

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL OF 1843 & 1844.*

West Point.

MY DEAR FRANK,—“Royalty,” says Julia, “needs many adjuncts, many adventitious aids to give it due weight.”

Only yesterday, Frank, I read an American account of Her Majesty and Prince Albert riding, I should say in a very Darby & Joan style, in the Park. Her royal habit, blue, her royal hat, the ordinary fashion, and her royal hands covered with French grey gloves,—no state whatever, only one footman, barring that he was on horseback. The witness immediately summoned the ghost of Queen Elizabeth, and apostrophised a ruff and fardingle. I have no doubt she would have frightened him had she made her appearance, for she was no joke.

It should be recollected that the Sovereign of Great Britain is the descendant of a long line of princes, who swayed the sceptre of her realm for more than a thousand years. That state, and dignity, and honors, are her inheritance, due to her of right. It should also be recollected, that the Tudors, the Plantagenets, Houses of York and Lancaster, did not come beggars to the throne. That Her Majesty would have been the lawful owner of vast possessions, which were surrendered by her grandsire to the nation for a stipulated sum, by which arrangement *the nation is greatly benefiting*. That no family upon earth can boast of a longer established right to estates, than hers to those estates which were so surrendered.—That the royal income is therefore her own, by compact with the great Parliament of the nation, and must, in justice, be paid, or the equivalent be restored.—Precisely the same, as if the Patroon of Albany were to relinquish his possessions to the State of New York, for a stipulated sum, to be furnished annually to each succeeding heir to those possessions.

Do you know what stipulate comes from, Frank?—you don’t—well, stipula is the latin for a straw, and in ancient times, when there were no steel pens and little papyrus,—on making a contract, the parties broke a straw in two pieces, each retaining one,—whoever brought the matching piece was either the owner or the assignee, and had the equitable claim—wasn’t that cute?—uncommon—beats Chancery.

They should recollect, too, that the people demand of Her Majesty, as their annointed Sovereign, that she should support the honor of the nation at home, its dignity abroad; and are ready to assure Her Majesty, that if her royal purse had not been her own, they should readily have voted one, as it would only cost each person in the kingdom, paying assessed taxes, one shilling a year. You don’t say so—Jack.