

## THE PRINCESS ANNE.



THE reign of Queen Anne is one of the most illustrious in English history. In literature it has been common to call it the Augustan age. In politics it has all the interest of a transition period—less agitating, but not less important, than the actual era of revolution. In war it proved, with the exception of the great European wars of the beginning of this century, the most glorious for English arms of any period since Henry V. set up his rights of conquest over France. Opinions change as to the advantage of such superiorities, and, still more, as to the glory which is purchased by bloodshed; yet, according to the received nomenclature, and in the language of all ages, the time of Marlborough can be characterized only by the word glorious. A great general, statesmen of eminence, great poets, men of letters of the first distinction—these are points in which this period cannot easily be excelled.

But in the midst of its agitations, and of all its exuberant life,—the wars abroad, the intrigues at home, the secret correspondences, the plots, the breathless hopes and fears,—it is half ludicrous, half pathetic, to turn to the harmless figure of Queen Anne in the center of the scene—a fat, placid, middle-aged woman full of infirmities, with little about her of the picturesque yet artificial brightness of her time, and no gleam of reflection to answer to the wit and genius that have made her age illustrious. Anne was one of the sovereigns who may, without too great a strain of hyperbole, be allowed to have been beloved in her day. She did nothing to repel the popular devotion. She was the best of wives, the most sadly disappointed of childless mothers. She made pecuniary sacrifices to the weal of her kingdom such as few kings or queens have thought of making. Added to that, she was a Stuart, Protestant, and safe, combining all the rights of the family with those of orthodoxy and constitutionalism, without even so much offense as lay in a foreign accent. There was indeed nothing foreign about her, a circumstance in her favor which she shared with that other great English queen regnant who, like her, was English on both sides of the lineage.

All these points made her popular, and, it might be permissible to say, beloved. If she had been indifferent to her father's dethronement, at least she had not shocked popular feeling by any immediate triumph in succeed-

ing him, as Mary had done; and after grim William, with his Dutch accent and likings, her mild Anglicism was delightful to the people. But the historians have not been kind to Anne. They have lavished ill names upon her: "A stupid woman," "A very weak woman, always governed blindly by some female favorite"—nobody has a civil word to say for her. Yet there is a mixture of the amusing and the tragic in the appearance of this passive figure seated on high, presiding over all the great events of the epoch, with her humble feminine history, her long anguish of motherhood, her hopes so often raised and so often shattered, her stifled family feeling, her profound and helpless sense of misfortune.

There is one high light in the picture, however, though only one, and it comes from one of the rarest and highest sentiments of humanity—the passion of friendship, of which women are popularly supposed to be incapable, but which was never exhibited in more complete and disinterested form than in the life of this poor queen. It is sad that it should have ended in disloyalty and estrangement; but, curiously enough, it is not the breach of this close union, but the union itself, which has exposed Anne to the censure and contempt of all her biographers and historians. Yet her friend was as fitted to call forth such devotion as ever woman was. Seldom has there been a more brilliant figure in history than that of the great duchess, a woman beloved and hated as few have ever been: on one side holding in absolute devotion to her the greatest hero of the time, and on the other rousing to the height of adoration the mild and obtuse nature of her mistress; keeping her place, on no ground but that of her own sense and spirit, amid all intrigues and opposition for many of the most remarkable years of English history; and defending herself with such fire and eloquence when attacked, that her plea is as interesting and vivid as any controversy of to-day. It is impossible to read it without taking a side, with more or less vehemence, in the exciting quarrel. To us the unflinching vivacity and spirit of the woman, the dauntless stand she makes, her determination not to be overcome, make her appearance always enlivening. And art could not have designed a more complete contrast than that of the homely figure by her side, with appealing eyes fixed upon her, a little bewildered, not always quick to understand—a woman born for other uses, but exposed all her harmless



FROM MEZZOTINT BY JOHN SMITH, AFTER THE PAINTING BY W. WISSING AND I. VANDERVAART.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK.



ENGRAVED FROM LIFE BY DAVID LOGGAN. FROM PRINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. ENGRAVED BY E. HEINEMANN  
HENRY COMPTON, BISHOP OF LONDON.

life to the fierce light that always beats upon a throne.

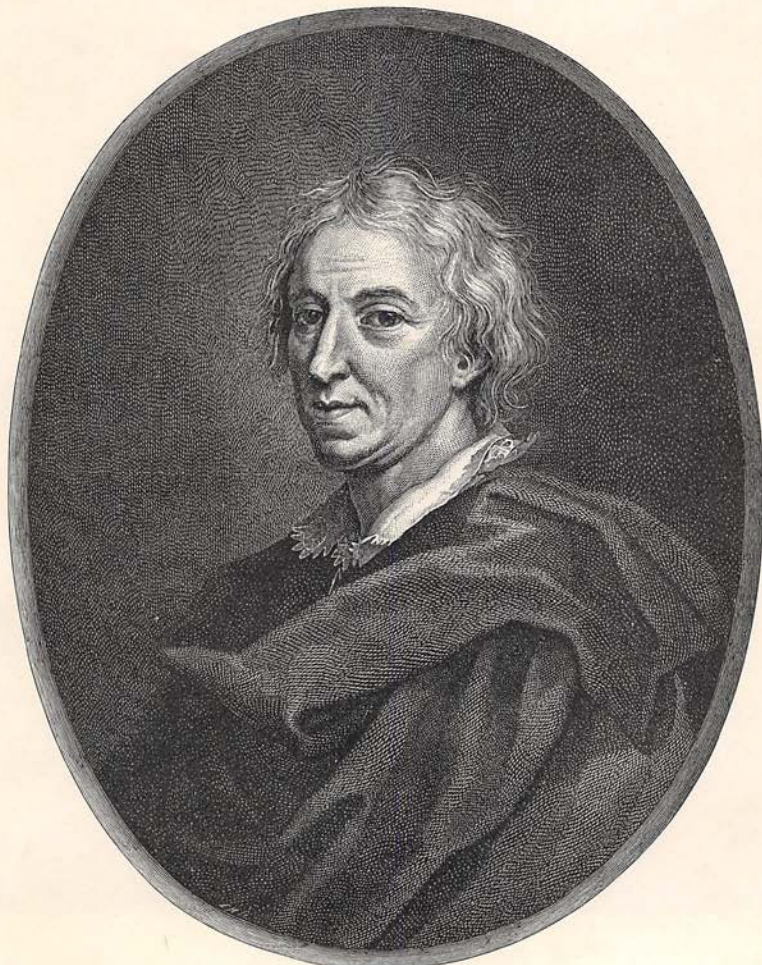
The tragedy of Anne's life, unlike that of her friend, had no utterance, and there was nothing romantic in her appearance or surroundings to attract the lovers of the picturesque. Yet in the blank of her humble intellect she discharged not amiss the duties that were so much too great for her, and if she was disloyal to her friend in the end, that betrayal only adds another touch of pathos to the spectacle of helplessness and human weakness. It is only the favored few of mankind who are wiser and better, not feebler and less noble, as life draws toward its end.

Like Elizabeth, Anne was the daughter of a subject. Her mother, Anne Hyde, the daugh-

ter of the great Clarendon, though naturally subjected to the hot criticism of the moment, on account of that virtue which refused anything less from her prince than the position of wife, was not a woman of much individual character, nor did she live long enough to influence much the training of her daughters. There was an interval of three years in age between Mary and Anne. The elder was like the Stuarts, with something of their natural grace of manner; the younger was a fair English child, rosy and plump and blooming: in later life they became more like each other. But the chief thing they inherited from their mother was what is called in fine language "a tendency to embonpoint," with, it is said, a love of good eating which encouraged the peculiarity.

The religious training of the princesses is the first thing we hear of. They were put under the charge of a most orthodox tutor, Compton, Bishop of London, with much haste and ostentation, their uncle, Charles II., probably feeling with his usual cynicism that the sop of two extra-Protestant princesses would please

Villiers, who had a number of daughters of her own, one of whom, Elizabeth, went with Mary to Holland, and was, in some respects, her evil genius. We have, unfortunately, no court chronicle to throw any light upon the lively scene at Richmond, where this little bevy of girls grew up together, conning their divin-



ENGRAVED BY E. HEINEMANN. AFTER COPPERPLATE BY F. BARTOLOZZI IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

JOHN EVELYN.

the people, and that the souls of a couple of girls could not be of much importance one way or another. How they fared in respect to the other features of education is not recorded. Lord Dartmouth, in his notes on Bishop Burnet's history, informs us that King Charles II., struck by the melodious voice of the little Princess Anne, had her trained in elocution by Mrs. Barry, an actress: an early recognition of what continued to be one of her most conspicuous gifts during the whole of her life. The residence of the girls was chiefly at Richmond, where they were under the charge of Lady Frances

ity, whatever other lessons might be neglected, taking the air upon the river in their barges, following the hounds in the colder season—for this robust exercise seems to have been part of their training. When their youthful seclusion was broken by such a great event as the court mask, in which they played their little parts,—Mrs. Blogge, the saintly beauty, John Evelyn's friend, Godolphin's wife, acting the chief character, in a blaze of diamonds,—or by that state visit to the city when King Charles in all his glory took the girls, his heirs, with him, no doubt the old withdrawing-rooms and galle-



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR PETER LELY, IN POSSESSION OF EARL SPENCER.  
ANNE HYDE, DUCHESS OF YORK.

ries of Richmond rang with the story for weeks after. Princess Mary, her mind perhaps beginning to own a little agitation as to royal suitors, would have other distractions; but as to the Princess Anne, it soon came to be her chief holiday when the young Duchess of York, her stepmother, came from town in her chariot, or by water in a great gilded barge breasting up the stream, to pay the young ladies a visit. For in the train of that princess was the young maid of honor, a delightful, brilliant *espigle*, full of spirit and wilfulness, who bore the undistinguished name of Sarah Jennings, and brought with her such life and stir and movement as dispersed the dullness wherever she went.

There is no such love as a young girl's adoration for a beautiful young woman, a little older than herself, whom she can admire, and imitate, and cling to, and dream of with visionary passion. This was the kind of sentiment with which the little princess regarded the bright and animated creature in her young stepmother's train. Mary of Modena was herself only a few years older than her stepchildren. They were all young together, accustomed to the perpetual gaiety of the court of Charles II., though, let us hope, kept apart from its license; and no shadow of fate seems to have fallen upon the group of girls in these early peaceful days. Anne, in particular, would seem to have been left to



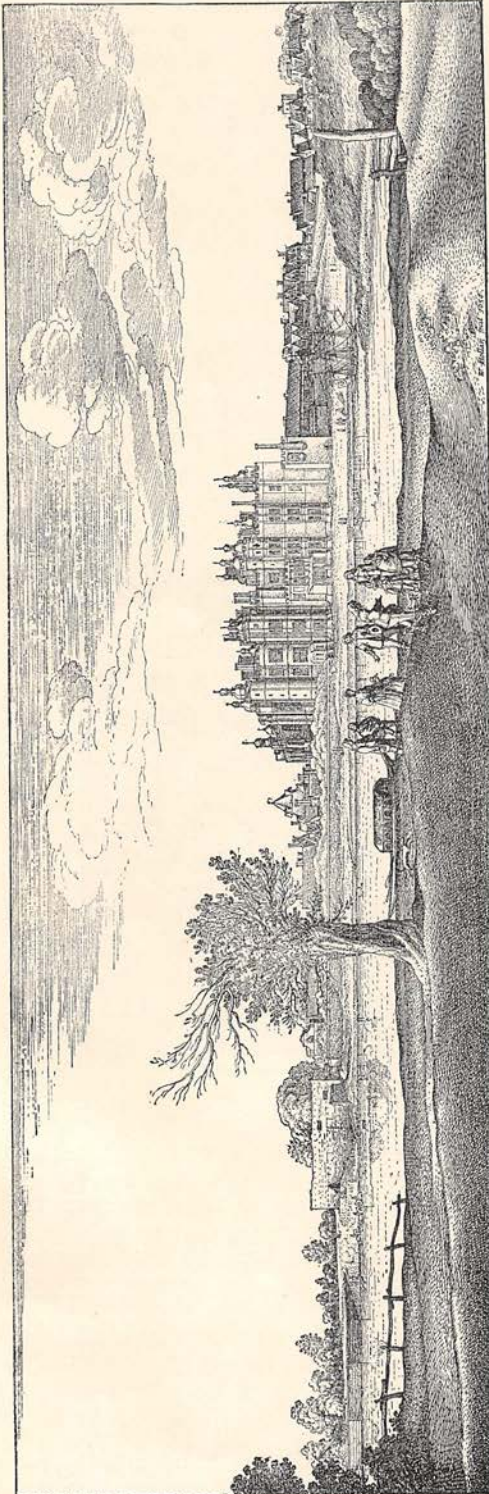
ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL. AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR PETER LELY, IN POSSESSION OF THE EARL OF CRAWFORD.

MARY, PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

hang upon the arm and bask in the smiles of her stepmother's young lady-in-waiting, at her pleasure, with many a laugh at the premature favoritism. "We had used to play together when she was a child," said the great duchess long after. "She even then expressed a particular fondness for me; this inclination increased with our years. I was often at court, and the princess always distinguished me by the pleasure she took to honor me preferably to others with her conversation and confidence. In all her parties for amusement, I was sure by her choice to be one."

Mistress Sarah was one of the actors in the mask above referred to. She was in the most intimate circle of the Duke of York's household, closely linked to all its members in that

relationship, almost as close as kindred, which binds a court together. And no doubt it added to her attractions that she had already a romantic love-story, and, at a time when matches were everywhere arranged by parents, as at present in Continental countries, made a secret marriage, under the most romantic circumstances, with a young hero already a soldier of distinction. He was not an irreproachable hero. Court scandal had not spared him. He was said to have founded his fortune upon the bounty of one of the shameless women of Charles's court. But the imagination of the period was not over-delicate, and probably, had he not become so great a man, and acquired so many enemies, we should have heard little



FROM ETCHING BY WENGBLAUS HOLLAR.

RICHMOND PALACE IN 1638.

of John Churchill's early vices. He was attached to the Duke of York's service, as Sarah Jennings was to that of the Duchess. He had served abroad with distinction. In 1672, when France and England for once in a way were allies against Holland, he had served under the great Turenne, who called him "my handsome Englishman," and vaunted his gallantry. He was only twenty-two when he thus gave proofs of his future greatness. When, after various other exploits, he returned and resumed his court service, the brilliant maid of honor whom the little princess adored attained a complete dominion over the spirit of the young soldier. There were difficulties about the marriage, for he had no fortune, and his provident parents had secured an heiress for him. But it was at length accomplished, and so secretly that even the bride was never quite certain of the date, in the presence and with the favor of Mary of Modena herself.

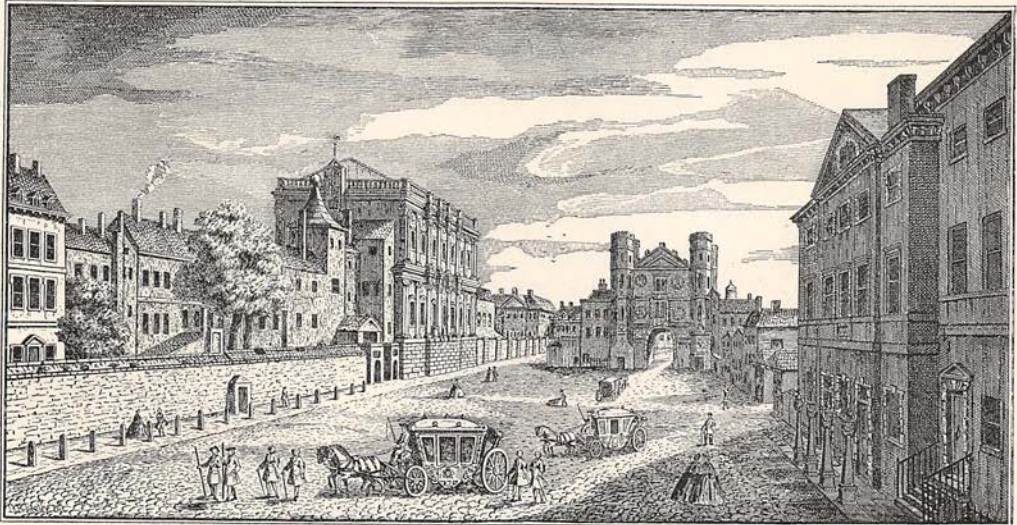
When the Princess Mary married, and went to Holland with her husband, the position of her sister at home became a more important one. Anne was not without some experience of travel, and had those educational advantages which the sight of foreign countries is said to bring. She went to The Hague to visit her sister. She accompanied her father, sturdy little Protestant as she was, when he was in disgrace for his religious views, and spent some time in Brussels, from which place she wrote to one of the ladies of the court a letter which has been preserved,—with just as much and as little reason as any other letter of a fifteen-year-old girl with her eyes about her, at a distance of two hundred years,—in which the young lady describes a ball she had seen, herself *incognita*, at which some gentlemen "danced *extreamly* well"—"as well if not better than the Duke of Monmouth or Sir E. Villiers—which I think is very *extrordinary*," says the girl, no doubt sincerely believing that the best of all things was to be found at home.

After these unusual dissipations, Anne remained in the shade until she married, in 1683, George, Prince of Denmark, a perfectly inoffensive and insignificant person, to whom she gave, during the rest of her life, a faithful, humdrum, but unbroken attachment, such as shows to little advantage in print, but makes the happiness of many a home. This marriage was another sacrifice to the Protestantism of England, and from that point of view pleased the people much. King Charles, glad to satisfy the country by any act which cost him nothing, thought it "very convenient and suitable." James,

unwilling but powerless, grumbled to himself that "he had little encouragement in the conduct of the Prince of Orange to marry another daughter in the same interest," but made no effort against it. The prince himself produced no very great impression one way or another, as indeed he was little fitted to do. "He has the Danish countenance, blonde," says Evelyn in his diary; "of few words; spoke French but ill; seemed somewhat heavy, but is reported to be valiant." He had never any occasion to show his valor during his long residence in England, but there was no harm in the dull George, and Anne does not seem ever to have been dissatisfied with her heavy, honest goodman.

must have kept the household lively, and have brightened the dull days and tedious waitings of maternity, into which Anne was immediately plunged, drawing a laugh even from stupid George in the chimney-corner.

And though the remarks might be too broad for modern liking, and the fun somewhat unsavory, we cannot but think that amidst the noisy and picturesque life, full of corruption, yet so gay and sparkling to the spectator, of that wild Restoration era, this little household of the Cockpit is not without its claims upon our attention. There was not in all Charles's court so splendid a couple as the young Churchills; he, already one of the most distinguished soldiers of the age, she a beautiful



RE-DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER. AFTER COPPERPLATE BY J. MAURER, IN THE COLLECTION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF WHITEHALL, 1740.

Marriage had the advantage of giving her a household and court of her own, and enabled her at once to secure for herself the companionship of her always beloved friend.

The prince was dull, the princess had not many resources. They settled down in homely virtue, close to the court with all its scandals and gaieties. The Cockpit, which was Anne's residence, had been built as a royal playhouse, first for the sport indicated by its name, then for the more refined amusements of the theater, but afterward had been turned into a private residence, and bought by Charles II. for his niece on her marriage. It formed part of the old palace of Whitehall, and must have been within sight and sound of the constant gaieties going on in that lawless household, in the best of which the princess and her attendant would have their natural share. No doubt to hear Lady Churchill's lively, satirical remarks upon all this, and the flow of her brilliant malice,

young woman overflowing with wit and energy. And Princess Anne was very young; in full possession of that *beauté de diable*, which so long as it lasts has its own charm—the beauty of color and freshness and youthful contour. She had a beautiful voice, the prettiest hands, and the most affectionate heart. If she were not clever, that matters but little to a girl of twenty, taught by love to be receptive, and called upon for no effort of genius. Honest George behind backs was not much more than a piece of still life, but an inoffensive and amiable one, taking nothing upon himself. If there was calculation in the steadfastness with which the abler pair possessed themselves of the confidence, and held fast to the service, of their royal friends, it would be hard to assert that there was not some affection too, at least on the part of Sarah, who had known every thought of her little princess's heart since she was a child, and could not but be flattered and pleased by the love showered





ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. AFTER ORIGINAL PAINTING BY SAMUEL COOPER, IN THE GALLERY OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

CHARLES II.

upon her. At all events, in Anne there was no unworthy sentiment; everything about her appeals to our tenderness. The impetuosity of her affection,—her rush, so to speak, into the arms of her friend,—her pretty, youthful sentiment, so fresh and natural, her humility and simplicity—all are pleasant to contemplate. Little more than a year after her marriage, after the closer union had begun, she writes thus:

If you will let me have the satisfaction of hearing from you again before I see you, let me beg of you not to call me "your highness" at every

word, but to be as free with me as one friend ought to be with another. And you can never give me any greater proof of your friendship than in telling me your mind freely in all things, which I do beg of you to do: and if it ever were in my power to serve you, nobody would be more ready than myself—I am all impatience for Wednesday: till then farewell.

Upon this there ensued a little sentimental bargain between the two young women. It was not according to the manners of the time that they should call each other Anne and Sarah, and the fashion of the Aramintas and

Dorindas had not yet arrived from Paris. They managed the transformation necessary in a curiously matter-of-fact and English way:

She grew uneasy to be treated by me with the form and ceremony due to her rank; nor could she bear from me the sound of words which implied in them distance and superiority. It was this turn of mind which made her one day propose to me that whenever I should happen to be absent from her we might in all our letters write ourselves by feigned names, such as would import nothing of distinction of rank between us. Morley and Freeman were the names her fancy hit upon—and she left me to choose by which of them I should be called. My frank, open temper led me naturally to pitch upon Freeman, and so the princess took the other; and from this time Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman began to converse as equals, made so by affection and friendship.

Very likely these were the names in some young-lady book which had been in the princess's childish library,—something a generation before the "Spectator,"—in which rural virtues and the claims of friendship were the chief subjects. Historians have not been able to contain themselves for angry ridicule of this little friendly treaty. To us it seems a pretty incident. The princess was twenty, the bed-chamber woman twenty-four. To their own consciousness their friendly traffic had not attained the importance of a historical fact.

The locality in which the royal houses in London stood was very different then from its appearance now. Whitehall at present is a great thoroughfare, full of life and movement, with only one remnant of the old palace—once the Banqueting-Hall, where the window from which Charles I. is supposed to have passed to the scaffold is pointed out to strangers—still presenting a bit of gloomy, stately front to the street.

St. James's Park opposite is screened off and separated now by the Horse Guards and other public buildings, a long and heavy line which forms one side of the way. But in those days there were neither public buildings nor busy streets. The palace, straggling and irregular, with walls and roofs on many different levels, stood like a sort of royal village between the river and the park; with the turrets of St. James twinkling in the distance, in the sunshine, over the trees of the Mall, where King Charles with all his dogs and gentlemen would go forth daily for his saunter or his game. The Cockpit was one of the outlying portions of Whitehall, being situated upon the edge of the park.

Anne had been married only two years when King Charles died. Then the aspect of affairs changed. The mass in the private chapel, and the presence here and there of somebody who

looked like a priest, at once started into prominence, and began to alarm the gazers more than the dissolute amusements of the court had ever done. James was not virtuous any more than his brother, but his immoralities were not his chief characteristics. He was a more dangerous king than Charles, who was merely selfish, dissolute, and pleasure-loving. James was more: he was a bigoted Roman Catholic, eager to raise his faith to its old supremacy; and the mere thought that the door which had been so bolted and barred against popery was now set open filled all England with the wildest panic. Men saw the dungeons of the Inquisition, the fires of Smithfield, before them as soon as the proscribed priest was readmitted, and mass once more openly said at an unconcealed altar. The terror, the unanimity, are things to wonder at. Sancroft and his bishops were not constitutionalists. The personal rule of the king had nothing in it that alarmed them; but the idea of the reintroduction of popery awoke such a panic in their bosoms as drove them, in spite of their own tenets, into resistance, and, for the first time absolutely unanimous, England was at their back. When we take history piecemeal, and read it through the individual lives of the chief actors, we perceive with the strangest sensations of surprise that at this great crisis not one of the leaders of the nation was sure what he wanted or what he feared, or was even entirely sincere in his adherence to one party against another. They were the courtiers of James, and invited William; they were William's ministers, and kept up a correspondence with James. The best of them was not without a treacherous side. Yet while almost every individual of note was subject to this strange uncertainty, this confused and troubled vacillation, there was such a sweep of national conviction, so strong a current of the general will, that the supposed leaders of opinion were carried away by it, and were compelled to assume and act upon a conviction which was England's, but which individually they did not possess. Scarcely one of these men was whole-hearted, or had any determined principle in the matter. But in the mass of the nation behind them was a force of conviction, of panic, of determination, that carried them off their feet. The chief names of England appear little more than straws upon the current, indicating its course, but forced along by its fierce sweep and impetus, and not by any impulse of their own.

The Princess Anne occupied a very different position from that of these bewildered statesmen. She had been brought up in the strictest sect of her religion, Protestant almost more than Christian, a churchwoman above all. Though her mother had been a Roman Catholic, and



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JAMES II. IN HIS CORONATION ROBES.

her father was one, and though many of her relations belonged to the old Church, Anne was a Protestant of the most unyielding kind. "Attempts," Lady Marlborough tells us, "were made to draw his daughter into his designs. The king, indeed, used no harshness with her; he only discovered his wishes by putting into her hands some books and papers which he hoped might induce her to a change of religion, and had she had any inclination that way, the chaplains about were such divines as could have said but little in defense of their own religion, or to secure her against the pretenses of popery, recommended to her by a father and a king." But Anne required no persuasion to increase her fear of popery, and her narrow devotion to the Church outside of which she knew of no salvation. Both of James's daughters, indeed, feared popery more than they loved their father. There seems not the slightest reason to suppose that Anne was insincere in her anxiety for the Church, or that the panic which she shared with the whole country was affected or unreal. It is impossible that she could expect her own position to be improved by the substitution of her sister and her sister's husband for her father, who had always been kind to her. The Churchills, whose church principles were not perhaps so undeniable, and whose regard for their own interest was great, are more difficult to divine; and yet it appears an unnecessary thing to refer their action to unworthy motives. It is asserted by some that they had some visionary plan, after they had overturned the existing economy by the help of William, of bringing in their princess by a side wind, and of reigning through her over the startled and subjugated nation. But granting that such a scheme might have been conceived in the fertile and restless brain of a young and sanguine woman, it seems impossible to imagine that Churchill, a man of some experience in the world, and with some knowledge of William, could even for a moment have believed that the grave and ambitious prince who was so near the throne could have been persuaded or forced to waive his wife's claims, as well as those still more imperative ones which his position of deliverer gave him, in order to advance the fortunes of any one else, least of all of the sister-in-law whom he despised.

It is unnecessary here to enter into the history of what is called the Great Revolution. It is the modern turning-point of English history, and no doubt is one of the reasons why we have been exempted in later days from the agitations of those desperate and bloody revolutions which have shaken all neighboring nations. Glorious and happy, however, scarcely seem to be fit words to describe this extraordinary event. A more painful era does not

exist in history. There is scarcely an individual in the front of affairs who was not guilty of treachery at one time or another. They betrayed one another on every hand; they were perplexed, uncertain, full of continual alarms. The king who went away was a gloomy bigot; the king who came was a cold and melancholy alien. Enthusiasm there was none, nor even conviction, except of the necessity of doing something to effect a wide-reaching and undeniable change.

The part which the ladies at the Cockpit played brings the hurry and excitement of the movement to a crisis. Both in their way were anxious for their respective husbands, absent in the suite of James, and still in his power. When the report came that Lord Feversham had begged of James "on his knees two hours" to order the arrest of Churchill, Mrs. Freeman must have needed all her courage; while the faithful Morley wept, yet tried to emulate the braver woman, wondering in her excitement what her own heavy prince was doing, and eager for William's advance, which, somehow or other, was to bring peace and quiet. Her heavy prince meanwhile was moving about with the perplexed and unhappy king, uttering out of his blond mustache, with an atrocious accent, his dull wonder, "Est-il possible?" as every new desertion was announced, till, mounting heavily one evening after dinner, warmed and encouraged by a good deal of King James's wine, and riding through the cold and dark, he in his turn deserted too. When this event happened, the excitement at the Cockpit was overwhelming. The princess was "in a great fright." "She sent for me," says Lady Churchill, "told me her distress, and declared that rather than see her father she would jump out of a window." King James was coming back to London, sad and wroth, and perhaps the rumor that he would have her arrested lent additional terrors to the idea of encountering his angry countenance. Lady Churchill went immediately to Bishop Compton, the princess's early tutor and confidential adviser, and instant means were taken to secure her flight. That very night, after her attendants were in bed, Anne rose in the dark, and with her beloved Sarah's arm and support, stole down the back stairs to where the bishop in a hackney-coach was waiting for her. Other princesses in similar situations have owned to a thrill of pleasure in such an adventure. No doubt at least she breathed the freer when she was out of the palace where King James with his dark countenance might have come any day to demand from her an account of her husband's behavior, or to upbraid her with her own want of affection. Anyhow, the sweep of the current had now reached her tremulous feet, and she,



ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE. AFTER PAINTING BY SIR PETER LELY, IN POSSESSION OF EARL SPENCER.

QUEEN MARY OF MODENA.

like many stronger persons, had no power to resist it.

Anne's position was very much changed by the Revolution. If any ambitious hopes had been entertained or plans formed by her household, they were speedily and very completely brought to an end. The dull royal pair, with their two brilliant guides and counselors, now found themselves confronted by another couple of very different mark—the serious, somewhat gloomy, determined, and self-concentrated Dutchman, and the new Queen Mary, a person far more attractive and imposing than Anne, two people full of character and power. Even Churchill and Sarah were thrown into the shade—much more good Anne and George;

and it is evident there was no love lost between the heads of the two parties. The Churchills, however, served the new sovereigns signally by persuading the princess to yield her own rights, and to consent to the conjoint reign, and to William's life sovereignty—no small concession on the part of the next heir, and one which only the passive character of Anne could have made to appear insignificant. But this sacrifice was no sooner accomplished than there commenced a petty war between Whitehall and the Cockpit, in which perhaps Mary and Lady Churchill (now Marlborough) were the chief combatants, but which henceforth, until her sister's death, became the principal feature in Anne's life. If her friend was to blame for em-

broiling Anne with the queen, it can scarcely be believed that the princess's case would have been more satisfactory had she been left in her helplessness to the tender mercies of William, and entirely dependent upon his kindness, which must have happened had there been no bold and strong adviser in the matter. There was no generosity in the treatment which Anne received from the royal pair. She had made a sacrifice to the security of their throne which deserved some grace in return. But her innocent fancy for the palace at Richmond, where the sisters had been brought up together, was not indulged, nor could there be much excuse, even if she were in the wrong, for the squabbles about her lodging at Whitehall. But she cannot be said to have been in the wrong in the next question which occurred, which was the settlement of her own income. This she had previously drawn from her father, according to the existing custom in the royal family, and James had always been liberal and kind to her. But it was a different thing to depend upon the somewhat grudging hand of an economical brother-in-law, who had a number of foreign dependents to provide for, and a great deal to do with the money granted to him. Parliament finally voted Anne a revenue of fifty thousand pounds a year, as a sort of compromise between the thirty thousand pounds which King William grudged her, and the unreasonably large sum which some of her supporters hoped to obtain; but the king and queen never forgave her, and still less her advisers, for what they chose to consider a want of confidence in themselves.

It is scarcely possible to believe that Mary, a queen who was not without some of the absolutism of the Stuart mind, should have failed to feel a certain exasperation with the bold woman who thus upheld her sister's little separate court and interest, and was neither to be flattered nor frightened into subservience. And very likely this little separate court was a thorn in the side of the royal pair, keeping constant watch upon all their actions, maintaining a perpetual criticism. What the precise occurrence was which brought about the final explosion is not known, but one day, after a stormy scene in which the queen had in vain demanded from her sister the dismissal of Lady Marlborough, an event occurred which took away everybody's breath.

This was the sudden dismissal of Lord Marlborough from all his offices, without reason assigned, at least so far as the public knew. He was lieutenant-general of the army, and he was a gentleman of the king's bed-chamber. Up to this time there had been nothing to find fault with in his conduct. William was too good a soldier himself not to appre-

ciate Marlborough's military talents, and he had behaved, if not with any enthusiasm for the new order of affairs, with good taste at least in very difficult circumstances. In short, his public aspect up to this time would seem on the face of it to have been irreproachable. This being the case, his sudden dismissal from court filled his friends with astonishment and dismay; nobody understood its why or wherefore. "An incident happened which I unwillingly mention," says Bishop Burnet, "because it cannot be told without some reflection on the memory of the queen, whom I always honored beyond all the persons whom I have ever known." It was reported to be Marlborough's intention to move in the House of Lords an address to William, requesting him to dismiss the foreign servants who surrounded him, and of whom the English were bitterly jealous. Such a scheme of reprisals would have had a certain humor in its summary reversal of the position, and no doubt Sarah herself must have had some hand in its construction if it ever existed. William was as little likely to give up Bentinck and Keppel as Anne was to sacrifice the friends whom she loved, and a breach between the parliament and the king would have been, it was hoped, the natural result—to be followed by a *coup d'état* in which James might be replaced under stringent conditions upon the throne.

Whether, however, this supposed proposal was or was not the reason of Marlborough's dismissal, it is clear enough that he had resumed a secret correspondence with the banished king at Saint-Germain, whom not very long before he had deserted. But so had most of the statesmen who surrounded William, even the admiral in whose hands the English reputation at sea was soon to be placed. The sins of the others were winked at, while Marlborough was thus made an example of; perhaps because he was the most dangerous, perhaps because he had involved the princess in his treachery, persuading her to send a letter and to make affectionate overtures to her father. It is possible that it was this very letter which Burnet says was intercepted; inclosed, most likely, in one from Marlborough more distinct in its offers. Here is Anne's simple performance, a thing not likely to do either harm or good:

I have been very desirous of some safe opportunity to make you a sincere and humble offer of my duty and submission, and to beg you will be assured that I am both truly concerned for the misfortunes of your condition, and sensible as I ought to be of my own unhappiness: as to what you may think I have contributed to it, if wishes could recall what is past, I had long since redeemed my fault. I am sensible that it would

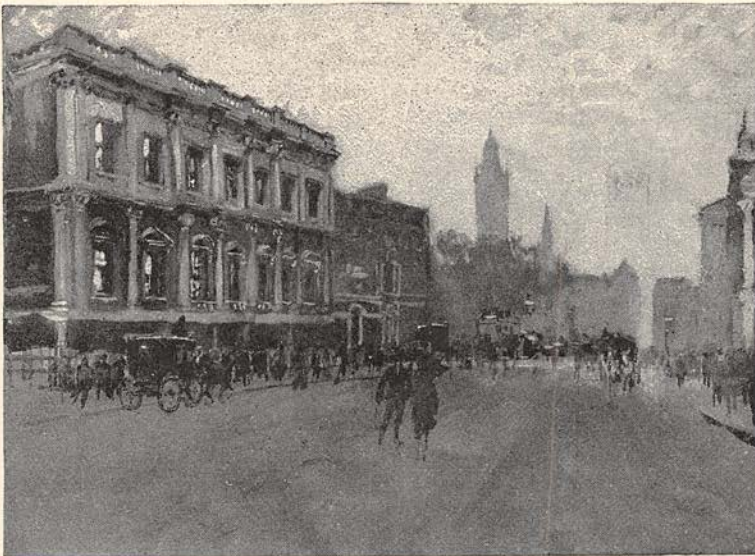
have been a great relief to me if I could have found means to have acquainted you earlier with my repentant thoughts, but I hope they may find the advantage of coming late — of being less suspected of insincerity than perhaps they would have been at any time before. It will be a great addition to the ease I propose to my own mind by this plain confession if I am so happy as to find that it brings any real satisfaction to yours, and that you are as indulgent and easy to receive my humble submissions as I am to make them in a free disinterested acknowledgment of my fault, for no other end but to deserve and receive your pardon.

These involved and halting sentences by themselves could afford but little satisfaction to the anxious banished court at Saint-Germain. To say so much yet to say so little, though easy to a confused intelligence not knowing very well what it meant, is a thing which would have taxed the powers of the most astute conspirators. But there could be little doubt that a penitent princess thus ready to implore her father's pardon would be a powerful auxiliary, with the country just then in the stage of natural disappointment which is prone to follow a great crisis, and that Marlborough was doubly dangerous with such a card in his hands to play.

A little pause occurred after his dismissal. The court by this time had gone to Kensington, out of sight and hearing of the Cockpit, Whitehall having been burned in the previous year. The princess continued, no doubt in no very friendly mood, to take her way to the suburban palace in the evenings and to make one at her sister's game of basset, showing, by her abstraction and the traces of tears about her

eyes, her state of depression yet revolt. But about three weeks after that great event something suggested to Lady Marlborough the idea of accompanying her princess to the royal presence. It was strictly within her right to do so, in attendance on her mistress, and perhaps it was considered in the family council at the Cockpit that the existing state of affairs could not go on, and that it was best to end it one way or another. One can imagine the stir in the antechambers, the suppressed excitement in the drawing-room, when the princess, less subdued than for some weeks past, her eyes no longer red, nor the corners of her mouth drooping, came suddenly in out of the night, with the well-known buoyant figure after her, proud head erect and eyes aflame, her mistress's train upon her arm, but the air of a triumphant queen on her countenance. There would be a pause of consternation, and for a moment it would seem as if Mary, thus defied, must burst forth in wrath upon the culprit. What glances must have passed between the court ladies behind their fans! what whispers in the corners! The queen in the midst, pale with anger, restraining herself with difficulty; the princess, perhaps, beginning to quake; but Sarah, undaunted, knowing no reason why she should not be there, "since to attend the princess was only paying her duty where it was owing."

But next morning brought, as they must have foreseen, a royal missive meant to carry dismay and terror, in which Mary commanded her sister to dismiss her friend and make instant submission. "I tell you plainly Lady Marlborough must not continue with you in the circumstances in which her lord is," the queen



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE BANQUETING-HALL, WHITEHALL.



ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER. FROM MEZZOTINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM BY JOHN SMITH, AFTER PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.  
PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.

wrote; "never anybody was suffered to live at court in my Lord Marlborough's circumstances."

Thus the situation was brought to a climax. It was not to be expected, however, that Anne would submit to a mandate which in reality would have taken from her all power to choose her own friends; and her affections were so firmly fixed upon her beloved companion that it is evident that life without Sarah would have been a blank to her. She answered in a letter studiously compiled in defense both of herself and her retainer, entreating her sister to "recall your severe command," and declaring that there is no misery "that I cannot readily resolve to suffer rather than the thought of parting with her." But things had gone too far to be stopped by any such appeal. The

letter was answered by the Lord Chamberlain in person with a message forbidding Lady Marlborough to continue at the Cockpit. The princess's spirit was roused. She wrote to her sister that she herself would be "obliged to retire," since such were the terms of her continuance, and sent immediately to the Duke of Somerset to ask for a lease of Sion House. It is said that William so far interfered in the squabble, in which, indeed, he had been influential all along, as to ask the duke to refuse this trifling favor. But of all English noble houses the proud Somersets were the last to be dictated to, and Anne established herself triumphantly in her banishment on the banks of the Thames with her favorite at her side.

A child was born a little later, and the queen paid Anne an angry visit of ceremony a day





GUILLAUME III.

*De Rois et de Césars digne postérité,  
Héros Sage et clement dans l'ardeur qui t'inspire: Toute l'Europe enfin te doit sa liberté.*

*Ad. vander Werff pinx.*

*La Flandre, les deux Mers, l'Angleterre, l'Empire,  
Toute l'Europe enfin te doit sa liberté.*

*Vermeulen sculpt.*

FROM COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING BY CORNELIS VERMEULEN, AFTER THE PAINTING BY ADRIAAN VANDER WERFF.

WILLIAM III.

or two after the event, saying nothing to her but on the vexed subject. "I have made the first step by coming to you," Mary said, approaching the bed where the poor princess lay sad and suffering, for her baby had died soon after its birth, "and I now expect you should make the next by removing Lady Marlborough." The princess, "trembling, and as white as her sheet," stammered forth her plaintive protest that this was the only thing in which she had disoblged her sister, and that "it was unreasonable to ask it of her," whereupon Mary, without another word, left the room and the house. It was the last time they ever met, unlikely as such a thing seemed. Anne made various overtures of reconciliation, but, as unconditional obedience was promised in none, Mary's heart was not softened. The only justification that can be offered for the queen's behavior was that the sisters had been long separated, and had little but the formal tie of relationship to bind them to each other. Anne was only a child when Mary left England; both were married and surrounded by other affections when they met again. They had so much natural resemblance, that each seems to have been capable of but one passion. It was Mary's good fortune to love her husband with all her heart, but to all appearance no one else. She had not a friend among all the ladies who had shared her life for years; no intimate or companion who could give her any solace when he was absent. All this explains to a certain extent her coldness to Anne, but it does not excuse the paltry and cruel persecution to which the younger sister was henceforward exposed. Every honor that belonged to her rank was taken from her, from the sentry at her door to the text upon her cushion at church. She was allowed no guard; when she went into the country the rural mayors were forbidden to present addresses to her, and to pay the usual honors which mayors delight to render. The great court-ladies were given to understand that whoever visited her would not be received by the queen. A more irritating and miserable persecution could not be, nor one more lowering to the character of the chief performer in it.

Anne was only recovering from the illness that followed her confinement, and with which her sister's angry visit was supposed to have something to do, when another blow fell upon the band of friends. Marlborough was suddenly arrested, and sent to the Tower. There was reason enough perhaps for his previous disgrace in the secret relations with Saint-Germain which he was known to have resumed; but the charge afterward made was a purely fictitious one, and he and the other great personages involved had little difficulty in proving their

innocence. The correspondence which took place while Lady Marlborough was in town with her husband on this occasion reveals Anne very clearly in her affectionate simplicity.

I hear Lord Marlborough is sent to the tower: and though I am certain they have nothing against him, and expected by your letter it would be so, yet I was struck when I was told it; for methinks it is a dismal thing to have one's friends sent to that place. I have a thousand melancholy thoughts, and cannot help fearing they hinder you from coming to me: though how they can do that without making you a prisoner, I cannot imagine. I am just told by pretty good hands that as soon as the wind turns westerly there will be a guard set upon the prince and me. If you hear there is any such thing designed, and that 't is easy to you, pray let me see you before the wind changes: for afterward one does not know whether they will let one have opportunities of speaking to one another. But let them do what they please, nothing shall ever vex me, so I can have the satisfaction of seeing dear Mrs. Freeman; and I swear I would live on bread and water between four walls with her without repining; for so long as you continue kind, nothing can ever be a real mortification to your faithful Mrs. Morley, who wishes she may never enjoy a moment's happiness in this world or the next if ever she proves false to you.

Whether the wind proving "westerly" was a phrase understood between the correspondents, or if it had anything to do with the event of the impending battle on which the fate of England was hanging, it is difficult to tell. If it was used in the latter sense, the victorious battle of La Hogue, by which all recent discomfitures were redeemed, soon restored the government to calm and the consciousness of triumph, and made conspiracy comparatively insignificant. Before this great deliverance was known, Anne had written a submissive letter to her sister, informing her that she had now recovered her strength "well enough to go abroad," and asking leave to pay her respects to the queen; to which Mary returned a stern answer, declaring that such civilities were unnecessary so long as her sister declined to do the thing required of her. Anne sent a copy of this letter to Lady Marlborough, announcing, as she was now "at liberty to go where I please by the queen refusing to see me," her intention of coming to London to see her friend; but this intention does not seem to have been carried out.

Anne was, however, pursued by the royal displeasure even in her invalid journey to Bath, and no less a person than Lord Nottingham, the Lord Chamberlain, was employed to warn the mayor of that city that his civilities to the princess were ill-timed. Such a disclosure of the family quarrel evinced a determination and

bitterness which perhaps frightened even Lady Marlborough, courageous as she was; and she seems to have offered and even pressed her resignation as a means of making peace. But nothing altered the devotion of her faithful princess.

I really long to know how my dear Mrs. Freeman got home, and now I have this opportunity of writing she must give me leave to tell her if she should ever be so cruel as to leave her faithful Mrs. Morley she will rob her of all the joy and quiet of her life; for if that day should come, I could never enjoy a happy minute, and I swear to you I would shut myself up and never see a creature. If you do but remember what the queen said to me the night before your lord was turned out of all; then she began to pick quarrels; and if they should take off twenty or thirty thousand pounds, have I not lived upon as little before? When I was first married we had but twenty (it is true, indeed, the king was so kind to pay my debts), and if it should come to that again, what retrenchment is there in my family I would not willingly make and be glad of that pretence to do it? Never fancy, my dear Mrs. Freeman, if what you fear should happen, that you are the occasion; no, I am very well satisfied, and so is the prince, too, that it would have been so however, for Caliban is capable of doing nothing but injustice: therefore rest satisfied you are noways the cause, and let me beg once more for God's sake that you would not mention parting more, no, not so much as think of it, and if you should ever leave me, be assured it would break your faithful Mrs. Morley's heart.

Such are the letters which Lord Macaulay describes as expressing "the sentiments of a fury in the style of a fishwoman." It was not, indeed, pretty-to call great William Caliban, but Anne was fond of nicknames, and the king's personal appearance was not his strong point. We are all so ready to believe that when a woman is involved she must be the offender, that most readers will have set down the insults to which Anne was subject to the account of Mary. But it is curious to note that in these letters all the blame is thrown upon the harsh brother-in-law, the Dutch monster, the alien who made so many strangers into English noblemen, and who singled out Marlborough, among all the other courtiers who had been as little steadfast to him, as the object of a

pertinacious persecution. The princess says nothing of her sister. It is Caliban who is capable of nothing but injustice. It is he who will laugh if he gets the better of her. Anne's style is perhaps not quite worthy of the Augustan age, but it is, at least, very intelligible, and full of little individual turns which are more characteristic than the smoother graces.

All these miserable disputes, however, were ended in a moment when brought into the cold twilight of a death-chamber, where even kings and queens are constrained to see things at their true value. Of all the royal personages in the kingdom, Mary's would have seemed to any outside spectator the soundest and safest life. William had never been healthy, and was consumed by the responsibilities and troubles into which he had plunged. Anne had these ever-succeeding maternities to keep her at a low level; but Mary was young, vigorous, and happy—happy at least in her devotion to her husband and his love for her. It was she, however, who, to the awe and consternation of the world, was cut down in her prime after a few days' illness, in the midst of her greatness. Such a catastrophe no one could behold without the profoundest impulse of pity. Whatever she had done a week before, there she lay now, helpless, all her splendors gone from her, the promise of a long career ended, and her partner left heartbroken upon the solitary throne to which she had given him the right. Anne, like the rest of the world, was shocked and startled by the sudden calamity. She sent anxious messages, asking to be admitted to her sister's bedside, and when all was over, partly, no doubt, from policy, but we may at least be permitted to believe partly from good feeling, presented herself at Kensington Palace to show, at least, that rancor was not in her heart. Unfortunately there was no reconciliation between the sisters; but when the forlorn and solitary king was roused from his misery to receive his sister-in-law's message, a sort of peace was patched up between them over that unthought-of grave. There was no longer any public quarrel or manifestation of animosity, and with this melancholy event the first half of Anne's history may be brought to an end.

*M. O. W. Oliphant.*

## TO-MORROW.

WITH half averted face she stood  
And answered to his questioning eyes,  
"T is nothing. It is but my mood;  
"T is not the day for sweet replies.

"Perchance to-morrow"—Ah, who knows  
What fate may with to-morrow come?  
For aye some questioning eyes may close,  
Some lips may be forever dumb.

*Walter Learned.*