

History of the royal malady : with variety of entertaining anecdotes, to which are added strictures on the declaration of Horne Tooke, Esq. respecting "Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales," commonly called Mrs. Fitzherbert. With interesting remarks on a Regency / By a page of the presence [i.e. Philip Withers].

Contributors

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H I S T O R Y
O F T H E
R O Y A L M A L A D Y,
W I T H V A R I E T Y O F
E N T E R T A I N I N G A N E C D O T E S,
T O W H I C H A R E A D D E D
S T R I C T U R E S O N T H E D E C L A R A T I O N
O F

H O R N E T O O K E, E S Q.

R E S P E C T I N G

“Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS of WALES,”

C O M M O N L Y C A L L E D

(The Hon.) MRS. FITZHERBERT.

W I T H

I N T E R E S T I N G R E M A R K S O N A R E G E N C Y.

B Y A P A G E O F T H E P R E S E N C E.

————— Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum Pars magna fui. Quis talia fando
Temperet a Lachrymis?

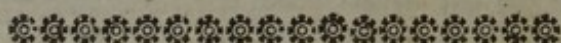
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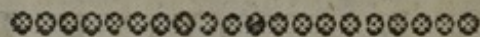
Philip Walker

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.



In a few Days will be Published,

A Circumstantial Narrative of the violent and illegal Mea-
sures by which the Pamphlet was suppressed of which this
is a literal Copy.

SLOAN SQUARE.

PHILIP WITHERS.

Jan. 9th, 1789.



H I S T O R Y
OF THE
ROYAL MALADY, &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE honorable Anxiety of every loyal bosom, respecting the health of the best of Princes and most amiable of Men, is the only apology I can offer for presenting an artless Narrative to public view.

An

An opinion prevails, that our gracious Sovereign is afflicted with an HEREDITARY complaint; and, in justification of this Idea, the public Prints have advanced many bold assertions concerning a former Prince of Wales and his illustrious father, which I hope are not entitled to belief. It has been urged, in particular, that the alliance with the House of Saxe-Gotha drew down his Majesty's heavy displeasure on the Heir Apparent, because that alliance promised, in it's consequences, to entail the EVIL and INSANITY on the royal blood.

But a people, who so justly idolize their Sovereign, will forbear to credit an opinion in which so many innocent and amiable Children are interested. Before they abandon themselves to despair, by rashly concluding, that the Deity has devoted the Empire to a calamity beyond example dreadful, they will require REITERATED Proof of the perpetuity of the misfortune.

I do not deny the possible existence of hereditary disease. In all ages of the world, and among every complexion of men, the opinion has been corroborated by fact. But what forbids our hoping better things in the case before us? Who will have the temerity to aver on oath, that his Majesty's complaint is not the GOUT, or some kindred disorder, unhappily driven to the seat of intelligence? The case is not only possible, but so very probable that no physician of practice and repute would venture to commit his honor on the negative part of the question.

But admitting a derangement of intellect, admitting it in the current and most comprehensive acceptation of the phrase, does it follow that the MADNESS is HEREDITARY? If, in the *ascending Line* of the Race of *Saxe-Gotha* an instance of similar derangement occur,

it is by no means a legitimate conclusion that the PROGENY of our present most gracious Sovereign will be affected.

I grant that a series of corresponding Effects may be rationally deduced from a common Source; but I contend, at the same time, that such Effects may be attributed to an accidental coincidence of unconnected Causes. It rests solely on the feeble support of imagination, that the royal affliction flows from TRANSMITTED principles. And when so much beauty and loveliness is interested in the decision, when the personal Dignity of the Prince, and the popular attachment to the House of Hanover may be not only affected, but even annihilated by the result, we ought to dismiss the apprehension of so painful a destiny, and to crush in it's birth every rumor tending to establish the melancholy persuasion.

I am

I am under the sincerest convictions that the Royal Cause suffers from the conduct of those who have the management of domestic Affairs. From the Page to the Kitchen Wench, we are commanded to be silent, and hence we are compelled to prevaricate. The Precaution, I cheerfully acknowledge, originates in loyalty and zeal; but I am intimately persuaded that TRUTH is most friendly to every purpose of Rectitude and Wisdom. How many absurd Reports are at this moment in circulation! With what avidity are they received by interested Men! In defiance of the illegal and ridiculous restraints which have been imposed on my TONGUE, I am determined to have recourse to my PEN. And in this resolve, I act in concert with the wishes of the most illustrious Ranks, who are beyond measure distressed at the effects

effects of that timid policy, which gives existence to Falshood by suppressing Truth.

My Office places me at the fountain head of information. As senior Page of the Prefence, my apartment is situated between the grand Anti-chamber, and the Clofet of Private Audience. In each room there is a door of communication with my apartment, and I am constantly prepared to execute commands.

The doors of my apartments open near the Fire-Places of the Clofet and Anti-chamber; and as there is a current of air passing through the doors, (for they are opposite to each other) the Fire-Places are defended by lofty, magnificent screens, so that either door may be left a little open without being noticed.

In

In the common course of things, I am accustomed to disregard both the company and conversation; and indeed it would be highly indecent, if not criminal, were I to listen to his Majesty's conferences with foreign Ministers, or the immediate servants of the crown. But in truth, as reverence forbade my presumption on common occasions, affection prompted me to adopt the practice at this awful crisis; for, independent of the loss of salary and consequence by the demise of the sovereignty, I should be deprived of the most humane, benevolent, and generous Master that ever swayed the sceptre of these realms.

A curiosity that in the common events of life is criminal, loses its name on this occasion, and ought to be termed *laudable anxiety* and *ardent affection*. When the Physicians were announced, it was natu-

ral for me to listen to their debates, and to collect some ray of comfort to animate my drooping heart. And not only of Physicians, I was eager to know the sentiments of illustrious visitors on the important occasion. Hence my doors were ever open, and my attention awake.

It is my design to recur to symptoms antecedent to the maturity of the complaint, and then to proceed methodically through the diversified occurrences of succeeding times. I have only to lament that my abilities are not adequate to my zeal. Unskilled in the arts of composition, and overwhelmed with grief, I must solicit the indulgence of a generous Public. And as I do not profess either promptitude of wit, or elegance of diction, I hope to be forgiven if I communicate important information in a homely, artless strain.

CHAPTER II.

CONTAINING

Curious and Entertaining Anecdotes

OF

HENRY IV.

KING OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER II

CRISIS AND PATENTING

HENRY K. IV

FRANCIS O. B. R. A. M. O. N.

S Y M P T O M S

O F

I N S A N I T Y.

SCENE — WINDSOR-PARK.

THE TREE;

*T*HERE *he is*, said his Majesty, and giving the reins to his illustrious consort, descended from the phaeton. I was then on duty, and immediately ordered the attendants to face about, imagining that a circumstance to which even Kings are subject, might

D compel

compel his Majesty to withdraw. The horse on which I was mounted was young and restive, and notwithstanding my utmost exertions, turned and ran towards the carriage. I was covered with confusion. But her Majesty, who saw my distress, most graciously condescended to relieve me, by a well-timed remark on the restiveness of my horse.

His Majesty now approached a venerable oak that had enlivened the solitude of that quarter of the park upwards of a century and a half. At the distance of a few yards, he uncovered and advanced, bowing with the utmost respect, and then seizing one of the lower branches, he shook it with the most apparent cordiality and regard—just as a man shakes his friend by the hand.

The Queen turned pale with astonishment. The reins dropped from her hands. Never was I in such a consternation. I felt the most painful apprehension

left

left the horses in the carriage, finding themselves under no controul, should run headlong to destruction. Nor did I dare to call for assistance, lest the attendants should witness a scene that I desired to keep from their view. At last her Majesty became attentive to her situation; and as the reins were happily within reach, they were recovered, and the Queen commanded me to dismount, and to go and intimate, in a soothing voice and suppliant terms, that her Majesty wished for his company.

On my Approach, I perceived that the King was engaged in earnest conversation.

Perhaps the Learned may censure the term---*Conversation*---as properly implying alternate intercourse of ideas. And yet I humbly conceive the Converse of the Objection is in force against the term---*Soliloquy*; for his Majesty *anticipated the answer* of his
royal

royal Friend, and then made a reply. At all events, I desire to give satisfaction to every man, and as I am not of sufficient importance to provoke the resentments of liberal criticism, I hope I shall be indulged with the negative recompence of escaping reproach. Diffidence and modesty, I perceive, are troublesome companions when a man is composing a book. At this rate, I shall never conduct the narrative to a conclusion; every page will require apology; and therefore, once for all---pray remember it, gentle Reader-- once for all, I submit my untutored Muse to mercy.

It was the KING of PRUSSIA with whom his Majesty enjoyed this rural interview. Continental politics were the subject. What I heard, it would be unpardonable to divulge. I cannot, however, withhold a remark that must fill every loyal bosom with pleasure.---His Majesty, though under a momen-

tary

manded to intimate her desire of your Majesty's company.

Good Lack-a-day! (said the King,) that is true. Run on, and inform her Majesty that I am hastening to her.

THE COACH.

I Do not pledge my reputation for the *verbal* authenticity of this Anecdote. The Incident is indisputably FACT. How far the detail of particulars are founded in truth, I cannot presume to determine. I think it however my duty to notice it, for some ladies have already *tittered* about the affair, as though something more was intended at the time than now meets the ear. I am confident I know the worst; for one of the Ladies in the coach related the circumstance to her maid, under the most solemn injunction and promise of SECRECY. With similar restrictions,
it

it was communicated by this Abigail to **** Keeper of the Queen's robes. From her it descended without diminution to subordinate domestics, and through the medium of the Old Woman, who cleans my apartment, it reached me.

Of Common Report, it is said by Virgil,

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo ;
 Parva metu primo ; mox sese attolit in auras,
 Ingrediturque solo, & Caput inter nubila condit.

It rained. The Queen was indisposed ; and the carriage was ordered to take the King, two Maids of Honor, and the Princess Royal to Richmond.

His Majesty was unusually absent. He seemed lost in profound meditation, and actually stepped into the coach before the Ladies, regardless of the rules of politeness and decorum.

From

From an apprehension that the King was indisposed, or that affairs of moment engaged his mind, the ladies observed a respectful silence. But they had not proceeded far before they were roused from their lethargy.

Charlotte, will you give me leave to *****?

Were the Sun to fall from it's orbit and involve the World in darkness; or were it to break forth at midnight in all it's glory, it would not cause greater astonishment than this unfortunate request ---to one of the party especially.

The princess and the junior maid of honor were scarcely able to comprehend the terms. The unfulfilled purity of their minds preserved them from much confusion and distress; but the other lady, some how or some how, was sensible to the utmost force of the phrase. She blushed, and with great dexterity

F

suppressed

suppressed the emotions of her bosom for upwards of *two minutes*; but at length the combination of ideas excited by the royal request became too powerful for restraint, and she *laughed aloud*.

The Monarch, who had been hitherto looking out of the window, imagined probably, that only his illustrious consort and himself were in the coach, for, on hearing the maid of honor laugh, he turned with great quickness, and some degree of surprize.

And, perhaps, that surprize increased the delirium. The sequel of the excursion certainly justifies the conjecture; for the King, with a view to punish the lady for her intemperate mirth, attacked her with all the gallantry of twenty-one, and, without a metaphor, she was in a flame from stem to stern, during the whole engagement.

In

In this *verbal* rencounter, the maid of honor was deservedly chastized for her indiscretion; and I counsel the Fair Sex, in such painful predicaments, to sustain the *appearance*, at least, of an untainted mind.

To blush is, perhaps, unavoidable on some emergencies; but to laugh, demonstrates an intimacy with the subject unfavorable to Virgin dignity and personal fame.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA,
AND THE
ROYAL HUNTSMAN.

SCENE — WINDSOR-PARK.

I Will not mount that horse, I tell you.

May it humbly please your Majesty, it is the best horse in the stables, said the Groom; in all the world an't please your Majesty. But which does your Majesty's Honor please to have?

I don't care which, provided it be a good one.
This is such a shabby Thing, and such a rascally
Bridle

Bridle and Saddle that I won't mount it, I tell you once more.

I ventured to approach his Majesty, and with all humility and earnestness to assure him that it was his best, his favorite horse. But in vain. He consented, indeed, to mount it, but protested, at the same moment, that the KING of PRUSSIA should determine the affair, for he would not submit to such treatment any longer.

His Majesty's usual pace is either a Canter, or a smart Trot. But no sooner was he seated in the saddle, than he put his horse on full speed, and left all his attendants far behind. As I had the honor of being in estimation with my gracious master, I was frequently called to the extra official duty of attending him in the park. I was with him to day. The horse which I rode was a horse of great power and of the first blood, but as I had assisted the King in

G

mounting

mounting, I was distanced beyond the possibility of recovery.

The first and most natural conclusion was, that his Majesty's horse was ungovernable; and perceiving that he gradually wheeled to the left, I pushed across the park to meet him and to afford him an opportunity of indicating his danger. On my approaching near enough to distinguish sounds, I heard him call out *Tallee Ho! Miranda, Tallee Ho! Halloo, Hector! Go forward, go forward, Fowler!* This way your Majesty of Prussia, this way.

Convinced of the melancholy truth, I obeyed the dictates of duty and conscience, and imparted my belief to Sir G——. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the Royal Sufferer became incapable of attending to regal and domestic concerns.

The public sorrow, on the occasion, conveys a high opinion of the national character to every Court in Europe.

CHAPTER III.

CONTAINING

THE

History of what Passed

IN THE

ROYAL CHATEAU

During the painful Indisposition

OF HIS

MAJESTY OF FRANCE.

ROYAL BED-CHAMBER.

—RESTLESS and unruly all the night.

In popular phraseology, a man in the situation of our gracious sovereign is said to be OUT OF HIS MIND. I think on the contrary, that the Royal Mind is INVERTED. The ideas of younger life are now floating on the surface of the imagination ; and those principles of dignity and decorum, from the practice of which he has been deemed a paragon of virtue and domestic excellence, are now buried under the rubbish of juvenile pursuits.

In

In Reference to civil society, his Majesty can incur no blame at any time. He is *now* beyond the reach of *moral* transgression.

The SONGS and TOASTS of Bacchanalians are *now* as inoffensive to the Deity as the hymns of Angels. And it is a consolation.

H

DOCTOR

DOCTOR * * * * Solus.

SCENE — THE GRAND ANTI-CHAMBER.

I Hope, said the Doctor, in a low tone of voice, it will be a good long job. People are much mistaken, if they imagine physical men intentionally destroy their patients. No, no. There are two things equally to be dreaded — DEATH and a RECOVERY. I mean the Death and Recovery of a *rich* Patient. As to your *poor* Devils, the best way is to try experiments upon them, and kill or cure at once. If they
die

die, your attendance dies with them; if they recover, you extend your reputation.

I have reason to flatter myself that this good man will require a new medical establishment for many years perhaps for life. Let me see, suppose we reckon three Physicians in regular attendance at five thousand each; with five thousand more for our own Apothecaries, Assistants and Drugs. Why that will be only twenty thousand per Annum — a mere *Bagatelle*. Good Pickings, though, for us; and we may contrive to keep nearly as much private practice as we have at present.

The Difficulty is to secure a part. The other Physicians are as full of intrigue as the Devil. Egad, every man is for himself in this world. I must mind my Ps and Qs with the Queen and the Chancellor. Aye, aye, my boy, that's the mark; they will certainly be the guardians of his person.

The Doctor now rubbed his hands, and smiled; and precisely at that moment the bell was rung for my attendance in the

ROYAL BED-CHAMBER.

Symptoms of Recovery.

HARRY, said the King, keep good Company. Methinks I am already dead, and

HENRY the Fifth is crowned. Up vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors hence;
And at the English Court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness.

Now,

Now, Neighbour Confines, purge you of your scum,

Have you a Ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more,

England shall give him Office, Honor, Might.

For the fifth Harry from curb'd Licence plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog

Shall flesh his tooth on every Innocent.

O my poor Kingdom, sick with Civil Blows!

When that my care could not withhold thy riots,

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?

O, thou wilt be a Wilderness again,

Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

SHAKESPEAR.

I solemnly conjure thee, Harry, *keep good company.*

Be a father to thy sisters, and a husband to the Queen,
thy mother. O, Harry, she well deserves thy tender-
ness and care.

Banish the Unworthy from thy presence. They flatter thee, and call thee good and gracious; and so they would the man that had dethroned thee. Princes are always *good* and *gracious* to those who fatten on their favors, and from their smiles draw omens of still greater spoils.

Harry, let the Virtuous counsel thee. Study thy People's good. Their interests are united with thy own. In their happiness thou wilt find thy truest glory.

And remember, Harry, thou art mortal. The vices of thy manhood will plant with thorns the pillow of reflecting age. Be wise in time, and let devotion to thy God obtain a glorious conquest—the conquest of **THYSELF** and **DEATH**.

Such was the substance of the Royal admonition. The Prince wept and retired. His bosom was convulsed with contending passions.

L A D Y

LADY HERBERT and PRINCE HENRY:

SCENE—CLOSET OF AUDIENCE.

LATE IN THE EVENING.

I Had just received the Prince's commands, when a confidential Page announced LADY HERBERT.

Her Ladyship held a News-paper in her hand, which I afterwards discovered was the Morning Post.

The Prince advanced to meet her, and offered his hand to conduct her to a seat, but her Ladyship
rejected

rejected it with disdain, and throwing herself on the Sofa, burst into a flood of tears.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of His Royal Highness. He entreated her in the most tender and engaging accents to disclose the cause of her uneasiness, that he might at least be allowed to share her distress, if it were beyond his power to remove it.

Apropos! Whence do *Widows* derive their influence over man? Does long experience in the arts of *pleasing* secure dominion? Blooming *Virgins* proudly disdain the aid of artifice. They exact homage without reward, and attention without reciprocity. But *Widows* have more sagacity. They know that beauty is a species of excellence that dies with enjoyment. Hence their superiority in management and address; and hence they easily captivate the heart, and detain it in perpetual bondage.

Lady

Lady Herbert is unquestionably a beautiful woman. Too much inclined, perhaps, to Fulness of Figure. And yet I do not know but her Ladyship is indebted to that prominence of habit for much of her personal loveliness and attraction.

It was an easy task for Sir *Joshua* to place *Garrick* between *Melpomene* and *Thalia*, but to exhibit a countenance alternately expressive of the gaiety of Hope, and the horrors of Despair, was beyond the skill of *Apelles*. It would be eminently ridiculous, therefore, were I to attempt to delineate, in *words*, the aspect of Lady Herbert.

My Reader must be content with being told that *Ambition*, *Love*, *Jealousy* and *Revenge* had commenced hostilities in her breast. Though relieved by tears, the conflict was too fierce to be sustained by her tender frame. The contending passions triumphed, and she sunk into the Prince's arms.

Alarmed at her situation, his Highness called for assistance.—*Water* and *Hartshorn* in a moment. In a moment I returned with *Hartshorn* and *Water*, and assisted the Prince in this distressing event. On the first symptoms of returning life, I withdrew to my apartment. Curiosity, however, urged me to the screen, that from a slight aperture I might view her Ladyship after her revival. She still appeared languid, and unable to speak: and how long she might have remained in that condition I cannot judge, had not the Prince pressed her lips with fervor and effect. It was not the cold embrace of compliment, the kiss of wedded indifference, but the seal of attachment, the impression of a youth who had kept a Lent of Love.

Sovereign Restorative! it reaches the heart, and all it's sensibilities are quickened by the touch. Her countenance brightens, her eyes dart their wonted fires, and Peace resumes it's dominion in her breast.

And

And now, my dearest Herbert, said the Prince, whence arose this mighty commotion? My heart informs me that I merit not cold reserve. If love and constancy be virtues of estimation, I am entitled to a candid avowal, for indeed I love you with increasing ardor, and the power which terminates my attachment will stop my breath.

The Prince again enfolded her Ladyship in his arms, and claimed an intercourse of wedded rites. And I withdrew.

Harmony thus restored, the Lady put the Morning-post into his hand, and smiling asked him, whether the provocation was not sufficient? His Highness read, "We are informed that an offer has been made, to a certain Lady, of twenty thousand a year and a ducal coronet, provided she will retire to the continent, as the connection grows troublesome, and in the present state
of

of affairs will prove an insurmountable obstacle to the views of a great personage and his party." *

And do you suppose that I am within the possibility of countenancing an action so infamous in its principle, and disgraceful in its consequences? Do you believe me to be so superlatively wicked, continued the Prince, as to drive that woman, to whom I have been solemnly pledged at the altar, into a miserable exile? So barbarous, so abandoned as to sacrifice her to the wretched pageantry of a Court? What have you ever witnessed in my conduct, to justify the base suggestion? I hope my heart is animated by nobler views, by more exalted sentiments. It is *I, Madam*, who have reason to complain.

His Highness pronounced the last period with an emphasis that alarmed her Ladyship, and she instantly replied—Forgive the weakness of my sex; I dreaded lest approaching greatness should make my

* I quote from memory, and therefore am not, perhaps, *literally* accurate: such, however, is the purport of the words.

Henry unmindful of his vows; I did not attribute the brutal outrage to your directions; there is no suffering that I would not encounter, with fortitude, to serve you—and of that I have given, I think, sufficient proof already.

The Prince, in a tone of dignity and tendernefs, requested to be informed to what instance of experienced suffering her Ladyship alluded.

To my silent acquiescence in Falstaff's denial of our union.

My dear Herbert, said the Prince, seizing her hand, must I reiterate my solemn asseverations? Am I unworthy of credit? Once more, then, I protest by all that is dear and sacred, that *Falstaff's* denial of our union *was without my concurrence*, without even my
KNOWLEDGE.

L

And

And did *Sheridan* and *Edmund* the *Jesuit* act without your authority?

On my honour they did, answered his Highness. Do you conceive that I would sacrifice a defenceless female, and that female the partner of my bed, and the sovereign of my affections, for MONEY? Perdition seize the idea. I informed you long ago of the true motives of *Falstaff's* conduct. I stood engaged for numerous sums—*ten thousand to*——* *thirty-six thousand to*——*nine thousand to*—— besides *seventy thousand* on bond, innumerable lesser sums, with weighty arrears to my Tradesmen and household. Now *Falstaff* was apprized of the scrupulous Economy of the Country Members; he was also alarmed at an opinion in circulation, that the Protestant cause was in danger from my marriage with a Papist; and for sundry other reasons, which he stated in his apology at *Charlton-house*, he deemed it conducive to my interest

* I do not think myself justified in publishing the names mentioned by the Prince.

to declare, that the report of our marriage originated in treason and falshood.

And the *denial* of that marriage, rejoined the Lady, indisputably originated in the personal interests of Falstaff and his Associates. I am confounded at his assurance! May Heaven in Mercy protect the Kingdom from his intrigues. Illustrious depravity! It is impossible to pay a tribute to his abilities, without doing violence to his honor. Every compliment to his *head*, is a tacit accumulation of infamy on his *heart*.

Give me leave, said the Prince, to extenuate the criminality of the denial, as far as it respects any intention of ultimate injustice to you. Falstaff knew that the union had been properly solemnized. He was present, and so was Edmund. He knew also that it was my determination, on acceding to the throne, to repeat the ceremony necessary to your Coronation; hence he fancied it would be better, on

the

the whole, to take refuge in the expedient which has so *justly* offended you; I say *justly* offended you, for admitting, in candour, that he was influenced by the best intentions in the world, he ought certainly to have consulted me on the occasion; and I trust you will do me the justice to believe, that I should not have forgotten your happiness and my own honor, on the occasion, if I had been doomed, in consequence, to the income of a private Gentleman for life.

I have never, said Lady Herbert, given attention to a single thought unfavorable to your disinterested magnanimity; but I confess I have my fears of becoming an object of popular abhorrence on the ground of RELIGION.

It is impossible, my dear Herbert, to controul the multitude by argument; I mean in matters of devotion. But it will be laughable enough if either you or I incur censure for a predelection to any particular

ricular system of Faith; we might reasonably have expected, long ago, to be traduced by IMPIETY. For I believe, Herbert, you have not been at *Mafs* since our union?

No, replied her Ladyship, nor do I purpose to attend the celebration any more. The Catholic Faith was the Religion of my Ancestors, and of those men to whom I gave my hand, and I conceive it to be cruel in the extreme to reproach me for conformity to practices in which I was educated, and which coincided with the devotional sentiments of my dearest Friendships; I am now in a new relation of life, and disposed to consult the honor and happiness of my present connections; and on this occasion, I conceive my duty and interest flow in the same channel. Not that Religion is a matter of indifference, far from it. It is the *heart* which constitutes the essence of true Religion. Without it, ceremonies are *absurd*; and with it, they are *unnecessary*; at least they form so unimportant a part of public and private devotion, that I can conscientiously conform — and I *will conform* to the established

Modes of the Realm. Besides, I have no present objection to share my Henry's fate in future life. The idea of a separation, even there, is painful.

The Prince smiled, and returned the compliment with a kiss. And then—I entreat you, my love, make yourself perfectly easy as to every thing else. I am at liberty to marry whom I please, when Regent or Sovereign; and if I offer my hand to any other Woman on Earth, may the resentments of mankind record my infamy, and make it immortal.

REFLECTIONS. Considerable time has escaped since Mr. *Horne Tooke*, a man not entirely unknown, published a pamphlet, charged the *Heir apparent* with contempt of the Act for the marriage restrictions of the Royal Family, and without apology, or reserve, pronounced the *Hon. Mrs. Fitz-Herbert* consort of the Prince, and the legitimate PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Chancellor, the Judges, and both Houses of Parliament must relinquish all claim to Patriotism and Common Sense, if they permit the assertion to descend unnoticed to posterity.

Every inhabitant of the realm is more or less interested in this mysterious business. Who can tell what dissensions may arise, what treasures may be expended, what blood may be shed, in future days, from disputable pretensions to the throne? Now is the time for legal investigation. It is a duty we owe to ourselves and posterity.

A man of noble birth, filly, and perhaps insane,* was once committed to prison for a few idle quotations which no one could confute, and for repeating in print what all the world had heard, and all the world believed, the Queen of France is a WHORE. † And does it be-

* Anno Domini 857. *Gordon.*

† Anno Domini 854.

come the dignity of a mighty people to suffer HIGH
TREASON to pass without censure, or legal animad-
version?

ROYAL BED-CHAMBER.

THE RELAPSE.

HARRY! Mind the Prerogatives of the Crown.

Aim to have only two degrees of people in the state—
very rich, and very poor.

Curb the insolence of purse-proud citizens. Reduce
America to unconditional submission. *Murray*, and *Bute*,
and *Jenkinson* will instruct thee.

Harry!

Harry! Let us have a song, my lad. What say you to some *catches* and *glees*? Call the Chaplain and let him bear a part.

Tallee ho! Tallee ho! Hector and Miranda against the field.

ROYAL BED-CHAMBER.

_____ quæque ipse miserrima vidi,

Et quorum pars magna fui_____

IT was my fate to be on duty this morning in the King's apartment.

The attendants had been enjoined the profoundest Silence. No answer was to be given to any questions

N

proposed.

propofed by his Majefty. I am unable to fee the wifdom of this injunftion. A difcreet anfwer might frequently footh the patient, and conciliate attachment.

I am confident the prohibition is productive of great mifchief. In evidence of this pofition, I beg leave to relate a memorable occurrence.

Several fymptoms of convalefcence had made their appearance the preceeding day, and with a benevolent view to refresh the domeftics, after long and fevere attendance, they had leave of abfence for three or four hours. Meanwhile I was commanded to remain in the Royal prefence, and to aft according to exigencies.

****, faid the King, calling me by name, it is a fine morning, has there been a hunt?

I bowed.

****, faid

****, said the King, again, has there been a hunt this morning?

I bowed.

His Majesty was obviously displeased, but I did not dare to transgress orders.

Give me the lemonade, said the King.

I gave it, and bowed.

Take the glass, said he.

I approached to take it. In a moment, he seized me by the collar, threw down the glass, and then attacked me with so much vigor and alacrity, that I was constrained to call for assistance.

A Physician was, happily, in the Anti-chamber and heard me. On seeing him enter the room, the
King

King desisted, asking me; *whether I had found my tongue.*

I bowed, and withdrew to change my cloaths, to wash the blood from my face, and to desire Mr. *Dundas* to give me a lotion proper for allwaging my pains.

A Learned Consultation.

SIR LUCIUS AND DR. DUPLICATE.

SCENE—THE ANTI-CHAMBER.

Sir L. WELL, Reverend Sir, what success? The King is convalescent, I suppose?

Dr. D. Don't be so sanguine, Sir Lucius. We have an unexpected enemy to encounter, a two-fold

fold *Mania* to subdue. I am astonished that no attempts have been made to oppose it's progress.

Sir L. Pray explain yourself. I am desirous of hearing in what respect you can charge us with neglect.

Dr. D. Boerhaave says, "expressly," that the topics on which the patient delights to dwell, afford an infallible index of the state of the feminal regions. And it is a maxim of common sense, that a man of vigor is in danger of a *Furor Veneris*, when habitual propensities are checked by external controul. If a patient of consummate chastity, like the King, pronounce aloud, what I blush to repeat even in a whisper, we have reason to dread the result.

He is now walking about the room, calling for the Queen, in a voice like thunder; and in a situation, as to dress, extremely distressing to behold. On my requesting

O

him

him to go to bed, he answered in terms sufficiently understood from these verses of *Petronius Arbiter* :

En* quod sponte sua solet remitti,
 Cum mens est pathicæ memor Puellæ !
 Prendam te * * *, et tenebo prensam ;
 Totamque hanc, sine fraude, quantacunque est,
 Ad costam tibi septimam recondam !

Sir L. And what remedy do you propose Doctor Duplicate? The Queen can administer no relief?

Dr. D. The thought is Blasphemy and Treason. But, as it is judiciously observed in the *Aphorisms*, there are only two modes of cure. One, by Abstinence and Medicine, termed *Non-natural*. The other by a more gentle method, termed η της αιτίας αναίρεσις δι' ηδονης, καλαβαλλοντος πολλ' Αφροδιτη ιερεια τω καμνοντος. Each mode is ultimately efficacious, for *sublata causa tollitur Effectus*. Some Female Nurses must be immediately provided.

* Indusium Medico ostendens.

Sir L. You have my hearty concurrence, Doctor Duplicate, in whatever measures you may conceive necessary to the restoration of our gracious Prince. *Out-door Exercise*, I acknowledge, is impracticable; the other part of the alternative must therefore be adopted.

S C A N D A L.

LADY * * *, and a MAID of HONOR:

SCENE.——ANTI-CHAMBER.

Lady—**T**HAT is the reason, my dear Dy, of my coming so early. I assure you I had little sleep the whole night, such was my anxiety to know the truth of this extraordinary report.

Hon.

Hon. Miss D. And do you really credit a tale, Madam, so improbable in it's origin, and cruel in it's tendency?

Lady —. *Improbable*, child! Why they are only flesh and blood. As long as Royalty eats and drinks like other people, so long will it be subject to the same habits of mind, and the same propensities of animal life. That *Eliza is pregnant* you will not deny, and I think I have heard you confess that *Matilda* made her royal parents *grand* long ago. †

Hon. Miss D. I am shocked, *Lady* —, at such barbarous insinuations. *If* it be true, no one shall have the satisfaction of hearing it confirmed by *me*. I have great personal regard for your Ladyship, and I am sorry your enquiry admits of no other answer. Adieu, my dear Madam, the Queen expects me at her toilette.

† Take Lord Chesterfield's advice, courteous Reader, do not credit more than *half* what you hear in this wicked world.

Lady

Lady ——. How is the King, Dy?

Hon. Miss D. Better, my Lady.

ROYAL BED-CHAMBER.

The KNIGHT of CLOACINA.

HIS Majesty was seated in an Arm-chair by the fire, swaddled in fine *Linen*, like an Egyptian Mummy, when Sir George was announced.

(Gentle reader, *strait waistcoats* are for the Vulgar. If the Sovereign be disposed to be a little *outré* in his deportment, he is pinioned with an envelopement of *Lawn*.)

I am happy to see your Majesty look so well this morning. Will you do me the honor to let me feel your pulse?

P

Yes,

Yes, Sir George.

And Sir George made a sign to unloose the bandage, and liberate an arm. And the attendants did so.

I very sincerely rejoice, Sire, at the temperate state of your pulse. The equilibrium is most happily restored.

Of the pulse of my right hand, you mean, answered the Sovereign ; but you ought to feel *both* hands to draw a just conclusion.

True, said the Knight *Elect* ; I will develop the other arm, and disrobe your Majesty of the whole Involucrum.

And as the Knight is employed in unswathing the illustrious patient, permit me to embrace the opportunity of acquainting you, beloved reader, that his Majesty's
indisposition

indisposition prevents his attendance in the public temple of CLOACINA. His devotions, however, are duly performed in a Sacellum, erected for the purpose, in the royal bed-chamber. Here are the Patella, and the Incense, and the Linteola ad detergendum. His Majesty has lately propitiated the Goddess by a copious sacrifice; and is now meditating a new Order of Knighthood of which Cloacina is to be the Patroness, and Sir George a Knight-companion; and this is the reason he sits so peaceably in his chair, smiling from the anticipation of Sir George's surprize, at his unexpected dignity.

The bandage being removed, Sir George, with a smile of submission and respect, drew near to indulge the whim of consulting the other pulse; when, *ob dire misfortune!* his royal Patient saluted him with so tremendous a blow on the Forehead, that he instantly measured his learned length on the floor, to the astonishment of the attendants, and the exultation of the King.

But this is not all. The Sovereign darts into the *Sacellum*, and in an instant returns with the Patella, filled with the recent sacrifice, and pours it on the visage of the prostrate Knight.

What a sight! and what a smell! We ran to succour Sir George, but our kind intentions were frustrated by the Sovereign, who stood over the body of the new made Knight, brandished the Patella, and threatened immediate death to all who presumed to move or speak.

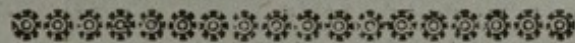
It was the practice of our pious ancestors to adorn the monuments of Knights of renown with a full length figure of the deceased, supine, and in the act of supplicating mercy from Almighty God.

Such was the pious attitude of Sir George; an attitude in which he was compelled to remain till the Sovereign had recited the rules of the Order, and subjoined

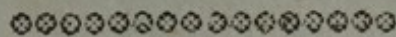
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an admonition to the Knight to vindicate, on all occasions, it's dignity and glory.

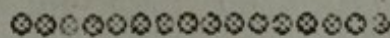
He then retired peaceably to his chair, and in an audible voice exclaimed, *Rise, Sir George, Knight of the most antient, most puissant, and most honorable order of Cloacina, Goddess of the Golden Soil.* And Sir George arose, and we led him to the pump, to wash off his fragrant honors. And the Sovereign, enraptured with the success of his enterprize, *laughed himself to sleep.*



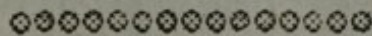
A Holy Conversation.



CANTERBURY and YORK.



SCENE—ANTI-CHAMBER.



BROTHER Canterbury, how do you do? Here is a devilish piece of work on account of the Prayer for the King. I left it entirely to you.

Q

What

What is the matter Brother York? For my part, I never read the Prayer. I ordered * * *, my domestic Chaplain to look for precedents, and he told me it was an exact Translation of a Prayer drawn up for Edward the Confessor.

Nor did I give myself any trouble about the matter, Brother Canterbury, till I received this anonymous letter from some *damned Methodist*, as I suppose, or *Presbyterian Fanatic*. (READS.)

“ May it please your Grace.

“ I Have resolved to exercise the Privilege of an Englishman and a Protestant, and to impart to your Grace my detestation of the terms in which you have been pleased to command us to pray for the Restoration of the Health of our gracious Sovereign.

“ I will not notice the composition as a verbal Critic; It is below the dignity of my views. I intend to confine my remarks to the very extraordinary Doctrine respecting the PROPITIATION of the Sovereign for the sins of his People. And I presume, in the first place, to brand it with IGNORANCE. If we consider, *a priori*, the relation which man bears to his Creator, it is the quintessence of absurdity to imagine that

any

any vicarious Sacrifice is necessary. But if we consult the Pleasure of the Supreme Being, as it is revealed in Holy Scripture, we shall find that a twofold Atonement was offered and accepted.

“ I. The blood of irrational animals, under the Mosaic dispensation, which was acceptable to the Deity, because that blood was typical of a Sacrifice destined to be offered on the Cross of Calvary.

“ II. The *voluntary* Sacrifice of the Redeemer.

“ In the first Instance, the victim was *involuntary*. The efficacy of the Sacrifice consisted in the FAITH of the Person by whom it was offered.

“ In the second Instance, the Victim ACQUIESCED in the Sacrifice. CHRIST WILLINGLY GAVE HIMSELF A RANSOM FOR HIS PEOPLE.

“ To the Charge of Ignorance, I add that of IMPIETY. Impiety to the Son of God, for placing in competition with his infinite excellence, a *weak, sinful, Man*---a *Man of like passions with ourselves*.

“ If our gracious Prince be a propitiation for our sins, it is indispensably necessary, either that he be offered up by the People, or that he devote himself, VOLUNTARILY devote himself---as an atonement for their offences. But it is false in both respects. He is not sacrificed like CHARLES, nor has he devoted himself like CHRIST.

For

“ For whom does our gracious Monarch suffer ? For the sins of his *transatlantic* Subjects, who revolted from their Allegiance, or for the sins of the People of Britain who endeavoured to reduce them to obedience ?

“ Will your Grace have the goodness to inform me when the measure of our Iniquities was full ? Did they call for Divine Vengeance at the time we unsheathed the sword against our Brethren in America ? To this cause are we to ascribe a dismembered Empire, defeated Fleets, captured Armies, and a ruined Commerce ? Your Grace cannot be ignorant, that, on this supposition, it would have been happy if our crimes had provoked the Deity to afflict the Prince with Madness, and his Minister with Blindness, I mean *corporeal Blindness*, twenty Years ago.

“ With respect to his Majesty’s recovery, there ought to be one wish only in the Nation ; but for the sake of decency expunge the Popery and Nonsense in our public Invocation.

“ I remain,

ONE OF YOUR DIOCESE.”

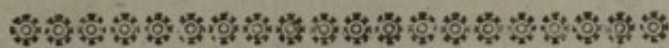
Why we shall be cursedly laughed at, Brother Canterbury, if this man’s ideas spread among the People. He is up, you see, to all we know—you understand the Slang language ?

Yes,

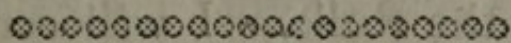
Yes, yes, Brother York, he is one upon our Tibby I wish my Chaplain were at the Devil, for not minding what he was about. The truth is, the King was never greatly burdened with sense, and therefore some slight derangement of body has overset him. But what is that to you or me? We are snug for life. Let who will sink, we are sure to swim.

And so we are, Brother Canterbury. Be so kind as to pull the bell for the Page; we have been here half an hour, without refreshment; a Bottle of Claret will do us good; or do you prefer old Hock?

Cant. Let us have both.



ROYAL BED-CHAMBER.

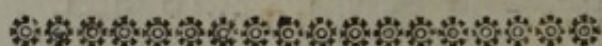


A Bad night, a very bad night. Nothing but Catches and Gleees; Tallee ho! and Prerogative; the Queen and Miss———.

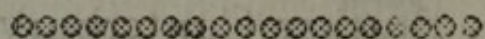
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While

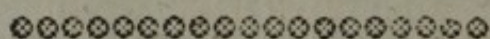
While on duty, I heard Sir Lucius speak of an admirable stroke of economy practiced by the *Lady Mayorefs*, and which I publish for the benefit of mankind. When a fowl is killed, the Barley is taken carefully out of the Crop, washed, dried, and given to the other poultry. Bravo! Mrs. Gill; a frugal wife is a treasure to her husband. *Memorandum.* Let this method be adopted in my own Poultry Yard—— when I have one.



L O R D C Y N I C, *Solus.*



SCENE——ANTI-CHAMBER.



BOTH Parties may go to Hell, for me. I would punish Pitt's insolence by going over——but then that damned Scotchman stands in my way.

Pitt was a cursed Fool to oppose my power of Nomination to the Rolls. I will certainly return the courtesy as soon as I can.

No

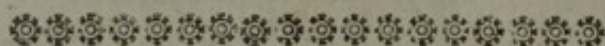
No one has ever dared to take a liberty with me before, except that damned bitch Cassandra. I was advised to move the Lords on that business, but what should I have gained by that? Why only have caused her to pay the fees of custody, and that would have published the Pamphlet all over Europe, and have made me still more ridiculous.

Besides, all the World, knows that I live with *Poll Edmonds*, and that she is my Whore. And by G-d I am blest with a very happy assurance, or I never could have put the great Seal to a Proclamation, expressly commanding those, who are *near the Person of the Sovereign*, not to WHORE, nor SWEAR, nor GET DRUNK! Commanding them, at the same time, to KEEP HOLY the SABBATH DAY!

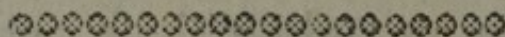
As to Religion, damme if I care one farthing about it. I am determined to eat, drink, and whore

as

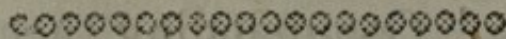
as long as I can—and no longer. As to Politics, I am puzzled how to act. If Falstaff would make an overture, promising the Seals, I would revolt directly. I do not care a damn for either Party. It was truly remarked, by *Lavater*, on seeing my Picture, “ Whether this man is on Earth or in “ Hell, I know not, but wherever he is, he is a “ TYRANT and will REIGN—if *he can.*” That is my Temper by G--d.



ROYAL BED-CHAMBER.



Prayers.



IT was Sunday, and His Grace of Canterbury commanded prayers to be read in the royal apartment.

Dearly beloved brethren, said the Chaplain:

Tallee ho! Tallee ho! said the King.

The

The scripture moveth us in sundry places—

Go forward, Miranda, go forward. Tallee ho!

Astaeon, tallee ho!

To the end that we may obtain—

Halloo! Ranger, and Swift; Tallee ho, tallee ho!

'Ware Fox, Miranda, 'ware Fox!

The Chaplain looked at Sir George, and Sir George looked at the Chaplain, and then——*rifum teneatis amici?*—they LAUGHED.

And the King laughed; and we all laughed; and Sir George said, the prayers have done his Majesty a vast deal of good; and Doctor Duplicate said the same; and that the King might eat his Potatoes with a Knife and Fork, for that he was a great deal better, and he hoped (as how that) his Majesty,

*in process of time, would be able to go abroad——
with somebody to take care of him.*

And the King dined comfortably, and was very chearful, and he told Dr. Duplicate and Sir George, that he wished to see them *dance a hornpipe.*

We beg leave, to decline the honor of dancing in your Majesty's Presence.

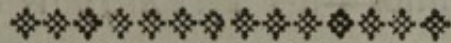
Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas, said the Sovereign. Here is my Sceptre, said he, holding the knife in a threatening posture, and by G—d the man, who presumes to oppose my Will, shall be instantly——instantly impaled alive.

And the King called for his Flute, and Sir George and Dr. Duplicate danced 'till it was dark. And thus ended the Sabbath day.

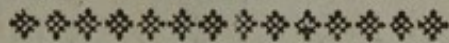
REGENCY.



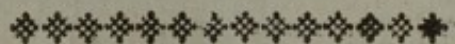
R E G E N C Y.



F A L S T A F F, *Solus.*



SCENE—CLOSET OF CONFERENCE.



U N H A P P Y Man! Curfed precipitance!! To what Supremacy of reputation he is now elevated! How absurd to contradict my convictions! To that Title by which I have fo fuccesfully led the Multitude captive, I must renounce every pretension. THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE! (*here he stampet, and wrung his hands in an agony of grief*) instead of *the Man of the People*, I shall now be reviled as *the Man of the PREROGATIVE, the Man of unlimited POWER!!!*

ENTER EDMUND.

Perdition seize thee Falstaff!—We are ruined—ruined past the possibility of recovery! Under what infernal infatuation were you prompted!

prompted to commit the Party on a Doctrine, which no Arguments can support—no Sophistry defend? All the arts of evasion are exhausted. Prevarication can no longer avail—no Colouring will hide it's deformities—it's TREASON is obvious to all Ranks of men.—Treason against the MAJESTY of the PEOPLE, that Majesty which you profess to vindicate and adore. And *cui bono*? To confirm the Minister's Popularity—to oppose our cause to abhorrence—to endanger even the Affections of the Prince—and to provoke public Applause, not on *cur Measures*, but on those of a detested Rival. The City has already taken the Lead, and if some Means be not instantly adopted to stop the contagion, the die is cast for ever.

And now your emotion is somewhat subsided, give me leave to demand evidence of the Infallibility of *your* Judgment, *Edmund*. Have you not lately published the most ridiculous effusions of fancy that ever appeared in print? Your Picture of the Prince is so grossly overcharged, that, by God, I thought, at first view, it was a *Satire* on his Highness; but your customary exclamations and habitual Phrases convinced me of the innocent intentions of the writer. I am under the most painful apprehension, lest some shrewd Fellow should favor the public with a delineation of the “PROSPECT *behind us*” my dear Joy. The black Clouds that
hung

hung, pregnant with destruction, over the Territories of the East during our Ministry, will form an admirable contrast with the Indian Ocean, now covered with Fleets of Commerce. *The Prospect before us*, has no existence but in the imagination. No Mortal can, with certainty, predict the contingencies of human Life. To anticipate facts is the Prerogative of the Deity. But the Retrospect of affairs, the Prospect *behind us*, is REALIZED. It is on *Record*, Edmund, that the Pride of France is humbled—that our Commerce is enlarged—that the Finances are in excellent order—that the just Prerogatives of the Crown are inviolate—the Liberties of the People secure—that the Sovereign is revered for his *Virtues*, and the Minister for the *Wisdom* of his *Head*, and the *Patriotism* of his *Heart*.

A Truce, Falstaff. This is not a time for us to quarrel. *Humanum est errare*. Let us endeavour to repair the mischief which our cause has sustained.

As to the Prince, I am of opinion we may turn the plea of ASSUMPTION to good account. We must tell him it was the result of serious deliberation, done solely with a view to afford his Highness an opportunity of displaying his MODERATION.

Good, by G—d. The Palm of Sagacity, Edmund, is your's.
Proceed.

As to the People, we must besiege them with Pamphlets and inflammatory Hand-bills. And for this purpose we must draw upon the common fund. When we are in office, it can be easily replaced under the Head of SECRET SERVICES. We must also endeavour to conciliate confidence, by repealing the *shop tax*. And you may make a Motion in the House, to bring in a Bill to shorten the duration of Parliaments. Lord *Boreas* and I will contrive to quash it. Let me see——what comes next? The *Slave Trade*—the Minister, by acting with his usual caution, has resigned the popularity of that measure to us. After that; Sheridan shall make a long speech about the *Commutation Act*. And we must aim, by invective and well-timed insinuation, to destroy the popular opinion of the ex-minister's skill in finance.

And then, Falstaff, we may attack the Company, and riot in the exquisite delights of Insult and Revenge. Afterwards——but I hear the Prince.

ENTER PRINCE HENRY.

Falstaff. I hope your Highness is well?

Edmund. Your Highness, I hope, is well?

Prince

Prince H. I thank you for your obliging enquiries. I am indisposed, and under a necessity of retiring early to bed.

Edmund. I am very sincerely concerned at your Highness' indisposition. It will be inconvenient, I presume, to honor us with your commands, respecting the Regency?

Prince H. I have not made up my mind on the subject. A Packet was put into my hands, this morning, containing the Creed of a great, constitutional Lawyer, and to confess the truth, I am almost a Profelyte to his Belief. Here it is——read it at your leisure, and favor me with your comments. At all events, the ideas of *Assumption* must be abandoned. Adieu. To-morrow, at ten.

(Exit. Prince Henry.)

I tell you, Falstaff, we are ruined.

By G—d, Edmund, you are very provoking. Did you ont agree to a truce? What will complaints and recriminations avail now? Read the damned paper, do. I have a Cold.

May it please Your Royal Highness.

Your tender sollicitude for an afflicted parent, and the dignity and moderation of your public conduct, at this important crisis, afford

afford an encouraging hope of a mild and beneficent use of the power to which the *People*, in Parliament assembled, have deemed it *expedient* to exalt you.

Though in habits of confidential intercourse with men, profligate in principle, and daring in enterprize, Your Highness has evinced a laudable reverence for those maxims of the constitution, which seated your ancestors on the British Throne. Whether we are indebted for this forbearance to the legal intelligence, and intimate convictions of your own breast, or whether we owe the blessing to the immediate care of Heaven, I do not presume to determine. To those who are honored with your political confidence, the people are certainly under no obligation; for, had their advice been adopted, the Kingdom had been deluged with Civil Blood.

I do not desire to engage the attention of your Highness, to an elaborate dissertation on the subject of a Regency, I only ask leave to state a few desultory maxims of common *Sense* and common *Law*. It is not in the province of an honest mind to confound the Understanding by abstract subtleties——to resort to Metaphysics, when common Sense is repugnant—or to evade the force of truth, by the sophistry of the imagination. The practice I leave to that Man, who can BOAST of his HUMILITY in the senate, and at
the

the same moment, evince his inordinate self-esteem, by professing *a willingness to accept a subordinate employ, (PAY-MASTER of the FORCES,) the Salary of which is scarcely sufficient for the drudgery, though quite sufficient for his poor abilities and personal merits.* I am not presumptuous enough to imagine Your Royal Highness so destitute of discernment, as our figurative Declaimer does the Commons of Great Britain.

P O S I T I O N I.

Your Royal Highness has no claim, grounded on Constitutional Law, to the Regency of the British Empire.

REMARKS. I make no distinction between RIGHT and CLAIM. They are convertible terms. A claim *founded in law* is a right. Parliament may *recognize* it, but it is solecistical to aver that Parliament *adjudges* the right.

A claim founded on a QUESTION of RIGHT, may certainly be prosecuted by Your Highness, as well as by *any other Subject*; though your PRETENSIONS cannot be *legally* admitted, because Your Highness and your Ministers are not CONSTITUTIONALLY RESPONSIBLE*.

* Because also, *if any Credit be due to the Rev. Horne Toole*, Your Highness is disqualified by marrying a PAPIST.

P O S I T I O N II.

The King is not under any LEGAL Incapacity.

REMARKS: Consequently there can be no LEGAL transfer of the CROWN, unless Parliament, in it's CONSTITUTIONAL OMNIPOTENCE, reduce the Royal sufferer to a state of subjection.

The Alternative is, beyond expression, dreadful. But a SUBJECT of a SOVEREIGN is unavoidable.

Two Kings, two Supremacies in a State are a Solecism.

Contrarities cannot coexist. Your Highness cannot be, at once, SUBJECT and SUPREME, unless an OMNIPOTENT parliament new model the Constitution; which I apprehend they are not disposed to do,—on the present occasion. To your Highness, perhaps, they have no personal objection. From your private foibles, they are unwilling to predict public misconduct. But your friendships, Sir, *have been* in Power; and the probability of their being restored to a situation of Influence and Controul fills the Kingdom with *Terror*.

I am under a serious and well grounded apprehension that the Projects of these men——supposing them elevated to Power——
will

will soon awaken the dormant energies of SOCIETY. A voice may be heard PRIOR in the order of existence, SUPERIOR in point of dignity to every federal establishment; a voice that *creates* Prerogatives and Parliaments, and at pleasure can dissolve them. It is, indeed, most devoutly to be wished, that the VOICE of the PEOPLE, the GENIUS of ALBION may never be heard but in Parliament. And yet, were it not for my respect to Mr. FOX, Mr. BURKE, Mr. SHERIDAN, and Lord NORTH, I could name the leaders of a Banditti, whose measures of Rapacity and revenge will probably render an appeal to the RIGHTS of NATURE unavoidable.

P O S I T I O N III.

“ The Power of the Crown never dies.”

An intrepid Minister, whose name will be pronounced with reverence, as long as a Love of Freedom animates a British Heart, asserted, in his Place, that the Power of the Crown never dies. Give me leave, Sir, to assign the reason—*The PEOPLE never die.*

When the Executive Power is suspended—when it's DELEGATED energies cease to flow in that LEGAL Course, which the wisdom of the Constitution has defined, *it reverts to the PEOPLE.*

I will dignify the language of the Schools, by using it in the Illustration of important Truth. The Executive Power is that
energy

energy by which the LEGAL RESOLUTIONS of the PEOPLE are carried into Effect. Its existence is two-fold. In the People it resides in *Potentia*; in the Sovereign, in *esse*.

P O S I T I O N I V .

When our Ancestors judged it EXPEDIENT to exalt one of the People to the EXECUTIVE Dignity, it was not in their Contemplation to present him with their Lives, Liberties, and Fortunes.

REMARKS. But had they thought proper to dispose of *themselves* in this manner, they had no Authority to make *Posterity*, Slaves. A Man, in a state of Nature, has no Superior but the God who made him. He is under no Obligation to enter into Society, but on terms agreeable to himself; and if any man, or order of men, attempt to abridge him of his natural Rights, or to violate the compact under which he consented to the restraints of Society, he is justified in vindicating his Freedom by Force of Arms.

What is affirmed of an Individual, may be predicated of a community.

P O S I T I O N V.

It is clearly deducible from the preceding Position, that

The PEOPLE in Parliament may at all Times take into Consideration the State of the Commonwealth, and propose such Laws as may conduce to general Happiness.

REMARKS. The EXECUTIVE POWER was created for the PEOPLE, and not the People for the executive Power.

It is essential to Civil Liberty, to separate the Power of *making* and *executing* the LAWS*.

Hence no Laws can originate with the Sovereign of these Kingdoms—no Laws can even be *proposed* by him.

For the Preservation of his just Prerogatives, and to enable him to comply with the Prayers of the People in case an abandoned Faction should bring the Constitution into danger, he is armed with a NEGATIVE Power of Legislation †.

* Blackstone.

† This is the true construction of the act, *Charles II.* If it be susceptible of any other interpretation, it ought to be repealed.

P O S I T I O N VI.

Kings can do wrong.

REMARKS. The Attribute of Impeccability is so essentially annexed to the Sovereign, that even Parliament cannot, consistent with Reason and Law, transfer it to your Highness, unless they either declare the Throne VACANT, or adopt the absurdity of two Supremacies.

But without this PERSONAL PERFECTION of the Sovereign, your Highness cannot LEGALLY enjoy the Regency ; for the Law knows of NO RESPONSIBILITY which may be LEGALLY EVADED.

Such and so great are the Privileges of a Prince of Wales, that the Law is unable to reach him for common abuses of Trust, and by his Accession to the Throne he escapes its vengeance, even for the most enormous Offences *.

Your Ministry, Sir, meanwhile, would be precisely in the situation of the servants of the Crown of France. Under the sanction of your Authority, they are safe. I challenge the Judges to name any LAW, USAGE, or PRECEDENT by which they can be brought to Justice. And if the Ministers elect attempted so much *when responsible*, what will they not accomplish, *unfettered by Responsibility?*

* The wisdom of parliament may provide a remedy by a new law.

P O S I T I O N VII.

The present confidential Servants of the Crown have the best claim to the Government of the Country, on grounds of LAW and EXPEDIENCY.*

REMARKS. Delicacy and, perhaps, an honest Pride, may prevent the Minister from disclosing his real Sentiments. I am not in Office, and therefore speak without Restraint.

If Parliament cannot Legislate, neither can it appoint another to assist them in Legislation, 'till ROYAL AUTHORITY is obtained for that purpose. In this view of things, should they address your Royal Highness to assume the Sceptre, or pass a Bill by a FICTION to create you Regent, there will be no Allegiance due from the Subjects of the Realm. *Quod facis per alterum, facis per teipsum.*

Further, if Parliament cannot legislate *de Jure*, neither can it legislate in conjunction with Your Highness, because the Crown

* They have a *legal* claim by the 38th of Henry VIII. But Mr. Pitt is a Patriot, and wisely takes the sense of parliament. The claim of *expediency* is grounded on the duty of parliament, to protect the *Person, Prerogatives, and PRIVATE Fortune* of a poor, afflicted Sovereign; as well as the *Privileges and Property* of the People.

cannot devolve upon you, till the LEGAL demise of the Sovereign. And I dare affirm in the face of Day, if Parliament cannot legislate, without the concurrence of the LEGAL Sovereign, no act of Government will be VALID, no Mutiny Bill will be of Force, till his Recovery or Demise. We cannot, I repeat it with an emphasis, have two Sovereigns ; and whatever may be the succedaneum of the Executive Power, it can only be a SUBORDINATE AGENCY, to which no Allegiance can be due, if Parliament cannot legislate.

But if Parliament *can* legislate—and in constitutional Law, it is Blasphemy and Treason to deny it—Parliament may appoint a remedy for the present evil, with wise precautions for the conservation of the PREROGATIVES of the Crown, and the PRIVILEGES of the People.

I have already remarked, and I dare the Partizans of Faction to subvert the Position, *Your Highness is INELIGIBLE*, because the Law has provided no RESPONSIBILITY, neither to the Sovereign nor to the People.

The confidential Servants of the Crown should, therefore, be invested by Parliament, with Power sufficient to govern the
 7 Country

Country, till a Jury of Medical Men pronounce his Majesty's disorder INCURABLE*.

In all new cases, the Sentiments of the People are to be regarded; and perhaps *ninety-nine* in a hundred, throughout the Realm, would rejoice were affairs to remain under the Management of the present Ministry.

Of Parliament there is not a shadow of doubt. The acquiescence of a respectable majority is certain.

But the most important consideration, *in the present case*, is the RATIONAL WILL of the Sovereign. In the full and indisputable exercise of his reason, he chose the present Ministers of the Crown—they are in possession of his WILL, with regard to foreign powers—they are in possession of his WILL, with respect to domestic Government—and on every principle of reason, policy, and law, his WILL, so far as it is consistent with the concurrence of his council, ought to be deemed SACRED. And I am sure Your Royal Highness would one day rejoice, were this maxim to become LAW. It would be a consolation to reflect,

* This would be the wisest measure; for the Act of Henry VIIIth mentions PRIVY council, not CABINET council *only*.

that you are not in danger of being dethroned by a temporary indisposition—that your confidential servants will remain in office—and the measures of your cabinet be carried into effect, 'till death, or a verdict unfavourable to your recovery, transfer the Royal Prerogatives to your Heir.

Your Father, Sir, *may* recover. It is the opinion of his Physicians that he *will* recover; and I conjure you not to countenance measures, that must inevitably break his heart.

F I N I S.