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E PLURIBUS UNUM.

“These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat
carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away.”

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La Spedizione di Carlo Odoardo Stuart negli Anni 1743-6, descritta Latinamente nel 1751 dal Gesuita Giulio Cordara. e ora fatta Italiana da Antonio Gussalli. Milano, 1845.

THAT civil war is the saddest of national misfortunes, and unrighteous rebellion the highest crime that man can commit against man, are propositions which few will dispute, when stated apart from political feeling. Yet not only is a totally different judgment formed upon these points amid the din and excitement of troubled times, but in almost every case popular legend and tradition are prone to clothe these scourges with attractive colors, which even the iron pen of history is loath to deface. Nor is this surprising, since scarcely any cause, however unworthy or desperate, has been entirely without the support of high-minded and heroic characters, who, in hazarding all that was dear to themselves, and precious to their country, have acted solely and constantly for conscience' sake. Thus have the religious wars in France, the rivalry of the Roses in England, even the skirmishes of the Covenanters in Scotland, developed characters and incidents honorable to human nature, and prolific in themes for the biographer and the poet. The various risings during last century, for the restoration of the house of Stuart to the British throne, are instances still more in point, for there principle was in direct antagonism with expediency. Setting aside the plea founded on divine and indefeasible right, and granting that the unconstitutional conduct of James II. had virtually released his subjects from their duty, still the hereditary claims of his son were beyond all doubt, and the miserable calumny which questioned his birth was too monstrous an assertion to tell in favor of a party which had none other to urge. It were vain now to speculate on the results to our country, had the Prince of Wales been placed under the training of judicious Protestant instructors, and called to the succession when the avowedly make-shift reign of William had reached its natural termination. But undoubtedly the individual character of those sovereigns who "reigned in his stead" was not such as to gain the confidence of foreign powers, or to conciliate the many at home, who, grudging them even a lip-service, reserved the allegiance of their hearts, and the obedience of their hands, for him whom they held to be their rightful lord.

Thus far was the Jacobite cause based upon sentiments worthy of sympathy, nor was it without other propitious influences. Its country leaders (for at court there was little to choose between a

corrupt government and a self-seeking opposition) included many heads of the most ancient houses, especially in those districts where family influence retained an almost feudal sway; men more ready to hazard their all in behalf of a houseless exile than to calculate the advantages of facile conformity, or the gains of revolutionary vicissitude. It had the warm support of the ladies, ever prompt to sympathize with the unfortunate. The mass of its followers were persons in whom the olden ties of loyalty and clanship conscientiously resisted the innovations of political wisdom. That the qualities essential to a more than temporary success were wanting, that the ultimate failure was total, and that the eventual results of the Hanoverian sway conciliated all disaffection, and raised our country to an unparalleled prosperity, are circumstances in no way detracting from the romantic interest that hangs round the Jacobite struggles.

A theme which brought to our very doors incidents fitted for the days of chivalry, and which connected our fathers with adventures worthy of the paladins, has naturally inspired many a popular melody, and become a favorite in our national literature; and although a standard history of the rebellions of last century remains to be written, the materials for it, recently rearranged in the interesting volumes of Mr. J. E. Jesse and Mrs. Thomson, may now be regarded as nearly complete. Some gleanings may, however, still be found, especially on the continent; and to this point our present paper is given. The revolution of 1792 has, indeed, swept from France most traces of the mock pageantry of St. Germain, as well as of the stately court of Versailles; but in Italy the traveller is often startled by some memorial of vagabond royalty, in connection with the Stuart name. At Florence, whilst pacing "Santa Croce's holy precincts," he may gaze on the memorial raised to Alfieri's wayward genius by her who found in his affection a solace for the neglect of her degraded husband, Charles Edward; in an adjoining chapel he may visit the spot of her own repose; at the Palazzo Guadagni, (now San Clemente,) the home of her ill-starred union, he will find furniture bearing medallion portraits of the spouses, the arms of England in the hall, and ^{C.R.} upon the chimney weathercocks, as if in _{III} mockery of a royalty the sport of every wind. Travelling onward, he may note lapidary inscriptions commemorative of the exiles and their temporary sojourn, in the ducal palace of Urbino; in the Cattani villa, near Pesaro; at Viterbo, whither the son of James II. repaired to meet his bride, and at Montefiascone, where the marriage

ceremony was performed; at Alba Longa, where Charles Edward dragged out his last dishonored years; at Frascati, where he was buried—where his brother, the good cardinal-bishop, long and admirably maintained the respect due to his birth and his mitre—and where a grey-haired retainer of the decayed house still loves to gossip of his former masters. Lastly, at Rome he will find himself surrounded by Stuart memorials, and may yet pick up some Stuart relics. The Muti (now Savorelli) palace was the home of the little court from their first arrival in the metropolis of their church until the death of Charles Edward; the cardinal resided chiefly at the Cancellaria; Santa Maria in Trastevere, his titular parish, bears his arms; his mother's heart is enshrined in the church of the Santissimi Apostoli; whilst her tasteless tomb encumbers St. Peter's, in the crypt whereof are the ashes of her husband and her two sons, whose monument, erected by the heir of George III., suitably closes a career habitually marked by contrasts and contradictions.

In the Communal Archives of Urbino there is preserved a record of the residence of "*James the Third, King of Great Britain*" in that city, which throws some new lights upon a part of his history as yet little illustrated.* It was the fate of the Stuarts to experience and to manifest to the world the faithlessness of the Bourbons, who, with a selfish policy that has been amply avenged on their posterity, affected an interest in the English exiles only at the moment, and to the degree, consistent with their own temporary objects, and who never cherished them but to squeeze the fruit and toss away the rind. The treaty of Utrecht, by which Louis XIV. recognized the Hanoverian succession, was but the first of a series of untoward events for the Jacobite cause, and it was rapidly followed by the death of that monarch, and by the entire failure of the titular king's descent upon Scotland. The Regent Orleans was not the man to befriend a falling cause; James, on his return to the continent, found no asylum open to him but the papal city of Avignon; and though, for a prince whose family had such sacrifices for the Romish faith, and whose residence under almost any temporal sovereign might have compromised his host, the papal states

were the natural asylum—even in that town the jealousies of England denied him a tranquil abode. As the Stuarts were at once the martyrs for popery, and the means whereby heretical England might be reclaimed, it became equally the paternal care and the policy of successive pontiffs to afford them an honorable retreat, and to promote their eventual restoration; but Clement XI., by birth an Albani of Urbino, was moreover a man of kind and generous dispositions, in whom illustrious misfortune was sure of a friend. He, therefore, readily offered his aid in extricating James from his embarrassing position; and regarding it as matter of public scandal, that one with such claims should wander as a vagrant, spurned from door to door, he settled upon the royal exile a pension of 12,000 scudi, (2610*l.*) and invited him to select for his abode some town in the Italian dominions of the church, at the same time suggesting Urbino. The reasons for this preference may have been the private influence which his holiness could there render subservient to the convenience of his guest, and also the superior accommodation of the stately palace, wherein the long line of its illustrious dukes had, until within a century, kept a court celebrated throughout Italy as an asylum of the muses and the graces, a haven of letters and arts.

When James had decided upon accepting Urbino as a residence, the pope consulted his comfort by appointing to its government Monsignor Alemanno Salviati, a prelate already well known to the prince at Avignon, and by sending one of his own nephews to attend him on his arrival, with a suitable guard of honor. After visiting Rome to attend the functions of St. Peter's day, and to pay his compliments to the pontiff, who presented him with 20,000 scudi, (4350*l.*) he arrived at Urbino on the 11th of July, 1717, accompanied by the Dukes of Ormond, Mar, and Perth, and by a large suite, chiefly of Scottish gentlemen.† Recent improvements have rendered its rugged site, comparatively accessible, but even then his Swiss carriage was dragged up to the palace by only three horses. Next morning he gave audience to the principal resident nobility, with the gonfaloniere or chief magistrate at their head, who

* Diario di Giovanni Fortuniano Gueroli Pucci, sulla venuta permanenza e discesso da Urbino, del Rè della Gran Bretagna Giacomo III. Stuardo.

† There is in the same archives a list of the court, about fifty in number, including two ladies, one of whom was the high-spirited Countess of Nithsdale.

kissed the lapel of his waistcoat, after which he attended high mass in the cathedral. From the details of similar ceremonials, the empty pageants of a nominal royalty, we gather a few curious particulars of this shadowy court. The most important and imposing of such occasions were those for devotional purposes, including a daily procession to mass, followed by the Romanists of his own suite, and the chief inhabitants of the town. On fête-days, and at his usual afternoon promenade, that indispensable observance of Italian life, he drove in a coach-and-six, escorted by his courtiers on horseback, and attended by liveried lacqueys and a guard of honor. A smile at such *attelage* may arise, when we add that the distance from the palace to the cathedral is scarcely the length of a state-carriage when harnessed, and that the longest of the three drives then practicable does not exceed a mile. Each of these led to a convent, but not unfrequently such visits were more with a sporting than a spiritual object, and were ended by "some hare-coursing with his clever little Danish doggies."

The stagnate gayeties of this provincial town received a remarkable stimulus from the arrival of so distinguished a guest, and the leading residents established public assemblies for Sunday and other holiday evenings during the winter. These "King James III." good-humoredly attended, joining freely in the conversation, and taking his place at the card-table to play *ombre* with the ladies. He also honored by his occasional visits the evening receptions at the Casa-Bonaventura, "at which there was first a musical performance by native and other artists, until his majesty rising, bowed thrice to the ladies, and retired, but without allowing any of the gentlemen to attend him to the door, except his own suite, who, after seeing him to the palace, returned to the ball and cards which followed, with beautiful refreshments, all in sumptuous and brilliant style." As the carnival of 1718 advanced, amateur theatricals were got up by the academicians of the Pascoli, the entertainments being Agrippa, Griselda, and the Feats of Hercules, the last of which became an amazing favorite of the titular king, who presented the performers with a silver bowl, which they sold for 164 dollars.* In,

* This amusement, transmitted from the palmy days of Venice, was managed in much less classic taste than its name would seem to indicate. On a wooden stage resting upon barrels, a group of men supported shoulder-high a smaller stage, on which stood another smaller group, upon whose shoulder, a third tier placed themselves; and so upwards until seven or eight tapering stories rose

order, however, to enjoy the more refined amusement of the opera, he made an excursion to Faenza, a town possessing for him associations of no ordinary interest. Isabella Maleroazi, daughter of an ancient family there, probably owed to the accident of her mother being sister of Cardinal Maastricht her elevation to sovereign rank, as wife of Alfonso, Duke of Modena; her daughter, Maria II. became Queen of England, and mother of the exile.

[During Lent, oratorios were given at the governor's expense, and the Easter solemnities were performed by James with exemplary devotion, though with a magnificence becoming his conventional rank. These having been concluded, musical entertainments were provided for him by the families of Bonaventura and Staccoli; but on the 18th of May a courier brought tidings of the death of the widowed Mary of Modena in France, and the tiny court of her son was suddenly changed into a scene of mourning, the funeral offices of the dead being repeatedly performed, with every elaborate and costly observance of the Romish ritual, wherein the entire city participated, in mourning attire. In return for these various civilities, the chevalier gave a public banquet every two months, on the inauguration of the new gonfaloniere, or mayor.

On the 6th of October, 1718, he set out incognito, in the hope of meeting at Ferrara his bride, Maria Clementina Sobieski, and of bringing her to Urbino for a short time, before transferring his residence to Rome. These plans were, however, rendered abortive, by the news which met him at Bologna of the princess having been arrested at Innsbruck, at the instigation of George I., and the chevalier in consequence summoned his suite to join him at Rome, to which he immediately repaired, and whence he soon after visited the court of Spain, to superintend the embarkation of Ormond's unavailing expedition to Scotland. The recollection of the attentions he had met with at Urbino was not soon effaced from his mind, and, on his return to Rome, in the autumn of 1722, after passing the summer at Lucca baths, he carried his queen to visit his mountain refuge. During their

in a living pyramid, crowned by a boy called the crest, whose *coup de force* consisted in cutting a somerset upon the head of his single supporter. A variation very popular in the "Ocean Queen" consisted in placing a man's feet upon the sharp and mobile iron prows of two gondolas, as the base of an obelisk composed of three posture-makers successively standing on each other's shoulders, and crowned by a *crest-boy* heels upwards!

stay of three days, his favorite interlude of the feats of Hercules was repeated, with other diversions and religious functions which it is unnecessary to detail.*

His court had been gladdened by the birth of an heir to his visionary honors at Rome, on the 31st of December, 1720. The infant was ushered into the world in presence of ten cardinals, four Roman princes, the senator, two conservators, two ambassadors, two bishops, many "milords," and nine Roman princesses: his baptismal names, hitherto partially overlooked, were James Philip Louis Casimer Thomas Silvester-Maria Charles Edward.

Regarding the marriage of James, little is known but that it proved unhappy. The intrigues that spring spontaneously in courtly soils seem to increase in rancor as their field is narrowed and obscured. In the few documents that remain to shed a sickly light on the pageant royalty of the Muti palace, we may trace a struggle between the influence of Maria Clementina over her husband, and that of Hay, titular Earl of Inverness, master of his household, which ended in the lady's retiring to a convent. It would be very profitless to rake up these squabbles, or to weigh recriminating statements as to the husband's morals and his wife's temper; but we may quote portions of a letter addressed to her in French, on the 11th of November, 1725, as throwing light upon their respective manners:—

"I am very glad, madam, that you have taken the step of writing to me on this occasion, since I have thereby an opportunity of fully explaining to you my feelings in the same manner, which I prefer to doing so verbally, having long been aware from experience that you are so prejudiced against whatever originates with me as not to listen to me patiently. I am also apprehensive that my sentiments have not been clearly explained to you, and I would fain believe that you in no way authorized the manner, so little respectful or

decent, in which these matters have been discussed with me.

"Certain it is, madam, that I have ever loved you alone, and that I have never desired anything more anxiously than to please you in all respects, always with due regard to reason, my honor, and the advantage of my affairs.

"I know but too well that we have often experienced anxieties and difficulties, but these I should always have endured with greater equanimity, had I not observed them to be occasioned less by the vivacity of your disposition than by your over-readiness to listen to petty complaints and insinuations, and to fancy yourself hurt in the persons of those who retailed them; and you cannot but recollect with what patience I have for two years submitted to your sullen humors, and how, when you scarcely would speak to me or look at me, I had recourse only to silence.

"You will, I trust, reflect that you not only have at all times possessed my entire and undivided affection, but that, in as far as my circumstances and station permitted, I have neglected nothing that could contribute to your contentment; as regards expense I never restricted you; you are free to go where you choose; you have seen whomsoever you thought fit; you write and receive letters without restraint; and you know moreover that, far from encouraging your life of solitude and retirement, I did my best to induce you to extend your amusements, which would have also added to my own. In short, everywhere and in everything have I left you at liberty to follow your own tastes and inclinations, only reserving to myself the mastery of my own household and affairs."

After adverting to the questions regarding Lord Inverness, and other domestic details of small moment, he continues:—

"Such being the state of matters, I could not but be equally surprised and offended when a threat was brought to me, that, if I did not dismiss an able, faithful, and laborious minister, you would go into a convent; for even had I been disposed to replace him by another, after such a proceeding my honor required me to retain him. But setting aside this motive, I could not at the present juncture displace him, without ruining my interests and throwing my affairs into the greatest confusion. He however, tired and vexed at being constantly the object of your undeserved aversion, as he so long has been of that of my enemies, has asked leave to retire, and only my positive orders retain him about me. See, madam, to what difficulties you expose me! What honorable man will venture to

* In compliment to his sojourn at Urbino, Cardinal Hannibal Albani dedicated to him the handsome volume illustrative of that city published under his auspices in 1724. The Casa Bonaventura above named retained until the present year two interesting pictures, one representing the chevalier's marriage, the other his eldest son's christening; both full of portraits in the gorgeous court dresses of the day. These are now the property of the Earl of Northesk.

serve me, after the scenes you have publicly exhibited? Do not then wonder that I expect from you some token of regret for the disrespect you have shown me, and for the injury you have done yourself and me by so unheard-of an exposure, and that you will thereafter open your heart to me unreservedly; if you do so I shall forget the past, and shall in future only study your satisfaction and happiness.

“I protest, madam, that I know of no just ground you have of complaint against me; were I conscious of any, I should assuredly remedy it, but I am persuaded that if you take time for candid reflection, you will be touched by all I am writing to you, and by my gentle and kind behavior towards you. Do then repent of the past, and do not drive matters to extremity, which indeed you cannot do without precipitating yourself into irretrievable mischief, and incurring responsibility to God and man.

“This, my dear Clementina, is all I can say upon a sad and lamentable subject. I conjure you to make it matter of serious meditation. Think how glorious it is to avow an error, and that it is but by correcting it you can restore your happiness; and do not any longer resist the last efforts of my tenderness, which only awaits your return to rekindle, never again to relax or cease.

“JAMES R.”

This letter was received a few months ago, with other similar documents, from the Count Sigismondo Malatesta of Rome, heir, through his wife, of the Canonico Angelo Cesarini, the secretary and testamentary trustee of Cardinal York. Many Stuart relics have been obtained in the last few years from the Malatesta palace. Some old family portraits were bought by the Baroness Braye, and a number of books, papers, medals, miniatures, and engravings have been secured by Lord Walpole, the Rev. James Hamilton, Mr. Dennistoun of Dennistoun, and Mr. R. J. Macpherson. This last gentleman, a landscape painter in Rome, whose family suffered for their stanch Jacobitism, obtained from the Muti villa at Frascati, long occupied by Cardinal York, an interesting picture of the Muti palace, when decked out and illuminated for his elevation to the purple, with portraits of his father, himself, and most of their little court. This picture has since passed into the possession of the Marquis of Douglas. A beautiful portrait of the elder Chevalier, painted at Urbino and left in the palace there, has been lately sent to Fingask Castle in Perthshire, the former owner of which, Sir Stuart Thriepland, was “out” in “the

fifteen” and “the forty-five.” Among the Malatesta papers was found a most voluminous diary kept by the cardinal’s secretary at his desire—a heap of puerile prolixity, from which, nevertheless, many curious particulars might be selected.

But it is time to turn to the work named at the head of this article. An expedition, such as that of Charles Edward in 1745, naturally aroused much sympathy and interest on the continent. The hereditary principle had not yet been exposed to such rude infringements from the popular will as a later age has witnessed. By foreign communities, unversed in constitutional niceties, and generally of Romanist convictions, the exile of the Stuarts was viewed as a purely religious persecution—an impression confirmed by the uniform support they received from the holy see. Further, the aggravation of their sufferings by the heartless conduct of near relations who had supplanted them, and the favorable contrast of their high-bred and elegant address with the harsh, rude manners of the early Hanoverian princes, conciliated a majority of Europe to their pretensions. The total failure of the enterprise ere long dashed these wide-spread aspirations, but the heroic features of the cause, and the rumored romance of the chevalier’s personal adventures, awoke far and near an intense curiosity for the details. Of the various attempts to supply this information abroad, that of the Jesuit Cordara would probably have been the best calculated to fulfil its purpose, but for the perverted pedantry which induced him to clothe in a dead language a work written on a purely popular theme, and it was not until last year that an Italian version of it appeared, to renew for the moment the interest of a long past topic.

Giulio Cesare Cordara was born in 1704, of the noble family of the Counts of Calamendrana in Piedmont, and received his education at Rome. At an early age he was enrolled in the order of Jesus, and soon distinguished himself by the easy eloquence of his writings, both in Italian and Latin. These qualities recommended him as continuator of the History of the Jesuits, begun by Orlandini; but after the publication of one volume, the undertaking was suspended, and passed into other hands. He subsequently increased his reputation by a variety of literary performances, including several saintly biographies. None of his compositions are, however, more creditable to his industry than the long neglected narrative which we have now to notice. Cordara survived the suppression of his order, and died at a very advanced age. From such a writer we cannot reasonably look for much novelty as to the leading

incidents of the insurrection, and of the two campaigns through which it was protracted. Neither can we regard him as our best authority for the wanderings of their hero, after the rout of Culloden had rendered him an outlawed felon. But as to the means whereby the prince trained himself for what he considered his mission, and the circumstances under which it was prepared in Italy, we feel ourselves bound to accept the accomplished Italian as a new and important witness.

“Edward, titular Prince of Wales, was reared from infancy never to forego the desire or the hope of recovering the crown, and, even in early youth, it was his aim to discipline to every kingly art those talents and regal endowments with which nature had furnished him. Features of remarkable regularity and beauty, with a certain princely air; a noble, generous, and fervid disposition; a soaring spirit, capable of the loftiest flights; a nimble yet robust frame, and an equable temperament were native gifts, to which he added a studious acquaintance with all courtly habits and observances, and an admirably gentlemanlike and easy manner, with an unfailingly joyous and fluent address. Though avoiding all arrogance, he never demeaned himself to folly or trifling. He was averse to idleness, but much more to those sensual indulgences which Rome offered to a youthful prince, he knew several languages, and could converse freely in Italian, Latin, English, and French; his acquaintance with ancient and modern history was likewise extensive for his years. But the bent of his mind lay enthusiastically towards military life, as the arena of glory and distinction. And although he had nothing to desire in point of station and magnificence at Rome, where the citizens paid him royal honors and deference, yet he was sick of his residence in a community of priests, where, surrounded by peaceful pursuits, he found himself constrained in his prime to drag on an inactive existence.

“Meanwhile, however, he strengthened and hardened his limbs by every masculine exercise. His delight consisted in horsemanship and in the chase;—not in sooth the effeminate and boyish amusement of birdlime and snares, but the more manly and bracing sport of shooting, in which he was so skilful as never to miss. This he preferred to everything else, frequently passing the entire day from dawn to sundown in rugged forests, exposed to winter rains and solstitial suns, and reaching home at night-fall, famished, scorched, or benumbed, yet happy. He thus disciplined himself

for the hardships of war, until, feeling his courage and energy equal to them, he began to lament his ignorance of military skill, the sole means of elevating himself to sovereignty. The power of delineating fortifications, and talking speciously of theoretical tactics, he looked upon as superficial matters, in which any one may become an adept. He therefore urgently besought his father no longer to keep him lounging at home, but to send him where he could learn the art of war, as it surely was the duty of one born and bred in the expectancy of a crown, to be a soldier ere he became a king, since that was the only path that could lead him to substantial sovereignty. Whilst secretly approving this youthful ardor, his parent mildly restrained such premature outbreaks, pleading the necessity of succumbing to circumstances and to evil times. This, however, the prince reargued, saying that on the contrary we ought to struggle against adverse events, and by our own energy repair the injustice of fortune.”—*Ital. Transl.*, pp. 4—6.

In 1734 the long smouldering struggles of Spain and Austria once more turned Lower Italy into a battlefield, and as the victorious army of his most Catholic majesty was commanded by the Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II., the opportunity was favorable for “ratifying the wishes of his grace’s nephew. The young prince was therefore sent to the Spanish camp before Gaeta, as a spectator of the siege; but the quality of an actor better suiting his fervid spirit, “he flew to the lines, and there so entirely devoted himself to the duties of a soldier, that, though but a novice in his fifteenth year, he set an example to the most steady officers and most experienced veterans. The troops kept their eye upon him, anxious for his safety, as, amid heat and dust, he galloped about the camp, reconnoitred the trenches, mines, and outworks, or, rushing where the shot fell thickest, was the foremost with voice and example to repel the enemy’s sallies. Although all this somewhat disconcerted the duke, to whom the youth’s safety had been especially committed, and who blamed him for so rashly exposing himself, he could not refrain from admiring such gallantry, and holding it up as an example to others. When the Austrians at length surrendered, Edward was the first to penetrate the fortress, not by the opened gate, but by a breach through the battered walls, amid the admiring plaudits of the army.”—pp. 7,8.

From these scenes the prince returned to his father, more than ever anxious to enter upon the

career of military glory of which he had thus temptingly tasted, and which he regarded as the destiny of his life. The repose of Europe was of brief duration, and in the new complications which brought about the seven years' war, the English government seemed to have its hands full. It was about this time that the Cardinal de Tencin was called to the French council-board, who, owing his hat to the Chevalier de St. George, took a warm interest in the Jacobite cause, and warmly urged it upon his master. Flanders was then the seat of war, and France having difficulty in making head against the English and Austrian arms, a descent upon Scotland in the name of the Stuarts was suggested by the cardinal, as a politic and well-timed diversion. The scheme being approved by Louis XV., two English gentlemen reached Rome on the 15th of December, 1743, one with secret credentials to arrange a plan of action with the titular king, the other provided with false English passports to facilitate the transit of Charles Edward. To James, in whose bosom the pulsations of ambition had long been stilled, the proposal for an invasion was little pleasing. Experience had amply taught him the weakness of his cause in Britain, and the hollowness of French professions. Whilst, therefore, he admitted the duty of an effort to win for his children a crown that for himself had lost its attractions, he hesitated ere he should commit a beloved and hopeful son to the hazard of an expedition, without more detailed calculations of its chances and more ample guarantees for its success. At length he escaped from the dilemma by a course natural to weak minds, and threw the responsibility of deciding upon the prince himself—whose youthful enthusiasm had as yet been chilled by no lessons of personal disappointment.

Within twenty days Charles was ready, but the English fleet in the Mediterranean, and the British influence with some of those states which divided Rome from France, rendered the risks of the journey such as to demand the utmost prudence, and above all, a secrecy impenetrable by the spies who surrounded the royal exiles. From the verbose narrative of the Italian writer, we select the following particulars of the arrangements by which these perils were barely surmounted:—

“One of the English gentlemen was sent back to France to warn Louis of the speedy arrival of Edward, whilst the other was despatched with his baggage to wait for him at Massa, and prepare matters for their journey onwards through the Genoese territory, it being decided that the prince should ride thus far in the character of a courier. A trusty and courageous servant, well acquainted with the roads, was desired to hold himself in

readiness on a given day to attend one of the papal court to France, but under threat of ruin should a word of this transpire. The 9th of January, 1744, being fixed for the departure, a great hunting party was announced for that day at Cisterna in the Pontino Marshes, about thirty miles from Rome. To that place, surrounded by forests and abounding in game, there were sent forward a number of chasseurs and servants, with the provisions and material required for a fifteen days' chase, such as the prince and the Duke of York generally gave there at that season. Those only were in the secret whose assistance was required, and the scheme was conducted by one Dunbar, a cautious Scotchman, with ready tact in circumstances of difficulty, who had been tutor to the prince when a child. There was some doubt as to imparting the secret to the duke. Edward inclined to do so, for he could not bring his mind to set off without *au adieu* to a beloved brother, whose discretion, superior to his years, seemed to ensure his silence. Nevertheless, upon full consideration, the step seemed inadvisable, as any shade of sadness in his face might awake suspicion. Edward, therefore, absorbed by the glory of the enterprise and suppressing every natural feeling, went about to the last, maintaining his wonted hilarity with his brother, his attendants and friends, to the great astonishment of the king and of Dunbar, who watched him with the consciousness of what was impending. Still more was their surprise the evening preceding the departure, when, it being generally known that the princes were to set out next morning for Cisterna, the chief Roman nobility came as usual to pay their respects. Edward, unchanged in countenance and spirits, received and conversed with all just as usual, talking of the *chasse* and amusing the circle with games. His father's firmness was equally unflinching, and, after dismissing their visitors and supping with his sons, he wished them good-night. Thereafter the prince secretly spent an hour in his parent's chamber, who placed in his hands a patent of regency, to be published when the fitting time should arrive.

“Edward's slumbers were brief. At two in the morning he rose, and ordered a carriage and three saddle-horses to be got ready, that he might be off before dawn and begin his sport the same day. Having sent to desire his brother to follow when he liked, he got into the carriage with his governor, the Chevalier Sheridan, and drove to the gate of San Giovanni, preceded by the Chevalier Stafford, first equerry, after whom the servant, who had been previously engaged to go to France, rode with a led horse. Edward, on driving up, found these horsemen at the gate, and, as if taken with a

sudden fancy to ride, stopped the carriage, jumped out, and vaulted into the vacant saddle. As a blind to the servants he called out to Sheridan to go by Marino, whilst he would take the Albano road, adding with a boyish boast, 'Let us see who will arrive first.' Both ways led to Cisterna; but whilst the former was then the great post highway, the latter, though somewhat shorter, was in winter almost impassable from mud and watercourses, and from it a crossroad immediately branched to the left, towards Frascati. Edward feigning a fancy for the country track to Albano, Sheridan, as if to prevent him, exclaimed, 'Now do not! Why, at this season that way is no better than a bog. What if the king should hear of it?' But he addressed a deaf ear; for the prince, applying his spurs, was off in a twinkling, followed by Stafford and the servant. As they held to the left towards Frascati, Sheridan, to prevent the coachman observing this, pretended to slip and hurt himself in getting into the carriage, thus distracting the man's attention, and detaining him until it seemed time to give the word for proceeding. Edward, having thus got out of sight, pulled up and dismissed Stafford, with instructions how to perform his part; he then muffled his face as if against the cold, and the carriage being meanwhile well on its way, he turned his horse, and with the servant regained the gate at full speed, whence he took to the right, making the circuit of the walls under cloud of night to the Via Flaminia, and so by the Ponte Molle fell into the Florence road. There being then a regulation against supplying post-horses to any one who started with his own, Edward had provided the following expedient to evade it. After thirty-five miles he quitted the highway, and rode up to the Villa Farnese at Caprarola, then occupied by Cardinal Acquaviva, the Spanish ambassador, for one of whose household he was readily taken. The cardinal, privy to the device, had a pair of saddle horses bespoken from the next post, with which Edward again took the road in the disguise of a courier; and so changing at the usual stages, he reached the Genoese territory in four days.

"Whilst he thus travelled day and night, a fine comedy was enacted at Cisterna. The actors were few, but well versed in their parts; the *prime* being Chevalier Sheridan, whom we left abandoned by the prince outside the Porta San Giovanni. On arriving at Cisterna he was asked as to his master, and, on hearing that he had not appeared, he affected amazement and regret, blaming the boyish folly of quitting the good road at that season, and his own stupidity in not having prevented it. After three hours thus passed in suspense, the Duke of York came up with his suite, and anxiety gave way to alarm. Edward having addressed a letter,

revealing his design, to be given to his brother on reaching Cisterna, the sadness naturally resulting from such news admirably tallied with the concern befitting the simulated circumstances. Just as the duke, affecting to believe some serious accident to his brother, who ought to have arrived so long before him, was hurrying off messengers to ascertain what had befallen him, the Chevalier Stafford was seen spurring onwards. On dismounting he desired them to take heart, and not look for the prince, who would not probably appear for three days, having fallen from his horse near Albano, and bruised his side by the shock, occasioning a slight swelling; that he had gone in consequence to the Villa Albani, [which was then occupied by the Stuarts,] where, though not apprehending the slightest danger, the surgeon wished him to lay himself up for a short time, as otherwise the recovery might prove tedious. He added that the prince's greatest anxiety was that the king might hear nothing of the accident, and his especial wish that neither his brother nor any of the suite should stir, but that the hunting arrangements should proceed just as if he were there. Sheridan, as if believing this news, in a state of great excitement protested that he would at once ride to Albano, and abused Stafford outright for abandoning at such a moment the prince committed to his care. The other urged him in God's name not to move, as the superintendent at the villa and a servant were all that the prince needed, whilst the arrival of others, would rouse suspicion among the peasantry, and so the accident might transpire, occasioning much grief to the king and indignation to the prince. All the party were convinced by these reasons that his highness' wishes ought to be observed; and Sheridan, yielding to their united representations, at last remained quiet. Stafford returned to Albano, and the Duke of York gave orders that no one should speak of the mishap.

"The comedy thus arranged was received as fact by all, indoors and out; Stafford kept it up by daily messages as to the prince's health, which regularly improving rendered certain his arrival on the third day. At length, just as the duke was about setting out to meet him, there came a letter from Stafford to say that his highness desired the party to transfer their headquarters to the lake of Fogliano, where he would join them on the morrow. This they did, giving out that Edward had preceded them from Albano, and though he did not appear, the duke desired the *chasse* to go on all the same, and that every one should attend to his own business. The place was ten miles from Cisterna, at the foot of Monte Circello, a lonely spot inhabited but by a few fishermen. Means were taken to

intercept all letters which alluded to the prince's absence, and the fishermen who resorted to the Roman market, a dull and incurious race, were instructed to say to any who might ask after the Prince of Wales or his fall, that he was quite recovered, and entirely occupied by his sports. Presents of wild boar and venison were at the same time forwarded in his name to the chief Roman families, and by these various devices eleven days elapsed ere his absence was known."—pp. 21-32.

When the truth at length transpired, great was the bustle, infinite the surprise, endless the speculations of the Roman public. But a warm interest in his success, fervent wishes and devout prayers, were the willing tribute of all classes to one whom they regarded as the pride and ornament of their city. A pamphlet, comparing the flight and fortunes of Charles Edward to those of Demetrius, son of Seleucus, as recounted by Polybius, issued from the press, and by its spice of vapid pedantry secured a run of passing popularity. But whilst his admirers were thus trifling, the prince urged his way towards the land of his fathers. At Massa he joined his English friend, who had got over the difficulties attendant upon a strict *cordón sanitaire* on the Geonese frontier in consequence of the plague in Sicily, and continuing his journey without delay he reached Genoa (about 330 miles) at noon of the fifth day. There, in the house of a friend, he sought a brief repose after attending somewhat to his person, "not having changed his dress or slept all that while, nor eaten more than a few eggs, hastily swallowed by the way." Notwithstanding these fatigues he started the same evening in a hired carriage, and on the morrow was at Savona, where all his previous exertions had nearly proved vain. The King of Sardinia, being allied with Austria and England, kept the Ligurian passes strongly guarded against any descent by the French or Spaniards into Italy—a British fleet, under Admiral Matthews, sweeping the coast for the same purpose. As the best means of avoiding this double danger, Charles Edward had engaged a light vessel of Finale to carry three persons from Savona to Antibes in France, but an ill-timed storm not only impeded its arrival, but during six entire days prevented any sort of craft leaving the port. Irritated by this loss of time, and unaware how soon his escape might become known to the English cruisers, he formed the daring resolution of pushing on to Finale, where he found his bark ready, sprang on board and made sail, hoping to pass in the night Villafranca, where the fleet was riding. In this he succeeded; but as his boat crossed the bay from Monaco to Antibes, scudding under a press of sail through the boiling surf, she was descried at dawn from the British

mastheads, and an armed tender was instantly dispatched to overhaul so suspicious a craft. The chase was continued into the port of Antibes, which they reached together, the English insisting that if the Finale boat was admitted they also should be, on pretext of victualing. To get rid of the dilemma the commandant ordered both off, saying that he could not give pratique to any boat from the Italian coast. Thus repulsed into the very jaws of the enemy, Charles with difficulty obtained that the English should start first, and when they were gone discovered himself to the harbor-master, who, with many apologies, took him out of the Finale boat ere he sent it off again for Monaco, whither it was hotly pursued by the English cutter. It was not before dusk that Charles ventured to leave the harbor, and after a few hours' halt he hurried to Avignon by land, whence, after a long consultation with the Duke of Ormond, he resumed his route to Paris.

There the prince was destined to experience from the Bourbons that Punic faith of which his father might have, with good reason, forewarned him; and, after a storm, less damaging to the invaders than to the British fleet, the din of preparation for a descent upon England died away, when it had served the usual purpose of false alarm. Under these circumstances the conduct of Charles was dictated by a prudence beyond his years; and instead of either relying upon the hollow promises of Louis, or of manifesting a pique he could not but feel, he turned to good account the remissness of France in his behalf, by giving out that it was not on foreign aid he relied for his restoration. During the sixteen months he spent at Gravelines and in Paris he never went to court, avoided all unnecessary displays, and appeared in public exclusively with English, Scotch, or Irishmen. This system quickly reached Great Britain through spies and friends, where it at once calmed the suspicions of the government and gratified the feelings of the Jacobites.

But although the abortive armaments of Dunkirk and Brest had served their end, by raising merely the panic of an invasion, Charles Edward had no intention of letting himself be the cat's-paw, and his British partisans the dupes, of such selfish and hollow policy. Upon their royalty and his own energy he resolved to cast the hazard; and, single-handed, to dare the conquest of a kingdom which he believed devoted to his cause. After above a year spent in arranging the machinery requisite for the enterprise, with a circumspection which defied detection, he decided upon sailing for Scotland. In the small and secluded harbor of St. Nazaire, near the estuary of the Loire, there lay snugly a sloop-of-war, carrying 18 guns, chartered in the name of one Walsh, an Irish gentleman. Thither the prince

secretly repaired with seven trusty comrades, who, "in full reliance on their own bravery and the justice of their cause, embarked to overthrow one of the most important sovereignties of Europe." About the middle of July, 1745, they sailed from Belleisle, along with a French frigate, which, without any apparent concert with the sloop, had private orders to precede her, and look to her safety. To this precaution the prince's escape was probably owing; for having fallen in with an English convoy off the Irish coast, the French frigate fought the enemy's ship-of-war for seven hours, whilst the sloop bore away for the Hebrides, where she landed the adventurers, after a passage of eighteen days.

With authorities at hand, more accurate, ample, and recent, as to the conduct and incidents of the rebellion of 1745-6, we need not dwell upon the details of Cordara, which however give, on the whole, a sufficient account of what he undertook to narrate. A few passages may, however, interest our readers.

"The mountaineers in Scotland, called Highlanders, are a fierce race, possessing extraordinary vigor of body, and by nature and habit apt for war. They dwell chiefly on lofty and rocky ridges, in a country broken up by alternate mountain ranges and ravines. They for the most part subsist on the produce of the soil, descending at proper seasons to cultivate the lower valleys, whose rich and fair fields yield copious crops of wheat, rice (!) and other grain. Many, however, spend their lives in hunting, for which the numerous and generally well-wooded hill-tracts offer every facility; they eat the flesh, and sell profitably the skins of the wild animals. They speak a peculiar language, somewhat resembling that of the Irish, and know nothing of the low-country dialect. Their garb is of the simplest: no breeches nor stockings like ours, nor any long cloaks, but a sort of cassock, tight to the waist, a short mantle on the shoulders as a protection from cold, a pair of breeches on the thighs for mere decency, such as our running couriers long ago used, and on the lower part of their legs and feet a pair of sandals, as all their *chaussure*: in other respects they are unclad, and thus are unembarrassed in their movements and agile in running. They wear on their heads a light woven bonnet, and seldom cut their hair. In war, besides guns they use a peculiar sort of long swords, which they manage with great dexterity. The nation is divided into many clans, and these again into many families. Each clan boasts itself descended from some founder of Irish extraction. Refusing alliances with strangers they intermarry together, whereby every clan becomes like one great family, which, though split into

various branches, all comes from the same stock without admixture of blood; and to this they specially attend. Each of these has a chief, revered by all as a father, to whom all public and private matters are referred. They are most strict in the observance of friendship and hospitality, and above all things abhor dissimulation and fraud; they avenge to the death any offence, and are prompt in such retribution."

There was much in the character of Charles Edward to captivate and retain the affections of such a people. Struck with a costume so adapted to the active and hardy life in which he delighted, and so convenient for such a campaign as he was about to encounter, he at once donned "the garb of old Gaul," and never laid it aside during his expedition. The impression made upon the clansmen by this well-judged compliment was quickly ripened by the charm of his popular manners and unfailing good-humor. Familiarly accosting his comrades by name, he had ever an encouraging word ready for any emergency; and despising such luxuries as were attainable, he shared all hardships with the soldiery, marching among them on foot, through heat and cold, fen and forest, tempest and torrent—eating their coarse food, sleeping under their tents, or bivouacking in his plaid, upon the ground. One trait mentioned by Cordara had also, we think, been recorded by Sir Walter Scott. "While his court at Edinburgh was graced by many bright eyes and winning smiles, an impertinent chamberlain expressed surprise to the prince at his indifference to the charms around him. Beckoning to a gigantic Highlander who stood near, Charles stroked his beard, and toying with his bristly cheeks and chin, exclaimed:—Such are the damsels to whom I have now to make love; one such is worth more to me than all the beauties in the world! Yet among his many fine qualities none was more highly appreciated, or of greater service to his cause, than the moderation he displayed in prosperity, and the mercy which mingled with his victories."

In various allusions to the Presbyterian clergy, our Jesuit drops the silver pen of his order, and dipping his goose-quill into undiluted gall, emulates the elaborate Billingsgate wherewith pontiffs once were wont, in their monitories and bulls, to bespatter rebels, temporal or spiritual, and which was most liberally bandied back upon them from beyond the Tweed.

"Edward's only opponents were the Calvinist preachers, who nowadays dissembled how irksome his presence was to them. Abhorring the name of Catholic, stupidly infuriated against the Romish

church, they could not tolerate a prince born and bred in Rome; and, mortally hating him themselves, they conscientiously concluded that they must be perpetually hateful to him. Against an armed conqueror they dared not move, but they muttered and fretted in secret, and grumbled as if their devotional exercises were about to be suppressed. In order to get rid of such rancor, and at the same time to conciliate a turbulent and factious crew, Edward announced, on the very day of his arrival in Edinburgh, that, under the new government, every one should be free to profess the religion most to his fancy; and at the same time made proclamation that meanwhile there should be no interruption of the usual worship and sermons, but that, until the war should be ended, sovereigns should be prayed for only generally, and not by name. This order, however, did no good; for next day, when at the sound of the bells, the churches filled, not one of the ministers came forth to preach, having all fled or concealed themselves, leaving their pulpits mute until the city returned under the rule of King George. Thus did that wretched rabble, too cowardly to stir up the people by words, betray their occult rage by a base and obstinate silence."

Indeed one of the most notable symptoms of the restoration of the former régime some weeks later was,

"that the Calvinist ministers and preachers, who had till now entirely avoided appearing in public, crept forth from their holes like bewildered creatures, and in all their churches and conventicles resumed their rhetoric with an insensate fury, that seemed in a single day to make up for the silence of months."

Our author, while strongly exposing the perfidy of France in promising succors which were never sent, seems in a great measure to attribute the failure of the insurrection to that cause, as the hopes thus raised among the followers of Charles prevented their reliance solely on their own exertions, and an argument was afforded to Murray, and others of the less dashing leaders, for adopting at Derby that temporizing policy which unquestionably sacrificed their only chance of success. That "it would have been better for the Stuart cause, as well as for the honor of Louis, that aid should never have been promised, than that it should have been faithlessly withheld," is a mere truism; but the disorganized state of the chevalier's force, the jealousies of the clans, and the coldness of the English Jacobites, were assuredly the immediate causes of the retreat, though not one of them is alluded to by Father Cordara. The tone

adopted by the prince regarding foreign support was uniformly that of a patriot and a hero, who had boldly thrown himself with a handful of friends upon the shores of his father-land, to win, by the favor of its people alone, the crown to which he asserted a right; and the mercenary bands of many nations sent against him by the English government afforded a contrast to the native troops who marched under his own banner, of which in his proclamations he failed not to make skilful use. The retreat from Derby was against his earnest desire and protest. From that moment the prestige of success was gone, and the rebellion, which had frightened London from its propriety, became at once an insignificant rising, procrastinated only by the inexplicable stupidity of the government, and the disgraceful inefficiency of their officers.

We shall not dwell upon these blunders, and the struggles by which they were vainly combated; nor shall we follow the outlawed prince in his island lurkings, of which this volume presents a spirited and generally correct account. The Duke (Earl) of Perth and Lord Elcho might have smiled to find themselves written down in sober history as *Pert* and *Elk*; but the imbecility of Wade and the cowardice of Gardiner's dragoons will not escape the contempt of Cordara's readers, though under the *noms de guerre* of *Wat* and *Gartneriana*.

It was to the devotion and energy of Sheridan, with whom the reader has already become acquainted in Italy, that the wanderer at length owed his escape. For some weeks the companion of his master's concealment, and dismissed only when the prince was obliged to assume a female disguise, Sheridan had the good luck to reach Flanders, from whence he hurried to Versailles, and demanding an audience of Louis, so powerfully represented the dreadful situation of Charles Edward, that two armed vessels were at once placed at his disposal for the rescue. About the middle of August, 1716, they sailed from St. Malo, with a number of Jacobites on board, skilled in all the hiding-places of the Hebrides. After sixteen days spent in minute search, the prince was discovered in the heart of Lochaber, squalid, emaciated and in rags, from twenty weeks of incessant anxiety and indescribable hardships; and thence in six days he reached Arisaig, where the ships waited. His mission thus happily completed, the commanding officer would have hastened from his perilous position, but no argument could induce the prince to embark, ere all those of his followers, whose haunts were known to him, had assembled, in obedience to a summons sent by him

in every direction. At length they mustered, to the number of one hundred and thirty-two of all ranks, "the melancholy wreck of a too fatal campaign." After seeing them one by one on board, he sprang the last into the boat, and, "as a favoring breeze carried the vessel rapidly on their course, he sat gazing fixedly on his ungrateful land, without uttering an accent of indignation or of grief." On the 29th of September he landed at Roscoff, in Brittany, and "after offering thanks from his inmost heart to God, his comrades and his friends," hurried to Paris. There he had the joy of embracing the Duke of York, and there, too, after being to court and city the idol of the passing hour, he had ere long one further instance of Bourbon baseness—a new proof of popular caprice.

Would that the life of Charles Edward Stuart had closed here, where Cordara has left it, and that his biographer could conclude with the touching sentiment of Voltaire, "let the man, who in private station groans over his light misfortunes, contemplate those of this prince and of his ancestors." The blight which nipped his early prospects cankered his moral constitution. Of all the gracious and noble traits of his youthful character, not one long survived his ill-starred expedition.

"Forsaken first by fortune, a lot sufficiently cruel, he was thereafter far more deplorably abandoned by himself. Ever lamenting his exclusion from the command of nations, he renounced for himself domestic happiness and civic reputation. Married late in life to one whom he rendered so wretched that the Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany was obliged to separate them, he lost the control of reason over his own actions, and with it the regard and even the pity of mankind. Alas! how changed from the handsome and engaging Edward of twenty-four, when dragging out a wretched age in misery and under constraint!"—*Ital. Editor's Dedication*, pp. 6, 7.

The hint of insanity in these lines is not sustained by any sufficient evidence. The brutalized condition of the *Count of Albany's* advanced life was wholly, we suppose, the effect of liquors, his gross and unrestrained indulgence in which has been with much probability attributed to the hardships and habits of his anxious wanderings after the catastrophe at Culloden. His debauchery became at length dreadful. To use the words of an aged servant of the cardinal who remembered him well, "no street-porter could equal him." His usual after-dinner allowance was six bottles of strong foreign wines, and "he seldom missed being drunk twice a day."

Some recent researches among the Malatesta papers enable us to add a few melancholy traits of the closing scenes. His marriage to Princess Louisa of Stolberg Guèdern, which was celebrated at Macerata in 1772, soon turned out wretched, from mutual faults. Disgusted by his besotted person and habits, she sought solace in the company of a younger and more congenial admirer. The fashion of Italy authorized her *liaison* with Count Alfieri, and her husband probably saw it with indifference; but Cardinal York, himself a scrupulous model of moral propriety, interfered to repress a scandal which was in his eyes the consummation of his family's downfall. His efforts and his indignation were, however, alike unavailing, and a separation was the natural issue of the ill-starred union.

On the 7th of January, 1788, the fine constitution of Charles Edward sank under his protracted excesses. Successive apoplectic and epileptic seizures affected his brain. On the 27th one side became paralyzed, and he lost his speech; on the morning of the 31st, life was extinct. His last hours were tended by the only being for whom his heart appears to have retained any warmth. Charlotte, his daughter by Clementina Walkinshaw, of Barrowfield, in Lanarkshire, whom by vain acts of a visionary sovereignty he had legitimized and created Duchess of Albany, then resided in his palace, and closed his eyes. The cardinal could feel but little personal grief for the loss of a brother from whom he had been much estranged since those better days which the narrative of Cordara has enabled us to place before our readers; but he was deeply sensible of the duty that devolved upon him, of suitably honoring the demise of one in whose tomb terminated all hope of continuing his proverbially luckless line. His father and mother, treated as sovereigns by successive pontiffs, and by all the Romanist courts of Europe, had been interred with royal honors; but as no such recognition had ever been accorded to their heir whilst living, it would have been a farce to demand it for his remains. The cardinal could neither attempt in Rome a ceremonial unauthorized by the government, nor make up his mind to bury his brother as less than a king; but from this dilemma an escape was offered by his episcopal jurisdiction, and the pallium of Frascati extended its protection over a *British* crown.

In conformity with this expedient, the cathedral of that little town became the scene of a pageantry which would not have been sanctioned on any other stage, and the observances in the Muti Palace were limited to devotional formalities which did not hazard any rebuke from the government. These

consisted in the erection of six altars in the antechamber, where upwards of two hundred masses were performed during thirty hours immediately succeeding the demise, each costing about eighteen pence. The office of the dead was meanwhile chanted by the mendicant orders, the Irish Franciscans of St. Isidoro alone being permitted access to the chamber of death. Extensive disease was detected by a *post-mortem* examination, both in the heart and the brain, and after a cast had been taken from the face, the body was embalmed, and coffined in full dress, with the George and St. Andrew in *pinchbeck*. An inscription was prepared in *lead* with CAROLUS III. MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ REX, and a *wooden* crown and sceptre were carved and gilt; but by one of those steps from the sublime to the ridiculous, so frequent in the Stuart annals, the former, from deference to the papal court, was placed *under* the coffin-lid, and the latter were carefully hidden in cotton-wadding. The remains were privately transported in a horse-litter to Frascati, where their incognito was succeeded by scarcely less humbling honors. The notarial instrument, taken on their reception there, no longer indeed passed over the gauds of sovereignty unnoticed, as had been done in that drawn up at the Muti Palace: the apparatus and solemnities in the cathedral were even conducted with many royal forms, but the show was shorn of regal splendor by the cardinal's circumscribed means. Around the lofty catafalque there burned a hundred and twenty-four large wax-lights; the walls and chapels were draped in black cloth, trimmed with tawdry gilding, and hung with appropriate scriptural texts; the church was crowded by curious spectators generally in mourning, including many English. The funeral service of the first day was succeeded by the entombment on the second, and concluded by a requiem on the third; but several weeks elapsed ere the body was placed in a lofty niche as its provisional resting-place, whence it was subsequently transported to the crypt of St. Peter's. Among the tributes to the prince's memory, dictated by condolence with the living or flattery of the dead, were these touching lines:—

“Di Carlo il freddo cuore
Questa brev' urna serra:
Figlio del terzo Giacomo,
Signor del Inghilterra.
Fuori del regno patrio
A lui chi tomba diede?
Infideltà di popolo,
Integrità di fede.”

It is needless to linger upon the formal intimations of the prince's death communicated to

friendly courts, and the protests regarding his own rights disseminated in various languages and quarters by the cardinal. The only response noticed in his diary was that by the reigning pontiff, Pius VI.; though sufficiently guarded in terms, he fondly caught at it as a *quasi* recognition of claims which he seems to have put forward rather from conscience than ambition.

“*To the Lord Cardinal Negrone, Pro-datario.*
“*From the Vatican, 1st February, 1788.*”

“Most obliging is the attention rendered to us through your means by the Lord Cardinal Duke of York, in communicating to us before any one else the protest made by him on the 27th of January, 1784, for which you will return him lively thanks in our name. Having read that protest, we have found it moderate and prudent, and have therefore nothing to say against it. At the same time you will add our condolence on the loss of his elder brother, for whom we shall not cease to intercede. And meanwhile we very heartily give you our paternal apostolic benediction.”

The will of Charles Edward, executed in 1784, left everything to his daughter the Duchess of Albany, burdened only with the legacy of a piece of plate to the cardinal, and with annuities to his attendants; that to one John Stuart, master of his household, on whom, after the fashion of his family, he had bestowed an undue favoritism, being inconsiderately large in his narrow circumstances. The means of the exiled family at this period may be gathered from a variety of documents. The prince had enjoyed an income from funded property of about 1740*l.*, (half of which was however assigned to his wife,) and from the French court a life-pension of 2400*l.* The Camera Apostolica paid the rent of the Muti Palace, amounting to 435*l.*; and his palace at Florence, sold by the duchess after his death to the Duke of San Clemente, brought 4345*l.*, besides 2172*l.* for the furniture. He left little or no ready money, and we have not seen any estimate of the valuables found by the duchess in his palaces; but at her death, within two years after his, her jewels, plate, and movables were inventoried at 26,740*l.* She gave over to the cardinal the crown jewels, which included a sceptre, a richly enamelled collar, George, and star of the Garter, and a St. Andrew's cross, all brought from England by James II. She was entitled to a reversion of 400*l.* a year from her father's French pension, and, in the event of her surviving the cardinal, to 650*l.* yearly from the Camera. The latter provision never fell to her, but her kind uncle, apprehensive that the charges and annuities upon her succession might straiten her

circumstances, not only gave up a large portion of his palace at the Cancelleria for her residence, but assigned over to her the entire allowance of 2200*l.* which he enjoyed from the Camera, retaining only his benefices. On her death, in November, 1789, he succeeded to all her fortune, burdened with a pension to her mother, who survived to extreme old age at Fribourg in Switzerland, as Countess of Atberstroff.

The Countess of Albany (born Princess of Stolberg) had, under her deed of separation, the above-named sum of 870*l.* a year, besides her pension from France equal to that enjoyed by Charles Edward; but her jointure, which was originally 40,000 livres a year, had been reduced to half, or 800*l.*, by a compromise with her husband. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the French revolution ere long sadly narrowed her means, and those of the amiable cardinal, not only from the confiscation of benefices and crown pensions, but in consequence of much of the funds descending to his eminence from Charles Edward having been invested in that distracted country. The proper feeling which supplied from the civil list of George III. the exigencies of the Cardinal of York's declining years, and the graceful manner in which the last and most blameless of the Stuart line received and acknowledged the bounty of his more fortunate relations, are well known to our readers.

The Countess of Albany's *liaison* with the great dramatist of modern Italy subsisted until the death of the latter, who left her his property and manuscripts. He was succeeded in her good graces by Baron Fabre, a French artist of some repute, and not a few of our countrymen who visited Italy during the first years of the peace were received in her palace on the Arno. Her portrait hangs in the Florence Gallery, by the hand of her last lover, to whom she left all her own and Alfieri's effects. Some of these were bequeathed by M. Fabre to Montpellier, his native town, together with the library and picture-gallery which there bear his name. A few Stuart remains devolved by his will, with the bulk of his fortune, upon Signor Santirelli, a well-known sculptor at Florence, who preserves with jealous care the large seal of Prince Charles, and his portrait in crayons, with that of the countess, taken probably at the time of their marriage. In his heavy bloated face, blooming under a flaxen bob-wig, it is hard to trace the handsome features and winning smile, which had wiled so many of our great-grandmothers from their allegiance to the house of Hanover.

A few words as to the fate of the Stuart papers, that long-accumulated store of documents so promising as historical materials, so compromising to family interests. The Duchess of Albany having sent her chaplain, Father Waters, a Benedictine monk, to arrange her father's succession at Florence, desired him to make over the whole archives to her uncle, at head of the family and representative of its claims. This, however, Waters omitted to do, and after her death they remained in his possession, with the cardinal's sanction. There they were casually seen by Sir John Hipposley, about 1794-5, who wrote to Mr. Burke, and by him the matter was brought under the notice of the Prince of Wales (George IV.) His royal highness took great interest in the papers, and authorized Sir John to treat for their purchase. This was effected in 1798, in consideration of an annuity of 50*l.* to Waters, which the latter lived only a few months to enjoy, but as the consent of Cardinal York had not been sought in the transaction, a pledge of secrecy during his life was annexed to the transfer. The papers were consigned to the British vice-consul at Civit  Vecchia, to await the arrival of a frigate in which they were to be shipped, but that town having meanwhile fallen into the hands of the French, their removal became impracticable. Signor Bonelli, an Italian gentleman resident in London, was sent out to attempt their recovery, and on reaching Rome, he applied to the Abb  Paul Macpherson of the Scotch College. This was a matter of much delicacy, no British subject being then permitted by the French authorities to approach the coast. Macpherson, however, contrived to obtain a passport to Civit  Vecchia, and, having ascertained from the consul where the papers lay, he applied to the commandant of the place for leave to search among them for certain documents required in a litigation in Scotland. The commandant desired to see them, and, happening to take up a transcript of King James II.'s memoirs, exclaimed that, as the papers seemed of no consequence, having been already published, the abb  might dispose of them as he thought fit. Under this permission they were sent to Leghorn, and thence shipped to Algiers, whence they reached England.

Another mass of papers, of which the larger portion consisted of correspondence and documents regarding the rebellions of 1715 and '45, belonged to Cardinal York, and remained after his death in the hands of his executor, Monsignor Angelo Cesarini. There happened, in 1812, to be at Rome one Robert Watson, who had been compromised in London, first as private secretary to Lord George Gordon, and subsequently as a

member of the Corresponding Society, after which he had found it convenient to live abroad. He purchased these papers for about twenty guineas, and fitted up a room to receive them, there being several cart-loads. Having made great boasting of his acquisition, the matter reached the Cardinal Consalvi, himself a coexecutor of the cardinal, who seized the papers on behalf of the papal government, offering to repay Watson all his outlay—a proposal which he refused, and left Rome, after vainly protesting against such interference with his lawful property. In November, 1838, he hanged himself in a London tavern, when eighty-eight years of age. Consalvi's object was probably to possess himself of any matter tending to compromise the holy see, but finding the seizure very useless to his government, he, after the war was over, presented the papers to the prince regent. They have since been drawn upon with skill and good effect by Lord Mahon, and many other extracts from them appeared in the Appendix to Dr. Brown's "History of the Highlands." The documents which we have quoted as "the Malatesta papers" had been overlooked when Watson's purchase was made, and have supplied some of the facts which we now for the first time give to the public.

The cardinal's executor, to whom we have more than once referred, was appointed by a testamentary deed of somewhat mysterious import, the original of which we lately examined at Rome. After expressing his entire confidence in Monsignor, afterwards Cardinal, Ercole Consalvi—and in the Canon Angelo Cesarini, rector of the seminary at Frascati, subsequently Bishop of Mileto, "in daily intercourse with whom he had passed the greater portion of his life,"—he declares them universal heirs of his whole means, effects, and rights, in *trust*, "having specially confided to them his precise will and intention. both as to the heir to succeed to his property, and as to the legacies payable from it:" he further declares that his trustees 'shall be quite free fully or partially to publish and explain the instructions confided to them, how and when they think right, without any obligation to manifest these until it shall seem to them fitting so to do;" and that "should any individual or sovereign attempt, under whatever pretext, to constrain them on this point, the whole inheritance shall thereby at once absolutely devolve upon them as their own." The deed, in conclusion, renews his protest of 1784, in favor of the nearest lawful heir of his pretensions to the crown of England, to whom he also formally transmits his royal rights. It was dated the 2nd of July, 1790, and registered at Rome in 1810. An unsigned draft of a similar deed, without date, but

evidently posterior, which was found among the Malatesta papers, omits the name of Consalvi, and adds that the extensive losses, both of funded property and valuables, suffered by the testator in the revolution at Rome, as well as the sacrifices of money and jewels previously made by him, at the pope's request, towards the support of the holy see, obliged him to forego many of the dispositions he had at heart, for the benefit of his attendants and friends. The political adherents of his family had gradually thinned away; many of them had made their peace with the English government, and nearly all the rest had paid the debt of nature; indeed, no British name appears in a list of his household dated in 1799.

A considerable portion of the cardinal's real property consisted of land in Mexico, and in 1808 his acting executor, Cesarini, made a formal memorandum of the instructions which had been verbally given him, and sealed it up, with orders that it should not be opened until the Countess of Albany's death had taken place, and until the Mexican estates should be realized. But these having been confiscated in the South American revolutions, as ecclesiastical property, a papal rescript was some years after obtained, authorizing the memorandum to be examined, which was done in 1831. In it the Propaganda Fide of Rome was declared heir of the cardinal's whole effects, with instructions as to the manner of applying the income in aid of certain foreign missions. A suit was thereafter instituted for recovery of the land in Mexico, and was lost, an offer from Duke Torlonia of 6500*l.* for the claims in dispute having been previously refused by the Propaganda. The amount realized under this settlement has net been stated, but there are circumstances connected with the cardinal's latter years which render it probable that he survived must of the heir-looms of his house. We have already recounted the fate of his papers; his library went to endow his favorite seminary at Frascati; his remaining furniture, plate, and family relics have been gradually absorbed by English collectors at Rome, during the last half century.