remarkable for his habits of diligence and activity. The successive deaths of those whom we love, are the bitter portion of age; and in the course of a few years the king must have seen the graves of his queen, his son, and of that granddaughter, whose early death broke off the lineal succession of his throne. It is gratifying to the recollections which still adhere to this honest and good king, to believe that, in his solitude, he escaped the sense of those misfortunes. The mind, "of imagination all compact," is not to be reached by exterior calamities. All that human care could provide for the comfort of his age was sacredly attended to. A letter from the Princess Elizabeth to Lady Suffolk, one of the former suite of the royal family, states—"that his majesty seemed to feel *perfect happiness*; he seemed to consider himself no longer as an inhabitant of earth, and often, when she

played one of his favourite tunes, observed, that he was very fond of it when he was in the world. He spoke of the queen and all his family, and hoped that they were happy now, for he was much attached to them when in the world."

The character of George the Third was peculiarly *English*. Manly, plain, and pious in his individual habits, he was high-minded, bold, and indefatigable in maintaining the rights of his people and the honour of his crown. He was "every inch a king!"

The sovereign of England differs in his office and spirit from all others; he is not an idol, to be shown forth only in some great periodic solemnity, and then laid up in stately uselessness; but a living and active agent, called to mingle among the hearts and bosoms of men; not a gilded bauble on the summit of the constitution, but a part of the solid architecture, a chief pillar of the dome. If this increase his sphere of duty, and compel him often to feel that he is but a man, it increases his strength and security. The independence of other monarchs may seem more complete, but history is full of examples of its precariousness; it is the independence of an amputated limb. The connexion of an English king with his people is the connexion of a common life, the same constitutional current running through the veins of all, a communion of feelings and necessities, which, if it compel the king to take a share in the anxieties of the people, returns it largely by compelling the people to take a vital interest in the honour and safety of the king. Placed by the law at the head of the commonwealth, he excites and enjoys the most remote circulation of its fame, wealth, and freedom; he is the highest and noblest organ of public sensation, but, for every impulse which he communicates, he receives vigour in return. "*Agitat molem, magnoque se corpore miscet.*"

No sovereign of England was ever more a monarch, in this sense of public care, than George the

Third: he was altogether a creature of the commonwealth; his personal choice appointed his ministers, he sat in their councils, all their proceedings came under his revision; he knew nothing of favouritism nor party; and indulging a natural and generous interest in the fortunes of his friends to the last, he threw off with his boyhood the predilections of the boy, and thenceforth suffered no personal feelings to impede the business of the country.

The king's qualities were subjected to three stern successive tests, each exhibiting him in a different point of view, and each rising above the other in difficulty. He was thus tried as an individual, as an English monarch, and as the head of the European confederacy of thrones.

In the early part of his reign, the royal person was the first object of attack. All parties professed themselves alike zealous for the constitution, but the haters of government struck at the sitter on the throne. Ministers rose and fell too rapidly to make them a sufficient mark; the libel which would have been wasted upon those shadows, was levelled at the master who summoned them; and the manliness with which the king stood forward to take upon himself the responsibility of government, exposed him to every shaft of malice, disappointment, and revenge.

But assailants like those are born to perish; and the name of Wilkes alone survives, preserved, doubtless, by the real services which he involuntarily rendered to the constitution. Wilkes would have been a courtier by inclination, if he had not been a demagogue by necessity. Witty, subtle, and licentious, he would have glittered as an appendage to the court of Charles the Second; but the severe virtues of George the Third drove him to the populace. Yet he was altogether different from those who have since influenced the multitude. He had no natural gravitation to the mob: if he submitted to their con-

tact, it was, like Coriolanus, for their "voices;" it was to be carried by them in triumph, that he condescended to trust himself in their hands. His object was less to overthrow the higher ranks, than to force his way among them; less to raise an unknown name by flinging his firebrand into the temple of the constitution, than to menace government until it purchased off the incendiary; he had no internecine hatred of all that was above him in genius, birth, or fortune.

But, culprit as he was, there was grave occasion for him at the time. All power loves increase; an arbitrary spirit was creeping on the constitution; that spirit which, like the toad at the ear of our first parents, is content to come in the meanest shape, but which contains within itself the powers of a giant armed. The prerogative which had been wrested from the throne was usurped by the minister, and a secretary of state's warrant differed from a *lettre de cachet* only in name. While those committals were valid, no man was secure; and liberty must either have perished, or been restored by the desperate remedy of a revolution. Wilkes fought this battle at his own risk, for the country; and, selfish as his patriotism was, the service deserves not to be forgotten.

But, from this crisis the king came out unstained. Neither the crime nor the resistance was his. And in that calmer hour which, soon or late, comes to all men, Wilkes, satisfied and old, and with leisure to repent of faction, was in the habit of offering a ready homage to the virtues and sincerity of the king.

After a few years the king was summoned to war by the revolt of America. The success of that revolt cannot justify it. If the colonies were oppressed, the oppression was retracted, and they were offered even more than they had ever asked. But their object had speedily grown, from relief into rebellion,

and from alliance into independence; eventually, a fortunate result for England, which might have seen the constitution overthrown by the weight of American patronage.

We are not to judge of the wisdom that undertook the war, by its conduct in inferior hands. But the contest was altogether new, and fitted to be the disgrace of political and military calculation, the "*opprobrium regalis medicinæ*." The tactics of a peasant war were an unsolved problem in the science. The strength of army against army might be calculated; but where was the arithmetic for the wilderness, for the swamp, the impenetrable forest, and the malignant sky? But, while the struggle was in suspense, a new antagonist appeared. France, in short-sighted jealousy of England, broke her treaties, and ranged herself on the enemy's side; tyranny and democracy formed that singular alliance which was so fiercely repaid on the French throne. But the war was concluded. The king's duty had been done: he was not to see tamely the dismemberment of his empire. When the transaction was complete, the same duty made him acquiesce in the fate of battle.

Yet, this partial reverse was suddenly and magnificently compensated to England by her triumphs over France and Spain. The defeats of the enemy's fleets were memorable; and the thunders of her victory had scarcely died on the Atlantic, when they were echoed back from the battlements of Gibraltar. The spot upon her fame was but a spot upon the sun, visible for a moment, and then burning into tenfold glory.

The final and the heaviest trial was at hand. The middle of the eighteenth century had exhibited phenomena from which the most inexperienced glance augured that some extraordinary change was at hand. The public mind wore nothing of the old contented physiognomy of the fifty years before: the period

began with bold doubts and giddy conclusions ; every topic that had once been approached with sacred respect, was treated with increasing familiarity and scorn ; skepticism in religion, law, and government became the distinction of the popular leaders ; popular opinion was the idol, and its ministers were ambition, rashness, passion, and vengeance.

The treachery of the French government had recoiled upon itself ; while it haughtily looked forward to the downfall of England, it found France wrapped in sudden conflagration. The army, returning from America, had brought the fire at the point of their swords. The popular impulse was instantly given, and it was irresistible. France had always been a licentious country, but her vices had been chiefly among the opulent and high-born ; and as their numbers bore no proportion to the multitude whom the necessary labours of life kept pure, the higher turpitude floated on in its own region, and threw scarcely more than the shadow of a passing cloud below.

But now a fearful change was observed among the people : the luxurious and fantastic vice of the nobles was overwhelmed in the rude and fierce criminality of the multitude. The sneers of the refined infidel, dispensing his polished witticisms in the saloons of nobles and princes, were lost in the roar of the furious sons of carnage in the streets. The priest, the noble, and the sovereign together paid the penalty of neglecting the education of the national mind. The storm descended upon them, they felt bewildered alike, and blindly cast themselves into the hands of their executioners. And this blindness and astonishment were not limited to the effeminate dependants on the court, or the feeble and indolent possessors of the high offices of the church.

The force of the multitude was an unknown element, a new-created form of evil, that terrified even those who had been most instrumental in calling it upon the earth. Mirabeau and the leaders of the

national assembly were the first to be startled at their own work, and fly in alarm from its uncalculated and terrible energies. They had thought that they might play on the monarch's weakness in safety, by pointing to the volcano at a distance; they suddenly felt the whole soil volcanic, and blazing up under their feet. Like the Italian poison-makers, the mask had no sooner dropped off, than they felt themselves paralyzed and dying over the fumes of their own crucible. There can be no doubt that those leaders, some of whom were honest, and many able, were utterly unacquainted with the tremendous influence which resides in the roused passions of the people. With Mirabeau and his immediate faction, the whole was selfishness and charlatanism; their magic was for its lucre; and when they brought their deluded king, like Saul of old, to kneel in their cavern and solicit their oracle, they meditated only some new jugglery. But a mightier power was there: they saw their fictitious summons answered by a terrible reality, a vast and uncircumscribed apparition rising before them, uttering words over which they had no control, and declaring to their infatuated king that his day was done, his throne rent away, and his blood given to his enemies! Then they were overwhelmed with the consciousness of what they had done; they sank at the feet of their victim, and, with vain remorse, implored his forgiveness for their guilt and his ruin.

If the example of France were not followed in this country, and if England, first enduring the hostility, afterward became the protectress, of Europe, a large portion of the merit must be attributed to the king's individual character. He stooped to no baseness, personal or political; he preserved the tone of public morals in its highest state; he observed the forms and worshipped the spirit of religion; he was a faithful husband, a fond father, and a patriot king. On those qualities he laid the foundations of

his throne, and for those we honour him in his grave.

The restrictions on the regency expired in 1812, and the party under Lords Grey and Grenville confidently expected to be recalled to office; but a clearer view would have shown them that they had lost all influence on the prince's mind. If the regent's friendship were to be their dependence, it had nearly passed away with the death of Fox; if similarity of political opinion,—the prince, like other men, had seen the rashness of his early conceptions chastised by time, and he also must have found it difficult to comprehend a system of political faith compounded of tenets so long opposed as those of Lords Grey and Grenville; if political wisdom,—the events of every year since their dismissal had thrown their predictions into condign disgrace. Upon this last point, public opinion alone would have compelled the prince to reject them.

On the first failures of the Spanish war, they had become determined prophets of ill. At the commencement of every campaign, they pronounced that it *must* end in disaster; and when it ended in victory, they pronounced that in disaster the next must begin. They saw nothing in the most gallant successes but a waste of national blood, an extravagant flourish of military vanity, a vulgar gladiatorship. In every trivial reverse they discovered inextricable ruin. Such are the humiliating necessities of party. It cannot *afford* to be honest. There was, perhaps, not an individual in opposition at that time, who, if his real sentiments were to be spoken, would not have given the fullest praise to the conduct of the peninsular war, have rejoiced in its noble opportunity of restoring the brightness of the British arms, and have exulted with natural feeling in the true British effort to crush a tyrant, and restore a brave people to the possession of their soil. But opposition was

destined to give a full display of the fetters that party rivets upon its slaves. Victory followed victory, alike of the highest importance and the most unquestionable kind: opposition was still urged by its fate, and raised its expiring voice to depreciate those successes. The empire was in a tumult of exultation at its triumphs: opposition, shrunk into its corner, saw nothing but visions of ruin; and continued, pitching its rebel tones at one time to the funeral song of the country, and at another to the *lô pæan* of Napoleon.

Some of its orators put up their prayers that the French marshals would have mercy enough on the British army to let it escape to the seaside; others declared that they should consider a repetition of the Closterseven convention, or the surrender at Saratoga, a happy alternative for the horrors of a French pursuit. One patriot distinguished himself by saying, that "for all national purposes, the soldiers might as well be shot in St. James's Park." But, if the scale sank which bore the honours of England, the glory of the enemy kicked the beam. Napoleon was pronounced, not simply the first of mortals, but something more than mortal: he was termed "the child of providence—the man of destiny—the unconquerable—the inscrutable,"—with no unfrequent intimations, that resistance to his will might involve the repugnants in impiety as well as rashness and folly. Still, the rashness was returned by victories, and the impiety left the thunders to sleep; the nation persevered in defeating the unconquerable, and detecting the inscrutable, until their common sense revolted against the endurance of this absurdity; and opposition was forced to be silent at last, and wait for the contingencies that, like the Turkish providence, have especial care for the halt, the lunatic, and the blind.

1812.—The administration formed by the king, with Mr. Perceval at its head, had conducted public

affairs with such obvious advantage during the year, that the nation would have regarded its loss as a general injury. But the prince, on the commencement of the unrestricted regency, influenced by a desire to combine the whole legislature in the struggle against the common enemy, made an offer of employment to opposition in union with the Perceval ministry. His sentiments were expressed in this letter to the Duke of York.

“MY DEAREST BROTHER,—As the restrictions on the exercise of the royal authority will shortly expire, when I must make my arrangements for the future administration of the powers with which I am invested, I think it right to communicate those sentiments which I was withheld from expressing, at an earlier period of the session, by my warmest desire that the expected motion on the affairs of Ireland might undergo the deliberate discussion of parliament unmixed with any other consideration.

“I think it hardly necessary to call your recollection to the recent circumstances under which I assumed the authority delegated me by parliament. At a moment of unexampled difficulty and danger I was called upon to make a selection of persons to whom I should intrust the functions of the executive government. My sense of duty to our royal father solely decided that choice; and every private feeling gave way to considerations which admitted of no doubt or hesitation.

“I trust I acted in that respect as the genuine representative of the august person whose functions I was appointed to discharge; and I have the satisfaction of knowing, that such was the opinion of persons for whose judgment and honourable feelings I entertain the highest respect. In various instances, as you well know, where the law of the last session left me at full liberty, I waived any personal gratification in order that his majesty might resume,

on his restoration to health, every power and prerogative belonging to the crown. I certainly am the last person to whom it can be permitted to despair of our royal father's recovery. A new era is now arrived, and I cannot but reflect with satisfaction on the events which have distinguished the short period of my restricted regency. Instead of suffering in the loss of her possessions, by the gigantic force which has been employed against them, Great Britain has added most important acquisitions to her empire. The national faith has been preserved inviolable towards our allies; and if character is strength, as applied to a nation, the increased and increasing reputation of his majesty's arms will show to the nations of the continent, how much they may achieve when animated by a glorious spirit of resistance to a foreign yoke. In the critical situation of the war in the peninsula, I shall be most anxious to avoid any measure which can lead my allies to suppose that I mean to depart from the present system. Perseverance alone can achieve the great object in question; and I cannot withhold my approbation from those who have honourably distinguished themselves in support of it. I have no predilections to indulge—no resentments to gratify—no objects to attain, but such as are common to the whole empire. If such is the leading principle of my conduct—and I can appeal to the past as evidence of what the future will be—I flatter myself I shall meet with the support of parliament, and of a candid and enlightened nation. Having made this communication of my sentiments in this new and extraordinary crisis of our affairs, I cannot conclude without expressing the gratification I should feel, if some of those persons with whom the early habits of my public life were formed, would strengthen my hands, and constitute a part of my government. With such support, and aided by a vigorous and united administration, formed on the most liberal basis, I shall look with additional

confidence to a prosperous issue of the most arduous contest in which Great Britain was ever engaged. You are authorized to communicate those sentiments to Lord Grey, who, I have no doubt, will make them known to Lord Grenville.

“I am always, my dearest Frederick,

“Your ever affectionate brother,

(Signed) “GEORGE P. R.”

“*Carlton House, Feb. 13, 1812.*”

“P.S.—I shall send a copy of this letter immediately to Mr. Perceval.”

Mr. Perceval had led the attack which displaced the coalition ministry. To join him, and be also his subordinates, would have had all the shame of a third coalition, without the profit. The proposal was declined; and the nation proceeded, unconscious of its loss. In 1811, Portugal had been completely cleared of the enemy. In 1812, the great battle of Salamanca gave a proof that the British troops could be superior to the enemy in tactics as well as in valour,—that they were “a manœuvring army;” Madrid was freed from the usurping king, and the French supremacy in Spain approached its end.

But while Mr. Perceval was thus prosperously directing the affairs of the empire, the hand of an assassin put an end to his blameless and active life. On the evening of the 11th of May, as he was passing through the lobby of the house of commons, a man, who had previously placed himself in the recess of the doorway, fired a pistol into his bosom. The ball entered his heart; he uttered but the words, “I’m murdered,” tottered forwards a few steps, and fell into the arms of some persons who had rushed to his assistance. He was carried into the room of the speaker’s secretary, while medical aid was sent for. But ail was hopeless; he died within a few minutes. The atrocious act was so instantaneous,

that the assassin was not observed for some time; he had retired calmly towards a bench, and was looking at the scene of confusion when he was seized. He made no attempt either to escape or resist, but merely said, "I am the unhappy man;" and surrendered himself to the members, who, on hearing the shot, had crowded into the lobby. He was, of course, committed to Newgate and brought to trial.

His conduct in this fatal transaction was a melancholy proof of the delusions to which a mind even of some intelligence may be exposed by a violent temper. He told his story with the simplicity of perfect innocence. He was an Englishman, residing for some years as a merchant at Archangel. Becoming bankrupt, and conceiving himself aggrieved by the Russian government, he had applied to the British ambassador for redress; but he having none to give, Bellingham determined to shoot him for what he pronounced his negligence. The ambassador escaped by being recalled, and Bellingham followed him to London,—to "shoot him there." Still this obnoxious officer escaped; and the broken merchant sent in a succession of memorials to the ministers. He was at last informed, that they had no means of procuring retribution from the Russian government; and he "made up his mind to shoot the first minister who came in his way." He had spent the day walking about London; and when the hour approached at which the business of the house of commons usually begins, had stationed himself at the lobby door, with a case of pistols in his pocket. He added, that "having no personal hostility to Mr. Perceval, he would have preferred shooting the ambassador; but that, as the matter turned out, he was satisfied that he had only done his duty, and," placing his hand on his heart, "his justification was *there*." He was forty-two years of age, of a pale, intelligent countenance, and with the look of a gentleman. On

his trial, an attempt was made by his counsel to prove him insane ; but he made no pretence of that nature, was found guilty, persisted to the last in asserting that he was justified in the murder, and died, frigid and fearless, a reasoning madman.

The prince regent, who was deeply shocked by the death of the minister, expressed his sense of the misfortune, by sending down a message to the house the day after, condoling with them on the general loss, and proposing an annuity for Mrs. Perceval and her children. The house voted four thousand pounds a-year for the widow's life, with the evident intention of her applying this munificent provision to the support of her children. But the grant would have been more wisely worded if it had been limited to her widowhood ; for, to the surprise of the country, the lady, thus amply dowered, solaced herself without loss of time in a second marriage, and gave a lesson to the house for their future dealings with the wearers of weeds.

The premiership had now returned to the hands of the regent ; and the Marquis Wellesley was commissioned to form an administration. Lords Grey and Grenville, as the heads of the whigs, were applied to ; but the old fate of the party clung to them still. No combination of grave men ever possessed in such perfection the art of turning all their measures into the shape of absurdity. They loudly declared that a whig administration was essential to the country, and then declared that no whig administration should be formed unless they had possession of the whole royal patronage. The regent wished to retain the officers of the household : the whigs protested that they would not stir hand nor foot, unless their terms for " saving their country " were instantly granted, and the household given as the first deposit. Without wandering through the whole labyrinth of an intrigue at once ridiculous and contemptible, it is enough to say, that the cabal met their

usual destiny. They were defeated, sent back ignominiously to the opposition benches, and left to meditate on the wisdom of asking too much, and losing all.

What was to be thought of the patriotism of men who, on their own showing, would postpone the preservation of the empire to the low cupidity or childish vanity of making chamberlains and vice-chamberlains,—those titled valets and embroidered menials, obsolete fragments of the obsolete times of parade, that encumber courts, and equally fatigue the eye of king and people? Their phrase of “riding rough-shod through Carlton House,” too, had not been lost upon the regent, and he must have shrunk from such grasping claimants for the price of rescuing empires from ruin. But their defeat was directly the work of Sheridan. In all the misfortunes of that extraordinary man, there still survived some of that warm-heartedness which had early distinguished him from his party. His inevitable consciousness of his own great talents made him look with scorn on the sullen hauteur, and cold and frowning severity round him,—those intrenchments which pretension throws up against the approach of real ability. His connexion with Fox was one of personal fondness, and natural admiration; but with the death of that eminent individual, whose amenity of manners could alone *popularize* the whig peerage, Sheridan’s attachment perished; and he thenceforth suffered himself less to be led than dragged along by the obligations of party. The volunteer spirit was gone, and if he appeared on the muster, or went into the field, it was simply to avoid the stigma of desertion.

He had long been personally attached to the prince, to whom he observes, in a correspondence on the changes of ministry, “Junius said, in a public letter of his addressed to your royal father, ‘the fate which made you a king forbade your having a friend.’ I deny his proposition as a general maxim. I am

confident that your royal highness possesses qualities to win and secure to you the attachment and devotion of private friendship, *in spite* of your being a sovereign.* He felt for the situation in which the regent must find himself, with masters, who had exhibited such a disposition to have all, even before they could call themselves servants. On a similar attempt, the year before, he had let loose the following lines, in imitation of Rochester's to Charles:—

ADDRESS TO THE PRINCE.

In all humility we crave,
 Our Regent may become our slave;
 And being so, we trust that he
 Will thank us for our loyalty.
 Then, if he'll help us to pull down
 His father's dignity and crown,
 We'll make him, in *some time to come*,
 The greatest prince in Christendorr.

The demand of the household was so obviously in the spirit of political extortion, that all the prince's immediate friends were indignant against it. "You shall never part with one of them," was the chivalric declaration of the Marquis of Hastings. Sheridan took an equally characteristic way, and which, by its very form, he clearly intended to cover the whole transaction with ridicule. The household, as a matter of etiquette, had offered their resignations; and Sheridan, armed with this intelligence, went out to take his daily walk in St. James's-street. Some rumour of it had transpired, and Mr. Tierney, then high in the whig councils, stopped him, and asked whether the news were true. "What will you bet that it is?" said Sheridan, "for *I* will bet any man five hundred guineas that it is *not*." The conversation was carried without delay to the party. The hook was completely swallowed. The treaty

* Moore

was broken off, and when the eyes of those noble persons were at last opened, they found that they had been repulsed by an imaginary obstacle, and outwitted by a wager, and even a fictitious wager!

Their next intelligence was of a more solid kind. The Earl of Liverpool stated in the house of lords that the prince regent had appointed him first lord of the treasury.*

CHAPTER XVI.

The British Empire.

AFTER ten years of solitude and mental privation, the good king, George the Third, was called from the world.† His last hours were without pain, and, fortunately, without a return of that understanding which could have shown him only the long state of suffering in which he had lain. His death excited universal sympathy, and the day on which his honoured remains were committed to the grave, was observed with unfeigned reverence and sorrow throughout his empire.

The prince regent was now summoned to his inheritance, and George the Fourth was enthroned king of England, the noblest dominion that the sun looks upon!

The immense magnitude of the Roman empire might well have justified the Roman pride. It covered a million and a half of square miles of the finest portion of the globe. Stretching three thousand miles, from the Atlantic to the Euphrates; and two thousand miles, from the northern borders of Dacia to the tropic of Cancer; it was the seat of all the

* 8th of June, 1812.

† 29th January, 1820

choicest fertility, beauty and wealth, of the world. Imagination sinks under the idea of this prodigious power in the hands of a single nation, and that nation in the hands of a single man.

It might be difficult, on human grounds, to discover the ultimate causes of this mighty donative of supremacy to an Italian peninsula. But in the government of the Great Disposer of events nothing is done without a reason, and that the wisest reason. The reduction of so vast a portion of the earth under one sceptre was among the providential means of extending Christianity. The easier intercourse, the similarity of law, the more complete security of life and property, the general pacification of nations, which, under separate authority, would have filled the earth with blood,—all the results of melting down the scattered diadems of Europe and Asia into one,—palpably corresponded with the purpose of propagating the last and greatest revelation.

This purpose of the Roman empire accounts for its sudden breaking up, and the absence of all probability that it will ever have a successor. When Christianity was once firmly fixed, the use of this superb accumulation of power was at an end. None like itself shall follow it, because its use cannot return. Society has been, for the wisest purposes, reduced into fragments; and the peaceful rivalry of nations in arts and civilization is to accomplish that illustrious progress, which, under the pressure of a vast, uniform dominion, must have been looked for in vain.

But another paramount dominion was yet to be created, of a totally different nature; less compact, yet not less permanent; less directly wearing the shape of authority, yet perhaps still more irresistible and in extent throwing the power of Rome out of all comparison—the British empire. Its sceptre is Influence.—The old policy brought force into the field against force; it tore down the opposing king

doms by main strength; it chained to the ground the neck of the barbarian, whom it had first discomfited by the sword. This was the rude discipline of times, when the sternness of savage human nature was to be tamed only by the dexterous and resolute sternness of civilization. But a nobler and more softened state of our being has followed, and for it a more lofty and humane discipline has been providentially given.

England is now the actual governor of the earth; if true dominion is to be found in being the common source of appeal in all the injuries and conflicts of rival nations, the common succour against the calamities of nature, the great ally which every power threatened with war labours first to secure or to appease, the centre on which is suspended the peace of nations, the defender of the wronged, and, highest praise of all, the acknowledged origin and example to which every rising nation looks for laws and constitution! For whose opulence and enjoyment are the ends of the earth labouring at this hour? For whom does the Polish peasant run his plough through the ground? For whom does the American, with half a world between, hunt down his cattle, or plant his cotton? For whom does the Chinese gather in his teas, or the Brazilian his gold and precious stones? England is before the eyes of all. To whose market does every merchant of the remotest corners of the world look? To whose cabinet does every power, from America to India, turn with an interest surpassing all other? Whose public feeling does every people, struggling to raise itself in the rank of nations, supplicate? The answer is suggested at once,—England's. At this hour, a British cannon fired would be the signal for plunging every kingdom of Europe into war.

This sovereignty contains all the essentials of the old dominion without its evils. It is empire, without the charges, the hazards, the profligacy, and the

tyranny of empire. Nothing but despotism could have kept together the mass of the Roman state. The nature of its parts was repulsion, and the common band a chain of iron. The supremacy of England is of a more elevated kind, the supremacy of a magnificent central luminary, round which all the rest revolve, urged by impulses suitable to their various frames, and following their common course with a feeling that it is the course of nature.

If we glance at British India, we shall find it the most important foreign possession ever ruled by an European power. The Spanish colonies in South America were more extensive, but they were, in a boundless proportion, wilderness—regions of forest, swamp, and sand. In the peninsula of Hindostan, England governs an immense realm of extraordinary fertility; for the chief part, crowded with population, and the ancient seat of wealth to the world. By a gradual progress of combined policy and conquest, she has advanced from a factory to an empire.

Of all revolutions of power, this was the happiest for India. No country of earth had been, from the earliest periods of authentic history, so habitually the object of invasion and plunder. Its wealth, its diversity of government, and the harmless and unwarlike habits of its people, at once excited the cupidity and encouraged the violence of all the barbarian tribes of Asia. From the days of Alexander India was overflowed by the resistless depredations of Tartar and Turcoman, on east, north, and west; the early Persian, the Saracens under Mahomet's generals and successors, the Mogul under Zingis and Tamerlane, the Persian again under Nadir Shah. While the Western empire was sinking under the perpetual influx of the Scythian tribes, the same scene was going on in the East; but with the distinction that the Italian invader became a settler on the soil, and, gradually, a bulwark against invasion. The Indian

invader came like the locust, and went like the locust, to return at the moment when the first vegetation sprang out of the withered and cankered soil. The dynasties too that rose in India from the blood of the Mahometan conquerors, inherited the savage and predatory spirit of their race, and every throne was exposed to perpetual violence. Into the midst of this chaos the power of England came like a mighty minister of good; her system of mediation assuaged the wrath of barbarians, who till then had never thought of delaying their vengeance; and the fear of the irresistible English arms coerced the furious, and protected the peaceable, even where an English soldier had never planted his foot. But the territory in actual possession of the English was proverbial for its tranquillity. The land which had seen an invader every dozen years, and been turned into a howling wilderness by those most merciless of all inflictions, has never seen a hostile face since the days of Hyder Ali.

Cavils are easily made against all things human. There must be weaknesses and deficiencies in all great establishments; but it would be ungenerous and untrue to deny, that the principles of our government in the East are conformable to the manliness, benevolence, and integrity of the British character. Our labours have been directed to the security of property, to the inculcation of honesty and generous feeling in the public functionaries, to the sanctity of moral obligation, and to the introduction of a purer judicial code. Those are the highest benefits that nation can confer on nation. And, for those, what do we receive in return?—power, undoubtedly, but wealth none. The Indian treasury scarcely pays the various expenditures of its administration. Unlike the other masters of that noble country, we extract nothing from the miseries of the people. Our revenues are refunded to the soil from which they are drawn. The only income of the India Company

arises from commerce, and the only productive commerce is with China.

But the expiration of the Company's charter will give a new existence to our intercourse. The strange and discordant principles which must belong to a government mixed of civil and commercial control, with a litigated sceptre, one half in the hands of ministers, and the other half in the hands of a mercantile committee, will be extinguished, and the Indian peninsula enjoy the full benefits of her fertility and her situation, unencumbered by the restraints of an essentially jealous monopoly. Already an extension of her trade to the various ports of England has been attended with opulent returns. Industry has been excited in India, and enterprise in England: when both shall be ripe for the total freedom of commerce, the benefits to both may be beyond calculation.

A great eastern region has been, within these few years, opened to us. The archipelago that spreads almost from Ceylon to Japan, the most various, fertile, and lovely zone of islands on the face of the globe, the native country of all the richest products, the sugar-cane, and the spices, is now traversed by our vigorous adventure. The brilliant experiment of a free trade has been made among those islands, and its effect has been to create a most prosperous and powerful settlement in seas hitherto swept by pirates. British capital is rapidly flowing to this fortunate spot; the trade of China and India is rushing down to it in increasing streams; and its founders may yet be reckoned among the founders of some vast and benevolent empire, some magnificent eastern Carthage, without its criminal ambition, and safe from its fall; a noble embodying of that commercial liberality and public honour which England alone could offer to eastern eyes, and which is at once the sign of her strength, and the security of her dominion.

Even in Africa, later years have made some casual

advances, which may be strengthened into substantial progress. Our settlements at its southern promontory are still feeble, and struggling with unexpected and difficult anomalies of climate; droughts of three years that burn up all cultivation, followed by torrents of a single month that sweep away the harvest and the cultivator. But where English industry has once planted its step, it has seldom receded. The extravagant hopes of the first settlers have, by this time, been subdued into a fair estimate of their situation. They have fixed their standard, and it will never be plucked up. Larger examination of the country has found out districts more susceptible of secure cultivation; and we shall, before many years are passed, hear no more of Hottentot invasions, the ravages of wild beasts, or the stubbornness of the seasons. To those will succeed the vigorous fruits of English society, wise laws, active experiments on the capabilities of the country, commercial efforts, and the use of those admirable inventions by which the powers of nature are made the servants of man. They have already in the settlements at the Cape, the mail-coach, the steam-engine, and the gas-light;—ten years ago, they had the naked barbarian, the lion, and the wilderness.

On the western side, too, of this sullen continent our late discoveries give some hope of secure and productive knowledge. Denham and Clapperton have made their country acquainted with the central region of Africa. They have found it comparatively temperate, though under the line; comparatively civilized, though scarcely knowing the name of Europe; and fertile to an extraordinary degree. To gain a commercial route to this country is now the most interesting problem: a part of its territory reaches to within a fortnight's journey of the coast of Benin. The great rivers run towards the Gulf of Benin; and it is presumed that the Niger, so long a subject of eager inquiry in its source, its direction,

and its mouth, empties itself into this gulf. If a navigation into the interior can be found, important results may be looked for. Commercial advantages must be among the more immediate consequences; and the land of gold and ivory, guns, and perhaps of other valuable products, must be thrown open to England. But higher objects of general utility and honourable benevolence may be in reserve. The diffusion of the arts and knowledge of Europe among a people not yet perverted by the atrocities of the slave-trade, a better system of morality, the spirit of law, and of Christianity, would be the gifts of British intercourse: a vast multitude of the human race would be elevated in their rank as social beings. The steam-navigation, which seems to have been almost especially designed for the use of penetrating the great solid continents, would leave no recess of the whole region of central Africa unexplored.

Passing down to the east and south of the Indian isles, we come to a fifth continent, New-Holland, stretching nearly thirty degrees from north to south, and nearly thirty-five from east to west! Here discovery has yet advanced only far enough to know that its interior contains but a few half-naked savages, and that an immense portion of its soil is friendly to European produce. The British settlements on its eastern coast have already assumed a vigour and stability which place them beyond the hazards of early colonization: pasturage and agriculture, the natural pursuits of young states, are giving them opulence; a moral population is rapidly superseding, or civilizing, the original settlers; English habits and laws are firmly planted in this boundless region; and a dominion is rising there which may be destined, at no long interval, to become the powerful and fortunate means of liberating the whole splendid chain of the Indian isles from the supersti-

tions, miseries, and tyrannies that have for so many ages defeated the unparalleled bounty of nature.

An extraordinary phenomenon presented in the southern ocean may render our settlements in New South Wales of still more eminent importance. A SIXTH CONTINENT is in the very act of growing up before our eyes! The Pacific is spotted with islands through the immense space of nearly fifty degrees of longitude, and as many of latitude. Each of these islands seems to be merely a central spot for the formation of coral banks, which, by a perpetual progress, are rising from the depths of the sea. The union of a few of those masses of rock shapes itself into a solid circle, the seeds of plants are carried to it by birds or by the waves, and from the moment that it overtops the waters, it is covered with vegetation. The new island constitutes in its turn a centre of growth to another circle. The great powers of nature are in peculiar activity in this region; and to her tardier processes she often calls the assistance of the volcano and the earthquake. From the south of New-Zealand to the north of the Sandwich Islands, the waters absolutely teem with those future seats of civilization. The coral insect, the diminutive builder of all those mighty piles, is unceasingly at work: the ocean is intersected with myriads of its lines of foundation; and when the rocky substructure shall have finally excluded the sea, then will come the dominion of man.

Passing round the southern cape of America to the western Atlantic, we again find the British empire, the chain of the West Indian islands, covering the whole shore of Mexico; the noblest breakwater in the world, stretching through nearly twenty degrees of latitude, and sixteen of longitude. The fertility, peculiar productions, and commercial value of those islands are matters of common knowledge. But they have lately acquired a still higher value, as means of power. Until the year 1782 the whole

range of the islands had been contemplated in scarcely a more elevated point of view than as supplying the English markets with sugar and coffee. To their west lay a vast and obscure world, known only as the residence of Spanish pride and tyranny, and of an unhappy and decaying native population,—a boundless extent of forest and fen, of ignorance and savage life, productive for no purpose of good to the great family of nations.

To their north lay British America, more known, more vigorously forced into the service of human nature, more abundant in prospects of national grandeur and social virtue; yet still a series of lonely colonies, struggling with the difficulties of situation, with novelty of climate, with individual poverty, and the general countless disabilities of men torn painfully from an old and highly civilized country.

The American war forced those colonies into new activity. The spirit and manliness which might have been worn out in the silent and unexciting warfare with the swamp and the forest, were suddenly turned to the most stirring of all human purposes, war for popular objects. The struggle awoke the United States to an instantaneous and lasting display of national energy. No pacific connexion with England could have placed them so suddenly in the rank of leading powers. War seems to be the melancholy price that every nation must pay for eminence. And the martial attitude of republican America not less drew upon her the eyes of Europe, with an interest that would not have been vouchsafed, though her shoulders were stooping under the quiet wealth of the western hemisphere. But America at war with England raised the West Indies into direct importance. They offered the harbours, the magazines, and the citadels, from which the wrath of Britain was to be hurled against the rebellious continent.

From this period must be dated the commence-

ment of that noble national indignation, which was determined to extinguish the British slave-trade. The more frequent intercourse of our military officers and public functionaries with the islands, brought abuses and crimes to light to which no public indignation had been turned, merely because there was no public knowledge. The Englishman, proceeding directly from his free country into the centre of the slave-community, was struck with horror at scenes, which, to the habitual avarice of the merchant, or the habitual tyranny of the planter, were unmarked and natural. The general sensibility was now awakened, and from that hour the abolition of the slave-trade was virtually decreed. The British parliament gave the first deadly blow to this guilty traffic, and England was disburdened of a weight of crime.

Since that period the keys of a still more splendid influence have been given to the West Indian islands. The French Revolution, that strove in vain to break up the power of Spain in Europe, utterly destroyed it in the New World. In this desperate war, which tasked all the powers of the mother country, she had no strength to retain the colonies. The storm was too strong on the royal ship of Spain to leave her at liberty to keep her dependencies in her wake. She was forced to cast them adrift; and, once left to take their own free course, no human power could hope to bring them back to their old connexion.

After a war of eleven years, Mexico and the northern provinces of South America were recompensed for their sacrifices by freedom. Those years were marked by strange, and sometimes bloody, reverses. The Spanish officers, released from the perpetual and perplexing supervision of their own court, often exhibited the qualities that once made Spain the model of European warfare. Signal instances of intrepidity, sagacious generalship, gallant enterprise, and, above all, patience of hardship and privation,

were to be found among the royal armies. But they were encountered, if by inferior military knowledge, by equal intrepidity, and by the spirit of independence, itself equivalent to victory. Those fine provinces are still perplexed with dissensions ; but they have broken their bonds for ever.

It is a striking and most important feature in the intercourse of this invaluable portion of the New World with England, that it promises to be wholly peaceful. There is no probable ground for war ; no intermediate territory to which both can cast a jealous eye, no ancient bickering, no rivalry of trade. The obvious interest of the republics is peace, and peace with England above all other nations. They have been led forward by her powerful hand from the first moment ; they have been recognised in Europe first by her, they have been sustained by her finance, they are clothed and furnished by her manufactures. They are now rapidly filling with the enterprise and productive vigour of the English mind. In a few generations, unless some most disastrous and most unexpected event should cloud those fortunate prospects, they will be but England on a larger scale.

But the West Indies are at once the warehouses from which this opulent connexion will be supplied along the whole coast of the Gulf of Mexico, and the fortresses by which it will be defended.

The prospects of England in this quarter are not yet exhausted. A still more superb vision awaits her commercial grandeur. In a few years the Isthmus of Darien will be an isthmus no more, but the gate of the highway of all nations. The whole coast of Japan and its archipelago, hitherto so fiercely prohibited to European activity ; the jealous frontier of China ; the semi-barbarous, yet opulent, states bordering the seas from Formosa to Malaya ; will be inevitably thrown open. No political restraint can guard the immense shore of eastern and southern Asia, when once the passage shall be open through

Mexico. All the forces of all the sovereignties of the East could not repel the perpetual and powerful allurements that will be offered to the people by an unrestrained interchange of their produce for the manufactures and luxuries with which commerce comes full-handed.

The present voyage from the Thames to China generally occupies five months. The ship's course, in that time, from the variety of winds and other causes, is seldom less than from fifteen to twenty thousand miles. The outfit for this immense voyage, the hazards of the course through difficult seas, and the natural slowness of the returns, have hitherto restricted the commerce of European nations with the eastern and southern coasts of Asia, more than all the follies and tyrannies of its governments.

But, by the opening of the isthmus, the whole voyage will be made almost on a parallel, and with almost a single wind. This great sea-gate once passed, before the navigator lies an immense expanse of ocean, that well deserves its name; the Pacific is of all seas the most unruffled. A brief period of storm comes at its regular season, as if merely to clear away the impurities of this quiet world of waters and its tepid atmosphere. Thenceforth all is calm for months together. The central zone of the Pacific is swept by the trade wind. All to the north and south is the true region for the steamboat; that unequalled invention, by which a new power is given to science over nature, and man is made lord of the wind and the tide, the storm and the calm.

But England, sharing with all other nations in the advantages of this new and incalculable increase of the riches of the world,—or rather, taking the lead in this great path of opulent discovery, as she had done in all others,—must derive from the West Indian islands an influence altogether independent of her commercial enterprise. They intercept the whole Gulf of Mexico, and the Caribbean Sea. The gate

may be in the hands of Mexico, but the road to it is in the hands of England. She could shut it up at a moment. Not a sail from Europe could pass, if she prohibited it from her West Indian throne.

Contingencies like those are deeply to be deprecated. No man friendly to human nature, or to the supremacy of England, which is identified with the freedom, happiness, and security of human nature, can desire to see the world again thrown into a state of hostility. But if this reluctant necessity should arise, here stands the citadel, from which the mistress of the seas can shake both hemispheres!

Turning to the north of this continent, the foundations of a new empire are seen in Canada. This region is, for all actual purposes, boundless; stretching as it does from Nova Scotia, in forty-four degrees north latitude, to the Pole; and from Newfoundland to the Pacific, through eighty degrees of longitude. If it be objected, that the Canadas are still a wilderness, and visited with intense cold; it is justly answered, that their whole extent is capable of sustaining life, as is shown by the residence of the Indian tribes, and the hunters of the Hudson's Bay and North-west companies; that the most populous portion of Russia is twenty degrees to the north of the American border of Upper Canada; that Montreal lies in nearly the same parallel which cuts through the south of France, the Adriatic, and the Black Sea! And, above all, that the colonists crowding to that country are *Englishmen*,—a race proverbially successful in all the tasks to be achieved by patient vigour and fearless adventure. Those men require only room; their native energies will do the rest. The forest will be cleared, the morass drained, the prairie will be a corn-field, the sandy hill will bear the vine; the huge lakes, those Mediterraneans of the New World, will be covered with the products of the mineral and agricultural wealth of the country; coal has been already discovered in

great abundance; iron and the various metals are already worked; the hills abound in every kind of limestone, up to the purest marble. The climate is singularly healthy. The higher latitude repels all the summer epidemics that ravage the United States. Even in the severity of its winter, all that is injurious will yield to the thinning of the forests, the drainage of the swamps, and the other labours of the accumulating population. The temperature of the European climates has gradually given way to the same means. The north of France, at the time of the Roman conquest, was incapable of rearing the vine. The north of Germany was the habitual seat of winter. Its frosts and damps, more than the sword of Arminius, repelled the Roman soldier, seasoned as he was, beyond all other men, to all vicissitudes of climate.

But whatever may be the dreams of England's supremacy in this quarter of the globe, in one thing she cannot be a dreamer,—in the lofty and cheering consciousness that she has laid the foundation of a great society, where all before was a wilderness. Whether the Canadas shall retain their allegiance, or shake it off, there will, at least, be human beings where once was solitude; law, where once was the license of savage life; religion, where the Indian once worshipped in brutish ignorance; and England's will be the wand that struck the waters from the rock, and filled the desert with fertility and rejoicing.

It becomes an interesting question, whether this singular prosperity does not contain within itself the seeds of decline? But we have a right to distrust those prophets of evil who exert their sagacity only in seeing the seeds of ruin in the most palmy state of national fortune. If all the leading commercial powers have fallen, England has been placed in a condition distinct from them all. All those states were exclusively commercial: they had no foundation in the land. Tyre, Carthage, Venice, Genoa, Hol-

land, had no territory extensive enough to give them a national existence independently of the sea: they were *strips* of territory, inhabited by men whose natural dwelling was on shipboard; they had no population that could meet the attack of the military powers that pressed on them by land; their whole armour was in front, their backs were naked. All the maritime states were thus compelled to the perilous expedient of employing foreign mercenaries. The mercantile jealousy that uniformly refused the rights of citizenship to the neighbouring states, left the merchant helpless in his day of danger. The French cavalry insulted the gates of Amsterdam at pleasure; the Austrians seized Genoa, and besieged Venice, when an Austrian cockboat dared not appear on the Adriatic. In older times, the mountaineers of Macedon tore down the battlements of the Phœnician cities, when their ships were masters of all from Syria to the Pillars of Hercules. Scipio found but a solitary force of mercenaries between the shore and the walls of Carthage.

From the catastrophe of those small, jealous, and tyrannical states, what argument can be drawn to the fate of the extensive, the generous, the enlightened, and, above all, the free!

The population of the British Isles is worthy of a great dominion. It probably amounts to twenty millions; and that immense number placed under such fortunate circumstances of rapid communication and easy concentration, as to be equal to twice the amount in any other kingdom. Facility of intercourse is one of the first principles of civilized strength. The rapid returns of merchandise are not more indicative of prosperous commerce, than the rapid intercourse of human kind is essential to national civilization and safety. In England, for whatever purpose united strength can be demanded, it is forwarded to the spot at once. It makes the whole land a fortress. If England were threatened with invasion,

a hundred thousand men could be conveyed to the defence of any point of her coasts within four-and-twenty hours!

Some common yet striking calculations evince the singular facility and frequency of this intercourse. The mail-coaches of England run over twelve thousand miles in a single night—half the circumference of the globe! A newspaper published in the morning in London, is, on the same day, read a hundred and twenty miles off! The traveller, going at night from London, sleeps, on the third night, at a distance of more than four hundred miles. The length of canal navigation in the vicinage of London is computed as equal to the whole canal navigation of France!

The late combination of the railroad and steam-engine systems, and the almost miraculous rapidity of passage thus attained, will increase this intercourse in an incalculable degree. Ten years more of peace may cover England with railroads; relieving the country of the expenses of canals, highways, and all the present ponderous and wasteful modes of conveyance; bringing the extremities of the land together, by shortening the time of the journey from days to hours; and by the nature of the system, which offers the most powerful stimulant to the native ingenuity of the English mind, and summons the artificer from the rude construction of the boat and the wagon, to the finest science of mechanism; providing, in all probability, for a succession of inventions, to which even the steam-engine may be but a toy. The secret of directing the balloon will yet be discovered: and England, adding to her dominion of the land and the sea the mightier mastery of the air, will despise the barriers of mountain, desert, and ocean.

But the most important distinction between the material of British strength and that of the old commercial republics, is in the diversity of the popula-

tion. The land is not all a dock-yard, nor a manufactory, nor a barrack, nor a ploughed field; the national ship has a sail for every breeze. With a manufacturing population of three millions, we have a professional population, a naval population, and a most powerful, healthy, and superabundant agricultural population, which supplies the drain of them all. Of this last and most indispensable class, the famous commercial republics were wholly destitute, and they therefore fell;—while England has been an independent and ruling kingdom since 1066, a period already longer than the duration of the Roman empire from Cæsar, and equal to its whole duration from the consulate.

But if the population of our settlements be taken into account, the king of England, at this hour, commands a more numerous people than that of any other sceptre on the globe; excepting the probably exaggerated, and the certainly ineffective, multitudes of China. He is monarch over one hundred millions of men! With him the old Spanish boast is true: "On his dominions the sun never sets." But the most illustrious attribute of this unexampled empire is, that its principle is benevolence! that knowledge goes forth with it, that tyranny sinks before it, that in its magnificent progress it abates the calamities of nature, that it plants the desert, that it civilizes the savage, that it strikes off the fetters of the slave, that its spirit is at once "glory to God, and goodwill to man."

CHAPTER XVII.

Queen Caroline.

No rank can expect to be free from the common visitations of life; and George the Fourth, always much attached to his relatives, had suffered, within a few years, the loss of his royal mother;* of his brother, the Duke of Kent,† but a week before the death of his father; and of his daughter, the Princess Charlotte;‡—all regretted by the nation; but the loss of the last creating an unexampled sorrow.

The Princess Charlotte, with a spirit of independence unusual in her rank, making her own choice, and marrying Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, had increased the popular affection for the heiress of the throne, by the remarkable propriety and domestic nature of her life during the year of her marriage. But her constitution was feeble; and when she was about to become a mother, it seems to have been unable to resist that perilous time. She gave birth to a still-born child, and, in a few hours after, unhappily sank into a state of exhaustion, and died. The nation received the unexpected and painful intelligence as if every family had lost a daughter and an heir. Before the customary orders for mourning and the other marks of public respect could be issued, all England exhibited the deepest signs of spontaneous homage and sorrow. All public places were voluntarily closed; all entertainments laid aside; the churches hung with black by the people, and funeral sermons preached every where at their request: the streets

* 17th Nov. 1818.

† 23d Jan. 1820.

‡ 6th Nov. 1817

deserted; marriages suspended; journeys put off; the whole system of society stopped, as if it had received an irreparable blow. The English residents abroad all put on mourning; and as the intelligence passed through the world, every spot where an Englishman was to be found, witnessed the same evidence of the sincerest national sorrow.

If such were the loss to the people, what must it have been to him, who added his feelings as a father to those for the broken hope of his line; and lamenting over an innocent and fond being, dead in the most exulting moment of a woman's and a wife's existence, saw before him the death-bed of two royal generations!

But he had scarcely ascended the throne when perplexities, if of a less painful kind, of a more harassing one, awaited him. The Princess Caroline, his consort, who had long resided in Italy, announced her determination of returning to England, and demanding the appointments and rank of queen. Her life abroad had given rise to the grossest imputations; and her presiding at the court of England, while those imputations continued, would have been intolerable. But the means adopted to abate the offence argued a singular ignorance of human nature. If we must not subscribe to the poetic extravaganza, that

“ Hell has no fury like a woman scorned,”

it ought to have been remembered, that woman, once thoroughly irritated, sets no bounds to her vengeance. The “*furens quid fœmina possit*,” is as old as human nature: yet this violent woman had been insulted by the conduct of every English functionary abroad. The announcement of her approach to a city where an English ambassador resided, instantly threw his entire microcosm into a state of chaos: diplomacy forswore her dances and dinners;

the whole accomplished tribe of *attachés* were in dismay; the chief functionary shut up his doors and windows, ordered post-horses, and giving himself only time to pen a hurried despatch to the foreign office, detailing the vigour with which he had performed this national duty, fled as if he were flying from a pestilence. Foreigners, of course, with their usual adoption of the ambassadorial tone, added their laughter; until, stung by universal offence, she no sooner received the announcement of the death of George the Third, than, defying all remonstrance, and spurning the tardy attempts of ministers to conciliate her, she rushed back to England, flaming with revenge.*

Lord Liverpool was utterly unequal to the emergency: always hitherto a feeble, unpurposed, and timid minister, he now put on a preposterous courage, and defied this desperate woman. He might better have taken a tiger by the beard. He had even the folly to bring her to trial. With what ultimate object is utterly inconceivable. That he could not have obtained a divorce by any law human or divine, the reasons were obvious. If she had been found guilty, he could have neither exiled nor imprisoned her; his only resource must be her decapitation. But he knew that the people of England would have risen indignantly against so cruel and horrid a sentence. There was but one alternative remaining—to be defeated; and defeated he was, totally, helplessly, ignominiously.

The queen was probably a criminal, to the full extent of the charge. But there had been so long a course of espionage, which the English mind justly abhors, the practices against her had been so pitiful, and the details of the evidence were so repulsive, that the crime was forgotten in the public scorn of the accusers. This feeling, however suppressed in

* June, 1820.

the higher ranks, took its open way with the multitude; and while ministers were forced to steal down to the house, or were visible, only to receive all species of insults from the mob, the queen went daily to her trial in a popular triumph. Her levees at Brandenburg House, a small villa on the banks of the Thames, where she resided for the season, were still more triumphant. Daily processions of the people filled the road. The artisans marched with the badges of their callings; the brotherhoods of trade; the masonic lodges; the friendly societies; all the nameless incorporations, which make their charters without the aid of office, and give their little senates laws; down to the fish-women; paid their respects in full costume, and assured her majesty, in many a high-flown piece of eloquence, of her "living in the hearts of her faithful people."

There was, doubtless, some charlatantry in the display. Many interests are concerned in every move of the popular machine. The inn-keepers on the road were the richer for this loyalty; the turnpikes reaped a handsomer revenue; the Jews sold more of that finery which has seen its best days; the coachmakers issued more of their veteran barouches; the horse-dealers supplied more of those hunters and chargers which have bade a long farewell to all their fields. All the trades were zealous promoters of the processions. The holyday, the summer drive, the dress, the "hour's importance to the poor man's heart," were not to be forgotten among the accessories. But the true motive, paramount to all, was honest *English* disdain at the mode in which the evidence had been collected, and the mixture of weakness and violence with which the prosecution was carried on. Concession after concession was forced from ministers. The title of queen was acknowledged; and finally, Lord Liverpool, beaten in the lords, and become an object of outrageous detestation to the populace, admitted that he could pro-

ceed no further, and withdrew the prosecution. The announcement was received with a roar of victory in the house. The sound was caught by the multitude, and London was filled with acclamations.

The graver judgment of the country regretted, that by the rashness which suffered a question of individual vice to be mingled with one of public principle, the crime received the sanction which belonged only to the virtue. But the deed was done; and the only hope now was, that it might be speedily forgotten. But this the queen would not suffer: the furious passions of the woman were still unappeased. She took a house within sight of the palace, that she might present the perpetual offence of her mobs to the royal eye; she libelled the king; she pursued him to public places; and persevered in this foolish vindictiveness, until she completely lost the sympathy of the people. At length, advised only by her own hot and bitter heart, she determined to insult him at the coronation,* in the presence of his nobles, and in the highest ceremonial of his throne.

But this fine display of the old pomps of England has been commemorated by so celebrated a master of description, that any fragment from his pen on such a subject must supersede all other. It has a monumental value.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LETTER ON THE CORONATION.

“ I refer you to the daily papers for the details of the great national assembly which we witnessed yesterday, and will hold my promise absolved by sending a few general remarks upon what I saw, with surprise amounting to astonishment, and which I shall never forget. It is indeed impossible to conceive a ceremony more august and imposing in all its parts, and more calculated to make the deepest

* 19th July, 1821

impression both on the eye and on the feelings. The most minute attention must have been bestowed, to arrange all the subordinate parts in harmony with the rest; so that, among so much antiquated ceremonial, imposing singular dresses, duties, and characters upon persons accustomed to move in the ordinary routine of society, nothing occurred either awkward or ludicrous, which could mar the general effect of the solemnity. Considering that it is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, I own I consider it as surprising that the whole ceremonial of the day should have passed away without the slightest circumstance which could derange the general tone of solemn feeling which was suited to the occasion.

“ You must have heard a full account of the only disagreeable event of the day. I mean the attempt of the misguided lady who has lately furnished so many topics of discussion, to intrude herself upon a ceremonial, where, not being in her proper place, to be present in any other must have been voluntary degradation. That matter is a fire of straw which has now burned to the very embers, and those who try to blow it into life again will only blacken their hands and noses, like mischievous children dabbling among the ashes of a bonfire. It seems singular, that being determined to be present at all hazards, this unfortunate personage should not have procured a peer’s ticket, which I presume would have ensured her admittance. I willingly pass to pleasanter matters.

“ The effect of the scene in the Abbey was beyond measure magnificent. Imagine long galleries stretched among the aisles of that venerable and august pile—those which rise above the altar pealing back their echoes to a full and magnificent choir of music; those which occupied the sides filled even to crowding with all that Britain has of beautiful and distinguished; and the cross-gallery most appropriately occupied by the Westminster school-

boys, in their white surplices, many of whom might on that day receive impressions never to be lost during the rest of their lives; imagine this, I say, and then add the spectacle upon the floor—the altar—surrounded by the fathers of the church—the king, encircled by the nobility of the land, and the counsellors of his throne, and by warriors wearing the honoured marks of distinction, bought by many a glorious danger;—add to this the rich spectacle of the aisles, crowded with waving plumage, and coronets, and caps of honour, and the sun, which brightened and saddened as if on purpose, now beaming in full lustre on the rich and varied assemblage, and now darting a solitary ray, which caught, as it passed, the glittering folds of a banner, or the edge of a group of battle-axes or partisans, and then rested full on some fair form, ‘the cynosure of neighbouring eyes,’ whose circlet of diamonds glistened under its influence.

“Imagine all this, and then tell me if I have made my journey of four hundred miles to little purpose. I do not love your *cui bono* men, and therefore I will not be pleased if you ask me, in the damping tone of sullen philosophy, what good all this has done the spectators? If we restrict life to its real animal wants and necessities, we shall indeed be satisfied with ‘food, clothes, and fire;’ but Divine Providence, who widened our sources of enjoyment beyond those of the animal creation, never meant that we should bound our wishes within such narrow limits; and I shrewdly suspect that those *non est tanti* gentlefolks only depreciate the natural and unaffected pleasure which men like me receive from sights of splendour and sounds of harmony, either because they would seem wiser than their simple neighbours, at the expense of being less happy; or because the mere pleasure of the sight and sound is connected with associations of a deeper kind, to which they are unwilling to yield themselves.

“ Leaving these gentlemen to enjoy their own wisdom, I still more pity those, if there be any, who (being unable to detect a peg on which to hang a laugh,) sneer coldly at this solemn festival, and are rather disposed to dwell on the expense which attends it, than on the generous feelings which it ought to awaken. The expense, so far as it is national, has gone directly and instantly to the encouragement of the British manufacturer and mechanic; and so far as it is personal to the persons of rank attendant upon the coronation, it operates as a tax upon wealth and consideration, for the benefit of poverty and industry; a tax willingly paid by the one class, and not the less acceptable to the other, because it adds a happy holyday to the monotony of a life of labour.

“ But there were better things to reward my pilgrimage than the mere pleasures of the eye and the ear; for it was impossible, without the deepest veneration, to behold the voluntary and solemn interchange of vows between the king and his assembled people, while he, on the one hand, called God Almighty to witness his resolution to maintain their laws and privileges; and while they called, at the same moment, on the Divine Being, to bear witness that they accepted him for their liege sovereign, and pledged to him their love and their duty. I cannot describe to you the effect produced by the solemn, yet strange mixture of the words of Scripture, with the shouts and acclamations of the assembled multitude, as they answered to the voice of the prelate who demanded of them whether they acknowledged as their monarch the prince who claimed the sovereignty in their presence.

“ It was peculiarly delightful to see the king receive from the royal brethren, but in particular from the Duke of York, the fraternal kiss, in which they acknowledged their sovereign. There was an honest tenderness, an affectionate and sincere reverence, in the embrace interchanged between the Duke of York

and his majesty, that approached almost to a caress, and impressed all present with the electrical conviction, that the nearest to the throne in blood was the nearest also in affection. I never heard plaudits given more from the heart than those that were thundered upon the royal brethren when they were thus pressed to each other's bosoms—it was the emotion of natural kindness, which, bursting out amid ceremonial grandeur, found an answer in every British bosom. The king seemed much affected at this and one or two other parts of the ceremonial, even so much so as to excite some alarm among those who saw him as nearly as I did. He completely recovered himself, however, and bore, generally speaking, the fatigue of the day very well. I learn, from one near his person, that he roused himself with great energy, even when most oppressed with heat and fatigue, when any of the more interesting parts of the ceremony were to be performed, or when any thing occurred which excited his personal and immediate attention. When presiding at the banquet, amid the long line of his nobles, he looked 'every inch a king;' and nothing could exceed the grace with which he accepted and returned the various acts of homage rendered to him in the course of that long day.

“ It was also a very gratifying spectacle to those who think like me, to behold the Duke of Devonshire and most of the distinguished whig nobility assembled round the throne on this occasion; giving an open testimony that the differences of political opinions are only skin-deep wounds, which assume at times an angry appearance, but have no real effect on the wholesome constitution of the country.

“ If you ask me to distinguish who bore him best, and appeared most to sustain the character we annex to the assistants in such a solemnity, I have no hesitation to name Lord Londonderry; who, in the magnificent robes of the Garter with the cap and

high plume of the order, walked alone, and, by his fine face and majestic person, formed an adequate representative of the Order of Edward III., the costume of which was worn by his lordship only. The Duke of Wellington, with all his laurels, moved and looked deserving the baton, which was never grasped by so worthy a hand. The Marquis of Anglesea showed the most exquisite grace in managing his horse, notwithstanding the want of his limb, which he left at Waterloo. I never saw so fine a bridle-hand in my life, and I am rather a judge of 'noble horsemanship.' Lord Howard's horse was worse bitted than those of the two former noblemen, but not so much so as to derange the ceremony of retiring back out of the Hall.

"The Champion was performed (as of right) by young Dymoke, a fine-looking youth, but bearing, perhaps, a little too much the appearance of a maiden-knight, to be the challenger of the world in a king's behalf. He threw down his gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood, and showed as much horsemanship as the crowd of knights and squires around him would permit to be exhibited. His armour was in good taste; but his shield was out of all propriety, being a round *rondache*, or highland target,—a defensive weapon, which it would have been impossible to use on horseback; instead of being a three-cornered, or *heater-shield*, which in time of the tilt was suspended round the neck. Pardon this antiquarian scruple, which, you may believe, occurred to few but myself. On the whole, this striking part of the exhibition somewhat disappointed me; for I would have had the champion less embarrassed by his assistants, and at liberty to put his horse on the *grand pas*. And yet the young Lord of Scrivelsbaysc looked and behaved extremely well.

"Returning to the subject of costume, I could not but admire what I had previously been disposed much to criticise—I mean the fancy-dress of the privy coun-

sellors, which was of white and blue satin, with trunk hose and mantles, after the fashion of Queen Elizabeth's time. Separately, so gay a garb had an odd effect on the persons of elderly or ill-made men; but when the whole was thrown into one general body, all these discrepancies disappeared, and you no more observed the particular manner or appearance of an individual, than you do that of a soldier in the battalion which marches past you. The whole was so completely harmonized in actual colouring, as well as in association with the general mass of gay, and gorgeous, and antique dress which floated before the eye, that it was next to impossible to attend to the effect of individual figures. Yet a Scotsman will detect a Scotsman among the most crowded assemblage; and I must say, that the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland showed to as great advantage in his robes of privy counsellor as any by whom that splendid dress was worn on this great occasion. The common court-dress used by the privy counsellors at the last coronation must have had a poor effect in comparison of the present, which formed a gradation in the scale of gorgeous ornament, from the unwieldy splendour of the heralds, who glowed like huge masses of cloth of gold and silver, to the more chastened robes and ermine of the peers. I must not forget the effect produced by the peers' placing their coronets on their heads, which was really august.

“The box assigned to the foreign ambassadors presented a most brilliant effect, and was perfectly in a blaze with diamonds. When the sunshine lighted on Prince Esterhazy in particular, he glimmered like a galaxy. I cannot learn positively if he had on that renowned coat which has visited all the courts of Europe, save ours, and is said to be worth 100,000*l.*, or some such trifle, and which costs the prince 100*l.* or 200*l.* every time he puts it on, as he is sure to lose pearls to that amount. This was a hussar dress. but splendid in the last degree, perhaps too

fine for good taste, at least it would have appeared so any where else. Beside the prince sat a good humoured lass, who seemed all eyes and ears (his daughter-in-law, I believe), who wore as many diamonds as if they had been Bristol stones. An honest Persian was also a remarkable figure, from the dogged and imperturbable gravity with which he looked on the whole scene, without ever moving a limb or a muscle during the space of four hours. Like Sir Wilful Witwood, I cannot find that your Persian is orthodox; for if he scorned every thing else, there was a Mahometan paradise extended on his right hand along the seats which were occupied by the peeresses and their daughters, which the prophet himself might have looked on with emotion. I have seldom seen so many elegant and beautiful girls as sat mingled among the noble matronage of the land; and the waving plumage of feathers, which made the universal headdress, had the most appropriate effect in setting off their charms.

“ I must not omit, that the foreigners, who are apt to consider us a nation *en frac*, and without the usual ceremonies of dress and distinction, were utterly astonished and delighted to see the revival of feudal dresses and feudal grandeur when the occasion demanded it, and that in a degree of splendour which they averred they had never seen paralleled in Europe.

“ The duties of service at the banquet, and of attendance in general, was performed by pages dressed very elegantly in Henri Quatre coats of scarlet, with gold lace, blue sashes, white silk hose, and white rosettes. There were also marshals' men for keeping order, who wore a similar dress, but of blue, and having white sashes. Both departments were filled up almost entirely by young gentlemen, many of them of the very first condition, who took those menial characters to gain admission to the show. When I saw many of my young acquaintance thus attending upon their fathers and kinsmen, the peers,

knights, and so forth, I could not help thinking of Crabbe's lines, with a little alteration—

'Twas schooling pride to see the menial wait,
Smile on his father, and receive his plate

It must be owned, however, that they proved but indifferent valets, and were very apt, like the clown in the pantomime, to eat the cheer they should have handed to their masters, and to play other *tours de page*, which reminded me of the caution of our proverb, 'not to man yourself with your kin.' The peers, for example, had only a cold collation, while the aldermen of London feasted on venison and turtle; and similar errors necessarily befell others in the confusion of the evening. But those slight mistakes, which indeed were not known till afterward, had not the slightest effect on the general grandeur of the scene.

"I did not see the procession between the Abbey and Hall. In the morning a few voices called 'Queen! queen!' as Lord Londonderry passed, and even when the sovereign appeared. But those were only signals for the loud and reiterated acclamations, in which these tones of discontent were completely drowned. In the return, no one dissonant voice intimated the least dissent from the shouts of gratulation which poured from every quarter; and certainly never monarch received a more general welcome from his assembled subjects.

"You will have from others full accounts of the variety of entertainments provided for John Bull in the parks, on the river, in the theatres, and elsewhere. Nothing was to be seen or heard but sounds of pleasure and festivity; and whoever saw the scene at any one spot, was convinced that the whole population was assembled there, while others found a similar concourse of revellers in every different point. It is computed that about 500,000 people shared in the festival, in one way or other; and you may imagine the excellent disposition by which the people

were animated, when I tell you that, excepting a few windows broken by a small body-guard of ragamuffins, who were in immediate attendance on the great lady in the morning, not the slightest political violence occurred to disturb the general harmony; and that the assembled populace seemed to be universally actuated by the spirit of the day, namely, loyalty and good-humour. Nothing occurred to damp those happy dispositions; the weather was most propitious, and the arrangements so perfect, that no accident of any kind is reported as having taken place. And so concluded the coronation of George IV., whom God long preserve! Those who witnessed it have seen a scene calculated to raise the country in their opinion, and to throw into the shade all scenes of similar magnificence, from the field of the cloth of gold down to the present day.

“AN EYE-WITNESS.”

The unfortunate intrusion to which this letter alludes, occurred early in the day. The queen was refused entrance into the cathedral; and when she at length, after several efforts, withdrew, the mob expressed their sentiments by breaking the ministers' windows. But the disappointment was fatal to her. She lost her spirits, shrank from society, declared herself tired of life, and in less than a month died.

The ruling passion was strong, even in death. She ordered that her remains should *not* be left in this country, but buried in Brunswick; and that the inscription on her tomb should be, “Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England.” Thus perished* a being on whom fortune had lavished all the highest advantages of rank, opulence, birth, and station, the wife of a royal husband, the mother of a royal child; a queen, and Queen of England! yet in her life and her death scarcely to be envied by a galley-slave.

* 7th August, 1821

CHAPTER XVIII.

Napoleon.

THE battle of Jena, in 1806, had placed Napoleon at the height of power. The treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, had confirmed it; and the conference at Erfurt had indulged his love of display with the most profuse spectacle of vassal royalty. But from that moment the wheel turned; for the purpose of his career was done.—He had scourged the profligacy of the continental courts; he had scattered, like chaff before the wind, the armies that had been so long the instruments of the blind violences and sanguinary ambition of the great continental thrones,—thrones that, under the name of Christianity, had exhibited in their private excesses and public ferocity the spirit of heathenism. Prussia the infidel, Austria the bigot, and Russia the barbarian had been transfixed with the spear of an avenger, more godless, prejudiced, and ferocious than them all; the standards which they had crimsoned in the blood of Poland were gone to moulder in the dust of the Invalides; and now, when the punishment was complete, the time of the punisher was come.

In the early part of the year 1812, Napoleon, furious at the repugnance of the emperor of Russia to see his subjects perish by the Berlin and Milan decrees, proclaimed, in his old oracular style, that “the Russian dynasty was no more;” and followed the oracle by a force well calculated to ensure its fulfilment. He crossed the Polish provinces with an army the most numerous since the days of Xerxes or Attila, but which would have passed through their wild myriads.

as the cannon-ball through the air. With half a million of the finest troops that ever marched to play the game of ambition, he broke over the Russian frontier; and was himself undone.

The narrative of that stupendous contest,—of French skill and gallantry, of the stubborn heroism of the Russian armies, of cities stormed and in conflagration, of provinces desolated, and of the rage of a Russian winter let loose, and covering a march of six hundred miles with the French dead,—must not be humiliated by the sketch which alone could be given of it here.

Napoleon's defeat was measureless; of the multitudes that had followed him across the Niemen, scarcely a man returned. But he again found armies in the populousness of France; within a few months rushed to the field; fought the bloody battles of Bautzen and Lutzen; was again maddened with pride, until he roused the continent against him; and finally at Leipsic was overwhelmed once more. The remnant of his army was hunted across the Rhine, was hunted through France, was hunted into the gates of the capital; and there, when victory had flung Napoleon on the ground, diplomatic blundering came to set him on his feet again. To extinguish his ambition, he was suffered to retain the imperial title; to destroy his connexion with the French military, he was suffered to retain his flag, his staff, and a portion of his guard; and to prevent the possibility of his renewing disturbances in France or Italy, he was fixed on an island almost within sight of both. The consequences were foreseen by all mankind—except the emperors, the diplomatists, and the Bourbons.

A year after, while the whole pomp of European diplomacy was busied in congress at Vienna, and every day saw some new experiment of power, a monarchy mutilated, a river given to one potentate, or the humbler donative of a million of souls and

bodies made over to another; while allegiance and national feelings were measured off by strips of the map; and provinces, with all their old attachments, their native interests, and hereditary recollections, were distributed by the inch-rule and scissors;—proceedings which honest and Christian minds were the first to deprecate; Napoleon's system, without Napoleon's tyrant plea; predatory peace and amicable violence; a rash and misunderstood policy usurping the place of that deference to human feelings for which alone legislators were made;—the blow came, which rebuked those arbitrary follies; and the continent was again plunged into the havoc of war.

Religion and reason equally condemned the congress. There is no clearer truth than, that all policy is unwise which is unjust, and that no political change can be secure which insults human nature. The congress bartered provinces as if they were cattle-pastures, and computed men by the square league. A million of Saxons were ordered to forget their country, and become Prussians. The Genoese were ordered to become Savoyards. The Milanese, Austrians. With what indignation would Englishmen see themselves thus stripped of their old habits and privileges. and dis severed from their country by the diplomatic blade? How would the man of York listen to the order of congress that condemned him to be a Frenchman; or the man of Kent read the ukase that sank him into a Russian serf, and bade him, for the rest of his life, worship the boot of the czar? The whole transaction was a violence to law and nature. It must have broken up on the first shock of war. The Belgian insurrection is but a foretaste of the universal proof, that the policy was as weak as it was *unchristian*, unlawful, and unnatural.

While the princes and envoys at this showy conclave were thus twisting their rope of sand

the news arrived—that Napoleon had escaped, and that their prisoner was on the throne of the Tuileries!

They felt themselves so completely outwitted, that the first impulse was a general burst of laughter; —“The grand charlatan has outtricked the little ones,” said the wittiest of Frenchmen. “*Voilà le Congrès dissout!*” had been Napoleon’s pithy remark, as he set his foot on the French shore. His words were realized: the Congress broke up in confusion. Diplomacy vanished, and its place was filled by the manlier, more honest, and more *merciful* shape of war. Europe was in arms once more; and England, trusting no longer to subsidies and the slippery faith of foreign courts, boldly took that lead in the contest which became her rank, her paramount interest in the event, and her established superiority in arms.

Napoleon’s own narrative of the battle of Waterloo is one of the most characteristic documents in history. Whether dictated or written by him, it is full of traits of the man; the military decision, the tone of authority, the calculation, familiar to one who always spoke of a battle as a game of chess. It discloses, too, his extreme anxiety to vindicate his defeat, by the dexterous mode in which he labours to detect the errors of his victor. It has the further interest of being probably the longest and most carefully studied composition that ever came from the pen of this most extraordinary of soldiers and sovereigns.

Waterloo.

“*Sixth Observation.*”—1st. The French army manœuvred on the right of the Sambre on the 13th

* “Memoirs relative to the Year 1815,” written by Napoleon, at St Helena

and 14th. On the night of the latter day, it encamped within half a league of the Prussian advanced posts. Marshal Blucher had, however, no information of what was passing; and on the morning of the 15th, when the account reached his headquarters that the emperor had entered Charleroi, the Prusso-Saxon army was still cantoned over an extent of thirty leagues of the country, and it required two days to assemble his forces. He ought to have advanced his head-quarters to Fleurus on the 15th, to have concentrated the cantonments of his army within a radius of eight leagues, with advanced guards on the *débouches* of the Meuse and the Sambre. His army would then have been collected at Ligny on the 15th at noon, there to await the attack of the French army, or to march against it in the evening of that day, and drive it into the Sambre.

“2d. But Marshal Blucher, though surprised, persisted in assembling his army on the heights of Ligny, behind Fleurus; thus braving the chance of being attacked before his troops could be brought up to that position. On the morning of the 16th, he had got together only two corps, and the French army was already at Fleurus. The third corps joined during the day; but the fourth, under the command of General Bulow, could not come up in time to take part in the battle. Marshal Blucher, as soon as he knew that the French were at Charleroi, ought not to have fixed for the rallying point of his army either Fleurus or Ligny, which was already under the cannon of his enemy, but Wavres, whither the French could not arrive until the 17th. He would thus, besides, have had all the day and the night of the 16th to collect the whole of his army.

“3d. After losing the battle of Ligny, the Prussian general, instead of making his retreat on Wavres, should have effected it on the army of the Duke of Wellington, either on Quatre Bras, as that position was maintained, or on Waterloo. The retreat of

Marshal Blucher, on the morning of the 17th, was altogether absurd, since the two armies, which were, on the evening of the 16th, only 3,000 toises distant from each other, with the communication of an excellent high road, by which they might consider themselves as united, became, on the evening of the 17th, more than 10,000 toises distant, and were separated by defiles and impracticable roads.

“The Prussian general violated the three great principles of war: 1. To approximate his cantonments; 2. To assign, as the rallying point, a place at which all his troops could arrive before the enemy 3. To operate his retreat on his reinforcements.

“*Seventh Observation.*—1st. The Duke of Wellington was surprised in his cantonments. He ought to have concentrated them on the 15th, at eight leagues around Brussels, placing advanced guards on the *débouches* of Flanders. The French army had manœuvred for three days before he advanced, and twenty-four hours had expired since it commenced hostilities. Its head-quarters had been for twelve hours at Charleroi, while the English general remained ignorant of all this at Brussels, and the cantonments of his army still occupied, in full security, an extent of twenty leagues.

“2d. The Prince of Saxe-Weimar, whose corps formed part of the Anglo-Dutch army, was, on the 15th, at four in the evening, in position in front of Frasne, and knew that the French army was at Charleroi. Had he immediately sent off an aid-de-camp to Brussels, he might have arrived there by six in the evening; and yet the Duke of Wellington was not informed of the French army being at Charleroi until eleven o'clock. Thus he lost five hours, when his situation, and the man opposed to him, rendered the loss of a single hour of great importance.

“3d. The infantry, the cavalry, and the artillery of that army being separately cantoned, the infantry was engaged at Quatre Bras without either cavalry

or artillery; those troops had thus to sustain a great loss, as they were obliged to keep in close column to make head against the charges of the cuirassiers, under a fire of fifty pieces of cannon. Those brave men were, therefore, slaughtered, without cavalry to protect them, and without artillery to avenge them. As the three kinds of military force cannot for a moment dispense with the support of each other, they ought always to be so cantoned and posted as to afford reciprocal assistance.

“The English general, though surprised, assigned Quatre Bras for the rallying point of his army, though that position had been for twenty-four hours in the possession of the French. He exposed his troops to be partially defeated, in proportion as they might arrive. The danger to which he exposed them was even still more serious, since he made them advance without artillery and cavalry; he delivered up his infantry in fragments, unsupported by the other two weapons of war, to its enemy. The point for assembling his army should have been Waterloo. He would thus have had all the 16th, and the night of that day to the 17th, which would have been sufficient for collecting the whole of his army—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The French could not arrive till the 17th, and would then have found all his army in position.

“*Eighth Observation.*—On the 18th, the English general gave battle at Waterloo. This conduct was contrary to the interests of his nation, to the general plan of the war adopted by the allies, and he violated all the rules of war. It was not the interest of England, which needs so many men to recruit her armies in India, her American colonies, and her other vast establishments, to run wantonly into a murderous contest, which might occasion the loss of her only army, or at least cause her best blood to be shed. The plan of the allies was to act in mass, and not to engage in any partial affair. Nothing

was more contrary to their interest and their plan, than to expose the success of their cause to the chances of a battle, with nearly equal forces, where all the probabilities were against them. Had the Anglo-Dutch army been destroyed at Waterloo, what advantage could the allies have derived from their numerous armies, which were preparing to pass the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees?

“2d. The English general, in preparing to fight the battle of Waterloo, founded his resolution only on the co-operation of the Prussians; but that co-operation could not take place until the afternoon. Accordingly, he remained exposed singly, from four in the morning till five in the evening; that is to say, during thirteen hours. A battle does not usually last more than six hours. This co-operation was, therefore, illusory.

“But, in reckoning on the co-operation of the Prussians, he must have supposed that the whole of the French army was opposed to him; in that case, he expected to defend his field of battle for thirteen hours with 90,000 troops, of different nations, against 104,000 French. This calculation was clearly erroneous. He could not have maintained his position three hours; every thing would have been decided by eight in the morning, and the Prussians would have arrived only to fall into the snare. In one day, both armies would have been destroyed.

“If he calculated that a part of the French army had, according to the rules of war, followed the Prussian army, it must then have been evident to him, that he could have no assistance from it; and that the Prussians, after being beaten at Ligny, with the loss of from 25,000 to 30,000 men, and with 20,000 of them dispersed, and pursued by between 30,000 and 40,000 victorious French, could scarcely be expected to maintain themselves. In this case, the Anglo-Dutch army alone would have had to sustain the attack of 69,000 French during the whole of

the 18th; and there is no Englishman but will admit that the result of such a contest could not be doubtful, and that their army was not so constituted as to withstand the shock of the imperial army for four hours.

“During the night of the 17th, the weather was extremely bad, which rendered the ground impracticable till nine in the morning. The loss of six hours from daybreak was all to the advantage of the enemy; but could the general make the fate of such a contest depend on the weather of that night? Marshal Grouchy, with 34,000 men and 108 pieces of cannon, discovered the secret which seemed to be undiscoverable,—not to be, on the 18th, either on the field of battle of Mont St. Jean or at Wavres. But had the English general the conviction that this marshal would wander out of his way in this manner? The conduct of Marshal Grouchy was as impossible to be foreseen, as if upon the road his army had experienced an earthquake that swallowed it up.

“*Recapitulation.*—If Marshal Grouchy had been on the field of battle at Mont St. Jean, as the English and the Prussian generals believed, during the whole of the night of the 17th and the morning of the 18th; and if the weather had permitted the French army to be drawn up in battle array at four in the morning; before seven o’clock the Anglo-Dutch army would have been cut to pieces, dispersed, and entirely destroyed. If the weather had only permitted the French army to range itself in order of battle at ten o’clock, the Anglo-Dutch army would have been undone. Its remains would have been driven beyond the forest, or in the direction of Halle, and we should have had time in the evening to encounter Marshal Blucher, and to inflict upon him a similar fate. If Marshal Grouchy had encamped before Wavres on the night of the 17th, the Prussian army could have sent no detachment to save the English army, and the latter would have been completely beaten by the 59,000 French opposed to it

“3d. The position of Mont St. Jean was badly chosen. The first condition of a field of battle is to have no defiles in the rear. During the battle, the English general could derive no aid from his numerous cavalry. He did not believe that he would be, or could be, attacked on the left. He imagined that he would be attacked on the right. In spite of the diversion made in his favour by the 30,000 Prussians under Bulow, he would have twice made his retreat during the day, had it been possible; thus, in fact, by a strange caprice of human affairs, the bad choice of the field of battle, which rendered his retreat impossible, was the cause of his success.

“*Ninth Observation.*—It will be asked, what then ought the English general to have done after the battle of Ligny, and the engagement at Quatre Bras? Posterity will not form true opinions. He should have traversed, in the night of the 17th, the forest of Soignes, on the high road of Charleroi; the Prussian army should, in the same manner, have passed along that of Wavres. The two armies should have united at daybreak at Brussels; should have left the rear-guard to defend the forest; should have gained some days to allow time to the Prussians who were dispersed after the battle of Ligny to rejoin their army; should have procured the reinforcement of the fourteen English regiments that garrisoned the fortresses of Belgium, and had landed at Ostend on their return from America; and should have allowed the emperor of the French to manœuvre as he pleased.

Would he, with an army of 100,000 men, have traversed the forest of Soignes, to attack at its *débouches* the two united armies, more than 200,000 strong, and in position? This certainly would have been the most advantageous course for the allies. Would he have been contented to take up a position himself? In that case, his inactivity could not have been long, as 300,000 Russians, Austrians, Bavarians, &c., had

arrived on the Rhine, who would soon have been on the Maine, and obliged him to retreat for the defence of the capital. Then the Anglo-Prussian army should have marched and joined the allies before Paris. It would have run no hazard; it would have experienced no loss; it would have acted conformably to the English nation; to the general plan adopted by the allies, and to the rules of the art of war. From the 15th to the 18th, the Duke of Wellington constantly manœuvred as his enemy desired, and did nothing as it was feared he would do. The English infantry was *firm and solid*. The cavalry might have acted better. The Anglo-Dutch army was twice saved on the 18th by the Prussians; first, by the arrival of General Bulow, before three o'clock, with 30,000 men; and secondly, by the arrival of Marshal Blucher, with 31,000 men. On that day, 69,000 Frenchmen beat 120,000 men. The victory was snatched from them between eight and nine o'clock, but it was by 150,000 men.

“ Let any one imagine the looks of the people of London, at the moment when they should have heard the catastrophe of their army, and learned that they lavished their purest blood to support the cause of kings against nations,—of privileges against equality,—of oligarchs against liberals,—of the principles of the holy alliance against those of the sovereignty of the people.”

To this striking paper there is one answer, equivalent to all,—that its writer was beaten; and beaten in the fairest competition of bravery and skill perhaps ever furnished by an European field! Napoleon had begun the battle at his own time, with his chosen army, and with the most perfect conviction that he would rout his adversary. The battle was not one of those brief encounters in which fortune may have a share. It was a firm struggle from eleven in the forenoon until seven in the evening; and in that

time, the whole power of France had made no impression on the English line. The advance of the Prussians had no share in this; and the final charge of the enemy was repelled, and returned with decisive slaughter, before the Prussians had come in contact with their line. The battle was fought and gained by *the English and their general*. But the presence of the Prussians on the field was necessary to make the success available; and while their bravery is undoubted, they must be refused any larger portion in the glories of this great day.

The composition of the rival armies is not to be forgotten. The French was formed of the picked troops of the country, all French, all connecting their fame, and many their existence, with their general's victory. The Duke of Wellington had a miscellaneous army of foreigners, mixed with scarcely more than 25,000 English; the former, chiefly *new* subjects of the allies; and the latter chiefly recruits from the militia. It is to his high honour as a soldier, that with this embarrassing force, he was able to sustain the shock of the longest battle of the war, against the most practised and desperate army of Europe, and against a general who will be renowned while military genius glitters in the eye of man.

The personal interest which the French soldiery took in this war was unequalled. Many of them had been prisoners, more had been dismissed from the army by the Bourbons, and all had felt their self-glory deeply tarnished by the successes of the allies. Many of the regiments which marched through Paris on their way to Belgium had covered their standards with crape, never to be taken off but on the day of complete victory. Many of them pledged themselves never to give nor take quarter. They swore peculiar vengeance against the English and Prussians; and bade farewell to Paris, with something of a solemn devotement, which was not to

be withdrawn until they had swept the enemy from the face of the earth.

In Napoleon's statement of the battle he praises the firmness of the English infantry: and they deserved more than his panegyric. They were as solid as adamant. A curious anecdote of the opinion of one of the enemy, has been remembered.

It was an etiquette that the commandants of the towns through which the French emperor passed at any time, should attend him to a certain distance on his journey. One of those officers, on the frontier, had attended him to the scene of the campaign, and was present at the battle of Quatre Bras. On returning to his garrison at the close of the day, his officers crowded round him at supper, and were warm in their anticipations of victory. "The emperor was there. The result was inevitable,—the whole was a matter of calculation. The enemy's corps must be beaten in detail. The Prussians must be cut in pieces. A few of the English might take shelter in Brussels, or reach their ships. But the business was settled—the emperor was there."

The commandant suffered them to indulge in this national verbiage, and proceeded in his supper without a word. At length, one, more systematic in his style than the rest, observed, "that it would be proper to keep the garrison on the alert during the next day, for the reception of the aids-de-camp, who would be passing to Paris with the news of the victory; and that the guns should be ready for a *feu-de-joie*."

The opinion was received with high approbation by all but the commandant, who, setting down his glass, gravely said,—“Messieurs, I have the highest opinion of the emperor's genius, and the invincible courage of our brave army. But, Messieurs, listen; I was beside Marshal Ney this day for four hours; and brave as we all know he is, and at the head of

forty thousand of the best troops of France, he had as much as he could do."

The observation had its effect; but the officers soon rallied, and said,—That, of course, the marshal could not be expected to do more than keep the enemy in check, and that he would have been wrong to press the whole British army. "Messieurs," said the general, in the same grave tone, "the marshal had *not* the whole British army before him. He had, with some Dutch and Germans, but *six* British regiments. I am told that Wellington has thirty regiments; and if they are of the same stuff that I saw fighting to-day, I shall wait for an order from the emperor before I load my guns."

Ney, always remarkable for intrepidity, the *cœur-de-lion* valour that seemed to delight in danger, acknowledged afterward, that he had no idea of the fire of musketry, until he saw that of the British. He had, at least, one close opportunity of observing its effect. Among the anecdotes of the day of Waterloo that have not yet transpired in print, it is mentioned, that Ney, having had his horse shot under him in the last advance of the imperial guard, just as he was disengaging himself from the animal, was recognised by an officer commanding a British company. The officer, in his eagerness, calling out, "There is the marshal, there is Ney," the whole company fired a volley full on the struggling marshal. He escaped, by little short of miracle; but afterward declared, that "he had never been in such an explosion in his life! it was a whirlwind of bullets and sulphur; a furnace,—a volcano."

Ney, perhaps, wished to have died at Waterloo. But he was reserved for a more unhappy fate; by which he ought *not* to have died, and which remains among the darkest accusations of France and history against the exiled royal family.

The battle of Waterloo was long considered by the French as the most formidable of all calamities,

while it was obviously the most singular instance of good fortune ; it had put an end to the war in a week, and thus saved France from the invasion of a million one hundred and ten thousand ! of the allied troops who were waiting but the signal to march, and who were to be followed by as many more. A war on this scale must have trampled the country into a mire of blood. But the defeat rendered still higher services. If Napoleon had remained the conqueror, he would have remained the tyrant. His overthrow was the birth of the French constitution.

Yet the people, stung with the immediate sense of failure, could not be reconciled to the name of Waterloo. The feeling exhibited itself on all occasions.—During the occupation of France by the allies, one evening, in the château of a seigneur, where some British officers were quartered, the conversation turned upon the war. The politeness of the seigneur to his guests was uniformly such, that all topics were discussed in the most amicable manner. “I acknowledge,” said the Frenchman, “that Napoleon played the fool in his determined hostility to England ; that his commercial decrees were cruel and useless ; and that his threats of invasion could never have produced any thing but his own ruin, while you had your fleet.”

“No,” said one of the officers, “nor if *he* had our fleet ; recollect the population, the army.”

“True,” was the reply ; “yet if Napoleon could have found a bridge to Dover, rely upon it, he would have found a road to London.”

“Your French troops march too slow,” said the officer.

“*Mon Dieu!* they are the quickest marchers in the world,” exclaimed the astonished Frenchman.

“Pardon me, my dear sir,” said the officer, composedly ; “London is a great way off. Now, it is not quite five leagues from Mont St. Jean to Brussels ; yet I saw the French army set out, to march from

Mont St. Jean to Brussels, six months ago, and it has not yet got further than Waterloo."

The error of sending Napoleon to Elba was not repeated. St. Helena was chosen, as the spot in which he could enjoy the largest portion of personal liberty without hazarding an escape, which might inflame France again: and in that island he continued until he died. Much as this fate of such a man must be regretted, it was indispensable to the peace of Europe. Napoleon at large would have been a firebrand; and the lives of thousands or of millions might have paid the forfeit of a second display of clemency. In St. Helena he lingered out six dreary years in indolent restlessness and impatient resignation; talking loftily of his scorn for all things human, and quarrelling with Sir Hudson Lowe upon every subject under heaven; sometimes writing memoirs, which he generally burned; sometimes rearing cabbages, and shooting the buffaloes that intruded on his crop; sometimes taking obvious pleasure in the homage naturally paid to him by the visitors to the island; and, at others, shutting himself up in imperial solitude, and declaring that he would not be "made a wild beast of," to please the "barbarian English:" at intervals reviving the recollections of his high estate, and speaking with all his former intenseness and brilliancy; then silent for days together; constant in nothing but his hatred of Sir Hudson Lowe, his wrath against Marmont, and his contempt for every being that bore the name of Bourbon.

Those caprices were the natural results of a change so total; from the most active and engrossing career of man, to the most shapeless and monotonous inaction. In the beginning of 1821, the last year of his life, he complained of some inward distemper; for which his physicians found every name, and administered every remedy, but the right one. He tried to direct them to it, by saying that his father had died

of an ulcerated stomach, and that the complaint had probably descended to himself. But the physicians persevered, with the vigour of science, until their patient refused to take their medicines any longer. From the 17th of March his illness confined him to his room. He had an old contempt for medicine. "Our body is a watch," said he, "intended to go for a given time. The doctor is a watchmaker who cannot open the watch; he must therefore work by accident; and for once that he mends it with his crooked instruments, he injures it ten times, until he destroys it altogether." In April, his Italian physician, Antommarchi, called in Dr. Arnot, an Englishman. Still his patient said, with the Turk, "What is written is written; man's hours are marked. None can live beyond their time."

In this absurd idea, which might have proceeded from the growing feebleness of his mind in the progress of his disease, he continued to refuse the alleviation which the skill of his English attendant might have afforded, for cure was impossible. He now drew up his will, and directed that his body should be opened, and its state described to his son. "Of all my organs," said he, "the stomach is the most diseased. I believe that the disease is scirrhus of the pylorus. The physicians at Montpellier predicted that it would be hereditary in our family." Tumultuous and fierce as his life had been, he died with some sentiments of religion. He had sent for two Italian priests some time before, and he calmly desired that the usual ceremonies of the Romish church should be complied with. In his last hours, he made this summary confession of his faith. "I am neither *physicien* nor *philosophe*.* I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. I was born a Catholic, and will fulfil all the duties of that church, and receive the assistance which she administers."

* Infidel.

His hours were now numbered. His complaint was cancer of the stomach. From the 3d of May, he seemed to be in a continued heavy sleep. The fifth was a day of unexampled tempest in the island; trees were every where torn up by the roots, the sea lashed and rent the shores, the clouds poured down torrents, the wind burst through the hills with the loudness of thunder. In this roar of the elements, Napoleon perhaps heard the old echoes of battle; the last words on his lips were of war; "*tête d'armée*" was uttered in his dream,—and he died. The fiery spirit passed away, like Cromwell's, in storm!

The *coup d'œil* of his rise and fall exhibits the most various, vivid, and dazzling career ever known; the mightiest events and most singular vicissitudes ever crowded into the history of one man.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

- 1769—*August 15.* Born at Ajaccio, in Corsica.
 1779—Placed at the military school of Brienne.
 1793—An officer of artillery at the siege of Toulon, and appointed general of brigade.
 1794—Commands the conventional troops, and defeats the Parisians.
 1796—Appointed to the command of the army of Italy—Battle of Lodi—Battle of Castiglione—Battle of Arcola.
 1797—Surrender of Mantua and Trieste. *April 18.* Preliminaries with Austria signed at Leoben—French take possession of Venice—Treaty of Campo Formio, with Austria.
 1798—Sails for Egypt—Battle of Embade, or the Pyramids.
 1799—*May.* Siege of Acre—Sails to France. *Oct. 7.* Lands at Fréjus. *Nov. 9.* Dissolves the conventional government. *Nov. 10.* Declared first consul.
 1800—Peace made with the Chouans—Crossea Mont St. Bernard. *June 16.* Battle of Marengo—Preliminaries with Austria signed at Paris. *Dec. 24.* Explosion of the infernal machine.
 1801—Treaty of Luneville with Austria—Preliminaries signed with England.
 1802—The Cisalpine Republic placed under his jurisdiction. *March 27.* Definitive treaty with England—Legion of Honour instituted. *August 2.* Declared consul for life—Swiss form of government changed by him.
 1803—*May 18.* English declaration of war. *June 5.* Hanover conquered.
 1804—*Feb.* Moreau arrested. *March 20.* Death of the Duc d'Enghien—Pichegru dies in prison. *May 18.* He is declared Emperor. *Nov. 19.* Crowned by the Pope.
 1805—Writes a pacific letter to the King of England. *April 11.* Treaty of Petersburg, between England, Russia, Austria, and Sweden—He is

declared King of Italy—Mack's army surrenders at Ulm—French enter Vienna—Battle of Austerlitz—Treaty of Vienna with Prussia—and of Presburg with Austria.

1806—*March 30.* Joseph Buonaparte declared King of Naples. *June 5.* Louis Buonaparte declared King of Holland—Confederation of the Rhine—Marches against Prussia—Battle of Auerstadt or Jena—Enters Berlin. *Nov. 19.* Hamburg taken.

1807—Battle of Eylau—of Friedland—Treaty of Tilsit.

1808—*July 7.* Joseph Buonaparte declared King of Spain—20. Surrender of Dupont's army at Baylen—29. Joseph evacuates Madrid. *Aug. 21.* Battle of Vimiera. *Nov. 5.* Buonaparte arrives at Vittoria. *Dec. 4.* Surrender of Madrid.

1809—*January* Battle of Corunna—Returns to Paris. *April.* War declared by Austria—Heads his army against Austria. *May 10.* French enter Vienna—Battle of Asperne. *July 5.* Battle of Wagram—Flushing taken by the English—Treaty of Vienna with Austria. *Dec.* Lucien Buonaparte arrives in England—Marriage with Josephine dissolved—Walcheren evacuated by the English.

1810—*March.* Marries Maria Louisa, daughter of Francis II. *July.* Holland and the Hanse Towns annexed to the French empire. *August* Bernadotte elected Crown-Prince of Sweden.

1811—*January 1.* Hamburg annexed to the empire. *April 20.* The empress delivered of a son, who is styled King of Rome.

1812—*January.* Swedish Pomerania seized by France. *May.* Heads the army against Russia. *June 11.* Arrives at Konigsberg. 28. Enters Wilna. *Aug. 18.* Smolensko taken. *Sept. 7.* Battle of the Moskwa, or Borodino. 14. French enter Moscow. *Oct. 22.* Evacuate it. *Nov. 9.* Arrives at Smolensko. *Dec. 5.* Quits the army. 18. Arrives at Paris.

1813—*April.* Takes the command of the army on the Elbe. *May 1.* Battle of Lutzen. 20. Of Bautzen. *June 4.* Armistice agreed on. 21. Battle of Vittoria. *Aug. 17.* Hostilities recommence. 28. Battle of Dresden. *Sept. 7.* English enter France. 28. French evacuate Dresden. *Oct. 18.* Battle of Leipsic. *Nov. 15.* Revolution in Holland. *Dec. 8.* English army crosses the Nieve.

1814—*Jan. 4.* Allies cross the Rhine. *March 30.* Battle of Montmartre. 31. Allies enter Paris. *April 11.* Napoleon abdicates the throne. *May 8.* Arrives at Elba.

1815—*March 1.* Relands in France at Cannes. 20. Reumes the throne. *June 1.* Holds the *Champ-de-Mai.* 11. Leaves Paris for Belgium. 15. Attacks the Prussians on the Sambre. 16. Attacks Blucher at Ligny—and Wellington at Quatre Bras. 18. Defeated at Waterloo. 22. Resigns the throne, finishing the *hundred days.* 29. Leaves Malmaison. *July 15.* Received on board the Bellerophon. 24. At Torbay. *Aug. 8.* Sails in the Northumberland for St. Helena. *Oct. 15.* Lands at St. Helena.

1821—*March 17.* Confined by illness. *May 5.* Dies

CHAPTER XIX.

The Reign.

IN his earlier years the king had never passed the limits of England. Etiquette and financial reasons were the cause. But he suffered little by the restriction. He spoke with sufficient ease all the foreign languages required at court; and if he lost some indulgence of rational curiosity, and some knowledge of the actual aspect of the continent; he gained much more than an equivalent, in escaping those foreign follies which are so irreconcilably repulsive to the tastes of England. The hussar passion was not strong upon him; and though commanding a cavalry regiment, and fond of the allowable decoration of the soldier, it was to more travelled propensities that we owed the frippery which, for so many years, turned some of the finest portions of the British service into a paltry imitation of the worst of the foreign; disguised brave men in the trappings of mountebanks, and made a British parade the rival of a rehearsal at Astley's—a triumph of tailors. He never appeared before his people disfigured with the German barbarism of a pipe in the mouth, nor with the human face divine metamorphosed into the bear's or the baboon's. He was an English gentleman; and, conscious that the character placed him above the grossness of foreign indulgences, or the theatric fopperies of foreign costumes, he adhered to the manners of his country.

But, immediately on his accession to the throne, he visited Ireland,* Hanover,† and Scotland,‡ and in

* August, 1821.

† September, 1821

‡ August, 1822

hem all was received with the strongest marks of popular affection. While in Scotland, the intelligence of the Marquis of Londonderry's death reached him. The Marquis had died by his own hand! The fatigues of public business, added to some domestic vexations, had disordered his brain, and, after a brief period of despondency, he put an end to his existence. England regretted him as a high-minded statesman; but Ireland had no sorrow for the perpetrator of the Union,—a measure which, though fully merited by the popish propensities of the legislature, yet offended the just pride of the people, and was accomplished by a process of such lavish corruption, such open-faced and scandalous bargain and sale, as aggravated the insult, imbittered the national necessity of the transaction, and stamped the last shame on the brow of a fallen country.

From the close of the French war, England had remained in peace for ten years, with the exception of a war of one day with the Algerines, in 1816. Those barbarians had massacred a crowd of unfortunate Italians trading and fishing at Bona, under the British flag. The insult could not be passed over: and a fleet of ten sail were instantly despatched to demand satisfaction for this act of savagery. The dey scoffed at the demand; and the fleet, under Lord Exmouth, seconded by a Dutch squadron, under Admiral Von der Capellen, tore his massive fortifications to pieces in a six hours' fire. The dey was forced to make the humblest apology, to beg pardon of the British consul, and, by a more gratifying result of victory, to deliver up all his Christian captives, and pledge himself to abolish piracy in his dominions. The latter condition, with the usual faith of barbarians, he violated as soon as the British fleet were under sail. But Lord Exmouth had the high honour of sending to Italy, where they marched in solemn thanksgiving procession to their churches, five hundred human beings, who, but for his success,

would probably have finished their miserable lives in chains.

This was the boldest action ever fought with batteries alone, and the most bloody to both the victors and the vanquished. The Algerine batteries were continually reinforced during the day, and their loss was computed at four thousand men killed and wounded. A comparison with the battles of the line, makes the loss in the fleet the severest ever known, in proportion to the numbers engaged.

In the action of the 1st of June, there were 26 sail of the line (including the *Audacious*) in action, with about 17,000 men; of those 281 were killed, and 797 wounded. Total 1078.

In Lord Bridport's action 23d June, 1795, there were 14 sail, with about 10,000 men; of whom only 31 were killed, and 113 wounded. Total 144.

In the action off Cape St. Vincent, there were 15 sail of the line, with about 10,000 men; of whom were killed 73, and wounded 227. Total 300.

In Lord Duncan's action, 11th Oct. 1797, there were 16 sail of the line (including two 50's) engaged, with about 8000 men; of whom 191 were killed, and 560 wounded. Total 751.

In the battle of the Nile, 1st Aug. 1798, there were 14 sail of the line engaged, with about 8000 men; of whom 218 were killed, and 677 wounded. Total 895.

In Lord Nelson's attack on Copenhagen, 2d April, 1801, there were 11 sail of the line and 5 frigates engaged, with about 7000 men; of whom 234 were killed, and 641 wounded. Total 875.

In the battle of Trafalgar, 21st Oct. 1805, there were 27 sail of the line engaged, with about 17,000 men; of whom 412 were killed, and 1112 wounded. Total 1524.

In the attack on Algiers there were 5 sail of the line and 5 frigates engaged, the crews of which may be computed at 5000 men; of whom 128 were killed, and 690 wounded. Total 818.—If the Dutch

frigates were added, they may be taken at 1500, of whom 13 were killed, and 32 wounded; so that the totals would be, of 6500 men, 141 killed, and 722 wounded. Total 863.

The dey paid the penalty of his defeat; he was strangled in a few months after. A successor was easily found; piracy flourished again, and Algiers luxuriated in its old system of strangling its governors, and robbing on the high seas; until the late French expedition extinguished the dynasty.

Peace was complete; but it threatened to involve Europe in distresses scarcely less severe than those of the most active hostilities. In the mean time, the chief territorial changes, on the basis of the treaty of Paris,* proceeded. The imperial conquests were lopped away from France, and she was reduced to her possessions in 1792. The celebrated Confederation of the Rhine, which Napoleon had considered the master-stroke of his policy, and which made the whole of the minor German principalities but an outwork of France, was demolished by a touch of the pen, and a new league created in its room, from which French influence was totally excluded. Switzerland was left to its old governments; but Italy was given over to the sullen and unpopular yoke of Austria. Some of her West Indian islands were restored to France; Java was given to the Dutch; but England retained the true prizes of the war, Malta, the Cape, and the Ionian Islands.

In the same memorable year a close had been put to the American war; a war of frigates,† idly begun, and willingly concluded on both sides. America took some of the British cruisers, ill manned, and ill provided; balancing her success by a series of foolish expeditions into Canada, all which were beaten; the war costing her enormous sums of money, with the imminent hazard of a separation between her northern

* 30th March, 1814.

† See Note VI.—Page 413

and southern states, the total stoppage of her commerce, and the loss of many thousand lives. England closed her exploits by an attack on New-Orleans, which her expedition fortunately failed to take. The project itself excited strong criticism,—the country was a swamp, the city was a regular place of pestilence, where even the natives perish in yearly swarms by the contagion; and what must be the mortality of the British soldier? Had we not already sufficient swamps and fevers in the West Indies, to carry off the superfluity of our soldiery? The possession of this deplorable place would have been a perpetual source of irritation to America; and would have cost the lives of a thousand men a-year until it involved us in a new quarrel, which might cost the lives of ten thousands.*

The distresses of the peace became universal. From London to the Andes on one side, and from London to the wall of China on the other, the cessation of that vivid and violent effort of folly, ambition, courage, and phrensy, all combined under the name of war, produced a languor scarcely less fatal than the sword. Bankruptcy spread, like a vast fog, over England, America, France, and Germany, at the same moment. But the vigour of England is incalculable. No country is so perpetually tampered with by theorists; but no country can bear tampering so well: she outworks their follies. Her commerce recovered: wealth rolled in upon her in a flood. Theory now plumed its broadest wings again: even the grimness of ministerial finance was lost in the general intoxication; and Lord Goderich's speech, as chancellor of the exchequer,†—that famous speech, in which he professed himself unable to pour out his soul in language sufficiently glowing for the golden prospects before him; a proud example of the clear-sightedness of the prophetic budget! gave the sanc-

* See Note VII.—Page 414.

† 1825.

tion of one of the most solemn of orators and stubborn of financiers to the national dream. But his lordship had scarcely congratulated his countrymen on their too abundant prosperity, when the whole fell into dust before his eyes—the vision vanished, the rejoicing was dumb, the wealth was paper; the princes of the modern Tyre were outcasts, fugitives, beggars. Seventy-five banks broke in as many days. Two hundred and fifty joint-stock companies, which but the week before would have contracted to throw a bridge across the Atlantic, make a railway round the globe, or dig a tunnel to the antipodes, were in the gazette without a solvent subscriber or an available shilling.

The joint-stocks deserve a historian of their own. The loftiest exploits of speculation hid their diminished heads before this colossal first-born of the nineteenth century of swindling. Law's scheme, tontines, lotteries, loans, mining companies, all the old contrivances for breathing the national veins, were sport to this; even the South Sea bubble was the tentative dexterity, the feeble knavery of our speculative childhood. The joint-stocks were the consummate building, the grand national temple to Mammon, the work of our matured skill in bewildering the moneyed mind, the last labour of the genius of overreaching; another Babel in its erection, its fall, and in the dispersion of its builders to every corner of the earth where a debtor might escape a creditor.

Yet what can exhaust the elasticity of England! In a year, this catastrophe, which would have left the continent loaded with irremovable ruins, was all but forgotten. The ground was cleared. Commerce, like the giant refreshed, was again stretching out its hundred hands to grasp the wealth of earth and ocean; discovering new powers and provinces unknown before; forcing its way through Europe, against all the barriers of our allies, who repaid us

for restoring their thrones, by excommunicating our trade; through America, against tariffs, tribunals, and the angry recollections of the war; through India, in defiance of the severer hostility of our fellow-subjects, the Company; through the ends of the earth, against ignorance, jealousy, the savage warfare, and remorseless superstitions of barbarism. Such are the miracles wrought by giving the unrestricted use of his faculties to man,—the miracles of freedom! And while England has this noble monopoly in her own hands, she may laugh all others to scorn: she holds the key of the world's wealth, whoever may stand at the gate of the treasure-chamber; while she remains the freest of nations, she is sovereign of the talisman by which she can create opulence and strength at a word; turn the sands of the desert into gold; and, with a more illustrious necromancy, invest things as empty as the dust and air, with the shape and substance of grandeur and imperial power.

Public affairs were now on the eve of a remarkable change. Lord Liverpool's ministry had continued for twelve years since the peace, without peculiar success or failure; its fortunes a copy of the man, and both stamped with quiet mediocrity. His system was, to glide on from year to year, and think that his business was amply done, if the twelve months passed without a rebellion, a war, or a national bankruptcy; to shrink from every improvement, in his terror of change; and to tolerate every old abuse, through dread of giving the nation a habit of inquiry. This evil was less the result of his intention than of his nature.

England owes no higher thanks to his memory, as a patron of her arts or a protector of her literature, than as her guide to power, or the purifier of her constitution. Old Cyril Jackson, when he launched him from Oxford to begin the world in parliament wrote to his father, "Your son will never be a

statesman." And the old man's sagacity was not mistaken. His most intimate associate has been heard to declare, that Lord Liverpool never read a book through since they were together at the university. The proof was given in his criminal neglect of the encouragement that an English minister owes to literature, as the first honour and security of his country.

1827.—Early in this year Lord Liverpool was seized with a paralytic affection, which disabled him from public business.* The premiership had for twelve years been a bed of slumber. It now fell into the hands of one who made it a bed of feverish anxiety and bitter wakefulness—George Canning, the first debater, the most dexterous politician, and the happiest wit of the house; the most perplexed, unhappy, and disappointed of ministers.

His first step decided all the rest: for it was the first step down the precipice. He had called the whigs to his side. It must be acknowledged that, in this ominous alliance, his "poverty, but not his will," was the counsellor. His whole life had been amused with laying the lash on opposition; no man had oftener plucked the lion's hide over their ears; no man had more regularly converted the solemn liftings up of their voice into tones that set the house on a roar. But his former colleagues had deserted him; and he, unhappily for his fame and for his peace, retaliated by deserting his principles. In England this never has been done with impunity, and, until England is destined to perish, never will be done. Canning's spirit sank under his difficulties. His mind had not yet expunged away enough of its original honour, to attain that base indifference to public opinion which makes the tranquillity of the base. The taunts of men incalculable.

* He lingered, with his faculties decaying, till December, 1828, when he died.

lably his inferiors in intellect, and who were soon to display how far they could sink below him in political degradation; vexed his graceful faculties, exhausted his sparkling animation; and, after a brief period, clouded by the increasing embarrassments of useless allies and insidious adversaries, by painful consciousness, and the discovery that he had toiled for a shadow after all, tormented him out of the world.

Thus perished, after a four months' premiership, a minister of whom the nation had once formed the highest hopes; the friend of Sheridan, and with no slight share of his genius; the pupil of Pitt, and the ablest defender and most chosen depositary of his principles; a man of refined scholarship, the happiest dexterity of conversation, keen public sagacity, and the most vivid, diversified, and pungent oratory in the legislature.

Some suspicions were thrown on Canning's religion, from the circumstance, that in his last illness, he was not attended by a clergyman. But if this be not directly attributable to the rapidity of his disease, or the negligence of those round him, we cannot suffer ourselves to conceive that Christianity was either unknown or unfelt by him who could write the following epitaph,—one of the most pathetic and beautiful in the whole compass of the language.

“TO THE MEMORY OF

“*George Charles Canning, eldest Son of the Right Honourable George Canning and Joan Scott his Wife; born April 25, 1801—died March 31, 1820.*

“Though short thy span, God's unimpeach'd decrees,
Which made that shorten'd span one long disease,
Yet merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
For mild redeeming virtues,—faith and hope,
Meek resignation, pious charity;
And, since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare;
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fix'd on Heaven thine unaverted eyes!

"O! mark'd from birth, and nurtur'd, for the skies
 In youth, with more than learning's wisdom wise!
 As sainted martyrs, patient to endure!
 Simple as unwean'd infancy, and pure!
 Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
 Which Christ's atoning blood hath washed away)
 By mortal sufferings now no more oppress'd,
 Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destin'd rest!
 While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom—
 Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb"

CHAPTER XX.

The Catholic Question.

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The statutes against popery in England and Ireland were the restrictions, not of a religious faith, but of a political faction; enacted, not against dissidents from the church of England, but against rebellious partisans of the house of Stuart. The question was one, not of the liturgy, but of the sword. The Stuarts lost the day. They were exiled; and the soldiers whom they left behind, were disabled by the provisions of law from again stirring up rebellion, and again shedding the blood of freemen in the cause of tyrants and slaves.

But the decline of the exiled dynasty no sooner made the relaxation of those penalties in any degree safe, than they were relaxed. The oath of allegiance,* leases for 999 years,† the full purchase of landed property, the extinction of all disabilities relative to education, the unrestrained public exercise of their religious rites and tenets;‡ elevated

* 13th and 14th Geo. III., cap. 35.

† 17th and 18th Geo. III., cap. 49.

‡ By the act of 1782.

the sons of that soldiery, from the condition natural to a defeated army, to a rank of privilege never possessed by Protestants under a popish government. The question was then laid aside. It slept from 1782 to 1792,—ten years of peace and singular prosperity in Ireland.

But in 1789 France began to disturb the world. The manufacturing districts in the north of Ireland, much connected with America by trade and individual intercourse, rapidly adopted the idea of emulating the American revolt, while England was in the first perplexities of an approaching war. The Presbyterian of the north scorned the Roman Catholic of the south; and would have disdained the republic which was to be buttressed by the popish altar. But all that could embarrass government must be tried. Some millions of peasantry in tumult would form an important diversion; and the agents of a faction that owned neither a king nor a God, were sent out to tell the Roman Catholic that he was excluded from the favour of his king, and restricted in the exercise of his religion.

The topic which was adopted by the Presbyterian republican to embarrass the English cabinet, was adopted, of course, by the whigs in the Irish parliament to embarrass the Irish minister. From Ireland it was transmitted for the use of opposition in England.

The purpose in these pages is not to discuss the point of theology, but to give a glance at the progress of the question. After years of contest, it was brought into the cabinet by Canning. In his reluctant exile from office, he had taken it as the common burden of opposition, and he bore it back with him. It now formed the endless taunt of his late colleagues. "Will you repeal the Test Act, and overthrow the establishment? Will you bring in Catholics to legislate for Protestants, and overthrow the Constitution?" was the perpetual outcry of the

champion, Mr. Peel, across the house, echoed by the congenial virtue of Mr. Dawson, and their retainers, and chiefly by the Duke of Wellington, who "could not comprehend the possibility of placing Roman Catholics in a Protestant legislature with any kind of safety, and whose personal knowledge told him, that no king, however Catholic, could govern his Catholic subjects without the aid of the pope." Canning left the question as Fox had left it. Lord Goderich's short-lived ministry ran in and out of the cabinet with too breathless haste to decide on any thing. It perished of a fracas between two treasury officials, and expired on the road to Windsor.

In 1828 the Duke of Wellington became prime minister. The empire, weary of the futile generation that had just dropped out of power, rejoiced at the accession of a man distinguished in the public service, bound to the national interests by the most munificent rewards, and pledged in the *most solemn* and *voluntary* manner to resist the demands of popery. But his first steps taught the nation the hazards of premature applause. The formation of his cabinet was assailed, in parliament, under every shape of ridicule. The merits of his colleagues were loudly declared to be all summed up in the words mediocrity and submission. The ministers were called clerks, and the cabinet—a "bureau adjoining the Horse Guards." It must be owned that the premier's antipathies did not fall chiefly on individuals trained by the habits of their lives to *unquestioning* obedience. To the astonishment of England, her civil offices were filled with soldiers! the minister's quarter-master-general governed the colonies; his aid-de-camp governed the civil department of the army; his subordinates in the field were the administrators of employments so important to constitutional security, that they had never before gone out of civil hands. But if the principle of *submission*

be essential to public happiness, the cabinet, the quarter-master, the aid-de-camp, the whole array of this martial government, lived on the breath of the premier's nostrils; and they have justified the sagacity of the theory by the most unmurmuring acquiescence in the memory of man

So great a power has not been in the hands of any English subject since Wolsey, but one—and that one was Cromwell!

For purposes still undeveloped, it became the determination of this formidable depository of public wisdom, to admit Roman Catholics into the legislature.—The first step was, to repeal the Test Act, a barrier erected by the founders of the constitution. It was left to whig hands, the fittest for the work of constitutional overthrow; and the honour of pulling it down was given to a descendant of that Russell who had cemented the establishment with his blood.

The Test Act might have been obsolete; the dissenters might have suddenly become lovers of the establishment; the establishment might have suddenly acquired some new principle of immortality; yet the eagerness of Episcopal assent given to its overthrow, showed that some of the English prelacy had more confidence in the minister than knowledge of human nature. Other clerics, of less exalted rank, but less confiding, saw, in the very suggestion of this repeal, a summons to the consecrated guardians of Protestantism, to collect their scattered strength, to abandon their habitual dependence on politicians, and to show that the highest trust which can be reposed in earthly hands, was not to be sacrificed to a fond security in the promises of office.—The repeal was passed, and the darkest prediction was instantly verified. It was found to be a direct preliminary to that measure, which its own chief abettor pronounced "a breach of the constitution."

Yet if the nature of the repeal escaped English

simplicity, it was deeply comprehended by Irish faction. Public meetings, assemblages in the Romish chapels, proclamations to mobs, spoke trumpet-tongued in Ireland. But to the universal astonishment, the vigour of the English ministry had suddenly assumed the attitude of majestic repose. The quick, vindictive vigilance of a cabinet of soldiery had softened into the unruffled calmness of the gods of Epicurus,—all was tranquillity.

The Irish papers came filled with statements of the most furious harangues, processions, and meetings, daylight musterings, and midnight conflagrations. The minister was asked hourly in parliament, "Have those things reached your ears? A parliament is open in the Irish capital denouncing England in the most traitorous language. Will you suffer it to remain open? An individual of notorious popular influence is making regular progresses through the country, distributing an order of knighthood of his own creation, with the colour of rebellion, and mottoes telling the people that he who would be free must *himself strike the blow*. Would this be endured in England? If a demagogue collect a mob in Manchester, the law has power to seize him. Does the passage of the Irish channel mutilate the law?"

On the 5th of February, 1829, a day which will be long recorded in the evil calendar of England and of Europe, the king's speech, delivered by commission, declared that the time was come for the entrance of the Roman Catholics into the Protestant legislature! The public indignation was boundless. It recapitulated the solemn denials that had been given in every form to the suspicion that such a measure was intended. It recalled the unequivocal pledges that every leading member of the cabinet had personally given to the integrity of the Protestant constitution. It pointed to the express words from year to year, in which they had founded their resistance to the

popish demands, on the *principles* of popery; not on temporary considerations, but on the *essential nature* of the religion. And no member of the cabinet had spoken more unequivocally on the *principles* of popery than the Duke of Wellington.

In the debate on the Marquis of Lansdowne's motion, he had said:—"The question is one merely of *expediency*, and I ground my opposition, not on any doctrinal points, but on the *church government* of the Catholics. Nobody can have looked at the transactions in Ireland for the last 150 years, without at the same time seeing, that the Roman Catholic church has acted on the principle of *combination*, and that this combination has been the instrument by which *all the evil that has been done has been effected!* We are told that whatever may be the cause of the present evils in Ireland, Catholic emancipation is the remedy. My lords, I am afraid, that if, in addition to Catholic emancipation, we were to give up to the Roman Catholics of Ireland the church establishment in Ireland, we *should not have found a remedy for the evil produced by this combination*; unless we could find the means of connecting the Roman Catholic church with the government of the country. But, my lords, we are told there are securities. I beg leave to remind the noble marquis, and the noble and learned lord on the cross bench (Plunket), of a fact which they *cannot deny*, that the Catholics themselves have *all along objected to securities*. He cannot, therefore, be surprised, that we who *feel strongly on the subject* should wish to *feel secure as to the safety of the church and state*, before we venture on *such an experiment as this*.

"My lords, I am very much afraid that the Roman Catholic religion, in its natural state, is *not very favourable to civil government* in any part of Europe. And I must beg your lordships to observe, that in all the countries of Europe, the sovereigns have, at different periods, found it necessary, as was stated by

my noble and learned friend (Lord Colchester) to-night, to *call upon the people to assist them in the government of their people!*"

On this speech no comment can be necessary. Next comes the immaculate sincerity of Mr. Peel; his whole and sole reason for refusing to join the Canning ministry being his horror of the imputation of taking any share in carrying the Catholic question!

"For a space of *eighteen years*," said this ingenuous and honest personage, "I have followed one undeviating course of conduct, offering, during the whole of that time, an *uncompromising*, but a temperate, a fair, and, as I believe, a *constitutional* resistance to the making any further concessions to the Roman Catholics! The opinions which I held during that time I still hold; and I thought from having always avowed these opinions, but, above all, from having while in office taken an active and, I may perhaps say, an important part against the claims of Catholics, that I *could not remain in office*, after events rendered it probable that I should be the single minister of the crown who was likely to continue opposed to them!"—(*Speech*, 1827.)

But, on Canning's introduction of the question into the house, he stated his *principles* of resistance. The document might figure in the history of Bubb Doddington; to some future Le Sage it will be invaluable.

The Right Honourable Robert Peel said:—"Mr. Pitt has been charged with supporting the Catholic claims; but what were his words in 1805? After saying 'that he would not, under any circumstances, nor any possible situation of affairs, consent that it should be discussed or entertained as a question of right,' that minister had proceeded—'I, sir, have never been one of those who have held that the term emancipation is, *in the smallest degree*, applicable to the repeal of the few remaining penal statutes to

which the Catholics are liable. I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that the Roman Catholic must be anxious to advance his religion.' Those were Mr Pitt's principles; and it was on those grounds that he (Mr. Peel) had always opposed what was termed Catholic emancipation.

"Could any man, acquainted with the state of the world, doubt for a moment, that there was *engrafted on the Catholic religion something more than a scheme for promoting mere religion?* That there was in view the furtherance of a means by which *man could acquire authority over man?* Could he know what the doctrine of absolution, of confession, of indulgences, was, without a suspicion that those doctrines were maintained for the purpose of establishing the power of man over the minds and hearts of men? What was it to him what the source of the power was called, if practically it was such?

"He held in his hand a proclamation, or bull, addressed by Pope Pius VII., in 1807, to the Irish Catholics, granting an indulgence of three hundred days from the pains of purgatory to those who should devoutly recite, at stated times, three short ejaculations, of which the first was—'Jesus! Maria! Joseph! I offer to you my ardent heart!' When he saw such a mockery of all religion as this resorted to, to prop up the *authority of man over man*; when he saw such absurdity as this addressed to rational Catholics, and *received by rational Catholics*, and published among a superstitious and illiterate populace, it was in vain to tell him that *such things could be in effect.*

"He thought it right to retain all the existing *disabilities*, as far as related to admitting Catholics to the legislature and to offices of state. He had felt that he had no choice, but to state with firmness, though, he trusted, without asperity, the principles which his *reason dictated*, and which his *honour and conscience*

compelled him to maintain! He had never adopted his opinions upon it, either from deference to high station, or that which might be more fairly expected to impress him, high ability. It was a matter of consolation to him, that he had now an opportunity of showing *his adherence to those tenets* which he had formerly espoused; that, if his opinions were unpopular, he *stood by them still*, when the influence and authority that might have given them currency were gone; and when it was impossible, he believed, that in the mind of any human being, he could stand suspected of pursuing *his principles* with any view to favour or personal aggrandizement!"—(*Speech*, 1827.)

Copley (Lord Lyndhurst) declared, that "The question was not now as to the prevalence of the Roman Catholic religion, but it was this—Whether *Protestantism was to be continued in Ireland*. And the person took a *very narrow view* of the subject, who *could entertain a doubt on the point*."—(*Speech*, 1827.)

Mr. Goulburn, who had been secretary in Ireland, and been sent there, from his peculiar Protestantism, to balance any possible irregularities in the lord lieutenant's theology, declared, "That he had never attempted to conceal from himself the state of Ireland. But he *differed totally* from those honourable gentlemen who fondly imagined that Catholic emancipation could be productive of results so beneficial as to remove its distresses. Believing, as he did, that the dangers of Catholic emancipation would be greater than its benefits, he felt himself called on to give it his *decided negative*."—(*Speech*, 1827.)

Mr. George Dawson declared, "That he should not labour to prove that the admission of the Roman Catholics to the privileges of parliament was *contrary to the whole spirit of the constitution!* The Roman Catholic priesthood, who exercised over their flocks such unbounded sway, were a body of men assuming and wielding *political* power, greater than the legislature itself. And it was to add to and con-

solidate that power, that the honourable baronet (Burdett) had just called on the house.

“The Catholic religion *remained unchanged*; and so long as it should continue unchanged, so long would it be necessary to oppose the claims of the Catholics.”—(*Speech*, 1827.)

Each individual of those, and their fellow-officials, who all pledged themselves with equal distinctness, had founded his declarations, not upon circumstances, which might change, but upon the *nature* of the Romish church, which scorns the idea of change. Yet, with the interval of scarcely more than a single session, all those men faced about, as if at the tap of the drum, and delivered their convictions *for* the measure, against which they had declared those convictions unalterable.

The *converts!* were instantly taunted in the strongest language of national scorn. The most contemptuous phrases that human disdain could invent were heaped upon them. The brand was burned on them to the bone. But by what sullen influence, or with what *ultimate* purpose, this unaccountable change was wrought, must be left to that investigation which sits upon the tomb, and declares the infinite emptiness of the amplest reward for which a public man barter the respect of his country.

Yet, one of the most painful features of the entire transaction was the scandal of an individual whose sacred office ought to have secured him from so deep a fall. On the night of the final debate, in which the primates of England and Ireland declared their strongest abhorrence of the ministerial measure. Lloyd, bishop of Oxford, who had voted against it in the preceding session, put himself forward as its defender. The chief part of his speech was the rambling declamation which was familiar to the house. But he had a novelty in reserve. “I have heard it charged against noble lords,” said this miserable man, “that they are introducing men into the house

whose religion they have already sworn to be idolatrous. Now, I acknowledge that I have taken that oath. I have sworn that the invocation of saints and the sacrifice of the mass are idolatry; but I have not sworn that all papists are guilty of idolatry. Some of their *actions* may be *idolatrous*, and some, in my solemn judgment, have a *tendency* to idolatry itself. But if they are not wilfully and intentionally guilty of idolatry, they are not, in my opinion, guilty of idolatry before God."

Even the house listened with astonishment to this monstrous doctrine. On this principle, crime must depend altogether on the *name*. If the murderer can but persuade himself that he stabs for the public or for the priest, he is a murderer no longer. The crime is not in the breach of the law of man, nor in the insult to the law of God, but in the fancy of the criminal. This was the true Romish principle, on which the slaughter of heretics is still justified; the deed is done, not for bloodshed, but for saintship; not to kill the body, but to save the soul; and thus is massacre a virtue! The Israelite, dancing round the golden calf, should have known this argument, and proved that Moses was a persecutor. The Athenian idolater should have learned in the school of the Oxford professor, and beaten St. Paul out of the field. Both had only to say, that in worshipping idols, in praying to them, offering incense, and expecting the cure of diseases and the remission of sins from them, they did not *intend* to commit idolatry,—and they were idolaters no more.

The public received the announcement of this theory of crime with the bitterest reprobation. The logician despised the shallowness of the sophist.—The cleric shrank from the doctrine of the divine. Its utterer was undone. He was compared to Parker, the basest of apostates, also bishop of Oxford. The public journals tore up his doctrine and his character together. No man can long resist this

storm, unless he find strength within. The wretched prelate made no defence: he shrank from the infliction; and in a single month from the time of his fatal speech, the defender of idolatry was in his grave.

Yet this was the man who could thus describe Irish popery, and in the very same speech. Nothing can be more true or more formidable than the description.

“The dangers of the church of Ireland come not from within, but from without. She is brought into competition with a rival church—a church neither missionary nor established, but *pretending to be established*, in a country in which there is already a church established by law; this church having at its head two-and-twenty bishops, nominally appointed by the pope, but really, at least in general, elected by themselves—bishops connected together not only by the ties of their peculiar religion, but by the *bands which unite the fellows of a college*—having under them, as it is stated, a body of *three thousand five hundred* clergy, placed beyond the pale and protection of the law, in their spiritual relation; and *in no way responsible to the law!*—men *entirely* under the control and superintendence of the bishops, removable at will, having no appeal to the king’s courts, in case of a suspension ecclesiastically irregular; and, in truth, in every point submitted to the *arbitrary authority* of the bishops;—these clergy again exercising over their flocks the *most unlimited influence*, the most *undisputed sway*; and doing this chiefly by the *tenets of their religion*, which places the *consciences of their votaries altogether at their disposal!*”—*(Speech on the Relief Bill, April 2, 1829.)*

The measure was carried by a majority of 105! in the lords, where it had been always thrown out with disdain. The whole people petitioned in vain. The London petition alone was signed by upwards of a hundred thousand *householders*. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of the gentry and professional

classes of England sent up the strongest remonstrances to the legislature. Still the measure was urged on; it was *voted through*; all entreaties for time to take the public sense on a question which touched the birthright of every freeman of England were refused. "Come to the vote" was the dictatorial language of those who knew that whatever they might want in argument they made up in numbers. The measure was haughtily carried, and Roman Catholics were made members of that legislature which, by their religious tenets, they pronounce to be impious and heretical; governors of that people which they pronounce to be incapable of salvation; arbiters of that civil and religious freedom which it is the first principle of popery to extinguish in all kingdoms; and counsellors of that king whom Rome denounces as a revolter from its fealty and its religion.

But if the measure had been the quintessence of public good, it would have been scandalized by the nature of its origin. No man could be found to acknowledge its parentage then; it is cast fatherless on the world even now. Instead of the openness which ought to have eminently distinguished a question, affecting not a party, but an empire,—not a session, but the last hour at which England may boast of a parliament,—all was mystery. Its councils were all carried on in whispers. As the time approached, the secrecy grew more mystical; the curtains were drawn closer round the cabinet; the chief justice who drew the bill, after the task had been indignantly refused by the attorney-general, Sir Charles Wetherell, was merged in a darkness so profound, that it has never left him since. The master of the mint's right hand did not know what his left was doing. The chancellor of the exchequer made sermons, or speeches like sermons, of triple the usual length and sanctity. The home secretary *itinerated* the country, with a smile and a speech for every village, and panegyricized steam engines and the constitution.

The premier himself was so unconscious of what was passing, that he wrote the following billet, evidently as a matter of familiar intercourse, to an Irish friend, who had expressed some curiosity to know the news of London:—

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 4th instant; and I assure you, you do me justice in believing that I am sincerely anxious to witness the *settlement* of the Roman Catholic question, which, by benefiting the state, would confer a benefit on every individual belonging to it.

“But I confess *I see no prospect* of such a settlement. Party has been mixed up with the consideration of the question to such a degree, and such violence pervades every discussion of it, that it is *impossible to expect* to prevail on men to consider it dispassionately.

“*If we could bury it in oblivion* for a short time and employ that time diligently in the consideration of *its difficulties on all sides* (for they are *very great*), I should not despair of seeing a satisfactory remedy.

“Believe me, my dear Sir,

“WELLINGTON.

“*London, Dec. 11. 1828*”

This letter was addressed to Dr. Curtis, the head of the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood: and, transmitted to such hands, it of course came instantly before the public. The Irish laughed at the style, and said that in “burying matters in *oblivion* for a time” and “employing the same time in *considering* them,” they recognised their countryman. But the English, who overlook those things in a military premier, universally regarded the billet as precisely of the same class with those which the whigs had written whenever they had a hope of power; the easy, official form of getting rid of the claimants altogether.

In *six weeks* from the date of this unsuspecting letter, the measure was proclaimed with all pomp and ceremonial in the king's speech! So brief is oblivion, and so blind is sagacity.

But the people had a sagacity of their own, that saw further than the simple optics of the cabinet. In the midst of the minister's prospects of eternal conciliation, of amity treading on perpetual flowers, and national friendship taming down the wild passions and rugged jealousies of the people, like an other Cybele, scattering oil and wine from a chariot drawn by lions; while the home secretary revelled in poetic raptures, and even the premier relaxed the rigidity of the ministerial brow; while Scylla

" Chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause;"

the people declared that the evil day had been only precipitated; that the Irish demagogues, instead of receiving the measure as a pledge of peace, would turn it into an immediate instrument of turbulence; that they would see nothing in it but a proof that clamour, aggression, and intimidation were the true weapons for their cause, and that the more they asked, and the more insolently they asked it, the surer they were to succeed. Ministers were told—"Popery never required any thing but power, and never made any other use of it than to perplex and crush the Protestant. If you give that power; if you send the Roman Catholic back to Ireland, not the petitioner that he came, but the conqueror, clothed in the spoils of the constitution; if you put the cup into his hand, out of which the first drop thrown on the ashes of rebellion will blaze up into inextinguishable flame; you will have to thank only yourselves for the deepest hazards that ever tried the empire."

The prediction was scoffed at; and now, within

a twelvemonth, we have a demand for "the repeal of the Union," which would end in a separation of the countries, a summons openly issued for a popish parliament, and the proposed organization of a national army on the model of the volunteers of 1782! We have a startled proclamation of the Irish lord-lieutenant, declaring that designs dangerous to the public peace are on foot, and threatening the vengeance of the law on this "conciliated" people. We have an answering proclamation from the Catholic "agitators," declaring that the Irish government thinks itself *justified in trampling on the people*; that "the want of a domestic and national legislature in Ireland *will find means to make itself known!* and that those means will be *irresistible!*" So much for military legislation!

The whole of Europe looked with the keenest anxiety to the discussion of the Catholic question; and its continental results are felt already. All the minor Protestant states, which relied on England as their protectress, were alarmed by finding that her legislature had changed its character. All the popish states triumphantly regarded the measure as an approach to their system. But the example of a parliament *submissive* to the extent of "breaking in upon the free constitution," of which the empire had boasted for one hundred and thirty years, chiefly caught the tastes of the French king, who instantly resolved upon making the experiment of a *submissive* parliament,—finding the old one stubborn, cashiered it,—to procure a new one for his purpose, would have cashiered the constitution,—was defeated in the attempt,—and has now bequeathed the tremendous evidence of popular strength to the partisans of revolution throughout the world. And those are but the *first* results of the "great healing measure" of Catholic Emancipation!

[The advocates of Catholic emancipation stood on the broad basis of the rights of man—they insisted on the universally acknowledged principle, “that among the natural rights which man retains are all the intellectual rights, or rights of the mind: consequently religion is one of those rights.” Every man, when he applies his judgment to the religion of his neighbour, is conscientiously bound to allow that his adoption of it was the act of a free agent; and whether it agree with or differ from that which has received the civil sanction of the State, he is only warranted and justified in concluding that by adopting it, he has exercised that *liberty of conscience* which supersedes all power and control of the civil magistrate. *Essentially unjust, then, is every civil or temporal law which persecutes man for his religious persuasion, by pretending to annul or abridge his liberty of conscience.*

How the measure of Catholic emancipation could have been resisted, or even retarded, by good and enlightened men, acknowledging the *truth* and the *fitness* of this principle, cannot be easily explained. That the spirit of *temporizing* has long hovered over this measure, must be admitted. By reflecting on the influence of this spirit, we may, in some measure, account for the apathy of some and the antipathies of many of the statesmen who afterward became the most active and distinguished friends of the Catholics. We see it generally as an involuntary affection of the mind, produced by some cause which has first subdued or rendered it for the time incapable of its freedom of deliberation, and deprived it of its wonted energy and vigour in action. Various are the causes which operate this effect—pride, joy, success, and prosperity, the intrigues, flattery, and seduction of others, the weakness, blindness and perverseness of ourselves. It is not the isolated affection of one human being, but the gregarious quality of a whole society. To prevent it absolutely at all times, is a moral impossibility; to check it at any time, is a mat-

ter of extreme difficulty; to correct it before disaster works the cure, is the most honourable though unthankful office of the lover of his country. That this spirit militates against discussion and investigation, is self-evident. The struggling efforts of truth are often overpowered by this impetuous torrent—her voice is drowned, and her very being is borne away, undistinguished from the angry and turbid stream. No wonder, then, that the progress of the Catholic cause was slow; the wonder is, how it could have made any advances. It was opposed with energy and earnestness. This opposition created correspondent feelings in its advocates, until at length they rescued it from the darkness with which bigotry and ignorance covered it, and restored to the Catholics those rights, of which it is now universally admitted they had been cruelly and unjustly deprived.

The opponents of the Catholic claims urged their rejection on the plea that the constitution of Great Britain was a Protestant constitution. To this it was answered, that it was originally Catholic; that it was founded by Catholics; that the great laws to which the people owed their liberty were the work of Catholics; that at the time of the Revolution no change was made in the constitution, and that then nothing was done beyond making a declaration of right, because they could not go farther than the Catholics had gone; that the bill of rights was a declaratory law; it was declaratory of the rights obtained by our Catholic ancestors. Hence it was concluded, that the Protestants had no exclusive right laid down, and that they have no exclusive right to the constitution.

The charge of moral atrocity was also met by the declarations of the Catholic prelates, who stated that it was not the doctrine of the Catholic church to support or obey any foreign temporal power, and that to break faith with heretics was no part of their creed. It was also urged, on the side of the Catholics, that

the charge of moral atrocity could not be sustained against them without libelling the Christian religion : monstrous crimes are incompatible with the Christian religion which they profess, and the argument of moral atrocity would not make against the Catholic religion alone, but against Christianity in general. The reasoning went to this, that the religion of Christendom was an abomination ; and if an abomination, they were emphatically asked why they tolerated it.

From the charge of moral atrocity the opponents of the Catholics passed to the assertion, that their emancipation would be incompatible with the safety of England. The plain meaning of this is, that no man could be a good British subject unless he belonged to the established church. In answer, it was shown that the Irish Parliament declared that the Catholics were good subjects. In 1791, they stated that it was necessary for the security of the country to give them a share of political power. That parliament gave them the privilege of holding landed property, and put arms in their hands. It was enacted, " that it shall and may be lawful for papists, or persons professing the Popish religion, to hold, exercise, and enjoy all civil and military offices, or places of trust and profit under his Majesty."

The history of Ireland has been appealed to as furnishing strong arguments in favour of the opponents of this question. To this it was replied, that the historian in the case of Ireland is, generally speaking, peculiarly bad authority. He wrote to gratify power, and he flattered it ; his own private advantage absorbed all his thoughts, and his contemplation only dwelt on that which might be turned to his own account, or that of his employers. They were called on to state the case of Ireland fairly, and not to fly back to barbarous times and long exploded principles ; to state her transactions since she became a nation, not to go back to senseless follies ; not to say, on this spot such a crime was committed, on

this spot such a chieftain raised his rebellious standard. They were called on to come at once to the point, and say, here a Catholic regiment held its ground, and nobly shared the dangers of that battle the laurels of which it was not destined to share.—These arguments prevailed, and Irishmen can now fight the battles of their country, *free as they are brave.*—*American Publishers.*]

1830.—The life of George the Fourth was now hastening to its close. He had lost his brother, the Duke of York,* to whom he had been peculiarly attached, and whose death was sincerely mourned by both king and people. For some years his majesty had been affected by complaints which must have embittered even royal enjoyments. He had frequent returns of the gout, and it was subsequently ascertained that the valves of the heart were partially ossified; yet a remarkable strength of constitution sustained him: to the last, his manners were courtly his conversation was animated, and his recollection of persons and circumstances singularly quick and interesting. But the severe winter of 1829, by depriving him of exercise in the open air, disposed him to dropsical symptoms. He resided in the Lodge at Windsor, a retreat too dreary for an invalid. Slight fits of an indisposition were rumoured, from the beginning of the year; but on the 15th of April a bulletin was issued, stating that he suffered under a bilious attack, accompanied by embarrassment in his breathing. He partially recovered, and transacted public business; in which, however, from feebleness, he was obliged to delegate the sign-manual to commissioners. But, for nearly a month before his death, his majesty was aware of his situation; and, though not without hopes of life, he felt the necessity of preparing for the great change. About the

* 5th January, 1827.

middle of June his physicians were said to have intimated that medicine could do no more; an announcement which he received with manly and decorous resignation, uttering the words, "God's will be done!"

On the 24th of June his majesty became still more exhausted, and remained chiefly in a kind of slumber for the next forty-eight hours. On the 26th, at three in the morning, the attendant was startled by his suddenly rising from his bed, and expressing some inward pain; a fit of coughing came on while he was in his physician's arms; he ejaculated, "Oh God! I am dying;" in a few seconds after, he said, "This is death;" and, at a quarter past three, expired.

The details which have been already given of his majesty's life prevent the necessity of making any immediate remarks on his character. Some statements of those early errors into which he was drawn by the strong temptations that beset a prince, and some traits of the individuals who rendered themselves disgracefully conspicuous by administering to those errors, have been intentionally omitted. Their insertion here would be repulsive to the feelings of the writer, and of no advantage to the reader.

The progress of the arts, of which his majesty was a liberal patron,—the improvements of London, chiefly due to his taste,—and the general intellectual progress of the empire during his reign,—all topics of interest, are necessarily restricted by the limits of the volume.

As to the personal opinions delivered in these pages, the writer has had no object in them but truth; and, not feeling disposed to turn away from its avowal, nor to stoop to the arts by which duplicity thrives, he has told the truth with the plainness that becomes a subject of England. To any remarks

that may be made on such plainness from one of his profession, he gives the *unanswerable* reply—that it is *his* profession which ought to take the lead in all truth; that if it have ever suffered its brow to be humbled by honours ignobly won, or its free limbs to be entangled in the cloak of the hireling, it owes a duty to itself to show that this baseness is against its nature; it owes a duty to its holy religion to show that a churchman may be in earnest, when, with the Scriptures in his hand, he declares, that there are higher objects for the immortal spirit than the mixed and vulgar temptations of our corrupted state of society; and that, “being content with food and raiment,” the Christian should leave personal and public meanness to their reward; shrink from the degrading elevation, which is to be gained only by leaving conscience behind; and seek no honours but those which are alike above human passion and human change.

APPENDIX.

A CONSIDERABLE number of anecdotes of his late Majesty have appeared in the newspapers, the principal of which will be found here. Their employment in the "Memoir" would have been unsuitable from their miscellaneous nature, and their having been too much before the public for a claim to novelty. However, they throw light on character, and as such are worth retaining.

ANECDOTES, &c.

From the moment of the prince's birth, he became an object of the strongest national interest. He was a remarkably fine infant; and his birth and the queen's safety, so much delighted the king (George the Third), that he spontaneously presented 500*l.* to the messenger who brought him the glad tidings. A scene of universal joy ensued. Every town in England had its gala, and every village its bonfire.

The ladies who called at the palace were admitted into the queen's bedroom to see the child, about forty at a time; the part containing the bed being screened off by a sort of lattice-work. The royal infant lay in a most splendid cradle of velvet and Brussels lace, adorned with gold; while two young ladies of the court, in virgin white, stood to rock the cradle, and the nurse at its head sat with a crimson velvet cushion, occasionally to receive the child and present it to its mother. The cradle was placed on a small elevation under a canopy of state. The head and the sides, which came no higher than the bed, were covered with crimson velvet, and lined with white satin. From the head rose an ornament of carved work, gilt, with the coronet in the middle. The upper sheet was covered with very broad, beautiful Brussels lace, turning over the top upon a magni-

scent quilt of crimson velvet and gold lace; the whole length of the Brussels lace appearing also along the sides, and hanging down from underneath.

The children were reared in the homely English manner most conducive to health. The account of a visiter was :— “The royal children rise early, generally at six, breakfast at eight, live on the simplest food, and are much in the open air. I have been several evenings in the queen’s lodge with no other company than the family. They sit round a large table, on which are books, work, pencils, and paper. While the younger part of the family are drawing and working, the beautiful babe Amelia is sometimes in the lap of one of her sisters, and sometimes playing with the king on the carpet.” “All the princesses and princes had a commerce table.” “I seldom miss going to early prayers at the king’s chapel, at eight o’clock, where I never fail of seeing their majesties and all the royal family.” “In the evening every one is employed with pencil, needle, or knitting; between the pieces of music the conversation is easy and pleasant, and the king plays at backgammon with one of his equerries.” “Their majesties rise at six, and enjoy the two succeeding hours, which they call their owl; at eight, the Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Osnaburgh, &c. are brought from their several houses to Kew, to breakfast with their parents. At nine, the younger children are brought in; and while the five elder are closely applying to their books, the little ones pass the whole morning in Richmond gardens. The king and queen frequently sit in the room while the children dine, and in the evening all the children again pay their duty at Kew House before they retire to bed.”

About 1769, party fury raged throughout the land, and the queen wished to conciliate the public mind by exhibiting the endearments of domestic life. The juvenile *fêtes* at the palace were numerous; and the infant Prince of Wales (seven years old) was always dressed in scarlet and gold, with the insignia of the Garter; while the Duke of York

(five years old), as bishop of Osnaburgh, was in blue and gold, with the insignia of the Bath. His royal highness had been elected Bishop of Osnaburgh on the 27th of February, 1764; and having been born on the 16th of August, 1763, he was exactly six months and ten days old when he became a bishop! He received the order of the Bath on the 30th of December, 1767, and was installed in Henry the Eighth's chapel, June 15, 1772; and, as principal companion of the Garter, was installed at Windsor on the 25th of the same month.

In this year, 1769, his majesty caused a drawing-room to be held by the Prince of Wales; and the novelty excited much attention.

The king had an aversion to Wilkes and the No. 45. The Prince of Wales, in his ninth year, had been severely punished for some fault, and he took a laughable mode of revenge. Going to the king's bedroom door, before he was up, he kept beating on the panels, and roaring out "Wilkes for ever!—No. 45 for ever!" until the king burst into laughter and had him removed.

The system of discipline now established was severe, and the prince was excluded from the society of youth of his own age, and subjected to a mechanical precision of habits. Eight hours every day were devoted to hard study at the desk. He rose at six, and breakfasted at eight. He and the Duke of York had a farm in Kew Park, which they cultivated under the guidance of Mr. Arthur Young. They ploughed and sowed the land, reaped the corn, and went through every process with their own hands, up to the making of the bread. A private purse of limited extent was given to the youth, and his expenditure of the money was strictly scrutinized, and attended with either praise or censure.

Some idea may be formed of George the Third's notions of discipline and manners, by the fact that it having been reported to his majesty, in 1772, that Archbishop Coon-

wallis had frequent convivial parties at his palace, the monarch immediately addressed to him the following admonitory letter :

“MY GOOD LORD PRIMATE,—I could not delay giving you the notification of the grief and concern with which my breast was affected at receiving authentic information that routs had made their way into your palace. At the same time, I must signify to you my sentiments on this subject which hold these levities and van dissipations as utterly inexpedient, if not unlawful, to pass in a residence for many centuries devoted to divine studies, religious retirement, and the extensive exercise of charity and benevolence ; I add, in a place where so many of your predecessors have led their lives in such sanctity as has thrown lustre on the pure religion they professed and adorned. From the dissatisfaction with which you must perceive I behold these improprieties, not to speak in harsher terms, and in still more pious principles, I trust you will suppress them immediately ; so that I may not have occasion to show any further marks of my displeasure, or to interpose in a different manner. May God take your grace into his almighty protection ! I remain, my lord primate, your gracious friend. “G. R.”

The following paragraph appeared in the London news papers in the month of May, 1771, relative to a circumstance which excited some interest about the Court at St. James's. “The following are the particulars relative to the improper behaviour of the person who struck his royal highness Prince William Henry (his present majesty). The Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Osnaburgh, Prince William Henry. &c. were at play in one of the apartments, and the head of one of their drums being out, the young gentlemen prevailed on the attendant to get into the drum-hoop that they might draw her about. Prince William (who is full of humour) contrived to throw her down ; when she, in her foolish resentment, flung him against the wainscot. The king was told of it, who ordered her to go to St. James's, and remain there till Lady Charlotte Finch came to town, as his majesty did not choose to interfere in such matters. On her arrival she examined into the particu-

lars, when another of the attendants said that the person accused did not strike the prince. The Prince of Wales (his late majesty) being present, said, 'Pray Mrs. — do not assert any such thing; you know she did strike my brother; but you are both Scotch women, and will say any thing to protect each other.' His royal highness's answer occasioned much diversion."

The late king was remarkably good-natured; and from the numerous anecdotes that have transpired since his death, we can fully believe Colonel M'Mahon's dying character of him, as "one of the kindest-hearted men alive." There were intervals when, in the various vexations of his perplexed career, he may have given way to anger; but they were few and always momentary. The slight incidents that follow are proofs that kindness was the natural temperament of his mind.

"Nearly forty years ago, his late majesty, then Prince of Wales, was so exceedingly urgent to have 800*l.* at an hour on such a day, and in so unusual a manner, that the gentleman who furnished the supply had some curiosity to know for what purpose it was obtained. On inquiry, he was informed, that the moment the money arrived the prince drew on a pair of boots, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, slipped on a plain morning frock without a star, and turning his hair to the crown of his head, put on a slouched hat, and thus walked out. This intelligence raised still greater curiosity, and with some trouble the gentleman discovered the object of the prince's mysterious visit. An officer of the army had just arrived from America with a wife and six children, in such low circumstances, that to satisfy some clamorous creditor he was on the point of selling his commission, to the utter ruin of his family. The prince by accident overheard an account of the case. To prevent a worthy soldier suffering, he procured the money; and that no mistake might happen, carried it himself. On asking at an obscure lodging-house in a court near Covent Garden for the lodger, he was shown up to his room, and there found the family in the utmost distress. Shocked at the sight, he not only presented the money, but told the officer to apply

to Colonel Lake, living in —— street, and give some account of himself in future ; saying which, he departed, without the family knowing to whom they were obliged.”

Some years since an artist, being at Carlton Palace, observed to the late Mr. ——, one of the royal establishment —“How I should like to see the council-table prepared for the council!” “Your wish shall be gratified,” said his friend. It happened that a council was to be held that very day. They proceeded to the apartment: when there, the artist, smiling, observed, “Now, if I were to judge of your royal master only by what I see, I should conclude that he was very little-minded.” “And why so?” inquired Mr. ——. “Because I perceive, first and foremost, that all the chairs for the council are exactly equidistant; secondly, that there are so many sheets of foolscap, and so many sheets of post, and a long new pen laid diagonally on each, and all at measured mathematical distances; and, thirdly, that the very *fold* of the green cloth”—fine broad-cloth, which covered the long table—“is exactly in the centre of the table.” “You are a *quiz*,” said the officer of the household. “Would I could put on the invisible cap,” resumed the gentleman, “that I might see and hear what passes, when the regent is seated in that golden chair.”* “Perhaps you might be disappointed in your expectations; but,” added his friend, in a low voice, “if, sir, you could *see* and *hear* what I have seen and heard, and what will probably occur again after this day’s council, you might feel little disposed to relate what you had seen with levity.” The officer of the household then took a sheet of paper from the table, walked to the fireside, placed his right arm on the marble chimney-piece, while he held the paper in his left hand, and looking the artist in the face, said: “Sir, fancy him this day, after the breaking up of the council, standing thus, and the recorder of London standing in your place, bearing the list of the miserable culprits doomed to death by the sentence of the law. How little

* The council was held in the throne room; but his royal highness then regent, sat at the head of the table, in a high-backed gilt chair.

do they or the world know, that the most powerful pleader for a remission of their punishment is the prince!—while, one by one, he inquires the nature of the offence in all its bearings, the measure of the guilt of the offender, and whether the law absolutely demands the life of the criminal,—palliating the offence by all the arguments becoming him, who, as the ruler of the nation, is the Fountain of Mercy. Yes, sir, nearly two hours have I known the prince plead thus, in the presence of the minister of justice, for those who had no other counsellor.”

THE LATE KING AND HIS SERVANTS.

Among almost innumerable instances of the feeling of our late sovereign, may be here related one which occurred many years ago, while he was Prince of Wales. Being at Brighton, and going rather earlier than usual to visit his stud, he inquired of a groom, “Where is Tom Cross? * is he unwell? I have missed him for some days.” “Please your royal highness, he is gone away.” “Gone away!—what for?” “Please your royal highness (hesitating), I believe—for—Mr. — can inform your royal highness.” “I desire to know, sir, of you;—what has he done?” “I believe—your royal highness—something—not—quite correct—something about the oats.” “Where is Mr. —? †—send him to me immediately.” The prince appeared much disturbed at the discovery. The absent one, quite a youth, had been employed in the stable, and was the son of an old groom who had died in the prince’s service. The officer of the stable appeared before the prince. “Where is Tom Cross!—what has become of him?” “I do not know, your royal highness.” “What has he been doing?” “Purloining the oats, your royal highness; and I discharged him.” “What, sir, send him away without acquainting me!—not know whither he is gone! a fatherless boy driven into the world from my service with a blighted character! Why, the poor fellow will be destroyed: fie, —! I did not expect this from you! Seek him out, sir,

* This name is assumed.

† A superior of the stable department

and let me not see you until you have discovered him. Tom was found, and brought before his royal master. He hung down his head, while the tears trickled from his eyes. After looking steadfastly at him for some moments, "Tom, Tom," said the prince, "what have you been doing? Happy it is for your poor father that he is gone; it would have broken his heart to see you in such a situation. I hope this is your first offence." The youth wept bitterly. "Ah, Tom, I am glad to see that you are penitent. Your father was an honest man; I had a great regard for him: so I should have for you, if you were a good lad, for his sake. Now, if I desire Mr. — to take you into the stable again, do you think that I may trust you?" Tom wept still more vehemently, implored forgiveness, and promised reformation. "Well, then," said the gracious prince, "you shall be restored. Avoid evil company: go, and recover your character: be diligent, be honest, and make me your friend: and—hark ye, Tom—I will take care that no one shall ever taunt you with what is past."

Some years since, a gentleman, while copying a picture in one of the state apartments at Carlton House, overheard the following conversation between an elderly woman, one of the housemaids, then employed in cleaning a stove-grate, and a glazier, who was supplying a broken pane of glass: "Have you heard how the prince is to-day?" said he (his royal highness had been confined by illness). "Much better," was the reply. "I suppose," said the glazier, "you are glad of that;" subjoining, "though, to be sure, it *can't* concern *you* much." "It *does* concern *me*," replied the housemaid; "for I have never been ill but his royal highness has *concerned* himself about me, and has always been pleased, on my coming to work, to say, 'I am glad to see you about again; I hope you have been taken good care of; do not exert yourself too much, lest you be ill again.' If I did not rejoice at his royal highness's recovery, ay, and every one who eats his bread, we should be ungrateful indeed!"

PREDICTION.

“I remember,” says the Margravine of Anspach, in her *Life*, “a singular anecdote which was related to me by Mr. Wyndham (a man totally devoid of superstition), which had arisen from a story told me by the Prince of Wales. At the end of the last century Sir William Wyndham, being on his travels through Venice, observed accidentally, as he was passing through St. Mark’s Place in his cabriolet, a more than ordinary crowd at one corner of it. On stopping, he found it was a mountebank who had occasioned it, and who was pretending to tell fortunes, conveying his predictions to the people by means of a long, narrow tube of tin, which he lengthened or curtailed at pleasure, as occasion required. Sir William, among others, held up a piece of money, on which the charlatan immediately directed his tube to his cabriolet, and said to him, very distinctly, in Italian, ‘Signor Inglese, cavete il bianco cavallo.’”

“This circumstance made a very forcible impression upon him, from the recollection that some few years before, when very young, having been out at a stag-hunt, in returning home from the sport he found several of the servants at his father’s gate, standing round a fortune-teller, who either was or pretended to be both deaf and dumb, and for a small remuneration wrote on the bottom of a trencher, with a piece of chalk, answers to such questions as the servants put to him by the same method. As Sir William rode by, the man made signs to him that he was willing to tell him his fortune as well as the rest,—and in good-humour he would have complied; but as he could not recollect any particular question to ask, the man took the trencher, and, writing upon it, gave it back, with these words written legibly, ‘Beware of a white horse.’ Sir William smiled at the absurdity, and totally forgot the circumstance, till the coincidence at Venice reminded him of it. He immediately and naturally imagined that the English fortune-teller had made his way over to the continent, where he had found his speech; and he was now curious to know the truth of the circumstance. Upon inquiry, however, he felt assured that the fellow had never been out of Italy, nor understood any other language than his own.

“Sir William Wyndham had a great share in the trans-

actions of government during the last four years of Queen Anne's reign, in which a design to restore the son of James II. to the British throne, which his father had forfeited, was undoubtedly concerted; and on the arrival of George I. many persons were punished, by being put into prison or sent into banishment. Among the former of those who had entered into this combination was Sir William Wyndham, who, in 1715, was committed as a prisoner to the Tower. Over the inner gate were the arms of Great Britain, in which there was then some alteration to be made, in consequence of the succession of the house of Brunswick; and as Sir William's chariot was passing through, conveying him to his prison, the painter was at work adding the white horse, which formed the arms of the Elector of Hanover. It struck Sir William forcibly. He immediately recollected the two singular predictions, and mentioned them to the lieutenant of the Tower, then in the chariot with him, and to almost every one who came to see him there during his confinement; and, although probably not inclined to superstition, he looked upon it as a prophecy which was fully accomplished. But in this he was much mistaken; for, many years after, being out hunting, he had the misfortune to be thrown while leaping a ditch, by which accident he broke his neck. He rode upon a white horse.

"The Prince of Wales, who delighted in this kind of stories, told me that one day, at Brighton, riding in company with Sir John Lade, and unattended (which they frequently were), they had prolonged their ride across the downs farther than they had intended. An unexpected shower of rain coming on, they made the best of their way to a neighbouring house, which proved to be that of a miller. His royal highness dismounting quickly, Sir John took hold of the horse's bridle till some one should make his appearance. A boy came up and relieved Sir John of his charge. The rain soon abating, the prince, on the point of remounting his horse, observed that the boy who held the bridle had two thumbs upon his hand, and, inquiring who he was, was informed by him that he was the miller's son. It brought immediately to his recollection that old prophecy of Mother Shipton, that when the prince's bridle should be held by a miller's son with two thumbs on one hand, there would be great convulsions in the kingdom.

The circumstance was laughable, and his royal highness was much amused at the singularity of it."

PORTRAITS OF THE LATE KING.

It is well known that the queen, from the infancy of the Prince of Wales, was through life much attached to him. Soon after his birth, her majesty had a whole-length portrait of his royal highness modelled in wax. He was represented naked. This figure was half a span long, lying upon a crimson cushion, and it was covered by a bell-glass. Her majesty had it constantly on her toilette at Buckingham House, and there it was seen by the visitors after her majesty's decease. The likeness was still palpable, though the original had outlived the date of the fairy model more than half a century. Few years passed, it is believed, without her majesty having his portrait, in miniature, enamel, *silhouette*, modelled in marble or wax, or in some other style of art.

In one of the state apartments at Windsor, there is a family piece representing the queen seated with, as it would appear, two of the royal children; one on the lap, a few months old, exceedingly fair; the other a sturdy infant, aged apparently about two years. Those are described as the Prince of Wales and Duke of York.

Some years since, his late majesty, going round the collection, and describing the pictures to a foreigner of distinction, stopped at this family piece. Mr. Legg, the principal *cicerone*, had just described it as usual to the party, when the condescending monarch observed, "You must alter your history, Mr. Legg." Then smiling, and addressing himself not only to the foreign gentleman, but to the whole party, he observed, "That picture was painted by the ingenious Mr. Allan Ramsay, son of the celebrated author of 'The Gentle Shepherd.' Now, Mr. Ramsay having like his father become celebrated too, fell into the common fault of portrait-painters—undertaking more than he could perform. He engaged to paint within a given time the Queen and the Prince of Wales, then an infant in arms, as you perceive. He completed the likeness of the mother, *who might*

have waited, but somehow neglected to finish the child until he had grown into the sturdy boy you see standing before her." So that in fact it is two portraits of 'the same child, though in that short space more dissimilar to each other than perhaps at any subsequent period.

Dibdin, in his "Musical Tour," relates the following anecdote of the Prince of Wales:—

"By his royal highness's appointment, I had the great honour to sing to his royal highness, at the house of a friend, twenty songs, all of which received perfect approbation. The prince remained two hours, even though Marchesi had, during the interval, made his first appearance at the King's Theatre. His royal highness, upon my singing the 'High-mettled Racer,' informed the company that he had fortunately about a fortnight before rescued a poor, old, half-blind race-horse from the galling shafts of a hackney post-chaise."

George IV. must no doubt have often heard from his early whig associates, that every person who sets foot on British ground becomes free, and that it matters not, as regards the point of freedom, whether a man is white, black, brown, olive, or yellow. His majesty had all the antipathy of a Virginia negro-driver to blacks. A naval peer incurred irretrievable disgrace by an attempt to carry through the formalities of presentation a wealthy half-breed from Calcutta; and Cramer, the musician, nearly lost his situation of leader of the royal band by a similar piece of imprudence. The story, as regards Cramer, runs thus:—The fiddling generalissimo was bent on having a black man to beat the kettle-drum; but aware of his majesty's antipathy to the sable tribe, he was in despair of ever being able to accomplish his wishes, when he met by chance with a native Englishman of so dark a hue, that at a short distance he might easily be mistaken for an importation from the coast of Guinea. Cramer had the man forthwith installed in the office of kettle-drummer, and now came the trying scene of his introduction to the royal presence. On the king's entering the

music-room, he started, and seemed much displeas'd ; but after approaching a little nearer, and applying a glass to his eye, he called Cramer to him. " I see, sir," said the king, " you wish to accustom me to a black drummer by degrees."

When Prince of Wales he patronised many of the eminent actors. To Jack Johnstone he was particularly kind. Meeting him one day on the Steyne, his royal highness invited him to dinner ; and while Johnstone was making his reply, the late Mr. Lewis came near, whom he took leave to introduce to his royal highness. When Lewis had withdrawn, some remarks were made on his talents, and Johnstone said, " He has now a son going out to India ; a single word from the Prince of Wales would be the making of him. If your royal highness would condescend to favour him with a letter, it would serve him immensely." The prince looked at the actor for some moments, but made no reply. Johnstone feared he had given offence. " I beg your royal highness's pardon," said he, " I fear I have taken too great a liberty." " No, Johnstone," replied the prince, " that is not it ; but I am considering whether a letter from my brother Frederick would not be likely to serve the young gentleman more. A day or two afterward, Johnstone received, under cover from the prince, two letters—one from himself, and one from the Duke of York. This was not doing things by halves !

The prince allowed Kelly 100*l.* a-year ; or rather, insisted upon his having a *free* benefit at the Opera House annually for the remainder of his life, and on each of those occasions the king gave him 100*l.*

In Liquorpond-etreet lived the once well-known Leader, the coachmaker, whom the prince patronised, and thus made him for a considerable period the most fashionable coachmaker in London ; by which means he accumulated a very handsome fortune. The prince, when in town, was frequently in the habit of going to Leader's shop, sometimes driving himself in a phaeton and four, and sometimes driven by an attendant.

When the late Lord Erskine was attorney-general to the Prince of Wales, he was retained by Thomas Paine to defend him on his trial for publishing the second part of his "Rights of Man;" but it was soon intimated to him by high authority, that such advocacy was considered to be incompatible with his official situation; and the prince himself, in the most friendly manner, acquainted him that it was highly displeasing to the king, and that he ought to endeavour to explain his conduct. This Mr. Erskine immediately did in a letter to his majesty himself, in which, after expressing his sincere attachment to his person, and to that constitution which was attacked in the work to be defended, he took the liberty to claim, as an invaluable part of that very constitution, the unquestionable right of the subject to make his defence by any counsel of his own free choice, if not previously retained, or engaged by office from the crown; and that there was no other way of deciding whether that was or was not consistent with his situation as attorney-general to the prince, than by referring, according to custom, the question to the bar, which he was perfectly willing, and even desirous to do. In a few days afterward, Mr. Erskine received, through the late Admiral Payne, a most gracious message from the prince, expressing his deep regret in feeling himself obliged to accept Mr. Erskine's resignation, which was accordingly sent. A few years afterward, however, his royal highness sent for Mr. Erskine to Carlton House, while he was still in bed under a severe illness, and taking him most graciously by the hand, said to him, that though he was not at all qualified to judge of retainers, nor to appreciate the correctness or incorrectness of his conduct in the instance that had separated them, yet that, being convinced he had acted from the purest motives, he wished most publicly to manifest that opinion, and therefore directed him to go immediately to Somerset House, and to bring with him for his signature the patent of chancellor to his royal highness, which he said he had always designed for Mr. Erskine.

The king was particularly fond of anatomical and medical pursuits; and Mr. Carpue, now a distinguished lecturer on the science of anatomy in the metropolis, had the honour of

demonstrating to his majesty, when prince, the general structure of the human body, in which he took great interest. His majesty prided himself upon his medical information, and had always near him men distinguished for their successful researches in the sciences of anatomy and medicine. Mr. Weiss, the ingenious instrument-maker, used for many years to submit to his majesty's inspection every new surgical instrument that came out invented by himself or others; and we have heard, that in one instance he was indebted to his majesty for the suggestion of a very valuable improvement.

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ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE KING, WHEN PRINCE OF WALES, TO
THE LATE DUTCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

How little you know *me*, ever dearest dutchess, and how much you have misconceived the object of this day's dinner which has succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations! It has almost, if not *entirely*, annihilated every coolness that has for a short time past appeared to exist between the Duke of Norfolk and his old friends, and brought Erskine back also. Ask only the Duke of Leinster and Guildford what passed. I believe you never heard such an eulogium pronounced from the lips of man, as I this day have pronounced upon Fox, and so complete a refutation of all the absurd doctrines and foolish distinctions which they have grounded their late conduct upon. This was most honourably, distinctly, and zealously supported by Sheridan, by which they were completely driven to the wall, and positively pledged themselves hereafter to follow no other line of politics than what Fox and myself would hold out to them, and with a certain degree of contrition expressed by them, at their ever having ventured to express a doubt respecting either Charles or myself. Harry Howard, who never has varied in his sentiments, was overjoyed, and said he never knew any thing so well done, or so well timed, and that he should to-night retire to his bed the happiest of men, as his mind was now at ease, which it had not been for some time past. In short, what fell from both Sheridan as well as myself was received with rapture

by the company ; and I consider *this* as one of the luckiest and most useful days I have spent. As to particulars, I must ask your patience till to-morrow, when I will relate every incident, with which I am confident you will be most completely satisfied. Pray, my ever dearest dutchess, whenever you bestow a thought upon me, have rather a better opinion of *my steadiness and firmness*. I really think, without being very romantic, I may claim this of you ; at the same time I am most grateful to you for your candour, and the affectionate warmth, if I may be allowed so to call it, which dictates the contents of your letter : you may depend upon its being seen by no one but myself. Depend upon my coming to you to-morrow. I am delighted with your goodness to me, and ever

Most devotedly yours,

Carlton House, Friday night.

G. P

On the death of the late Duke of Cumberland, George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, and in that character his royal highness presided at the subsequent anniversary dinner, consisting of the members of all the inaugurated lodges of masons in London. The meeting was held at Freemasons' Tavern, and nearly 500 persons were present. On this occasion the prince exhibited, in various speeches, powers which astonished the audience ; and while he expatiated upon the character and virtues of his recently deceased uncle and predecessor in office, many were in tears. This, we believe, was the only great public occasion in which the oratorical powers of the Prince of Wales were exhibited during three or four hours. Lord Moira occupied a place on the right hand of the prince, who appointed him Deputy Grand Master, which, by the death of the Duke of Manchester, had become vacant.

George the Fourth was an accomplished musician ; his majesty performed well on the violoncello, and sang with great taste and judgment : his voice was a bass of fine

quality, mixing harmoniously with other voices in glees, &c. When Mazzinghi conducted the Sunday concerts which used to take place at the residences of persons of rank some thirty or forty years ago, the Prince of Wales played the principal bass with Crossdill.

The late king has left a will, which, as soon as his majesty's decease was announced, was placed in the hands of the Duke of Wellington, who handed it to the present sovereign, and it has been opened. The individuals named as executors are the Duke of Wellington, the late Lord Gifford, and Sir William Knighton. The will is dated some years back.

A valuable miniature likeness of Oliver Cromwell, painted from life, having been accidentally found, the possessor had the honour of showing it to the late king, who immediately exclaimed, "How would Charles I. have honoured the man who had brought him Oliver Cromwell's head!"

The king's service of plate is superb: he had a very plain set in common use; but before his last illness, when the cabinet ministers held a council at Windsor, and dined with him, the rich service was produced, and was the object of great attraction. The king had provided a sumptuous sideboard for its display, which was made of very dark and beautifully polished mahogany, inlaid with gold, and lined with looking-glass; but when put up, it was found entirely to overpower the effect of the other furniture and decorations of the apartment. The obvious course to pursue would have been its removal; instead of which, however, the magnificently decorated arch, which the lower part of the sideboard supported, was cut away, and the remainder left for use. The apartments are spacious and well-constructed; they have, however, from the nature of the

building, only one principal light, and there is too much gold panelling in them for elegance.

So averse was the king to be seen during his rides in the parks at Windsor for the last two or three years, that outriders were always despatched, while his pony-chaise was preparing, to whichever of the gates he intended to pass, across the Frogmore road, driving from one park into the other; and if anybody was seen loitering near either gate, the course of the ride was instantly altered, to escape even the passing glance of a casual observer. His majesty seldom drove across to the long walk from the castle, because he was there more likely to be met by the Windsor people. His most private way was through a small gate in the park wall, opposite another small gate in the wall of the grounds at Frogmore, at the Datchet side. He there crossed the road in a moment, and had rides so arranged between Frogmore and Virginia-water, that he had between twenty and thirty miles of neatly planted avenues, from which the public were wholly excluded. At certain points of these rides, which opened towards the public thoroughfares of the park, there were always servants stationed on those occasions, to prevent the intrusion of strangers upon the king's privacy.

The plantations have been so carefully nourished for seclusion around the royal lodge, that only the chimneys of the building can be now seen from the space near the top of the long walk. The king, while engaged in fishing, caused the same rigid exclusion from his grotesque building at Virginia-water to be enforced; and also when visiting the various temples which he had erected on the grounds. A great deal of money was laid out on these edifices; but it was only by stealth and the connivance of servants that they were at any time to be seen.

His majesty was so little aware that the fatal result of his indisposition was near at hand, that up to a very late period of his sufferings he occupied himself considerably with the progress of some additions which he was making to the royal lodge. He was particularly anxious to have a new dining-room finished by his birth-day, on the 12th of

August, not thinking that a month before that day his remains would be gathered into their tomb. He was also up to the same late period occupied by the improvements in Windsor Castle, and used to have himself rolled through the apartments in a chair which was constructed for his majesty's use. Notwithstanding these anticipations, it is known that the king's health had been declining for nearly two years. His old sufferings from the gout had given way to an occasional "embarrassment of breathing" (the expressive phrase of the bulletins), and at times to great depression of spirits. His majesty was often found apparently lost in abstraction, and relieved only by shedding tears. At other times, however, the king took a great interest in the works which were carrying on in the lodge and the castle of Windsor, particularly those which he intended for his private use, and spoke of a long enjoyment of them.

It is said that for some time before Sir Henry Halford and Sir M. Tierney were last called in, his late majesty was under the domestic medical treatment of two gentlemen who were of his household. His majesty had for a long time evinced a great indisposition to exercise of any kind; the least exertion was attended with faintness, and his majesty's usual remedy was a glass of some *liqueur*. He had a particular kind of cherry brandy, which he thought to be of medical use when he felt these symptoms of debility, and to which he resorted up to a late period of his life. Until the bursting of the blood-vessel on the day before his death, the king did not think his case absolutely hopeless; even then, the slight refreshment of sleep rallied his spirits a little.

His majesty for many years had been scarcely ever free from some symptom which indicated the presence, more or less severe, of gout in the extremities; but in January, during the existence of the catarrhal affection, the extremities were entirely free from every sign of gout. At the latter end of February, and even in the beginning of March, his majesty was well enough to take his customary rides in an open carriage, and occasionally visited the different parts of the royal demesne in which his various improvements and alterations were going forward. On Monday, the 12th of April, he rode in the parks for the last time, and passed an hour in the menagerie, a place in which he took

great delight. While there he complained of pain and faintness, and inquired of the keeper if he had any brandy in the house. The man, an old servant of the Duke of York, said he had something which he thought his majesty would like better than brandy. "What is that?" said his majesty. "Cherry gin," was the reply; "it was made by my old woman, sir." The king seemed much pleased by this mark of attention, and expressed a wish to taste "the old girl's cordial." On its being handed to his majesty, he appeared to relish exceedingly the (to him novel) compound, and finished the remainder of the bottle.

The harassing dry cough and wheezing respiration still continued, notwithstanding the remedies that were employed. It was on the 28th of the month (March) that Mr. Wardrop, on visiting the king, first called the attention of Sir W. Knighton to the existence of an alarming disease going on in his majesty's heart. From the examination of the circulating and respiratory organs, which Mr. Wardrop then made by means of the stethoscope, it was quite evident that the "embarrassment" in the king's breathing arose from a disordered state of the heart's action, the blood not being propelled with its natural regularity and velocity through the lungs.

The *râle*, or wheezing sound, was attributed to an injected suffused state of the mucous membrane lining the air-cells, and was independent of that disturbance of the respiration produced by the irregularity in the action of the heart. The circumstance of the extremities, which had been so long affected by gout, being now entirely free from every symptom of that disease, and the well-known strongly-marked gouty constitution of his majesty, indicated the precise character of the disease which existed in the cavity of the thorax, and led to the hope that, by an effort of nature, or by the aid of art, a revulsion or translation of the gout from the chest to the extremities might remove the more dangerous inflammatory affection of the vital organs. Time, however, has shown that this salutary termination of his majesty's disorder was not to be realized. Like many persons subject to gout, his majesty had occasionally, and more particularly before a paroxysm, an intermittent pulse and a corresponding irregularity of the heart's action.

ROYAL AMATEURS.

His late majesty inherited a musical temperament on the side of both father and mother. George III., as is well known, possessed a German taste for the organ, and was, it is said, a good performer. His queen (who had doubtless profited by one of the family of the Bachs, long a music-master at court) was a singer, had been accompanied by Mozart, and favourably mentioned as a player on the harpsichord in the diary of Haydn. The testimony of the old composer may be relied on; it came to light among other private memoranda years after his death, but when every thing connected with Haydn had become matter of public interest, and his opinions upon art the property of posterity. Haydn's note is, "the queen played *pretty well*;" a cautious phrase, but one more complimentary to her acquirements than the loose epithets of praise which are generally dealt out upon any exhibition of royal cleverness. The patronage which George III. bestowed upon the solid style of the ancient masters, grew out of his early intimacy and admiration of the works of Handel; and the particular favour which he testified towards this author's compositions was in part the conscientious fulfilment of a promise. Our authority for the following anecdote is good, and the circumstance is not too romantic to be true.

After one of the concerts at court, at which George III., then a child, had been an auditor, Handel patted the little boy on the head, saying, "You will take care of my music when I am dead." This pathetic injunction of the composer the king, to his honour, never forgot. How it may be in other arts we know not; but in music it is seldom that the taste changes after an individual has arrived at manhood in the admiration of a certain *beau idéal*. This is particularly the case where people have strong feeling, with little science: it is knowledge alone which, in opening to us the possible advantages of new discoveries, renders music progressive. Although the great revolution in music which had been anticipated by C. P. E. Bach, and which was carried through by Haydn and Mozart, took place during the reign of George III., and although the king was visited by both the latter composers, and was partly sensible of their

merits, he still preferred Handel. With his late majesty music was less a passion than with George III., but he possessed refinement of taste. Though a *dilettante* performer on the violoncello, for which instrument he was the pupil of Crossdill, he was more celebrated for his encouragement of clever professors, than for admiration of his own successes, or desire to enchant the lords and ladies in waiting by the royal *tours de force*. A youth, son of one of the persons of his household, having manifested an inclination for music, the king despatched him to Vienna to receive the best cultivation which the care of Mozart could bestow upon his talent; the object of this right princely patronage was Mr. Attwood. He ever manifested a particular regard for Lindley and J. B. Cramer; and we have heard it mentioned that one of the finest exhibitions of piano-forte playing was given by the latter at the Pavilion at Brighton a few years back. So well known among professors was the partiality of the late king to Lindley, that he was named as the most probable successor of Shield in the mastership of the royal band of musicians. This post was, however, otherwise disposed of.

The first score of the opera *La Clemenza di Tito* known in this country was obtained from the library at Carlton House, and, as a signal favour from the prince to Mrs. Billington, was lent for her benefit. How worthy that extraordinary woman was of the distinction she soon displayed, in presence of the admiring orchestra and vocal *corps* of the Opera House, by sitting down to the score, playing the whole opera through, and singing the part of *Vitellia* at sight!

The prince once received a letter by the twopenny post, which he is said to have kept as a curiosity. It was sent by Griesbach, the German oboe-player, with a simplicity characteristic of the man, to request payment for attendance at some private concerts. The original mode of application caused much diversion to the party addressed, and procured the money instantly. Church-music his majesty did not encourage so much as might have been beneficial. If Handel had in the preceding reign found favour to the exclusion of other masters, and consequently to the narrowing of the public taste, in the succeeding one fashion hardly gave him a chance. Under the withering influence of neglect in the highest quarters, and suffering too from the in-

roduction of the modern sacred compositions of the continent, seductive through the effects of light and shade, and the rich and varied employment of instruments, Handel was fast sinking into neglect. The enthusiasm which Germany and France now manifest for the works of this author, the public admiration which Beethoven expressed of him, and the lately published testimonies of Haydn and Mozart, have had their effect upon this country, and the ancient taste is reviving. The latest musical expense of the monarch was his private band of wind instruments: this was unequalled in Europe. The performers were picked with the greatest care by Cramer, the master; their allowance was liberal, and their united practice diligent and punctual. The person selected to preside in this department was one who not only knows the full scope and capacity of every instrument, but is an able harmonist, and competent to adapt a composition in its most effective manner. Not knowing whether the band exists or not under William IV., we can scarcely avoid some confusion of tenses in writing about it. We hope, however, his present majesty has too much taste to dispense with a set of performers that would be an ornament to any court in Europe.

ROYAL OBSEQUIES.

The royal mausoleum was built by George the Third, under Cardinal Wolsey's magnificent tomb-house, which reverted to the crown upon the disgrace of that magnificent minister. The present tenants of this gloomy mansion are George the Third and his Queen, the Princesses Charlotte and Amelia, and the Dukes of Kent and York, together with the infant Princes Octavius and Alfred. There are stone stands for twelve coffins in the centre of the tomb, which are reserved for sovereigns. The coffins of the other members of the royal family are deposited on shelves at each side. The entrance is in the choir of St. George's chapel, from which a subterraneous passage leads to the tomb. The first coffin of the royal founder's family (that of his daughter Princess Amelia) was deposited here on the 4th of November, 1810; the last that of the Duke of York

The coffin had been exhibited to the public in a room belonging to the factory, which was hung round with black. The coffin is covered on the outside with purple velvet, and lined on the inside with white satin. The nails are placed in double rows around either side, and at the head and foot, and the sides are divided into three compartments by double rows of nails. A scroll frame is placed in each of these compartments; and at the ends, and within the frame, is a handle highly burnished and gilt. The corner plates in the compartments have a coronet engraved on them, surrounded with chased palm branches, and the engraved letters, G. IV. R. The lid of the coffin is similarly lined and ornamented with nails, and divided into three compartments. In the centre is fixed the plate of inscription. At the head are the royal arms, and at the foot is a shield, supported by a lion, and surrounded with a wreath of laurel. The plate, ornaments, handles, and nails are composed of metal richly gilt.

The following is the inscription issued from the College of Arms, to be engraved on the silver plate which is soldered on the leaden coffin, and also on the plate which is to be placed on the state coffin:—

DEPOSITUM
SERENISSIMI POTENTISSIMI ET EXCELLENTISSIMI
MONARCHÆ
GEORGII QUARTI
DEI GRATIA BRITANNIARUM REGIS
FIDEI DEFENSORIS
REGIS HANOVERÆ AC BRUNSVICI, ET LUNEBURGI DUCIS
OBIIT XXVI. DIE JUNII
ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXXX.
ÆTATIS SUÆ LXVIII.
REGNIQUE SUI XI.

The state coffin is larger than any that are usually made, measuring across the shoulders three feet one inch and a half. The plate on which the “depositum” is engraved is of a size proportionate to that of the coffin; it is nineteen

inches and a half in length, seventeen inches and a half in width at the top, and fourteen inches and a quarter at the bottom.

After the king's funeral, the Duke of Cumberland remained behind; and, when the chapel was entirely cleared, his royal highness, attended by the deputy surveyor-general, and a few workmen, descended into the royal vault. He passed from coffin to coffin, until he came to that which encloses the remains of the late Duke of York; when, suddenly turning to the deputy surveyor-general, he said, "Matthews, my poor brother York's coffin seems much more mildewed than any of its predecessors!" The velvet covering of the Duke of York's coffin is much discoloured; while those of George III. and his Queen, the Princess Charlotte, the Duke of Kent, and even that of the Princess Amelia, remain as fresh in appearance as when first placed within the sepulchre. Mr. Matthews explained, that, in all probability, the discoloration of the velvet was the consequence of the wood of which the coffin was formed not having been so well seasoned as the others. His royal highness made no farther comment; but, laying his hand on the coffin of his late majesty, and pondering on the inscription for a moment or two, he ascended from the vault, and returned to his apartments in the Castle.

The churches throughout the metropolis were hung with black cloth, on account of the death of his majesty. The name of "our most gracious sovereign William" was substituted for that of "George" in the church service. The latter name has been used since the accession of George I. in 1714.

The name of Adelaide is not new in the list of Queens of England. The second wife of Henry I. was Adelaide, a princess of Louvain. The mother of King Stephen, daughter of William the Conqueror, was Adela, which is in fact, the same name.

Copy of the Letter addressed to the Managers of the different Theatres and Vauxhall Gardens.

“Lord Chamberlain’s Office, June 26, 1830.

“SIR,—In consequence of the death of our late most gracious sovereign, I am commanded by the lord chamberlain to desire that the theatre under your management be immediately closed, and continue so till after the funeral.

“I am, sir, your obedient servant,
“J. B. MASH.”

At a late hour the following was issued :

“Lord Chamberlain’s Office, June 26, 1830.

“SIR,—I am authorized by the lord chamberlain to acquaint you, that the king, taking into his beneficent consideration the very great distress which the shutting up of the theatres for any length of time would occasion to numerous families, his majesty has been graciously pleased to command that the closing of the theatre under your management, on account of the melancholy event of the demise of our late most gracious sovereign, shall be confined to this evening, the two days of the body lying in state, and the day of the funeral, of which due notice will be given you.

“Your obedient servant,
“J. B. MASH.”

LIVING HEIRS TO HIS LATE MAJESTY.

CLASS I.—1. William Henry, the present king. 2. Alexandra Victoria, of Kent. 3. Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland. 4. George Fred. Alex. Ch. Ern. Aug., of Cumberland. 5. Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex. 6. Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge. 7. George William, of Cambridge. 8. Augustus Caroline, of Cambridge. 9. Augusta Sophia, of England. 10. Elizabeth, Landgr. of Hesse Homburg. 11. Mary, Dutchess of Gloucester. 12. Sophia, of England.

CLASS II.—13. William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester

14. Sophia Matilda, of Gloucester. 15. Charles Fr. Aug. Wm., Duke of Brunswick. 16. William, of Brunswick. 17. Augustus, of Brunswick. 18. Frederick William, King of Wirtemberg. 19. Chas. Fred. Alex., Prince Royal of Wirtemberg. 20. Maria Freda. Chara., of Wirtemberg. 21. Sophia Freda. Matilda. 22. Catherine. 23. Paul. 24. Frederic Charles. 25. Frederic Augustus. 26. Frederica. 27. Paulina, wife of Grand Duke Michael of Russia. 28. Frederica Catherine, wife of Jerome Buonaparte. 29. Jerome Napoleon. 30. Frederick VI., King of Denmark.

After the present royal family of Denmark, come in succession CLASS III.—The family of the King of the Netherlands. The family of the Elector of Hesse Cassel. The numerous descendants of Louisa of England, Queen of Denmark,* grandmother of Frederick IV., and the present Dutchess of Holstein, and also of the dethroned King of Sweden (Gustavus Adolphus), of the Elector of Hesse Cassel, &c.; so that the family of the last-named claim from Louisa of England, Queen of Denmark, as well as from her sister Mary, Landgravine of Hesse Cassel.

CLASS IV.—The very numerous descendants of Sophia of England, Queen of Prussia, mother of Frederick the Great, &c.; who was great-grandmother to the present King of Prussia, the late Dutchess of York, the present King and Queen of the Netherlands, &c. She was also grandmother to Charles XIII. of Sweden, to Princess Radzivil, to Sophia, Abbess of Quedlenberg, &c.

* That is to say, the descendants of the Electress Sophia (Dutchess Dowager of Hanover, daughter of the Princess Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, who was daughter of James the First), whom the act of settlement (13th William III. 1701) declared "next in succession to the crown of England, in the Protestant line"

NOTICES OF THEIR PRESENT MAJESTIES

HIS MAJESTY KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

William the Fourth, third son of King George the Third, was born August the 21st, 1765, and was baptized by the name of William Henry. At an early age he was destined by his royal father for the naval service of his country. At fourteen he was entered as midshipman on board the *Prince George*, of ninety-eight guns, recently built, and called after the Prince of Wales, his late majesty, commanded by Admiral Digby. In this ship he served in the engagement between the English fleet, under the command of Admiral Rodney, and the Spanish fleet, commanded by Admiral Don Juan de Langara, when the English gained a complete victory, the Spaniards, however, fighting very bravely. The Admiral in his despatches mentioned, that "he had called a captured Spanish man-of-war the *Prince William*, in consequence of her having the honour to be taken in presence of his royal highness!"

While serving in the *Prince George*, his royal highness was also present at the capture of a French man-of-war and three smaller vessels. The following instance of his royal highness's humanity will do him more honour with reflecting minds than the mere accident of birth can ever bestow:— It is described by a midshipman in a letter to his family, dated "Port Royal Harbour, April, 1783. The last time Lord Hood's fleet was here, a court-martial was held on Mr. Benjamin Lee, midshipman, for disrespect to a superior officer, at which Lord Hood sat as president. The determination of the court was fatal to the prisoner, and he was condemned to death. Deeply affected as the whole body of midshipmen were at the dreadful sentence, they knew not how to obtain a mitigation of it, since Mr. Lee was ordered for execution; while they had not time to make an appeal to the Admiralty, and despaired of a petition to Admiral Rowley. However, his royal highness generously stepped forth, drew up a petition, to which he was the first to set his name, and solicited the rest of the midshipmen in port to follow his example. He then himself carried the

petition to Admiral Rowley, and, in the most pressing and urgent manner, begged the life of an unhappy brother, in which he succeeded, and Mr. Lee is relieved. We all acknowledge our warmest and grateful thanks to our humane, our brave, and worthy prince, who has so nobly exerted himself in preserving the life of his brother sailor." The war ceased in 1782, before the prince's service as a midshipman was completed. He, however, was determined to qualify himself for command, and continued in active service; and, in 1783, visited Cape François and the Havana.

Another opportunity was here afforded him of exercising his humanity for the deliverance of the unfortunate. Some of his countrymen, having broken the fidelity they had promised to the Spanish government, were in danger of suffering under a sentence of death. His royal highness interceded with effect—they were pardoned and liberated. The following letter, written by his royal highness to Don Galvez, the governor of Louisiana, does honour to his talents and the goodness of his heart:

"SIR,—I want words to express to your excellency my just sense of your polite letter, of the delicate manner in which you caused it to be delivered, and your generous conduct towards the unfortunate in your power. Their pardon, which you have been pleased to grant on my account, is the most agreeable present you could have offered me, and is strongly characteristic of the bravery and gallantry of the Spanish nation. This instance increases, if possible, my opinion of your excellency's humanity, which has appeared on so many occasions in the course of the late war. Admiral Rowley is to despatch a vessel to Louisiana for the prisoners. I am convinced they will ever think of your excellency's clemency with gratitude; and I have sent a copy of your letter to the king, my father, who will be fully sensible of your excellency's attention to me. I request my compliments to Madame Galvez, and that you will be assured, that actions so noble as those of your excellency will ever be remembered by yours sincerely,

"WILLIAM P."

His royal highness, having served his full time as midshipman, was promoted in due course to the rank of lieutenant and captain, and commanded for a considerable time

the Pegasus frigate, and in 1790 was appointed rear-admiral of the blue. On the 20th of May, 1789, his royal highness was created Duke of Clarence and St. Andrew's, and Earl of Munster; and on the breaking out of the war with France, took a prominent part in the debates in the House of Lords in support of the war.

As his royal brother, the Duke of York, was among the first that left our shores to face the enemy on the continent, some surprise was excited that the Duke of Clarence was not given a command in the navy. The cause is still unknown to the public; probably it remained a secret in the breast of his royal father. That he was from the commencement of the war desirous of service has never been doubted. He made repeated and earnest applications to the king to be allowed to hoist his flag, and relieve Lord Collingwood, then in a declining state of health, in the command of the Mediterranean fleet. About the same period, a letter, addressed by the duke to Commodore Owen, appeared in the public papers, which thus describes his solicitude to share the dangers of war and the glories of victory:—"When I shall have the honour to hoist my flag I cannot be certain; but I am very much inclined to think, that eventually I shall have the honour and happiness of commanding those fine fellows whom I saw in the spring, in the Downs and at Portsmouth. My short stay at Admiral Campbell's had impressed me with very favourable ideas of the improved state of the navy; but my residence at Portsmouth has afforded me ample opportunity of examining, and consequently of having a perfect judgment of the high and correct discipline now established in the king's service."

"Nothing is wanting, sir," said Nelson to Prince William Henry, in 1787, in one of his epistles, "to make you the darling of the English nation, but truth. Sorry I am to say, much to the contrary has been dispersed. More able friends than myself your royal highness may easily find, and of more consequence in the state; but one more attached and affectionate is not so easily met with. Princes seldom, very seldom find a disinterested person to communicate to. I do not pretend to be that person; but of this be assured, by a man who, I trust, never did a dishonourable act, that I am interested only that your royal

highness should be the greatest and best man this country ever produced."

When Nelson married Mrs. Nisbett in March, 1787, in the West Indies, the Duke of Clarence, then Prince William Henry, who had gone out to the West Indies the preceding winter, was present by his own desire to give away the bride.

On the 11th of July, 1818, his majesty married the Princess Adelaide Louisa Theresa (born August 13, 1792). His majesty next received his appointment to the office of lord high admiral, an office long thought to be too great to be intrusted to any individual, and accordingly executed by commissioners since the death of Prince George of Denmark, husband of Queen Anne.

On the appointment of Mr. Canning to the dignity of prime minister, several of his colleagues had resigned, most of them on the alleged ground of his being a supporter of Catholic emancipation, which had been opposed by Lord Liverpool. Lord Melville, the first lord of the Admiralty, though a supporter of the Catholic claims, thought fit to resign also. The object of the resignations evidently was to drive Mr. Canning from the helm; but to enable him to counteract that object, the resignation of the first lord of the Admiralty was most opportune, though certainly the consequence was unforeseen by the party. Mr. Canning boldly revived the office of lord high admiral in the person of the next heir to the crown, his present majesty; and by that prompt and unlooked-for exercise of the royal prerogative, at once confounded the seceders, and greatly strengthened his administration.

The manner in which his royal highness executed the duties during the short period he filled the office will never be forgotten by the navy. He visited every naval depot; conversed on friendly terms, not only with every commander, but with every officer; and made promotions without regard to any thing but merit and service, wholly disregarding parliamentary influence. The lord high admiral was accessible to every naval officer, without even the ceremony of full dress; and if every wish could not be gratified, at least every one was satisfied that his royal highness was anxious to render him service. The lord high admiral also exercised a princely hospitality. With such qualities

it was impossible that he should not be beloved. Mr. Canning had, however, ceased to rule or to live. The Duke of Wellington became his successor, and it was soon perceived that he was desirous to have Lord Melville restored to the office. The popularity his royal highness acquired during his performance of the duties of chief of the navy may fairly be considered a presage of the manner in which he may be expected to discharge the higher duties of sovereign of a great and loyal people.

The annual parliamentary allowance to his present majesty, as heir presumptive, amounted to 32,500*l.*, being 17,500*l.* per annum less than the income of Prince Leopold, who receives 50,000*l.*

The Duke of Cumberland has 25,000*l.* per annum; the Duke of Cambridge 27,000*l.*; the Duke of Sussex 21,000*l.*; the Princesses Sophia and Augusta 13,000*l.* each; the Dutchess of Kent 12,000*l.*; the Duke of Gloucester, 14,000*l.*

Independently of the income enjoyed by his present majesty, the queen was in the receipt of 6,000*l.* per annum; which was settled upon her on her marriage in 1818.

THE QUEEN.

Her majesty, the queen consort of these realms, is the daughter of George Frederick Charles, Duke of Saxe-Coburg Meinengen, by Louisa Elenora, a daughter of Christian Alber Lewis, prince of Hohenloe-Largenburg. Her majesty was born on the 13th of August, 1792, and was baptized by the name of Adelaide Louisa Theresa Caroline Amelia. In 1803 her majesty lost her excellent father, who died at the early age of 42; and with her only brother, the present Duke of Saxe Meinengen, and her sister, Ida, Dutchess of Saxe Weimar Eisenach, was left under the guardianship of her mother, the dutchess; who, by her husband's last will, was left regent of the dutchy and guardian of his children. Under this able and amiable woman the children were educated in great retirement at Meinen-

gen, the capital of the small principality, and with a care and attention to their morals and improvement in every branch of polite learning that does the highest credit to her virtues and character. This excellent princess is still alive, and last year spent several weeks with her daughter in England. From earliest childhood the queen was remarkable for her sedate and rather reserved habits. Her whole time was devoted to her studies; and though naturally of a cheerful and lively disposition among her more intimate associates, she took little or no pleasure in the gayeties or frivolities of fashion; and even when arrived at more mature years, she showed an utter detestation for that laxity of morals and contempt for religious feeling which had sprung out of the revolution in France, and had found their way into almost every petty court in Germany.

The court of Meinengen happily did not attract much of the notice of the emperor of the French. It was not thought necessary either to attempt its corruption by his profligate emissaries, or to crush its existence by the arm of power; consequently the widowed regent was left in undisturbed possession of her authority, and permitted to educate her children and regulate her dutchy according to her own views and wishes, while almost every other state in Germany became a focus of atheism and immorality in consequence of that laxity of principle which France had introduced among them. The little court at Meinengen was therefore remarkable for its strict morality, and steady support of the Protestant faith; and its princesses became celebrated for their amiable and estimable conduct. Their chief delight was in establishing and superintending schools for the education of the lower classes of the community, and in procuring and providing food and raiment for the feeble and destitute in the city and suburbs of the ducal residence. The Princess Adelaide was the life of every institution which had for its object the well-being of her fellow-creatures.

Our late Queen Charlotte had long observed this family, which, flourishing like an oasis in the great desert of corrupted Germany, had attracted much of her regard; and when her foresight judged it prudent to urge her third son, the Duke of Clarence, to enter into the wedded state, she strongly pressed upon his attention the only remaining

daughter of the house of Meinengen. The youngest sister, Ida, had already been married to her cousin Bernard, the second son of the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar. Accordingly, a regular demand was made of the princess's hand in marriage, and a favourable answer returned. As it was impossible for his royal highness to proceed to Germany, the princess, with her mother, was invited over to England, and on the 11th of July, 1818, the prince and princess were married at Kew, in the presence of the queen and other members of the royal family; and at the same time the marriage of the Duke and Dutchess of Kent, which had previously taken place in Germany, was performed according to the rites of the church of England.

After the ceremony, the Duke and Dutchess of Clarence spent a few days in retirement at St. James's Palace, and then proceeded, with a numerous suite, to Hanover. In the capital of that kingdom they spent the winter of 1818 and spring of 1819. The most happy anticipations were formed of her giving birth to an heir to the crown of England. In the month of March, however, her royal highness caught a severe cold, which ended in a violent pleuritic attack, and, in consequence of the treatment necessary to preserve her valuable life, premature labour was induced, and in the seventh month her royal highness was delivered of a princess. It was christened on the day of its birth by the name of Elizabeth Adelaide, but expired soon afterward, and was interred in the royal vault at Hanover, where lie the remains of the great Elector, Ernest Augustus, and his grandson, George II.

The dutchess's recovery was slow, and a change of air being thought requisite, she proceeded, as soon as she was able to travel, to her natal soil, visiting Göttingen and Hesse Philipsthall, on the way to Meinengen. The joy of the good people of Saxony on again beholding their princess knew no bounds: they knew how dangerously ill she had been, how almost miraculous had been her recovery; and from the moment she entered the precincts of the dutchy, she was met and welcomed by the vassals of her brother, and carried in triumph, for a distance of nearly thirty miles, to the capital, when fête succeeded fête, and all the world kept holyday for nearly a month. The royal duke, too, by his kind and condescending manners, and devoted atten-

tion to his fair spouse, soon won the hearts of the unsophisticated natives, and became as one of their native princes.

After a residence of six weeks in the castle, the court moved to Lubenstein, a residence retired, and of singular beauty, where there are celebrated mineral springs, and where, in the course of the summer, the dutchess recovered her health perfectly. The duke, whose heart was always in England, determined on returning to Bushy; and the dutchess, who had been charmed with the beauties of that retirement during her short stay in this country, strongly urged his doing so, maintaining that they might live as economically at Bushy Park as at any other place in the world. Towards the end of October, 1819, the royal pair left Meinengen, on their return to England. The fatigue of so long a journey was too much for her delicate frame, and at Dunkirk she suffered a miscarriage. This again affected her health; and a residence on the seacoast being reckoned advisable, Lord Liverpool offered the duke the use of Dover Castle; and on landing from the Royal Sovereign yacht, the Duke and Dutchess of Clarence took up their residence in that ancient building, where they remained nearly six weeks.

The dutchess being now perfectly recovered, they removed to St. James's (Bushy House being under repairs), and spent the winter of that year in London. Again there seemed a fair prospect of her giving birth to a child at the full time. Considerably before the natural period, however, her royal highness was delivered of a fine healthy princess. The child, nevertheless, grew, and increased in strength daily, to the great joy of its illustrious parents, and of the nation at large. By special desire of the late king she was christened Elizabeth—a name dear to Englishmen; but when about three months old, she was seized with a fatal illness which carried her off in a few hours.

PROCLAMATION OF HIS MAJESTY.

Monday, June 28, being appointed for the proclamation of his Majesty, William IV., the heralds and other persons

whose duty it was to officiate on the occasion, assembled at an early hour at St. James's Palace.

In the course of the morning the court of the royal residence became crowded with carriages of the nobility and ministers of state, and the adjoining streets were filled with spectators.

The weather was extremely favourable, and a prodigious multitude thronged the streets through which the cavalcade was expected to pass. It is seldom that such an immense mass of people is seen collected together.

Shortly before ten o'clock his Majesty arrived at the palace from Bushy Park. The king was attired in deep mourning, and wore a blue sash over his left shoulder. His Majesty was received by the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, and Gloucester, Prince Leopold, the Duke of Wellington, &c.

Every avenue and situation in the neighbourhood of the palace was crowded with individuals desirous of witnessing the approaching ceremony. Seldom or never has so vast a concourse been congregated in the Park and immediate vicinity of St. James's.

Precisely at ten o'clock the Park and Tower guns having been fired by signal, Sir George Nayler, Garter King-at-Arms, read the Proclamation, announcing the accession of his Majesty.

During this ceremony, his Majesty, surrounded by his illustrious relatives, and all the great officers of state, presented himself to the view of his subjects at the palace window. As soon as he was recognised, the air was rent with acclamations. The king appeared greatly affected by this spontaneous and unanimous burst of enthusiastic loyalty and attachment, and acknowledged the attentions of his people by repeatedly bowing. Those who were fortunate enough to secure a position near the palace observed that the king was affected even to tears.

The gates of the palace having been thrown open, the procession moved forward, the Life Guards, who accompanied it, brandishing their swords, and the ladies in the balconies and windows of the houses contiguous waving their handkerchiefs, amid a tempest of cheers from the multitude, who took off their hats and shouted "Long live King William IV.!"

At ten o'clock the procession began, amid the roar of the Park guns, and the scarcely less noisy acclamations of the multitude.

On its arrival at Charing-cross, the procession moved in the following order :—

Mr. Lee, High Constable of Westminster, with a number of Officers to clear the way.

Two Horse Guards.

A single ditto.

The Farrier of the Horse Guards.

Four Pioneers with their axes.

The Beadles of St. James's and St. Martin's Parishes in their full dresses, and with their staves of office.

A posse of New Police Constables.

The Band of Horse Guards in their State uniforms.

Eight Marshals on foot.

The Knight Marshal and his Men.

The Household Troop.

State Band, Kettle-drums, and Trumpets.

Pursuivants on horseback.

Heralds.

The King-at-arms, supported by Sergeants with their maces
Troop of Horse Guards.

It is difficult to conceive any thing more imposing than the appearance of Charing-cross and its immediate vicinity on the approach of the procession. The streets were lined with spectators in thousands, coaches and vehicles of every description thronged the way, and the houses from basement to roof were crowded with persons anxious to witness and offer the tribute of their cheer to the passing pageant. The ringing of the church bells, the discharge of ordnance, and the shouts of the multitude, added greatly to the excitement of the occasion. From the opera house to Charing-cross every position that afforded the chance of a view of the cavalcade was occupied by clusters of human beings ; and the whole scene presented an extremely animated appearance, the gay dresses of the females not having been as yet superseded by the sombre garb of mourning.

The procession having halted, the following proclamation was read :—

“Whereas, it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy our late Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth, of blessed memory, by whose decease the imperial crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Prince William, Duke of Clarence; we, therefore, the lords spiritual and temporal of this realm, being here assisted with those of his late majesty’s privy council, with numbers of othe principal gentlemen of quality, with the lord mayor, aldermen, and citizens of London, do now hereby, with one voice and consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Prince William, Duke of Clarence, is now, by the death of the late sovereign, of happy memory, become our only lawful and rightful liege Lord William the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith (and so forth). To whom we acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all humble and hearty affection, beseeching God, by whom kings and queens do reign, to bless the royal prince, William the Fourth, with long and happy years to reign over us.

“Given, &c.

‘GOD SAVE THE KING!’

At the conclusion, the air was rent by cries of “Long live King William!” and hats and handkerchiefs were waved in a manner the most loyal and enthusiastic.

The procession then moved slowly along the Strand towards Temple-bar, the gates of which were closed according to custom. On a herald demanding admission in the name of King William IV., the gates were opened by the city marshal, who conducted the herald where the lord mayor, attended by the sheriffs, and other municipal authorities, awaited in their carriages the approach of the cavalcade. At the end of Chancery-lane the proclamation was again repeated, and the dwellers east of Temple-bar afforded satisfactory evidence that their lungs and loyalty were as strong as those of the inhabitants of the court-end of the metropolis.

At Wood-street, Cheapside, the proclamation was also read, and again at the Royal Exchange, under circumstances precisely similar to those already described. The last proclamation took place at Aldgate. At the conclusion of

each proclamation, "God save the King!" was played by the state band, and the assemblage displayed the utmost enthusiasm.

Throughout the whole of the line of road, the windows and tops of the houses were filled with spectators: every spot that commanded a bird's-eye view of the procession was crowded, and the streets presented an immense mass of living loyalty. The procession was splendid without being gorgeous or extravagant. The assemblage attracted by it was immense, the Strand, from Charing-cross to Temple-bar, presenting the appearance of a sea of heads; and we may say, that few public ceremonies within the memory of the present generation, have been received with more distinguished marks of enthusiasm and interest.

Mrs. Chapone, who was niece of Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Winchester, formerly preceptor to George III., and used to spend much of her time at her uncle's residence at Farnham Castle, relates the following anecdote of the young Duke of Clarence:—"I was pleased with all the princes, but particularly with Prince William, who is little of his age, but so sensible and engaging that he won the bishop's heart; to whom he particularly attached himself, and would stay with him while all the rest ran about the house. His conversation was surprisingly manly and clever for his age; yet with the young Bullers he was quite the boy; and said to John Buller, by way of encouraging him to talk, 'Come, we are both boys, you know.' All of them showed affectionate respect to the bishop."

DOMESTIC HABITS OF KING WILLIAM IV.

There are few more regular or temperate men in their habits than the present king. He rises early, sometimes at six o'clock, and after having written for some time, takes breakfast. His Majesty then hears a report read to him of the various claims on his benevolence, and sometimes visits personally the objects of his bounty who reside in the

neighbourhood of his residence. At dinner he seldom eats of any made dish, but restricts himself generally to one dish of plain boiled or roasted meat, drinking only sherry, and that in moderation—never exceeding a pint. During the day, when not engaged in business, he amuses himself in cheerful conversation with men of all parties, and retires to bed early. His Majesty is constitutionally subject to asthma; but with such habits we must hope that he will live to a good old age.

It is a curious fact, but one not more strange than true, that his present majesty is at one and the same time King William the First, Second, Third, and Fourth! The following explanation will reconcile this apparent contradiction:—As King of Hanover he is William the First; that country giving only the title of elector to its rulers previously to George the Third. As King of Ireland, William the Second; that kingdom was not added to the British crown until the reign of Henry the Second, and consequently William the Conqueror and William Rufus were not sovereigns of Ireland; therefore, as there were no native kings of that name, William the Third of England was the First of Ireland, and our present monarch is, of course, William the Second. As King of Scotland, William the Third; the only monarch of that name previously to James the First (who united the two kingdoms) being the celebrated William the Lion. And as King of England, William the Fourth.

THE NEW VERSION OF "GOD SAVE THE KING,"

BY MR. ARNOLD.

God save our noble king!
 William the Fourth we sing.
 God save the king!
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us!
 God save the king!

O Lord our God, arise,
 Guard him from enemies,
 Or make them fall ;
 May peace, with plenty crown'd,
 Throughout his realms abound ;
 So be his name renown'd !
 God save us all !

Or should some foreign band
 Dare to this favour'd land
 Discord to bring,
 May our brave William's name,
 Proud in the lists of fame,
 Bring them to scorn and shame
 God save the king !

Thy choicest gifts in store
 On William deign to pour,
 Joy round him fling ;
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the king !

PRIVATE HABITS, CHARACTER, AND AGE OF THE REIGNING
 SOVEREIGNS.

Charles X. of France, was the oldest sovereign in Europe. He is seventy-three years of age, tall in person, and very hale.

The Pope, Pius VIII., is sixty-eight, about the same age as his late majesty, and in tolerable vigour. The church is usually considered favourable to longevity.

Bernadotte, king of Sweden, is sixty-six, and has recently had a severe illness, but is a strong and healthy man.

William IV. of England, our sovereign, is sixty-five. He is at present in good health, and does not appear to be more than fifty. His temperate habits and practice of early rising are well known. He loves exercise, travel, and society.

Felix, king of Sardinia, is of the same age as our monarch, and enjoys good health.

Frederick VI. of Denmark, sixty-two years old, is a very healthy man.

Frederick William III., king of Prussia, in his sixtieth year, possesses a good share of health, and bids fair to live to an old age.

The king of the Netherlands, William I., is fifty-eight; he has the appearance of a weather-beaten soldier, as he is; and, although subject to chronic complaints, is robust.

Louis Philippe the First, king of the French, born in 1773, a man of intelligence and amiable character; elected by the Chamber of Deputies, on the abdication of Charles the Tenth, August, 1830.

Francis, emperor of Austria, is fifty-two, and healthy. His affability and condescension in listening to the complaints of the meanest of his subjects, and redressing their grievances, have rendered him popular.

Francis, king of Naples, is fifty-two, and gouty. His character is the reverse of that of his namesake of Austria.

Mahmoud II., sultan of Turkey, is forty-six, and possessed of great vigour of body and mind. The Turks, however, grow old prematurely, and Mahmoud may be therefore reckoned as sixty years old at the least. His countenance and his eye are particularly striking and impressive, and he is naturally a very superior man.

Ferdinand VII. of Spain, is forty-five years old, and has long been a prey to disease. He has the gout constantly.

Louis, king of Bavaria, is in his forty-fifth year: he has suffered from indulgence, and has but lately recovered from a long illness. His merits as a sovereign and as a man of letters are acknowledged. He passed many years in study, and his mind is of an enlarged and liberal cast. The publication of a volume of poems has recently obtained him fame as an author, in addition to that derived from the wisdom of his government.

Nicholas I., emperor of Russia, is thirty-four, tall, handsome, and accomplished, hardy and active, and accustomed to laborious exertion. A few months since he had a very dangerous illness, from which he is now recovered. He is considered as a very ambitious monarch, and the enlargement of territory appears to be his ruling passion.

The youngest and only female sovereign is Donna Maria da Gloria, the legitimate queen of Portugal (Don Miguel not having been yet recognised), who is in her thirteenth year. She promises to be beautiful, but her health is delicate, and she is so lame as to be obliged to use crutches. She is now at Rio Janeiro, with her father, the emperor of Brazil.

THE END.

NOTES

BY THE AMERICAN PUBLISHERS.

NOTE I.—Page 30.

"*America's bold step.*"—No doubt the Declaration of Independence appeared like a "bold step" to those who had thought to annihilate the colonies with a look, or terrify them into submission by proud menaces and empty boastings. In the language of an enlightened writer, "it was a fortunate circumstance for the American colonies that the parliament of Great Britain received its impressions of their character from the portraits drawn of them by Generals Grant, Burgoyne, and other exquisite painters of the house, by whose representations the Americans appeared too contemptible for the formation of any serious plan of military operations. Five regiments were thought an ample force to drive the Americans from Massachusetts to Georgia! But the God of battles leans not to the side of the boaster."

NOTE II.—Page 33.

"*The ignorance of generals.*"—It may be some relief to the wounded pride of English historians to attribute their national disasters to the incapacity of officers, as they seem determined to accede nothing to the skill, intelligence, and prowess of their opponents, and, least of all, to the *justice* of their opponents' cause. This is illiberal, but, being an illiberality to which Americans are much accustomed from this quarter, it is only calculated to excite a smile. With respect to the British generals who were sent across the Atlantic to coerce the American colonies into obedience, it is not only the height of injustice, but also of ingratitude. All that the ablest officers could have done, *under the same circumstances*, they did. But the sword of *truth* and *justice* was drawn against them, and who can successfully contend with Heaven? Why pronounce them *ignorant*? What Englishman, Carleton excepted, was there at this period better informed in the science of war than those alluded to? But, like the rest of their countrymen—like the self-conceited ministry themselves, they knew little or nothing of America as to her physical and moral resources. If the charge of ignorance be due any where, it is to North and his coadjutors that it should be attributed. It was *their* ignorance and folly that dismembered the British empire, perhaps much sooner than it would otherwise have happened. It is true that Sir Henry Clinton was deficient in energy and foresight, and, had Sir Guy Carleton or Lord Cornwallis filled his station as commander-in-chief, there is no doubt that America would have met with more difficulties in her struggle for national existence. But the final result must have been the same. America might have been overrun and devastated, but she never could have been conquered and enslaved.

NOTE III.—Page 39.

"*France wresting America from England.*"—If France wrested America from England, then the United States "are, and of right ought to be," French colonies. But such was not the fact. America wrested *herself* from England, in 1776, by her Declaration of Independence, which she asserted and maintained *alone*, sustaining the unequal conflict *single-handed* for nearly three years, as the treaty with France was not executed until 1778, and the war actually commenced in April, 1775.

NOTE IV.—Page 273.

"*The oppression was retracted.*"—How and when was the oppression retracted? and what were the colonies offered? It is true that the stamp act was repealed; but its repeal was accompanied by a declaratory act still more offensive, inasmuch as it asserted "the power and right of Great Britain to bind the colonies *in all cases whatever.*" Locke says, that "no man has a right to that which another has the right to take from him."

NOTE V.—Pages 79, 234, 274, 300, and 341.

"*A fortunate result for England.*"—The most appropriate comment which can be made on this and similar passages has already been done to our hands in the well-known and oft-quoted fable of the "Fox and the Grapes." Otherwise, the prodigal waste of human lives and public treasure on the part of Great Britain may be compared to

—————Ocean into tempest toss'd,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly!

NOTE VI.—Page 340.

"*A war of frigates.*"—If the late contest between the President, and Great Britain was merely "a war of frigates," as the author has been pleased to term it, he ought to have had the candour to inform his readers which party gained the *victory*. He does indeed admit that "America took *some* of the British cruisers," which happened to be "ill-manned and ill provided;" but this mode of expression is too indelicate to give satisfaction to either party.

In this "war of frigates," America lost *two* only, viz. the United States and the Chesapeake. The former was captured by a British squadron, the latter by the Shannon, a frigate of superior force. In order to balance the account, let us now cast up the items on the opposite page of the ledger.

"August 13, 1812, the United States' frigate Essex, Captain Porter, captured the British sloop of war Alert, in eight minutes, without the loss of a man. Six days after the foregoing, the United States' frigate Constitution, Capt. Hull, captured the British frigate Guerriere in thirty minutes. October 15th the United States' sloop of war Wasp, of 18 guns, Capt. Jones, captured the British sloop of war Frolic, of 22 guns, in forty-three minutes. On the 25th of the same month, the American frigate United States, Com. Decatur, captured the British frigate Macedonian, after an obstinate action, and brought her into the port of New-York. December 29th, the United States' frigate Constitution, Capt. Bainbridge

captured and burned the British frigate *Java*, of equal force. February 24th, 1813, the United States' sloop of war *Hornet*, of 16 guns, Capt. Lawrence, captured the British brig *Peacock*, of 18 guns, in fifteen minutes. September 5th, the United States' brig *Enterprise* of 14 guns, Capt. Burrows, captured the British brig of war *Boxer*, of 18 guns, in forty minutes. Five days after the foregoing, the whole British squadron on Lake Erie surrendered to one of inferior force, commanded by Com. Perry. September 16th, the American privateer schooner *Saratoga*, of ten guns, captured the British brig of war *Morgiana*, of 18 guns. April 29th, 1814, the United States' sloop of war *Peacock*, of 20 guns, Capt. Warrington, captured the British brig *Epervier*, of 18 guns, in forty-two minutes. June 28th, the United States' sloop of war *Wasp*, Capt. Blakely, captured, in nineteen minutes, the British sloop of war *Reindeer*. September 11th, the whole British squadron on Lake Champlain surrendered to one of inferior force, under the command of Commodore Macdonough; and a powerful British army was at the same time repulsed at Plattsburg by a body of undisciplined militia, under General M'Comb. February 20th, 1815, the United States' frigate *Constitution*, Capt. Stewart, captured the British frigate *Cyane*, and sloop of war *Levant*, which together mounted fifty-four guns. March 23d, the United States' sloop of war *Hornet* captured and sunk the British brig *Penguin*.

The above is a brief catalogue of the most important nautical events of the late war; and in almost every instance the disparity of force was in favour of the British. To recapitulate the minor successes of the United States' public and private armed vessels would swell this note to a history.

Here we have a catalogue of *sixteen American victories*,—over *five* frigates, *five* brigs of war, *four* sloops of war, and *two whole squadrons* on the Lakes.

NOTE VII.—Page 341.

“*Attack on New-Orleans*”—Mr. Croly has either never read the history of the origin of this important expedition or else his memory must be treacherous. The British ministers had set their hearts upon the success of this “demonstration,” as they called it; and in order, as they thought, to prevent the possibility of a failure, they selected the hardy veterans who had covered themselves with laurels in the fields of Spain, under Wellington. No pains, no expense was spared to have the forces suitably equipped and amply provided at all points. The whole was committed to the direction of a well-trying leader, of approved courage, skill, and experience. The occupation of New-Orleans, the very key to all the western States, was not only a favourite object with the ministry, but a popular measure with the nation; and had they succeeded, some pretext would doubtless have been found to annul the treaty of Ghent.

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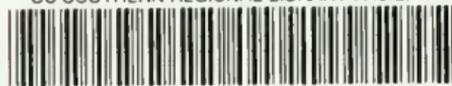
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