

THE GOLDEN GATES.

By ERIC BROAD.

"Courage," he said, and pointed towards the land."—Tennyson ("The Lotus Eaters").

A QUAINT old legend left to us
 Relates, how far beyond the west,
 There lies a region glorious,
 'Tis called "the welcome land of rest";
 And there, 'tis said, in raiment drest
 Of purest hue, each dead heart mates
 (With life more sweet than e'er confest)
 Within the far-off Golden Gates.

Ah! should the way be perilous,
 And should my footsteps be oppress,
 Yet, would I face the hazardous
 To reach that kingdom of the blest;

My barque of life, its sails caress'd
 By gentle winds, or adverse fates,
 Should steer its way, howe'er distress
 Within the far-off Golden Gates.

But I—alas! 'twas ever thus—
 Must drown my clamouring heart's unrest;
 My life-tasks are too numerous,
 As doth my conscience now attest;
 But some day I will start my quest,
 And launch my craft to sail the straits,
 And maybe win a place, as guest,
 Within the far-off Golden Gates.

Oh, ye! who walk this sad-filled breast
 Of mother Earth's, in many states,
 One prize remains to win, the best,
 Within the far-off Golden Gates.



QUEEN CHARLOTTE.*

By SARAH TYTLER.

PART I.

A YOUNG QUEEN-CONSORT.

THERE was a young king in England in 1761. George III., who had succeeded his grandfather George II. a year before, was just twenty-three. He was then a comely, rather delicate-looking lad, on whom the hopes of the nation were centred. For was he not the first English-born prince of the Hanoverian line? Had he not, in contrast to his predecessor, borne from his youth upwards a character for manly modesty and virtue. His father was the unlucky Prince Fred, whom nobody except his wife—not his father, still less his mother or his brother and sisters—held in the smallest esteem, with reason, for a more contradictory and insubordinate prince never existed. Prince Fred's wife, who stood by her husband, was a princess of the House of Coburg. She was neither pretty nor witty when she came to England, a simple-minded, well-disposed girl. She was never popular. She was a dutiful wife to a husband, one of whose few virtues was a certain sense of her worth and respect for her character. She was a good mother in a hard, intolerant way. Unfortunately she was also a woman of no liberality of mind, no tact, no grace. She was accused of intermeddling with public affairs in an underhand, unwarrantable manner. Without doubt, so long as she lived, which

was for eleven years after her son's accession to the throne, he was, in spite of her early lesson, "Be a king, George, be a king," in spite of his firmness in all matters of conscience, and his naturally stubborn temper, as clay in her hands, and in those of her trusted adviser, Lord Bute, who was for a short time Prime Minister, in succession to the elder Pitt.

The great question of the day was whom should the young King marry. His grandfather had desired an alliance with the royal House of Prussia, but that project, thwarted by the Princess of Wales and Lord Bute, had fallen to the ground. There were many fair and noble English maidens who had aspirations after the Crown-matrimonial, though long centuries had elapsed since a King of England had wedded with a subject—not since Edward of York had married Elizabeth Woodville. There seemed some danger of it in the present case, because of George's honest admiration for the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond and aunt to the boy who lived to become the great Whig statesman, Charles James Fox, and to be a thorn in the side of the King. The kith and kin of this lady did their best to bring about the unequal match. Round Holland House there still exists a remnant of the park in which Lady Sarah was wont to make hay in the summer mornings, when King George rode or drove on his way from Kensington to St. James's and Carlton House. The scene was sufficiently rural and quiet for such hay-making. Holland House was a country mansion, Kensington a village *orné*, with a rough road, which had a bad reputation for foot-

pads, extending between the village and London.

But the Princess of Wales and her councillor would on no account countenance a *mésalliance*. George was too good a son to disobey his mother, while he was too sensible, with all his simplicity of what was due to his rank and office, not to appreciate the weight of the arguments against his stooping to place Lady Sarah by his side. She smiled her sweetest smile, and tossed her fragrant hay in vain.

According to rumour the widowed princess and Lord Bute dispatched a trusty messenger to visit all the Protestant courts of Europe, in order to find a suitable princess to mate with the royal George. She was discovered in a remote corner in the little duchy of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. It was a poor little kingdom over which the young girl's brother presided, with a widowed mother and a couple of sisters to bear him company. Charlotte Sophia, the younger of the sisters, had been brought up in wholesome simplicity and quiet economy, and yet with all attention to ducal dignity. For six days of the week she had been content to dress in a *robe de chambre*, on the seventh she had worn full-dress, attended church, and afterwards driven out in a coach and six, escorted by a detachment from a regiment of guards. Notwithstanding this distinction she had not so much as dined at the ducal table, for she was only a girl of sixteen, occupied with her studies, in which she had been carefully instructed. Indeed, she was accomplished for her generation, and the remote duchy to which she belonged. She

* Dr. Doran's *Lives of the Queens of the House of Hanover*, Thackeray's *Four Georges*, Horace Walpole's *Letters*, Mrs. Delany's *Letters*, Madame D'Arblay's *Diary*, etc.

could play on the spinet better than any woman in England, so as to earn the approval of the great German master. She could speak a little English, French, and Italian, she could draw fairly and embroider with skill. She was not pretty, though she had a good complexion, suiting her chestnut-brown hair, fine eyes, and what was then called "a charming countenance," that is a face agreeably brightened by intelligence and cheerful good-humour. Her mouth was large, so large that, as she was thin, fault-finders said she was "all mouth," but her teeth were white and regular. In spite of her smallness and thinness her figure was well-formed, and she held herself so well that the public, which came in close contact with her, never failed "to praise" her general appearance. She was very genteel (in the original use of the much-abused word answering to the pleasant old French term *gentille petite, svelte dainty*). She was "elegance," or else "dignity itself." Her manners were acknowledged to be perfect for a princess, gracious, and yet free from undesirable familiarity. "How she held her fan!" a painter recalled enthusiastically in one of her sittings for her portrait. Her arms and hands were beautiful almost to the last.

But it was not altogether for mere accomplishments or for such a share of personal attractions as she really possessed, that Charlotte was chosen for her high destiny. The King of Prussia in one of his smaller warlike expeditions, had devastated Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The girl-princess had ventured to write a letter to him in which she dwelt on the scourge of war and the blessing of peace, and pled that her country might be spared further suffering. The composition dealt with a few self-evident truths in stereotyped language, such as might appear in any school-room essay. But written as the letter was with perfect correctness and extreme neatness, the epistle was regarded then as a wonderful production for a girl of sixteen. It was so managed that it fell into the hands of the future bridegroom and filled him with respect and admiration. He declared the writer of that letter with its noble and just sentiments was the wife for him.

Thackeray has a pretty little story of the princess strolling with her girl companion in the ducal gardens, and crying out as the chatter turned on marriage, "Who will take such a poor little princess as me?"

And at that very moment the postman's horn sounded, when Charlotte's chief girl-friend said, very much to the purpose, "Princess, there is the sweetheart." Sure enough the postman brought the formal proposals of the King of England.

Young as Charlotte was it is hardly possible that she was so entirely ignorant of the coming event as she is represented to have

been, though it might have been true that the Empress of Russia knew of the projected marriage before it had reached the ears of the future bride. Yet a well known account has it that one morning, without previous intimation, the Princess's brother, the Duke, accompanied by the Duchess-mother, entered the ante-room which was free to the Princess and communicated to her what was in store for her. "In a few minutes the folding doors flew open into the saloon, which she saw splendidly illuminated, and there appeared a table, two cushions and everything prepared for a wedding. Moreover the proxy for King George was standing ready." Her brother gave her his hand and led her in, saying in French, "Come, do not be a child, you are going to be Queen of England." A service was performed, after which all present embraced her, calling her "The Queen."

Two English ladies, the Duchesses of Hamilton and Ancaster, were sent with the rest of the escort to Mecklenburg-Strelitz to represent the Princess's English suite and accompany her to her future home. They were what in that day was called "fine women." The Duchess of Hamilton, though she had been twice married, continued still strikingly handsome. "Are all English women as beautiful as you are?" asked Princess Charlotte naïvely and wistfully, but not without a shrewd perception of the probable acceptability of the gracious compliment to the noble couple.

A cloud came over the rejoicings and delayed the conclusion of the treaty. It was occasioned by the inopportune death of the Duchess-mother. But a bridegroom so exalted as the King of England could not be kept waiting, and a destiny so high as that of his consort could not be met with a doleful face by a silent court. There was bound to be festivity following fast on mourning. "Illuminations, balls, fireworks and salvoes of artillery" in rapid succession. The little bride had to swallow down her tears for her mother and show herself properly grateful and glad for the high honours heaped upon her and the new life stretching out before her. This may be said of her that *noblesse oblige* was a strong principle in her from girlhood to old age. If she exacted much it was because she herself had been brought up to grant to all their due, though she had to trample down her own heart in the process.

On the 17th of August, 1761, the girl-bride left Strelitz never to return, for in those days it was emphatically demanded of a wife in high places that she should forget her people and her father's house. It is an example of the slowness of travelling last century, to be told that it took her nearly three weeks to reach her destination.

George was not so gallant as Charles I.

when Prince of Wales, or as Charles's father, James VI. of Scotland. Charles went incognito to Spain to be personally introduced to the infant, who, as it happened, was not to become his queen. James braved a stormy voyage to Denmark, to bring Anne of Denmark to Holyrood. George awaited his bride at St. James's. Her brother went with her as far as Stade. From Cuxhaven she embarked in the royal yacht, which was conveyed by an English fleet, under the command of the naval hero, Lord Anson. She had a rough passage of a week's duration; she bore the discomfort with courage and cheerfulness. She declined to be ill for more than the first half-hour. She played on the harpsichord which had been provided for her, and sang to her own accompaniment. Doubtless she was anxiously exercising the agreeable talent for which she was distinguished. She counted on it to produce a favourable impression on the King, and to enable her to make her way in a court circle. She arrived on a September Sunday afternoon at Harwich. Not even as far as Harwich did the King go to welcome her.

When the news reached London on Monday morning, there was great excitement as to when and where the coming Queen was to enter the capital, but there was no effort on the part of George—willing bridegroom as he certainly was—to anticipate the moment of the meeting. Probably his mother was answerable for his laggardness. She might cause him to view it as necessary for the maintenance of his kingly dignity. Besides his father, Frederick, Prince of Wales, had allowed her to land and tarry for a space at Greenwich, before he bestirred himself. The present bride, on her part, showed no indication of forward haste to complete her journey. She did not land till Monday afternoon, and after she had been received by the mayor, when she took coach, she only proceeded in a leisurely fashion as far as Colchester, where she was entertained at the house of a Mr. Enew with tea and coffee, and a presentation of "candied eringo-root," a local product.

She next proceeded in the autumn evening to Witham, where she halted for supper and a bed at the mansion of Lord Abercorn. His lordship happened to be in London, therefore she came unexpectedly to a silent house. She was received, however, with all hospitality and honour. She supped in public with open doors, where the country-people might gather and look in at her, while Lord Anson and Lord Hardwicke stood one on either side of her chair. It was a severe ordeal for a young foreigner to pass through, but if ever a girl of sixteen could surmount such another, with quaint dignity and grace, it was this little Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

(To be continued.)



preserve the designs, but also to help the effect, for a certain decorative character, which the outline imparts, is pleasant in such work.

Of course you will first of all divide up the canvas into the panels, and you might put in the lines with indigo, and the ornamental bosses at the corners could be stencilled in the same colour. It would take very little time to cut such a simple stencil as this. The outlines of the "sprig" might be in indigo instead of burnt sienna; possibly better in blue than red brown. The white flowers you can faintly shade in Prussian blue used thinly toned with burnt Roman ochre to make a grey or cobalt toned with yellow ochre. The daffodil in lemon chrome for outside petals and gamboge and Indian yellow for the centres. The pansies can be varied in colour as can the tulips and zinnias. The leaves can be made of greens produced by mixing the blues with the yellows in varying proportions, a grey green having more blue and a little yellow ochre, and warm greens of raw sienna helped with a touch of burnt Roman ochre or burnt sienna while bright greens of Prussian blue and gamboge and aureolin. Always have plenty of colour mixed up and well thinned with turpentine, and to save time it would be as well to have small jars or Liebig pots containing various tints; then

with hog-hair brushes well filled with colour you apply the appropriate tints, well rubbing them into the canvas. The outlines, I may mention, should be done a few days before the colours are applied, so that in putting these on you do not disturb the outline and cause it to run. As the colours will all sink into the canvas, little or none remaining on the surface, there is no fear of the colours chipping off. Liquid dyes are, I believe, still to be purchased, and these could be used in lieu of the oil colours. The canvas itself can be purchased of certain decorative and furniture firms by the yard of various widths and at a moderate price. If you were going to decorate the hangings for the lower part of a room it would be worth while cutting stencils of the sprigs—the leaves on one plate and the flowers on another, and when these parts are stencilled put in the outlines by hand. This would save a lot of time and would have a very good effect. Stencilling has been very fully treated in former volumes of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*, and I must refer the reader to them if fuller information on stencil cutting is required.

A word or two as to the frieze which has a dark background. As this is a little more freehand in style my readers might dispense with drawing it out on paper, and instead they

might sketch it in lightly in charcoal, but remember that if you make a mistake and use your charcoal heavily you will soil the canvas. The background would have to be put in evenly with Prussian blue or whatever colour you decide to have. It should be dark enough to throw up the flowers, which, as you will see, begin with the Christmas rose, then follows the daffodil, narcissus and wallflower.

Another way to treat this frieze would be to use a dark material and paint the flowers on in ordinary oil colours, using white to make the colour solid, thinning down with turpentine as before. You use the colours only as thickly as covers up the colour of the textile, but not lumped on as you would if you were painting in the ordinary way, for you should not hide the grain of the canvas.

Even where you employ your colours as dyes it is quite possible to use a little opaque colour in places, but you must not overdo this, and on the whole it would be better to treat both frieze and lower part transparently, for it would not be a great labour to put in the background. If blue be used for this, then outline the flowers and leaves in brown.

This design could, of course, be carried out in outline crewel work on some soft material, light for the lower portion and dark for the frieze.

A YOUNG QUEEN-CONSORT.

(QUEEN CHARLOTTE.)

By SARAH TYTLER.



HETHER Charlotte slept the sweet sleep of youth and innocence after the fatigue of her first day in England, or whether she lay awake thinking how strange everything was, and anticipating with beating

heart the next day's meeting with the handsome lad, whose miniature she had been eagerly studying, on whom so much of her future well-being and happiness depended—who can tell.

The next morning Charlotte journeyed to Romford, where she was to stop at the house of a wine merchant named Dutton, and await the royal servants and carriages sent for her entrance into London. She had dressed carefully for the occasion, according to what was considered English style, in a fly cap with rich lace lapped, a stomacher ornamented with diamonds, and a suit of gold brocade on a white ground; apparently she changed her mind in the course of the day, and altered her toilet, for some of her detractors described her afterwards as hideously dressed in a blue satin quilted *jesuit* (Joseph de Spensor), which came up to her chin and down to her waist, her hair twisted up into knots, called a *tête de mouton*, and the strangest little blue coif at the top. She wore jewels including earrings with many diamond drops, the gift of her great kinswoman the Empress of Russia. One of her ladies seems to have hinted to the young Queen that an improvement might be made in her appearance by curling her *toupee*, when the Princess at once showed that young and good-humoured as she was she would not allow any liberty to be taken with her, or submit to be dictated to by a member of her suite. She answered with spirit, that she thought it (her *toupee*) looked as well as that of any of the ladies sent to fetch her; if the

King bid her she would wear a periwig, otherwise she would remain as she was. Nay, she could venture to be more mirthful even where the King was concerned, but it was the sauciness of sweet vivacity, not of sullen defiance, and somebody told her the King liked a certain style of dress. "Let him dress himself," was the gay girlish answer; "I shall dress as I please." When she was further informed that the King liked early hours, she replied in French, "She did not, she had no wish to go to bed with the hens."

The Queen and her suite of English lords and ladies, and her two German ladies occupied three carriages. They entered London by what was even then the poor suburbs of Mile End and Whitechapel, so that it goes without saying, that in order to turn her attention from the mean aspect of the approach to the capital, there was wanted the rejoicing crowd assembled in the streets to gaze and shout a welcome to her. The throng of spectators, surprised and amused her.

By a long detour Oxford Street and Hyde Park were gained. As the cavalcade entered on Constitution Hill, one of the ladies, probably with intention, made the disquieting remark, "we shall hardly have time to dress for the wedding."

"Wedding!" cried the young girl, who had not realised that her fate was to be sealed so soon.

"Yes, madam, it is to be at twelve o'clock" (that night).*

Plucky as Charlotte was, the shock of the information after the long strain of excitement was too much for her, and she grew white and faint. Lady Effingham threw the contents of a bottle of lavender water in the Princess's face; struggling back to consciousness, Charlotte saw the Duchess of Hamilton smiling to reassure her when she was herself again on the instant, and made the animated protest, "My

dear Duchess, you may laugh, you have been married twice, but it is no joke to me."

In truth a royal marriage with all its authorised credentials must have seemed a simple matter to Elizabeth double Duchess of Hamilton and Argyle; she was none other than one of the beautiful Irish adventuresses, the Gunninges. According to the contemporary gossip, she had been induced by her friends, in order to acquire for the first time the coronet graced by the strawberry leaves, to wed the Duke of Hamilton, taken at his word at the close of a debauch when the time and the place were alike so unpropitious, that only a curtain ring could be found as to serve as the token of the union of two hearts and lives.

These picturesque days had their dark shadows as well as their high lights.

At the garden-gate of St. James's Palace the bride's lips trembled, and she looked paler than ever, but her self-possession did not desert her. She alighted, assisted by her chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire, and found herself face to face with the King, his mother, the Princess of Wales, his brothers and sisters, and the Court. She would have knelt on the crimson cushion put down for her, but the King took her kindly in his arms, and "all but carried her upstairs." Sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued courtiers would have it that, with his fancy filled with the images of the loveliest women of the time, when George's glance first rested on his little bride, with no more than an April charm, he winced, and his face fell. If so, all that was best in his nature responded also to her youth, her sex, her absolute dependence on his generosity and tenderness. He was prepared from that moment to be a kind and faithful husband to her, as she was in a manner in which wilful, high-minded Lady Sarah Lennox could never have been, to be a faithful and loving wife to him.

Charlotte was presented to the Princess of Wales, who welcomed her as the wife she had chosen for her son, and to those of his

* The old established usage was for royal weddings and funerals to be celebrated at night.

brothers and sisters, who were of an age to appear in company, among them to Edward, Duke of York, next brother to the King, and to his elder sister, "the Lady Augusta," as her father had chosen to call her. The King's uncle, "Bluff Bill," the soldier Duke of Cumberland, was also present, a conspicuous figure in the scene. A drawing-room was held (drawing-rooms were necessary functions then), when the various Court functionaries and the ten bridesmaids were presented to the bride. "There are so many of them, so many of them," she said dizzily in French. She might also have exclaimed anew on the personal beauty of Englishwomen, for among the "maids" were three famous beauties, Lady Sarah Lennox, of whom the princess was the unconscious rival, Lady Caroline Russell, and Lady Elizabeth Keppel. The truth was to afford one of the strong contrasts of the period. She was Lady Susan Strangways, a daughter of the Earl of Ilchester. She figures along with her cousin, Lady Sarah Lennox, and the boy, Charles James Fox, in Sir Joshua Reynolds's renowned picture. Under the plea of giving "a sitting" for this picture, she left her father's house in order to elope with a well-known actor, whose fortunes she followed to America, where she died. Such a *mésalliance* on the lady's side was unheard of in the great world of a century ago. Lady Susan was the original of Thackeray's "Lady Maria" in his novel, *The Virginians*. In the course of these drawing-room presentations Charlotte forgot to hold out her hand to be kissed, so that her new sister, the Lady Augusta, never loth to come forward, had to capture the dainty hand, and hold it out to those who were to do its mistress homage.

At nine (not twelve) o'clock at night the crowning event of the agitating day took place. The marriage ceremony was performed in the Chapel-Royal, St. James's. The bride was given away by the Duke of Cumberland. Her dress was white velvet, while her slight, girlish figure was half shrouded by a violet velvet mantle, lined with crimson. It was fastened on her shoulders by a bunch of large pearls, but the weight of the mantle dragged it half off her shoulders. When it is taken into consideration that the season was early September and the evening hot for the month, the costume must have been oppressive. But the wearied little heroine of the spectacle bore up gallantly under the infliction till the guns from the Tower and the Park thundered out their salutation, prompting Charlotte to ask first herself and then her newly-wedded husband with ingenuous wonder, was it all for her? Was she worthy of such honours?

There was still the great dinner or supper, before and after which she exerted herself to

converse with those nearest to her in the various tongues with which she had a creditable speaking acquaintance. If she knew herself eclipsed in good looks she would show wherein she did excel—she fell back on her beloved spinet. She played with taste and feeling some of the lessons which such masters as Handel and Haydn wrote for their pupils, and she sang to her own accompaniment. Here she had young George at her feet. He dearly loved music, and he had learned from his grandfather, George II., to appreciate Handel. She thus exhibited modestly, and with an innocent dauntless determination that she should do herself, her friends, and her training all justice, her different accomplishments. One is reminded of the Tudor bridegrooms and their brides, and how even dignified Catherine of Arragon danced with one of her ladies before Prince Arthur, in order to show that her education had not been neglected.

After dinner Charlotte appeared in the gallery and at different windows in order to be seen by the populace. The day after the marriage there was the wedding drawing-room, to which the ten bridesmaids came in their white lustrings trimmed with silver. The Queen spoke to nobody, because she knew nobody, and the company were only in the act of being presented to her. But the dulness and formality were brightened to her by the King standing at her side and speaking much to her in the kindest manner. Even such a worldling and cynic as Horace Walpole augured well for the future happiness of the royal pair, by their attitude towards each other in those early days of acquaintance and wedlock. There was a Court ball the same night. It was opened by the Lady Augusta, who danced with her brother, Edward Duke of York.

The King and Queen went in state amidst throngs of applauding on-lookers to church, where George had forbidden the Court preacher to disgrace his sacred office and offend his sovereign's ears by personal fulsome eulogy. They went also in state to witness a play at Drury Lane.

The coronation came next, for George had deferred it for himself till his Queen should be crowned along with him. Then was the opportunity for masses of the people to see and greet her in the procession to Westminster Abbey. Unfortunately they were not near enough to judge of the redeeming traits in her personal appearance, and for the play of countenance which made up for the absence of positive beauty. The public was disappointed, and did not hesitate to express its disappointment plainly. This was the only mortifying incident in the grand pageant—more splendid and more picturesque in the retention of old usages than in those which

had gone before it since the accession of the House of Hanover or in subsequent coronations. The sermon was preached by Drummond, Bishop of Salisbury: the act of crowning the pair in their robes of state was performed by Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury; George insisted, with manly reverence, on laying aside the crown when he took the communion. Queen Charlotte was forced to retain her crown because it was so small; it had to be steadied on her rolled-up hair, and could not be withdrawn without the disarrangement of the entire structure. When the procession repaired to Westminster Hall for the banquet, the King wore his crown, while he bore in his hands the orb and sceptre, the Queen, wearing her crown and carrying her sceptre and rod, followed him. The old custom was still observed of the courses of the banquet, which was served on gold plate, being ushered in by three peers—Earl Talbot, the Earl of Effingham, and the Duke of Bedford—on horseback prancing and curvetting up the hall as far as the daïs, where the King and Queen sat. A comical incident marred the perfect gravity of the actors in this ceremony—the admired conclusion of which was the three noblemen causing their horses to walk backwards the length of the hall, and so to pass out of the presence of royalty. Earl Talbot had carefully trained his horse in this the most difficult feat of the whole performance, and the animal had learned its lesson only too well. When the three gentlemen rode into the hall and proceeded to advance towards the high table, the conscientious brute insisted on turning its own back and its master's to the King and Queen, thus riding up to the daïs, so covering its unfortunate owner with discomfiture, and awakening half-smothered laughter all over the august assemblage.

The ancient challenge by the King's hereditary champion was also delivered. He rode up the hall and flung down his gauntlet, while he recited the claims of George the Third to be King of Great Britain and Ireland, and summoned any man who denied them to mortal combat. No partisan of the House of Stuart made his way to the front, caught up and carried off the gauntlet, as Sir Walter Scott made Redgauntlet do, in support of a Jacobite tradition. A third curious practice was maintained at the Coronation Ball on the night after the coronation, when the Duke of Ancaster, whose Duchess had escorted Charlotte from Germany, and was installed as her Mistress of the Robes, presented himself in the complete dress which the King had worn the day before, and had afterwards bestowed, as a high compliment, on the Duke.

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

HOW SHE SANG.

Edith: "You can't imagine how Mr. Bullfinch appreciated your singing."

Ethel: "Did he, though?"

Edith: "Yes; he said it was simply heavenly."

Ethel: "Really?"

Edith: "Well, just the same thing; he said it was simply unearthly."

SAYINGS FOR WORKERS.

Though it is not incumbent on thee to complete the work, thou must not therefore cease from pursuing it.

If the work is great, great will be thy reward, and the Master is faithful in his payments.

THE REWARD.

"Nor on beds of fading flowers,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
Nor with swains in syren bowers,
Will true pleasure long abide.
On awful virtue's hill sublime
Enthroned sits th' immortal pair;
Who wins her height must patient climb;
The steps are peril, toil, and care.
So from the first did Love ordain,
Eternal bliss for transient pain."

Dr. Darlton.

DON'T SPEAK OF IT.—My dear girl, if you must talk about yourself, pray don't mention your good luck; the world doesn't care to listen to such things.

A PROFOUND SECRET.

Ada: "I can't imagine how that secret leaked out."

Floss: "Nor I! I'm sure everyone to whom I told it promised to say nothing about it."

TROUBLES MAGNIFIED.—We double all the evils of life by pondering over them. A scratch becomes a wound; a slight an injury; a jest an insult; a small peril a great danger; and a light sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

THE RESULTS OF WAR.—"A great war," says a German proverb, "leaves the country with three armies—an army of cripples, an army of mourners, and an army of thieves."

"I believe if she was going to die she would have fallen down dead," I said. "I've read of such things."

"I wish, dear," said Mary, in a whisper, "you'd pray about it. I have."

Lilias was kept very quiet all that evening, and Miss Cuxon had her in her own room that night. The next morning, at her special request, Mary was allowed to go and sit with her. From that day she took Lilias under her special care, and her kindness seemed to act on the poor girl like sunshine on a flower. She opened out wonderfully, and we all tried

to follow Mary's example. No one but her sister had ever been really fond of her before. They had lived in a quiet, out-of-the-way place, and had had no friends. They had played tennis together for hours and hours, and to that was partly due her proficiency.

Mary won the ladies' single in the tournament and had a pretty pearl brooch as a prize. But she would not keep it. She insisted on giving it to Lilias in the presence of us all.

"I should like you to have it," she said, "because you are really our champion player."

This little act of kindness, so like Mary, seemed to draw her nearer to Lilias. I don't think she was ever so annoyed by her ways after it, and indeed, as she grew to know the unattractive school-girl, she learnt that there was something to admire in her, and something to be learnt from her. She was slower to look down on others, and I believe it was to Lilias she owed her first leaning towards a more serious view of life than her happy girlhood had yet led her to.

Lilias died from angina pectoris, after all; but not in our school-days.



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By SARAH TYTLER.

PART III.

WHEN these inevitably grave ceremonies and gay rejoicings were ended the Court settled down into what was to be its everyday life. This was marked by a well-ordered simplicity and a virtuous, affectionate domesticity, rare in royal annals at any time, and especially rare a century ago. Dissipated men about town, women of fashion craving for excitement and finding it in a constant racket of routs, *ridottos*, auctions, etc., might complain of the dullness of the Court, but the nation at large, above all the better part of it, sick of the mingled coarseness, waste and profligacy which had distinguished the last years of the Court of George II., welcomed gladly a new *régime*, a reverent, honest, sound and sweet reign which did much to reform social vices and abuses throughout the country. Whatever might have been the intellectual rather than the moral shortcomings of the young King and Queen this inestimable credit is due to them. They raised the standard of belief and behaviour throughout Great Britain. High and low, who had any worth themselves, were proud of their good young King and Queen and thought twice before indulging in senseless profusion, not to say in riot and debauchery when they recalled that wisely temperate and modestly economical household in the highest place in the kingdom. If the quiet decorum and strict frugality were carried too far and provoked future rebounds into foolish and shameless excess, the error proceeded from defects in temperament and judgment which were perhaps inevitable. Neither King George nor Queen Charlotte had the smallest taste for display and extravagance, for late hours in the company of the great idle world which cared nothing for its sovereigns, and only desired to use them as tools to countenance its own frivolity and folly. The King and Queen could be splendid and sumptuous on occasions in dispensing or accepting hospitality, but they did not care for the splendour or sumptuousness in themselves. A visit to the opera once a week, an occasional appearance at the theatre formed enough public gaiety for the couple. Their private relaxations were unceremonious visits to the City for the purpose of becoming acquainted

with its industries and manufactures or of inspecting its lions, such was their witnessing the Lord Mayor's show from the private house of Barclay the great Quaker silk mercer opposite Bow Church.

But the rural pleasures of Richmond and Kew far outweighed in their royal eyes the diversions offered by the town. At old Richmond Lodge, which was George and Charlotte's country house till the old palace at Kew, with the gardens adjoining those of Richmond Lodge, was left vacant by the death of the Princess of Wales, the Queen gave such simple little parties as a well-to-do citizen might have given, in which ten or twelve young couples were refreshed with tea, and danced to their hearts' content for three or four hours. In the morning the King had his kingly business and his hunting, while the Queen had her reading, her music, her needlework, with her daily walk or drive. In the last reign nightly gambling had been the evening routine, in which not only the King but his daughters, the princesses—notably Princess Emily, and the ladies and gentlemen of the suites won and lost large sums. This was replaced, under King George and Queen Charlotte, when the family were alone, by a game of chess, of which the King was fond, or a game of backgammon played by the King and one of his gentlemen, or a game of cribbage in which the Queen took part. If card-playing had a place it was in the shape of some innocent sociable game which did not drain the lightest purse. But mostly the evening was occupied with music, which the King loved, in which the Queen excelled, or the Queen worked at her embroidery and the King read aloud what were reckoned standard books.

With remarkable good sense for so young a girl the Queen devoted much of the first year of her married life, not to gadding here and there pursuing pleasure in any form, or to the eager exhibition of all the fine dress and jewels to which the homely but well-bred little German Princess had succeeded, which she might now wear every day in the week; the resolution which she carried out was to accomplish a serious study of the English language under a competent tutor. A like course in French had been prescribed for poor

Marie Antoinette, but the youthful Dauphiness, though she had all the fairy gifts of beauty, wit and ineffable charm which Queen Charlotte lacked, was giddy where Charlotte was sedate, and idle where Charlotte was diligent. For practice in her attainments, Queen Charlotte had those evening readings of the King to which she listened dutifully and attentively for his sake as well as for her own, that his mind not less than hers should be cultivated as became his rank and dignity. When the two were in their happy country retirement, the Queen not only rode and drove with the King in the hours when he was at liberty to enjoy her company, a favourite resort in their afternoons for a period of years was a garden pavilion (these were the days of pavilions and summer-houses), where the Queen's fingers were busy with her needlework and the King's readings were resumed with greater leisure. Unfortunately George, who was dull as a boy, remained a stupid man but that was neither his fault nor his Queen's, she made the best of him and of herself. The result where she was concerned was that, though she had not the brilliance any more than she had the coarseness and unscrupulousness (as far as a virtuous woman could be unscrupulous) of her predecessor on the throne, George's grandmother, Queen Caroline, though Charlotte could hardly be called a woman of talent and was without a spark of genius, she was an intelligent, well-informed, and by dint of her energy and perseverance a fairly well-read English lady. She might prefer Beattie as a poet just as George preferred West as a painter to their more gifted compeers, but that was a defect in perception which no amount of culture could prevent.

The young Queen in her seclusion was not insensible to the benefit to trade of such seasonable *fêtes* as she inaugurated at Buckingham House, and attended in the houses of the nobility with becoming magnificence. Her presence along with that of the King at the weddings or christenings of the golden youth of the kingdom, the royal progresses to this subject's country seat, to grace one of the two great universities, to honour a favourite admiral on board his *man-of-war* were all as they should have been, models of stately simplicity, of frank, well-nigh boyish cordiality

on the honest King's part, and on the Queen's unaffected, gracious interest in all around her. As a bride Charlotte had no objection to deck herself with her ornaments; indeed, she had a woman's love of jewels, and she had not only her lifetime of the Queen-Consort's jewels, George showed his affection for his young wife by magnificent presents of jewels to her in her own person. But she judged that they should be worn in season not out of season. Walpole tells a story illustrative of the subjection in which the Princess of Wales, who was not a favourite either with the Court or the people, tried to hold her daughter-in-law. Charlotte and George were going to take the communion, a solemn duty which was then discharged in semi-state. Charlotte's dead mother had made her promise not to wear jewels when taking the communion, and she was prepared to keep her promise. Her intention was discovered by the officious tattling Princess Augusta, who conveyed it to her mother. The Princess of Wales then, in spite of the Queen's promise and of her tears of remonstrance at being compelled to break it, so insisted, and so employed the authority which she had been accustomed to exercise over her son, that Charlotte had to kneel before the altar and confess her sins in glittering array. Long afterwards, when no doubt jewels, except for their marketable value, had palled upon the Queen, she told Fanny Burney that after the first few times of wearing the crown diamonds, when she had been entranced like a child with their splendour, they grew rapidly a care and burden to her. The trouble of having them selected and put upon her, the dread of losing them, the obligation to restore them with her own hands to the firm of bankers with whom they were habitually deposited, did more than qualify the passing intoxication of girlish pride and vanity.

The King and Queen rose at six o'clock and went to bed early to ensure health of body and mind. When in town the pair were carried in their sedan chairs every evening at eight from St. James's and Buckingham House to Carlton House to pay their respects to the Princess of Wales. There was a large household of young people under her roof, lads who were already, or were about to be Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Gloucester; girls who were soon promoted to matronhood, as Duchess of Brunswick, and Queen-Consort of Denmark.

The sickly little Princess Elizabeth, whose precocious ability and child-wisdom had impressed even a *moqueur* like Horace Walpole, was to be followed to the grave by Prince Frederick William, a promising boy of fifteen, and by Princess Louisa, a bright amiable girl, who fell a victim to consumption in her twentieth year. None of the survivors, unless the young King, was distinguished by even ordinary discretion. Thick-headed and obstinate as George has been considered, he had the sense and stability in which his younger brothers failed. His elder sister, Augusta, who styled herself his "favourite sister," was a chatterbox, who was to merge into a vulgar gossip and mischief-maker. Caroline Matilda, a fair-haired, handsome girl, was indeed quick-witted and high-spirited, but she was rash, impulsive, and destitute of the self-restraint, reasonableness, and prudence, which were Charlotte's safeguards. In looking back on the family, one can understand why their clever aunt, Princess Emily, called her troop of nephews and nieces "the best-natured young asses in England."

For good nature in youth is frequently only another name for youth's light-heartedness and buoyancy. These are elements welcome to kindred youth, and must have lent somewhat of a gay and breezy atmosphere—in which there was room for skirmishes and jars

without question, while it was still the natural environment of life in its early vigour—to the home of the staid and severe Princess, who had been a strict disciplinarian to her little boys and girls, but was no more able to command her young men and women than similar mothers usually find themselves.

Charlotte was not forgotten by her own family, neither did she forget them, though, in these non-travelling days, she could not hope to revisit Germany, nor could she trust that her sister or her girl friends could brave the perils and discomforts of a journey of many miles to visit her. She had to content herself with sending them letters and gifts, but she had the gratification of receiving each of her three brothers. She had the still further satisfaction of finding the appointment of Governor of Zell conferred by George on her second brother.

From the first Charlotte adopted the sagacious policy of non-interference in State affairs. It may be thought that a girl of sixteen had small temptation to such interference, but one must recall the kind of girl she was, serious, shrewd, capable of a keen interest in all which concerned the welfare of the King and country, in order to give her credit for her modesty and moderation in remembering her foreign origin and her proper sphere as a Queen-Consort. She refrained from every attempt to put her finger in the Government pie. She did not seek to wield any undue influence. She did not dictate or take the first place in any relation of life, a fatal fault not uncommon in Queen-Consorts, and not rare in women of all ranks who have decided views and resolute wills. Charlotte could hardly be called an ambitious woman. She usurped no province, was no interloper, no arrogant intruder into domains beyond her knowledge and scope. She had her reward in many years of domestic happiness, and in her early popularity with her husband's subjects of all grades of intelligence, and all shades of political opinion. In this respect she stood in strong contrast to the Princess of Wales, who, rightly or wrongly, was accused of trying to rule the King, her son, in his public capacity. For this reason as well as for the absence in her of all winning grace and graciousness, she was heartily detested by the nation. As for Queen Charlotte, she lived to realise in full the fickleness of the mob, but these dark days were still far ahead.

The Queen pursued the same upright, friendly course in reference to her husband's family. She abstained from questioning their rights. She was on good terms, in the main, with her mother-in-law, to whom Charlotte always behaved with fitting respect. So long as George's sisters remained in England, and his aunt, Princess Emily, survived, the Queen treated them with kindness and consideration. To have gone farther, to have allowed them the privilege of more intimate friendship, would have been in all probability to undermine her position, and to render it difficult, if not intolerable, for one at least of the princesses.

Augusta was a foolish Mrs. Malaprop, a creature without natural reverence or truthfulness, whose tongue was as disrespectful as it was glib. Dr. Doran, who was severe enough to Augusta's foibles in the end, seems to have adopted the spiteful gossip of the time on the King and Queen's behaviour to her at the date of her marriage with the brave, rough soldier, the Duke of Brunswick. Doran dwells on the shabbiness, the positive penuriousness of the marriage doings. Another authority, who must have some warrant for his statement, tells a different tale. He enlarges on the supper at Leicester House on the evening of the marriage day, at which the King and Queen, the Princess of Wales, and

the younger members of her family, together with the bride and bridegroom, were present; on the ball afterwards, which was opened by the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick; on the special drawing-room given in the couple's honour, with the farewell concert, supper and ball which followed. He mentions among the gifts to the fairly dowered Princess, the King's diamond necklace, valued at £30,000, the Princess of Wales's diamond stomacher, and the Queen's exquisite gold watch set with jewels.

When the King was greatly displeased, with much reason, by his brothers' idleness and dissipation, and in the case of the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, by their *mésalliances* with two widows (the Duke of Gloucester marrying the beautiful Lady Waldegrave, a kinswoman of Horace Walpole's; the Duke of Cumberland a Mrs. Horton, one of a wild racketing county family of the name of Luttrell), the royal sister-in-law of the culprits, however offended in her own strong sense of what was due to the King and to herself, did not seek to increase her husband's resentment. It resulted in the passing of the Royal Marriage Act, precluding the marriages of members of the royal family without the consent of the sovereign and the Houses of Parliament. Edward Duke of York, who was nearest the King in age, was as unprofitable a representative of the race as were his younger brothers. He did not marry, though he kept the upper circles of society ringing with rumours of some more or less imprudent match on his part. However, he was not to blame for the persistent claim on his regard and the mysterious hints of a secret marriage circulated by a third widow, one of the most incorrigibly wilful and perverse of the fine ladies of the day.

Lady Mary Coke, born Lady Mary Campbell, was a daughter of the patriotic John, Duke of Argyll; she was nick-named by her acquaintances "the white cat," on account of the albino fairness of her skin and the light colour of her hair and eyebrows. In addition she was largely endowed with a certain feline trickiness and mischievousness of conduct. To such an extent did she carry her unwarranted pretensions to the hand of the Duke of York, that though her assertions were unsupported by any attentions on his part, and were flatly contradicted by his family, she assumed the airs of an ardently wooed, privately wedded wife. She went abroad on an ostentatious visit to his aunt, Mary, Princess of Hesse. When the news arrived of his death from fever at Monaco (he was the only one of the brothers who had developed a taste for travelling, and had repaired to Italy, possibly in flight from the craze of Lady Mary), she shut herself up as if in the extremity of grief. She reappeared in public presently in what was the nearest approach to widow's weeds, till the dead man's aunt, Princess Emily, took the audacious pretender to task for her mingled deceit and impertinence. The final forward act of this extraordinary being, after she had reached old age, was to refuse to change her dress, or to lie down in her last illness, so that she actually died with a steeple-crowned felt hat, adorned by a plume of feathers, on her head.

But the real tragedy among George III.'s brothers and sisters was the melancholy fate of his sister Princess Caroline Matilda. With this Queen Charlotte had nothing to do—either in advocating or in reproaching the disastrous marriage which led to the catastrophe. Indeed no alliance could have appeared more suitable and promising beforehand. Princess Caroline Matilda was troth-plighted to Christian VII., the young King of Denmark, who was her cousin through his mother, Princess Louisa, one of the younger daughters

of George II. and Queen Caroline, a sister to Fritz, Prince of Wales, father of the present bride. She had shown no reluctance to the marriage with her kinsman, an idea with which she had been familiar for years, since at the time of the betrothal both bride and bridegroom were considerably under age. It was in the usual order of such alliances that the couple had not met, and were personally unacquainted with each other, and that even when the marriage took place at Carlton House, Edward, Duke of York, was proxy for the bridegroom. The only person who seems to have foreboded evil was the stiff and sombre Princess of Wales. Caroline's tears at parting from her mother and family were a simple tribute to the fact that she was not likely to see them again. For when a princess married a foreign prince she, of all women, was destined in the quaint language of an old song, to "drink the brewst" she had brewed to the dregs, unsupported and unrelieved. Bitter indeed was the brewst which poor Caroline had to drink, but so little did she foresee it, that she arrived in her adopted country in a fearless spirit. It dictated the proud, cheerful message which she sent back by the captain of the frigate in which she had sailed to the King, her brother, that his sister had borne the discomforts of the voyage as an Englishwoman should. She might have been her predecessor Princess Louisa, whose memory the Danes long cherished. When she came to Denmark, she consented to the return of all her English ladies and attendants, saying that she herself was henceforth to be a Dane. But as it happened, the circumstances and the sequel were wholly different.

The king whom Caroline Matilda went bravely and light-heartedly to marry, was so tiny in person as to be likened to a fairy prince when he came to England a year or two after his marriage, unaccompanied by his wife, in the course of travel he was pursuing. At the same time a resemblance was traced between him and his portly cousin, King George, and, what was felt to be a little ominous, between him and his wrong-headed uncle, Fritz, Prince of Wales. Still, though small and pale, King Christian was neither misshapen nor ugly in the sense in which his uncle by marriage, the Prince of Orange, who came to wed Princess Anne, eldest daughter of George II., had horrified his worthy mother-in-law on the occasion of his visit. King Christian was credited with a fair amount of brains, though the faithful chronicler goes on to state that he "strutted about like a cock-sparrow." In truth, he was weak both in body and mind, and was completely in the power of the Queen-Dowager, Julia Maria, who rivalled in wickedness the most black-hearted step-mother of fiction. Her scheme was to get rid of the incapable King, either by his early death or by shutting him up as insane, and to place in his stead his younger brother, her own son, Prince Frederick. Caroline and the children she bore to King Christian were formidable obstacles in the Queen-Dowager's path, and she hated and plotted against them accordingly. Caroline behaved, in the miserable situation, as a very young, dauntless, passionate young girl might have been expected to behave. Finding that her husband was an utterly untrustworthy stay, she went her own way in reckless defiance of the sharp eyes and sharp tongue of the Queen-Dowager, and the malicious gossip of a divided court. Not content with amusing herself by riding and hunting in a fashion not practiced in Denmark, Caroline played such pranks as disguising herself in a young man's suit of clothes and seeking foolish adventures under false colours. There was a picture of her, which may still be extant, in a page's dress, with her long

fair curls (a reversion of her father's and her grand-mother's beautiful hair) escaping from its confinement and betraying her sex, while she held the horse of Count Struensee, of all men. Alienated from her half imbecile husband by the wiles and misrepresentations of Queen Julia Maria, Queen Caroline seemed to wake up to her danger; but alas, the steps she took only accelerated her ruin. King Christian had come across the clever young doctor named Struensee and taken a great fancy to him, ennobling him, and gradually entrusting a large share of the Government to him in gratitude for the improvement in the King's health effected by his following Struensee's advice.

Caroline had recourse to Struensee to reconcile her to her husband and to counsel her in turn. There is no proof that Struensee abused the confidence of either husband or wife. So far as his country was concerned, he strove to serve it as an enlightened reformer of many existing errors in the constitution. If personal ambition had something to do with his zeal it was the only fault that could be fairly and plainly laid to his charge.

For a time the King stood by his minister, and Caroline, eager in everything she did, courted his friendship, and entered warmly into his reforms. But a reformer is sure to create enemies, and there was one deadly enemy already in the field, who caught at the association of Struensee and Queen Caroline as a means of accomplishing their ruin and furthering her cherished project by one decisive blow. Julia Maria again secured the ear of the King and poisoned his weak mind beyond recovery. Struensee was arrested and executed on a charge of high treason. Caroline was also arrested in her palace on the accusation of complicity with Struensee and infidelity to her husband. She was hurried to Cronberg, where her life might have been taken also, had it not been for the spirited intervention of Sir Robert Keith who was lying with his fleet in the Baltic. He obtained her liberation on condition that she should be taken to Zell, to remain a prisoner in the Castle of Zell. There, separated from her husband and her children, in disgrace and confinement, to the last solemnly asserting her innocence, she died after three years at the age of twenty-four. The Princess of Wales did not long survive her younger daughter's downfall. She died at Carlton House, dutifully waited upon by the King and Queen, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Quite early in Queen Charlotte's happy married life, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, and yet sadly indicative of what might happen, appeared on the horizon. Though it passed away as quickly as it came, it could never have been altogether absent from the Queen's mind in time to come. There must have been a shadow of doubt and dread haunting her even in her brightest moments.

When George was a mere lad, before his grandfather's death, it is said there had been occasional symptoms in the heir to the throne of threatening brain disease, hanging over his doomed head—such an honest, manly head in its very limitations and in its dogged blunders! He was not a strong lad, and the consumption which carried off his youngest brother and sister was feared for him. He escaped that danger, and by temperate dieting he was enabled to check the corpulence which was a tendency of his family. It culminated in "Bluff" Bill, the butcher of Culloden, William, Duke of Cumberland, George's uncle who was enormously stout. But while the King and Queen's marriage was yet young, and every prospect was bright, George had one of his premonitory attacks in which it was necessary to seclude him from company and to avoid all excitement. The particulars were kept closely hidden from the public, but

imagine the shock to the young wife, the bolt from the blue which ever afterwards hung over her, even when the sky was most serene. And she had to mask her feelings, go in state to the royal chapel every day, and hold drawing-rooms in order not to alarm the country. Happily a few days' retirement dissipated the fever of body and mind, and for a long time the terrible malady was in abeyance. Charlotte celebrated her King's recovery by a birthday surprise for him in the shape of the transparency of a temple, at the gate of which the King appeared, dispensing peace to all the world.

These transparencies were simple "make-believes," in great request at the time. They appear to have been composed of oiled silk cut and fastened together in the figures to be represented and illuminated from within. On one of the Queen's birthdays a famous exhibition of transparencies, in which the whole royal family was symbolised,* was part of an entertainment got up in Charlotte's honour by no less a person than Miss Chudleigh. Strange to say, she was one of the good girl-Queen's maids-of-honour, for where will not folly and wickedness enter in? Lady Mary Coke's performances were nothing to Miss Chudleigh's. She married privately a son of the Earl of Bristol's, who was a sailor and for the most part of his time at sea. In his absence, his wife still passing to the world as Miss Chudleigh, received an offer of marriage from the Duke of Kingston. Loth to lose the opportunity of wearing the strawberry-leaves, the lady drove down in her coach to the village church in which she had been married, asked for the register, and there in the light of day, before the astounded eyes of the clergyman, boldly tore out and demolished the page on which the marriage had been recorded. She was under the credulous conviction that by withdrawing this important piece of evidence she annulled the marriage; thus she went back and without any further sign married the Duke of Kingston. But the sailor husband, who was by this time Earl of Bristol, returned and took his revenge by claiming his wife, and a trial for the crime of bigamy on the part of the Countess or Duchess ensued. She demanded the privilege of being tried before the House of peers, as she herself was a peeress, whether as Countess of Bristol or Duchess of Kingston. Part of the sentence pronounced upon her—the part which was commuted—was that she should be branded on the hand by the common hangman in punishment of her act of bigamy. The lights and shadows of those bygone days were strong indeed—the good were very good, the sinners sinned "as with a cart rope."

Great events were stirring, and shaking the world at home and abroad. One was the rise of Methodism, when the Wesleys and Whitfield had the glory of re-christianising the dark places of England, and made converts—as St. Paul did of old—among the noble women, notable among them Lady Huntingdon, Lady Chesterfield and in Scotland Lady Glenorehy. The American war ran its course, and to George's mortification he saw his greatest colony wrested from him. The "No Popery" riots convulsed London, which was for days at the mercy of the mob, while the King and Queen remained intrepidly at their posts, he at St. James', she at Buckingham House, or as it was more commonly called the Queen's House. Clive and Warren Hastings were annexing more territories in India, Clive laying a portion of the spoils in a cluster of magnificent diamonds at the feet of the Queen, and still George continued sound in body and sane in mind.

* The emblems were somewhat far-fetched and consisted of Birds of Paradise, orange-trees, etc.