

MEMOIRS  
AND  
ANECDOTES  
OF  
PHILIP THICKNESSE,  
LATE  
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR  
OF  
LAND GUARD FORT,  
AND UNFORTUNATELY  
FATHER TO GEORGE TOUCHET,  
BARON AUDLEY.

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DUBLIN:  
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FOR WILLIAM JONES, NO. 86, DAME-STREET,  
M,DCC,XC.

ANECDOTE  
OF THE  
PRETENDER, PRINCE CHARLES.

LADY Mary Touchet a beautiful English woman, and sister to my late wife, made her first public appearance at a ball at Paris, given by the Pretender just before his expedition into Scotland, in the year 1745. The Prince not only attracted by her personal charms, but being the sister to a English Catholic Peer; took her out, as his partner, and before they parted, he communicated to her, whither he was going, and the importance of his expedition. I cannot tell, but I can easily conceive, to what a pitch of enthusiasm, a beautiful young English woman of the same religious principles, and so particularly honoured at that time, might be led to say upon so trying an occasion; but whatever it were, he instantly took his pen knife from his pocket, ript the star from his breast, and gave it her as a token of his particular regard, and I doubt not that *she* concluded, such an external mark of his partiality, had he succeeded, was given as a prelude to the offer of a more precious jewel which had lain under the star *within* HIS BOSOM. As that beautiful woman, died at the age of twenty, the star fell into the lap of her sister, and as me soon after fell into mine, I became possessed of that inestimable badge of distinction, together with a fine Portrait of the Prince by Hussey. Being a Whig and a military man, I did not think it right to keep either of them in my possession, and a simple old Jacobite lady, offered me a considerable sum of money for them, but having three nieces, whose father had lived in intimacy with the *late Sir John Dolben*, I presented both to them, and I believe that *valuable relict* of the departed Prince Charles, is now in the possession of Mrs. Lloyd, my eldest niece, and

wife to the present Dean of Norwich. Lady Mary Touchet, was the first woman who appeared in England, in a French dress, about the year 1748, which was *then*, so particular, that she never went out at Bath, the place of her constant residence, without being followed by a crowd; for at *that* time, the general dress of France, was deemed so *outré* in this, that in most eyes, it diminished the charms, of both her face, and person; which she otherwise had the utmost claim to. She danced on the Friday night ball, and died the Sunday following, a lady who assisted in laying her out, told me she could scarce believe she was dead, for that she never saw so much beauty in life, and that she exceeded in Symmetry, even TITIAN'S VENUS. That this unfortunate man was in London about the year 1754, I can POSITIVELY ASSERT, he came hither, contrary to the opinion of all his friends abroad, but he was determined he said, to see the capital of that Kingdom, over which he thought himself born to reign. After being a few days at a Lady's house in *Essex Street in the Strand*, he was met by one, who knew his person in Hyde Park, and who made an attempt to kneel to him, this circumstance so alarmed the Lady, at whose house he resided, that a boat was procured the same night, and he returned instantly to France. Monsieur Massac, late Secretary to the Duke De Noailles, told me he was sent to treat with the Prince relative to a subsequent attempt to invade England. Mr. Massac dined with him, and had much conversation upon that subject; but observed that he was rather a weak man; bigotted to his religion, and unable to refrain from the bottle, the *only benefit* he said he had acquired, by his expedition among his countrymen into Scotland.

An Irish officer with only one arm, formerly well known at the *Caffee de Conti* in Paris,<sup>1</sup> assured me that he had been with the *Prince* in

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<sup>1</sup>Mr. Segrave.

England, between the years, forty five and fifty six, and that they had laid a plan of seizing the person of the King (George the second) as he returned from the play, by a body of Irish chairmen, who were to knock the servants from behind his coach, extinguish the lights, and create confusion; while a party carried the King to the water side and hurried him away to France. It is certain, that the late King often returned from the theatres in so private a manner, that such an attempt was not impracticable, for what could not a hundred or two, desperate villains effect, at a eleven o'clock at night, in any of the public Streets of London? Ten minutes start would do it, and they could not have failed of a much greater length of time. He also told me that they had more than fifteen hundred Irish chairmen, or that class of people, that were to assemble opposite the Duke of Newcastle's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the instant they heard any *particular news* relative to the pretender. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, but it may be right to relate it, to prevent such an attempt, should any other pretender start up, for I have the BEST AUTHORITY to say such a thing is practicable, and that a person was taken off in broad day light, and in the middle of a large City, though under the protection of an English Major, and seven old French women, and that too, by an individual.<sup>2</sup> It was not a King it's true, who was

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<sup>2</sup> There are many people now living at Southampton who remember that transaction.

Dr. Grey, long before he died, was perfectly cured of *Jacobitism*, he observed that when the pretender was at Rome, his friends here kept his birth day, and spoke of him with ardour, but when he was in Scotland they seemed to forget him every day, now said the doctor, if I had been King, I would have pardoned all those who shewed their mistaken loyalty openly, and hanged all his cowardly adherents who durst

taken off, nor it was not a *man*, but before the surprise of the Major, and his female party were over, the lady was far out of their reach.

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not appear to serve him, when their services were wanting; but thank God, that silly business is all at an end, and the Catholicks know, the sweets of living under a PROTESTANT PRINCE, and a free government.