

THE QUEEN AND THE DUCHESS.



YEAR after the accession of William and Mary, was born the only child of Anne on whose life any hopes could be built. Though he was sickly at first, like all therest, he survived the dangers of infancy, and, called William after the king, and bearing from the first day of his life the title of Duke of Gloucester, was received joyfully by the nation at large and everybody concerned as the authentic heir to the crown. He was the chief occupation of Anne's life when comparative peace followed the warlike interval related in the preceding number of this magazine, and a cold and forced civility replaced the active hostilities which for years had been raging between the court and the household of the princess.

Anne has never got much credit for her forbearance and self-effacement at the critical moments of her career. But it is certain that she might have given William a great deal of trouble had she asserted her rights as Mary's successor, as she might also have done at the time of the first settlement. No doubt he would on both occasions have carried the day, and with this certainty the historians have been satisfied, without considering that a woman who was not of lofty character, and who was a Stuart, must have felt it doubly bitter to find herself the subject of a gloomy brother-in-law who slighted her, and who, her rasher partizans did not hesitate to say, ought to have been her subject so long as he remained in England after her sister's death, and not she his. The absence of any attempt on her part to disturb or molest, nay, her little advances, her letters of condolence, and of congratulation the first time that a victory gave occasion for it, showed no inconsiderable magnanimity on the part of the prosaic princess—all the more that William did very little to encourage any overtures of friendship. But though Anne's relations with the king were scarcely improved, her position in respect to the courtiers who had abandoned her in her sister's lifetime was different indeed. Lady Marlborough describes this with her usual force.

And now it being quickly known that the quarrel was made up, nothing was to be seen but crowds of people of all sorts flocking to Berkeley House to pay their respects to the prince and princess: a sudden alteration which, I remember, occasioned the half-witted Lord Carnarvon to say

one night to the princess as he stood close by her in the circle, "I hope your highness will remember that I came to wait upon you when none of this company did," which caused a great deal of mirth.

Meanwhile the little boy, the heir of England, interposes his quaint little figure, with that touch of nature which always belongs to a child, in the midst of all the excitement and dullness, awakening a certain interest even in the solitary and bereaved life of William, and filling his mother's house with tender anxieties and pleasures. He was sickly and feeble from his childhood, but early learned the royal lesson of self-concealment, and was cuffed and hustled by the anxious cruelty of love into the use of his poor little legs years after his contemporaries had been in full enjoyment of their liberty. It is characteristic of the self-absorbed and belligerent chronicler of the princess's household, whose narrative of all the quarrels and struggles of royal personages is so vivid, that she has very little to say about either the living or dying of the only child who was of importance both to her mistress and to the country. His little existence is pushed aside in Lady Marlborough's record, and but for a little squabble over the appointment of the duke's "family," which she gives with great detail, we should scarcely have known from her that Anne had tasted that happiness of maternity, which is so largely weighted with pains and cares. But the story of little Gloucester's life, as found in the more familiar record of his waiting gentleman, Lewis Jenkins, is both attractive and entertaining. The little fellow seems to have been full of lively spirit and observation, active and restless in spite of his feebleness, full of a child's interest in everything about him, and of precocious judgment and criticism.

In every respect this was the brightest moment of Anne's life. There was no longer any possibility of treating the next heir to the crown, the mother of the only prince in whom the imagination of England could take pleasure, with slighting or contumely. She was permitted to have her share of the honors and comforts of English royalty. St. James's old red-brick palace was given over to her, as became her position; and what was more wonderful, Windsor Castle, one of the noblest of royal dwellings, became the country house of Anne and her boy. King William preferred Hampton Court, with its Dutch gardens, in which he

could imagine himself at home; the great feudal castle, lifting its massive towers from the crest of the gentle hill which has the value of a much greater eminence in the midst of the broad plain that sweeps forth in every direction, was not, apparently, to his taste. Few prettier or more innocent scenes have been associated with its long history than those in which little Gloucester was the chief actor. He had a little regiment of boys of his own age, whom it was his delight to drill and lead through a hundred mock battles and rapid skirmishings — mischievous little urchins who called themselves the Duke of Gloucester's men, and played their little pranks like their elders, as favorites will. The little prince chose St. George's Hall for the scene of his mimic battles, and there the little army stormed and besieged one another to their hearts' content. When his mother's marriage-day was celebrated, he received his parents with salvos of his small artillery, and, stepping forth in his little birthday suit, paid them his compliment. "Papa, I wish you and mama unity, peace, and concord, not for a time, but for ever," said the serious little hero. One can fancy Anne smiling and triumphant in her joy of motherhood, with her beautiful chestnut curls and sweet complexion and placid roundness, leaning on good George's arm, her peaceful companion with whom she had never a quarrel, and admiring her son's infant wisdom. The smoke and whiff of gunpowder, the little gunners at their toy artillery, the great hall still slightly a-thrill with the mimic salute, add something to the boundless hopefulness of the scene; for why should not this little English William grow up as great a soldier and more fortunate than his grim godfather, and subdue France under the feet of England, and be the conqueror of the world? All this was possible in those pleasant days.

On another occasion there was a great chapter of Knights of the Garter to witness the installation of little Gloucester in knightly state as one of the order. The little figure, seven years old, seated under the noble canopy-work in St. George's beautiful chapel, scarcely visible over the desk upon which his prayer-book was spread out, gazing with blue eyes intent in all the gravity of a child upon the great English nobles in their stalls around him, makes another touching picture. King William himself had buckled the garter round the child's knee and hung the jewel about his neck, St. George slaying the dragon, that immemorial emblem of the victory over evil; and no doubt in the vague grandeur of childish anticipation, the boy felt himself ready to emulate the feat of the patron saint. He was a little patriot, too, eager to lend the aid of his small squadron to his uncle when William

went away to the wars, and brought a smile even upon that worn and melancholy face as he maneuvered his little company and showed how they would fight in Flanders when the moment came. When William was threatened with assassination, and the country woke up to feel that though she did not love him it would be much amiss to lose him, little Gloucester, at eight, was one of the most loyal. Taking counsel with his little regiment, he drew up a memorial, written out, no doubt, by the best master of the pen among them, with much shedding of ink, if not of more precious fluid — "We, your majesty's subjects, will stand by you while we have a drop of blood," was the address to which the Duke of Gloucester's men set all their tiny fists. The little duke himself, not content with this, added to it another address of his own:

I, your Majesty's most dutiful subject, had rather lose my life in your Majesty's cause than in any man's else; and I hope it will not be long ere you conquer France.

GLOUCESTER.

Heroic little prince! a Protestant William, yet a gallant and gentle Stuart; with this heart of enthusiasm and generous valor in him, what might he not have done had he ever lived to be king? It awoke a smile, and might have drawn an iron tear down William's cheek, to see this faithful little warrior ready to "lose his life" in his defense. And the good pair behind him, George and Anne, who had evidently suffered no treacherous suggestion to get to the ear of the boy, no hint that William was a usurper and little Gloucester had more right than he to be uppermost, how radiant they stand in the light of their happiness and hope! The spectator is reluctant to turn the page and realize the gloom to come.

"When the Duke of Gloucester was arrived at an age to be put into men's hands," William's relenting and change of mind were proved by the fact that Marlborough, who had been in disgrace all these years, and whom only the constant favor of Anne had kept out of entire obscurity, was recalled into the front of affairs in order to be made "Governor" of the young prince. It is true that this gracious act was partly neutralized by the appointment of Bishop Burnet as little Gloucester's tutor, a choice which was supposed to be as disagreeable to Anne as the other was happy. But there is no appearance that she made any protest, or showed any reluctance to accept him. The little pupil was about nine when he came into the bishop's hands, and he gives the following account of his charge:

I had been trusted with his education now for two years, and he had made amazing progress. I had read over the Psalms, Proverbs, and Gos-

pels with him, and had explained things that fell in my way very copiously; and was often surprised with the questions that he put to me, and the reflections that he made. He came to understand things relating to religion beyond imagination. I went through geography so often with him that he knew all the maps very particularly. I explained to him the forms of government in every country, with the interests and trades of that country, and what was both bad and good in it. I acquainted him with all the great revolutions that had been in the world, and gave him a copious account of the Greek and Roman histories of Plutarch's Lives; the last thing I explained to him was the Gothic constitution and the beneficiary and feudal laws: I talked of these things at different times more than three hours a day; this was both easy and delighting to him. The King ordered five of his chief ministers to come once a quarter and examine the progress he made; they seemed amazed both at his knowledge and the good understanding that appeared in him; he had a wonderful memory and a very good judgment.

Poor little Gloucester! The genial bishop breaking down all this knowledge into pleasant talks so that it should be "both easy and delighting"; and his lessons in fortification, which were more delightful still; and his own little private princelike observation of men's faces and minds, were all to come to naught. On his eleventh birthday, amid the feasting and joy a sudden illness seized him, and a few days after the promising boy had ended his bright little career. It would be small wonder indeed if Anne had been altogether crushed by such a calamity. It is said by some historians of the Jacobite party that her mind was overwhelmed by a sense of her guilt toward her own father and of just judgment executed upon her in the loss of her child, and that she immediately wrote to James, "pouring out her whole heart in penitence," and pledging herself to support the claims of her brother should she ever come to the throne. This letter, however, was never found, and does not seem to be vouched for by witnesses beyond suspicion. But for the fact that Anne was stricken to the dust no parent will need further evidence. Her good days and hopes were over; henceforward when she wrote to her dearest friend in the old confidential strain, it was as "your poor, unfortunate Morley" that the bereaved mother signed herself. Nothing altered these sad adjectives. She felt herself as poor and unfortunate in her unutterable loss when she was queen, as if she had been the humblest woman that ever lost an only child.

Marlborough was absent when his little pupil fell ill, but hurried back to Windsor in time to see him die; and four or five days after, the little prince was carried solemnly by torchlight through the summer woods, through Windsor

Park, and by the river, and under the trees of Richmond, to Westminster—a silent procession pouring slowly through the odorous August night. His little body lay in state in Westminster Hall—a noble chamber for such a tiny sleeper—for five days more, when it was laid with the kings in the great abbey which holds all the greatest of England. A more heart-rending episode is not in history.

William did not take any notice of the announcement of the death for a considerable time, which greatly embarrassed the ambassador at Paris on the subject of mourning, and has given occasion for much denunciation of his hardness and heartlessness. When he answered at last, however,—though this was not till more than two months after, in a letter to Marlborough,—it was with much subdued feeling. "I do not think it necessary to employ many words," he writes, "in expressing my surprise and grief at the death of the Duke of Gloucester. It is so great a loss to me as well as to all England that it pierces my heart with affliction." It seems impossible that the loss of a child who had shown so touching an allegiance to himself should not have moved him; but perhaps there was in him, too, a touch of satisfaction that the rival pair who had been thorns in his flesh ever since he came to England were not to have the satisfaction of founding a new line. At St. Germain's the satisfaction was more marked still, and it was supposed that the most dangerous obstacle in the way of the young James Stuart was removed by the death of his sister's heir. We know now how futile that anticipation was, but at the time this was not so clear; and the anxiety of the English parliament to secure before William's death a formal abjuration of the so-called Prince of Wales shows that the hope was not without foundation.

This anxiety, and the new and exciting combination of European affairs produced by what is called the Spanish Succession, occupied all minds during the two years that remained of William's suffering life. It was a moment of great excitement and uncertainty. Louis XIV., into whose hands, as seemed likely, a sort of universal power must fall if his grandson were permitted to succeed to the throne of Spain, had just vowed at the death-bed of James his determination to support the claims of the exile's son, and on James's death had proclaimed the boy king of England. Thus England had every reason of personal irritation and even of alarm for joining in the alliance against the threatening supremacy of France, whose power—had she been allowed to place one of her princes peaceably on the Spanish throne, to which the rich Netherlands still belonged—would have been paramount in Europe. It was on the eve

of the great struggle that William died. With a determination equal to that with which he had made head against failing fortune in many a battle-field, he fought for his life, which at such a crisis was doubly important to the countries of his birth and of his crown, and to the cause of the Protestant religion and all that we have been taught to consider as freedom throughout Europe. To die at the beginning of a great European struggle, leaving the dull people whom he disliked to take his place in England, and the soldier whom he had crushed and subdued, and sternly held in the shade as long as he was able, to assume his baton and win the victories it had never been William's fortune to gain, must have been bitter indeed. It would appear that he had even entertained some idea of disturbing the natural order of events to prevent this, and that it had been suggested to the Electress Sophia, after poor little Gloucester's death, that her family should at once be nominated as his immediate successors, to the exclusion of Anne, a proposal which the prudent Electress evaded with great skill and ingenuity.

A more impossible scheme was never suggested, for even the idea of Marlborough's triumph was unable to raise the smallest party against the princess, and to the country in general she was the object of a kind of enthusiasm. The people loved everything in her, even the fact that she was not clever, which of itself is often highly ingratiating with the masses. William, it is said, with a magnanimity which was infinitely to his credit, before he died named Marlborough as his fittest successor in the command of the allied armies. The formal abjuration of the Prince of Wales was made by Parliament only just in time to have his assent; and then all obstacles were removed out of the princess's way. It was thought by the populace that everything brightened for the new reign. There had been an unexampled continuance of gloomy weather, bad harvests, and clouds and storms; but to greet Queen Anne the sun burst forth, the gloom dispelled, the country broke out into gaiety and rejoicing. A new reign, full of new possibilities, has always something exhilarating in it. William's greatness was marred by externals and never heartily acknowledged by the mass of the people, but Anne had many claims upon the popular favor. She was a woman, and a kind and simple one. That desertion of her father, which some historical writers have condemned so bitterly, had no great effect upon the contemporary imagination, nor, so far as can be judged, upon her own; and it was the only offense that could be alleged against her. She had been unkindly treated and threatened with wrong, which naturally made the multitude strenuous in her cause; and everything conspired to make her accession happy. She was

only thirty-seven, and though somewhat unwieldy in person, still preserved her English comeliness, her abundant, beautiful hair, and, above all, the melodious voice which impressed even statesmen and politicians. "She pronounced this," says Bishop Burnet, describing her address to the Privy Council when they first presented themselves before her, "as she did all her other speeches, with great weight and authority, and with a softness of voice and sweetness in the pronunciation that added much life to all she spoke." The commentators who criticize so sorely the bishop's chronicles are in entire agreement with him on this subject. "It was a real pleasure to hear her," says Lord Dartmouth, "though she had a bashfulness that made it very uneasy to herself to say much in public." Speaker Onslow unites in the same testimony: "I have heard the Queen speak from the throne, and she had all the author says here. I never saw an audience more affected; it was a sort of charm. . . . She received all that came to her in so gracious a manner that they went from her highly satisfied with her goodness and her obliging deportment, for she hearkened with attention to everything that was said to her." Thus all smiled upon Anne in the morning of her reign. Her coronation was marked with unusual splendor and enthusiasm, and though the queen herself had to be carried in a chair to the Abbey, her state of health being such that she could not walk, this did not affect the splendid ceremonial in which even to the Jacobites themselves there was little to complain of, since their hopes that Anne's influence might advance her father's young son to the succession after her were still high, notwithstanding that the settlement of the crown upon Sophia of Brunswick and her heirs had already been made.

It is needless for us to attempt a history of the great war which was one of the most important features in Anne's reign. No student of history can be ignorant of its general course, nor of the completeness with which Marlborough's victories crushed the exorbitant power of France and raised the prestige of England. Contemporaries accused Marlborough of every conceivable wickedness, of speculation, treachery, even personal cowardice; but no one ventured to say that he was not a great general. And as we have got further and further from the infuriated politics of his time, more and more justice has been done to his gifts and graces, his wisdom and moderation, as well as his wonderful military genius. It is, however, with Marlborough's wife and not with himself that we are chiefly concerned, and with the stormy course of Anne's future intercourse with her friend rather than the battles that were fought in her name. It is said



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THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

that by the time she came to the throne her faithful affection to her lifelong companion had begun to be impaired; but the date of the beginning of their severance will probably never be determined, nor its immediate cause. All the great hopes which the pair must have formed seemed likely to be fulfilled in the early part of Queen Anne's reign. A very short time after her accession, Marlborough, who, according to William's appointment, had at once entered upon the conduct of foreign affairs and the preparations for war, received the Garter which Anne and her husband had vainly asked for him in the previous reign; and when he returned from his first campaign, a dukedom was bestowed upon him with many pretty expressions on Anne's part.



ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER. FROM MINIATURE BY LEWIS CROSSE, IN THE COLLECTION AT WINDSOR CASTLE; BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

Indeed, the queen's gift of "writing pretty, affectionate letters," which was the only thing, according to the duchess's opinion of her expressed in later days, that she could do well, is still abundantly proved by their correspondence. Anne was as anxious as ever to serve and please her friend and favorite. She prays God, in her little note of congratulation after the siege of Bonn in 1703, to send Marlborough "safe home to his and my dear adored Mrs. Freeman," with all the grace of perfect sympathy, for the great duke was as abject in his adoration of that imperious, bewitching, and triumphant Sarah as the queen herself. With the tenderest recollection of her friend's whims, the queen gave her the rangership of Windsor Park (strange office for a woman to hold), in which was included "a lodge in the great park," which the duchess describes as "a very agreeable place to live in, . . . remembering

that when we used in former days to ride by it, I had often wished for such a place," although it was necessary to turn out Portland, King William's friend and favorite, in order to replace him by Lady Marlborough. No doubt, however, this summary displacement of the Dutchman added to the pleasure both of giving and receiving. Lady Marlborough had a multiplicity of other offices in addition to this, such as those of mistress of the robes, groom of the stole, and keeper of the privy purse—offices, however, which she had virtually held for years in the household of the princess. All these brought in a great deal of money, a matter to which she was never indifferent; and as along with the dukedom the queen bestowed upon Marlborough a pension of £5000 a year, the resources of the new ducal house were abundant. They would seem by their posts and perquisites alone to have had an income between them not far short of £60,000 a year,—an enormous sum for those times,—not to speak of less legitimate profits, presents from contractors, and percentages on the pay of the troops, which Marlborough took, as everybody did, as a matter of course, though it was afterward charged against him as if he had invented the custom. The queen also promised a little fortune to each of their daughters as they married—a promise certainly fulfilled in the case of Henrietta, who married the son of Godolphin, thus uniting the colleagues in the closest family bonds. At the same time Anne offered a pension of £2000 a year to the duchess from the privy purse—a bounty declined at first, but of which afterward, in the final breaking up of their relations, Sarah was mean enough to demand the arrears, amounting to no less a sum than £18,000. Thus every kind of gift and favor was pressed upon the royal favorite in the early days of Anne's reign.

Before this the means of the pair had been but small. Marlborough had been long deprived of all preferment, and the duchess informs us that she had discharged in the princess's household all the offices for which afterward she was so highly paid, on an allowance of £400 a year. It was for this reason that the dukedom was unwelcome to her. "I do agree with you," her husband writes to her, "that we ought not to wish for a greater title till we have a better estate"; and he assures her that "I shall have a mind to nothing but as it may be easy to you." It was in this strain that the great conqueror always addressed his wife; and it would be difficult to say which of her two adorers, her husband or her queen, showed the deeper devotion. When Marlborough set out for his first campaign in the war which was to cover him with glory, and in which for the first time he had full scope, this is how he writes



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THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

to the companion of his life, who had gone with him to Margate to see him embark :

It is impossible to express with what a heavy heart I parted from you when I was by the water's side. I could have given my life to have come back, though I knew my own weakness so much that I durst not, for I know I should have exposed myself to the company. I did for a great while with a perspective glass look out upon the cliffs, in hopes I might have had one sight of you. We are now out of sight of Margate, and I have neither

soul nor spirits, but I do at this time suffer so much that nothing but being with you can recompense it.

These lover-like words were written by a man of fifty-two to his wife of forty-two, to whom he had been married for nearly a quarter of a century. In all the pauses of these wars, amid the plans and combinations of armies, and all the hard thinking and hard fighting, the perpetual activity and movement of his life for the



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THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

next ten years, the same voice of passionate attachment, love, and longing penetrates for us the tumults of the time. She was flattered to the top of her bent both by husband and mistress, and it is not much to be wondered at if she came to think herself indispensable and above all law.

But in the midst of this prosperity and quickly growing greatness, the same crushing calamity which had previously fallen upon

Anne overwhelmed these companions of her life. Their only son, a promising boy of seventeen, died at Cambridge, and both father and mother were bowed to the dust. The queen's letter on this occasion expresses her sense of yet another melancholy bond between them. It is evident that she had offered to go to her friend in her affliction. "It would be a great satisfaction to your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley if you would have given me leave to

come to St. Albans," she writes; "for the unfortunate ought to come to the unfortunate." With a heavy heart Marlborough changed his will, leaving the succession of the titles and honors, so suddenly deprived of all value to him, to the family of his eldest daughter, and betook himself sadly to his fighting, deriving a gleam of satisfaction from the thought that other children might yet be granted to him, yet adjuring his wife to bear their joint calamity with patience whatever might befall. She herself says nothing on this melancholy subject. Perhaps in her old age, as she sat surveying her life, that great but innocent sorrow no longer seemed to her of the first importance in a record crossed by so many tempests; or perhaps it was of so much importance that she could not trust herself to speak of it at all. The partisans of the exiled Stuarts were eager to point out how both she and her mistress had suffered the penalty of their sin against King James and his son by being thus deprived of their respective heirs. It was "a judgment"—a thing dear to the popular imagination, and most easily concluded upon at all times.

It would not seem, however, that this natural drawing of "the unfortunate to the unfortunate" had the effect it might have had in further cementing the union of the queen and the duchess. The

little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute

began to be apparent shortly after, though not at first showing itself by any lessening of warmth or tenderness. The existence of a division of opinion is the first thing visible. "I cannot help being extremely concerned that you are so partial to the Whigs, because I would not have you and your poor unfortunate faithful Morley differ in the least thing. And, upon my word, my dear Mrs. Freeman," adds Queen Anne, "you are mightily mistaken in your notion of a true Whig. For the character you give of them does not in the least belong to them."

We need not discuss here the difference between the meaning of the names Tory and Whig as understood now and then. Lord Mahon and Lord Macaulay both consider a complete transposition of terms to be the easiest way of making the matter clear; but in one particular at least this seems scarcely necessary, for the Tories then, as now, were emphatically the church party, which was to Anne the only party in which safety could be found. The queen had little understanding of history or politics, in the wider sense of the words, but she was an excellent churchwoman, and in the sentiments of the Tory leaders she

found, when brought into close contact with them, something more in accord with her own—the one sympathy in which her bosom friend had been lacking. "These were men who had all a wonderful zeal for the Church—a sort of public merit that eclipsed all others in the eye of the Queen. . . . For my own part," the duchess adds, "I had not the same prepossessions. The word *Church* had never any charm for me in the mouths of those who made the most noise with it, for I could not perceive that they gave any other proof of their regard for the thing than a frequent use of the word, like a spell to enchant weak minds, and a persecuting zeal against dissenters and against the real friends of the Church who would not admit that persecution was agreeable to its doctrine." This difference had not told for very much so long as neither the queen nor her friend had any share in public affairs; but it became strongly operative now. How much the queen had actually to do with the business of the nation, and how entirely it depended upon the influence brought to bear upon her limited mind who should be the guide of England at this critical moment, is abundantly evident from every detail of history. Queen Victoria, great as her experience is, and notwithstanding the respectful attention which all classes of politicians naturally give to her opinion, changes her ministry only when the majority in Parliament requires it, and has only the very limited choice which the known and acknowledged heads of the two parties permit when she transfers office and power from one side to the other. But Queen Anne had no compact body of statesmen—one replacing the other as occasion required—to deal with, but put in here one high official, and there another, according as intrigue or impulse gained the upper hand.

There is something about a quarrel of women which excites the scorn of every chronicler. There is an insidious contempt for the weaker half of the creation, which probably no one would own to, lying dormant in the minds of the race generally, even of women themselves. Had Anne been a king of moderate abilities, and Marlborough the friend and guide to whom he owed his prosperity and fame, the relationship would have been noble and honorable to both; and when the struggle began, the strenuous efforts of the great general to secure the coöperation of ministers with whom he could work, and whose support would have helped toward the carrying out of his great plans for the glory of his country and the destruction of her enemies, would, whether the historical critic approved of them or not, have at least secured his respect and a dignified treatment. But when it is Sarah of Marlborough,

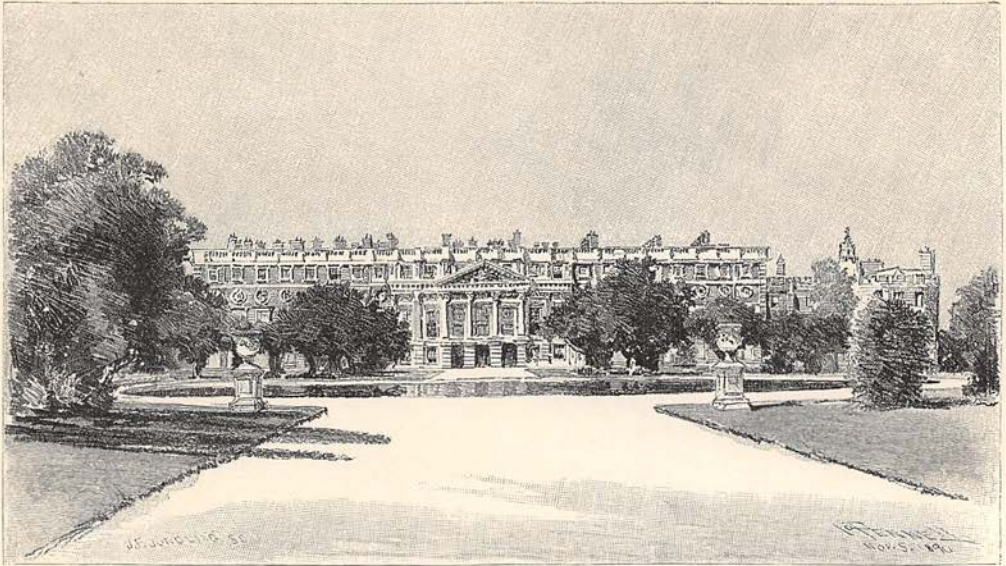


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BISHOP GILBERT BURNET.

with all the defects of temper that we know in her, who, while her lord fights abroad, has to fight for him at home, to scheme his enemies out of and his friends into power, to keep her hold upon her mistress by every means that her imagination can devise, the idea that some nobler motive than mere self-aggrandizement may be in the effort occurs to no one, and the hatred of political enmity is mingled with all the ridicule that spiteful wit can discharge upon a feminine squabble. Lady Marlborough was far from being a perfect woman. She had a fiery temper and a stinging tongue. When she was thwarted at the very moment of apparent victory, and found herself impotent where she had been all-powerful, her fury was like a torrent against which there was no standing. But with these patent defects it ought to be allowed

her that the object for which she struggled was not only a perfectly legitimate but a noble one. What the great William had spent his life and innumerable campaigns in endeavoring to do, against all the discouragements of frequent failure, Marlborough was doing with a matchless and almost unbroken success. It was no shame to either the general or the general's wife to believe, as William did, that this was the greatest work of the time, and could alone secure the safety of England as well as of her allies; and the gallant stand of Lady Marlborough for the party and the statesmen who were likely to carry out this object deserved some better interpretation from history than it has ever received. It cannot be said that there was anything petty in Anne's public acts while she remained under the influence of her first friend. The be-



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GARDEN FRONT, HAMPTON COURT.

ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGLING.

ginning of her reign showed no ignoble spirit. One of the first things the queen did was to abolish the old and obstinate practice of selling places, which had hitherto been accepted as the course of nature: so much so that when Marlborough fell into disgrace under King William, he had been bidden to "sell or dispose of" the places he held, and the princess had herself informed Sarah, at least on one occasion, of vacancies, in order that her friend should have the profit of filling them up. "Afterwards I began to consider in my own mind this practice," the lady says. But whether she took the initiative in so honorable a measure it would be rash to pronounce upon the authority of her own word alone. However, it certainly was one of the first acts of the queen, and the credit of such a departure from the use and wont of courts should at least be allowed to the new reign. Anne did various other things for which there was no precedent. As soon as her civil list was settled, she gave up voluntarily £100,000 a year to aid the public expenses, then greatly increased by the war; and shortly after she made a still more important and permanent sacrifice by giving up the ecclesiastical tribute of first-fruits and tithes — namely, the first year's stipend of each cure to which a new incumbent was appointed, and the tenth of all livings — to which the crown, as succeeding the Pope in the headship of the Church, had become entitled. Her object was the augmentation of small livings, and better provision for the necessities of the Church; and there can be little doubt that this act at least was exclusively her own. The fund thus formed continues to this day under the name of "Queen Anne's Bounty," but unfortu-

nately remained quite inefficacious during her reign, in consequence of various practical difficulties, and has never been by any means the important agency she intended it to be. But the intention was munificent, and the desire sincere. Throughout her life the Church was the word which most moved Anne. She was willing to do anything to strengthen it, and to sacrifice any one, even (as turned out) her dear friend, in its cause.

The first subject which quickened a vague and suspicious disagreement into opposition was the bill against what was called occasional conformity: a bill which was aimed at the dissenters, and abolished the expedient formerly taken advantage of in order to admit nonconformists to some share in public life — of periodical compliance with the ceremonies of the Church. The new law not only did away with this important "easement," but was weighted with penal enactments against those who, holding office under government, should be present at any conventicle or assembly for worship in any form but that of the Church of England. Upon this subject the queen writes as follows:

I must own to you that I never cared to mention anything on this subject to you because I knew you would not be of my mind, but since you have given me the occasion, I can't forbear saying that I see nothing like persecution in the bill. You may think it is a notion Lord Nottingham has just put into my head, but, upon my word, it is my own thought. I promise my dear Mrs. Freeman faithfully I will read the book she sent me, and beg she would never let difference of opinion hinder us from living together as we used to do. Nothing shall ever alter your poor, unfortunate,

faithful Morley, who will live and die with all truth and tenderness yours.

As the differences go on increasing, however, Queen Anne gradually changes her ground. At first she hopes her "not agreeing with anything you say will not be imputed to want of value, esteem, or tender kindness for my dear, dear Mrs. Freeman"; but at last, as the argument goes on, she plucks up spirit, and finds courage enough to declare roundly that whenever public affairs are in the hands of the Whigs, "I shall think the Church beginning to be in danger." Thus the political situation became more and more difficult, and gradually embittered even the personal relations between the friends. Moreover, the duchess had not even the support of her husband in her political preferences. He himself had belonged to the moderate Tory party, and though they thwarted and discouraged him, showed no desire to throw himself into the arms of the Whigs, whither his wife would so fain have led him. He too remained obstinately indifferent while she stormed and entreated, and wrote a hundred letters, and used in vain every art both of war and peace. It is easy to see how this perpetual letter-writing, her determination to prove that her correspondent was in error and she right, and her continual reiteration of

for she foresaw what actually did happen, and perceived whither the current was tending, but was refused any credit for her prognostications, or help in subduing the dangerous forces she dreaded. How irritating this position must have been to a fiery temper it is needless to point out, and the duchess would not permit herself to be silenced by either husband or queen.

Meanwhile Marlborough was going on in his career of conquest. It was a very costly luxury; but the pride of England had never been so fed with triumphs. Queen Anne was in her closet one day at Windsor—a little turret chamber with windows on every side looking over the green and fertile valley of the Thames, with all the trees in full summer foliage, and the harvest beginning to be gathered in from the fields—when there was brought to her a scrap of crumpled paper bearing upon it the few hurried lines which told of the "glorious victory" of the battle of Blenheim. It had been torn off in haste from a memorandum-book on the field, and was scribbled over with an inn reckoning on the other side. The commotion it caused was not one of unmixed joy; for though the queen wrote her thanks and congratulations, and there was a great thanksgiving service at St. Paul's which she attended in state, the party in power did all that in them



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

LION GATES AT HAMPTON COURT ERECTED BY QUEEN ANNE.

ENGRAVED BY O. NAYLOR.

the same charges and reproaches, must have exasperated the queen and troubled Marlborough in the midst of the practical difficulties of his career. But yet there are many points on which Sarah has a just claim to our sympathy;

lay to depreciate the importance of the victory. When, however, Marlborough appeared in England with his prisoners and trophies,—a marshal of France among the former, and many standards taken in the field,—the popular sen-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

STATUE OF QUEEN ANNE IN FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

timent burst all bounds, and his reception was enthusiastic. The crown lands of Woodstock were bestowed upon him as a further reward, and the queen herself commanded that a palace should be built upon the estate at the expense of the crown, to be called Blenheim in commemoration of the extraordinary victory. A curious relic of ancient custom religiously carried out to the present day was involved in this noble gift. The quit-rent which every holder of a royal fief has to pay was appointed to be a banner embroidered with three fleurs-de-lis, the arms then borne by France, to be presented on every anniversary of the battle. Not very long ago the present writer accompanied a French lady of distinction through some part of Windsor Castle, under the guidance of an important member of the queen's household. When the party came into the armory, on each side of which, a vivid spot of color, hung a little standard fresh in embroidery of gold, the kind cicerone smiled, and whispered aside, "We need not point out these to her." One of them was the Blenheim, the other the Waterloo banner, both yearly acknowledgments, after the old feudal fashion, for fiefs held of the crown.

Among the honors done to Marlborough at this triumphant moment when, an English duke, a prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and—still more splendid title—the greatest soldier of his time, he came home in glory to England, were the verses with which Addison saluted

him. There were plenty of odes piping to all the winds in his honor, but this alone is worthy of record. Every reader will recollect the simile of the great angel who "drives the furious blast,"

And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

It is not necessary for our purpose to enter into those changes of ministry which first temporarily consolidated the Marlborough interest and afterward wrought its destruction, nor into the intrigues by which Harley and St. John gradually secured the reins of state. It is not to be supposed that these fluctuations were wholly owing to the influences brought to bear upon the queen; but that her prevailing disposition to uphold the party which to her represented the Church kept the continuance of the war and the foreign policy of the country in constant danger, there can be no doubt. It is only in 1707, however, that we are made aware of the entry of a new actor upon the scene, in the person of a smooth and noiseless woman, always civil, always soft-spoken, apologetic, and plausible, whose sudden appearance in the vivid narrative of her great rival is in the highest degree dramatic and effective.

This was the famous Abigail who has given her name, somewhat injuriously to her own position, to the class of waiting-women ever since. She was in reality bedchamber-woman to the queen—a post now very far removed from that of a waiting-maid, and even then by no means on a level, notwithstanding the duchess's scornful phrases, with that of the class which ever since has been distinguished by Mrs. Hill's remarkable name. Her introduction and the vigorous *mise en scène* of this new episode in history are fine examples of the graphic power of Duchess Sarah. Her suspicions, she informs us, were roused by the information that Abigail Hill (a relation of her own, and placed by herself in the royal household) had been married without her knowledge to Mr. Masham, who was one of the queen's pages; but there are allusions before this in her letters to the queen to "flatterers," which point at least to some suspected influence undermining her own. She tells us first in a few succinct pages who this was whose private marriage excited so much wonder and indignation in her mind. Abigail and all her family owed their establishment in life to the active exertions of the duchess, who had taken them upon her shoulders in their poverty—or rather had succeeded in passing them on to the broader shoulders of the public, which was still more satisfactory. Thus she had been the making of the whole band, henceforward through other members besides Abigail to

prove thorns in her flesh. Harley, who was at this time Secretary of State, and aiming at higher place, was related in the same degree on the father's side to Mrs. Abigail; so that, first cousin to the great duchess on the one hand and to the leader of the House of Commons on the other, though it suits the narrator's purpose to humble her, Mrs. Hill was no child of the people. It is curious to remark here that Harley too came to his first advancement by Marlborough's patronage.

From the moment of this discovery, and of the further facts that the marriage had taken place under Anne's auspices, and that Abigail had already taken advantage of her favor to bring Harley into close relations with the queen, the duchess gave her mistress little peace.

with the weeping, raging, passionate woman, whose eloquence, whose arguments, whose appeals and entreaties, all dash unheeded against the rock of tranquil obstinacy, which is no more moved by them than the cliff is moved by the petulance of the rising tide; although, on the other hand, a similar sympathy is not wanting for the dull and placid soul which could get no peace, and which longed, above all things, for tranquillity, for gentle attentions and soft voices, and for the privilege of nominating bishops and playing basset in peace. Poor lady! On the whole, it is Queen Anne who is most to be pitied. She was often ill, always unwieldy and uncomfortable. She had nobody but a soft, gliding, smooth-tongued Abigail to fall back upon, while the duchess had



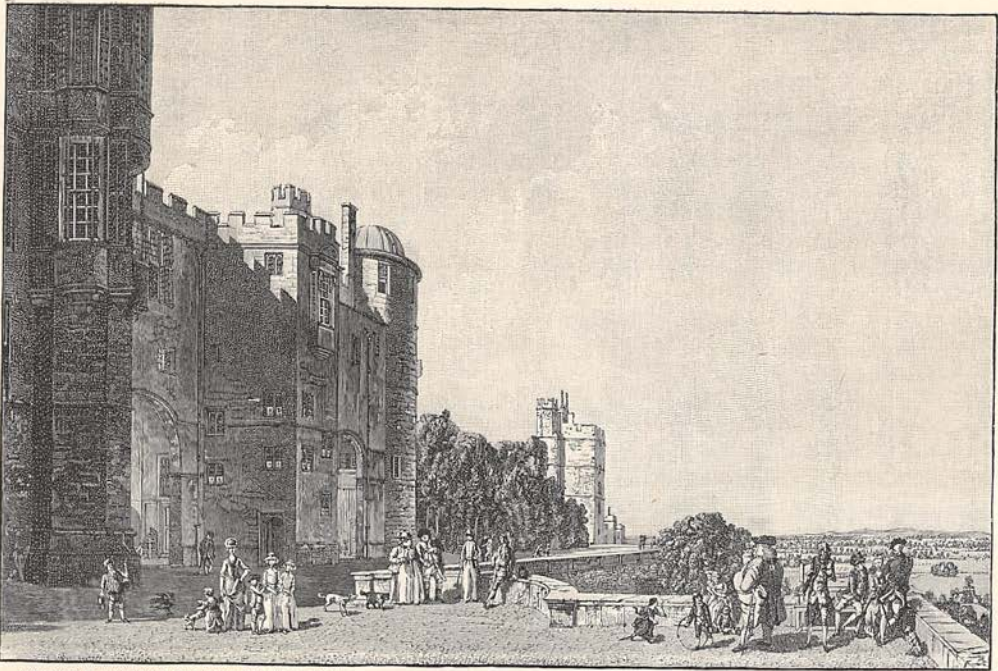
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

Fiery letters were showered daily upon the queen. She let nothing pass without a hasty visit or a long epistle. Every new affront, every symptom of failure in the policy which she supported with so much zeal, made her rush, if possible, to the presence with a storm of reproaches and invective, with tears of fury and outcries of wrath — or to the pen, with which she reiterated the same burning story of her wrongs. Anne is represented to us throughout in an attitude of stolid and passive resistance which increases our sympathy

half the great men of the time fawning upon her, putting themselves at her feet; her husband prizing a word of kindness from her more than anything in the world; her daughters describing her as the dearest mother that ever was; money, which she loved, accumulating in her coffers; great Blenheim still a-building; and all kinds of noble hangings, cut velvets and satins, pictures and every fine thing that could be conceived getting collected for the adornment of that great house.

Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that



ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS AFTER AQUATINT BY P. SANDBY.

WINDSOR TERRACE, LOOKING WESTWARD.

Duchess Sarah represented a nobler ideal and grander national policy than that into which her mistress was betrayed. Her later intercourse with Anne was little more than a persecution; and yet what she aimed at was better than the dishonoring and selfish policy by which she was finally conquered. A certain enlightenment was in all her passionate interferences with the course of public affairs. The men whom she labored to thrust into office were the best men of the time; the ascendancy she endeavored so violently to retain was one under which England had been elevated in the scale of nations, and all her liberties confirmed. Such persecuting and intolerant acts as the bill against Occasional Conformity, which was a test of exceptional severity, had her strenuous opposition. In short, had there been no Marlborough to carry on the half-begun war at William's death, and no Sarah at Anne's ear to inspire the queen's sluggish nature with spirit, and to keep her up to the mark of the large plans of her predecessor, England might have fallen into another driveling period of foreign subserviency, into a new and meaner Restoration.

That the reader may see, however, to what an extraordinary pass the friendship which had been so intimate and close had come, we add the duchess's account of the concluding interview. Every kind of exasperating circumstance had accumulated in the mean time between the former friends. There had been violent meet-

ings, violent letters by the score; even in the midst of a thanksgiving service Sarah had taken her mistress to task, and imperiously bidden her not to answer. Indeed, the poor queen was more or less hunted down, pursued to her last corner of defense, when the Mistress of the Robes made her sudden appearance at Kensington one April afternoon in the year 1710, when everything was tending toward her downfall.

As I was entering, the Queen said she was just going to write to me, and when I began to speak she interrupted me four or five times with these repeated words, "Whatever you have to say you may put it in writing." I said her Majesty never did so hard a thing to any as to refuse to hear them speak, and assured her that I was not going to trouble her upon the subject which I knew to be so ungrateful to her, but that I could not possibly rest until I had cleared myself from some particular calumnies with which I had been loaded. I then went on to speak (though the Queen turned away her face from me) and to represent my hard case, that there were those about her Majesty that had made her believe that I said things of her which I was no more capable of saying than of killing my own children. The Queen said without doubt there were many lies told. I then begged, in order to make this trouble the shorter and my own innocence the plainer, that I might know the particulars of which I had been accused, because if I were guilty that would quickly appear, and if I were innocent this method alone would clear me. The Queen replied that she would give me no answer, laying

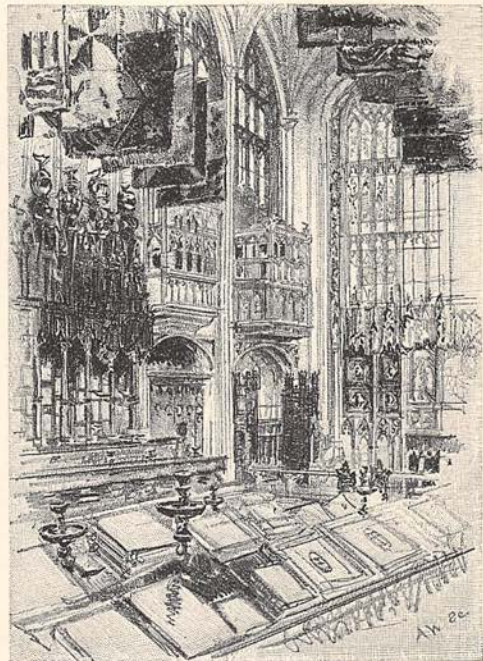
hold on a word in my letter that what I had to say in my own vindication *need have no consequence in obliging her Majesty to answer, &c.*, which surely did not at all imply that I did not desire to know the particular things laid to my charge, without which it was impossible for me to clear myself. This I assured her Majesty was all I desired, and that I did not ask the names of the authors or relaters of these calumnies, saying all that I could think reasonably to enforce my just request. . . . I protested to her Majesty that I had no design, in giving her this trouble, to solicit the return of her favor, but that my sole view was to clear myself, which was too just a design to be wholly disappointed by her Majesty. Upon this the Queen offered to go out of the room, I following her, and begging leave to clear myself; and the Queen repeating over and over again, "You desired no answer, and shall have none." When she came to the door I fell into great disorder; streams of tears flow'd down against my will, and prevented my speaking for some time. At length I recovered myself, and appealed to the Queen, in the vehemence of my concern, whether I might not still have been happy in her Majesty's favor if I could have contradicted or dissembled my real opinion of men or things; whether I had ever, during our long friendship, told her one lie, or play'd the hypocrite once; whether I had offended in any thing, unless in a very zealous pressing upon her that which I thought necessary for her service and security. I then said I was informed by a very reasonable and credible person about the court that things were laid to my charge of which I was wholly incapable; that this person knew that such stories were perpetually told to her Majesty to incense her, and had beg'd of me to come and vindicate myself; that the same person had thought me of late guilty of some omissions toward her Majesty, being entirely ignorant how uneasy to her my frequent attendance must be after what had happened between us. I explained some things which I had heard her Majesty had taken amiss of me, and then, with a fresh flood of tears and a concern sufficient to move compassion, even where all love was absent, I beg'd to know what other particulars she had heard of me, that I might not be denied all power of justifying myself. But the only return was, "You desired no answer, and you shall have none." I then beg'd to know if her Majesty would tell me some other time? "You desired no answer, and you shall have none."

Thus ended this remarkable conversation, the last I ever had with her Majesty [the duchess adds].

After this there was no more possibility of reconciliation. Attempts of all kinds were made, and there is even a record of a somewhat pitiful scene in which great Marlborough himself, on his return from the wars, appears on his knees, pleading with Queen Anne to take back into favor her old companion, but without effect.

Unfortunately for himself, he did not resign at this turning-point, being persuaded both by friends and foes not to do so, and with the

evident risk before his eyes of hazarding all the combinations of the war and giving a distinct advantage to the enemy against whom he had hitherto operated so forcibly. He kept his command, therefore, for the public interest rather than for his own, and returned, when the season of warfare recommenced, to the post which all these events made uneasy for him, and where his credit was shaken and his prestige diminished by the disfavor of the court and the opposition of the ministry. The responsibility was therefore left upon Anne and her ministers of dismissing him, which they did in the end of 1711, to the consternation of their allies, the delight of the French, and the bewilderment of the nation. The party plots by which this came about are far too long and involved to



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ENGRAVED BY A. WALDEYER.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

be capable of explanation here; neither can we enter into the semi-secret negotiations for the humiliating and disgraceful peace secured by the treaty of Utrecht, which were carried on unknown to Marlborough, to the destruction of the alliance and the confusion of all his plans. Never, perhaps, was so great a man treated with such contumely. His associate in his work, the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, the great financier of his time, had already fallen, leaving office so poor a man that he would have been wholly dependent on his relations but for the unexpected death of a brother, who left him a small fortune. He has left an account of his dismissal by the queen herself, and on the

ground, apparently, of personal offense, which is extraordinary indeed.

Anne herself was no doubt little more than a puppet in the hands of successive politicians at this unfortunate period. She had no longer an audacious Freeman to tell her unwelcome truths, and tease her with appeals and reproaches: but it is probable that she soon found her soft-voiced Abigail, her caressing duchess (of Somerset), little more satisfactory; never was a head that wore the crown more uneasy. She held fast to the power which she had been persuaded she was to get into her own hands when she was delivered from the sway of the Marlboroughs, and for a little

stag till four this afternoon," he says; "she drove in her chaise about forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner." "She hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously like Jehu and is a mighty hunter like Nimrod." Queen Anne's Ride and Queen Anne's Drive are still well-known names in the locality where the strange apparition of the queen, solitary in her high chaise, and "driving furiously" after the hunt, must once have been a familiar sight.

The end of this poor queen's life was disturbed by a new and terrible struggle, in which natural sentiment and public duty, and all the prepossessions and prejudices of her nature, were



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

BLENHHEIM.

while believed it possible that she could reign unaided. But this was a delusion that could not last long; indeed her death was hastened, it is said, by a violent altercation between Harley and St. John, when the inevitable struggle between the two who had pushed all competitors out of place occurred at last. They wrangled over the staff of office in Anne's very presence, overwhelming her with agitation and excitement.

Apart from politics, the royal existence was dull enough. When Dean Swift was at Windsor, following Harley and waiting for the decision of his Irish business, we have occasional glimpses through his eyes which show the tedium of the court. "There was a drawing-room to-day," he says; "but so few company that the queen sent for us into her bedchamber, where we made our bows, and stood, about twenty of us around the room, while she looked round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her; and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out." The same authority mentions her way of taking exercise, which was a strange one. "The queen was hunting the

set in conflict one against the other. This was upon the question of the succession. The family of Hanover, the Electress Sophia and her son and grandson, had been chosen solemnly by Parliament as the nearest members of the royal race who were Protestants, and were recognized as the heirs to the throne in all public acts and in the prayers of the Church. But to Anne the house of Hanover was of no special interest. She did not love the idea of a successor at all. She had declared passionately to Marlborough that the proposed visit of the Hanoverian prince was a thing which she could not bear, and there was no friendship, nor even acquaintance, between her and relatives so far removed. But apart from all public knowledge, in the secret chambers and by the backstairs came whispers now of another name, that of James Stuart, more familiar and kindly—the baby brother about whom Anne had believed the prevailing fable that he was a supposititious child, for whom she had invented the name of the Pretender, but who now, in her childless decay, began to be presented before her as the victim of a great wrong. Poor queen! she was torn asunder by all these contradictions;

and if her heart was melting toward her father's son, all the dull experience which she had acquired in spite of herself must have convinced her that this solution of the difficulty was impossible. Her life of late had been one long conflict; imperious Sarah first, then Harley and St. John quarreling in her very presence-chamber, and when the door was shut, and the curtains drawn, and all the world departed save Abigail lying on a mattress on the floor to be near her mistress, here was the most momentous question of all. She who desired nothing so much as quiet, and to be left in peace, was once again compelled to face a problem of the utmost importance to England, and on which she alone had the power to say a decisive word. Little wonder if Anne was harassed beyond all endurance. But those who pressed this question upon her waning senses were the instruments of their own overthrow. The powers of life, worn out before their time, could bear no more. The hopes of the Jacobite party were rising higher every day as the end drew near; but at the last she escaped them, having uttered no word of support to their cause, and in the confusion which ensued George I. was peacefully proclaimed as soon as the queen had slipped out of her lethargy beyond the boundaries of any earthly kingdom.

The Marlboroughs, who had been living on the Continent since their disgrace, came back after this new change. The duke's entry into London "in great state, attended by hundreds of gentlemen on horseback and some of the nobility in their coaches," a few days after, is reported by one of the chroniclers of the time. The duchess followed him soon after, and whether her temper and disposition had so far mended as to allow him to enjoy the peace he had so often longed for by the side of her he loved, he had at least a tranquil evening time among his friends and dependents and the grandchildren who were to be his heirs, for only one of his own children survived at his death. Duchess Sarah lived long after him. She was sixty-two when he died, but nevertheless, in spite of temper and every other failing, was still charming enough to be sought in marriage by two distinguished suitors—one of them that proud Duke of Somerset whose first

wife had supplanted her at court. She answered this potentate in the only way consistent with the dignity of a woman of her age and circumstances, but added, with a noble pride which sat well upon her, that had she been but half her age, not the emperor of the world should ever have filled the place sacred to great Marlborough. It is a pity we could not leave her here in the glow of this proud tenderness and constancy. She was capable of that and many other noble things, but not of holding her tongue, of withdrawing into the background, or accepting in other ways the natural change from maturity to age. Her restless energies, however, had some legitimate outlet. She finished Blenheim, and she wrote innumerable explanations and memoranda, which finally shaped themselves into that "Account of the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough from her first Coming to Court," which is one of the most interesting of all *mémoires pour servir*. This was published in her eighty-second year, and it is curious to think of the vivacious and unsubdued spirit which could throw itself back so completely out of the calm of age into the conflicts and the very atmosphere of what had passed thirty years before. She also did her best to prepare for a great life of Marlborough, which should set him right with the world. But her time was not always so innocently employed, and it is to be feared that she wrangled to the end of her life. The "characters" of her contemporaries which she left behind are full of spite and malice. There was no peace in her soul. A characteristic little story is told of her in an illness. "Last year she had lain a great while ill without speaking; her physicians said she must be blistered or she would die. She called out, 'I won't be blistered and I won't die!' and apparently for the moment kept her word." She lived long enough to be impaled by Pope in verses which an involuntary admiration for this daring, dauntless, impassioned woman makes us reluctant to quote. She survived almost her entire generation, and was capable of living a hundred years more had nature permitted. She was eighty-four when she succumbed at last, in the year 1744, thirty years after the death of the queen.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

