

nounced her society, and pointed her to other sources for tranquility and comfort. Contrary to the entreaties of the Princess and the King, the intentions of this letter were carried into effect—a separation took place, and was followed by reiterated prosecutions. The King through all, was the defender of her Royal Highness, and when her daughter was torn from her, his Majesty insisted that the Prince was an improper person to have charge of his own child. Numerous causes, too well grounded, made the Regent extremely unpopular, among what sycophants called the “mob,” but actually among the thinking independent portion of the kingdom; demonstrations of this spirit on some public opportunities, occasioned the enactment of laws which were a disgrace to the British code, and for which the Prince bore his share of obloquy, although the weight of public censure fell on the notorious and unhappy Lord Castlereagh. To those political sources of unpopularity, the Regent’s thanks to the perpetrators of the “Manchester Massacre” was the climax. Private cabals and persecutions, and public prosecutions were unremittingly and cruelly carried on against the Princess, and vain endeavours to stem the torrent of such, and to check the vicious habits of his son, were among the last lucid acts of George the Third. Disappointed and harassed, where he looked for glory and repose, the old man bowed to circumstances—and the death of his mind, was after some time followed by the death of his body—he went to the grave beloved by a nation, and his son reigned in his stead. The Regent was now King, and of the many acts which marked the commencement of his reign, it is not our wish to speak—the persecutions of his consort—the obscene pens and pencils which were patronized against her—and the many immoral and disgraceful attempts to injure those whom the laws protected, are all written in a thousand pages which record passing events, and on a million minds which were witnesses of the facts. Were we to speak of the early life of the illustrious dead as propriety and morals would dictate, we should greatly fail in the respect due to Princes. As it is, we think it more a duty to name the principal errors of our late King’s early life, in this brief memoir, than to allude to them in a bulk as venial trifles, and slaver over his whole life with mawkish praise as is the fashion.

We would not leave this part without naming some mitigations of the gloom which we have portrayed, and without mentioning some bright touches on the picture. When we consider the waywardness of the human mind—when we consider a young man athletic in soul and body—suddenly let loose from parental restrictions, which were too strictly defined and enforced—when we see such an one surrounded by a multitude of crawling clever sycophants, by all the pleasures of life, and possessed of what seemed in perspective, boundless means—is it any wonder if we find him rejoicing as a giant to run his race, and that that race should be chiefly found among the forbidden flowers of the road