

travelling aliens, no hungry tribe of local expectants—then hoped to fatten upon the offals of the royal reputation. She was not long enough in widowhood to give the spy and the perjurer even a color for their inventions. The peculiarities of the foreigner, the weakness of the female, the natural vivacity of youthful innocence, could not then be tortured into "demonstrations strong;" for you, yourself, in your recording letter, had left her purity not only unimpeached, but unsuspected. That invaluable letter, the living document of your separation, gives us the sole reason for your exile, that your "inclinations" were not in your power! That, sire, and that alone, was the terrific reason you gave your consort for this public and heart-rending degradation. Perhaps they are not; but, give me leave to ask, are not the obligations of religion independent of us? Has any man a right to square the solemnities of marriage according to his "inclinations"? Am I, your lowly subject, to understand that I may kneel before the throne of God, and promise conjugal fidelity till death, and self-absolve myself whatever moment it suits my "inclination"? Not so will that mitred bench, who see her majesty arrayed before them, read to you this ceremony. They will tell you it is the most solemn ordinance of man; consecrated by the approving presence of our Savior; acknowledged by the whole civilized community; the source of life's purest pleasures, and of death's happiest consolations; the rich fountain of our life and being, whose draught not only purifies existence, but causes man to live in his posterity: they will tell you that it cannot perish by "inclination," but by crime, and that if there is any difference between the prince and the peasant who invoke its obligation, it is in the more enlarged duty entailed on him, to whom the Almighty has vouchsafed the influence of example.

Thus, then, within one year after her marriage, was she flung "like a loathsome weed" upon the world, no cause assigned except your loathsome inclination! It mattered nothing, that, for you she had surrendered all her worldly prospects—that she had left her home, her parents, and her country—that she had confided in the honor of a prince, and the heart of a man, and the faith of a Christian; she had, it seems, in one little year "outlived your liking," and the poor, abandoned, branded, heart-rent outcast, must bear it all in silence, for—she was a defenceless woman and a stranger. Let any man of ordinary feeling think on her situation at this trying crisis, and say he does not feel his heart's blood boil within him! Poor unfortunate! who could have envied her salaried shame and her royal humiliation? The lowest peasant in her reverential realm was happy in the comparison. The parents that loved her were far, far away—the friends of her youth were in another land—she was alone and among strangers, and he who should have rushed between her and the bolt of heaven, left her exposed to a rude world's caprices. And yet she lived, and lived without a murmur; her tears were silent—her sighs were lonely; and when you perhaps in the rich blaze of earth's magnificence forgot that such a wretch existed, no reproach of hers awoke your slumbering memory. Perhaps she cherished the visionary hope, that the babe whose perilous infancy she cradled might one day be her helpless mother's advocate! How fondly did she trace each faint resemblance! Each little casual paternal smile, which played upon the features of that child, and might some distant day be her redemption! How, as it lisped the sacred name of father, did she hope its innocent infant tone might yet awake within that father's breast some fond association! Oh, sacred fancies! Oh, sweet and solemn vision of a mother—who but must hallow thee! Blest be the day-dream that beguiles her heart, and robes each cloud that hovers o'er her child in airy colours of that heart's creation! Too soon life's wintry whirlwind must come to sweep the prised vapour into nothing.

Thus, Sire, for many and many a heavy year did your deserted queen beguile her solitude. Meanwhile for you a flattering world assumed its *harlot* smiles—the ready lie denied your errors—the villain-courier defied each act, which in an humble man was merely duty, and mid the din of pomp, and mirth, and revelry, if remorse spoke, 'twas inarticulate. Believe me, Sire, when all the tongues that flattered you are mute, and all the gaudy pageants that deceived you are not even a shadow, an awful voice will ask in thunder, did your poor wife deserve this treatment, merely from some distaste of "inclination"? It must be answered. Did not the altar's vow demand a strict fidelity, and was it not a solemn and a sworn duty, "for better and for worse," to watch and tend her—correct her waywardness by gentle chiding, and sling the fondness of a husband's love between her errors and the world? It must be answered, where the poorest rag upon the poorest beggar in your realm shall have the splendour of a coronation garment.

Sad, alas! were these sorrows of her solitude, but sad as they were they were but in their infancy. The first blow passed—a second and severer followed. The darling child, over whose couch she shed her silent tear—upon whose head she poured her daily benediction—in whose infant smile she lived, and moved, and had her being was torn away, and in the mother's sweet endearments she could no longer lose the miseries of the wife. Her father, and her laureled brother too, upon the field of battle, sealed a life of glory, happy in a soldier's death, far happier than this dreadful day was spared them! Her sole surviving parent followed soon, and though they left her almost alone on earth, yet how could she regret them? she has at least the bitter consolation,

that their poor child's miseries did not break their hearts. Oh, miserable woman! made to rejoice over the very grave of her kindred, in mournful gratitude that their hearts are marble.

During a long probation of exile and of woe, bereft of parents, country, child and husband, she had one solace still—her character was unblemished. By a refinement upon cruelty, even that consolation was denied her. Twice had she to undergo the inquisition of a secret trial originating in foul conspiracy, and ending in complete acquittal. The charity of her nature was made the source of crime—the peculiarities inseparable from her birth were made the ground of accusation—her very servants were questioned whether every thought, and word, and look, and gesture, and visit, were not all so many overt acts of adultery; and when her most sacred moments had been heartlessly explored, the tardy verdict which freed her from the guilt, could not absolve her from the humiliating consciousness of the accusation. Your gracious father, indeed, with a benevolence of heart more royal than his royalty, interposed his arm between innocence & punishment; for punishment it was, most deep and grievous, to meet discountenance from all your family, and see the fame which had defied all proof, made the capricious sport of hint and insinuation; while that father lived, she still had some protection;—even in his night of life there was a sanctity about him which awed the daring of the highway slanderer; his honest, open, genuine English look, would have silenced a whole banditti of Italians. Your father acted on what he professed—he was not more revered as a king than he was beloved and respected as a man; and no doubt he felt how poignant it must have been to be denounced as a criminal, without crime, and treated as a widow in her husband's life time. But death was busy with her best protectors, and the venerable form is lifeless now, which would have shielded a daughter and a Brunswick. He would have warned the Milan panders to beware the honor of his ancient house; he would have told them, that a prying, pettifogging, purchased inquisition upon the unconscious privacy of a royal female, was not in the spirit of the English character; he would have disdained the petty larceny of any diplomatic pick pocket; and he would have told the whole rabble of Italian informers and swindling ambassadors, that his daughter's existence should not become a perpetual proscription; that she was doubly allied to him by birth and marriage; and that those who exacted all a wife's obedience, should have previously procured for her a husband's fatherance.—God reward him! There is not a father or a husband in the land, whose heart does not at this moment make a pilgrimage to his monument.

Thus having escaped from two conspiracies equally affecting her honor and life, finding all conciliation hopeless, bereft by death of every natural protector, and fearing perhaps that practice might make perjury convenient, she reluctantly determined upon leaving England. One pang alone embittered her departure; her darling, and, in despite of all discountenance, her duteous child clung round her heart with natural tenacity. Parents who love and feel that very love compelling separation, alone can feel for her.—Yet how could she subject that devoted child to the humiliation of her mother's misery!—How reduce her to the sad alternative of selecting between separated parents! She chose the generous, the noble sacrifice—self banished, the world was before her—one grateful sigh for England—one tear—the last, last tear upon her daughter's head—and she departed.

Oh, Sire, imagine her at that departure!—How changed! how fallen, since a few short years before, she touched the shores of England! The day beam fell not on a happier creature—creation caught new colors from her presence, joy sounded its timbrel as she passed, and the flowers of birth, of beauty, and of chivalry, bowed down before her.—But now, alone, an orphan and a widow! her gallant brother in his shroud of glory: no arm to shield, no tongue to advocate, no friend to follow an o'erclouded fortune, branded, degraded, desolate, she flung herself once more upon the wave, to her less fickle than a husband's promises! I do not wonder that she has to pass through a severer ordeal, because impunity gives persecution confidence. But I marvel indeed much, that then, after the agony of an exparte trial, and the triumph of a complete though lingering exculpation, the natural spirit of English justice did not stand embodied between her and the shore, and bear her indignant to your capital. The people, the peerage, the prelacy, should have sprung into unanimous procession; all that was noble, or powerful, or consecrated in the land, should have borne her to the palace gate, and demanded why their queen presented to their eye this gross anomaly! Why her anointed brow should bow down in the dust when a British verdict had pronounced her innocent! Why she was refused that conjugal restitution, which her humblest subject had a right to claim! Why the annals of their time should be disgraced, and the morals of their nation endure the taint of this terrific precedent: and why it was that after their countless sacrifices for your royal house they should be cursed with this pageantry of royal humiliation! Had they so acted, the dire affliction of this day might have been spared us. We should not have seen the filthy sewers of Italy disgorge a living leprosy upon our throne; and slaves and spies, imported from a creedless brothel, land to attain the sacred majesty of England! But who, alas! will succour the unfortunate! The cloud of your displeasure was upon her, and the gay, glittering, countless insect-swarm of summer friends, abide but in the sunbeam she passed away—

Who could have thought, that in a foreign land the restless fiend of persecution would have haunted her? Who could have thought, that in those distant climes, where her distracted brain had sought oblivion, the demonic malice of her enemies would have followed? Who could have thought, that any human form which hid a heart, would have sculked after the mourner in her wanderings, to note and convey unconscious gesture? Who could have thought, that such a man there was, who had drunk at the pure fountain of our British law! who had seen eternal justice in her sanctuary! who had invoked the shades of Holt and Hardwicke, and held high converse with those mighty spirits, whom mercy hailed in Heaven as her representatives on earth!

Yet such a man there was, who, on the classic shores of Como, even in the land of the immortal Roman, where every stone entombed a hero, and every scene was redolent of genius, forgot his name, his country, and his calling, to hoard each coinable and subtle slander! Oh sacred shades of our departed sages! avert your eyes from this unhallowed spectacle; the spotless clime is unsullied still; the ark yet stands untaunted in the temple, and should unconsecrated hands assail it, there is a lightning still, which would not slumber! No, no; the judgment seat of British law is to be soared, not crusted to; it must be sought upon an eagle's pinion, and gazed at by an eagle's eye; there is a radiant purity around it, to blast the glance of groveling speculation. His labor was in vain, sire. The people of England will not listen to Italian wiles, nor ought they. Our queen has been, before this, twice assailed, and assailed on the same charges. Adultery, nay, pregnancy, was positively sworn to; one of the ornaments of our navy, captain Manby, and one of the most glorious heroes who ever gave a nation immortality; a spirit of Marathon or old Thermopylæ; he who planted England's red cross on the walls of Acre, and shewed Napoleon it was invincible, were the branded traitors to their sovereign's bed!—Englishmen, and greater scandal, English-women, persons of rank, and birth, and education, were found to depose to this infernal charge! The royal mandate issued for enquiry; lord Erskine, lord Ellenborough, a man who had dandled accusations from his cradle, sat on the commission; and what was the result? They found a verdict of perjury against her base accusers! The very child for whose parentage she might have shed her sacred blood, was proved beyond all possible denial, to have been but the adoption of her charity. "We are happy to declare to your majesty our perfect conviction, that there is no foundation whatever for believing (I quote the very words of the commissioners) that the child now with the princess, is the child of her royal highness, or that she was delivered of any child in the year 1802; nor has any thing appeared to us, which would warrant the belief that she was pregnant in that year, or at any other period within the compass of our enquiries." Yet people of rank, and station, moving in the highest society in England, admitted even to the sovereign's court, actually volunteered their sworn attestation to this falsehood.

Twenty years have rolled over her since, and yet the same foul charge of adultery, sustained not as before by the plausible fabrications of Englishmen, but bolstered by the habitual invention of the Italians, is sought to be affixed to the evening of her life, in the face of a generous and loyal people! A kind of sacrament shipload—a packed and assorted cargo of human affidavits has been consigned, it seems, from Italy to Westminster; thirty-three thousand pounds of the people's money paid the pedler who selected the articles; and with this infected freight, which should have performed quarantine before it vomited its moral pestilence amongst us, the queen of England is sought to be attainted! It cannot be, Sire: we have given much, very much indeed, to foreigners, but we will not concede to them the hard-earned principles of British justice. It is not to be endured, that two acquittals should be followed by a third experiment; that when the English testament has failed, an Italian missal's kiss shall be resorted to; that when people of character here have been discredited, others should be recruited who have no character any where; but above all it is intolerable, that a defenceless woman should pass her life in endless persecution, with one trial in swift succession following another, in the hope, perhaps, that her noble heart which has defied all proof, should perish in the torture of eternal accusation. Send back, then, to Italy, those allied adventurers: the land of their birth, and the habits of their lives, alike unfit them for an English court of justice.—There is no spark of freedom—no grace of religion—no sense of morals in their degenerate soil. Effeminate in manners; sensual from their cradles; crafty, venal, and officious; naturalized to crime, outcasts of credulity; they have seen from their infancy their court a bazaar; their churches scenes of daily assassination! their faith is form; their marriage ceremony a mere mask for the most incestuous intercourse; gold is the God before which they prostrate every impulse of their nature. "Auri sacra fames" quid non mortalia pectora cogit!" the once indignant exclamation of their antiquity, has become the maxim of their modern practice.

No nice extreme a true Italian knows: But, bid him go to Hell—to Hell he goes. Away with them any where from us—they cannot live in England; they will die in the purity of its moral atmosphere.

Meanwhile, during this accursed scrutiny, even while the legal blood-hounds were on the scent, the last dear stay which bound her to the world parted, the princess Charlotte died! I will not harrow up a father's feelings, by dwelling on this

dreadful recollection. The poet says, that even grief finds comfort in society, and England wept with you. But, O God! what must have been that hapless mother's misery, when first the dismal tidings came upon her! The darling child over whose cradle she had shed so many tears; whose lightest look was treasured in her memory; who, mid the world's frown, still smiled upon her; the fair and lovely flower, which, when her orb was quenched in tears, lost not its lily, its divine fidelity. It was blighted in its blossom; its verdant stem was withered! and in a foreign land she heard it, and alone—no, not quite alone. The myrmidons of British hate were round her; and when her heart's salt tears were blinding her, a German nobleman was plundering her letters. Bethink you, sire, if that fair paragon of daughters lived, would England's heart be wrung with this inquiry? Oh! she would have torn the diamonds from her brow, and dashed each royal mockery to the earth, and rushed before the people, not in a monarch's, but in nature's majesty; a child appealing for her persecuted mother! and God would bless the sight, and man would hallow it, and every little infant in the land who felt a mother's warm tear upon her cheek, would turn by instinct to that sacred summons. Your daughter, in her shroud, is yet alive, sire—her spirit is amongst us—it rose untombed when her poor mother landed—it walks amid the people—it has left the angels to protect a parent.

The theme is sacred, and I will not sully it; I will not recapitulate the griefs, and worse than griefs—the little, pitiful, deliberate insults which are burning on every tongue in England. Every hope blighted—every friend discountenanced—her kindred in the grave—her declared innocence made but the herald to a more cruel accusation—her two trials followed by a third, a third on the same charges—her royal character insinuated away by German picklocks and Italian conspirators—her divorce sought by an extraordinary procedure, upon grounds untenable before any usual law or ecclesiastical tribunal—her name meanly erased from the sturges—her natural rights as a mother disregarded, and her civil rights as a queen sought to be exterminated—and all this—all, because she dared to touch the sacred soil of liberty! because she did not banish herself, an implied adúlteress! because she would not be bribed into an abandonment of herself and of the generous country over which she has been called to reign, and to which her heart is bound by the most tender ties, and the most indelible obligations. Yes, she might have lived wherever she selected, in all the magnificence which boundless bribery could procure for her, offered her by those who affect such tenderness for your royal character, and such devotion to the honor of your royal bed. If they thought her guilty, as they allege, this daring offer was a double treason—treason to your majesty, whose honor they compromised—treason to the people, whose money they thus prostituted. But she spurned the infamous temptation, and she was right. She was right to front her insatiable accusers—even were she guilty, never was there a victim with such crying palliations—but all innocent, as in my conscience I believe her to be, not perhaps of the levities contingent on her birth, and which shall not be converted into constructive crime, but of the cruel charge of adultery, now for a third time produced against her. She was right, bereft of the court, which was her natural residence, and all-buoyant with innocence as she felt, bravely to fling herself upon the wave of the people—that people will protect her—Britain's red cross is her flag, and Brunswick's spirit is her pilot—May the Almighty send the royal vessel triumphant into harbor!

Sire, I am almost done—I have touched but slightly on your queen's misfortunes—I have contracted the volume of her misfortunes to a page, and if on that page one word offend you, impute it to my zeal, not my intention. Accustomed all my life to speak the simple truth, I offer it with fearless honesty to my sovereign. You are in a difficult, it may be in a most perilous emergency. Banish from your court the sycophants who abuse you—surround your palace with approving multitudes, not with armed mercenaries. Other crowns may be bestowed by despots and entrenched by cannon; but

The throne we honor is the people's choice. Its safest bulwark is the popular heart, and its brightest ornament domestic virtue. Forget not, also, there is a throne which is above even the throne of England—where flatterers cannot come, where kings are sceptreless. The vows you made are written in language brighter than the sun, and in the course of nature, you must soon confront them. Prepare the way by effacing now each seeming slight, and fancied injury; and when you answer the last awful trumpet, be your answer this:—"GOD, I FORGAVE, I HOPE TO BE FORGIVEN."

But if, against all policy, and all humanity, and all religion, you should hearken to the counsels which further countenance this unmanly persecution, then must I appeal not to you, but to your parliament. I appeal to the sacred prelacy of England, whether the holy vows which their high church administered, have been kept towards this illustrious lady—whether the hand of man should have erased her from that page, with which it is worse than blasphemy in man to interfere—whether, as heaven's viceregents, they will not adjure the ardid passions of the earth, imitate the inspired humanity of their Saviour, and, like Him, protect a persecuted creature from the insatiable fangs of ruthless, bloody, and unerring accusation!

I appeal to the hereditary peerage of the realm, whether they will aid this leveling denunciation of their queen—whether they will exhibit the unseemly spectacle of illustrious rank and royal