HORACE WALPOLE

THE HISTORY OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD

Horace Walpole

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PREFACE.

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THE MEMOIRS OF THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD, by Horace Walpole (Earl of Orford), now for the first time submitted to the Public, are printed from a manuscript copy contained in the box of papers which came into the possession of the late Earl of Waldegrave, under the circumstances stated in the Preface to “The Memoires of the Last Twelve Years of the Reign of George the Second.” This manuscript was placed by Lord Waldegrave in the hands of the late Lord Holland at the same time with “the Memoires” last mentioned, and hopes were long entertained that it would have had the advantage of the editorial care which gave so much additional interest to that work; but from the date of Lord Holland’s return to office, in 1830, the little leisure he could find for literary pursuits was diverted from these volumes by engagements of a more pressing character; and it appeared at his death that he had never even commenced the task which he was of all persons eminently qualified to execute. Under these circumstances Lord Euston (now Duke of Grafton) on whom the property of the manuscript had devolved, as Lord Waldegrave’s executor, became very desirous that the publication should no longer be deferred; and happening to consult me on the subject, my interest was so much excited by a cursory perusal, that I acceded to the request made to me to prepare the Work for the press. In this I was further encouraged by the assurance I received of the zealous co-operation and assistance of the late Mr. John Allen, whose knowledge of the early years of George

the Third’s reign was surpassed by none of his contemporaries (excepting, perhaps, Lord Holland), and whose participation in all the studies, and I might almost add identification with the literary pursuits of that nobleman, would have given me many of the advantages I should have derived from himself, had he been still living. I had several conversations with Mr. Allen on the plan to be pursued in editing the Work, and his hints on the characters of the individuals described in it were of essential service to me; but unhappily, before my labours had commenced in earnest, he was taken ill, and in a few days followed his friend and patron to the grave. Few of the associates of his latter days valued him more than myself, or more deeply regretted his loss; and in revising these pages, my mind has often recurred with melancholy yet grateful satisfaction to the many agreeable and most instructive hours I have passed in his and Lord Holland’s society at a house which has acquired an European celebrity as the great point of intellectual and moral reunion among the most distinguished political and literary men of the present century.

These Memoirs comprise the first twelve years of the reign of George the Third, and close the historical works of Horace Walpole. “On their merits,” to use the words of Lord Holland,[1] “it would be improper to enlarge in this place. That they contain much curious and original information, will not be disputed.” In common with the Memoires of George the Second, “they treat of a part of our annals most imperfectly known to us,” with the decided advantage of the period being one marked by events of deeper interest and more congenial in their character and bearings with those which have since engaged, and still occupy our attention. The contests between Whigs and Jacobites may not be undeserving our curiosity; yet they sink into insignificance when compared with the origin and progress of the

American discontents, in which may be traced the first indistinct rudiments of the great antagonistic principles and social revolutions of our own time. The Parliamentary struggles, too, in the case of General Warrants, are important, not less on account of the stores of constitutional knowledge they elicited, than from the spirit of free inquiry into the Prerogatives of the Crown on the one hand and the Privileges of the People on the other, which necessarily sprang out of them. Nor is it an uninstructive lesson to observe the efforts made by George the Third to break up the political parties which had embarrassed the reign of his predecessor. These topics are among the most prominent in the History of England during the Eighteenth Century, and they constitute the staple of the present Work. Some of the best debates on the Stamp Act, and on the proceedings against Mr. Wilkes, are here reported with a vivacity and apparent correctness which may be sought in vain elsewhere; and we meet throughout the Work the same abundance of anecdote, and the same graphic description of men and manners, that characterise the Memoires of George the Second. It gives even more copious details of the negotiations between political parties, especially those incidental to the fall of Lord Rockingham’s Administration; the gradual alienation of that nobleman and his friends from the Duke of Grafton; and the other divisions among the Whig party, which ended in the long enjoyment of power by their opponents. The records of these transactions do not, it is true, form the most dignified department of the historian, but political history is necessarily incomplete without them; and here Walpole is on his own ground. Unlike most of the writers who have minutely chronicled their times, he can neither be charged with obtaining mere imperfect or occasional glances into the councils of men in power, nor with suffering himself to be shackled by a sense of official restraint, not to say responsibility. He possessed entirely the secret of affairs, at least as long as Conway remained

Minister; and so unreservedly discloses what he knew, that he might not untruly boast, as he does elsewhere, “that the failings of some of his nearest friends are as little concealed as those of other persons.”[2]

I have little to add concerning my own share in these Memoirs. They are printed exactly as the Author left them, except that it has been thought right to suppress a few passages of an indecent tendency; and following the example of Lord Holland, “two or three passages affecting the private characters of private persons, and in no ways connected with any political event, or illustrative of any great public character, have been omitted.”[3]

The notes that occur without any distinguishing mark were left by the Author. It will be perceived that they seldom extend beyond a brief statement of the rank or relationship of the individuals noticed in the text. All the other notes are mine.

In compliance with a wish generally expressed after the publication of the “Memoires of the Last Twelve Years of the Reign of George the Second,” for additional information respecting many of the characters described in that work, I have enlarged on the meagre notices left by Walpole, and endeavoured to correct his errors—taking, as my model, the annotations of Lord Dover and Mr. Wright on the Author’s correspondence. My references to those popular works will be found to have been frequent, and I can venture to add my testimony to their impartiality and correctness.[4] I may have unconsciously borrowed from them, where we are treating of the same individuals; but I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to steer an independent course, and the subject is sufficiently wide to admit of it. I have also carefully consulted all the contemporary authorities within my reach, and, in more than one instance, have received valuable communications from persons who either lived

near the times described by Walpole, or were actually acquainted with him. My sole object, however, has been to contribute to the information of readers hitherto little conversant with the events and characters of the period under our notice. More detailed criticism on particular transactions, and some biographical sketches, too long for insertion in the notes, will be given in the Appendix to the Fourth Volume; but I have no pretensions to encroach on the province of the historian—especially since the publication of the last volume of Lord Mahon's History of George the Third, and the recent article on Lord Chatham in the Edinburgh Review, both of which have appeared since this Work went to the press.

It was at first expected that this Work would be comprised in three volumes, but a more careful examination of the manuscript having proved a fourth to be indispensable, it is thought best not to delay the publication of the two volumes already printed, and to reserve the two concluding volumes until early in the Spring.

I have to acknowledge much kindness from various friends in the prosecution of my inquiries. Sir Edward Colebrooke, in particular, has favoured me with the loan of the manuscript autobiography of his grandfather, Sir George Colebrooke, M. P., Chairman of the East India Company, an active politician, who lived on confidential terms with the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Rockingham, and Mr. Charles Townshend; and I am indebted to Sir George Larpent for the perusal of the papers of his father, when Secretary to Lord Hertford, during the embassy of the latter at Paris.

DENIS LE MARCHANT.

7, HARLEY STREET,
December 4, 1844.

CHAPTER I.

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Motives for writing these Memoirs.—Their assistance to History.—Causes of contradictory Opinions in the Writer.—Career of George II.—Auspicious circumstances under which George III. ascended the Throne.—Firmness of the Administration.—Our Glory and Fortune in War.—Precipitate Peace.—Communication to the Prince of Wales of the death of George II.—Mr. Pitt and the Princess Amalie.—Anecdotes of the Accession of the new King.—His conduct to the Duke of Cumberland.—The first Council.—George the Second's Will.—Anecdotes.—The King's Speech to his Council.—Mr. Pitt and Lord Bute.—Duke of Newcastle.—Duke of Devonshire.—The King's Mother.—Earl of Bute.—Views of other Ministers.—Union of Pitt and Newcastle.—City Politics.—Inscription on Blackfriars Bridge.—Jacobites at St. James's.

Whoever has taken the trouble of reading my Memoirs, which relate the transactions during the last ten years of King George the Second, will have seen, that I had taken a resolution of interfering no more in public affairs. It was no ambition, or spirit of faction, that engaged me in them again. Inconstancy, or weariness of retirement, were as little the motives of my return to action. I am going to set forth the true causes; and if I am obliged to make more frequent

mention of myself than I should wish to do, it will be from the necessity I am under of unfolding the secret springs of many events in which I was unwillingly a considerable actor. It is to gratify no vanity that I relate them: my portion was not brilliant. And though my counsels might have been more serviceable to my country and to my friends, if they had been more followed, they were calculated to produce neither glory nor profit to myself, and were much oftener neglected than listened to. Nor should they be remembered here, if many miscarriages had not accrued from the neglect of them, as was felt and confessed by those to whom they had been suggested.

How far I have been in the right or in the wrong, I leave to the judgment of posterity, who shall be impartially informed; and who may draw some benefit from the knowledge of what I have seen; though few persons, I believe, profit much from history. Times seldom resemble one another enough to be very applicable; and if they do, the characters of the actors are very different. They, too, who read history most, are seldom performers in the political drama. Yet they who have performed any part in it, are at least able to give the best account of it, though still an imperfect one. No man is acquainted with the whole plot; as no man knows all the secret springs of the actions of others. His passions and prejudices warp his judgment, and cast a mist before the most penetrating sagacity. Yet, partial as the narratives of the actors must be, they will certainly approach nearer to truth than those of spectators, who, beholding nothing but events, pretend to account for them from causes which they can but suppose, and which frequently never existed. It is this assistance to history which I now offer, and by which I may explain some passages, which might otherwise never be cleared up.

I have a new reason for repeating here, what I have said in former pages, that these are memoirs, not history. The

inequality, and perhaps even the contradictory opinions which may appear in them from being written at different periods, forbid this work to aim at the regular march of history. As I knew men more, I may have altered my sentiments of them;—they themselves may have changed. If I had any personal causes for changing my opinion, I have told them fairly, that the fault may be imputed to my passions, rather than to those I speak of. The actions of the persons must determine whether they altered, or I was prejudiced. But, though this dissonance may cast unequal colours on my work, I choose to leave it as I wrote it, having at each period spoken truth as it appeared to me. I might have made it more uniform by correction; but the natural colouring would have been lost; and I should rather have composed than written a history. As it stands an original sketch, it is at least a picture of my own mind and opinions. That sketch may be valuable to a few, who study human nature even in a single character.

But I will make no farther apology for a work which I am sensible has many faults; which I again declare I do not give as a history; and to which, if it has not merits sufficient to atone for its blemishes, I desire no quarter may be given. Remember, reader, I offer you no more than the memoirs of men who had many faults, written by a man who had many himself; and who writes to inform you, not to engross your admiration. Had he given you a perfect history, and a flattering picture of himself, his work would have been a romance, and he an impostor. He lived with a contempt of hypocrisy; and writes as he lived.

George the Second, contradicting the silly presages drawn from parallels, which had furnished opposition with names of unfortunate Princes, who were the second of their name, as Edward, Richard, Charles, and James, terminated his career with glory both to himself and his people. He died, crowned with years and honours, and respected from

success; which with the multitude is the same as being beloved. He left a successor in the vigour of youth, ready to take the reins, and a ministry universally applauded, united, and unembarrassed by opponents.

No British monarch had ascended the throne with so many advantages as George the Third. Being the first of his line born in England, the prejudice against his family as foreigners ceased in his person—Hanover was no longer the native soil of our Princes; consequently, attachment to the Electorate was not likely to govern our councils, as it had done in the last two reigns. This circumstance, too, of his birth, shifted the unpopularity of foreign extraction from the House of Brunswick to the Stuarts. In the flower and bloom of youth, George had a handsome, open, and honest countenance; and with the favour that attends the outward accomplishments of his age, he had none of the vices that fall under the censure of those who are past enjoying them themselves.

The moment of his accession was fortunate beyond example. The extinction of parties had not waited for, but preceded the dawn of his reign. Thus it was not a race of factions running to offer themselves, as is common, to a new Prince, bidding for his favour, and ready each to be disgusted, if their antagonists were received with more grace; but a natural devolution of duty from all men to the uncontroverted heir of the Crown, who had no occasion to court the love of his subjects, nor could fear interrupting established harmony, but by making any change in a system so well compacted. The administration was firm, in good harmony with one another, and headed by the most successful genius that ever presided over our councils. Conquest had crowned our arms with wonderful circumstances of glory and fortune; and the young King seemed to have the option of extending our victories and acquisitions, or of giving peace to the world, by finding

himself in a situation so favourable, that neither his ambition nor moderation could have been equitably reprehended. The designs and offences of France would have justified a fuller measure of revenge; moderation could want no excuse.

A passionate, domineering woman, and a Favourite, without talents, soon drew a cloud over this shining prospect.

Without anticipating events too hastily, let it suffice to say, that the measure of war was pushed, without even a desire that it should be successful; and that, although successful, it was unnaturally checked by a peace, too precipitate, too indigested, and too shameful, to merit the coldest eulogy of moderation.

The first moment of the new reign afforded a symptom of the Prince’s character; of that cool dissimulation in which he had been so well initiated by his mother, and which comprehended almost the whole of what she had taught him. Princess Amalie, as soon as she was certain of her father’s death, sent an account of it to the Prince of Wales; but he had already been apprised of it. He was riding, and received a note from a German valet-de-chambre, attendant on the late King, with a private mark agreed upon between them, which certified him of the event. Without surprise or emotion, without dropping a word that indicated what had happened, he said his horse was lame, and turned back to Kew. At dismounting he said to the groom, “I have said this horse is lame; I forbid you to say the contrary.”

Mr. Pitt was the first who arrived at Kensington, and went to Princess Amalie for her orders. She told him nobody could give him better counsel than his own. He asked if he ought not to go to the Prince? she replied, she could not advise him; but thought it would be right. He went. I mention these little circumstances, because they show from Mr. Pitt’s

uncertainty, that he was possessed with none of the confidence and ardour of a man who thinks himself a favourite.

From Kew the new King went directly to Carleton House, which belonged to the Princess Dowager; ordering his servants and the Privy Council to wait for him at Saville House, then his own residence; and adjoining to Leicester House, where the Princess usually lived. The Duke of Cumberland went to Leicester House, and waited two hours; but was sent for, as soon as the King knew it, to Carleton House, where he determined to stay, and avoid the parade and acclamation of passing through the streets: at the same time dismissing the guards, and ordering them to attend the body of his grandfather.

To the Duke of Cumberland he marked great kindness, and told him it had not been common in their family to live well together; but he was determined to live well with all his family. And he carried this attention so far, as to take notice to the Duke after council, that his friend Mr. Fox looked in great health. And again, when the Privy Council had made their address to his Majesty by the mouth of the Archbishop, it not being thought decent that the compliment on the death of his father should be uttered by the Duke, the King remarked it, and expressed an apprehension that they had put a slight upon his uncle. Nor would he suffer the name of his brother, the Duke of York, to be mentioned in the public prayers, because it must have taken place of that of the Duke of Cumberland.

At that first council the King spoke to nobody in particular but his former governor, Lord Waldegrave. His speech to them he made with dignity and propriety. In whatever related to his predecessor, he behaved with singular attention and decency, refusing at first to give the word to the guard; and then only renewing what the late

King had given. He sent to Princess Amalie to know where her father's will was deposited. She said, one copy had been entrusted to her eight or nine years before; but thinking the King had forgotten it, she had lately put him in mind of it. He had replied, "Did not she know, that when a new will was made, it cancelled all preceding?" No curiosity, no eagerness, no haste was expressed by the new King on that head; nor the smallest impediment thrown in the way of his grandfather's intentions. A Gentleman[5] of the Bedchamber was immediately dismissed, who refused to sit up with the body, as is usual. Wilmot[6] and Ranby,[7] the late King's physician and surgeon, acquainted the King with two requests of their master, which were punctually complied with. They were, that his body might be embalmed as soon as possible, and a double quantity of perfumes used; and that the side of the late Queen's coffin, left loose on purpose, might be taken away, and his body laid close to hers.

In his first council the King named his brother the Duke of York, and Lord Bute,[8] of the Cabinet. As no notice was taken of Lord Huntingdon, it indicated an uncertainty, whether he, who had been Master of the Horse to the King when Prince, or Lord Gower, who had held that office under the late King, should fill the post. To the Speaker of the House of Commons the King said, it should not be his fault if that assembly did not go upon business earlier in the day than they had done of late: a flattering speech to an old man attached to old forms.

The King's speech to his council afforded matter of remark, and gave early specimen of who was to be the confidential minister, and what measures were to be pursued: for it was drawn by Lord Bute, and communicated to none of the King's servants. It talked *of a bloody and expensive war, and of obtaining an honourable and lasting*

peace. Thus was it delivered; but Mr. Pitt went to Lord Bute that evening, and after an altercation of three hours, prevailed that in the printed copy the words should be changed to *an expensive but just and necessary war*; and that after the words *honourable peace* should be inserted, *in concert with our allies*. Lord Mansfield and others counselled these palliatives too; but it was two o’clock of the following afternoon before the King would yield to the alteration. Whether, that the private Junto could not digest the correction, or whether to give an idea of his Majesty’s firmness, I know not: but great pains were taken to imprint an idea of the latter, as characteristic of the new reign; and it was sedulously whispered by the creatures of the Favourite and the mother, that it was the plan to retain all the late King’s ministers, but that his Majesty would not be governed by them, as his grandfather had been. In confirmation of part of this advertisement, the King told the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt, that he knew their attachment to the Crown, and should expect theirs, and the assistance of all honest men.

Mr. Pitt was too quicksighted not to perceive what would be the complexion of the new reign. His favourite war was already struck at. He himself had for some time been on the coldest terms with Lord Bute; for possession of power, and reversion of power, could not fail to make two natures so haughty, incompatible. It was said, and I believe with truth, that an outset so unpromising to his darling measures, made Mr. Pitt propose to the Duke of Newcastle a firm union against the Favourite; but the Duke loved intrigues and new allies too well to embrace it. And from that refusal has been dated Mr. Pitt’s animosity to Newcastle; though the part the latter took more openly and more hostilely against him afterwards was sufficient cause for that resentment. Whether these two men, so powerful in parliament and in the nation, could have balanced the headlong affection that

attends every new young Prince, is uncertain,—I think they could. A war so triumphant had captivated the whole country. The Favourite was unknown, ungracious, and a Scot: his connexion with the Princess, an object of scandal. He had no declared party; and what he had, was insignificant. Nor would he probably have dared to stem such a body of force as would have appeared against him. At least the union of Pitt and Newcastle would have checked the torrent, which soon carried everything in favour of Prerogative. Newcastle's time-serving undermined Mr. Pitt, was destructive to himself, threw away all the advantages of the war, and brought the country to the brink of ruin.

Yet this veteran, so busy, so selfish, and still so fond of power, for a few days acted the part he ought to have adopted in earnest. He waited on the King, pleaded his age, and begged to be excused from entering on a new reign. The King told him he could not part with him. Fortified with this gracious and comfortable command, he next consulted his friends. It was not their interest to point out to him the ridicule of thinking to rule in the Cabinet of a third George, almost a boy. Four days more determined the Duke to take a new court-lease of folly.[9]

The Duke of Devonshire,[10] though greatly younger, might not have been without difficulties too, if he had pleased to remember them. He had been ill-treated in the late reign by the Prince and the Princess Dowager, hated the Favourite, and had declared he would quit, whenever the new reign should commence; but he thought better of it.

The Princess, whose ambition yielded to none, was desirous to figure in the new era, and demanded to be declared *Princess-Mother*. Precedents were searched for in vain; and she missed even this shadow of compensation for the loss of the appellation of *Queen*—a loss which she showed a little afterwards she could not digest.

The Earl of Bute seemed to act with more moderation. His credit was manifest; but he allotted himself no ministerial office, contenting himself for the present with the post of Groom of the Stole, which he had filled under the Prince, and for which room was prepared, by removing the Earl of Rochford[11] with a large pension. Lord Bute's agents gave out, that he would upon no account interfere or break with Mr. Pitt. The latter, however, did not trust to these vague assurances, but endeavoured to maintain the preceding system: talked to the King of the Duke of Newcastle as first minister, and as wishing him to continue so; and said he had never chosen any other channel for his addresses or demands to the late King—an intimation that he would make none through Lord Bute. For himself, he had meddled with nothing but the war, and he wished his Majesty to give some mark that he approved the measures of the late reign.

The other ministers were not less attentive to their own views. The Duke of Bedford[12] insisted on returning to the Government of Ireland, and that Lord Gower[13] should remain Master of the Horse; but the latter point was accommodated by the removal of Sir Thomas Robinson (with a pension) from the Great Wardrobe, which was bestowed on Lord Gower; and Lord Huntingdon continued in the post he had enjoyed under the Prince. Mr. Mackenzie, the Favourite's brother, was destined to be Master of the Robes, but was forced to give way to the Duke of Newcastle, who obtained it for Mr. Brudenel;[14] for though bent on making his court, his Grace as often marred his own policy as promoted it.

Yet this seeming union of Pitt and Newcastle, on which the influence of the former in some measure depended, disgusted the City. They said, that Mr. Pitt had temporized with Newcastle before from necessity, but now it was matter

of election. Yet by the intervention of Mr. Pitt's agents, the City of London recommended to the King to be advised by his grandfather's ministers; and they even hinted at the loss the King of Prussia would suffer by the death of his uncle. Their attachment to their idol did not stop there. The first stone of the new bridge at Blackfriars was laid by the Lord Mayor a few days after the King's accession, and on it was engraved so bombast an inscription in honour of Mr. Pitt, and drawn up in such bad Latin, that it furnished ample matter of ridicule to his enemies.

The Favourite, though traversed in his views by the power of these two predominant men, had not patience to be wholly a cypher, but gave many lesser and indirect marks of his designs. A separate standard was to be erected. Lord George Sackville had leave to pay his duty to the King, and was well received; which gave such offence to Mr. Pitt, that Lord George was privately instructed to discontinue his attendance. Lady Mary Stuart,[15] daughter of the Favourite, and Lady Susan Stuart,[16] daughter of the Earl of Galloway, a notorious and intemperate Jacobite, were named of the Bedchamber to the Lady Augusta, the King's eldest sister; and Sir Henry Erskine[17] was restored to his rank, and gratified with an old regiment. The Earl of Litchfield, Sir Walter Bagot, and the principal Jacobites, went to Court, which George Selwyn, a celebrated wit, accounted for, from the number of Stuarts that were now at St. James's.

CHAPTER II.

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Countenance shown to Tories.—Effect of Tory Politics on the Nation.—Plan to carry the Prerogative to an unusual height.—Unpopularity and Seclusion of the Princess of Wales.—Difficulty of access to the King.—Manœuvres of his Mother.—Character of Lord Bute, and his Schemes to conciliate the King.—Archbishop Secker.—Character of George III.—Intended Duel between the Earl of Albemarle and General Townshend.—Cause of the Quarrel.—The King's Speech.—Pitt and Beckford.—Increase of the Court Establishment.—The Dukes of Richmond and Grafton.—Interview between Lord Bute and the Duke of Richmond.—Advice to the latter by the Duke of Cumberland.—The King's Revenue.—The Princess Dowager's Passion for Money.—The Earl of Lichfield.—Viscount Middleton.—Partiality to the Tories.—Inconsistency of the Duke of Newcastle.—Irish Disputes.—The King of Prussia's Victory over Marshal Daun.—Mauduit's Pamphlet on the German War.—Ways and Means for the ensuing Year.

The countenance shown to the Tories, and to their citadel, the University of Oxford, was at first supposed by those who stood at distance from the penetralia, the measure of Mr. Pitt, as consonant to his known desire of uniting, that was, breaking all parties. But the Tories, who

were qualified for nothing above a secret, could not keep even that. They came to Court, it is true; but they came with all their old prejudices. They abjured their ancient master, but retained their principles; and seemed to have exchanged nothing but their badge, *the White Rose* for *the White Horse*. *Prerogative* became a fashionable word; and the language of the times was altered, before the Favourite dared to make any variation in the Ministry.

These steps did not pass unnoticed: nor was the nation without jealousy, even in the first dawn of the reign. Papers were stuck up at the Royal Exchange and in Westminster-hall, with these words, *no Petticoat Government, no Scotch Favourite*. An intemperance which proceeded so far afterwards, that, as the King passed in his chair to visit his mother in an evening, the mob asked him if he was going to suck? The Princess herself was obliged to discontinue frequenting the theatres, so gross and insulting were the apostrophes with which she was saluted from the galleries.

The views of the Court were so fully manifested afterwards, that no doubt can be entertained but a plan had been early formed of carrying the prerogative to very unusual heights. The Princess was ardently fond of power, and all its appanages of observance, rank and wealth. The deepest secrecy and dissimulation guarded every avenue of her passions; and close retirement was adapted to these purposes. She could not appear in public (after the arrival of the Queen) as the first woman of the kingdom: her unpopularity made her pride tremble; and privacy shrouded such hours as were not calculated to draw esteem; and it contracted her expenses. After the King’s marriage she appeared seldom or never at St. James’s, nor deigned to accompany the ceremony of the coronation. The attendance of her ladies was dispensed with except on drawing-room days; and by degrees even her maids of honour and women of the bedchamber were removed from her palace, where

she lived in a solitude that would have passed for the perfection of Christian humility in the ages of monkish ignorance. Jealousy of her credit over her son made her impose almost as strict laws of retirement on him. He was accessible to none of his Court but at the stated hours of business and ceremony: nor was any man but the Favourite, and the creatures with whom he had garrisoned the palace, allowed to converse with the King. Affection had no share in this management.

The Princess, who was never supposed to disclose her mind with freedom,[18] but on the single topic of her own children, had often mentioned her eldest son with contempt; and during the life of her husband, had given in to all his partiality for the Duke of York. When her views of governing by her husband were cut off, she applied to the untutored inexperience of his heir: and the first step towards the influence she meditated, was by filling his mind with suspicions and ill impressions of all mankind. His uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, was made another instrument. The young Prince had a great appetite: he was asked if he wished to be as gross as his uncle? Every vice, every condescension was imputed to the Duke, that the Prince might be stimulated to avoid them.

The Favourite, who had notions of honour, and was ostentatious, endeavoured to give a loftier cast to the disposition of his pupil, though not to the disparagement of the vassalage in which he was to be kept. Lord Bute had a little reading,[19] and affected learning. Men of genius, the arts and artists were to be countenanced. The arts might amuse the young King’s solitary hours: authors might defend the measures of government, and were sure to pay for their pensions with incense, both to their passive and active protectors. The pedantry and artifice of these shallow views served but to produce ridicule. Augustus fell asleep

over drawings and medals, which were pushed before him every evening; and Mæcenas had so little knowledge, and so little taste, that his own letters grew a proverb for want of orthography; and the scribblers he countenanced, were too destitute of talents to raise his character or their own. The coins of the King were the worst that had appeared for above a century; and the revenues of the Crown were so soon squandered in purchasing dependents, that architecture, the darling art of Lord Bute, was contracted from the erection of a new palace, to altering a single door-case in the drawing-room at St. James's. Yet, his emissaries the Scotch were indefatigable in coining popular sayings and sentences for the King. It was given out that he would suffer no money to be spent on elections. Circumstances that recoiled with force, when every one of those aphorisms were contradicted by practice.

But the chief engine to conciliate favour was the King's piety. The Princess, no doubt, intended it should be real, for she lived in dread of a mistress. But mankind was not inclined to think that her morals could have imprinted much devotion on the mind of her son: nor was any man the dupe of those professions but Secker, the Archbishop, who for the first days of the reign flattered himself with the idea of becoming first minister in a Court that hoisted the standard of religion. He was unwearied in attendance at St. James's,[20] and in presenting bodies of clergy; and his assiduity was so bustling and assuming, that having pushed aside the Duke of Cumberland to get at the King, his Royal Highness reprimanded him with a bitter taunt. The prelate soon discovered his mistake. Nor were the Princess or the Favourite inclined to trust the King in the hands of a Churchman, whom they knew so well, and whose sanctity was as equivocal as their own.

As far as could be discerned of the King's natural disposition, it was humane and benevolent. If flowing courtesy to all men was the habit of his dissimulation, at least, it was so suited to his temper, that no gust of passion, no words of bitterness were ever known to break from him. He accepted services with grace and appearance of feeling: and if he forgot them with an unrestrained facility, yet he never marked his displeasure with harshness. Silence served him to bear with unwelcome ministers, or to part with them. His childhood was tinctured with obstinacy: it was adopted at the beginning of his reign, and called firmness; but did not prove to be his complexion. In truth, it would be difficult to draw his character in positive colours. He had neither passions nor activity. He resigned himself obsequiously to the government of his mother and Lord Bute: learned, and even entered with art into the lessons they inspired, but added nothing of his own. When the task was done, he relapsed into indifference and indolence, till roused to the next day's part.[21]

The first gust of faction that threatened the new era, was an intended duel between the Earl of Albemarle[22] and General George Townshend.[23] A pamphlet was published against the latter,[24] reflecting bitterly on the vanity with which he had assumed a principal share in the conquest of Quebec, though the honour of signing the capitulation had only fallen to him by the death of Wolfe and the wounds of Monckton; an honour so little merited, that he had done his utmost to traverse Wolfe's plans. The pamphlet, too, set forth the justice of taking such freedom with a man whose ill-nature had seized every opportunity of ridiculing those he disliked by exhibiting their personal defects in caricatures, which he had been the first to apply to politics. His uncle the Duke of Newcastle, the Duke of Cumberland, and Mr. Fox, had been the chief objects of those buffoon satires. The

pamphlet was certainly written under the direction of the last, and could not fail to be agreeable to the partizans of the second. It wounded so deeply, that Townshend, in the first blindness of his rage, concluded it came from the person he hated most and had most offended: that was the Duke of Cumberland: and as Lord Albemarle was the first favourite of his Royal Highness, thither Townshend addressed his resentment, though no man was less an author than the Earl. A challenge passed, was accepted, and prevented in time by Townshend's want of caution.

On the 18th of November the Parliament met. Many Tories, though they had received no formal invitation, appeared at the Cockpit to hear the King's speech read. It was composed, as usual, by Lord Hardwicke, was long and dull, and had received additions from Pitt. On the Address Beckford proposed to push the war with more vigour, the end of the last campaign having, he said, been languid. Pitt fired at this reproach from his friend, though certainly not levelled at him, and asked Beckford what new species of extravagance he wished for? The Address from Oxford had other objects in view. They boasted openly of their attachment to Monarchy. As all places were already filled with Whigs, the Court was forced to increase the establishment, in order to admit their devotees. The King's Bedchamber received six or eight additional Grooms and seven Gentlemen. Most of the late King's were continued; the King's own were joined with them; the rest were taken from the Tories.

The Duke of Richmond,[25] haughty and young, was offended that his cousin, Colonel Keppel,[26] was removed from Gentleman of the Horse, which the King destined for one of his own servants. The Duke asked an audience; but began it with objecting to the distinction paid to Sir Henry Erskine.[27] This so much disgusted, that the King would not

hear the Duke on the subject of Keppel. On cooler thoughts, Lord Bute was sent to the Duke, to offer him to be of the King's Bedchamber. He accepted it, on condition that Keppel should remain Gentleman of the Horse, which was likewise granted. But this pacification lasted few days. Lord Fitzmaurice,[28] a favourite of Lord Bute, was made Equerry to the King; though inferior in military rank to Lord George Lenox[29] and Charles Fitzroy,[30] brothers of the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton. The latter[31] had been of the Bedchamber to the King, when Prince, but had quitted it, from dislike of Court attendance, and disgusted with the haughty stateliness affected by Lord Bute. Richmond and Grafton were much of an age; each regarded himself as Prince of the Blood; and emulation soon created a sort of rivalship between them. The Duke of Richmond's figure was noble, and his countenance singularly handsome. The Duke of Grafton was low, but manly, and with much grace in his address. The passions of both were strong, but of the first, ardent; of the latter, slow and inflexible. His temper was not happy; but the Duke of Richmond's, which was thought worse, because more impetuous, was pliant, and uncommonly easy and accommodating in his family and society. Both were thought avaricious; but the latter very unjustly, generally approaching nearer to the opposite extreme of profusion. His parts, too, were quicker and more subtle than Grafton's and more capable of application, though his elocution was much inferior. The Duke of Grafton had a grace and dignity in his utterance that commanded attention, and dazzled in lieu of matter; and his temper being shy and reserved, he was supposed to be endued with more steadiness than his subsequent conduct displayed. Neither of them wanted obstinacy; but their obstinacy not flowing from system, it was in both a torrent more impetuous in its course than in its duration.

The Duke of Grafton made a decent representation to the King, on the wrong done to his brother, and demanded rank for him. The other Duke carried a violent memorial, and commented on it in a manner, which some years afterwards he found had never been forgotten or forgiven. The next day he resigned the Bedchamber, but not his regiment. In a few days he repented this step, and went to Lord Bute to explain away his resignation, which, he said, might not be known. Lord Bute replied, all the world knew it. The Duke, thinking this coldness proceeded from a suspicion that he was influenced by Fox,[32] his brother-in-law, disclaimed all connexion with him, and said, he had never approved his sister's marriage. Lord Bute, who even then probably had views of Fox's support, as a counterbalance to Pitt, replied, that Mr. Fox's alliance could be a disgrace to no man; as he must always be of great use and weight in this country. Yet the Duke's youth and frankness made him avow what he had said to Fox himself, in the presence of Lord Albemarle, who, though not much older, had far more worldly cunning, and no doubt reported the conversation to his master, the Duke of Cumberland; for Richmond and Albemarle, though first cousins, were no friends; and the latter possessed all the arts of a Court. The Duke, rebuffed by the Favourite, next consulted the Duke of Cumberland, who told him prudently, that he was sorry the Duke of Richmond, at twenty-three, had quarrelled with the King, at twenty-two; and advised him to retire into the country, which he did. The effects of these squabbles will appear hereafter, which made it proper to state them here.

The King's revenue was settled and fixed to eight hundred thousand pounds a year, certain. In the late reign any overplus was to accrue to the Crown, but had ever produced so trifling an augmentation, that the present boasted restriction, which was often quoted as one great merit of the new Government, was not worth mentioning. It

is true, this revenue was by no means ample, considering the large incumbrances with which it was loaded. The Duke of Cumberland's annuity (exclusive of the parliamentary grant of twenty-five thousand pounds a year) was fifteen thousand pounds; Princess Amalie's, twelve thousand. The King's brothers were to be provided for out of it; so was a future Queen; and the Princess Dowager's jointure was of fifty thousand pounds a year from the same fund. Yet, though her dower was so great—though she reduced her family, and lived in a privacy that exceeded economy, and though she had a third of the Dutchy of Cornwall, which produced four thousand pounds a year more, her passion for money was so great, that she obtained an additional annuity of ten thousand pounds a year from her son.[33] The Electorate suffered for these exigences of the Crown. Whatever money could be drawn from thence was sunk in the privy purse, which was entirely under the direction of Lord Bute.

The Earl of Litchfield,[34] a leader of the Tories, was added to the King's Bedchamber, as the Earl of Oxford[35] and Lord Bruce[36] had been before, with the Scotch Earls of March[37] and Eglinton.[38] The Lord Viscount Middleton,[39] an Irish Peer, was the first who in the House of Commons here broached a hint of jealousy against the channel in which Court favour seemed to flow. He was ridiculed for it by Charles Townshend; but the spirit of dissatisfaction had been infused into the former by the Duke of Newcastle, who openly censured the new partiality to the Tories. Partiality there was, but the grievance came with an ill grace from Newcastle, Stone,[40] suspected for more than a Tory, had been placed by him as preceptor to the King; Lord Mansfield had been his bosom favourite; and to gratify that favourite, the extension of the *Habeas Corpus* had been prevented. To gain the Tories had been a prudent measure, but their