

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF HANOVER.

THE ELECTRESS SOPHIA.*

By SARAH TYTLER.

PART I.

THE PRINCESS SOPHIA.



WHEN the Queen and the Prince Consort visited Germany in 1858, they made a brief halt at Hanover on their way to Potsdam, and drove out to Herrenhausen, the country palace of the old Electors and Dukes. The halt was not without its significance, for Hanover was the cradle of her Majesty's race on the German side, and Herrenhausen was long the home of the Electress Sophia (the connecting link, through her mother the Queen of Bohemia, between the royal houses of Stewart and Hanover), by whom the crown passed in the Protestant line to George I. and his successors. Not only so, the Electress was a power in herself, a gifted woman of strong mind and original character, who, though her immediate descendants did not inherit many of her individual traits, certainly left her impress on her successors. By her spirit and sagacity, not less than by her ambition, the great inheritance of the throne of England was secured to her children's children; and doubtless it was from her that her son, George I., derived the prudence and moderation which, in spite of many far from creditable or lovable qualities, served to seat him firmly on that throne.

But in course of time the wise and witty Electress has merged into a vague figure in the popular mind. Even when some sense of her capability and energy has lingered in men's memories, the most erroneous conceptions of the princess and woman have prevailed. This is partly due to the fact that her picture has been frequently drawn by foes as well as by friends, and oftener by her enemies than by her allies, in consequence of the number of Jacobite refugees in Germany, Holland, and France in her day. These ladies and gentlemen, from political bias and personal partiality to the Stewarts, were more or less ready to sketch their sovereign's rival unfavourably, and to transmit in their home correspondence all the hostile gossip and scandal regarding her and her Court. Under the circumstances, it is a testimony to Sophia's honest and upright life that the darker shades with which the writers felt justified in loading the likenesses of her son and grandson could not be applied to her. The detractors were compelled to limit their censures to representing the Electress as a harsh-tempered, worldly-minded, scheming little woman, who showed no feeling where feeling is most called for, whose sole aim was the aggrandisement of herself and her family, whose Protestant religion was a mere cloak for her sceptical philosophy. Her own nimbleness of tongue and readiness in sarcasm have also had something to do with

these wholesale charges, which even the supporters of her dynasty, living in another country, and not coming into personal contact with her, inadvertently adopted and handed down to the next generation. Her graphic, most entertaining autobiography was needed to correct the error. She wrote it in French; and while it is said that she was a law to herself as regards grammar and spelling, so vigorous and life-like is her composition that her friend, the accomplished Leibnitz, said of it, in his unqualified admiration, that "by sheer force of creative originality she produced not only her own style, but her own French also." The memoir was written to enliven the tedium of her husband's long absences from Herrenhausen, and to supply an occupation for her lively faculties. It is much to be regretted that the autobiography, which shows what a caricature of the real woman survived in England, was not continued to the end of her life. The narrow-souled plotter, the stern, cruel mother-in-law, the cynic and scoffer, which the Electress Sophia has been represented, was not the woman of whom Thackeray could write that she was "one of the handsomest, the most cheerful, sensible, the shrewdest, the most accomplished of women;" not the woman to whom her plain-spoken, warm-hearted niece, Charlotte Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans, could refer with cordial respect and tender affection to the close of her days; not the woman who was the intimate friend and "kind patroness" of the great Christian philosopher Leibnitz, the "Serena" of his letters, whom he held in the highest esteem.

The Electress Sophia was ambitious beyond question, for her children still more than for herself. She was, like her niece, Madame d'Orleans, what many people would call "brutally" matter-of-fact in her opinions, and unvarnished in her statements. She lived in a coarse, licentious generation, when every Court in Germany was deeply tinged with the vices still more than with the splendours and graces of the Court of the great Louis. Her moral sense was not finer or keener than that of her neighbours. Her religion was exhibited more in her acts than in her professions. She was somewhat of a *moquense*, tempted to laugh at most things. Handsome and witty from youth to age; not only capable of winning and retaining affection, but endowed with the power of compelling admiration, she yet lacked the natural charm of her mother, the Queen of Bohemia, and the Queen of Hearts—that facile charm of the Stewarts which is more frequently found in alliance with brilliant shallowness and reckless impulsiveness than with solid sense and calm wisdom.

But withal the Electress Sophia was a woman of much worth and stability of nature, true to her obligations, a loyal wife, an attached mother, a faithful friend, a good mistress, respected, loved, and mourned most by those who knew and understood her best.

On the 14th October, 1630, there was born at the Hague a little girl, who, humanly speaking, seemed little wanted in the world into which she had come. She was all but the last of the troop of children born to Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England, and Frederick, the Prince Palatine of the Rhenish provinces. His acceptance, at the urgent instigation of his wife, of the crown offered him by the Protestants of Bohemia—which the couple enjoyed for but one winter—was

followed by the loss of the battle of Prague, fought by the Catholic forces under the Emperor. It cost Frederick not only his newly-made kingdom, but the Palatinate also. From that date the landless pair were wanderers from European Court to Court, urging their claims on royal relatives, and beseeching help to win back Bohemia and the Rhine lands. In vain Frederick pressed on his neighbours his rights. In vain Elizabeth pawned her jewels in order to obtain the sinews of war, or employed all the fascinations of her beauty and misfortunes to attract adherents to a vanquished cause. Not till the Peace of Westphalia, after the death of Frederick, was the Palatinate restored to his eldest surviving son. In the meantime, after useless pilgrimages in search of money and soldiers, the couple, rich only in children, made their headquarters in Holland, where they strove to keep up in their poverty that most piteous of shadowy pretensions—a Court without a kingdom.

Sophia was the youngest of five sisters—Elizabeth, Louisa, Charlotte, and Henrietta Maria—who were kept in countenance by a still more formidable file of brothers—Henry, Charles, Louis, Frederick, Edward, Philip, Rupert, and Maurice—conspicuous figures in the Civil War in England, and little Gustav, who was a year younger than Sophia. He was born at the time of their father's death, was a pretty, sickly boy, and died at the age of six years; sister Charlotte also died in childhood, and brother Henry did not survive his first youth; but the remaining ten reached the full estate of men and women.

So many of the family had come into the world before Sophia, that there was some difficulty in furnishing her with a name, and providing her with the necessary complement of god-parents. It was by casting lots that her friends' choice fell on the Christian name "Sophia," and her sponsors had of necessity to be of lower rank than the magnates who had filled the same office at the christening of her elder brothers and sisters. Who could have guessed that, out of all the strong phalanx of goodly sons and fair daughters, little Sophia, too sharp and eager to have even any pretensions to childish beauty, would live to be the chosen representative of a great cause and creed, the member of the family in whom the hopes of the English Protestants and Whigs centred when the main branch of the Stewart line failed, either by death without heirs, or by the forfeiture of its responsibilities and privileges, and when all Elizabeth Stewart's elder children had either passed away and left no descendants in like manner, or had in their turn sold their birthright for a mass?

According to the vigorous, animated narrative with which the Electress Sophia occupied her leisure hours in middle age, she was removed when an infant, as soon as it was safe for her to perform the journey, from the Hague to Leyden, where she was brought up, in company with the brothers and sisters near her in age, under the care of an exemplary old lady who had reared the children's father. (The fact is mentioned as an indication of her antiquity. However, she was assisted in her duties by her two daughters, who were, as their pupil remarks in her naïve way, "older than their mother.") The reason of this banishment of the younger members of the household the writer explains with the perfect frankness which is occasionally somewhat startling to

* *Memoirs of the Electress Sophia* (1630-1680), translated by H. Forrester; *Memorien der Herzogin Sophie nachmals kurfürstin von Hannover*, herausgegeben von Adolf Köcher; *Letters of Charlotte Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans*; Thackeray's *Four Georges*.

the reader. The Queen their mother preferred the company of her monkeys and dogs to that of her children. The poor Queen of Hearts believed herself born to preside over a Court, and much of her life was spent in endless machinations to recover her position. Her social charm has never been denied, but she does not seem to have been distinguished by the possession of the purely domestic virtues. Indeed, in her dealings with her sons and daughters, "the Queen," as they always termed her, in tenacious reference to her brief sovereignty, was more of a sovereign than of a mother. She even suffered herself to indulge in partialities and prejudices where her children were concerned, which were hardly calculated to promote family harmony.

The ladies to whom the children were entrusted were scrupulously conscientious in the fulfilment of their task. The little Sophia of early days recalls them in later years with gratitude and respect, though by no means without amusement at their homely looks and odd ways. She says they taught her "to love God and fear the devil," and brought her up in the good doctrines of Calvin.

There is an amusing account of one of those youthful days which bears witness, among other things, to the strictness of German discipline and the rigorously of German etiquette. The bright, small pupil went at seven o'clock in *déshabillé* to one of madame's daughters, who read the Bible and prayed with the child. Then Sophia learned by heart a portion of a popular code of German precepts or proverbs while her governess brushed her teeth, her grimaces in the process making an indelible impression on the clear, terribly observant eyes. Next the child was dressed and prepared by half-past eight for regular lessons, which continued till ten, when the dancing-master—always welcome—arrived. He gave "the exercise" till eleven—the dinner-hour for a meal of ceremony. It was served at a long table, before which the Princess's brothers "were drawn up, with their governors and gentlemen behind them." She made, first, a low curtsy to the Princes, and a slighter one to the others; another low curtsy in placing herself opposite her brothers; another slight one to her governess, who on entering the room with her daughters curtsied very low to the little Princess. She curtsied again in handing her gloves to her ladies; yet again in drawing near the table; again when the gentlemen brought her a large basin in which to wash her hands; again (as a form of "Amen") after grace was said; and for the last and ninth time, on seating herself at table. The food was appointed by rule for each day in the week. On Sundays and Wednesdays improving conversation was provided for the royal young people by the presence of a couple of divines or professors from the neighbouring university. There was "rest" till two, when lessons were resumed; at six there was supper, and at half-past eight bed, after reading in the Bible and prayers.

Princess Sophia led this diligent, monotonous life till she was nine years of age. In her second year she was left fatherless. Her brothers and sisters grew up. The Princes started to finish their education by travelling, or to enter the Emperor's army. The Princesses went to the Hague, to appear at the Court of the Princess of Orange, and at their mother's Court (by courtesy), where they could push their fortunes in the only way open to them. The little brother Gustav was dead, and it was held undesirable to keep up the establishment at Leyden for the Princess Sophia alone. She was taken to the Hague, to her great joy; for discipline and lessons were considerably relaxed, and the lively child was delighted with her share of the stir and bustle of the great world. Her cleverness and vivacity were acceptable in turn to the more

formal and duller grown-up members of the household. Even the Queen allowed herself to be amused by the young girl's merry sallies, and granted to them a considerable amount of indulgence, to the pleased surprise, as it reads, of the recipient of the favour.

The Princess describes minutely her elder sisters—who were thenceforth her instructresses—the Princesses Elizabeth, Luise, and Henriette. According to their chronicler, they were all her superiors in personal attractions, and in the case of the two elder sisters, in learning and accomplishments. Elizabeth was the greatest scholar, and had a philosophic and scientific bent. She corresponded with Descartes, then settled in Holland, and this may be the origin of the assertion—which does not seem to rest on any other foundation—that Sophia herself was the pupil of the French philosopher. Elizabeth had been partly brought up by her German grandmother, the Prince Palatine's mother, and was under the impression that the Queen her own mother had little love for her. In fact, Elizabeth was, to some extent, *une femme incomprise*—not in harmony with her surroundings. She desired to lead a single life, and in order to secure her independence became eventually Abbess of Herford. Luise also ended her life as an abbess—the Abbess of Maubisson; but hers was a genuine perversion to Roman Catholicism. She was better fitted for society, was spirited and agreeable. She painted well, and Sophia's youthful admiration for her sister's work throws light on her subsequent interest in art. The third Princess, Henriette, was very fair and blooming. Her talents, we are told, lay in the direction of embroidery and cookery, and it sounds natural that she should be the first to marry. Her bridegroom was reckoned beneath her in rank, since he was only the lord of Siebenbürgen. The poor bride did not live long enough to question the wisdom of the step she had taken, for she died the year of her marriage, 1651.

Before Princess Sophia was in her teens, the Court at the Hague was excited by a visit from Henrietta Maria of England. She came ostensibly to bring her little daughter, already married to the young Prince William of Orange, that she might be brought up in the States over which her husband was to rule. The Queen of England's real errand was to raise money, and procure weapons and recruits to assist her husband Charles I., then engaged in the Civil War. She was Sophia's aunt by marriage, and was then seen by the Princess for the first time. She gives, with her usual candour and animation, the impression produced upon her by Vandyck's beautiful Queen, the heroine of the devotion of the extreme Royalist party. Sophia was surprised to find her much-praised kinswoman a little woman, with long, thin arms, shoulders which did not match each other, and teeth projecting from her mouth like "gums from a fort." However, the unsparing critic acknowledges that the Queen had "beautiful eyes, a well-shaped nose, and an admirable complexion;" so that our faith in Vandyck's veracity as an artist is not altogether shaken.

Mary Stewart, Princess William of Orange, was only ten years of age—a little younger than her cousin Sophia; and it is half-pathetic, half-comical, to hear of the two as "playfellows."

As time passed, and the Civil War in England became more and more hopeless so far as the King's success was concerned, many English, Scotch, and Irish refugees thronged to the Hague, where the Prince of Wales (Charles II.) had taken refuge. Inevitably the titular Queen of Bohemia, herself an English Princess and the Prince of Wales's aunt, with her family, occupied a prominent position in the strange scene. Princess Sophia at

seventeen evidently enjoyed it, though, as she says in her expressive way, the family, in their chronic poverty, "had often nothing to eat save pearls and diamonds." She tells little of her own looks, except that she had light-brown curling hair, gay, easy manners, a good though not a tall figure, and "the air of a Princess." In Thackeray's *Four Georges* there are two sketches of the Electress Sophia from contemporary prints. The sketch which represents her in youth is that of a pretty, slender girl, with long curls falling on her neck.

Because of suitability in age, perhaps quite as much as because of her beauty and bright wit, Sophia was regarded as eligible for the hand of her cousin, the Prince of Wales, who was a year her senior. The other aspirant was a daughter of the elder Princess of Orange. Factions of the emigrants ranged themselves on the different sides. That which advocated the claims of Sophia was headed by the Marquis of Montrose, while the Dukes of Hamilton and Lauderdale supported the pretensions of the other Princess. One can hardly imagine a situation more trying, or more likely to be injurious to a girl, than that which Princess Sophia then occupied, with all the petty strife and mean artifices which it implied. But she seems to have encountered it with her usual sound sense and clear-headedness, and to have sustained no damage from the encounter. She does not appear to have been particularly elated by any attentions which the Prince of Wales paid her. She saw through, to some extent, his extremely selfish and frivolous nature, which was early developed. She distrusted his extravagant compliments, attributing them, correctly on one occasion, to an attempt to make use of her in procuring money from Lord Craven for Charles and his friends. Lord Craven, son of a Lord Mayor of London, is well known for his chivalrous devotion to the Queen of Bohemia's interests, to which he devoted his life. Having attended her all through her chequered career, when she at last withdrew to London, in the reign of her nephew, Charles II., and occupied, according to tradition, a house in Kensington Square, he hired the next house and dwelt in it, that he might still be in her immediate vicinity and at her service. Princess Sophia, in her memoirs, merely mentions him as "an old Englishman," who took an interest in her and was in possession of money—a rare commodity among the English at the Hague in those days. He was evidently a person of consequence and trust in her mother's service; but the daughter does not drop a word which can give any colour to the common report that he was privately married to the Queen of Hearts, as it was said later that Harry Jermyn was married to Henrietta Maria. Like her niece the Duchess of Orleans, the Electress Sophia, in her frankness and simplicity, strenuously maintained the dignity of her birthright, and on that side was a rigid supporter of etiquette, so that no admission which might be regarded as impugning the family credit was to be expected from her.

The Princess's mother was more bent on the English alliance than was the daughter. Probably, in her keen, youthful penetration, she saw plainly the innumerable obstacles to its fulfilment. She refers to the Queen's having reproached her angrily for not having joined the promenade at Vorhoeit, when the Prince of Wales would have walked with her. The excuse brought forward by Princess Sophia was, it might be advisedly, of a ludicrously humdrum and prosaic description. It would have sounded better on the lips of a clumsy Dutch peasant than in the mouth of an elegant Princess. The delinquent protested she was prevented from walking by a corn on her foot. What would Horace Walpole have said to a Princess with corns?

(To be continued.)

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PART II.

THE PRINCESS SOPHIA.—Continued.



PRINCESS SOPHIA'S elder brother, Charles Louis, to whom the Palatinate had been given back, was thirteen years her senior, and was, as she said, more like a father than a brother to her. On

his marriage to a Princess of Hesse Cassel, he invited his youngest sister to pay him and his Princess a visit—an invitation which, in those non-travelling times, meant a prolonged sojourn of the guest with her entertainers. Sophia was nothing loth; change and variety are attractions in themselves at her age. She was glad to escape from the cabals and intrigues of the Hague; while the Queen her mother was persuaded that the transference of residence and guardianship was not necessarily a barrier to the match with the Prince of Wales. Sophia, whose every inclination for England and the English was to be encouraged at this date, was allowed to take with her a young English girl, named Carey, to whom the Princess had taken a great fancy, together with the girl's recently-married sister and her brother-in-law. They were escorted by Lord Craven; and as the journey from the Hague to Heidelberg was a considerable undertaking for an inexperienced traveller who had never gone from home before, except for a day or two's sail in a canal-boat, a pinnace was borrowed, in which the little party went up the Rhine, with more state and much less expense and fatigue than would have been incurred had the journey been made by land.

On entering each principality belonging to her brother's neighbours, the reigning Duke or Prince hailed the distinguished traveller, and carried off her and her companions to the different Residences, where the guests spent a night or a day, and were treated with all the splendour and hospitality which could be got up at a moment's notice. Not a word does Princess Sophia say of the charmingly picturesque scenery, which must have been a revelation to her after the lowlands of Holland. There was little love of primitive Nature in that generation, and no pretence at the admiration which did not arise spontaneously. But the traveller has piquant notices, very much to the point, of the homely magnificence of the castles she entered, where the tapestries were fine, but the less said of the chairs and beds the better; while the life of royalty, viewed behind the scenes, displayed a decidedly seamy side.

Even on beautiful Heidelberg, which had been her father and mother's, and was now her brother's capital, the wandering Princess makes no further remark than that the castle was partly ruinous—a result of the Thirty Years' War—so that the Elector Palatine and the Electress were living in a house in the town, called the Commissariat House.

Princess Sophia continued on excellent terms with her brother, but she could feel little regard for her sister-in-law, a strange young woman, full of airs and affectations,

with a moody temper. She made not the slightest disguise of the circumstance that she had married the Elector Palatine—who in the beginning was enslaved by her beauty—against her will, while her heart was given to a Prince of Württemberg. Her tastes were card-playing, and especially hunting, and for neither of these pursuits had Sophia much inclination. The family life was not improved by the arrival of another of the Queen of Bohemia's daughters, Princess Elizabeth, the *femme incomprise*, who made common cause with the other misunderstood woman the Electress, and formed a party against Princess Sophia and the Elector Palatine. Sophia did not think her elder sister had gained in wisdom as she had gained in years. At the same time, in retrospect, she allows honestly that she ought to have taken her sister's advice, and yielded to her authority. There is no corroboration of what follows in the Princess's autobiography, but from information derived from another source it appears that she had an official position in her brother's household as governess to his children. Doubtless it was as State governess, and the appointment, apart from its salary, was little more than nominal; but the commencement of the connection between the aunt and her niece Charlotte Elizabeth, afterwards Duchess of Orleans, was thus laid, though it had a more solid superstructure when the little girl joined her kinswoman, after her marriage, in Hanover, and was carefully brought up by her there till she had reached the age of twelve years.

It is easy to guess how the unhappy *ménage* at Heidelberg must have sharpened Princess Sophia's anxiety to attain for herself the only provision possible for her—an independent establishment by marriage. In those plain-speaking days, ladies, even not royal, made no secret of the strong obligation which rested upon them to fulfil their destiny in this respect. They must marry in order to retain their position, or even, in extreme cases, to preserve for themselves the bare necessities of life. Accordingly, matrimonial prospects were discussed by the ladies and their relatives with the greatest openness and *sans froid*. Years were passing for Princess Sophia. In 1652 she suffered from the common scourge, small-pox, which in her opinion impaired her good looks. Domestic affairs at Heidelberg did not improve. Indeed, the Elector Charles Louis now openly announced his intention of divorcing the Princess of Hesse Cassel on the ground of her contumacious temper, and of marrying, after the manner of Henry VIII. of England, one of her maids of honour, Mademoiselle von Hagen. The wretched Electress saw too late the result of her folly. The Elector's passionate love, which his sister Sophia had predicted was too violent to last, had changed to a rooted aversion, and nothing the Electress could do would propitiate him or turn him from his intention.

There was no lack of suitors for Princess Sophia's hand; but it became more and more an urgent duty to make a wise selection from them. Her future husband had already crossed her path more than once. She had known Ernest Augustus of Brunswick when he was in Holland as a lad. He appeared again at Heidelberg on his way home from the gaieties of Venice, with which he and his brother Duke George were entranced. He figures in Thackeray's essays as one of the "jovial Brunswick princes" who had succeeded their pious fathers, the supporters of Luther. Sophia says complacently he was much admired, but as a younger son he was out of the question in the

light of a *parti* for a penniless Princess who, at the same time, never lost sight of her illustrious descent, and what was due to it. However, the young couple played the guitar together, which served the gentleman as an opportunity for the display of what the lady, moved to enthusiasm, calls "his exquisite hands." As she also records that he excelled in dancing, no doubt the pair were partners at the Court balls. After his departure he began a correspondence in reference to guitar music, which Sophia states she stopped, lest it should be misinterpreted.

A likely suitor turned up in the person of a widowed Prince Adolf, brother to the King of Sweden. The Princess notes that he had a fine figure, and then qualifies the word of approval by one of those telling quizzical touches which occur often in her animated narrative. He had a long chin, "like a shoe-horn" (who does not see the chin?). A more serious objection than that of the long chin came to her ears in the rumour that he had beaten his first wife; therefore the Princess would have nothing to say to him, and without doubt was confirmed in her disinclination by the conviction that her sister-in-law—not yet set aside—was his vehement champion in order to get rid of Princess Sophia.

Duke George William of Brunswick, the elder brother of Ernest Augustus, was the next applicant for the Princess's hand. Though he appreciated her personal and mental qualities, he was but a lukewarm lover. He had at that date an utter distaste to marriage. He was still more a man of pleasure and of the world than his younger brother had shown himself. Duke George was only consenting to marry because of the pressure put upon him on this point by his subjects. He had come to Heidelberg, in company with his favourite brother Ernest Augustus, on the road to their beloved Venice. George went so far as to ask Princess Sophia's hand in marriage—a proposal to which she immediately said "Yes," as she frankly announces; for she considered him decidedly preferable as a suitor to Prince Adolf of Sweden. The fact that Duke George was a jovial Prince did not assume alarming proportions in eyes too early enlightened, and not over-fastidious. The marriage-contract was drawn up and signed, with the single proviso that it was to be kept secret for a time. Sophia does not hint at the slightest exception on Ernest Augustus's part, save on the grounds that he disliked the idea of his elder brother's marriage, lest it should impair the close friendship which had existed between the two.

The deed done, the bridegroom-elect, instead of deciding to tarry at Heidelberg and cultivate the society of his promised bride, as she possibly expected, went on with Ernest Augustus to Italy, there to eat, drink, and be merry; while Princess Sophia remained with her brother, experiencing the awkwardness of an unacknowledged engagement. It left her to be pestered by the advances of the persistent Prince Adolf, who arrived with a sister, the Margravine of Baden, to help him to plead his cause. As for the Elector Palatine, he had to temporise in the matter, in order to escape the danger of provoking the hostility of the King of Sweden, who might be sensitive with regard to the injury to his kinsman's feelings.

A third wooer, who wooed by proxy—the proxy being a Roman Catholic priest, fired with the hope of converting Sophia to the Roman Catholic Church—was the Prince of Parma.

In the interval Duke George, plunged in dissipation in Venice, was more and more unwilling to fulfil his pledge. He hit upon the plan of getting his easy-minded, compliant brother Ernest to be his substitute. There were four Brunswick brothers—Christian, George William, John Frederic, and Ernest Augustus—among whom their father's possessions had been divided at his death. Christian and John Frederic (who went over to the Roman Catholic Church) were then without heirs. Duke George undertook to surrender the chief of his revenues to Ernest Augustus and bound himself not to marry, so that if Princess Sophia would consent to accept Ernest in the room of George, she would be the first lady in Hanover, the mother of its future Dukes if God gave her children, "the mother to the family and the country."

With regard to this extraordinary suggestion, her brother, the Elector Palatine, wrote to the Princess that, for his part, he preferred Duke Ernest, as more amiable and sensible than Duke George—an opinion in which she agreed; while she volunteered the scathing remark on her own account, that "a good establishment was all she cared for, and that if this was secured by the younger brother the change was a matter of indifference." This cool speech of the Princess's has been often used in evidence of her lack of proper feeling and common delicacy, but before condemning her many things must be thought of. She was, as she owns, piqued by Duke George's desertion. Her very language betrays that she was smarting keenly under the mortification, so as to be prompted to employ the most scornful, careless words which came to her lips.

On the other hand, it is necessary to remember the exceedingly mercenary light in which the marriages, not of royal personages alone, but even of squire's daughters, were viewed in the seventeenth century. Lady Verney, in her delightful chronicle of the family history of the Verneys, has pointed out the truth, that while faithful, attached wives and devoted mothers were to be found as readily then as now, there was actually hardly a vestige of proof that love between young men and maidens existed as an inducement to marriage. Men and women married—often in very early youth—at the instigation of

relatives and friends, to better the worldly position of bridegrooms and brides, to establish themselves creditably in life, and not to gratify personal affection. The letters of the Verney girls amply bear out the conclusion. They clamour to have their matrimonial chances, and weigh the income and expectations of the gentlemen suggested to them as husbands—frequently on the slightest acquaintance—with all the acumen of the most worldly of matrons. Lady Verney quotes another example of this unblushing regard of the means to the end which the candidates were not ashamed to proclaim. A young lady writes to a suitor, who has given her the liberty to enquire into his worldly estate, that she can hear of no estate, and that without one she will not enter on the question. There is no pretence at less material sentiment, no blinking of the main point at issue.

Princess Sophia was not a rare example of mercenariness, and it must be admitted that she was in considerable straits. She was twenty-seven years of age; she would soon be *passée*. Her position in her brother's family was getting more and more untenable in the light of his proposed divorce of the Electress and marriage with her maid of honour. There seems to have been no question of Sophia's return to her mother's care, while a princess of those days could not dig, and to beg she was ashamed. The only apparent solution of the difficulty was that she should marry Ernest Augustus, or another prince, perhaps less to her mind. She accepted the situation composedly, as was her nature—a little sardonically, if you will—and having accepted it, she determined to make the best of it, and to do her duty according to her light in all its relations.

In Duke George's thankfulness at his escape from matrimony, he was willing to save the Elector Palatine all the expense and trouble of the wedding, which the Duke would have had celebrated with state and splendour in Hanover. But Charles Louis exhibited some dignity in declining to accept the proposal. He said that Duke Ernest might come privately to Heidelberg if he would, but Princess Sophia should be married there. So it was settled. In the September of 1658 Ernest Augustus arrived at Heidelberg with a small retinue. In recording the event, the Princess

announces cheerfully, "I, being resolved to love him, was delighted to find how amiable" (in the French sense, pleasing) "he was."

On her marriage-day the bride was dressed, German fashion, in white silver brocade. Her flowing hair was surmounted by "a large crown of family diamonds." The little lady's train was of enormous length, and was borne by four maids of honour. She was escorted to church by her brothers, the Elector and Prince Edward. Duke Ernest was supported by the little Electoral Prince and the Duc de Deux-Ponts. Twenty-four gentlemen marched in front, bearing lighted torches, decked with ribbons of the bride and bridegroom's colours—blue and white for the Princess, red and yellow for the Duke. Cannon fired salutes while the procession wended its way. After the ceremony the bridal couple stood opposite each other while a canopy was held over their heads during the singing of the "Te Deum." The company returned to the royal apartments, where Sophia formally renounced her claim to the Palatinate.

When supper was served at an oval table, Duke Ernest and his Duchess sat at the centre, with the Elector on their right and his young son on their left. Beyond them sat the Princesses, the small Charlotte Elizabeth (Madame d'Orleans), and the Duchesse de Deux-Ponts. After supper there was dancing, the Princes bearing lighted torches and dancing before and behind the bride.

In the course of a few days Ernest Augustus returned to Hanover by post to prepare for his wife's reception. "He went just as he came," she writes; and then she adds, with proud satisfaction, "except that his feelings towards me had undergone a total and unexpected change." From these words one is led to suppose that Duke Ernest, though he had politely relieved his brother from an oppressive obligation, was equally unwilling to marry; and that instead of regarding the Princess with partiality, he had been latterly prejudiced against her. A key to the alteration in his feelings may be found in her succeeding declaration that her affection for him far exceeded her former esteem, and that she now felt for him "all that true love could inspire." In this happy mood we must take leave of Princess Sophia for the present.

(To be continued.)

COMMON ERRORS IN WRITING AND SPEAKING: MISUSE OF WORDS.

THE word "expect" is often used in a wrong sense; for instance, in answer to the question, "Do you think she can have arrived?" "I expect not," would probably be given as an answer; or "I expect most of you have already;" "I expect she has come by this time." "To expect" means to look forward to an event—to wait for a person or thing. It refers only to the attitude of waiting and anticipation, and cannot correctly be used in reference to an event supposed to have taken place already. "Fancy," "suppose," or "imagine," would be correct.

Another error, so common in conversation as to be almost overlooked, is the phrase, "To go out for a walk," as if it were some thing or some person to be fetched and brought back. This phrase should not be committed to paper; it should be supplied by, "To walk through the town," or "I went to walk through the town."

The use of "very" before "pleased" has been lately discussed. It is allowed that "very pleased" grates on the ear, and it has been decided that "very" should not be used with any past participle of a verb, nor, as a rule, with a qualifying adjective. "Very" is an incomplete adverb, requiring, generally, another adverb to complete its meaning.

Although it has been shown over and over again that "different" should be followed by "from," "different to" finds its way into essays, and even into print.

"Lunch" is sometimes used instead of "luncheon." "Luncheon" is the noun; "to lunch," the verb. "I was glad to have some lunch," would be incorrect. "I was glad to have some luncheon," would be right. "I will lunch with you," would also be correct.

"No" is often used instead of "not." Such sentences as these are not uncommon: "Whether she go or no;" "Whether or no the details prove interesting." Give the sentences in full, without the ellipsis, and the mistakes will be clear. "Whether she go or do not go;" "Whether the details prove interesting or not interesting." No one would say or write, "or do no go," or "no interesting." When an ellipsis occurs, the word used should be the same as would be used but for the ellipsis.

When nouns are separated by "or," the verb, instead of being in the singular, is used in the plural; and this mistake occasionally finds its way into writing; for instance, "Mary or her friend have been here." It should be "has," singular, as the verb refers to one person only.

The want of agreement between the pronouns in a sentence is a common error both in speaking and writing. For instance, "No one can be a good nurse unless they can enter into the feelings of the person they are nursing." "One" and "nurse" are in the singular number, and the pronouns referring to them must be in the singular number also: "Unless 'she' can enter into the feelings of the person whom 'she' is nursing."

When speaking or writing rapidly, many people fail to make verbs and pronouns agree throughout the sentence; also, to make the subordinate clauses agree with the principal one. Such mistakes as these sometimes occur: "A servant's duties are many and varied, and it seems most surprising that they complain of monotony, and that the round of domestic life fails to satisfy them." "They" and "them" must be "she" and "her," unless the noun be put in the plural: "The duties of domestic servants." "If anyone have not yet been to the Royal Academy, they should lose no time in doing so." "Anyone," singular, requires the pronoun of reference to be in the singular also—"he or she should;" or the sentence should be reconstructed: "Those who have not yet been," etc. E. H. H.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF HANOVER.

THE ELECTRESS SOPHIA.*

By SARAH TYTLER.

PART III.

DUCHESS AND ELECTRESS.



DUKE ERNEST, in his new regard for his wife, hastened to send a State coach in which she might journey to Hanover. But she seems to have been still more impressed by the fact of her brother the Elector's escort as far as Weinheim. She records the circumstance that she

shed some tears in parting from him—tears which were lessened by the hope of seeing him again, and of being honoured with his letters. The circumstantial mention of the tears leads to the conclusion that they were a comparatively rare indulgence with the warm-hearted but sensible Sophia. Here was no whimpering, childish girl, no half-weak, half-cunning woman, unable to restrain her feelings, and prepared to give way to emotion on the slightest provocation, as a natural and even graceful resource—her ever present defence when she was found in fault, whether the fault were trifling or heinous.

The progress to Hanover, like the earlier journey from the Hague to Heidelberg, was through a succession of friendly States, the rulers of which were not seldom family connections, either of the Princess or of her husband; she was treated with even more honour and ceremony than before, for was she not a wedded wife and a Duchess, instead of a maiden Princess? Sophia had in the middle of her sagacity and frankness, like her niece, Charlotte Elizabeth of Orleans, perhaps as an element of her wisdom and straight-forwardness, a true German's strong sense of the propriety of etiquette. She would say and do unconventional things; she could even laugh at Court forms; but she was never inclined to abate one jot of the homage due to her as a Princess. At Darmstadt the fireworks which were set off to celebrate the occasion were the work of the young Landgrave. In the Landgravine's room the visitor saw what was an unaccustomed proof of luxury and refinement—a side-board laid out with glass and china. This lady danced in a ballet with her children in the course of the evening, in order to entertain her guest. Possibly Sophia showed that she regarded this as unbending too far, for she adds she was bidden not to be surprised, since the Landgravine's mother had been accustomed to practise the same condescension.

Near the town of Hanover the young Duchess was met in state by the four ducal brothers—Christian, George William, John Frederic, and Ernest Augustus. No *arrière pensée* which had to do with her brief betrothal to the roving bachelor, Duke George, was suffered to mar the harmony of the party when all the four entered Duchess Ernest's carriage. She is particular in telling that she entered the town to the sound of cannon, and that when she alighted she was received by four Duchesses of royal rank; the first being her mother-in-law, the Duchess Dowager of Hanover. Her husband, Duke Ernest, led

her to the handsome room which had been specially prepared for her, while the rest of the fine company followed the bride and bridegroom. On the third day the newcomer took her place as the mistress of the establishment, and surely no royal bride ever did the honours with greater dignity and tact than did the pretty high-spirited little woman who was to be at the head of a Court. It was not a mock Court like that of her mother, the Queen of Bohemia; not even a Court in the future like that great Court of England, which was eventually dangled before Sophia's longing eyes. It was a solid, not unprosperous Court of the present. It was somewhat dull and heavy, perhaps, for if its *Ritter-saal* was all its own, its terrace and gardens, pinnaced pavilions and gorgeous theatre and opera house, were second-hand importations to the sandy plains of the north of the *chefs d'œuvre* of French art and magnificence which studded the green-wooded belt round Paris. Such imitations are apt to lose much of the spirit and grace of the originals, but to those who know no better, the borrowed lacquer and tinsel are quite satisfactory. Certainly Ernest Augustus spent in the course of his reign large sums of money on extravagant display and lavish excess. He raised the necessary funds partly by equipping and selling the services of regiments of his subjects, trained to be foreign mercenaries, and destined to water the battlefields of Europe with their blood. But his practice was the way of the continental world then, and was regarded as perfectly legitimate.

Sophia enjoyed heartily her first experience of comparative independence, state, and bounty. But it is evident her chief gratification was derived from the hold she had acquired over her husband's esteem and affection. She owns she was proud even of his jealousy of his elder brother, Duke George, whose privilege it was to "hand" the little lady every day to her noontide dinner. She valued the jealousy, inconvenient as it was, in the light in which a less wise woman might have been tempted to regard it. It was a testimony to Duke Ernest's recently kindled passion for her. She was guiltless of unworthy coquetry; she was careful to give no ground for the jealousy; so much so, that she would hardly let her eyes rest on Duke George when he was acting for months and years on end the part of her appointed cavalier. It was not her fault that he had the inconceivable impertinence to express to her his regret that he had relinquished her to his brother, and occasionally to pester her with his unwelcome attentions.

Without a crumb of food to nourish it, her husband's unreasonable doubt of her regard died a natural death. While it had pleased her in one sense, in another it had drawn from her some of her seldom-shed tears. With the jealousy, as might have been expected in the shallow, showy man, died all the romance and fervour of his earlier love. There was nothing left for her save the abiding friendship, which was richly earned, and could not well be withdrawn.

Sophia makes no statement to this effect, utters no complaint of her husband, has scarcely a word to say of him which is not full of praise of his princely qualities, and of her affection for him. There can be no doubt that she was sincerely, even fondly, attached to her Duke, little as he deserved it in some lights; while he gave her all that such a man had to give in the respect and confidence, to which even he could see she was amply entitled. He did not bestow on her an undivided heart, an unwavering constancy. He

did not make her glad by his preference for her and her society before that of other associates, even if they had been creditable instead of discreditable. He had no single-hearted, manly devotion in return for her tenderness. In fact, he was light-minded and faithless, steeped to the lips in the coarse vices of the time in the middle of his lazy good-nature and unthinking generosity. Sophia had known him to be what he was from the beginning, and yet she could learn to love him; and could love him really and truly to the end. This was not merely for the sake of appearances, or in the light of self-interest—motives which have been liberally attributed to her; while she has received many a taunt for her apparent lack of feeling where Ernest Augustus's conspicuous failings were concerned. Neither was it because love is blinding—she was not the woman to be so blinded; it was rather because her standard of men and princes was low. I have already written that the Electress Sophia, with all her abilities and virtues, was not more delicate-minded and higher-souled in reference to the morality of her time than were the mass of her contemporaries. This is evident from her Memoirs and letters. Hers was not one of those noblest natures which are laws to themselves in accordance with the Divine law and testimony, which stand out like beacons, dispensing purest rays of heavenly light to generations otherwise corrupt and benighted; still she and the women that most resembled her—Sophia's beloved niece the Duchess of Orleans; her granddaughter by marriage, Caroline of Anspach; even the great Maria Theresa—had much in them and in their relations to their husbands and children which can be cordially commended. The virtue of the wives was beyond question. They were loyal, forbearing, even affectionate to husbands who were far from deserving such allegiance. As mothers these Princesses were for the most part excellent. They played the parts which fell to their share according to their lights, honourably and for the general good of the community. Each country and Court with which the women had to do was more or less the better for them.

It is a little difficult to understand how they did it, and the only rational explanation which can be found is, that hard experience had imparted to them early no very exalted opinion of men and the marriage state. Duchess Sophia relates that Duke Christian was "given to drinking;" and adds, "it was well-nigh his only fault," quite as if it was as minor an evil as it was a common offence at the German Courts.

The Princesses in question accepted men and the married condition as they found them, without any great effort or hope to improve them. The wives, in their high estate, were content and thankful for the respect which did not fail them, and for the portion of consideration and kindness which fell to their lot. They never dreamt of themselves as injured victims; they simply saw themselves as undergoing the ordinary fate of women and Princesses. They succeeded in being indulgent, even tender, to the foibles of the husbands who tried them most severely. Madame d'Orleans was possibly the hardest beset as she was the most plain-spoken of the group, since she was married to a man who, in addition to all the attributes of a vicious fool, was a fantastic mountebank. He appropriated and wore with exultation his first wife's jewels without regard to the two daughters whom she left behind her. He not only rouged himself, he rouged, against her will, the cheeks of his

* *Memoirs of the Electress Sophia*, translated by H. Forrester; *Letters of Charlotte Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans*; Thackeray's *Four Georges*; Cox's *Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough*; Toland's *Accounts of the Courts of Prussia and Hanover in 1702*; *Memoirs of the House of Hanover*; Dr. Doran's *Queens of the House of Hanover*.

second wife, so honest in her homeliness. Yet even Madame, while candidly summing up her husband's little peculiarities, not only bore with them patiently, she cared for him in spite of them, and of his peevish protest that she bored him with her wifely duty and affection.

Duke Ernest's fleeting passion for his wife, and his vexation that she should ever have been betrothed to Duke George William, did not wean him from his close alliance with his elder brother, and his undesirable resorts to Italy in Duke George's company. When the two proposed to set out as usual very shortly after Duke Ernest's marriage, Sophia intrepidly consented to accompany them. But as the long journey was to be made—it might be not unadvisedly on the gentlemen's part—in an open carriage in the depth of winter, she had to relinquish the attempt at the end of the first stage. She confesses she cried again from loneliness and want of congenial company after she returned alone to the capital, while the two Dukes proceeded without her.

During all the years which had passed since Sophia had quitted the Hague, she had kept with her, as a proof of the strength of her friendship, the young English girl named Carey, and her married and now widowed sister. But after the Duchess's marriage, she says, naively enough, that, as her heart was "given up to the Duke," she cared only for what he liked; she therefore allowed the widow to return to the Hague, and "consented" to the marriage to Baron de Bonstett of Mistress Carey, who was no longer young, and feared the name of an old maid.

On her husband's next visit to Italy with his brothers, Duchess Sophia went to her mother at the Hague and passed a pleasant time there. The Queen welcomed the daughter who had done well for herself, who brought with her the Queen's granddaughter—the only grandchild she had seen—Charlotte Elizabeth, of the Rhenish lands, already in her young aunt the Duchess's care. It must have been during this sojourn at the Hague that the incident took place which Madame d'Orleans afterwards described in the bright fashion not far removed from her aunt's style.

The Queen and the little Princess Palatine went, unaccompanied by the Duchess, for some unexplained reason, to pay a visit of ceremony to the reigning Princess of Orange—the same Princess William of Orange who had come as a bride of ten years, accompanied by her mother, Henrietta Maria, from England, when the child-wife and the young Princess Sophia, her cousin, were playfellows.

"Before starting," writes Madame d'Orleans, "my aunt said to me, 'Lisette, do not behave in your usual flighty manner. Follow the Queen step by step, so as not to cause her to wait for you.'

"I answered, 'Oh, my honoured aunt will hear how well I have comported myself.'

"When we arrived at the Princess Royal's" (Princess Royal of England, Princess of Orange of Holland), "I found her son" (afterwards William III. of England, by a second Orange marriage with a second Mary Stewart), "with whom I had often played. After gazing at his mother for a long time—for I did not know her in the least—I turned round to the Prince of Orange, and said, 'Tell me, I pray you, the name of that woman with so strange a nose.'

"He burst out laughing, and replied, 'It is the Princess Royal, my mother.'

"I was astonished, and remained stupefied. To console me, Frau von Heyde took myself and the Prince of Orange into the Princess Royal's bedchamber, where we played at many games. I had asked to be informed when the Queen" (her grandmother) "was about to leave. We were rolling together on a Turkey carpet when I was called. I jumped up and ran into the hall, but the Queen was already in the ante-chamber; so, having always been

a bold child, I pulled the Princess Royal" (her father's cousin) "by the gown, made her a pretty curtsy, and followed the Queen step by step to the coach. Everyone was laughing—I knew not why. When we arrived at home the Queen went straight to my aunt and sat down on her bed; then, bursting out laughing, she exclaimed, 'Lisette has made a fine visit,' and told her what had passed. Our dear Electress laughed even more heartily than the Queen, and said, 'Well done, Lisette! You have revenged us on the haughty Princess'—a speech which implies that Charles I.'s tragic end had not broken the spirit of his daughter." We too laugh across the centuries as her own narrative brings before us *l'enfant terrible* making rude remarks on a Princess Royal's nose to the Princess Royal's son, and walking too late, in her mincing, prim, child's fashion, "step by step" after the Queen her grandmother.

In the month of June, 1660, Duchess Sophia's first child was born. To the great joy of all it was a son, who was named George Louis after two of his uncles.

In the next visit of the ducal brothers to Italy the Duchess spent the time with her brother at Heidelberg. When her husband and brother-in-law came to fetch her home, she sailed with them down the Rhine to Rotterdam. There she found her mother on the point of embarking for her native country. Elizabeth Stewart found her last refuge in England during the reign of her nephew Charles II. But the poor Queen of Hearts was not destined to be long a pensioner on the bounty of her royal kinsman. She ended her storm-tossed life a year afterwards.

Sophia's second son was born, and then a change took place in Duke Ernest's fortunes. On the death of the Bishop of Osnabrück—a prince-bishop and a lay ruler—the lay bishopric which belonged to the House of Hanover fell to Duke Ernest, and he and his wife went to stay in Osnabrück, the castle of Ibouurg being their residence.

"The bonds of holy matrimony had not changed the Duke's gay nature." Sophia writes calmly of her husband's love of dissipation and enamourment with Italy. But he at last made up his mind to take her there, or, rather, to let her follow him, after he had left her to winter again at Heidelberg. She had a great train, though she travelled *incognito*; even a band of musicians was not wanting. Her ladies (with whose Northern fairness and beauty the Duke designed to dazzle the Southern) and women "occupied four carriages, the gentlemen rode, and the servants went in carts." With this cumbrous cavalcade she passed through Southern Germany and the Tyrol, and crossed the Alps—no light undertaking in those days. The overturning of a carriage was so common an occurrence that the Duchess was carried in a litter, and two of her ladies either walked or rode on horseback the whole way.

At last the wandering Duke met the party, and escorted them by Verona and Vicenza to his beloved Venice. The Duchess, who in 1665 was in her thirty-fifth year, full of life and spirit, gives an animated account of what struck her in the novelty of the surroundings. She admired the gardens and corsos; she praised the wit of the Italian ladies and the gallantry of their cavaliers; she tried to accommodate her reasonable soul to the gaudy show and giddy whirl, approaching riot, of frivolous amusement in which the Duke delighted; she danced in the open air with him and her ladies; she went with her companions, "dressed out like actresses in gold and silver brocade and quantities of feathers," to witness mock tilting on the Lido. But nature would have its way; she found Venice "extremely melancholy." She herself grew sad in an atmosphere of folly, while her health suffered. "It may be imagined," she writes,

"how strange a German felt in a country where nothing is thought of but love, and where a lady would consider herself disgraced were she without admirers. I had always learned to look on coquetry as a crime, but according to Italian morality it was a virtue."

On the evening of the Duke and Duchess's arrival at Milan she was persuaded to attend a masqued ball, and when pressed to unmask on account of the heat, did it philosophically, in spite of the unpleasantness of exposing herself to the splendid throng in travelling costume and morning cap; for, as she explains, "comfort always carried the day" with her.

When she accounts for not feeling the long carriage journey to Rome tedious because a table was set in the carriage, at which she played cards all the way with two Venetian noblemen, we call to mind two things—the general, well-nigh universal, indifference in her generation to natural scenery, unless it was improved upon (?) by art; and the fact that the young girl who, when she first came to Heidelberg, had no predilection for cards or hunting, had changed to some extent with the flight of time. In the monotony of Court life she had accommodated herself to what, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was, with few exceptions, the established rule of card-playing in all circles, royal, social, and domestic.

At Piacenza, where the travellers were entertained by a deputy from the Duke of Parma, much merriment was occasioned by the fact that, while they were splendidly lodged, they were half starved. Duchess Sophia remembered after an interval of years the supper served to the hungry guests who had waited long for the scanty meal—"a very small salad dressed with currants, six fresh eggs, at which everybody snatched, and an eel pie."

At Parma the Duchess-Dowager, who had in former days coveted Sophia for a daughter-in-law, desired to make her acquaintance, and paid her many attentions.

At Rome the party were lodged in a palace by the Duke of Tuscany, where Sophia passed but a dull time, since she remained *incognito*, and ostensibly received no visitors; her husband in the meanwhile spent his evenings playing basset with Madame Colonna, a niece of Cardinal Mazarin's. Curiosity led the Duchess to make use of the privilege of her rank in order to pay an impromptu visit to the once famous beauty, and join in a game of the perpetual basset. Madame Colonna was discovered lying on a bed dressed in a blue and silver silk dressing-gown tied with flame-coloured riband; on her head a point-lace cap, which was drawn over the forehead without touching the ears. The Duchess failed to recognise the personal attractions which had once witched the French Court. The daughter of kings avoided giving the Cardinal's niece the hand which she thought fit to claim at future meetings. Even on Sophia's palace staircase she could not resist taking precedence of her encroaching visitor. Madame Colonna had a scheme for the perversion of the staunch little Protestant Princess. If it had been effectual, it would have changed the destinies of the House of Hanover, of England, and of Europe.

The Pope, Alexander VII., would have received Sophia *incognito*; but she declined the concession because of what she considered had been a slight to the pretensions of her brother-in-law, Duke John Frederic, in spite of his having professed Roman Catholicism. To her regret she missed seeing the clever, eccentric Christina of Sweden, who was then in Rome.

Duchess Sophia's great pleasures were walking in the exquisite gardens, and paying daily visits to the fine statues and pictures which served to recall the art-loving Princess Luise, Abbess of Maubisson, whose work at the Hague had been the admiration of her little sister.

The Duchess was deeply impressed by St. Peter's, and there she saw the Pope without being seen by him, and was not edified by his behaviour.

At the church of Maria della Vittoria she came across a curious memento which had not an agreeable significance for her. It was the crown and sceptre of the Emperor Ferdinand, sent by him as an offering to a little picture of the Virgin, which had, as he believed, enabled him to defeat Sophia's father, the so-called King of Bohemia, in the battle of Prague. When the monk who exhibited the trophies suggested that so great a Princess ought to add to them, she replied dryly, with her ready wit, "Yes; if the Virgin had been on the other side."

Duchess Sophia was home-sick, and longing to be with her two little sons. She was thankful when her husband gave the word for their return, though, as was his wont, he did not travel with her, but allowed her to start in advance. The roads were so bad in Tuscany that the carriage containing the Duchess's maids of honour was upset nine times in one day, while her waiting-women's mules broke down, and they had to mount on post-horses and ride *en croupe* with two gentlemen of the suite, while a postillion sounded his horn before them.

Florence charmed Duchess Sophia. She "greatly admired" the Pitti Palace, its gardens and pictures. At a convent in Bologna her strong sense of humour was tickled by the spectacle of "the great beards of the old nuns, which made them look like the husbands of the young ones."

The travellers were in Venice again for the Carnival, the freedom of which was to the Duchess's mind, though the cold caused her to walk about "like a noble Venetian," wrapped in a furred robe. In the middle of

the merry-making she showed that in spite of her respect for etiquette, the love of frolic could get the better of her. She agreed joyfully to travel post with the Duke to Milan, while her ladies either preceded or followed her. She was dressed for the expedition in "a long tight cloak and wig," and occupied a *vetturino*, while Duke Ernest, an Italian count, and a valet rode by her carriage. She was thankful, however, when her identity escaped recognition, and she was not seen in her disguise by the nobility, who had prepared a public reception for the couple. The ladies of the town came in state to see her, and she received them, as she recounts comically, "with a fainting fit." They were greatly distressed, undressed her, and put her to bed, loading her with caressing epithets. Yet they kept her dancing day and night for a fortnight!

The Duke and Duchess went back to Germany by Switzerland and the St. Gothard Pass. It is one of the signs of the change which has passed over the public taste to find a woman at once so bright and thoughtful as the Duchess Sophia having little to say of the land of the mountain and the flood beyond dwelling on the "frightful precipices" and the "nasty sledges" drawn by bullocks. At Basle Sophia's native Rhine was reached, and she and her husband sailed down the river to the Palatinate. At Gemersheim, of which Mistress Carey's husband, Baron de Bonstett, was high bailiff, the old friends had the joy of meeting again.

But bad news awaited the Duke and Duchess farther on. Their brother, Duke Christian of Zell (whose only fault was that of being given to drink), had died during their absence. Duke George William, who ought by his father's will to have been Duke Christian's successor in Zell, though summoned to his dying brother, had not troubled himself to

obey the summons, while the Roman Catholic brother, John Frederic, had made hay while the sun shone by taking possession of the territory. After some difficulty he was induced to make a compromise, and resign Zell to Duke George. This Duke had long entertained a great admiration for a French lady named Eleanore d'Olbreuse, who was in the suite of the Princess of Tarrente. He now overcame his objection to matrimony so far as to marry Eleanore d'Olbreuse morganatically—a contract by which she became his wife but not his Duchess. His family gave their consent to the contract, which was signed both by Duke Ernest and Duchess Sophia, with the express understanding that it did not invalidate Duke George's earlier pledge to constitute his brother Duke Ernest, with his children, his legal heirs.

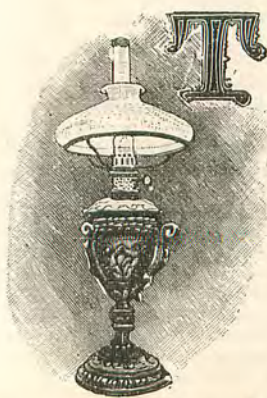
To please her husband and brother-in-law, the Duchess had treated Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse with consideration and attention, but she neither liked nor trusted her. Sophia had been told that Mademoiselle was gay and giddy, indulging in playfully beating and pinching her friends as part of her charming artillery. On the contrary, the Duchess found the lady grave and dignified. The readiness with which she makes this admission, and records the first favourable impression made on her, goes far to contradict a common impression that mere pique at encountering and being compelled to acknowledge her successor in Duke George's light affections had much to do with the future relations which existed between Sophia and the Zell family.

The agreeable impression was only temporary; the Duchess had soon good reason to suspect Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse—or Madame de Harburg by the title which her husband gave her—of scheming, craft, and dissimulation.

(To be continued.)

"SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE LAMP."

By "MEDICUS."



HERE is something radically wrong somewhere this evening! I am not my own usual jolly self. Even the haunting presence of my fair readers, who in spirit seem ever to surround my study chair as I seat myself to write my monthly health-

sermon, do not appear to cheer me to-night.

Something wrong! Something radically wrong! Let me think. What did I have for din—? Oh, perish the unromantic thought! It is nothing I have eaten that causes this feeling of a depression almost amounting to gloom. No; the *raison d'être* must be sought for elsewhere. In my surroundings? Perhaps. Let me see, now. Many of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER girls are aware that throughout all the weary winter I work in a wigwam. A pretty wee wigwam it is, I do assure you, with trees around it and hanging over it—apple-trees and pear-trees; spruce-trees, in which the mavis builds in spring; arbor-vitæ (if I may dare to make such a plural without displeasing my Girton readers)—*arbores-vitæ*, then—haunted by golden-headed wrens;

dark, waving Scottish pines, and weird-like poplars. Yes, indeed, a pretty wigwam; and October though it be, there is still a rose or two left to nod to me through the window. And mind you this—one's surroundings do unmistakably influence one's mind and health. But it is not long since I returned from a long summer ramble of many hundreds of miles, in my caravan, through the sweet soft beauties of rural England; and this is the first time for long months I have entered my wigwam to work. The place has not been shut up, however, and it was my gardener-lad's duty to see to it occasionally. Well, gardener-lads are but human. Tommy may have looked in here occasionally—indeed, I have evidence that he did, for I found a Dutch hoe behind a corner curtain, and dirty finger-marks on the pages of many an illustrated and lordly tome; but Tommy must have contented himself with a look, and probably gone quietly to sleep in my editorial chair. For, list! O list!—my books are all awry; they represent a literary medley, a learned muddle, chaos, confusion. I might look for any book in vain in the place in which I put it. I am certainly not so precise and pragmatic as the old maid who kept one bookcase for gentlemen authors, and the other—always locked—for authoresses. But as I gaze at my bookshelves I cannot help asking myself such questions as the following:—What on earth is Mrs. Warren doing side by side with old Professor Taylor? Can she possibly be studying medical jurisprudence? or is she telling the worthy doctor "How she managed her house on £200 a-year?" Why

is Charles Lamb on such friendly terms with Lady Brassey? Both, alas! are dead and gone; but Lamb must be quite an elderly ghost by this time. And here is Mortimer Collins, the poet, hobnobbing with Samuel Baidon, and talking Tea; Miss Braddon waxing eloquent on *Ants*, and *their Ways*, with my friend the Rev. W. F. White; while F. W. Robinson, the bright and genial novelist, is exchanging ideas on eczema with Professor Wilson; and the erudite Darwin is gravely listening to a fairy-tale told by Hans Anderson himself. Oh, Tommy! Tommy! it is you, and you alone, I believe, that I have to thank for these and all other *mésalliances* that have taken place in my absence. But it must not be supposed that Tommy, my gardener-lad, is altogether devoid of soul. True enough, he has permitted the dust to collect on brackets and shelves, and spots of red rust to disfigure my chaste and pretty stove. True, he has not interfered with the labours of the lordly spider, nor the perambulations of the sportive snail across the azure blue of my sofa-cushions. He has even permitted a cluster of gruesome toad-stools to flourish unscathed behind the coal-scuttle; but with an eye to artistic compensation for this, he has invited the great white convolvulus to enter by the open windows, or through chinks and crannies in the deck; and has led them up to, and guided them all around, the pictures, so that each one is prettily framed in heart-shaped leaves of green.

Something wrong somewhere! Is it with the weather, I wonder? For the weather has a wondrous effect on one's health and spirits.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF HANOVER.

THE ELECTRESS SOPHIA.

By SARAH TYTLER.

PART IV.

DUCHESS AND ELECTRESS.—Continued.



HER children were born to Duchess Sophia. Like the Queen of Hearts, she was the mother of many sons, seven in number. One, a twin boy, died in early infancy; six grew up to man's estate, for her tribulation rather than

her rejoicing. She had one dearly-loved daughter. It was of this girl when she was thirteen that the Duchess is reputed to have said, in reply to the question of an agent of the French king, that she was of no religion as yet. Her friends were waiting to ascertain who was to be her future husband before they decided in what Church she should be brought up. Many severe animadversions have been passed on the lack of principle and heart in this speech. Is it possible that everybody does not recognise the mocking tongue of the Duchess in an answer addressed to Gourville—himself a pervert from Protestantism—who was seeking to reconcile the Duke and Duchess to the Roman Catholic creed? The jest was as transparent as the frequently-repeated assertion which took in the Duchess of Orleans—that she (Duchess Sophia) was very fond of the Turks, and thought them very good people. These were still the palmy days of Turkish valour; but it is easy to read in the pointed praise the undercurrent of sarcasm. The followers of the Crescent were quite as good, even when they were guilty of those practices for which they were most condemned, as some of the so-called followers of the Cross whom Sophia had known. No attempt seems to have been made to find out whether the witty Duchess was in jest or in earnest, whether her quick tongue ran away with her, as on former occasions, while she sought to administer a characteristic rebuke to the inquisitive interloper—a chameleon in his own person. Nobody appears to have taken the trouble of ascertaining whether the woman who built a church for French Protestant refugees, who declined to allow the Church of England service to supersede the Lutheran or the Calvinistic services in her chapel, lest people should say she had been of no religion before the Bill of Succession appointed her heir to the English throne—the woman who was the confidential friend of the Christian philosopher Leibnitz had a practice at all in keeping with the scandalous worldliness of the assertion attributed to her in sober earnest. So far as can be gathered from the letters of Madame d'Orleans, the Duchess's niece, brought up by her aunt till she was twelve years of age, the reverse was the truth. Charlotte Elizabeth notes after she was an elderly woman the careful training she received, the Catechism she was made to know by heart, containing those very doctrines which Sophia, in her maturer years, emphatically styles "good." Madame d'Orleans put the utmost value on a child's being trained in the way it should go. She attributes the follies and misfortunes of the wretched Sophia Dorothea of Zell to the absence of proper instruction in her youth from the mother whom Charlotte Elizabeth had known in her youth, and in the honesty of her heart had always heartily

disliked. Such criminal neglect of the first principles of religion and morality in dealing with her children the Duchess of Orleans was very far from ascribing to her beloved Electress.

Another almost ludicrous misconception which is still current is, that the Court of Hanover in the Electress Sophia's day was dull and illiterate, so that the French airs and graces and superficial accomplishments of an Eleanore d'Olbreuse and her wrong-headed, ill-fated daughter, afforded a brilliant contrast to the general moroseness and stupidity. Why, the Duchess Sophia, the kind, sympathetic patroness of scholars and of all strangers of "parts" who came to Hanover, the fluent speaker of five languages, the skilled embroidress, the brilliant hostess, was a tower of strength in her own little person. Her daughter, Sophia Charlotte, was in her time beautiful, learned, and wise. The grand-daughters by birth and by marriage, the fourth Sophia and Caroline of Anspach, were equally distinguished by the good fairies' gifts. Caroline had been badly educated in her childhood, so that she had to teach herself spelling, according to Madame d'Orleans; but her strength and originality of character, together with the later training she had from the Queen of Prussia, enabled her to overcome all difficulties. The Court of Hanover in the circle of the Princesses was second to no European Court of the time in feminine intellect and culture.

In 1671 the Duchess tried her hand at a little match-making. Duke Ernest's sister, the Queen of Denmark, came with her husband and family to Glückstadt, where her relatives visited her. The Duchess liked the Queen her sister-in-law, and admired her daughters, especially the youngest, Princess Wilhelmine. The Duke and Duchess agreed that the Princess his niece would be a very fit wife for Sophia's nephew, her brother, the Prince Palatine's eldest son. The delicate negotiations were all successful; even to the bridegroom-elect's inspection of the proposed bride's miniature, and his visit to Osnabrück to meet her. The marriage did not take place till 1671, when the Duchess Sophia was the *chaperon* selected to meet the Queen of Denmark, who travelled as far as Altona with her daughter and to conduct the Princess to Heidelberg, where the marriage was to be celebrated. Eleanore d'Olbreuse, Madame de Harburg, was also at Altona with her Duke, a brother of the Queen's, and an uncle of the bride-elect's. When the Queen of Denmark declined to kiss Madame de Harburg, she revenged herself by making invidious remarks on the dishes at table; on which Sophia makes the lofty commentary that Madame's mind was "too base" to understand that the great ones of this earth are "sustained by higher things than *ragouts*."

Before the friendly Duchess had quite completed her mission, while the shy, silent Princess Wilhelmine was still detained at Weinheim till all was ready for her state entrance into her husband's future capital, her aunt could remain with her no longer. She went on in advance to Heidelberg, supped with her brother the Elector, and on the following morning her son, Prince Christian, was born. The Elector, sending to ask when she would go with him to meet the Princess, received the answer that she was otherwise engaged; on which he hastened to offer his congratulations.

Sophia missed seeing the magnificence of the marriage ceremony, which might have reminded her of her own wedding in the same place.

Duke Ernest went off as usual to Venice while his wife paid the young couple a happy visit at Weinheim. There she took part in the preparations for another marriage—that of her dear niece Charlotte Elizabeth with Louis XIV.'s brother, "Monsieur" the Duke of Orleans, whose first wife had been Princess Henrietta Anne, youngest daughter of Charles I. The splendour of the alliance dazzled all eyes save those of the eminently sensible young Princess chiefly concerned. She demurred, though it was said to be at the bridegroom's Roman Catholic creed, and not at the current though unfounded rumour that he was privy to his first wife's death by poison.

Charlotte Elizabeth's scruples were overcome; she was assured of freedom in her religion—(three French bishops tried in vain to bring her round to their opinions). The marriage treaty was signed, and the second bride started immediately, under the escort of another aunt, for France. There, during the many years of her exile, she wrote diligently, without pausing to ascertain whether the missives always reached their destination, and without waiting too exactly for replies, those sagacious, half-resigned, half-complacent, letters to her kindred in Germany, letters a portion of which has been made public for the edification and entertainment of later generations. Madame wrote for forty years, twice a week without fail, a long confidential letter to her aunt. The single break in the correspondence was when Sophia went to France, and dwelt, a much-honoured guest, in the house of Madame. The correspondence ceased only with the lamented death of the aged Electress.

In 1674 the talk of a marriage between a Prince of Wolfenbüttel and "the little Sophia of Zell," the only child of Duke George and Madame de Harburg, precipitated a step which had long been dreaded. The child would succeed, partly by the instrumentality of her uncle, Duke Ernest, to her father's large fortune; but she could not take royal rank unless the morganatic marriage between her father and mother was converted into a royal marriage. This was not done immediately, nor till various compromises had been tried. In the meantime the two Dukes, as if there was no bone of contention between them, went to war against the French, and defeated Marshal de Créqui. Sophia's eldest son, George Louis, was with his father, and never quitted his side. She gives in her Memoirs the letter which the Duke wrote to her to announce the German victory. He winds up his praise of the Prince by calling him "a son worthy of his mother." Little wonder that the wife and mother's heart was proud, and small credit to the manœuvring Eleanore d'Olbreuse, who sought to make mischief out of the letter (which was impulsively shown to her) by pointing out that it contained no mention of Duke George, and but slighting reference to the soldiers from Zell.

The estrangement between the brothers, once so closely united, became confirmed, and the announcement of a marriage between Duke George and Madame de Harburg, which would raise her to his rank and make her his Duchess, grew more and more imminent, to the indignation and disappointment of Duke Ernest and

Duchess Sophia; because, in the event of a son being born to Duke George, his former pledge would go for nothing—Zell would be lost to the younger branch of the House of Hanover.

Friends of the family, in striving to reconcile the brothers, suggested what was destined to be the disastrous expedient of a marriage between the eldest son of the one and the only daughter of the other, thus uniting hostile claims. Duchess Sophia says nothing of her own feelings, but records what she believed to be her husband's reluctance to a conclusion which he felt was a degradation to the family, and his deliberate demand for a great dowry, while he protracted the negotiations in the hope that they might fall through without any fault of his. This statement is in direct opposition to the assertion of the Zell party, their mouthpiece being the newly-made Duchess of Hanover—as quoted by Dr. Doran. The version given by the very dubious lady, of whom Duchess Sophia notes incidentally that she never spoke the truth, is as follows. The Duchess Sophia was bent on the marriage in order to secure her niece's large fortune for her (Sophia's) son. In order to compass her ends she paid Duke George a private visit, arriving so early in the morning that he was still in his dressing-room, into which she insisted on intruding, taking a seat there, and plying her specious arguments for the marriage, unconscious or reckless of the fact that they were perfectly audible to the future bride's mother in the adjacent bedroom. Such conduct is not at all in keeping with the ordinary behaviour of the little woman, whose liveliness included a strong sense of the ridiculous, and might balance, but did not by any means overthrow, her respect for the *bienséances*.

The next great event in Duchess Sophia's life was her visit to France in 1679, when she was in her fiftieth year. It was a matter of more moment to her, and excited in her a keener interest, than her journey to Italy had done. Its ostensible purpose was to visit her sister, Princess Luise, Abbess of Maubisson, whom the Duchess had not seen for thirty years, and her niece, almost her adopted child, Madame d'Orleans, who had now been married eight years and was the mother of two children, while, like most royal brides of these days, she did not return to her native country. But there were other less openly-expressed motives at work, which the Duchess acknowledges in her Memoirs. The Duke had been led to nourish an ambitious dream in connection with the visit to which he had been brought to consent. His only daughter, Sophia Charlotte, who was to accompany her mother, was fair to see, as well as gifted with wit and learning. Toland, describing her at a later date, calls her "the most beautiful Princess of her time." He says she was not very tall and rather too plump, with regular features, fair complexion, blue eyes, and "coal black hair." * He commends her philosophy and wit, and mentions, in connection with her passionate love of music, that she "played to perfection on the harpsichord, and sang finely." Why should not this paragon take the fancy of the Dauphin, who was still unmarried, win the approval of the great Louis, which was of more consequence, and achieve the greatest match in Europe? The prospect was even more dazzling than the overtures for the Duchess of Orleans's marriage had been to her interested relatives. Would there be liberty to follow the Protestant religion accorded in this case also, or was the temptation so great that there was danger of the stipulation being neglected or given up?

The Duke did not go with his wife and

daughter—he only escorted them as far as Holland. There the Duchess had the satisfaction of meeting and greeting warmly one of the English friends of her youth, the elder Mistress Carey, long a widow. Sophia was travelling *incognito*, as she had travelled formerly. She was, as it were, introduced into the new region by the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, a lady of the great French house of Montmorency. Her familiarity with the manners and customs of her native country was a benefit to the travellers; but the benefit was counterbalanced by her superciliousness, and by the amount of care and attention which her beauty was supposed to require. However, the caustic comment was qualified by the cordial admission on the part of the critic (always ready to see and reckon up redeeming qualities where these existed), of the general worth and friendliness of the Franco-German Duchess.

With a pen as vigorous and graphic as ever Sophia describes what strikes her in France—the dirtiness of the inns, the excellence of the cookery, the politeness of the officials, her joy at seeing her sister (who laughed with her aside over Court forms and ceremonies), her delight when she found herself embraced by her old charge, Madame, who was awaiting the Duchess's arrival, and "ran" to meet her.

The Duchess Sophia's descriptions of the French Court are inimitable; one sees every strongly-suggestive and picturesque figure. Yonder is the magnificent Louis, who is the soul of politeness, yet does not forget that Duke Ernest and Duke George of Brunswick have beaten the French soldiers under Créqui. Here is the amiable nonentity the Queen, who confines herself to "dressing and eating," the vocations for which she is fit, and keeps saying how well the king loves her, and that she is much obliged to him. There is the silent and awkward Dauphin, with whom Sophia seeks intrepidly, but in vain, to make conversation, doubtless not without an ulterior reference to her charming young Princess, on whose beauty and wit the King compliments the mother in courtly phrase, but with no sign of desiring an alliance between France and Hanover. Here again is fussy, fantastic Monsieur, the King's brother, who is exceedingly courteous to the Duchess, as a host is bound to be to the guest he wishes to honour. He is annoyed at being caught *en famille* in his night-cap tied with flame-coloured ribands. He is constantly exhibiting his beloved jewels. Honest, homely Madame, his second wife, is an old acquaintance of the reader's. Not so the victim ready to be sacrificed, whom her kind-hearted stepmother loved dearly—poor Marie Louise, daughter of Henrietta of England, whose untimely death resembled closely that of her mother. Duchess Sophia witnessed Marie Louise's betrothal and marriage by proxy to the King of Spain. She records the passionate grief of the Princess at quitting France, and mentions how, in showing the bridegroom's unattractive miniature—unattractive though set with brilliants—the girl permitted herself to remark, with what bitterness may be guessed, that she believed he was thought to resemble "that ugly baboon the Duke of Wolfenbüttel." State necessities are great, for Sophia, excellent woman though she was, and herself the mother of a young and fondly-cherished daughter, does not utter the ghost of a protest against the sacrifice.

It is matter of regret that we cannot give more of the Duchess's lively experiences, while we sympathise with her independent spirit and German patriotism in declining to kiss the gown of the Queen of France, or to take a *tabouret* (the stool allotted to duchesses of inferior rank), after she had been thought worthy of a chair in the presence of her own Empress.

Questions of etiquette were continually arising, and were sufficiently perplexing even to adepts in what was little short of a science. Madame d'Orleans, by her marriage to the King of France's brother, was raised a step in rank above her aunt, Duchess Sophia, to whom, nevertheless, she gave the precedence, on account, as she explains, of the affection she bore her kinswoman. This tribute of regard was not accomplished without many elaborate manoeuvres, feints of staying behind, eating meals in private together, etc. The new Queen of Spain was still farther in advance of both her stepmother and the Duchess Sophia. As the result, she had to sup alone with her father, Monsieur, who in France was second only to the King and the Dauphin; while the two elder ladies, who would otherwise have had to yield the *pas* to their junior, ate their meals apart.

The gardens of Versailles and St. Cloud afforded supreme delight to Sophia. Their artificial stateliness and splendour, their terraces, groves, fountains, statues, represented cultivated adorned nature, the beau-ideal of such rural tastes as the generation possessed. But from the superbness of Court gaieties, and the supposed elegance of princely alleys and arbours, Sophia was fain to retreat to what she called her "harbour of refuge," the convent of Maubisson, where the sisters, who were congenial spirits, enjoyed their brief reunion.

The Duchess of Orleans had been eager to promote a marriage between her cousin of Brunswick and the Dauphin; but before parting from her aunt she had to announce that the preliminaries of his marriage with a Bavarian Princess were settled, so that in one respect the visit was fruitless. By the Moselle and the Rhine the travellers made their way north, the Duchess pushing on in her eagerness to rejoin her Duke. "Words," she says, "fail to describe my joy at seeing the Duke once more." He on his part was "well pleased," as he well might be, with all her proceedings, and thought she had "come off with great honour and credit."

But troubles on every side awaited Duchess Sophia. The Duke was in haste to be off to Italy. The project of a marriage between her son George and his cousin of Zell was again broached. It is scarcely possible to read the Duchess's few restrained words on the subject without being of the opinion of the editor and the translator of her fragment of autobiography, that the alliance, though she yielded at last to it, was extremely repugnant to her. It is hard to understand how impartial English writers can revive the idle, slanderous gossip of her enemies, which represents her as urgently advocating the union in order to secure Sophia of Zell's fortune for George. Duke Ernest's father's will had been a strange one in this respect, that he left to his sons in succession, according to their seniority, as they survived each other, and without reference to their heirs, the territories of Zell and Hanover, so that if Duke Ernest died before his remaining brothers, Duke George William and Duke John Frederic, his children, would be deprived of their patrimony.

Another cause of anxiety and sorrow was the fatal illness of Sophia's eldest sister, Princess Elizabeth, Abbess of Herford. In her last days family affection revived, and she craved earnestly for her sister's society. The Duchess repaired to the convent and stayed with the dying woman, striving to support and cheer her till she was summoned home by the startling news of the sudden death of Duke John Frederic at Augsburg. He had been bound for Italy, like his brother, but died on the road; and Duke Ernest, who in the middle of his joviality had a due regard for his material interests, was recalled forthwith to take possession of his late brother's inheritance

* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in referring to the beauty of the Hanoverian women, remarks on their dark hair and eyes and fair complexions.

of Hanover, irrespective of the fact that Duke John was married, and the father of several daughters.

A visit to the Duke's sister and Sophia's friend, the Queen of Denmark, at her palace of Nicoping, afforded a consoling break in those multitudinous griefs and worries; but no sooner had the Duchess returned to Hanover than the tidings reached her, during one of the chronic absences of her husband, that death had caused her another heavy loss in the person of her favourite brother and constant friend and correspondent, the half-father of her girlish days—the Elector Palatine, Charles Louis. This last blow went far to prostrate the woman, who was as strong and faithful in her attachments as she was high-spirited and resolute in her actions. For the first time her spirits flag. She allows herself to complain of that mysterious, all-prevalent malady of the century, which seems to have belonged more to the mind than the body—"the spleen." She anticipates following speedily her brother and sister, yet with fresh-springing courage and cheerfulness hopes that her Duke's return from his inveterate roving will give her back health of body and mind.

Here, alas! ends the Duchess's vivid chronicle of her history. We have to depend for the rest of her life on public events, sidelights, and the notices of her contemporaries. It was not till twenty years after she had laid aside her Memoirs that the prospect of her succession to the throne of England assumed anything like a definite shape, or could have appeared to so shrewd an observer and reasoner more than the merest chance of a crown. In the meantime a suggestion of marrying George of Hanover to Princess Anne of England was mooted. He went to the English Court on the strength of it; but the proposal was dropped, and he was recalled by his father that he might enter into fresh negotiations in connection with the ill-starred marriage between him and Sophia of Zell, which took place in the following year, 1682. This conclusion was accomplished in spite of what we believe was Duchess Sophia's hearty dislike to the arrangement, and rooted distrust of it. It appeared to be a satisfactory family compromise, which would unite Hanover and Zell without farther trouble. In the end the two Dukes, George William and Ernest Augustus, had set their hearts upon it more or less. Sophia gave way to necessity, as she had always known how to give way with dignity when nothing else could be done. The story of this miserable marriage, unwelcome alike to bridegroom and bride, will find its fitting place on another page of the domestic annals of the Royal House of Hanover. It is sufficient to say here that the most vehement partisan of the erring Sophia Dorothea of Zell has not ventured to accuse mother-in-law of any direct participation in the tragedy. The offences charged against the elder Sophia are limited to cold alienation *after* the younger Sophia had shown herself, by her reckless folly and misconduct, unworthy of all confidence and esteem, and of unwomanly passiveness at a crisis when it would have been in all probability as useless as it was distasteful to the Duchess to interfere. It has not been denied that on Sophia Dorothea's first arrival in Hanover, during the brief period when she

behaved as if she felt disposed to acknowledge her responsibilities and do credit to her position, she was kindly received, and treated with consideration and regard by her husband's kindred.* Her beauty and grace found favour in their eyes, though her beauty was her mother's beauty, and her grace was a Frenchwoman's grace—one of those Frenchwomen who had so branded their countrywomen that the emphatic answer of a contemporary German prince when a French princess was proposed to him as a wife, and a hundred advantages from the alliance urged upon him, was, "no Frenchwoman."

No doubt there must always have been, in addition to the natural antipathy to the scheming and deceitful mother who had reached the position of Duchess of Hanover by scantily honourable means, an utter lack of harmony and sympathy between the honest, upright, self-controlled Duchess, and her unprincipled, passion-ridden daughter-in-law, who counted virtue, reputation, her husband's honour and her children's affection—all that good women hold most dear—well lost for the insolent, lawless love of a man of whom Thackeray could write, "a greater scamp does not walk the history of the seventeenth century." It would offer small excuse in Duchess Sophia's eyes that her niece Sophia Dorothea had come an unwilling bride to Hanover, or that the culprit's husband and cousin, after the shortest effort to do the best for her and himself, had been guilty of the grossest sins against her, and had farther displayed a complete want of courtesy and forbearance where she was concerned. A faithless, even a brutal husband, did not, in the Duchess Sophia's code, go far to justify a disloyal and defiant wife. The woman and mother would only see, in the wife's retaliation on her husband, the wreck of any not very brilliant promise the young man had ever displayed. George was brave and manly enough, as he had early proved. He had served his Emperor with credit, if not distinction, "on the Danube, against the Turks, at the siege of Vienna, in Italy, and on the Rhine." He was not without sense and prudence, after his surly, selfish fashion. He was not without a heart—for his country if for nothing else. Such a wife as his mother had been to his father, such a wife as Caroline of Anspach was to George's son, the second George might have done something to redeem his not too shining or heroic qualities from waste and degradation. It must be said, however, that the silent, loutish prince, though he was a prince, was destitute of his father's easy geniality and lavish joviality, which dazzled even Duchess Sophia's clear eyes, and caused her to view her pleasure-loving Duke as a splendid Paladin. But a mother's eye cannot be expected to spy out every imperfection in her child. The Duchess stood by her son, her first-born, the lad of whose youthful valour she had been so proud throughout his career, always zealous for his interest, always striving to see whatever merit he could claim, while her niece, Madame d'Orleans, was remarking indignantly on his

lack of consideration for the mother whose care was all for him.*

In 1684 Duchess Sophia had a great source of congratulation, though it involved a separation from her only daughter. Two years after Prince George's unpromising marriage (for which the Duchess had one consolation in the birth of a grandson, an heir to Hanover and Zell, and to a still *greater inheritance*, as yet only faintly foreshadowed), Sophia Charlotte of Brunswick married the Elector of Brandenburg, who became in time the first King of Prussia. He was eleven years her senior, and already a widower, the father of a son; but these were trifles in the sum of his recommendations. She was the first Queen of Prussia, and the grandmother of Frederick the Great. Her famous grandson said of her: "She had the genius of a great and the knowledge of a learned man . . . she loved and sought truth as her husband loved splendour." Toland writes that she was so liberal in her ideas of Government, she was called throughout Germany "the republican Queen."

None of the Duchess's six sons achieved much honour save George through his English inheritance. They were soldiers, like their elder brother, and led the armies their father sent out to fight in the European wars. The dangers they encountered and their adverse fates must have sorely wrung the heart of the woman who recorded, "I am a fool with my children." In 1690 Duchess Sophia fell ill; so ill that her niece, *Madame d'Orleans*, was in anxious fear for the life dear to her. Little wonder that the Duchess sickened, for in that disastrous year two of her sons—Prince Augustus and Prince Charles†—fell in Transylvania, fighting against the Turks. Augustus was her second son—"the poor Gus," whose prodigal ways had got him into trouble with his father, so that he was "thrust out of the parent nest, and had no more keep." "I laugh in the day and cry all night about it," admits the poor, brave, distracted wife and mother.

Another son, Prince Maximilian, was a yet more heinous offender. When his father decided that there should be no division of his territories among his children; that he would leave them intact to his eldest son George, Maximilian broke out into open rebellion. The Prince was put *under arrest*, and one of the subordinates who aided and abetted him, a Hanoverian count bearing the now historical name of Mölcke, or Moltke, suffered capital punishment for the offence. On Maximilian's release and nominal forgiveness he repaired to Rome, and adopted the Roman Catholic religion, after the fashion of his uncle, Duke John. He ended his career an officer in the Emperor's service and a declared Jacobite, in opposition to his mother and brother's claims to the succession to the throne of England, while his name was a forbidden word, as may well be conjectured, in the old Hanover Residency.

(To be continued.)

* George I. was the Duchess of Orleans's *bête noire*, and there was no love lost between them. Their feud began at a very early date, when the future Duchess was a child at play. Hiding behind the door of her aunt's room the day George was born, she rushed forward to see the newly-born infant, and narrowly escaped a whipping for her pains.

† Poellnitz calls Prince Charles his mother's favourite son.

* Poellnitz describes the Electress as kind to and careful of her daughter-in-law in illness, even after Sophia Dorothea's quarrels with Prince George were notorious.



letter with all the distressing details, and I eagerly waited for her arrival; and most thankful was I to receive a note from her telling me she was at the villa, and begging me to join her at once.

Leaving Tessa in care of the grave little Delia, and not telling any one where I was going, I quickly left the house, and was soon with my dear friend. She was terribly shocked at what had happened, and could only think with me that the poor child's mind had really given way under the grief of losing her lover.

"It is a terrible disappointment to me," said Lady Allison, "for I have loved Tessa as if she were my own; and though I knew she was full of trifling faults, I could have declared she was true at heart, she was so full of love and gratitude always. I cannot believe she forgot all that just to keep Beppo from leaving her for three short years."

I felt I could not tell her of Tessa's conviction that Beppo would never return to her if once he went away, for I saw how deeply grieved she was, and fearing to leave my patient alone for longer, I bade her good-bye, promising to prepare Tessa for a visit from her.

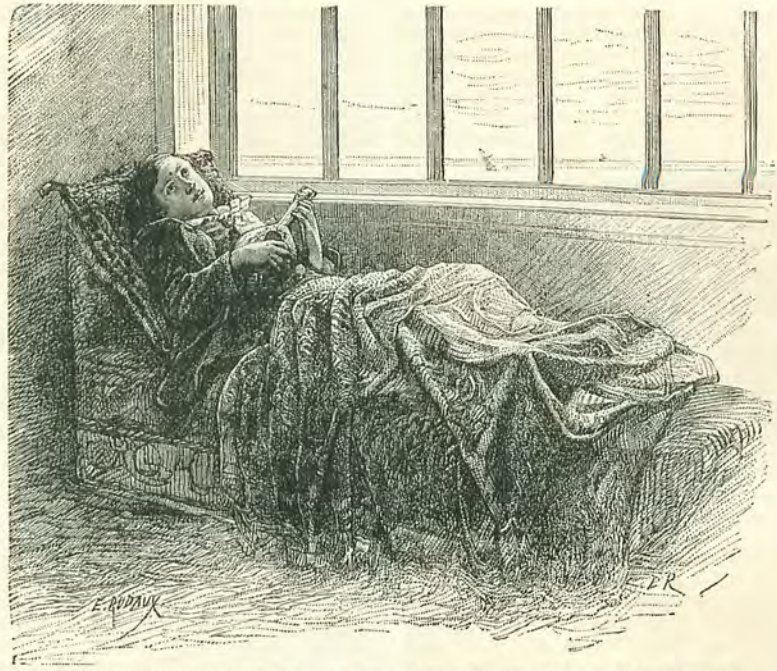
The following day Tessa was as usual lying back on the old-fashioned sofa, with closed eyes and folded hands. I had tried to talk to her of the beauty of the day, on Tano having cut his chubby fingers with the bill-hook, and on various other small matters, but I met with no response. "Tessa," I said presently, "do you know the signora is home again?"

No need to fear that that heavy languor would never leave her, that those dark eyes would never open wide again. Tessa leaped up, and with a voice hardly recognisable, so different was it from her own sweet, clear tones, she implored me to keep Lady Allison away from her.

"Oh, signora mia, I could not see her! I could not breathe if she were near me; it would choke me, and yet I should not die. Signora, so good, so kind—oh, keep her away from me if you love me;" and she threw herself on the ground at my feet, and broke into such passionate weeping that I could only promise her she should not see her till she was stronger.

This excitement, as I feared, brought on a return of the fever, but it slowly passed away, and with it the languor that had so alarmed the old medico. She even went so far as to play on her little mandolin; but it was the saddest convalescence I had ever witnessed.

While Tessa was lying so ill the final preparations were being made for Beppo's



"SHE EVEN WENT SO FAR AS TO PLAY ON HER LITTLE MANDOLIN."

departure; and now that it was really settled he had to go, the padrona's spirits returned to her in such a degree that I could not understand her, till one day she told me that Tessa being discovered to be a thief was an act of mercy on the part of "Santa Terésa," for now Beppo's eyes were opened to see what a snake she was, and he would soon turn his thoughts again to religion, and the dearest wish of her heart would be granted, and she would see her son a priest before she died.

Lady Allison was deeply grieved at Tessa's refusing to see her, but would not hear of my trying to alter her determination; and it was through my medium that Tessa learnt that these good friends had with great trouble and expense stopped the police from taking proceedings against her, and that as soon as she was strong enough Lady Allison had made arrangements for her to be received into some public institution, where every care would be taken of her, and where, later on, she could resume her singing lessons which had been abandoned as useless on her engagement to Beppo.

Tessa was greatly overcome at this news,

and seeing her so deeply touched, I approached once more the subject of her seeing Lady Allison, but as before she entreated me to save her from that ordeal; Beppo too begged to see her, if only for a moment, but she was so terribly agitated at the idea of seeing any one, that I dare not try to persuade her, and as soon as I could get leave from the doctor, I and my husband took her down to Amalfi, resting there for one night in the quaint old inn where we had stayed on our arrival, and the following day we moved on to Naples. After placing Tessa in proper charge, we decided to remain for a while in Naples; and it was while we were there that we heard from Lady Allison that Beppo had been called off sooner than was at first expected, and we were both heartily glad to feel the parting was over before we returned.

I went to say farewell to Tessa on our last morning, and found her calmer and less delicate-looking than when I had parted with her, and her kind guardians all spoke of the sweetness of her disposition, and her great devotion and penitence.

(To be concluded.)

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF HANOVER.

THE ELECTRESS SOPHIA.

By SARAH TYTLER.

PART V.

DUCHESS AND ELECTRESS.—Continued.



IN 1692 Duke Ernest received the coveted rank of Elector, reserved for a select number of German princes; and the titles Duke of Brunswick, or lay Bishop of Osnabrück, and Duchess of Brunswick, are thenceforth

merged in the higher titles of Elector and Electress. It was said the promotion was the payment of the transference of a section of

Ernest Augustus's troops from the service of France to that of the Emperor. Be that as it may, Ernest's devoted wife was certain to look on the step as no more than his due. It did not pass without being contested in Germany, and just when the dispute was settled in Ernest Augustus's favour in 1698, his death was the heaviest of Sophia's many bereavements. She had attributed a host of shining qualities to her Duke and Elector to atone for his deficiencies in the more solid virtues. Whatever were his faults—and they were many and flagrant, both as a man and a husband—he had never failed in treating her with the respect and deference which belonged to the Princess, to the faithful, life-long ally, to the mother of his children. In her widowed state, though

she still presided over her son's Court, her position was different from what it had been in the lifetime of her husband. She was ready to be the first to give her allegiance to the new Elector; but George was incapable of showing any graciousness in the acceptance of the allegiance from the mother always ready to make excuses for him. In some respects her position was thenceforth one of suffering; and though succeeding events lent it a fresh importance, they bred also additional difficulties between the Electress and her son. It was reported that she was jealous of his interference in her English concerns. It might be said, with more propriety, that he was jealous both of her and of his son (George II.), and that the idea that she or he might eclipse the

Elector in the eyes of their English partisans rendered him positively hostile to their advances. This passed with superficial observers for singular high-mindedness and disinterestedness on the part of the Elector; but he was by no means *too high-minded* and disinterested to take the good things which were offered to him; and had he been actuated by motives of policy alone, he could not have pursued a wiser course than that of the assumed reluctance and indifference with which he met his great destiny. Neither was the attitude altogether assumed; it was the result of his sluggishness, doggedness, and ungraciousness to his family, quite as much as of his cool craft.

A great resource and interest to the Electress, in those days of loss and mourning, was the education of her grandchildren, the son and daughter of the Elector George, who, on the disgrace and imprisonment of their mother, passed into the Electress Sophia's keeping. Unfortunately, the boy grew up very much a repetition of his unprepossessing father, brave, cautious, callous, selfish, indulging freely in the vice around him, while the Electress did not bestow on him the unrequited affection she had lavished on his father. In the quarrels between father and son, which rent the Residency into two factions, she invariably took the father's part. The Electress's granddaughter, a fourth Sophia, and a second Sophia Dorothea, better repaid her training. Under the Electress's care she grew up with a *greater resemblance* to her aunt, the Queen of Prussia, than to her unhappy mother. Sophia Dorothea the second was intellectual, upright, full of sense and good humour. She was tall, with light-brown hair and lively blue eyes, which redeemed the irregularity of her features.

In 1701, while William of Orange still reigned in England, the last of Princess Anne's sickly children, the young Duke of Gloucester, died; and a patriotic English Parliament, dreading the return of Roman Catholicism and despotism in England with the recall of the *exiled Stuarts*, voted the Bill of Succession, by which the inheritance of the English crown was settled on the Electress Sophia and her children, as the nearest Protestant heirs in the royal line. In doing so the Parliament passed over the son and daughter of James II. at St. Germain; the children of that rueful young Queen of Spain (the granddaughter of Charles I.), at whose marriage the Electress Sophia had assisted during her visit to France and the Duchess of Savoy, the Queen of Spain's sister, with her children, in addition to the surviving descendants of Sophia's brothers. All these persons had disqualified themselves from succeeding to the throne of England by their profession of the Roman Catholic religion.

The Bill of Succession was great news for Hanover, and was followed by grand doings there. Till then the prospect of inheriting England had been very dim and uncertain; even yet it was insecure; and George I. is believed never to have regarded the English crown as resting firmly on his head. But if George was unfit to be more than an Elector, there was a queenly spirit behind him which age could not tame or sorrow break. The Electress Sophia was then seventy years old, but it could be said of her, as of the great lawgiver, that her eye was not dim or her natural strength *abated*. Her heart was fired by the glorious vista opening out before her, the magnificent prospect for her children's children; and surely she herself was fit to reign, not in a mock sovereignty, over a foreign country such as her mother had clung to, but in the right of that mother, over the three kingdoms of her ancestors. "If I can but die Queen of England, I will be content," she said; and her ambition was neither unworthy nor unnatural.

In 1701 the Earl of Macclesfield, accompanied by Lord Say and Sele, Lord Tunbridge, and Lord Mohun, went to Hanover in order to deliver the Act of Succession to the Electress. Lord Macclesfield, it is said, vaguely "bore a relation to the Queen of Bohemia," so that Sophia might have had some previous acquaintance with him when he was in her mother's service, a distinct recommendation to the office with which he was entrusted. Luckily, in addition to the noblemen who accompanied him, he had, in the person of a private gentleman named Toland, a lively chronicler of what passed. If his account is stripped of its laudatory verbiage, it remains a graphic commentary on scene and circumstances. Thrifty Hanover in Elector George's day blossomed into lavish expenditure for the occasion. There was feasting everywhere at the Government's expense. No Englishman present in the town was suffered to pay for his entertainment. Balls, plays, and operas followed each other in rapid succession. But the crowning performances were the delivery to Sophia of the Act of Succession, the great ball on the evening of the day, to celebrate the event, and the investiture of Elector George with the Order of the Garter. The Electress presented Macclesfield with her picture surmounted by a diamond crown. The Elector's offering to the peer was a gold ewer. Dr. Sandys, Lord Macclesfield's chaplain, preached and read the Common Prayers of the Church of England before the Electress, who had been brought up a Calvinist, while her son was a Lutheran. She was ready to listen to the service in her ante-chamber, and uttered the responses "as punctually as if she had made them all her life, and was well acquainted with the Liturgy;" but she would not consent to have it set up in her chapel. It was the English form of Protestantism, she said, but it was only a form—one of many—and she did not desire that in which she had been reared to be eclipsed and thrust out of sight, as though it were not Christianity. Here is Toland's description of the Electress at the age of seventy-three; it is a fitting pendant to the piquant sketches she furnishes of herself as the young Princess at the Hague and at Heidelberg, and as the young Duchess of her Italian adventures. She was of "a vigorous and cheerful countenance." Her step was as firm and her bearing as erect as that of any young lady. There was not one wrinkle in her face, which was still very agreeable (she was a handsome old woman, as she had been a pretty girl). There was not one tooth out of her head, and she read without spectacles, as Toland often saw her do, letters of a small character, in the dusk of the evening. She was as great a worker as the late Queen Mary (Anne's sister); a visitor could not turn himself in the palace without meeting monuments of her industry. All the chairs in the privy-chamber were wrought by her hand; so were the ornaments of the altar in the Electoral chapel. She was the most constant and indefatigable walker Toland had ever known, never missing a day, if the weather was fine, for one or two hours, and often more, in the fine gardens of Herrnhausen (the country house of the Dukes and Electors, a mile and a half from the town). She had read a prodigious quantity, and spoke four or five different languages.* She was adored for her goodness and affability. Toland was the first to kiss her hand after the Bill of Succession was read; when she said to

him that she was afraid the nation had already repented of their choice of an old woman, but she hoped none of her posterity would give the English cause to weary of them. Doubtless it was in reference to this admission of her age that Toland so dwells on her *native vigour*, and the absence of any sign in her of physical weakness and infirmity.

Sophia's intellect was far too acute to leave her unacquainted with the fact—which her son George fully recognised—that, in spite of the Act of Succession, it was still very doubtful whether Whig and Tory would agree at last to place her on the throne—whether there would not be a reaction in accordance with Queen Anne's well-known leaning to the claims of her nearest relations, which must end by restoring the exiled Stuarts to their forfeited rights. She was not a woman to be blinded by the most soaring ambition. It was in her son and grandson's interests, as well as in her own, that she watched as keenly as in the days of her youth every sign of the times, and counselled wise counsels, which helped to win the day.

It was a momentous period for all Europe when Charles XII. of Sweden blazed like a meteor across the political sky; when Peter the Great donned his carpenter's cap and converted old Muscovy into modern Russia; when the wars of the Spanish Succession raged in blood and fire far and near, and darkened the last days of the great Louis; when Marlborough's splendid fruitless victories of Blenheim, Ramilies, Malplaquet, etc., covered the English arms with glory. The Electress had a special interest in Marlborough and his campaigns. Her youngest son, Prince Ernest, was in his camp. In addition, Marlborough was the great Whig leader, and sworn ally of the House of Brunswick, while his tergiversant of a wife could twist Sophia's second cousin, Anne, round her little finger. Still, the position was perilous. The Tories were formidable under Harley and St. John. Even Marlborough was to be profoundly distrusted. He had a fair face and a fair tongue, but his political creed could be manipulated to any extent to suit his interests. He had the most tempting means of making his peace at any time with the Stuarts through his sister-in-law, Frances, Lady Tyrconnel, and his nephew, the Duke of Berwick, and there is abundant proof that he availed himself of the means.

In 1703 Marlborough was employed by the Electress to procure for her a portrait of her cousin Anne. There was a resemblance between the cousins; both were stout, both were comely, with the same full face and double chin. But Anne's heavily good-humoured inane face was like the lamp without the kindling light within, when we see it by the face of the Electress Sophia. Thackeray has supplied a sketch from a contemporary print of the Electress. Instead of the flowing curls of her youth, her head is crowned by a high structure of silk or lace in the fashion of the day, and this again surmounts the short locks of what may be a carefully-arranged wig. The face is that of a fine-looking old lady, bright with intelligence and beaming with sense and kindness, while "the air of a princess" is as conspicuous as ever. Looking at Anne's stolid face, Sophia might be pardoned for thinking that if her cousin's reign was called the Augustan Age of England, her own would be more deserving of the name, for was she not infinitely better qualified than Anne, with her dull wits and weak will, to enter with fullest sympathy into communion with those master spirits which were rendering the country and the period illustrious?

The years which followed still brought the same mingling of joy and sorrow which had been the burden of the years that went before them. In 1703 Sophia's son, Prince Christian, was slain in a battle on the Danube between

* Sophia must have appeared a prodigy of learning to Toland, contrasted with what he might have heard of the illiteracy of Queen Anne, and of the late Queen Mary, who was a thoughtful and intelligent woman, but even she could not write a letter in her mother tongue without lapsing into lamentable spelling. There had been a great reaction from the classical culture of Elizabeth's reign where women were concerned. Their education had sunk to a low ebb.

the French and Imperial troops. In 1704 his sister, the Queen of Prussia, died in the prime of life. Madame d'Orléans, in recording the death says, "She was respected and liked by all who knew her." Yet she, according to the same trustworthy authority, failed a little, after the manner of her brothers, in what was due to her mother; "all her children—even the Queen of Prussia, whom she loved so—never treated her as they ought to have done." Alas! poor mother! who was "a fool about her children." It would seem as if Sophia's warm heart had not descended either to son or daughter, though the daughter inherited the mother's fine intellect.

The speech of the Queen of Prussia on her deathbed is a marvel of philosophy, strongly tinged with sarcasm rather than with reverent devotion or human tenderness. "Do not pity me," she said; "I go to satisfy my curiosity on subjects that Leibnitz has never been able to explain—space, eternity, being, and nothing; while in my funeral the King my husband will find a new opportunity of displaying his magnificence."

In 1705 the joint marriages of the Electress's two grandchildren, the Electoral Prince (George II.), and his sister Sophia Dorothea, were celebrated with all the splendour befitting the brilliant prospects of the House of Brunswick. The fourth Sophia married her cousin, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and was in her turn Queen of Prussia—no unworthy successor to the first Queen. "Three remarkable Englishmen," writes Dr. Doran, "were present at the marriage. . . . These were Lord Halifax, Sir John Vanburgh, and Joseph Addison." The statesman came with a bill of naturalisation for the Electoral family, and with the order of the Garter for the second George; the great architect and playwright appeared in his official capacity as Clarendieux King-at-Arms; the great essayist was in the company by favour of Halifax.

Prince George married Caroline of Anspach; and here Sophia had her reward. Her granddaughter by marriage was a congenial spirit, whose education, neglected in her youth at the court of Saxony, had been so supplemented by the guidance and example of the Electress's daughter, into whose care Caroline passed, that she ended by being one of the best instructed and accomplished women of her day. What is more to the purpose, she was wise and witty, like Sophia's self. She was the most dutiful, devoted of wives to a husband who was by no means respect-inspiring. She was a granddaughter after the Electress's own heart. Nine years of Caroline's married life were spent at the Court of Hanover; and the elder members of her numerous family were born there. In them Sophia lived to see herself surrounded by her descendants of the third generation.

But the succession to the Crown of England was still hanging in the balance, and as time passed the plots and cabals in connection with it thickened and deepened. Neither was the Electoral family by any means united on that as on any other subject, for the quarrels of the two Georges were notorious. The Elector George professed a chilling indifference to the English succession. Sophia, to whom he was her Elector, was placed in a difficult position. She was bound to yield to him and to conciliate him. It was no less her policy than her pleasure to defer to his views, and veil her eager interest in the progress of events. She had a hard part to play. If she was induced, according to Marlborough's testimony, "repeatedly to disavow, both in public and private, her wish to visit England"—a step already mooted in Parliament—the awkwardness of the situation is some excuse for the dissimulation in a notably candid and honest woman. Sophia had been a great traveller for her day. She had visited Italy, Switzerland,

many parts of Germany, Holland—the place of her birth, France. It would be strange if she was never to see England, her mother's country, and still more the country over which she might be called to reign.* Aged as she was, she was ready and willing to face the undertaking, and if it had been accomplished, she could hardly have failed to win the golden opinions which her son and grandson were so little calculated to earn. But the opposition of the English Tories to Sophia's appearance on the scene was naturally strong. Anne was set against it; many of the very Whigs were cool on the point, dreading to advocate a step which would entirely compromise them, while it might bring division into their ranks. The Electress had the mortification, severe to a woman of her ardent spirit, to find herself held at arm's length as it were by a large proportion of those who should have been her warmest supporters. Another question in dispute was the propriety of the Electress's receiving from the English Government a pension befitting the heir to the throne. Never in the whole course of her career had Sophia affected to despise money or money's power. In her present ambiguous circumstances in relation to her discourteous son, whose subject she was, while she was likely soon to be his Queen, the practical independence which such a pension would give her rendered the suggestion doubly welcome. This question of a pension was used as a bait by both the great political factions, for the Tories dissembled, and approached the Electress with specious overtures. There were many English now in Hanover; several were in the Electress's household; and their presence certainly did not tend to allay the ferment of expectation, and the undercurrent of scheming and manoeuvring which were for ever at work. "Such humours, such jealousies, such villainies in the Hanoverian Court," declared one of the baffled negotiators. The Electress listened to both Whigs and Tories, and tried to make friends of both, as the future sovereign who was to rule the entire nation. The object of the Tories is said to have been to secure from the Electoral family such expressions of satisfaction with the Tory Government as should help to keep them in office till the death of Anne and the proclamation of the Pretender. For this purpose they induced Anne, sorely against her will, to renew her expressions of goodwill to the Hanoverian House, while recognising them as her heirs. The Electoral Prince and Caroline of Anspach's eldest daughter was named Anne for the Queen of England, who consented to be her god-mother.

In 1706 George, the Electoral Prince, had been created by Queen Anne Duke of Cambridge, with the right to sit in the English House of Peers, and to take precedence of his fellow peers. But for eight years the creation remained in abeyance, and any proposal for the Prince to visit England or to take his seat in the Peers was strenuously opposed by the Tories, and was regarded with extreme disapproval by Anne, who dreaded a public demonstration in his favour. At the same time Harley sent a kinsman and namesake to Hanover to impose upon the Electress by renewed arrangements for her visiting England, and for her receiving a pension. Marlborough, on his side, despatched his political agent, an Irish gentleman named Molyneux, to warn the Elector's secretary of the treachery of the Tories, and their determination to place the Pretender on the throne.

By a fresh ruse of the Tories, Baron Schutz arrived in Hanover with a writ summoning

the Duke of Cambridge to take his seat in the House of Lords, and with letters from the Queen and her ministers, written in the friendliest terms to the Electress and her son. When these letters failed to produce the effect they were intended to have, of drawing from the heads of the House of Hanover such expressions of confidence and regard as would help the Tories and displease the Whigs, the Government began to show their true colours, though the veil was not altogether withdrawn. Anne was made to write that the writ had been served without her authority; that while she was favourable to the Protestant settlement, she would suffer no diminution of her royal prerogatives, and that her intention was to oppose the Electoral Prince's visit to England and his taking his seat in her House of Peers, however fatal the consequences. At the same time her minister, Harley, wrote to Sophia, recommending her to rely implicitly on the friendship of the Queen (he was quite cognisant of its lukewarm nature), and dissuading her from identifying her interests with those of the Whigs.

The Electress's answer was to direct copies of the letters to be at once forwarded to Marlborough, as the Whigs' ostensible representative. It is from Marlborough's agent, Molyneux, that we hear the sad result of the prolonged strife. His account is given with genuine regret and kindly feeling.

"The last post—I finished my letter about six in the evening (the 9th of June, 1714), not an hour after the post went. I went directly afterwards to Herrnhausen, the country house of the Court, and there the first thing I heard was that the good old Electress was fast dying in one of the public walks. I ran up there, and found her just expiring in the arms of the poor Electoral Princess amidst the tears of a great many of her servants, who endeavoured in vain to help her. I can give you no account of her illness, but that I believe the chagrin at those villainous letters I sent you last has been in a great measure the cause of it. The Rheingravine,* who has been with her these fifteen years, has told me she never knew anything make so deep an impression on her as the affair of the Prince's journey, which I am sure she had to the last degree at heart; and she has done me the honour to tell me so twenty times. In the midst of this concern those letters arrived, and those, I verily believe, have broke her heart, and brought her with sorrow to the grave. The letters were delivered on Wednesday at noon. That evening when I came to Court she was at cards, but so full of these letters that she got up and ordered me to follow her into the garden, where she gave them to me to read, and walked and spoke a great deal in connection with them. I believe she walked three hours that night. The next morning, which was Thursday, I heard she was out of order; and on going immediately to Court, she ordered me to be called into her bedchamber. She gave me the letters I sent you to copy; she bid me send them (the copies) the next post, and bring them (the originals) afterwards to her Court. That was on Thursday. In the morning of Friday she told me she was very well, but seemed very chagrined. She was dressed, and dined with the Elector as usual. About four she did me the honour to send me to town for some other copies of the same letters, and then she was still perfectly well. She worked and talked very heartily in the Orangerie;† after that, at about six, she went to walk in the garden, and was still very well. A shower of rain came on as she was walking pretty fast to get to shelter, they told her they believed she

* In speaking to Lord Dartmouth during her husband's life, Sophia said she could not leave the Elector and her family, otherwise she would be glad to see her own country, as she called it, and would willingly have her bones laid by her mother's in Westminster Abbey.

* A half-sister of Madame d'Orléans, and a niece of the Electress.

† Queen Anne's orangerie, a kind of magnified summer-house, used to be seen in the grounds of Kensington Palace.

walked a little too fast. She answered, 'I believe I do,' and dropped down in saying those words, which were her last. They raised her up, chafed her with spirits, tried to bleed her; but it was all in vain, and when I came up to her she was as dead as if she had been four days so. No Princess ever died more regretted, and I infinitely pity those servants that have known her a long time, when I, that have had the honour to know her but a month, can scarce refrain from tears in relating this."

When Madame d'Orleans heard of the death of the aunt for whom she had so great an affection, she quoted from a letter of the Electress's, in which she had written that sud-

den death was the best; that it might be painful to die in one's bed, having on one side the minister or priest, and on the other the doctor, "who can do nothing for you." Thus passed away in the manner she desired a brave, true woman, who had been early taught, what she had never forgotten, "to love God and fear the devil." The Electress Sophia had reached the age of eighty-four. She was survived by three out of her eight children, the Elector George, Prince Maximilian the renegade, and Prince Ernest, the youngest born. The last was sufficiently trustworthy to be placed at the head of the Council, to which George entrusted the management of the affairs of Hanover

when he left for England, taking with him the son with whom he was not on speaking terms for years at a time.

The Electress's wish was *not* granted that "Sophia, Queen of Great Britain," should be inscribed on her tomb. Few Queens more deserving of the title ever reigned. The prize she coveted had been all but within her grasp. Sophia died in the month of June; two months afterwards, in the August of the same year, her second cousin, Anne, who had been ailing and failing for some time, died of dropsy. She was fifty years of age, and more than thirty years Sophia's junior.

(To be continued).

LITTLE MISS MUFFET.*

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Our Bessie," "Averil," etc.

CHAPTER XX

GILBERT.

"Thank God for life; life is not sweet always.

Hands may be heavy laden; hearts care full; Unwelcome nights follow unwelcome days, And dreams divine end in awakening dull. Still, it is life; and life is cause for praise."—*Susan Coolidge.*



ACH day that Miss Muffet went to

the Manor House she half feared and half hoped that she would see Gilbert; but three weeks passed, and the interesting invalid Val had long been convalescent before she was invited into the west room.

Mrs. Foster had long ago consulted her brother and Mrs. Beresford as to the advisability of these visits, and to her brother especially she had written with the utmost frankness. "I hope you will not think that I am injudicious in allowing Effie to run in and out of the Manor House in this free and easy fashion," she wrote; "but Lady Sarah is so devoted to the child that it would be cruel to deprive her of Effie's company. I have reason to know that she is on her guard, and that Effie never hears anything of her peculiar opinions. As far as I can judge, the poor woman is much softened, and has lost that hard, shallow brilliancy which made her conversation so distasteful to me. I believe honestly that the child will come to no harm from contact with Lady Sarah,

and we may hope that in her simple way Effie may work some good. Perhaps you will let me know your opinion, my dear Norbert, as Laura leaves the matter entirely in our hands."

Mr. Elliston's reply to this had fully satisfied Mrs. Foster, and Miss Muffet, to her great surprise and delight, was allowed, without reproof, to spend her leisure hours at the Manor House.

One spring morning she had left Vixen as usual at the lodge gate, and had tripped through the shrubberies to the hall door, when Hortense, who had been watching for her, informed her that Lady Sarah was sitting with Mr. Gordon, and that Miss Beresford was to be shown up to the west room.

Miss Muffet entered the room a little timidly. She had only seen Gilbert once, and then he had not prepossessed her; but as she stood by the couch and saw the straightness of the figure, half hidden under the rich embroidered quilt, the hopelessness and helplessness of the stricken man affected her strangely, and for the first few minutes she could find nothing to say.

Gilbert had always been exceedingly handsome, and his pallor and delicacy did not detract from his good looks. The sullen sadness that now habitually clouded his features only appealed to Miss Muffet's pity. "How could anyone look cheerful under such circumstances," she thought.

"You have never seen such a wreck before, have you, Miss Beresford?" asked Gilbert, with a feeble attempt to joke, as the girl stood beside him with downcast eyes. Then Lady Sarah rose hastily to her feet.

"You will try to amuse him, Effie, until I come back," she said coaxingly; "Hortense wants me for a few minutes." And Miss Muffet, to her terror, found herself alone with the invalid. It was just like Lady Sarah's thoughtlessness and want of consideration; but Gilbert was in one of his trying moods, and she hailed Miss Muffet's arrival with relief. She might safely leave them alone for half an hour, she thought. Effie was such an original little creature that she could not fail to amuse Gilbert. A grim smile contorted Gilbert's pale lips as he heard his mother's speech.

"My mother thinks it still possible

that I can be amused. What do you say, Miss Beresford? Am I a fit subject for amusement? I look rather like a corpse, do I not? Oh, yes! I can just raise my arms, and my head is still available for thinking and talking purposes; but as far as a human being can resemble a log—"

But here Miss Muffet's hand touched his coat-sleeve timidly. "Oh, please—please do not talk so; it makes me feel bad only to hear you. Please—please—" and Miss Muffet's voice broke; and as Gilbert raised his weary eyes he could see that the tears were running down her face, and that she was trembling all over.

"I beg your pardon," he muttered, half abashed, and yet touched at this display of emotion. "I suppose I am not fit for visitors. You must give me time to get used to things. I have hardly grasped the situation yet."

"Does it tire you to see people?" she asked rather nervously.

"I do not know. You are my first visitor as yet, except the doctors and the vicar; but they hardly count, don't you know. My mother is always bothering me to see people; she thinks it would do me good. As though anything can do me good, pinned here to this couch like an impaled butterfly;" and Gilbert's tone was full of concentrated bitterness.

"It is very sad," returned Miss Muffet gently. "I have been so dreadfully sorry for you all this time. But don't you think, Mr. Gordon"—and then she stopped and looked at him in a deprecating manner, as though she feared how he might take her speech—"don't you think, that as you have got to lie there, that it would make it easier if you were just to try to bear it?"

Gilbert looked a little taken aback at this speech. He had just made up his mind that Miss Beresford was a pretty little thing, with a style of her own, and that he had no objection to look at her. She had long, beautiful eyelashes, and he liked long eyelashes. But Miss Muffet, unconscious of his criticism, went on more boldly. "If I were a man, I would not let myself be crushed by circumstances, just as though I were a poor, weak thing. Men are so strong! And after all, dreadful as it is, you are not

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WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF HANOVER.

SOPHIA DOROTHEA, OF ZELL, WIFE OF GEORGE I.*

By SARAH TYTLER.



CELLE, or Zell, is described by Thackeray as "a little town of 10,000 people, that lies on the railway between Hamburg and Hanover, in the midst of great plains of sand upon the River Celle." It was the seat of one of the duchies into which the

House of Brunswick and Hanover was divided, and it was the birthplace of the unhappy Sophia Dorothea. Her miserable fate has raised up for her—sometimes in quarters where one would least expect such advocates—zealous partisans, unreasoning and unreasonable in their partisanship, disposed, in order to clear their heroine, to sully recklessly the reputation of all who stood in opposition to her in her lifetime.

Sophia Dorothea, daughter of Duke George William of Brunswick, by hismorganatic marriage with Eleanore d'Olbreuse, was born at Zell in September, 1666. Her birth was the signal for her father's bestowal on her mother, to whom he had already accorded the style of Madame de Harburg, the additional title of Countess von Wilhelmsburg, endowing her with the island of Wilhelmsburg, on the Elbe, near Hamburg. The island was thickly stocked with game, which found a ready sale in Hamburg, so that it was a perquisite of some value. As time passed, and the other children born to the couple did not survive their infancy, the Duke, with the consent of his brother Duke Ernest, added to his settlements on his wife, and especially on his child, till the little girl became a great enough heiress to cause the fact that she was the child of a morganatic marriage, and that her mother was not of royal rank, to be in a measure overlooked. There were suitors for her hand even then, not only among the nobles, but among the minor princes of Northern Germany. It was quite possible that at any time, by the Emperor's consent, Duke George's wife might be promoted to the rank of his Duchess. Duke Ernest and Duchess Sophia lived in dread of this contingency, which would seriously affect their children's interests. It was not likely to escape the attention, or to fail to enter into the calculations of the neighbouring magnates. All things considered, it was not probable that a handsome noble lad, in his early teens, who was at that time a page in the royal suite maintained at Zell, and a playfellow of the small seven-years-old Sophia, would have much chance of winning her hand when he was twenty-three and she was fourteen—the age fixed for her majority and selection of a husband. It might be the distinctive audacity of the Königsmarks, the lad's family—destined to make Europe ring with questionable exploits—which originated the idea that was in existence in those early days. This lad, fated to be Sophia Dorothea's evil genius, was Philip Christopher von Königsmark. His family, one of note in Brandenburg, had settled in Sweden, where it produced men of

more honourable renown than those descendants whose splendid vices and daring crimes electrified the civilised world.

A more promising bridegroom for the little beauty and heiress of Duke George William's Court offered himself, when she was still only nine years of age, in the person of Frederic, eldest son of the reigning Duke of Wolfenbüttel, her father's cousin. He was willing to waive—for the time, doubtless—the question of her not being of royal rank, and the young couple were formally betrothed; but the bridegroom elect was slain the following year at the siege of Phillipsburg. Augustus of Wolfenbüttel, the Duke's second son, took the place of his elder brother; but in the meantime the Emperor's consent had been obtained, the Countess of Wilhelmsburg was recognised as the Duchess of Hanover, and Sophia Dorothea was, by Imperial decree, a Princess as well as her father's heiress. Her hand in marriage was more in request than ever, while her father was not favourable to the pretensions of the Prince of Wolfenbüttel. The excuse which Duke George gave was that he regarded the death of the elder brother as a bad omen. Probably the Duke was already hankering after a marriage for his daughter with Duke Ernest's eldest son Prince George, the marriage on which both brothers were eventually determined. It would keep the Brunswick possessions as much as possible united, and it would combine the rights of the cousins, supposing there should be an attempt to bring forward Prince George as a rival to Sophia Dorothea, on the ground of the pledge given to Duke Ernest, before his marriage, that his children should inherit the duchy of Hanover. If the royal fathers desired the marriage of the cousins, the mothers—never on cordial terms—were both averse to it. We have already heard how long Duchess Sophia resisted the match, and persuaded herself that her Duke, whatever his policy in dealing with his brother on the matter, was equally opposed to it. Eleanore, Duchess of Hanover, had no reason to suppose, on her side, that her sister-in-law would treat her as an equal or a friend were the alliance completed. She inclined strongly to the Wolfenbüttel connection, since the reigning Duke had always supported her claims.

Duke George delayed the decision by putting off his daughter's majority for two years, till she was sixteen instead of fourteen, while Prince George went to England to make overtures for the hand of Princess Anne. But always in the background there lurked the advisability of the marriage of George and Sophia Dorothea, with all its fatally specious recommendations.

Sophia Dorothea's admirers speak of her as at this time a beautiful, graceful, amiable young girl, excelling in many accomplishments. With regard to the beauty and grace, they may be taken for granted. She was the daughter of a beautiful mother, and one portrait of her, which survives, represents her in a straw hat and laced bodice—a fair, buxom young woman, with charms of a voluptuous type. Her eyes are half-sleepy, half-languishing, her square chin is cleft by a dimple.

In reference to her accomplishments, these are always judiciously generalised, and spoken of vaguely. The exception, which is emphatically insisted upon, is "her exquisite dancing, such as might have been expected from the daughter of a French mother." We may give entire credence to her exquisite dancing. Her garrulous, simple-minded champion, Baron

von Poellnitz, mentions it particularly, when on the occasion of a ball given by Prince George the Princess "stood up" with Count von Königsmark, and the performance of the pair won the admiration of the assembled company.

The amiability of a poor little girl of sixteen, who has never quitted her father's Residency, has not been severely tested. In the course of a very few years Sophia Dorothea's amiability developed into a violent and stubborn temper, with all the headstrong passions of an undisciplined nature.

The "careful education" given to the girl by her mother the Duchess, so frequently dwelt upon by poor Sophia Dorothea's adherents, sounds as apocryphal in the sequel as do "the virtues" largely ascribed to Eleanore d'Olbreuse, both before and after her marriage, by the same ingenuous commentators. The virtues appear to resolve themselves into the craft with which an ambitious woman procured her promotion, and the plausible propriety by which she took care to retain the advantages she had secured. So far from bringing up her only child with exceptional attention and devotion to principle, a trustworthy contemporary, the Duchess of Orleans, who, as a rule, is eminently truthful even when she is most prejudiced, gives as her deliberate opinion, which I have already had occasion to quote, that the Princess's errors and misfortunes were due in the first place to the wretchedly-neglected education for which her mother was responsible.

The birthday, when Sophia Dorothea would attain the mature age of sixteen, was now at hand, and the question whether she was to marry Augustus of Wolfenbüttel or George of Hanover had to be settled without further loss of time. Then is said to occur the conversion of the Duchess Sophia to the two Dukes' secret wishes, and the odd nocturnal visit to Zell, in which one is not inclined to put much faith. Poellnitz records it, but in a very modified form. The Duchess arrived early, which seeing that she had only twenty miles to travel was not very wonderful. She had an interview with both her brother and sister-in-law, and offered her congratulations on their daughter's birthday. The only attempt—if it was an attempt—at concealing the main object of the visit from Duchess Eleanore was that Duchess Sophia spoke in German—the native tongue of herself and the Duke, which the accomplished lady who had been for seventeen years the wife of a German Duke, dwelling in a German duchy, was not supposed to understand. Granting that French was largely the language of European Courts at this date, this circumstance is in itself singular.

Poellnitz, unlike the other defenders of Sophia Dorothea, does not find it necessary to traduce the Electress Sophia in his attempt to make a case for her unhappy daughter-in-law. He is perfectly fair to the elder lady, fully admitting her fine qualities and her general goodness and kindness. His censure is confined to the sharp sarcastic speeches which she addressed to Sophia Dorothea—in which we can easily believe, as in keeping with the speaker—and to her non-interference at the last crisis. His most severe reflection on the Electress is when he includes her in the list of Sophia Dorothea's enemies who were punished for their hostility to her, the Electress's punishment being that her wish to be Queen of Great Britain was not granted.

As an instance of the numerous inaccuracies

* *Histoire Secrète de la Duchesse d'Hanover, Épouse de George Premier*, by the Baron von Poellnitz; *Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea*, from the secret archives of Hanover, Brunswick, Berlin, and Vienna; Dr. Doran's *Lives of the Queens of the House of Hanover*; Thackeray's *Four Georges*.

and inconsistencies which are to be found in the accounts of the Duchess Sophia's alleged visit to Zell and its consequences, it was certainly made, if made at all, before Sophia Dorothea's birthday on the 15th of September, and it is expressly said that the journey was taken on one of the very hottest nights of the season; while it is added, without hesitation, that the inauspicious marriage thus brought about was pressed on with indecent haste, and was celebrated within a few days, at the most a few weeks. As it happened, Sophia Dorothea was not married till the following November (1682), fully two months after her birthday.

Whether or not there is any truth in the tradition, which still survives among the romance-loving maidens of Zell, that Sophia Dorothea had already given her heart to Prince Augustus of Wolfenbüttel (the son of "the ugly baboon," to whom Marie Louise of Orleans likened her unseen Spanish husband), it is beyond question that the unwilling bride had no heart for George of Hanover, though she wrote a formal letter of acquiescence in her parents' wishes to his parents. She is said to have fainted when she heard of his arrival in the character of an accepted bridegroom at the gate of the castle.

On the gloomy November day of wind and rain when the wedding took place, she still *clung to the friends of her youth*, and shrank unconquerably from the twenty miles' journey which was to take her so far away, as it seemed to her inexperience in those days of bad roads and difficult locomotion. Above all, the parting was to commit her to the care of an unattractive, ungracious cousin and husband. Few young men could have been more repellent to a self-willed, frivolous girl than the ungainly, silent, gruff lad of twenty-two, who deserved some pity on his own account. Grievous as were his sins, he too was a victim to political expediency, since he was as utterly disinclined to the marriage as his young wife shrank herself.

In spite of it all, the first couple of years of the pair's married life at Hanover seemed to give promise of a brighter ending to a bad beginning. Princess George, as the Electoral Princess was familiarly called, behaved as if she had some sense of the duties as well as of the compensations of her lot, and had made up her mind to live up to them. She was so young, and personally so attractive, that goodnatured people would have been ready to forgive a great deal to her if she had but continued to give any sign of doing her best. It is not denied on any hand that she was received at the Court of Hanover with all the cordiality and distinction to which the bride of the heir-apparent was entitled. Even Prince George thawed a little from the churlish and defiant attitude natural to him in all circumstances. She was a mother at seventeen, her son George Augustus (George II.) being born in 1683, when there was the usual rejoicing over an heir, and the usual increase of *importance and consideration* for the young mother.

But very soon the horizon clouded over, never again to reveal a serene domestic sky. The Court of Hanover, then one of the most brilliant in Germany, was, even with the Electress Sophia at its head, no nursing-ground for the sanctity of home and the growth of home virtues. Its moral standard was of the lowest. *Vice reigned triumphant* in high places, as in other European Courts of the time. The Elector and his son were among the most flagrant offenders in the gross self-indulgence and open profligacy which prevailed. The Electress, according to the tenets of the women like her, wisely or unwisely ignored what she could not prevent, and pursued the even tenor of her way; honourable among the base, upright among the depraved, gathering

around her a circle of like-minded men and women, and contenting herself with their respect and regard. For this apparent indifference to the conduct of her neighbours she has been loudly and persistently reproached; but it would be difficult to say how she could have improved the aspect of affairs by the undignified exhibition of furious resentment and open rebellion against her husband and sovereign. Sophia Dorothea writhed and raged under similar domestic injuries, and was ready to retaliate by showing herself far from beyond suspicion, while the result was not encouraging.

Hanover, on its dissolute side, was dominated by one wicked woman. She is held up, without reserve, to the detestation of her worthier contemporaries, and of posterity as the Jezebel of her country and generation. She was one of two handsome unprincipled sisters named Meissenbach, who came with their father, a political adventurer, to the Hanoverian Court. These adventurers were very often soldiers of fortune or members of noble families, fallen into poverty, with their wives and daughters. The whole were apt to be the parasitical pests of the period. If the men were, as a rule, to be deprecated, the women were in equal measure to be detested.

The Fräulein von Meissenbach first appeared in public as shepherdesses in a Court pastoral, which was played to welcome back the two Princes George and Maximilian, arriving, with their governors, from their foreign travels and campaigns. As an example of the success of the sisters, they married the two governors, and were from that time conspicuous figures at Court. One of the governors, Platen, became in time the Elector's prime minister, and was ennobled. His wife, thus made a countess, possessed great political and social influence, still more from the Elector's favour than from the Count's position. As the wife of her husband's prime minister, and necessarily in this sense one of the first of the Court ladies, the Electress consented to treat the lady with all courtesy, while steadily refusing to regard her in any other light.

Sophia Dorothea adopted different tactics. She treated Madame von Platen and her sister with marked rudeness and contempt. A furious war raged thenceforth between the contending parties in a rivalry which was as humiliating to Princess George as it was galling to the haughty favourite. Princess George was not without wit, though it was less silencing than that of her mother-in-law. She did not fail in scornful retorts and vindictive innuendoes.

Prince Maximilian's *embroglio* with his father occurred about this time. The Prince headed a small plot for the separation of Hanover and Zell, which the Elector desired to unite and preserve as his eldest son's inheritance. For this piece of insubordination Prince Maximilian thought it necessary to fly from Hanover. He took refuge, to begin with, at the Court of Wolfenbüttel, but was reconciled for a time to his family before he repaired to Italy, and completed his treason by renouncing the Protestant religion and denying his mother's claim to the throne of England. His subordinate fellow-conspirator Mölcke, possibly also his tempter, was arrested and suffered the extreme penalty of the law, being beheaded at Hanover.

Sophia Dorothea was so far implicated in the matter. Her partisans declare that an attempt was made to induce Mölcke to crinate her by offering him his life in return for compromising evidence against the Princess, and that he gallantly refused, preferring to die. It must be remembered that such evidence referred to the treasonable withdrawal of Sophia Dorothea's native duchy of Zell from Hanover, and not to her subsequent

folies and indiscretions; so that even her connection with the conspiracy, if it could have been proved, would not have subjected her to a heavier penalty than was at first inflicted on her brother-in-law. Poellnitz, in his rambling, gossiping *little narrative*, details a violent altercation Sophia Dorothea had with her husband on Prince Maximilian and Mölcke's affair, when she reproached him bitterly for not exerting himself to vindicate her from the charge of conspiracy. The quarrels between husband and wife were now so inveterate that he, in his sullen moods, would not speak to her for two months on end, and only noticed her in public, while she revenged herself by biting taunts and gibes in private.

An illness of Sophia Dorothea's followed on these scenes, when Poellnitz asserts that the Electress Sophia went to her, and watched over her, never leaving her till the birth of the poor young creature's daughter—the second Sophia Dorothea—in 1688, when the mother was still only twenty-one years of age. On her recovery, while yet weak and low-spirited, the Electress carried her daughter-in-law with her to Herrnhausen, and there tried every means to cheer and entertain her.

Two years after the birth of the younger child of George and Sophia Dorothea, the feud between husband and wife having remained unhealed, an inopportune visitor arrived at the Court of Hanover in the person of the same Philip von Königsmark who had been the Princess's early acquaintance and playfellow at Zell. If the beautiful, aspiring page had been fascinating to the thoughtless child, infinitely more attractive to the vain, shallow, reckless nature of the discontented woman and neglected wife was the man who, like her husband, was six years her senior. Königsmark was still beautiful, with the *beauté de diable*, of an insolent, manly beauty. He was showily clever and brilliant, a lively talker, an apt mimic, a splendid spendthrift, a daring and dauntless soldier. He was considered so great an acquisition to the Court circle that the Elector immediately conferred on him the appointment of Colonel of the Hanoverian Guards. Sophia Dorothea was confirmed in her admiration of the new comer by the sensation which Königsmark created at Court. Even the Princess's declared enemy, Madame von Platen, who united to the wiles of a skilled *intrigante* the vilest of coquetry, was eager to attract his attention and win his friendship, and he did not decline her overtures. Prince Charles, the Electress's best-beloved son, was dazzled—lad-like—by the graces and *bons mots*, the adventures and escapades of the sorry-enough hero. Prince Charles had a liking for his wayward young sister-in-law, and was in the habit of visiting her every day, when he carried with him his last fancy in the shape of a friend. The Prince even induced his mother to give Königsmark special invitations to Herrnhausen.

But when every allowance is made for the force of example, the general infatuation with which the magnificent stranger was greeted at Hanover, and the early associations which linked him with Sophia Dorothea's childhood at Zell, and seemed to constitute him her particular ally, it is impossible to overlook the deplorable lack of sense, the culpable indiscretion, of such an alliance between a Princess situated as Sophia Dorothea was, on the terms on which she stood with her husband, and an avowed man of gallantry boasting of his conquests. In the interval since the two were parted Count Philip had been mixed up in one of the most ruffianly outrages which had scandalised a by no means sensitive generation. This was the story of his brother Carl Johann von Königsmark, who had come to England in his hunt for an heiress. Her

fortune was to be won by his handsome person and desperate character, and was to serve as a substitute for the plunder no longer to be had for the taking by the bold robber-knights of the Middle Ages. He brought with him his boy-brother Philip, and established him in a school preparatory to sending him to Oxford.

Carl Johann decided that his prize should be the heiress of the Percies, who at thirteen years of age was the widow of Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, son of the Duke of Newcastle. When Königsmark made his suit to the lady's relatives, it was dismissed with scant ceremony, and she was prudently remarried to Thomas Thynne of Longleat, a young man whose wealth had procured for him the sobriquet of "Tom of Ten Thousand." The second marriage was no serious obstacle to his pursuit in the eyes of a Königsmark. He engaged and armed a group of foreign scoundrels who, mounted on horseback, waylaid and beset Thynne as he was driving in his coach in Pall Mall in the dusk of the evening. A shot from the blunderbuss of one of his assailants inflicted on the unfortunate man a wound of which he died shortly afterwards. The deed of violence was so wanton, apart from Königsmark's design, and so dastardly, it was committed in so public a place, that no man could feel secure of his life if the murder went unpunished. The perpetrators and the instigator of the assassination were arrested and tried. It would have gone hard with Königsmark had he not been helped by the favour shown to him by the king, Charles II. The merry monarch could not bear that so fine a gentleman should pay with the forfeit of his life for what his royal

sponsor was pleased to regard as little more than a frolic. To his friends Königsmark insisted that his confederates had mistaken his intentions. These were only to force Thynne to fight a duel with him, which would have been a more legitimate and gentlemanlike way of disposing of the barrier to the Count's success. To the Court he lied without scruple, and caused his young brother to lie in roundly asserting that his sole business with his accomplices was the purchase of horses. The wretched tools in the crime were sacrificed without mercy, and received the full penalty of the law, while their employer was acquitted.

Sophia Dorothea could not have been ignorant of this wicked business, and though one brother was not answerable for the sin of another, it marked the stamp of men and women like the Königsmarks, who were the scourges of the society in which they moved.

To the earlier enmity between the Countess von Platen and Princess George was added the unseemly contest for Philip von Königsmark's favour, since he combined paying court to the silly princess with taking care to stand high in the good graces of the wife of the prime minister.

The Court rang with idle invidious gossip, evilly flavoured slander and angry passages between the persons principally concerned. Now it was an embroidered glove of Sophia Dorothea's which her enemies said she dropped by accident when walking *tête-à-tête* with Königsmark, and her friends alleged the Countess von Platen stole in order to leave it in Prince George's path and arouse his wrath against the Princess.

Again it was a trick of the incorrigible Prince Maximilian. He was for the moment back at Court, and seems from internal evidence to have been like his brother, Prince Charles, one of Sophia Dorothea's thoughtless ill-advised adherents. In a public assembly Prince Maximilian contrived to flirt a few drops of the water in which peas had been boiled into Madame von Platen's face, because pea-water was believed to be an infallible test for the exposure of the rouge with which she sought to repair the ravages of time on her once brilliant complexion.

All these petty wrangles and ugly scandals in connection with the wife of her eldest son must have been gall and wormwood to the proud self-respect of the Electress. Yet according to Poellnitz, she stood by her daughter-in-law for a time, and even sought to show her confidence in her by permitting Prince Charles to bring his friend into the royal circle.

Königsmark accompanied Prince Charles, and this also may have been a well-meant arrangement of the Electress Sophia's, when the Prince went to fight the Turks on the Danube, where he fell in battle as two of his elder brothers had fallen before him. When the melancholy news reached Herrnhausen, Sophia Dorothea was with the Electress, and Madame von Platen was also in attendance. The rumour was that Königsmark had also fallen, and the sacred sorrow of the bereaved mother was broken in upon by the noisy unrestrained lamentations of two of her companions for their graceless cavalier.

(To be continued.)

MY LADY MARJORIE.

By ADA M. TROTTER, Author of "The Miner's Hero," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VILLAGE GOSSIPS DISAPPROVE OF "MY LADY'S" CURLS.



MISTRESS PIERCE sat sewing in the porch. She was making a new dress for Molly, for the early autumn days were cold. The blue woollen material was coarse in texture, not one whit better than the gowns that Susan wore. Molly sat on the opposite side of the porch, hemming a frill for mother's cap. She was cross. The needle had pricked her pretty fingers and left little dots of blood along the hem, and, instead of working quickly, her dissatisfied eyes were often fastened on the dress that grew under mother's busy hands.

"Let me see thy work, Molly."

Molly instantly sprang from her seat and held out her frill for inspection. Mistress Pierce was not satisfied with it; she silently took some work of Susan's from her basket and compared the two. Molly as silently accepted the reproof, took a needle, and picked out the faulty stitches with very evident temper.

"Molly!"

It was a reproof. The child's blue eyes flashed. Mrs. Bathurst would have slapped her for such signs of uncontrolled temper; but Mistress Pierce calmly pursued her own work, as if she did not see the naughty child, or know how rebellious she felt.

The hour of repentance had come. Molly was longing for the fine things she had given up. The thought of having to wear the coarse flannel dress was most abhorrent to her. She longed to tear it out of Mistress Pierce's hands and stamp on it.

"It is not too late," observed Mistress Pierce, gently. "You are not obliged to stay here. You are old enough to judge for yourself, and free to make your own choice."

"May I go this minute?" cried Molly, throwing down her work.

"This minute," assented Mistress Pierce. "Only, if you go now you must not come back again to the farm. You must belong to the squire."

"And I should see you on Sundays, and kiss my hand to you," said Molly,

much amused at the idea. She danced down the garden path, opened the gate, and ran down the lane. Mistress Pierce did not raise her head. Was her darling really leaving her? She went on with her work, but tears found their way into her eyes.

"Mother!" called Molly, racing back up the lane.

"Is my child come back?" Mistress Pierce put aside the dress and held out her arms.

"I should have to come back, you know," said Molly. "At night, I know I should come back!" With these words she suddenly threw herself into the good woman's arms.

"And the dress, Molly?"

"Oh, I'll wear it!" she said, condescendingly. "And when I'm bigger, I can make my own dresses with ruffles, like Mistress Tabitha's."

Mistress Pierce laughed. Would Molly ever outgrow her fondness for fashionable dress? The child's philosophical spirit amused her; she was willing to bear the inevitable; but as soon as the power lay in her hands to alter the conditions, altered they would be.

"There, Mistress Hoskins! I told you how things was, and you said they wasn't. Now see for yourself. There's the little Papist gettin' more petting in five minutes than Christopher or Susan Jane have had in all their lives."

"Good Lord deliver us!" quoth the

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF HANOVER.

SOPHIA DOROTHEA, OF ZELL, WIFE OF GEORGE I.

By SARAH TYTLER.



UNFORTUNATELY for all, as it reads, Count Philip was not slain. He returned to work further and still more fatal mischief at the Court of Hanover. At last the jovial Elector interfered so far as to suggest to Königsmark strongly, but not in an altogether unfriendly spirit, the advisability of his quitting Hanover for a time at least. The count had just sufficient prudence to see the judiciousness of the advice, and to take it. He set out on a visit to Augustus, King of Saxony, who was about the most licentious sovereign presiding over the most riotous court at a period in history, when such courts were the rule rather than the exception in Northern Europe.

Sophia Dorothea was induced to consent to the separation from Königsmark, and in consideration of what was supposed to be the heart-broken misery of the man, she agreed to put the crowning touch to her inconceivable folly and wrong-doing by entering into an intimate correspondence with a renowned and abandoned *roué*. This much is admitted by her most zealous supporters, and attested with a certain amount of reservation by her lady in waiting and confidential friend, Fräulein von Knesebeck. Even without further confirmation it would be hard to believe in the perfect innocence of poor Sophia Dorothea after she had taken this deplorably compromising step. Thackeray was warranted in writing that he was "astonished" to find a writer like Dr. Doran acquit this most unfortunate lady. The explanation is that the credulity and wilful blindness of partisanship have no bounds. In order to rehabilitate the smirched and tarnished character of Sophia Dorothea, English writers continue, down to the present day, to assail with covert sneers the spotless reputation of the Electress Sophia, in whose side her daughter-in-law must have been a sharp thorn, with whom Sophia Dorothea was not to be named in the same breath. These unhesitating detractors dwell with quite comical disgust on the Electress's learning and love of philosophy, as if these acquirements and tastes were so many reproaches in themselves, positive proofs of her unwomanliness and coldness of heart.

Königsmark in place of pining in despair in his exile from Hanover, was one of the gayest and most dissipated revellers at the court of Saxony. In a fit of drunken bragging he proclaimed his double conquest of Princess George and Madame von Platen, while he held up to ridicule the antiquated airs and graces of the elder lady. In all probability he corroborated his story by a display of the letters he had received—an insane act which sealed his doom.

Away in Hanover, the quarrels between Prince George and his wife were progressing from words to blows, if Sophia Dorothea is to be believed. The unseemly result is not unlikely, when the two persons engaged in the perpetual disputes are considered, the grim enraged man and the hysterically violent woman. One day in answer to a privileged remonstrance—as her friends would describe it—Thackeray called it "her intolerable tongue," George, according to Sophia Dorothea, sprang at her throat, and she was only saved from

strangulation by the screams (which happily were not stifled), that brought to her aid Knesebeck and her other attendants. They bore her senseless to her room.

After this notable outbreak, Sophia Dorothea was naturally able to obtain from the Elector permission to pay a long-proposed visit to her parents at Zell. When one thinks that Zell was only twenty miles distant, even the rough roads and heavy coaches of the time do not appear to present a difficulty which a self-willed and rebellious wife and daughter-in-law could not have surmounted long before, if she had so chosen. One of the puzzling incongruities in Sophia Dorothea's history is the exceedingly small space—as we count space—in which all the events occurred. The two Residencies and the fortress of Ahlden were all within a day or a day and a half's journey of each other even then, within a couple of hours by modern railways. It is like a grievous "storm in a teacup," in a different sense from that in which the phrase is generally used.

Sophia Dorothea met with a different reception at Zell from what she wished, though she might have easily foreseen it. Her mother is said to have greeted her affectionately, and to have been willing to grant a ready hearing and unlimited sympathy to the fluently told tale of her daughter's wrongs and sufferings. But the formerly attached father had been made acquainted beforehand, from more credible sources, with the Princess's conduct. He was gravely displeased, and absolutely refused to have anything to do with the suggestion—whether it proceeded from her mother or herself, that she should get a "separation" from Prince George. He insisted that she should return to her husband and children.

The explanation given by Sophia Dorothea's party of her father's condemnation is far-fetched and improbable. They say that the Duke's ears were poisoned, so that he turned against his own child, and that the chief agent in deceiving him and abusing his confidence, was his minister Bernsdorf, who was in the pay of Hanover, and was also a tool of the ubiquitous Madame von Platen.

A man is rarely turned against his own flesh and blood, sole daughter of his house and heart, especially if her worst offences have been impulsiveness and imprudence. The statesman who is accused of having defamed her was her countryman who had seen her grow up from a child, if not into the paragon of excellence she has been fondly represented, at least into a light-hearted girl. It may well be supposed, without giving him great credit, that he had some kindly feeling for his master's daughter, some interest in his princess, until these feelings were changed into resentment and mortification by the levity and perversity with which she was doing her best to bring to nothing the alliance between Zell and Hanover.

Princess George was compelled by her father to return to her detested husband and home. In the act of doing so she was guilty of a display of petulant defiance of her husband's family, and of the rules of common courtesy, not to say of court etiquette, which, slight as it was, marks the insubordinate regardless nature of the woman. The road by which she travelled in her coach those twenty miles to Hanover, took her close to the country palace of Herrnhausen, where the royal family were then staying. Her simple duty was to stop long enough to pay her respects to the Elector and Electress. The Elector had always been willing to befriend her, and if the Electress's

forbearance had come to an end, it had stood Sophia Dorothea in good stead before now, and it might be revived. Instead of alighting, Sophia Dorothea drove past without a sign, treating the heads of the house with marked rudeness, and indicating the position of opposition to their authority and disregard for their wishes which she intended to take up for the future.

The excuse made for the Princess is, that she saw Madame von Platen watching for her approach from one of the windows; but as Madame von Platen was not the mistress of Herrnhausen we fail to see how her presence, however exasperating, freed Sophia Dorothea from her obligations to be civil and respectful to her husband's parents, the sovereigns of the country.

Soon after Sophia Dorothea's return to Hanover, Count Philip von Königsmark reappeared there, it is said, with the intention of completing the arrangements by which he was to resign his colonelcy of the Hanoverian Guards, and to enter the service of the King of Saxony.

It was the summer of the year 1694. Sophia Dorothea was no longer an inexperienced girl, she was a woman of nearly eight-and-twenty, the mother of a boy of ten and a girl of seven. Her husband was absent on a visit to his sister, the Queen of Prussia, at Berlin. When in Prussia (by Poellnitz's account), he was induced on the representations of his sister to write a conciliatory letter to his wife, which came too late.

On the night of July 1st Königsmark, in compliance with a note which had reached him, repaired to the Residency. The note was written in pencil, in the name of the Princess George, and appointed him to meet her in her apartments. This note is said to have been a forgery of Madame von Platen's. It is certain she was early acquainted with the interview.

When the Count requested admission to the Princess he was received by the lady-in-waiting, Fräulein von Knesebeck, who in her subsequent declaration asserted she at once recognised that Königsmark had been imposed upon. But in spite of the recognition he was admitted into the Princess's rooms, and remained there for a couple of hours. It is not denied that he was then arranging the details of the flight for which her carriages and horses were in readiness. Königsmark was to be the Princess's escort either to Paris* as he proposed, or to the Court of Wolfenbüttel (only forty miles distant), which Fräulein von Knesebeck maintained was the Princess's choice.

In the meantime Madame von Platen was informed of the meeting. Maddened by Königsmark's double treachery to her in Saxony, she carried her information to the Elector. He was incensed at the insolence of the assignation under his roof, and gave an order for the arrest of the Count, placing for the purpose several soldiers of the guard at the disposal of his informant; she had thus the opportunity of revenging herself at once on the Princess and on Königsmark.

Madame von Platen did not stint herself in her revenge—this much is known, though the manner in which the affair was hushed up has left it shrouded in mystery. Königsmark did not leave the Residency alive, though he was

* Sophia Dorothea is said to have entertained for some time the idea of escaping to Paris and becoming a Roman Catholic.

not missed for some time. So far as can be gathered from the conflicting statements, Madame von Platen had the soldiers given to her placed in the shadow of the great stove in the *Ritter Saal* through which the Count had to pass on his way from Sophia Dorothea's apartments. Though it was in the stillness of night, so silently and rapidly was the deed done that scarcely a sound made itself heard, unless it might be the barking of the Princess's little dog which warned her and her attendant that there was some disturbance in the hall.

When Königsmark came within the shadow of the stove he was suddenly set upon by four armed men. He strove to defend himself, and succeeded in wounding more than one of the guards, but quickly fell mortally wounded. In the various records of the crime and in the vivid tradition which still preserves its outlines, the Countess, who had been lurking in the vicinity, is represented as coming forward to make assurance doubly sure, and to taunt the vanquished man on whom she had formerly lavished her ill-omened regard. He is said to have cursed her where she stood, and asserted the innocence of the Princess, when the infuriated woman stamped with her high-heeled shoe on the mouth from which the breath was passing.

How Königsmark's tell-tale body was disposed of has never been clearly ascertained. The Elector is reported to have been at his wit's end with alarm and vexation at the undreamt-of severity with which his orders had been executed. He either caused the body to be at once burnt, or he had it immediately cast into a drain and covered with quicklime.

Another version of the story relates that many years afterwards, when most of the persons concerned in the tragedy were dead, on the second visit which George II. paid to Hanover, in the course of alterations made in the Residency, Königsmark's skeleton was found beneath the flooring of Sophia Dorothea's dressing-room, where he had been strangled. Some of the tellers of the tale allege that the first tidings which Sophia Dorothea had of the Count's death were received from the prime minister, Count von Platen, who was sent to examine her on her guilt or innocence after Königsmark's papers had been seized.

There can be no question that Prince George was not implicated in Königsmark's murder. The Prince was still absent in Berlin. It is said that on his return to Hanover he expressed his displeasure at the act of violence which had been committed. He was annoyed by the publicity which had been given to the charge brought against the Princess, and only withdrew his objections after reading one of her letters to Königsmark.

Unutterably sad as Sophia Dorothea's fate was thenceforth, it is only her extreme partisans who will venture to say that she was treated with excessive harshness and deliberate cruelty. It ought to be borne in mind that her father was from first to last fully cognisant of the treatment complained of, and in entire accordance with it. Those persons who prefer to believe Duke George William an utterly unnatural parent, Sophia Dorothea an injured victim, and all the other actors in the drama her false accusers and persecutors, argue that the sole motive which actuated these quite different individuals, apart from their enmity to the Princess with her piteously few allies, was the desire to insure the union of Hanover and Zell. For this purpose, and not from any humane and merciful desire to spare the unhappy woman, not from any honourable disinclination to expose a scandal which would bring disgrace on the whole House of Hanover, on the innocent children of the offender as well as on her culpable husband, the authorities

adopted the course which has been found so open to censure!

For a time Sophia Dorothea remained in her own apartments and was said to be suffering from illness. She was visited and examined by statesmen, lawyers, and Lutheran ministers in a vain endeavour to elicit the truth from her. A test was applied to her which savours to us of profanity. It was a relic of the ordeals of the Middle Ages, and was in keeping with the lingering superstition of the 17th century. She was required to take the sacrament in the presence of a gathering of officials and clergymen, but before doing so she was called upon to make a solemn statement of her innocence of any offence against her husband. The old belief was that the sacred symbols of bread and wine would choke the lying eater. Even when this conviction died out of the popular mind it was thought that the culprit would at least flinch and waver before the test. Sophia Dorothea surmounted it unflinching (with what mental reservations, who can tell?). It is sufficient to show the spirit in which she played her part. She immediately turned tauntingly to Count von Platen, whom she believed to be listening incredulously, and asked him if his *excellent* wife could do the same? One is led to suppose that this performance of Sophia Dorothea's was one of "the prodigious falsehoods" which Thackeray attributes to her.

Fraülein von Knesbeck was arrested and examined. She gave her evidence in her mistress's favour; she declared that she had been present at every interview between the Princess and Königsmark, and that she was guiltless of all save indiscretion, and an intention to flee from Hanover. But the Fraülein's single testimony, especially as she had by her own confession connived at the indiscretion, and been a partner in the wrong-doing, went for little or nothing. There was enough blame attributed to her to cause her to be imprisoned in the castle of Schwartzfeld, in the Hartz district.

Sophia Dorothea's latter-day friends will still have it that her judges—the Elector and his ministers, her father and her husband—continued anxious to "patch up" a reconciliation between the ill-suited pair thus wrenched asunder, and that to every overture she gave only one reply—"If I am guilty I am unworthy of him: if I am innocent, he is unworthy of me." The speech sounds heroic, but it is an equivocation after all, such an equivocation as a miserable woman standing at bay might very well take refuge in. The Consistory Court which finally dissolved the marriage, so far as George was concerned, did so merely on the grounds of incompatibility of temper, and of the contumaciousness of the wife, not on any accusation in which Königsmark's name was mentioned. There was not even an implication that Sophia Dorothea had sinned against her marriage vow, in intent if not in deed.

The Princess had already been suffered to quit Hanover and repair to Lavenau, since there was no home for her at Zell. Her children, whom she had been willing to abandon, were removed from her keeping, and committed to the more trustworthy care of their grandmother, the Electress. In all further proceedings the Princess was treated with such punctilious respect and consideration as were consistent with her safety as a state prisoner. No doubt this was due in some degree to the near relationship of her father to the Elector, and to that father's acquiescence in the sentence of the court. It is worthy of notice that Sophia Dorothea herself declined to impugn the sentence, when it was pointed out to her by her counsel that she had legal grounds for protest. One of her biographers makes the comment that she declined "disclaimingly," on account of the injustice with which

she was treated. Yet a candid reader is left with the impression that in all likelihood the refusal to protest was the result of a consciousness that she had been more gently dealt with than she deserved, or had any reason to expect.

Sophia Dorothea had an ample income settled upon her, and she was allowed to manage her own affairs; she had the retinue of a woman of her rank appointed for her. She received the title of Duchess of Ahlden.

In the month of October, following the July in which Königsmark was slain (1694), Sophia Dorothea was conducted to Ahlden, a strong castle on the verge of one of the waste heaths of northern Germany, and on the banks of the Aller, which flowed past her native Zell. Her captivity lasted, as no one could have foreseen, for the long period of thirty-two years, during which her "silent husband" never once uttered her name.

Sophia Dorothea in her castle prison still presided over a court in miniature, held levees and was visited by the neighbouring country gentry and clergy. She occupied herself as time went on with the care of her property and the control of her household, down to writing out of the daily menu; she conducted through her secretary a certain amount of correspondence under necessary restrictions; she also wrote a good deal privately—a practice which has caused a mass of fictitious papers, including her own story, and that of her mother, told in high-flown dialogues, to be offered to the public in her name; she took an interest in the peasantry around, and conferred substantial benefits upon them. She made gifts to the parish church, though she only heard service in one of the rooms in the castle. She was not suffered to walk abroad—not even on the ramparts, but she could take carriage exercise daily. She was either driven in one of the ponderous coaches of the time, or she drove herself in a cabriolet with a coachman riding by her side. She was uniformly attended by a detachment of cavalry with drawn swords. For half a century after Sophia Dorothea's place was vacant at Ahlden, the peasants in the locality would talk with bated breath of the great lady who had tenanted the castle. The old men and women remembered for themselves, while the young men and women had been told by their fathers and mothers that her carriage would rumble or whirl past the labourers going to and from their work when the hot haze of summer, or the dark mists of winter lay on the heath. The prancing horses and gleaming weapons of her escort of soldiers would thunder and flash out of the obscurity on the chance wayfarer.

As the years went on there was some relaxation of the strictness of the imprisonment. The Princess's mother, the Duchess of Hanover and her ladies, were permitted to pay occasional visits to Ahlden. Poellnitz, in contradiction of the general theory, which represents the Elector Ernest Augustus as the most lenient of Sophia Dorothea's judges, gives the date of this concession as after Ernest's death, in which case the granting of the grace was owing either to the silent husband or to the Electress Sophia.

All the time Sophia Dorothea lived in tantalising nearness, both to Zell and to Hanover, where her children were growing up strangers to her. She had no intercourse with her son after his early boyhood, unless we accept the somewhat mythical story of the second George's single attempt to visit his mother. When hunting one day, not very far from Ahlden—so the tale runs, he rode away from his suite with the intention of fording the river Aller and seeking admittance to the little fortress. If there is any truth in the legend, he was overtaken and induced to relinquish his intention. With her daughter, the second Sophia Dorothea, the mother did have some

correspondence subsequent to the daughter's marriage, and her portrait was suffered to reach Ahlden. The so-called treachery of the elder woman's secretary put a stop to the communications. *The tide of events* was flowing as briskly as ever outside the grey castle walls and beyond the dim monotony of the heath, while the solitary figure left stranded by her own deed was as untouched by them as if she had been already numbered with the dead. The glorious succession to the throne of England, on which Sophia Dorothea would never sit as Queen Consort, was settled on the House of Hanover. Her father, the pleasure-loving Duke George William, died an old man of seventy in August 1705, not without some relenting and alterations of his will in favour of the daughter, who had then been a prisoner for eleven years. He never saw her face, however, from the time when he cut short her visit to Zell and bid her return to her husband and children. Sophia Dorothea might almost have heard, with the wind in the proper direction, the telling of his knell. The last echo of the ringing of the bells for the joint marriages of her son and daughter, which were celebrated the same year as that of the old Duke's death, might have come to her were it only in the vigorous clang of the uncouth bell of the parish church of Ahlden, but she had no share in the pompous ceremonies and joyous festivals. It might be that she had some hope from her daughter's removal to the court of Prussia that there would be interference in that quarter on her behalf. If so, the hope was doomed to disappointment, beyond a little brief correspondence and the barest acknowledgment of the relationship, which some allege was merely accorded in order to secure to the daughter her share in her mother and grandmother's very considerable possessions. The most active step which the future Queen of Prussia took for her mother's benefit, was to receive into her service Fräulein von Knesbeck, who had escaped from Schwartzfeld. It is hardly necessary to say that it is more than probable this act was a politic measure to hush up the story of Sophia Dorothea's disgrace rather than an expression of the daughter's gratitude to her mother's confidante—who forthwith drew up a fresh statement of Princess George's innocence.

The unfortunate Fräulein had undergone a good deal of hardship on her first mistress's account, ending in the serio-comic adventure of the escape from Schwartzfeld. This feat was accomplished by the instrumentality of a "tiler," or a friend of the lady's in the disguise of a tiler. Under the pretence of repairing that part of the castle in which she was detained, he made a hole in the roof through which she was drawn up under cloud of night. The governor of the castle was roused in time to witness the flight which he did not prevent, because as he pled in his defence he believed it was two demons of the Hartz Mountains engaged on an excursion through the air.

Nine more years and the good Electress had died, with her death closely followed by that of Queen Anne. George I. was called to reign in England, and departed with seeming unwillingness to take to himself his great inheritance, but without an apparent thought to the skeleton he left behind in his well-beloved Hanover. Two years afterwards George revisited his native country, where he

was received with every sign of regard; but there was no token of remembrance of Sophia Dorothea, no amnesty where she was concerned. Four years later, in 1720, George was again in Germany for a season, his last visit there during the lifetime of the wife who had ceased to exist for him.

In the following year, 1721, the changeable life of Eleanore D'Olbrense, Duchess of Hanover, ended. She might not have been a wise guardian to her daughter in the days of her youth, but when the Duchess died a woman far up in years, with her perished the last friend who had a vital interest in Sophia Dorothea. We are told the English royal family went into mourning for the late Electress's old rival and enemy; if so, it was more than they did for Duchess Eleanore's unhappy daughter. Sophia Dorothea did not outlive her mother more than five years. In 1724, in the same dreary month of November which had seen the Princess's marriage more than forty years before, when the white fogs and mist wreaths were scudding like legions of sheeted ghosts across the desolate heath, the gradual failure of the Princess's health culminated in a sudden and violent illness which induced unconsciousness. She died quietly, with her suite the sole watchers and mourners by her death-bed. She was a rapidly aging woman approaching her sixtieth year. She had entered on that living death of imprisonment a young wife and mother, still in her blooming prime. Her son (George II.), the boy of ten she had left behind her, was a Prince of Wales nearly forty years of age, the father of a numerous family. Her daughter, the little girl of seven, was Queen of Prussia, and was enduring the brutal treatment of a husband compared to whom the Prince George of old, unloving, surly and dissipated, was a paragon. Sophia Dorothea's grandson, Frederic the Great, was already a boy of strange eccentric promise.

Sophia Dorothea was not buried at Ahlden; her body was removed to Zell, where it rests with the dust of her father's race. Not only was there no mourning for her at her husband's Court, he is said to have resented the fact that the Court of Prussia paid the small compliment to the memory of the dead woman. This complacency on the part of Prussia was unquestionably occasioned by the circumstance that the Queen was to a large extent her mother's heir.

A tradition existed throughout Germany that an unknown woman had uttered in the hearing of George I. the sardonic prophecy that he had better take care of the health of his wife since he would not survive her a year. Another version of the same story was that Sophia Dorothea, on her death-bed, cited her husband to meet her before the judgment-seat of God within a year and a day. The citation was reported to be contained in a letter written by the dying woman to her husband. It did not reach him till he was on his next and as it proved his last visit to Hanover. His excesses had left him an old and infirm man at sixty-seven. Before embarking he had taken leave of his son and daughter-in-law with quite unusual marks of affection and regret, saying he knew he should never see them again. Between Dolden (where he had eaten heartily of a late supper, the materials for which included part of a

melon) and Lender, to which he was travelling by night, he is believed to have received in some mysterious manner Sophia Dorothea's letter. He was much agitated on reading it, and complained of illness, for which he was bled according to the *universal panacea* for disease in past centuries, while he still journeyed on to Hanover. He only got as far as Osnabrück, where he was bled a second and a third time, but died apparently of apoplexy during the following night, that of the 10th of June, 1723.

An equally ghastly legend deals with the last hours of the infamous Countess von Platen, whom all sides in the strife between husband and wife unite in reprobating; she lived to be old and blind. In her darkness she was haunted by the fancied presence of Philip von Königsmark with a blood-stain on his mouth. But of all the curious traditions which have gathered round the melancholy story of George I. and Sophia Dorothea of Zell, the most extravagant and self-contradictory is that which was gravely quoted in a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*. It is said that the elder George caused the heart of Königsmark, with whose murder the Prince had nothing to do, to be taken from his body and burnt. The ashes were collected and put into a box, and the box was then inserted in a stool. This stool the inhuman husband habitually carried about with him and used as a footstool, so that he might have the satisfaction of realising that he thus trampled on the heart of Sophia Dorothea's lover. The story is fantastic enough to go unanswered, but it may be said in connection with it that no anecdote could be more foreign to the character of its hero—or villain. George I., like other members of his House, was, in his cold and coarse stolidity and doggedness, singularly free from vindictiveness. It was this, in common with a rough-and-ready sense of justice, which rendered the two earlier Georges, in spite of their glaring short-comings, better sovereigns than their predecessors, the more brilliant, taking them as a whole, more personally attractive Stuarts.

There is only one more word to say of Sophia Dorothea of Zell, and that word bears reference to a discovery supposed to have been made more than a century after her death. A packet of letters written under assumed names was found in Sweden, in the university library at Upsala. These letters, unlike the papers alleged to have been written by Sophia Dorothea in her imprisonment, are believed by many good judges to show both by external and internal evidence that they are genuine. They are love-letters written in two hand-writings, and are full of mad passion and desperate schemes for clandestine meetings. The conviction is to a great extent warranted, that they are the original letters written by Princess George and the Count von Königsmark. They are understood to have been secured and preserved by one of Königsmark's sisters, Amelia von Königsmark, who wrote of them, "Here are the letters captured again at great peril, which cost a brother his life, and a King's mother her freedom." Amelia von Königsmark married a General von Lowenhaupt, and her papers passed to her Swedish descendants. If these letters are genuine they are conclusive proofs of Sophia Dorothea's utter faithlessness.



some people do not object to colour, either mixed with white or by itself.

Flax thread can be used to great advantage in working initials, and very beautiful results can be ensured if taste and care are exercised. You can use all kind of stitches besides the above-named for feather stitch, and many mount-mellick stitches work well in a variety of ways.

Raised initials on sachets, cousie pieds, etcetera, can be well worked in silks, and Japanese gold sewn down is very handsome.

Fig. 7 shows how initials can be done in jewels and gold braid. The H is done in green and pink jewels, alone simply sewn down, and the I is of gold braid, twisted into form and green jewels sewn on as seen in the illustration. To begin a letter of this kind thread the gold braid into a large *aiguille à tapisserie* and push it through, then sew the braid down with strong sewing-silk. As the letters here given are by way of suggestion,

it will easily be seen that given some gold or silver braid and some jewels the most charming letters can easily be formed.

As there are still to be found people who like the old-fashioned cross-stitch marking, I give a specimen of it in Fig. 8. I do not admire it myself, but those who do can exercise their taste by the help of this letter; they will see how others can be formed, the same number of threads always being taken up and the crossing always going the same way.

Fig. 9 shows frill embroidery done on a cambric handkerchief. Always take care not to place very heavy work on a slight ground, and do not pull your thread.

The tiny eyelet holes are not cut at all. The needle always going into the same hole as the button holing is done, makes the little hole clear. Small dots worked over are in between each hole. The cordlike line is done in rope-stitch, one line down is of eyelet holes alone, and in the bar across is filled up with *point*

sablé, which is but a tiny back stitch taken at an angle of a thread, and care being taken never to place one stitch immediately under or above another. The lowest line is done in buttonhole.

Fig. 10 has a thick *buttonholed* bar which has first of all been padded. Then there are tiny holes worked over not in button hole stitch. The outer line of the letter is done in feather stitch with a row of *point sablé* outside it, and rope stitch forms the small cord.

All mount-mellick stitches can be used in this fine embroidery, and fine white cotton should be used. In padding be careful to be very even and to work all the satin stitch or buttonholing evenly over it. Too coarse cotton is a great mistake. If you use a variety of stitches you can have every letter, though of the same form, quite different in a set of handkerchiefs. As the work is very fine it should be done in a good light.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF HANOVER.

CAROLINE OF ANSPACH, WIFE OF GEORGE II., AND HER DAUGHTERS.

By SARAH TYTLER.

THE ELECTORAL PRINCESS OF HANOVER AND PRINCESS OF WALES.



CAROLINE of Anspach was the daughter of John Frederick, Marquis of Brandenburg-Anspach, and of Eleanor, his second wife, daughter of John George, Duke of Saxe-Eisenach. She was born in 1683, the same year in

which her future husband, George II., was born. Her father died in her childhood, and her mother took for her second husband the Elector George of Saxony.

Happily for Caroline, she was not brought up in the riotous Saxon Court. She was sent to Berlin, to the Court of her guardian, the first King of Prussia. There she was under the care of the wise and accomplished Sophia Charlotte, the much-loved daughter of the Electress Sophia. From that time Caroline's education, hitherto neglected, was sedulously attended to. She made an ample return for the pains taken by her teachers. She was both intelligent and studious, with an excellent memory and a rare penetration, not only where books but also where men and women were in question—an invaluable gift in a princess. The result was that she was one of the cleverest, best-informed of contemporary princesses, and she was as witty as she was learned. She had other qualities which she did not owe entirely to her instructors; these were her equable temper, her great power of self-control, her extraordinary tact. In addition, she was a beautiful young woman, with a quantity of fine, fair hair, a blonde complexion, and a stately bearing. In her early youth her admiration for the Queen of Prussia led to a remarkable likeness between the two in speech and movement.

Reasonable and dutiful as the girl-princess was, it did not follow that she had not sufficient spirit and determination to resist successfully the pressure put upon her by her Prussian friends to induce her to make an ambitious choice, from her many suitors, of the best-endowed with worldly goods, the Archduke of Austria, who became afterwards the Emperor Charles VI. But Caroline was a staunch Protestant, and refused absolutely to be converted to the Roman Catholic reli-

gion in order to fit her to receive a Roman Catholic bridegroom. It might be that, unattractive physically and mentally—as one is tempted to imagine—the Electoral Prince of Hanover (George II.) to the brilliant young Princess, she had heard enough of him; he had sufficient charm for her as the Queen of Prussia's nephew, the Electress Sophia's grandson, and the future King of England, to cancel his defects. Her love for him was unquestionable, and it never wavered, under the gravest provocation, any more than the Electress Sophia's regard failed for her Elector and Duke. On George's side the marriage is said to have been one of inclination, and in his way—not a very noble or honourable way—he showed the highest value for his wife to the end.

The marriage was celebrated at Hanover in 1705, when bride and bridegroom were twenty-two years of age. The second splendid wedding—that of George's sister, Sophia Dorothea, and the Prince Royal of Prussia—followed, when Addison, at Hanover in the suite of Lord Halifax, had the first opportunity of seeing Caroline, whom, as his Queen, he celebrated in his verses with much eulogy.

Caroline spent nine years of her married life in Hanover, where her elder children were born. It was the early summer of her life, and though it was a summer by no means without clouds and storms, it was, perhaps, to a woman of Caroline's serene and happy temperament, not deficient in the alternating sunshine which we are tempted to claim as our right in youth. Caroline, like the old Electress in her early days, took her husband as she found him, made an amount of allowance for his faults and foibles which it is difficult, under different circumstances, with altered standards and ideals, to comprehend, expected little from him or any man, and got more than she expected, while she lavished on him the treasures of her faithful devotion and tender affection. He was a little, fair-haired, red-faced man, looking more insignificant than he was by reason of his blonde complexion and low stature. He was mean in mind and body; he had a narrow understanding and a hot, inconsiderate temper. There was a certain grotesqueness about him, bestowed by the vanity which led him to puff and strut and to ape the vices, no less than the virtues, of abler men. His sullen, dogged, coarse-minded father, with whom he was on

the worst of terms, was *less ridiculous than* the son. His redeeming qualities, of which Caroline made the most, were the little man's valour—which he amply vindicated at Oudenarde and Dettingen—a certain amount of stolid sense and prudence behind his folly, an equal allowance of rough-and-ready justice inherited from his father, and, what George senior was innocent of, some heart.

The Prince's quarrels with his father, which reached the height of the couple's not being on speaking terms for years, must have produced an atmosphere of jarring discord and strife, in which it is difficult for good feeling and good spirits to flourish. The air of the Court was still further disturbed by the waywardness and impertinence of the younger George's tone to the grandmother who had been a second mother to him. Deficient as George I. was in proper respect for his mother, he resented his son's attitude towards her. Caroline also must have been hurt by it, since a cordial affection subsisted between her and the old Electress. Besides, the young wife was far too shrewd not to be aware of the discredit which such conduct brought upon her husband, and of its utter lack of policy supposing the aged Sophia lived to occupy the throne of England. But all these family differences and alienations only served to throw the Prince to a greater extent on the society of his wife and to increase her influence over him—a consequence which a high-spirited, deeply-attached woman like the Princess could not regard *altogether as a misfortune*. She had no real fear of the rages in which he was wont to spurn his wig and coat from one corner of the room to the other. She only knew that she was first with him, and that to her he always turned for support and sympathy. For anything farther, Caroline was philosophic, politic, patient rather than sensitive. She was full of mental resources, and as food for her heart she had her husband, her children, her German and English friends. According to Yoland, she was the most carelessly indifferent of the whole family to their splendid prospects in England. But the indifference might have been assumed in order to meet the conflicting humours of those principally concerned in the great future opening out *before them; or Yoland might* have made his observation in an hour of apathetic languor, such as overtakes even the most energetic natures. Certainly, the Princess

showed no lack of appreciation, whether for herself or her husband, of what was involved in the sovereignty of England after she had her share in it.

The Court of Hanover, even with so gruff and glum a sultan as George I. at its head, had many good points to a German princess of Caroline's faculties and tastes. It had still the lingering aroma of such borrowed splendour and mental superiority as the Elector and the Electress, in her husband's lifetime and in her prime, had been able to give it. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu visited it two years after the royal House had been transferred to England, and during one of the occasions when George I. revisited his native country. The far-travelled lady found it a very tolerable place of residence. The town was small, but the palace was capable of containing a large Court. There were no houses of great nobles in the neighbourhood; in fact, the wealth and magnificence of Germany were confined to the Court and the great burgher towns. The King dined and supped in public, after the Versailles mode introduced at an earlier date; and while he was still only Elector the members of his family, including his mother and his daughter-in-law, made part of the show, and learned to regard it as a becoming and agreeable detail of their rank and state. The King's opera-house was second to none in Germany, and he had French comedians in his service, who played twice a week for the delectation of the upper classes. In winter the speed and costly beauty of the Court sledges gliding over the snow were marked features of the scene. In summer there were the fine gardens of Herrenhausen, the delight of the Electress Sophia, the last scene on which her aged eyes closed. Lady Mary admired them even when she had the disadvantage of seeing the limetree avenue in winter. She was particularly struck by the great size and profusion of the orange-trees, which bore fruit throughout the year by means of the perfection of stove-heat applied to them.

Many English Whigs repaired to Hanover and sought to warm themselves in the beams of the Brunswick sun some time before the death of Queen Anne. Among them was a young couple, obscure enough though of good family, belonging as they did to the Howard house. These Howards were so poor that it was said Mrs. Howard sold her beautiful hair on one occasion in order to defray the expenses of a dinner which the couple gave, as a matter of policy, to the Hanoverian prime minister. The husband was dissipated and worthless; the wife* was a woman of singularly pleasing expression and manner, rather than of beauty of feature. She was above the middle height, with what was then called "an elegant figure;" she was quiet and ladylike. The notice she received was chiefly from the Princess; the Prince treated her with indifference. Another English visitor, who was then of little account, but who was destined to play a prominent part in George I.'s government, was the lawyer Craggs, eventually Secretary of State.

In the summer and early autumn of 1714 the deaths of the Electress Sophia among the shades of Herrenhausen, in the weeping Caroline's arms, and of Queen Anne in England, made the Elector George King of Great Britain and Ireland. The Act of Succession secured his inheritance, and the plots of the Tory leaders Harley and St. John in favour of the exiled Stuarts were crushed, at what might have been the moment of fruition, by the energetic action of the Dukes of Somerset and Argyle. They were Whig ministers of the Privy Council, and they brought to a summary conclusion the masked plots of the Tory Cabinet by demanding the immediate proclamation of George I.

* She was the great-granddaughter of John Hampden.

The King, with a large German and English suite, prominent in which were his son and daughter-in-law (both then thirty years of age), landed at Greenwich in September 1714.

The King, was in his fifty-fifth year, and could not speak English. He had to transact his business with his ministers in the Latin language. He announced that he brought with him his son (who spoke English, but with a strong foreign accent and idiom) in order that he might be trained in English politics and government. But no trace of such training survives in the fierce discord which presently broke out afresh between the two. It ended in George II. as Prince of Wales, representing the young England of the day and heading a court in opposition to that of his father. Caroline had need of her tact, for though she came to England in the dignified position of Princess of Wales, that position had many humiliations for her. There was no place for her any more than for her husband in the Palace of St. James's.* The rooms there—whose occupant was supposed to be the first lady in England, resident in the palace for the purpose of presiding over the royal circle, were given to Mdle. Schulenberg, one of the king's old friends, a tall, lean, dull woman of his own age, whom the wits nicknamed "The May-pole." The king created her Duchess of Kendal, and the rumour was freely circulated that he had married her privately. He visited her daily, and when with her pursued his favourite diversion of cutting paper. She "entertained" for the King at those evening assemblies attended by many Germans and a few English, the deadly dullness of which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has described. The Duchess of Kendal's rival in the King's favour was not the princess, his daughter-in-law, but a very stout, comparatively lively German lady of forty years, Madame von Kielmansegge, who was created Countess of Darlington. Her huge size, combined with the nation's contempt for these satellites, caused her to be termed "The Elephant." On one occasion the pair driving together in one of George's glass and gilt coaches were mobbed and hooted. "My goot people," called out the more spirited countess, lowering a window and making a protest to her assailants, "we have come for your goots." "Yes, and for our chattels too," was the derisive shout. The King would sit in the box of either of these ladies at the theatre or opera; but he went in no greater state than was implied by a sedan chair carried across the park, and he was attended not by two lords in waiting but by two negroes, also part of his old German *entourage*. These had been slaves acquired from the Turks in the frontier wars. George was a thrifty and unostentatious sovereign; he was fond of saving, and as he never felt the crown of England secure on his head, he did not lose sight of the probability of a successful rise of the Tory party, which would send him back, with his gains, to the little German kingdom which he loved so much better than his English inheritance.

Caroline had little to do with her father-in-law and his Court except when she had to appear there on public occasions and at State ceremonials, and then, by taking the initiative, she compelled him to acknowledge her and speak to her with the respect which was her due. He simply detested her as part of his son's belongings and as that son's most ardent and loyal adherent. Besides, she had as witty a tongue as his mother had possessed; and, though Caroline was rather more careful in speaking her mind, she was not altogether silent.

* The Prince and Princess of Wales repaired to St. James's on their arrival in England, but were forced to leave the palace on the first violent outbreak of the smouldering quarrel between the father and son.

The King was in the habit of alluding to her as "*Cette diablesse, Madame la Princesse*."

By a curious family arrangement, which has received no explanation, but which may have had its origin in the family quarrels already raging, and in a conviction that the hostility between the father and son might be renewed in another generation, if the first-born son of George II. and Caroline grew up amidst the factions and intrigues of a strange Court, little Prince Fritz did not come to England with the rest of the family. He was left behind at the age of seven, and stayed under the care of his governor in Hanover apart from his near relations, seeing only his grandfather the King during his visits to Germany, till the young Prince was in his twenty-first year. If there was any such idea as that of preventing courtiers' intrigues and the strain of a contact which was liable to jar, the plan for preventing future domestic misery was singularly unsuccessful.

Denied lodgings in St. James's, the Prince and Princess of Wales withdrew to Leicester House in Leicester Fields, then on the verge of the country. There they established themselves; but the rupture between them and the King did not reach its height till the anxious days of the '15, when Mar raised the standard of rebellion in Scotland, were surmounted, not till 1717, when Caroline gave birth to a second son, at whose baptism the royal grandfather took such furious umbrage, on grounds long since forgotten, that it became for a time little better than war to the knife between the two households. None of the courtiers of George I. dared present themselves at Leicester House. None of the frequenters of Leicester House were received at St. James's. A far more savage blow was dealt by the King at the Prince and Princess. George I., with the approval of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Macclesfield, declared it was the royal prerogative that the King should superintend the education of the younger members of his house. He therefore caused the three girl-princesses, Anne, Emily (or Amily, as the name was then pronounced), and Caroline, with their little brother, to be withdrawn from the care of their parents at Leicester House and committed to the guardians whom he appointed. The insult and the injury of this interference with their natural rights were keenly felt and bitterly resented by the ill-used Prince and Princess. Caroline especially is said to have been much attached to her children, to whom she delighted to act in the double capacity of teacher and playmate. Neither did she decline the performance of less agreeable duties on their behalf. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, once found the Princess whipping one of "the roaring royal children," when George II., who was present at the performance, remarked complacently, "You have no good manners in England. You are not properly brought up when you are young."

The wondering, weeping little girls made it up among them, and succeeded in getting leave to send to the bereaved pair a basket of cherries with the children's respectful duty and love, and over the simple offering the poor father and mother wept in their turn.

It was not till three years later, in 1720, on the birth of Caroline's next child (Princess Mary (?)) that the breach between the King and the Prince and Princess was partially healed by the instrumentality of the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, who was sagacious and pacific in temper, if time-serving in his practice, and systematically low in his principles. The children were restored to their proper protectors, from whom they were not again removed.*

(To be continued.)

* According to Horace Walpole the three elder Princesses, Anne, Emily, and Caroline, remained under their grandfather's eyes till his death.

FIDELITY.

By E. NESBIT.

DEAREST, if I almost cease to weep for you,
Do not doubt I love you just the same;
'Tis because my life has grown to keep for you
All the hours that duties do not claim.

All the hours when I may steal away to you,
Where you lie alone through the long day,
Lean my face against your turf and say to you
All that there is no one else to say.

Do they let you listen—do you lean to me?
Know now what in life you never knew,
When I whisper all that you have been to me,
All that I might never be to you?

Dear, lie still. No tears but mine are shed for you,
No one else leaves kisses day by day,
No one's heart but mine has beat and bled for you,
No one else's flowers push mine away.

No one else remembers—do not call to her,
Not alone she treads the churchyard grass;
You are nothing now who once were all to her,
Do not call her—let the strangers pass!

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF HANOVER.

CAROLINE OF ANSPACH, WIFE OF GEORGE II., AND HER DAUGHTERS.*

By SARAH TYTLER.

THE ELECTORAL PRINCESS OF HANOVER AND PRINCESS OF WALES—Continued.

At Leicester House Caroline did much to popularise her husband, and to gloss over his defects. The English nation, accustomed to the Stuart dynasty, the representatives of which had been as a rule distinguished by their gracious bearing and their mental graces and gifts, and by their prestige as the native sovereigns of a great country, were repelled and disgusted by the surly uncouthness of George I., and by the utter unattractiveness, together with the strong foreign element, of the Court at St. James's. Caroline was resolute in the determination that she and her husband should amend these faults, and they went far in doing so. At Leicester House the Princess held an informal drawing-room every morning, and twice a week an evening assembly, which formed a precedent for a long list of balls, masquerades, water parties. One refining taste the first three Georges had in common, and that was a love for music, and for Handel's music. George I. resented Handel's quitting Hanover for England in the reign of Anne, but the King forgave the great composer his temporary desertion, and required from him "the water music" played in the King's barge on the Thames. For once the King and the Prince were agreed in their admiration of Handel's stately operas and oratorios. George III. used to tell how he was taken, when a boy, by his grandfather, George II., then an old man, to listen to Handel, and was thus inoculated with the family taste.

At Leicester House there were distinguished gatherings, not of old Hanover, but of young England, in her choice spirits: Chesterfield, Stanhope the brothers Hervey, Pope, Swift, at times were included in the circle, the presiding genius of which was a brilliantly clever woman, who laughed over *Gulliver*, and appreciated *Robinson Crusoe*, though she had to pursue her reading in private, since the Prince detested books.

* Dr. Doran's *Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover*; *Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*; *Letters of Mrs. Delany*; John Lord Hervey's *Memoirs of the Court of George II.*; *Some Account of John, Duke of Argyle, etc.*, by Lady Louisa Stuart; *Letters of Horace Walpole*; *Letters to and from the Countess of Suffolk*; Lady Mary Coke's *Letters and Journal*; Thackeray's *Four Georges*.

In proportion as George I.'s court was ridiculed for such unornamental, unbecoming fixtures as the "May-pole" and the "Elephant," the Princess of Wales—herself a dignified and charming woman—was highly approved of for surrounding herself with a group of English ladies—well-looking, well-informed, well-bred, according to the standard of the day, and with a bevy of as pretty and lively girls as England could produce for maids of honour.

Among the ladies was the bedchamber woman, Mrs. Howard, Caroline's old acquaintance in Hanover. Mrs. Howard was now living apart from her ne'er-do-well of a husband, in fact, was in such dread of him that the princess's protection was regarded as necessary for her safety. In England, George professed a gallant admiration for Mrs. Howard, visiting her rooms every afternoon, and spending several hours with her, condescending to be soothed and entertained by her agreeable conversation. Even Caroline could not eradicate her husband's follies, but she could render them more respectable and less absurd. She could consign him to the company of her "good Howard," who took nearly as much care of him as Caroline herself did. Convinced as the princess was of her superiority to all other women in her husband's eyes, and of her unbounded influence over him, she could suffer his idle homage to Mrs. Howard as the safest and least pernicious of such platonic gallantries. But politic princess as Caroline was, she was a woman still, and not always a generous woman in her dealings with her woman of the bed-chamber. She is said in later years to have relished her husband's rude disparagement of Mrs. Howard's lean arms and scraggy neck in comparison with the beautiful arms and neck of her mistress, to whose toilettes the bedchamber woman was putting the finishing touches, while George was lounging in the background. Caroline is also reported to have taken a malicious satisfaction in blandly requiring, as queen, services which the lady at first indignantly refused to render, such as kneeling and thus presenting the silver basin and ewer with water that her royal mistress might wash her hands.

Mrs. Howard was agreeable and cool-headed, never losing her temper or making a scene. To men her society was gently soothing and mildly stimulating; she was emphatically "a man's woman." Pope and Gay

celebrated her attractions long after she was laid in the dust.* Her laudatory biographers are won by the simple tastes, the unaffectedness and kindness which her letters reveal; neither was she without cordial friends among women. But Caroline's special friend among her ladies was another woman of the bedchamber, Mrs. Clayton. She was of comparatively humble birth, though the wife of Sir Robert Clayton, Clerk to the Treasury, and afterwards created Lord Sundon. She was appointed to her post on the recommendation of the Duchess of Marlborough. Very conflicting opinions of Mrs. Clayton are expressed in the biographies and letters of the day. John Lord Hervey praised her as of good understanding and excellent heart. Horace Walpole, who had a bitter feud with Hervey, described her as "pompous and pretentious." His gossiping version of the origin of her intimacy with Caroline was, that Mrs. Clayton, apart from George II. and an old German nurse, was the only person acquainted with the existence of the internal complaint against which the Princess struggled secretly for many years.

In most respects Mrs. Clayton was very unlike Mrs. Howard, and between the two women of the bedchamber there was a chronic quarrel. Mrs. Clayton was ardent and impulsive, and got into many difficulties through her hot temper. She had solid intellectual tastes in common with the Princess; doubtless, this is all the reason required for their mutual regard. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, with her sharp tongue and her sharp pen, refers to the pair of friends as "playing" at studying philosophy and metaphysics under the learned divine Dr. Samuel Clarke. He dedicated to Caroline the publication containing his discussions on natural philosophy and religion with the German philosopher Leibnitz. What associations Leibnitz's name must have recalled to Caroline of Hanover and Herrnhäusen—the long lime-tree avenue, where the bees hummed in summer, the fragrant orange-trees, the philosopher's royal patroness, his "Serena," who was also the wise and kindly old kinswoman of the Princess's early married life!

The most renowned of Caroline's fair and gay maids of honour with whom and with

* They even praised her infirmity of deafness, which was slight to begin with.

their merry doings Leicester House, Richmond Lodge, and Kensington Palace were closely connected were Mary Bellenden and Mary or Molly Lepell. They were as vivacious as they were lovely, for in those days sprightliness was considered an excellent thing in woman, especially in her youth. On one occasion little Mr. Pope was taken possession of by the lively pair. They gave him a dinner after one of the royal hunting parties, and Molly Lepell spent several pleasant hours strolling with him in the moonlight according to the free-and-easy customs of the time. The two beauties sobered down as they grew older, and merged into exemplary wives and mothers. One of them, this Molly Lepell, left behind her a series of letters written in her declining years to a friendly clergyman, breathing much earnest religious feeling and devoutness of spirit. "Sweet Molly Lepell," as she was called in the *vers de société* of the period, married—the engagement having been conducted with all "the mystery and secrecy" which is said to attend even on Court trifles—one of the most conspicuous figures of the reign—John, Lord Hervey. The poetaster sang in his tuneful jingle how great was the sensation when "Hervey the clever" wedded in orthodox style "sweet Molly Lepell." Thackeray writes of Hervey's "ghastly beauty," his "ghastly painted beauty," and of the impossibility of putting trust in him. Indeed, any truthful representation of his finely-chiselled supercilious face bears out to this day all that is known of a singularly heartless man of wit and fashion, till one is tempted to cry, "Poor Molly Lepell!"

Caroline bestowed on Lord Hervey—or "Lord Fanny," the nickname which his effeminate airs brought on him—all the affection and confidence that with happier domestic relations she might have lavished on her elder son. In return he betrayed her confidence, exposed and made game of her foibles. Even her death-bed was not sacred to him. With regard to its "grotesque horror" and Hervey's share in recounting the scene, Thackeray made the emphatic comment, "The man who wrote the story had something diabolical about him."

Mary Bellenden* married Colonel John Campbell, and survived to an advanced age, when she was burned to death in an accidental fire, at a country-house near London, where she happened to be residing.

The levity of a third maid of honour, Sophy Howe, ended in scandal and disgrace. There was much coarse license of manners and morals in the England of the day. To mark the great changes in public opinion, Thackeray has given various quotations from old news prints. Here are two—"Mary Lynn was burned to ashes at the stake for being concerned in the murder of her mistress." "At night (Twelfth Night) their Majesties played at hazard with the nobility, for the benefit of the groom-porters, and 'twas said the King won six hundred guineas, the Queen three hundred and sixty, Princess Amelia twenty, Princess Caroline ten, the Duke of Grafton and the Earl of Portmore several thousands."

There was yet another maid of honour of Caroline's, while she was still Princess of Wales, who was neither fair nor wise, who was only passing honest. This was Jenny Warburton, the daughter of a Cheshire squire. She had been one of the maids of honour to Queen Anne, and on Caroline's arrival in England, Jenny Warburton was appointed to the same post in the Princess's household.

Her extreme rusticity and ignorance, together with her personal plainness, caused her to be the butt of her better-endowed companions. Nevertheless, when John, Duke of Argyle, bravest of soldiers and most patriotic of statesmen, a handsome man and a brilliant talker, returned from the wars, he conceived a sincere friendship for Jenny, whose sterling simplicity and integrity rendered her fair and worthy in his eyes; so open and honourable was the friendship, that not even the most unscrupulous tongue put a bad construction on it, though the Duke had been entangled when a boy in a loveless marriage, and had been long separated from his wife. Suddenly the wife died, and the Court was occupied with keen conjectures of what the result would be where the two sworn friends were concerned. Certainly the Duke would marry again, making a great marriage, such as many a fine lady of his society would willingly figure in, and his friendship with poor Jenny would be dropped.

It is in connection with the supposition, that a little story, very creditable to the Princess's good nature and kindness, has been preserved. When she heard of the death of the Duchess of Argyle, Caroline said to Mrs. Howard—"How I pity that poor Warburton! Her agitation must be cruel; and she must dread appearing in public, where everybody will be whispering, and every eye watching her looks. Go and tell her I excuse her from attendance; she need not wait to-day, nor, indeed, till all the tattle has subsided."

Mrs. Howard found Jenny busily sewing, as if nothing was the matter, and had some difficulty in making her message understood.

"Not wait to-day! Why not? Why mustn't I wait? What's the matter? Is the Princess angry with me? Have I done anything?"

"Done! Bless us, no, my dear Mrs.* Warburton; it is her Royal Highness's kind consideration for you. She concludes you cannot like to wait. She is afraid of your being distressed."

"Dear! I always liked waiting, and I ain't in distress," replied the sensible, matter-of-fact Jenny.

But there was no need for undesired sympathy, since the great Duke immediately laid his strawberry-leaves at Jenny's feet. It was entirely as a concession to her sense of propriety that the ardent wooer was induced to allow the marriage to be deferred till six months had elapsed. We have it on the testimony of a descendant of the couple that his faithful love for her never waned. On entering her room he would clasp her in his arms in the presence of their daughters, when she would appeal to them, "Do you see, you young folks? On such a day we shall have been married so many years. Will your husbands' love last as long, think ye?" Unfortunately, Jenny had a voice both loud and shrill, which she transmitted to her daughters.

The Duke used to say he knew if his ladies were at any party the moment he crossed the door-step of the house where the party was held. The family attribute procured for the members the nickname of "the bawling Campbells."

Caroline's intimacy with Mrs. Clayton was well known, and was much exaggerated in the popular mind. It was said that she ruled the Princess and Queen, as Mrs. Howard ruled George. In neither case was there more than a few grains of truth in the assertion. The Princess, not Henrietta Howard, ruled the Prince; as for Caroline herself she was cast in a stronger mould than to be readily ruled by

anybody, least of all by one of her bedchamber women. But the impression was that Mrs. Clayton could command much preferment through her influence over the future Queen, and that the woman of the bedchamber accepted bribes given for the purpose of securing her advocacy on the side of the petitioner. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who was nothing if she was not brilliantly scurrilous, coolly observed, in relation to jewels Mrs. Clayton wore, which were believed to have been given to her as an acknowledgment of her support in an application to her mistress, "You would not know where wine was sold if the seller did not hang out a bush;" in allusion to the old custom still practised in some places abroad of distinguishing a vintner's by a green branch suspended over the door or window.

Lady Mary's verdict on Caroline was that in her youth "she was judged a German beauty," and that she had "the genius which qualified her for the government of a fool—a genius unknown to witty Lady Mary in her capacity as a wife. The foundation for the charges against Mrs. Clayton was probably the fact that the princess granted her the privilege of introducing aspirants for the royal notice. In this light she probably presented Sir Isaac Newton and Halley to Caroline, as George in his aversion to intellectual pursuits was little likely to bestow any grace upon them. The princess on the contrary was eager to mark her respect for their attainments. She would fain have secured Halley as governor or tutor for her second son William, Duke of Cumberland, still hardly beyond his infancy, but Halley declined the dubious honour.

It does not seem to have propitiated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in Caroline's favour that the princess lent her ready countenance to the scheme for mitigating the ravages of small-pox by the process of inoculation as it was practised in Turkey. Lady Mary had caused her infant son to be inoculated. The princess followed suit with two of her elder daughters after the experiment had been tested on a group of condemned criminals, who had their lives granted to them in consideration of their services on this occasion. The eldest princess, Anne, was exempted from the trial because she had already suffered from small-pox, by which her face was pitted—otherwise she was a buxom, rosy-cheeked girl.*

In 1727 George I. paid his last visit to Hanover. He had a foreboding that it would be his last and that he would not return to England. Accordingly, before he set sail, he took a friendly farewell of those members of his family whom he had persistently treated as enemies. Presently the news of his death reached London. The tidings were brought by Sir Robert Walpole in person to Richmond Lodge, where the Court was in its country quarters. The bluff, heavily-built Prime Minister rode post-haste at midday through the June heat and dust, and sought an immediate private interview with George. In vain the Princess and her ladies represented the impossibility of granting his request, since the Prince was at that moment enjoying his after-dinner nap. Sir Robert, knowing the importance of his errand, was not to be denied. He took it upon him to enter the royal bed-room, and knelt down stiffly in his jack-boots by the bed. The Prince started up, shouting furiously who dared to disturb him.

"I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the panting but undaunted intruder. "I have the honour to announce to your Majesty that your royal father George I. died at Osnaburg on Saturday last the 4th instant."

* A doggerel verse in her honour refers to the dismissal of the Prince and Princess of Wales from St. James's—

"But Bellenden we needs must praise,
Who, as down the stairs she jumps,
Sings 'Over the Hills and Far Away,'
Despising doleful dumps."

* Young and unmarried women in a respectable position were addressed as "Mrs.," not as "Miss," in the last century. Mrs. Hannah More was the last single woman who was so styled.

* Caroline herself had small-pox soon after her marriage, but was only slightly marked.

"Dat's one big lie!" was the first exclamation of the son and heir.

The coronation took place on the following 11th of October. George and Caroline were then each forty-three years of age and had been resident in England for thirteen years. Mrs. Delany gives a pretty description of the coronation. The queen was carried in a sedan-chair through the park to Westminster Hall, by which she and the king went to, and came from, the Abbey. Both walked under canopies—the king was not well seen, the queen was distinguished by everybody. She was never so "well liked" (so much admired), for already her personal appearance was spoiled by the *embonpoint* which had increased with years. Her dress was "extravagantly fine," but she walked gracefully and smiled on all as she passed by. Mrs. Delany might well comment on Caroline's fine clothes, for she is said

to have worn "twenty-four hundred thousand pounds worth of diamonds on her petticoat, in addition to the diamonds and pearls on her head, neck, and bodice." Horace Walpole and Hervey do not hesitate to state that the diamonds were borrowed from the Jews, and Hervey adds that she got from her ladies the use of their necklaces for the coronation. Yet the queen had many fine jewels of her own, though those of Queen Anne had been so made away with that a single pearl necklace was the sole relic. After the gorgeousness of the queen the three elder princesses, of whom Anne was then twenty, holding up the tip of the mother's train were in comparatively modest array. "They were dressed in stiff-bodied gowns of silver tissue, embroidered or quite covered with silver trimming, with diamonds on their heads, purple mantles edged with ermine and vast long trains. They were

very prettily dressed and looked very well." But Mrs. Delany's enthusiasm is for the bed-chamber women, among whom was Mrs. Howard in scarlet and silver, her head with long locks, puffs, and silver ribands "so rich, so genteel, so perfectly well-dressed."

Almost as brave a show as that in the Abbey was the dining in public in the Hall, and there the zeal of the privileged spectators, who had been at their posts since four o'clock in the morning, was rewarded by the humane consideration of the diners in the light of "the eighteen hundred candles besides those which were on the table." The mindful feasters in the Hall filled baskets with cold meat, bread, sweetmeats and wine, and sent them "drawn up by a string" to solace the needs of their friends among the company in the galleries.

(To be continued.)

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

MINNIE'S GENEROSITY.



BAZAAR! A fancy fair! Oh, how perfectly delicious!" cried Minnie with the utmost enthusiasm. "Why we had one at home

once. It was the greatest fun in the world. Oh, how awfully jolly! When is it going to be? Not after I go, I do hope. I must be here to help you through with it!"

"Oh yes, indeed you must!" cried Raby and Maidie in a breath. "I don't know what we should do without you, Minnie darling. Mamma, Minnie must stay over the bazaar now, say that she must!"

Thus appealed to in presence of Minnie herself Mrs. Devenish had small choice as to her answer. And indeed she liked Minnie very well, for the girl always showed her best side to the invalid lady of the house, knowing too well on which side her bread was buttered not to try and get Mrs. Devenish on the same "side" as her daughters.

"If Mrs. Benton can spare Minnie for so long I am sure we shall be very pleased," she answered placidly, and Minnie came and kissed her, and said how good and kind she was, and forthwith wrote home to the effect that she did not think she should be home for another month, which announcement was taken with great resignation by the brothers and sisters she had left behind.

"A fancy fair is the most splendid fun in the world!" cried Minnie, taking up the theme again with renewed ardour. "Everybody who has anything to do with it dresses in costume. I know the loveliest dresses for girls like us—Turkish costumes, all gauze and spangles, those great, loose, full trousers and tunics over

them, and delicious little turbans. Some girls wore them at our fair, and everybody said they were the prettiest costumes there. I know I can get the pattern and all particulars by writing. We——"

"But, my dear Minnie," interposed Mrs. Devenish at this point, "you are running on so very fast. This is not to be a fancy fair at all, so far as I have heard: but only an ordinary bazaar, to try and raise funds for the church people keep talking about, for the river-side people at Coshington who——"

But Minnie had not the smallest interest in the object of the bazaar, and interrupted with scant ceremony.

"Oh, it generally begins like that. People talk of a bazaar, and begin to work for it, and then as the time goes on they get more enterprising. They hear what other people have done in other places, and they see that a bazaar is very poor fun as compared with a real fair, which people will pay money to come and see. Oh, we must wake them up and put a little ambition into them! But we will have a fair in the end—see if we don't!"

Raby and Maidie caught the excitement, and there was a regular gabble for a good hour, in the midst of which Regina came in. Mrs. Devenish appealed to her for an opinion, and she gave it laughing.

"A fair is prettier, of course, but to do it well costs a lot of money, and to do it badly is to court failure. A bazaar is hum-drum, but very likely the things would sell almost as well. People go to buy from a sense of duty. They do not care so very much whether or not they get their money's worth. To tell the truth, I do not much like either the one or the other. I can never quite see why the money spent in materials for the things to be made and sold could not be given straight into a fund. But one knows that with many people bazaars are very popular, and there is no denying that large sums are often made that way. But as to whether it is to be a bazaar or a fancy fair that is no business of ours.

The good people of Coshington are quite capable of settling that point themselves."

"But you might give them a jog up, Miss Stanley-Devenish," cried Minnie eagerly. "You know people think a good deal of you. If you were to go round and talk to them——"

"My dear child, I am quite a new-comer here: it would be a very impertinent thing of me to go canvassing round to try and get things done my way, even if I were on the side of the fair, which I am not at all sure that I am. I think there is a great deal of nonsense and extravagance and folly mixed up with an affair of that sort. I shall certainly not move in the matter one way or the other."

"I think you are wise, Regina," said her step-mother. "I don't myself care for all the dressing-up and excitement for young girls. It takes up too much time and——"

But Minnie had no wish to hear the rest of the discussion. She slipped out into the garden and her allies after her.

"Girls," she said, "if that stupid Regina is too strait-laced, cut-and-dried to do it, I will!"

"What will you do, Minnie?"

"Why, go about and see people, and put the notion of the fancy fair into their dull old heads!"

"Oh, Minnie! how can you?"

"Quite easily. You must take me a round of calls to the people who have most influence in the place, and of course they will all be talking of the bazaar. I shall let fly at them and tell them about our fancy fair, and I'll lay it on pretty thick too. They will ask questions and talk about it to one another, and I don't mind saying I am all but sure that we shall soon hear it is being seriously discussed whether ours shall not be a fair too. You just hold your tongues and leave it all to me. I'll pull it off—you see if I don't!"

Minnie was certainly as good as her word. The calls were made. The talk took place. Minnie appeared to have no scruples about drawing on her

good coffee or tea would now add much to your happiness and buoyancy of mind.

Sir Erasmus Wilson tells us that the bath is a prevention of disease by hardening the individual against the effects of variations and vicissitudes of temperature, by giving him power to resist miasmatic and zymotic affections, and by strengthening the system against consumption, gout, and rheumatism, diseases of the digestive organs, the skin, the muscular system, including the heart, and the nervous system, including the brain. "The bath," he adds, and my personal experience tells me he is correct, "has the property of hardening and fortifying the skin so as to render it almost insusceptible to the influence of the cold. A

Doctor of Divinity told me that during the winter time he was scarcely ever free from colds, often so severe as to lay him up for several weeks, and that he also suffered from attacks of neuralgia, but that since he had adopted the use of the hot air bath twice a week, all disposition to colds and neuralgia had ceased, and for the first time for sixteen years he had passed the winter without a cold."

Some girls are strong enough to take the shower bath. This is far more bracing than the sponge bath. I think that the former should go hand in hand with calisthenics and gymnasium exercise.

I have been asked how often one should take the Turkish bath, and what is the best

time of the day for its use. Well, once or twice a week will do, but if inclined to *embon-point*, oftener, and at any time when you want to banish fatigue, lassitude, aches and pains and incipient cold, or to drive dull care away. It may be taken in the morning, in the afternoon, or before retiring for the night, but two or three hours after a meal is probably the best time.

I have already said that you should dress leisurely after the hot air or vapour bath. Well, the time you are cooling down may be profitably invested in attending to the proper ablution of the teeth, and to trimming the nails on feet and hands. Or the hair may be washed. But concerning this last I must write another day.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF HANOVER.

CAROLINE OF ANSPACH, WIFE OF GEORGE II.

By SARAH TYTLER.

PART III.

THE QUEEN.*



CAROLINE was destined to reign as Queen-Consort for ten years. During this time her influence over her King was paramount. It was first exerted, as Queen, in inducing the King to keep in office his father's prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, whom George, when Prince of Wales, had heartily detested. She is said to have been perfectly

aware of the abominable rudeness and coarseness—characteristic of the period—with which Walpole had spoken of her as "that fat beast the Prince's wife." On the other hand, she was sensible of the absolute necessity there was for retaining his services at the head of the government, and she appreciated his shrewdness and good judgment as a statesman. His ignoble creed that "every man has his price" (by which his support may be bought) is well known. It may be an illustration of this cynical conviction that, on George I.'s death, Walpole made it be spread abroad that, if he continued in office, he would raise the Queen's allowance to a hundred thousand pounds per annum. But the inference adopted by Dr. Doran that Caroline was thus bribed to espouse Walpole's cause is gratuitous. Her devotion to her husband's interests is beyond question. She needed no bribe to uphold the claims of the only man who had afforded any promise of ruling England peacefully and successfully. She understood and felt to the full the value of money, but she was awake to higher obligations. She was far above the ordinary grasping harpy to whom money is everything.

The Queen sought to recommend herself, and by doing so to recommend her husband, to all around her. Her manner to the English ladies who flocked to her Court and appeared at her drawing-rooms was frank and

agreeable. Her personal attractions might be on the wane, but a great charm was lent to her address by her captivating voice, while her graceful hands were still "beautifully small" in their plumpness. Here is an instance of the Queen's graciousness and tact, given by a fine lady of the day, whose opinions are to be depended upon because they are remarkable, in general, for their fairness and forbearance. "On Saturday, the first day of March, it being Queen Caroline's birthday, I dressed myself in all my best array, borrowed my Lady Sunderland's jewels, and made a tearing show. I went with my Lady Carteret and her two daughters. There was a vast crowd, and my Lady Carteret got with some difficulty to the circle, and after she had made her curtsy made me stand before her. The Queen came up to her, and thanked her for bringing me forward, and told me she 'was obliged to me for my pretty clothes.'"

Frederick Prince of Wales, who had received various titles—those of "Duke of Gloucester," "Duke of Edinburgh," etc., etc.—while he was still in Hanover during the life of his grandfather George I., was now summoned to England. His continued absence from his family, acting on an utterly undisciplined and peculiarly wayward nature, had entirely alienated him from them. Apparently he did not entertain a particle of respect or regard for father or mother, brother or sister. For his mother, indeed, he had a particular aversion. He was looked upon by all his kindred with the utmost distrust and dislike, though it is admitted that the Queen tried at first to find excuses for her son, and to the last—whether from policy, whether from some lingering rue in the mother's heart where her first-born was concerned—sought to reconcile him to the King his father. But George I.'s feud with his son was as a trifle compared to the bitter strife which raged between George II. and Frederick Prince of Wales. The animosity on both sides was expressed with the scurrilous violence of the times, in which Caroline was not behind her neighbours. French, which she habitually spoke, though the most polite language in Europe, did little to soften the sound of her rancour. "My dear lord," said Caroline, speaking to Lord Hervey of her son, "I will give it you under my hand, if you have any fear of my relapsing, that my dear first-born

is the greatest ass, and the greatest liar, and the greatest canaille, and the greatest beast in the whole world, and that I most heartily wish him out of it." The furious resentment in which everybody concerned indulged, and the exceeding plain language in which all expressed their wrath and disgust, is inconceivable unless to readers of the diaries and letters of the period. When the gentlest member of the royal household, Princess Caroline, spoke of her brother, the mere circumstance of her devotion to her mother caused her speech to be that of a reckless virago; and when Princess Emily made a few attempts to be on terms with him she was freely accused of double-dealing, of a desire to stand well alike with the present and with the future King.

In person the Prince was a tall, rather handsome young man, with long fair hair (his mother's hair), curiously curled above the forehead and at the sides of the face, then tied back in a bag-wig or a queue. In mind and character he was less illiterate than his father, though his tastes were not more refined, and he had drunk, gambled, and been a profligate from his early youth. But what turned Caroline utterly against him was not so much his vice, and his rudeness and lack of all natural affection towards herself, as his attitude towards his father, the object of her life-long solicitude and tender fidelity. "Prince Fritz" was disobedient, defiant, and insubordinate, till the very jealous bravado and senseless perversity of the young man lent to some of his unwarrantable proceedings a tinge of the morbid, unreasoning hate which is akin to madness.

In his extravagant conceit and treachery of disposition, the Prince of Wales made bids for popularity in every quarter. He attended an evening party at the Countess of Huntingdon's in order to hear Whitfield preach when Methodism, in high places, was dividing public attention with the Mississippi and South Sea schemes. He praised the sermon, and rebuked the levity of some of the fine ladies present, to the great gratification of his good hostess. He was equally ready to show himself at St. Bartholomew's—or "Bartlemy's"—Fair, and join in the coarse revelry certain to degenerate into excess and riot. Like his father, Frederick made a parade of the tone of a man of gallantry and license. He professed to cultivate the Muses, and wrote detestable verses in his own person. In the middle of this chameleon-like versatility there was one aspect of the Prince which never changed, and that was his envenomed hostility to every

* Dr. Doran's *Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover*; John Lord Hervey's *Memoirs of the Court of George II.*; Horace Walpole's *Letters*; *Letters to and from the Countess of Suffolk*; *Letters of Mrs. Delany*; Lady Louisa Stuart's *Life of John Duke of Argyll*; Lady Mary Coke's *Journal and Letters*; and Thackeray's *Four Georges*.

* At Caroline's last drawing-room on the King's reminding her that she had passed the old Duchess of Norfolk, the Queen turned back, though ready to sink with fatigue and pain, and spoke a few courteous words to the venerable duchess.

member of his family. He was as unscrupulous in his private talk of them as they were in their talk of him. When his mother lay dying, at the very time when he was making, before the public, solemnly sympathetic inquiries after her health and petitions to be permitted to see her, he congratulated his cronies on their being likely to hear "good news" soon, the news being that of Caroline's death. There is no page of family history so hideous in some lights, so painful in all, as that which records the relations which existed between Frederick Prince of Wales and his nearest blood relations.

The Queen was not only present at the King's interviews with his minister; while apparently passive she was really prompting or modifying his consent to the various measures which Sir Robert Walpole laid before him. During George's frequent absences in Germany Caroline was appointed Regent, to the hot indignation of her elder son, and, aided by the Cabinet Ministers, she ruled the country constitutionally and with much discretion. Twenty-four months after his accession, George was absent for two whole years, and it was no easy matter for those left in power to preserve its balance and maintain the peace and honour of the country. It was during the interval between the rebellions of '15 and '45, and the entire kingdom was restless and unsettled. Much smuggling and many other disorders prevailed, and called for a strong hand to restrain them. The excise-duties were a vexed question, so were the opinions and prospects of those of the established clergy who did not hold High Church views, and of the Nonconformists, who naturally looked to the House of Brunswick, as the champions of Protestantism, to support the Dissenters' claims. Thus the repeal of various Test Acts was urgently demanded, and the Queen, in her difficult position, was reduced to temporising. It was said of her, as it was said of the Electress Sophia by the opponents of what, for lack of a better name, may be styled the Low Church party, that the Queen was unorthodox in her favour for liberal Churchmen, and that this bent in her was due to the influence of Lady Sundon (Mrs. Clayton). Caroline resembled her husband's grandmother in having been always fond of theological discussion. She was much more likely to lead than to be led by her bed-chamber woman in this respect. When the Queen's preferences are known to have included Dr. Samuel Clarke, Bishop Berkeley, and Bishop Butler, whose *Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature*, she was accustomed to keep on her breakfast-table, it does not seem as if her lack of orthodoxy was of a very formidable description. It must, however, be said that the irreverence of the speech and manners of the day was on a par with their frequent violence and coarseness. In the accounts of the scenes which illustrate this fact, the reader is forced to come to the conclusion that the claims of an earthly sovereign were allowed to figure in a controversy, the repulsive unseemliness of which did more than savour of profanity, with the prerogatives of the King of kings. In Anne's reign the indecorous practice had been established of the chaplain's reading prayers in the ante-room while the Queen dressed in the room within. She was in the habit of causing the door of communication to be shut occasionally. On one occasion when this happened the chaplain stopped in the service, and the Queen sent to ask the reason why, on which the high-spirited and indignant prelate replied that he declined to "whistle the Word of God through a key-hole." Prayers were read in the same disorderly fashion to Caroline. The chaplain's reading-desk was placed under a huge picture of the heathen goddess Venus. The

Queen's toilet went on in regular stages, the last stage including the presence of Lord Hervey, her Vice-Chamberlain, as well as of her ladies and women of the bed-chamber in attendance, and Hervey was there to discuss with his mistress the morning's highly-spiced gossip.

In the middle of this autocratic and disrespectful carelessness, the Queen, in her affability and candour, was open to both remonstrance and rebuke when there was anyone bold enough, under the seal of his commission, to administer them to her. Dr. Whiston had the courage to tell her frankly of the scandal created by the royal conduct in the square pew in the little chapel in the palace at Kensington. The King demanded that the shortest* of "good sermons" should be preached; yet, in spite of their shortness and goodness, he either fell asleep, or conversed with the Queen in German so loudly as nearly to drown the voice of the preacher, who, in one instance, was so hurt and distressed that in place of challenging the offenders, as his predecessors challenged "the lion's cub" Elizabeth, the unfortunate man burst into tears. Caroline acknowledged the reasonableness of the protest, when she pled in self-defence that the King would speak to her and she had to answer him.

Whatever the fate of England might have been, had Caroline lost the influence over her husband which she was persuaded was only to be secured by the appearance of unqualified deference to his wishes, she would have been infinitely more respected, and more worthy of respect, had she cherished and given voice to a mind of her own, on questions of right and wrong, in her intercourse with her husband. It would almost seem as if a blunted sense of reverent propriety, when joining in religious worship, was hereditary, in addition to the fact that the growth of bad example was at work, when we read that, in the next generation, Princess Emily received a public rebuke for carrying a little dog in her muff to church.

Gay had just brought out his popular *Beggar's Opera*, which, under its rollicking fun, contained a smart satire on the Government embodied in Sir Robert Walpole. For this indiscretion the poet, who is said to have been the first man to bring the news of Anne's death to Hanover, who was certainly in such favour with Caroline that she asked him to write a book of fables for the use of her little son William, and offered him a small place in the household, fell into disgrace at Court. As a consequence the performance of the play, which had "run" for many nights, was interdicted. Gay's part was immediately taken by "Kitty" Duchess of Queensberry, one of the most headstrong and whimsical of the fine ladies of the reign. She had such confidence in her own beauty that she went to the coronation of George II. and Caroline without either ribbon or feather. "This," writes well-mannered Mrs. Delany, in the dainty fault-finding which offers so marked a contrast to the robust vituperation of her contemporaries, "was not to her (the Duchess's) advantage." With the same conviction that her charms were beyond embellishment, the same wilful, egotistical "Kitty"—no longer young, but an aged woman—walked at the coronation of George III. in her "milk-white locks," unsheltered and unadorned. The Duchess was an ardent patroness of Gay. She chose to resent the disgrace into which he had fallen, and to go about making subscriptions for him, at one of the Queen's drawing-rooms of all places. When

* There is one excuse for George, that he—a stupid unintellectual old man—was required to listen to a sermon in what was practically a foreign language to him.

she was called to order for her conduct, she wrote so saucily impertinent a reply that she too was forbidden the Court; she indemnified herself by espousing Gay's cause more vehemently than ever. She repaired to Bath, like the rest of the world then, and got up private theatricals, which the Prince of Wales went to admire, in order to flourish, in the eyes of the world, his disagreement with his family.

In 1738 the first arrangements were made for the marriage of Princess Anne, Caroline's eldest daughter, who was in her twenty-fifth year, with the deformed Prince of Orange. The match was not greatly approved of by the King and Queen. Holland was not in the first rank among European countries, though its rulers had wedded with English princesses more than once since the States became independent. The bridegroom's income did not amount to more than ten or twelve thousand pounds a year, while his person was ill-suited to the buxom youth and comeliness of the bride. A far greater alliance—that with Louis XV. of France—had been talked of for her, but the proposal had been dropped on account of the Roman Catholic creed of the suitor. The decision with regard to the Prince of Orange was left to the person most concerned—the Princess, a young woman of much character and some estimable qualities, though she was of too haughty and imperious a disposition to be generally liked. She immediately pronounced for the Prince of Orange, declaring, in scorn of the ridicule of his deformity, that though he were a monkey she would marry him.

Nobody was more astonished, or well-nigh affronted, by her daughter's choice than was Queen Caroline. During the whole of the preparations, and even during the celebration of the marriage, she never ceased to dwell on the Prince's defects, and to bemoan, with showers of tears, the hard fate of the Princess. With outrageous exaggeration, Caroline was in the habit of styling her future son-in-law "that animal—that monster;" yet surely dapper, red-faced, conceited, and irate George was neither an Adonis nor a Solomon that his partner in life should have commented, with overwhelming severity, on the shortcomings in person and manners of a man who is said to have had a fine and good face to counterbalance his crooked body. As for his share of the silence and phlegm which distinguished his race it was more than compensated for by his quiet, magnanimous dignity under the unmerited rudeness and neglect with which he was treated on his arrival in England. He was so ill in health that many weeks had to elapse before he could resort to Bath to drink the famous waters for the purpose of hastening his convalescence. It was not till March, 1734, that the ceremony of marriage, of which so many gossiping details have been given, could take place. In the meantime William received no visit of formal politeness, no mark of friendly sympathy from Kensington or St. James's. The Prince and his retinue were treated with marked slights by all save London city and the people at large, to whom the strangers' conspicuous Protestantism recommended them. One is tempted to ask oneself whether there was not a seamy side of clownish selfishness and rudeness to the Sir Charles Grandison era of exquisite bowing and curtsying, just as, in the middle ages, the fantastic courage and generosity of chivalry had its reverse aspect of savage brutality. The very bride, who had elected of her free will to accept the offer of William's hand, showed herself strangely indifferent to his feelings and sufferings. She did not display the slightest impatience to see him; she did not give utterance to the smallest regret that he should be seriously ill under trying circumstances. Like

her family, she took little or no notice of him till the moment which was to make them husband and wife. But her subsequent behaviour indicated that her apathy was due, partly to her position with its difficulties, partly to the pride which led her to guard jealously her own prerogatives, and would not allow her to concede anything till she had granted all.

The foremost in contempt for his brother-in-law, and in animosity to Princess Anne in the light of a bride, was, as might have been expected, her brother Frederick Prince of Wales. He is represented as ludicrously angry because his sister was to be married, while there was still no mention of his marriage. One of his modes of annoying his sister was to get up an opposition opera to that of Handel, her old master, for whom she had a high regard, so that for a time the great composer, whom the rest of the royal family delighted to honour, was thrown into the shade by an unworthy rival.

The Court life, in the middle of courtiers' intrigues and fierce family squabbles, was formal and monotonous. The King, with his aspirations to be gay and gallant, was heavily dull and methodical in his habits and amusements. A round of residences at St. James's, Kensington, Richmond, and Hampton Court, formed the rule; a sojourn at Bath or Tunbridge Wells, then in their glory, was the exception. Caroline had a passion for landscape gardening, which she indulged with least hindrance during the King's absences in Hanover. Among her improvements were the removal of the labyrinths of ornamental hedges from Kensington Gardens* and the substitution of the Round Pond in their place; she also projected the formation of the Serpentine. Her taste in art was at least superior to that of George, and to her alert intelligence is due the discovery and preservation of one of the art treasures of the country. I refer to a priceless set of chalk drawings by Holbein, able sketches of the notabilities of the Court of Henry VIII., with the names supplied by Sir John Cheke. The drawings, which are now in the possession of the Queen at Windsor, were found by Queen Caroline, long after they had been lost sight of, stowed away in the drawers of an old cabinet.

There was royal hunting for three days a week in Richmond Park and similar localities, when the Queen always hunted in a chaise, and appointed her vice-chamberlain Hervey, who cared no more for the sport than she did, to ride by her coach and entertain her with his lively conversation. Lord Hervey, in the middle of his heartless cynicism, was an effeminate fop, affording warrant for the nickname "Lord Fanny" which Pope first applied to him. He used rouge, was sickly—for which he was less to blame—and is said to have been liable to epileptic fits. He went constantly to London, on the plea of hearing what the world was saying and doing, and retailed what he had acquired to the Queen and the Princesses, with whom he walked "every other day." He was always at the Queen's breakfast-table. His society was so necessary and agreeable to Caroline that, when she was confined to her room with gout, she made the excuse of her mature years and sentiments, in order to admit him to sit by her and enliven her with his sallies. He was so secure of his position, and so convinced of her regard, that in one of the *jeux d'esprit* which he was in the habit of perpetrating, he not only described himself as waylaid by highwaymen on the country (!) road between London and the courtly little town of Ken-

sington, but he went on to picture, in the freest manner, the news of his misadventure with the report of his death reaching the palace, and the different amusing ways in which, according to their idiosyncracies, the various members of the royal family and the Court circle, received the information. In these details the author did not hesitate to comment slyly on the peculiarities of the individuals dealt with. This paper Hervey read aloud to the Queen, the Princesses, and the ladies-in-waiting, to the accompaniment of their appreciative laughter. In another paper, supposed to be his diary written after death, he painted his spirit as constantly occupied in serving his royal mistress. He was driving a bat out of her bedroom; he was shading her from the sun; he was taking the chill off the strawberry-water she was about to drink when she was hot; he was sitting on the shaft of her Majesty's carriage, so as to brush away the dew and worms from her path; he was hovering over the chaplain in chapel, and tearing six leaves out of his sermon in order to shorten it, etc., etc. Caroline said, laughingly, she endured the impertinence of which the creature was guilty because she could not live without him. The return for all this indulgent affection was the cold-hearted analysis of her life and character, the elaborate narrative, as if made *con amore*, of every sorry circumstance, every grim and ghastly feature of her last days and hours. Why did Caroline, with her well-known penetration, lavish so much confidence and regard on so frivolous and false a servant? Even her son Frederick, of whom she was accustomed to think and speak as "a poor fool," formed a more correct estimate than the mother took of Hervey, whom Frederick detested with all his heart. The explanation is to be found in the matter-of-fact, philosophic, pessimistic side of the Queen's character. She had been early accustomed to put up with a great deal which was mentally and morally inferior. Hervey could not be called mentally inferior. He was a man "of parts," as people said in his day, of keen wit and lively talent, while she was a witty woman, with her perceptions of what was pure, honest, lovely, and of good report, long blunted, alas! by disuse and abuse. She was oppressed—as only such a woman could be oppressed—by the extremity of dulness and levity on the part of the King, in whose society she spent seven or eight hours each day, listening to him, humouring him, guiding him by apparently endorsing his views and opinions, with a constant restraint put on herself. During these long hours she is said by Hervey himself to have "looked, spoke, and breathed" but for her husband. It must have been an immense relief to her, faithfully as she loved and served George, to exchange his rapid boasting and tiresome garrulity, his causeless frets and unreasoning furies for the society of a companion as quick in perception and apt in tongue as herself, who could divert her thoughts and entertain her and her daughters by his racy version of what was passing in and out of London. She fancied here was a gossip with whom she could be at ease, whom she could trust, to whom she could speak her mind without fear of ulterior consequences. It should be remembered that Caroline's eldest son, who might have been her friend, had utterly failed her. Her communications with him were only less forced than those which he held with his father. Unless when it was necessary to notice the Prince in public, which the King was induced to do with difficulty, George passed Frederick by in dogged silence, as George's father had passed his son by in his youth, and habitually acted as if no Prince were visible.

Caroline's younger son, William Duke of Cumberland, to whom she was sincerely at-

tached, who returned her attachment, was not more than seventeen years of age at the date of his mother's death. His education and the offices, military and civil, to which he was early appointed, as if for the purpose of mortifying his elder brother, kept mother and son apart.

Queen Caroline, like the Electress Sophia, got into trouble by her tongue. Her speech was always pointed and vigorous. That her strong language was frequently an offence to proper feeling and good taste is attributable, in part, to the license then permitted and encouraged in conversation. The fact that the Queen spoke mostly in French, which has been already mentioned, ought also to be borne in mind, since that language lent a certain airy piquancy and drollery, which served to modify the pungent phrases and broad illustrations of her meaning, which her biographers have rendered in the plainest of plain-spoken English. Her "sprightliness," as it was called, tempted her to tease her listeners, and to "play off" or show up their peculiarities, though it was never done ill-naturedly. She was dining in company with Sir Paul Methuen at Lady Walpole's, and kept attacking him on his notorious love of romance-reading, pressing him with the question, "Well, Sir Paul, what romance are you reading now?" At last he was provoked into answering, "I have got into a very foolish study, madam, that of the Kings and Queens of England;" a smart repartee, which she deserved and probably enjoyed.

At Richmond Caroline walked for more than an hour every morning with the King. The amount of exercise was often exceedingly difficult for her—on account of her great stoutness, her gout, and the fatal complaint which was gradually developing itself. But rather than disappoint the King, who would have been annoyed by any failure to attend him on her part, she would plunge her foot and leg up to the knee in cold water, and trust to the dangerous shock to the system, and the violent perspiration thus induced, to enable her to do what she conceived to be alike her privilege and her duty. The Queen's devotion to her husband has been freely ascribed to ambition and self-interest. Thackeray judges it more justly, though he does not profess to account for it:—"One inscrutable attachment that inscrutable woman has. To that she is faithful through all trial, neglect, pain, and time. Save her husband, she really cares for no created being. She is good enough to her children, and even fond enough of them, but she would chop them all up into little pieces to please him. In her intercourse with all around her she was perfectly kind, gracious, and natural; but friends may die, daughters may depart, she will be as perfectly kind and gracious to the next set. If the King wants her, she will smile upon him be she ever so sad, and walk with him be she ever so weary, and laugh at his brutal jokes be she in ever so much pain of body or heart. Caroline's devotion to her husband is a prodigy to read of. What charm had the little man? What was there in those wonderful letters of thirty pages long which he wrote to her when he was absent? . . . Why did Caroline, the most lovely and accomplished princess of Germany, take a little red-faced, staring princeling for a husband and refuse an emperor? Why, to her last hour, did she love him so? . . . With the film of death over her eyes, writhing in intolerable pain, she yet had a livid smile and a gentle word for her master."

Card-parties at Bassett, quadrille, loo (spelt "lu"), etc., etc., with occasional heavy gains and losses, were formed every evening in English as in other European palaces.

(To be continued.)

* There is still a pastry-cook's, in the main street of Kensington, where Caroline's recipe for German ginger-bread is preserved. The Queen gave it to the pastry-cook's predecessor of her day, who had a shop on the same site.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF HANOVER.

CAROLINE OF ANSPACH, WIFE OF GEORGE II.

By SARAH TYTLER.

PART III.—Continued.



BEFORE going to bed, the King and Queen spent an hour or two each night when they were in the country, and three nights a week when their Majesties were in town, with a respectable brother and sister, who were

under the royal protection and were members of the household. These were French Huguenots of high birth. The King created the brother Earl of Lifford; the sister, Lady Charlotte de Roncy, was governess to the younger princesses Mary and Louisa. According to Lord Hervey, the pair were more worthy than amusing; according to Horace Walpole, they were poor, and received more of the honour of the King and Queen's countenance than of substantial remuneration for substantial services. In the company of Lord Lifford and Lady Charlotte, the King walked up and down and talked of armies and genealogies; the Queen knotted* and yawned, and occasionally "went from yawning to nodding, and from nodding to snoring." When Lady Charlotte was summoned to help to make up a game at one of the royal card-tables, her mistakes are said to have been treated with scant ceremony. The Queen tweaked her by the turban, the Princess Royal rapped her on the knuckles. These details are supplied by Lord Hervey and Horace Walpole—"Lord Fanny" and "Horry," as kindred spirits termed them. In these gentlemen's readiness to believe the worst of all save of their special cronies, in their incapacity for ascribing to the people around them higher motives than those which sufficed for themselves, they are not witnesses who can be taken without a pinch of salt. Their pens, like the brilliant pen of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, were dipped in gall. Unfortunately, the authors referred to are not only the most graphic writers, they are the chief contemporary authorities on the manners and customs of the Court, and on the social life of the reign. Mrs. Delaney, who is a mildly vivacious, quaintly pleasing substitute for the men, while she is much more truth-loving and amiable, was in Ireland and in the country for part of the time; besides, she deals more with an occasional ceremonial, such as a coronation, with the fashions, and with delightful records of her personal friends and her personal pursuits, than with any form of history. Lady Louisa Stuart, with her Scotch shrewdness and old-world liveliness, supplements by her reminiscences her family narratives; but she is necessarily brief. There is no lack of material in Lady Mary Coke's voluminous diary and letters, but they are the literary remains of a woman styled characteristically, from the dead whiteness of her skin and from her fierce eyes, "the White Cat." She was nearly as crazy as Kitty of Queensberry, while her extravagant egotism was still more dominant; neither was she more generous and gentle than the two distinguished men—one of whom, Horace Walpole, used to welcome her to Strawberry Hill.

* Knotting was a favourite occupation of ladies in the eighteenth century. Like tatting (which it resembled), netting, and knitting, it was better calculated to send the workers to sleep than to keep them awake. Knotting resulted in the production of a strong kind of lace or fringe.

Caroline has been laughed at for her mistaken patronage of Stephen Duck, a Wiltshire labourer, who wrote poetry of little merit. The Queen procured for him an appointment as Yeoman of the Guard, and named him Keeper of her Grotto—grottoes and wildernesses were among the "fads" of the time—in Richmond Park. She even caused him to enter the Church and made him Vicar of Kew, a promotion of which he was not worthy in any light; the burden so weighed upon him that the unhappy man drowned himself. In the sad story there is only one pleasing element, and that is Caroline's genuine desire to reward intellectual effort under difficulties.

The Queen was very fond of English comedy, had the famous Anne Oldfield to "read" at Windsor, and on the actress's death, writes Dr. Doran, "bought her collection of plays for a hundred and twenty guineas."

An event of moment in 1734 was the withdrawal of Lady Suffolk (Mrs. Howard) from her Court posts, first, that of bedchamber woman, and on her husband's succession to the Earldom of Suffolk the office of Mistress of the Robes, which she had held for twenty years—years during which she had not been absent from Court for six weeks in succession. The etiquette of the royal service required a bedchamber-woman to come into waiting before the Queen's prayers were made, which was before she dressed. The bedchamber-woman gave the Queen's under-linen to a lady of the bedchamber, who had also to be present; the lady of the bedchamber put the "shift" on the Queen. In the same manner the bedchamber-woman presented the fan to the lady of the bedchamber, who handed it to the Queen. The page of the back-stairs brought the basin and ewer, and placed them on a side-table. The bedchamber-woman knelt and offered them to the Queen, the lady of the bedchamber looking on; the bedchamber-woman poured the water from the ewer on the Queen's hands; later, she pulled on the Queen's gloves, if she did not choose to do it herself. The page of the back-stairs put on the Queen's shoes. When the Queen dined in public her glass was handed to her by a woman of the bedchamber, who also brought the Queen's chocolate.

Lady Suffolk's infirmity of deafness had increased to an extent which bored the King in his daily visits to her. She, whose conversation had formerly been so soothing, had learnt a habit of contradicting Majesty itself—a liberty in which Queen Caroline rarely indulged. Horace Walpole mentions that Lady Suffolk was a strict lover of truth, and was very apt to be circumstantial about trifles. These peculiarities may have had something to do with her contradiction of the King which was not admirable to him. She persisted in her friendship with Gay, who was in perennial disgrace at Court, and with Pope, who had openly satirised the King and the royal family. Puffing, strutting little George protested ungallantly that he was weary of a deaf old woman, and ceased his daily visits to her. Lady Suffolk declared that the rooms assigned to her in Kensington Palace were three feet underground, and were injurious to her health. Another reason for the resignation of her office was that the worthless life of the husband from whom she had long lived apart was ended, and that although she was upwards of fifty years of age she was about to marry, for the second time, the Honourable George

Berkeley, a younger son of Earl Berkeley, Master of St. Catharine's in the Tower, and Member of Parliament for Dover. Her retirement from Court was more regretted by her mistress than by any other member of the royal family and household. In spite of the cordial regard entertained for Lady Suffolk by her intimate friends, her early contemporaries in office, and by the sardonic editor of her letters, together with the warm tribute paid to her memory by Thackeray, her departure from the circle was welcomed, rather than regretted, by all save the Queen, who was "both glad and sorry," with whom, and with whom only, Lady Suffolk had a long and friendly parting interview, in which Caroline even sought to induce her servant to reconsider her resignation. George had been bored by his old friend and *confidante*. The elder princesses had resented her influence with their father, and were pleased to see her go; only Anne, in her blunt, disrespectful fashion, pitied her mother for having the King for ever in her room. A quarter of a century afterwards, Lady Suffolk happened to pay a visit to Kensington. There was a review of the household troops, of which she had not heard, and her coach got wedged in among other coaches, so that it could not move. As the old woman sat there, the King, whom she had not seen for many years, passed, and did not recognise her. Two days afterwards she heard of his death. She survived the Queen thirty years, and the King seven; she outlived her second, as she had outlived her first, husband, and died, comparatively poor, in 1767, in the eightieth year of her age. Apart from her deafness, she was well-nigh as pleasing as ever to the last.

Lady Sundon (Mrs. Clayton) succeeded her former rival as Mistress of the Robes and remained with Caroline to the end. Lady Sundon's death, which occurred five years after that of the Queen, is said to have been caused by grief for the loss of her friend and mistress, or, as sceptical spirits understood it, by the mortification of the check to her ambition. She was said to suffer from attacks of madness after Caroline's death.

In the years 1735 and 1736 the King revisited Hanover, while the Queen again acted as Regent in her husband's absence. When in Germany, George experienced one of his violent attacks of gallantry and extravagant admiration for a German lady, Madame Walmoden. She was a descendant of the family of disreputable adventurers, of whom the Countess von Platten, George's mother's (Sophia Dorothea) deadly enemy, was the most conspicuous. George's letters—from forty to sixty pages long—in which he gave the minutest account of his proceedings abroad for his wife's benefit, were full of ecstatic praises of the lady. Caroline must have read them with a rueful smile at her King's ineradicable follies and absurdities. She replied to them with the time-serving dissimulation and subserviency which spoilt an otherwise fine character. She professed to sympathise with him fully in his enthusiasm for this new paragon. Madame Walmoden came to England at a later period and was created, by George, Countess of Yarmouth. Lady Louisa Stuart remembered her, and describes her as a dull, orderly, harmless woman, not possessed of any particular personal or mental attraction, and not disposed to meddle with anybody.

On the King's return to Kensington in October, 1735, Dr. Doran describes the Queen,

with her ladies and gentlemen, hurrying to the gate to meet him as he alighted from his coach. She took his hand and kissed it in her office as Regent, then hastened to kiss him on the lips with a very unceremonious, hearty, *brusque* kiss, as his loving wife. But George, who chanced to be in one of his cross, ungracious humours, led her up the stairs "in a very formal, stately manner." If the King was in this frame of mind, he spared nobody. Lord Hervey describes two similar scenes at this time. One was when Caroline and her daughters were drinking their morning chocolate in the gallery, with the Queen's second son William Duke of Cumberland standing by, "George snubbed the Queen . . . for being always stuffing; the Princess Amelia for not hearing him; the Princess Caroline for being grown fat; the Duke of Cumberland for standing awkwardly; and then he carried the Queen out to walk and be re-snubbed in the garden."

On the other occasion, when there was an argument on the obligation of giving "vails" or gratuities to the servants in any house which the King or the Queen visited, the Vice-Chamberlain took it upon him to hint that such liberality was expected from the Queen. "Then let her stay at home as I do," said the King rudely. "You do not see me running into every puppy's house to see his new chairs and stools." Turning to the Queen he added, "Nor is it for you to be running your nose everywhere, and to be trotting about the town to every fellow who will give you some bread and butter, like an old girl who loves to go abroad, no matter where, or whether it be proper or no."

The Queen coloured, and knotted a great deal faster, during this speech, than she had done before, while the tears came into her eyes, but she said not one word. Lord Hervey still ventured to defend his royal mistress, the result being that George burst into a torrent of German "which sounded like abuse." The Queen made not one word of reply, but knotted on till she tangled her thread, then snuffed the candles which stood on the table before her, and snuffed one of them out; "upon which the King, in English, began a new dissertation upon her Majesty, and took her awkwardness for his text."

The King had several pictures painted of the balls and entertainments which he had most enjoyed in his visit to Hanover. These pictures, containing portraits of his Majesty's guests, were hung up in the Queen's dressing-room. "Occasionally, of an evening, the King would take a candle from the Queen's table and go from picture to picture with Lord Hervey, telling its history, explaining the joyous incidents, naming the persons represented, and detailing all that had been said and done on the particular occasion before them. "During which lecture," says the Vice-Chamberlain himself, "Lord Hervey, while peeping over his Majesty's shoulder at those pictures, was shrugging up his own, and now and then stealing a look to make faces at the Queen, who, a little angry, a little peevish, a little tired at her husband's absurdity, and a little entertained with his lordship's grimaces, used to sit and knot in a corner of the room, sometimes yawning and sometimes smiling, and equally afraid of betraying those signs either of her lassitude or her mirth." Alas! for the coarse-minded insincerity, disloyalty, and mockery, in which, if we are to believe Hervey, Caroline played a part.

In spite of these domestic *fracas*, no one, either then or since, ever doubted George's warm attachment, after his uncouth fashion, to his Queen, and her unalterable supreme regard for her King.

In April, 1735, Frederick Prince of Wales was married to Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha. It was more than time that he should

be settled in life; he was in his thirtieth year. Already a bold scheme, with which his family had nothing to do, had been planned to marry him to one of his father's subjects—a scheme which was baffled by Sir Robert Walpole. The schemer was Queen Anne's former favourite, the haughty termagant Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, freely styled "Old Sarah" by her later contemporaries. She had secretly arranged an alliance between "Prince Fritz" and her favourite granddaughter Lady Di. Spencer. The Duchess was to give the bride a portion of a hundred thousand pounds, a sum which would have been particularly acceptable to the needy bridegroom, over whose proposed income of fifty thousand pounds a year, paid in monthly instalments at the King's pleasure, George—or rather Frederick's friends—and the Parliament were wrangling. But it was the question of a separate establishment, which would give the undutiful, wayward son still greater opportunities for mischief, in heading cabals against the King's authority, that delayed any suggestion of a fitting allowance for the future King.

It is just possible also, if there is any truth in the assertion, that Caroline, as well as George, had long cherished a hope that England and Hanover might be separated, that Hanover might pass to the Prince of Wales, and England to the son of her love, William Duke of Cumberland; or, *vice versa*, England to Frederick and Hanover to William. Such divisions of territory were not unknown to the House of Brunswick. But if Frederick married, and had heirs, the subsequent distribution of the royal possessions would be rendered doubly difficult.

If the Queen ever entertained the idea attributed to her, she must have relinquished it by the time of Frederick's marriage, which she was certainly anxious to promote. The King first looked to Prussia, and to the daughter and son of his sister the second Sophia Dorothea, for marriage-contracts where two of his children were concerned. He had planned a double marriage—the Prince of Wales to the daughter, and one of George's daughters to the son (afterwards Frederick the Great) of the King of Prussia. But Prussia, influenced by Court intrigues, and by reason: best known to her brutal tyrant, broke off the treaty. George then selected for his daughter-in-law a princess of Gotha, a blooming girl of seventeen, eager to avail herself of the promotion offered to her. She landed at Greenwich on St. George's Day, 1736. Her fresh, happy face made her awkward, ungainly figure be forgotten, and recommended her to the people, who crowded to see her as she sat in the balcony of the Queen's house overlooking the park. The people's hearty greetings were the only welcome she had—to begin with, for the bridegroom came late, and he was unaccompanied by any member of the family, with whom he was at chronic strife.

The marriage took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on the 8th of May, 1736, in spite of the old superstition against celebrating weddings in the month which had been dedicated to the Virgin. The King and Queen were pleased with the Princess on first acquaintance, but in the troubles which followed she seemed always to them a mere tool of her husband's. Caroline looked upon Augusta as a poor, dull, stupid girl, against whom the clever woman of mature years could not condescend to bear malice.

George went again to Germany in the course of the summer, leaving behind him orders that the Prince and Princess of Wales should occupy rooms in whatever palace the Queen-Regent chose to reside. Prince Fritz, with the petty but galling spirit of contradiction which always possessed him, chose to evade the order by inventing a succession of excuses. He

pleaded an illness of his wife's on one occasion as his reason for not attending his mother when she was removing to fresh quarters.

Caroline was sufficiently provoked to take a journey in person, urged, as she professed, by her anxiety to ascertain the state of her daughter-in-law's health, in order to discover whether the Princess had measles or not. But in a darkened room, with the compliant Princess laid up in bed, and instructed what evasive answers to give to every searching question put to her, it was difficult to find whether the patient had so much as a slight cold.

The Queen had enough of weighty business on her hands to occupy her otherwise. First, there was rioting everywhere, so that the guards had to be doubled at the entrances to the palaces where she was in residence; and these disorders culminated in the Porteous Riot in the Scotch capital, when the execution of the smuggler Wilson was avenged by the murder of the captain of the city guard, who had directed his men to fire on the ring-leaders of the excited crowd engaged in attempting to cut down Wilson's body. The breaking open of the Tolbooth where Captain Porteous lay, the manner in which he was seized, and half-dragged, half-carried through the streets of Edinburgh, and hanged on the very spot where Wilson had suffered the extreme penalty of the law, was so daring a usurpation of justice, while the affair was conducted so deliberately and systematically, that it was exceedingly like the beginning of a general insurrection.

Next, Caroline was vexed by the prolonged injudicious absence of her King, extending even beyond the anniversary of his birthday. She was piqued and mortified into abridging her usual letters to him, which were as prolix as his were to her. But entreated by Walpole, who believed that his position as prime minister depended on Caroline's influence over the King, she sought to make amends for her brief rebellion by inviting Madame Walmoden to England, even by offering to take her into the Queen's service—an invitation and offer which were not, however, acted upon at the time.

The last straw which threatened to break the poor burdened camel's back was the bad passage which George had, in crossing from Hanover to England in the month of December. He was so tossed by the storm, delayed, and turned back, that the liveliest apprehensions for his safety were current in England. The Prince of Wales began openly to assert himself, and to "vapour" and brag that when he appeared in public the mob shouted "Crown him! crown him!" in anticipation of his speedy succession to the throne, when his mother and sisters were likely to fare badly at his hands.

But the Queen kept up her spirit and courage, and read Rollin's *Ancient History* to pass away the time. She spent Christmas Day without breaking down. It was only when Sir Robert Walpole thought it right to tell her that the ships which had been the escort of the King's vessel had struggled back in a disabled condition to England, bringing news of the tremendous hurricane they had encountered, but unable to say a word with regard to what had become of the King's yacht, that she broke down at last and wept bitterly. Nevertheless she went to service in the Royal Chapel as she was accustomed to do, because her absence would have been like sealing the King's death-warrant in the eyes of the Court and the people; besides, what better place could there be for an afflicted wife, over whose head the dreaded sentence of bereavement seemed impending, than the House of Prayer? In the middle of the service a letter from the King was brought to the Queen. His vessel had been able to put back to the port from which it had sailed,

and was waiting there for more favourable weather. In the month of January, 1737, George arrived in safety; he had the grace on this occasion to express his gratitude for the Queen's concern on his account, and his fervent regard for her.

When the Prince and Princess of Wales's first child was born, the Prince gave another illustration of his hare-brained recklessness, and of the miserable terms on which the royal family were living together—still together, though the King refused to speak to his son, and though the Prince led the Queen by the hand to dinner, while terrible enmity reigned in the hearts of mother and son. The King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princesses Emily and Caroline, with their younger sisters Mary and Louisa, were all at Hampton Court towards the end of the month of July. "On the evening of the 31st, the King and Princess Amelia were playing 'commerce' below stairs; the Queen, in another apartment, was at 'quadrille;' and the Princess Caroline and Lord Hervey were soberly playing cribbage." The party separated at ten o'clock under the impression that the Prince and Princess of Wales were also retiring to rest in their suite of apartments. At two o'clock in the morning the Queen was aroused by the bedchamber-woman, Mrs. Ticheborne, with the startling intelligence that the Prince had taken away the Princess to St. James's, in order that their child might be born there.

"My good Ticheborne," cried the Queen, using a form of address which was common with her, "are you mad, or are you asleep?" When satisfied of the truth of the information thus conveyed to her, the Queen announced her determination to follow the runaway couple as soon as it was daylight. She entertained, or professed to entertain, a fear that her son and his submissive princess would attempt to palm off a supposititious child on the King and the nation. Caroline declared she would be at the bottom of the business; accordingly she started in one of the royal carriages with her two elder daughters, and reached St. James's by eight o'clock in the morning. There the indignant Queen found that her daughter-in-law had given birth to a daughter an hour after her arrival from Hampton Court. The Prince met his mother with many fluent explanations and apologies, such as that the Princess wished the child to be born at St. James's; that she was under the impression she would get better medical aid in London, etc., etc., from which the Queen turned away in scorn, viewing the excuses as "a pack of lies." She was, however, satisfied that there was no imposition. When she heard the poor young mother, who was putting a brave face on the situation, declaring she was very well and had not suffered from the Prince's action, Caroline was softened, and spoke kindly and encouragingly to her. The Queen took the infant in her arms, and said, half in pity, half in sarcasm, "May the good God bless you, poor little creature! Here you are arrived in a most disagreeable world."

Within a fortnight the Queen and the Princesses paid another visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. On this second visit the Prince did not address a word to his mother during the hour she remained in the palace, though he went through the form not only of conducting her to her coach, but of kneeling in the muddy street and kissing her hand in presence of the gaping crowd collected at the sight of the royal liveries. This was the last time that the unhappy mother and son met. The Queen was not present at the christening of her grand-daughter. The incessant quarrelling—thinly veiled—which went on between the King and Queen with their household on the one side, and the Prince and Princess of Wales with their household on

the other, reached a climax. The Prince and Princess were requested to quit St. James's, as Caroline and George had been told to leave the same palace at an earlier date. The royal outcasts were bidden establish themselves elsewhere, and they settled for the time at Kew.

Caroline's health had long been manifestly failing, undermined as it was by the internal injury which she had sustained and had imprudently concealed to the last. The fatal termination of her complaint was also hastened by her compliance with the King's inconsiderate and exacting demands for her company at all times, so that she would walk with him when she was totally unfit for the exercise, and drag herself out of bed in order to undergo the fatigue of standing by his side in public assemblies, till outraged nature compelled her to withdraw. Sir Robert Walpole, with his keen, if sardonic, insight into characters and motives, was one of the first who suspected the truth. He founded his suspicions on Caroline's persistent and particular inquiries with regard to the course of Lady Walpole's illness, which had been a case of rupture. He guessed that Caroline's malady arose from a similar cause. In the month of August, 1737, the Queen was so ill that her death was reported in London. She rallied presently, but in the following November grew so much worse that her dangerous condition could no longer be hidden, to the grief and consternation of the King, her daughters, her second son, Sir Robert Walpole, and of every candid and intelligent person in the country who esteemed her virtues, and was aware of the active part she had taken in the government.

Caroline's last and fatal seizure occurred on Wednesday, the 9th of November, but the indomitable woman struggled gallantly against mortal pain and weakness. To please her King, she made her final public appearance at one of the drawing-rooms, which he was in the habit of saying were destitute alike of grace, gaiety, and dignity without her presence; she was much worse for the effort. Her loving daughter Caroline watched over her the next night, while poor George—obtuse and selfish in his very affection—lay, in his morning-gown, outside the bed, leaving the tortured woman, tossing in her restlessness, not space to turn on.

Then began the "grotesque horror" and "dreadful humour" of a death-bed scene, from which Thackeray shrinks, which John Lord Hervey, the Queen's friend, dissects and exposes. First, there was the troop of doctors, striving in their perplexity to find remedies for the unknown ailment; and when one of them succeeded in arriving at the truth, and spoke of it in a low voice to the King, who had been in the secret from the beginning, the Queen, guessing what he was about, called him "a blockhead" for his pains. When forced to own the nature of her illness, however, she was patient, courageous, even cheerful, with her old ready wit. She was willing to submit to any treatment, be it ever so painful, even to undergo an operation, if the doctors thought it would do her good.

Next the Prince of Wales sent hypocritical inquiries, at which his father stormed, to which his mother, alas! had no farther answer than that she begged he might be kept out of her sight. She had no faith in his pretended sympathy; she knew he would "blubber like a calf" at her condition, and laugh at her outright as soon as he was out of sight and hearing. Yet this was the woman of whom we are told, on George's authority, that she was the last to believe her son a fool and knave! The wholesome heart had indeed been turned to gall.

On Sunday, the 13th of November, the

doctors believed the Queen's end to be near—an opinion which she heard with great calmness. She took a loving farewell of the children who were with her, being especially tender to the Duke of Cumberland—a lad approaching manhood—and to the Princess Caroline, the most upright, unselfish, and gentle of the family, to whose special care the Queen committed her younger daughters, Mary and Louisa, girls in their earlier teens. She spoke in their hearing—to no purpose, as it proved—of the womanish sensitiveness and silliness which had induced her to conceal a bodily hurt which, if attended to in time, might have been of little moment, instead of shortening her days as it was then doing. She sought to console the sobbing King, telling him that what of happiness and greatness she had enjoyed in her life she owed to him, drawing a ring from her finger and putting it on his hand, and appointing him her heir. She counselled him to marry again—a recommendation to which he returned a vehement refusal, coupled with a characteristic and unseemly qualification, on which she made an equally characteristic and unseemly comment.

The Queen had a superstitious belief that she would live till the following Wednesday, because, as she said, all the great events of her life had happened to her on Wednesdays. She had been born on a Wednesday, married on a Wednesday, had given birth to her first child on a Wednesday, and been crowned on a Wednesday. Even this last violent illness had seized her on a Wednesday, and she believed she would die on a Wednesday. As it was, she only survived till the following Sunday, the 20th of the month. During that week of extreme distress the doctors had sometimes a faint hope that the Queen might yet recover. She did not share the hope; she might have pulled through at twenty-five, she said, not at fifty-five.

The King kissed the sleeping woman again and again, enlarging endlessly on her unrivalled excellences, and, when she was awake and conscious, scolded her for not lying still, and for staring into vacancy "like a calf with its throat cut."

Princess Emily, who with various good qualities was afflicted with a strong sense of the ridiculous, while she had also her full share of the propensity of the family and the generation to dispense with natural reverence and modest self-control, and to speak their minds without restraint, lost all patience with the noisy chief mourner. She feigned to be asleep, so weary was she of affecting to listen and respond to her father's excessive garrulous eulogiums on her dying mother; and when he was absent from the room, in the tension of her feelings, she forgot all filial regard and womanly compassion to rage at the stupid, egotistical man, calling him "old fool, liar, coward, and driveller," of whose stories she was heartily sick.

The courtiers gossiped and speculated. Messengers from the Prince of Wales crept into the ante-room, in order to hear the doctors' last report and carry their master the assurance that the Queen was certainly sinking—an assurance which he received with undissembled satisfaction.

The public and the Prime Minister—not George or even his daughters apparently—were solicitous that the Queen should make a last formal recognition of the truth of the Christian religion, and should receive its consolations from the hands of an ordained priest. Accordingly, Potter, the Archbishop of Canterbury, waited on her, and read the prayers for the sick by her bed morning and night. But those who made the matter one of personal interest, and who besieged the prelate every time he quitted the sick-room with the pressing question, "Has the Queen

received?" could not learn that she had taken the Holy Communion. The reason usually assigned for this omission was that she was not at peace with her elder son. It is known, nevertheless, that she sent him her forgiveness and blessing, and that she earnestly recommended his younger brother the Duke of Cumberland, if he lived to see Frederick King of England, to submit and defer to him, and only to seek to surpass him in virtue. It is not impossible that Caroline's absolute devotion to King George was at the root of her refusal to have a personal interview with her son. She knew that his presence in the palace would be a torment to his father in his sorrow, and that, if the Prince were ever readmitted to the royal circle, there would be fresh difficulty and scandal in dislodging him for the second time. Hervey and Walpole agree in attributing these motives to the Queen.

On the final Sunday, Queen Caroline asked one of her physicians, "How long can this last?"

"It will not be long," was the guarded reply, "before your Majesty will be relieved from this suffering."

"The sooner the better," said Caroline; and then she began to pray aloud—and her prayer was not a formal one, fixed in her memory by repeating it from the Book of Common Prayer, but a spontaneous and extemporary effusion, so eloquent, so appropriate, and so touching, that all the listeners were struck with admiration at this last effort of a mind ever remarkable for its vigour and ability. She herself manifested great anxiety to depart in a manner becoming a great Queen, and as her last moments approached her anxiety in this respect appeared to increase. She requested to be raised in bed, and asked all present to kneel and offer up a prayer on her behalf. While this was going on she grew gradually fainter, but, at her desire, water was sprinkled upon her, so that she might revive and listen to or join in the petition which her family (all but her eldest son, who was not present *) put up to Heaven on her behalf. "Louder," she murmured

more than once, as some one read or prayed; "louder, that I may hear." "Pray! pray!" was the Queen's cry, as others had it. Her request was complied with, and then one of her children repeated the Lord's Prayer. In this Caroline joined, repeating the words as distinctly as failing nature would allow her. The prayer was just concluded, when she looked fixedly at those who stood weeping around her, and uttered a long-drawn (German) *So!* (the familiar expression of assent in her mother-tongue). This was "her last word; but she was still able to wave her hand in a farewell to her friends and to the world. She composed herself on her bed, breathed a sigh, and expired."

Thus died Caroline of Anspach, in her fifty-fifth year, on Sunday, the 20th of November, 1737. She was, without doubt, the ablest of our Queen-Consorts. Her coarseness and callousness belonged to her generation, her fine qualities were her own. She helped to steer England wisely and successfully through a transitional period of great peril. She was the most devoted of wives, and, apart from her relations with the wretched Frederick Prince of Wales, a good and kind mother. She was a faithful friend and patroness of good men in the Church, and of men of letters, so far as was in her power. She deserved, in many lights, to be called, as she was, "the good Queen Caroline." Ambition, together with her temperament—half-philosophic, half-mocking—blinded her, and rendered her, as they rendered several of her predecessors, strangely indifferent to affectations and offences which would have half-maddened a more delicately, sensitive and impulsively passionate woman. Ambition, too, taught her the time-serving dissimulation—foreign to her naturally frank, outspoken disposition—which caused Walpole, while always regarding her as his most valuable ally, to talk and write not only of her, but to her, with little respect and less reticence; * if, indeed, bluff, brutal

Sir Robert was capable of much respect and propriety where either man or woman was concerned.

The death of Queen Caroline was widely and justly lamented by all save the Jacobite faction in the country. Eulogiums in prose and verse, some of them of the most extravagant character, were poured forth in her honour. Her loss was still more deeply and abidingly felt in the Court circle. George, with all his grievous vices and follies, never forgot her; he would look at her picture for an hour at a time, bedewing it with his tears, and asserting that he had never seen a woman fit to buckle his wife's shoes. He did what he could to retain in the royal service her much-prized Vice-Chamberlain and gossip Lord Hervey. Political exigencies deprived Hervey of his post at last, and he did not survive the Queen more than six years. Princess Caroline, her mother's favourite daughter and namesake, ceased to appear in public, and led the life of a confirmed invalid and recluse from the date of Queen Caroline's death.

The Queen was buried with the splendour due to her rank, though with less of picturesque pomp than distinguished the funerals of the earlier Queens of England. Her coffin was deposited in a vault beneath Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey. Instead of the King or either of his sons filling the office, Princess Emily, the eldest princess in England, acted as chief mourner, according to old custom.

Handel's lately-composed anthem, "*When the ear heard her, then it blessed her,*" was first sung on this occasion.

In the preparations for the funeral of George II., who survived his wife twenty-three years, dying in 1760, one side of his coffin and one side of that of Queen Caroline were removed, according to the directions which the King had left behind him, in order that, as the coffins rested together in the royal vault, the dust of husband and wife might meet and mingle.

Caroline was mother of nine children—four sons, two of whom died in infancy, and five daughters.

* Her eldest daughter Anne Princess of Orange was also absent.

* Sir Robert was in the habit of complaining that the Queen "daubed," that is, over-did the graciously flattering manner under which she concealed some of her personal and party dislikes.



BLANCHARDYN AND EGLANTINE.

A ROMANCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

TRANSCRIBED BY LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER XII.

It chanced, after all these things, that one day Blanchardyn, Sadoyne, and his wife, the fair Beatrix, were sitting at table when Blanchardyn heard the voice of a man lamenting piteously. He had noticed this twice or thrice before, and now asked of those with him who it might be that so distressfully wailed and cried. A knight answered him—"Sire, not long ago Darius landed on an island belonging to Friesland, ravaged it, and carried off a number of prisoners, among whom is one that called himself lord of them all. He it is whom you hear moaning."

When Blanchardyn heard the name of

Friesland, he suspected that this must be some man of his own lineage, and felt much displeased at the harm done to his kingdom, but glad that he had revenged the wrong upon Darius. Sadoyne sent at once to the prison and caused the noble King of Friesland to be brought into the hall immediately the tables were cleared. No sooner did Blanchardyn behold him than he recognised his father, albeit that he was sorely changed by reason of sorrow and hardship. Blanchardyn could not restrain himself, but great tears dropped fast from his eyes for pity. As soon as he could command his voice he asked his father what land he was from. He answered—

"I am a poor hapless king, that once reigned in Friesland. But through the freaks of fortune my land was wasted and ruined by Darius, the son of King Alymodes, and after he had utterly destroyed a great part of my kingdom, he brought me here as his prisoner, flung me into a dark dungeon, and would never accept ransom. I had a fair son, whom I held most tenderly dear, but because I would not make him a knight he departed from me. And since, as I have told you myself, my kingdom and my folk are thus destroyed and wasted, what would you have of me? I am but a man lost for evermore, and I request that you will slay me, to bring my great