

At this place we are induced to contrast two incidents of the King's life—one at either extreme. The birth of his late Majesty, was particularly auspicious, and produced excessive rejoicing in the Court circles. Blessed with virtuous parents, all the delicate pleasures of social life were but heightened by the rank and wealth of his protectors. When the birth of the Prince was announced to the King, the bearer of such joyous tidings to a father's heart, was presented with 500*l.* This was a promising specimen of the joy which was kindled in the royal residence by the event, and which spread over the cities and hamlets of the land like flashes from the aurora borealis. "The ladies who called at the palace, were admitted into the Queen's bedroom to see the infant, about forty at a time; the part containing the bed being screened off by a sort of lattice work. The royal infant lay in a most splendid cradle, of velvet and Brussels lace, adorned with gold; whilst two young ladies of the Court, in virgin white, stood to rock the cradle; and the nurse at its head, sat with a crimson velvet cushion, occasionally to receive the child and present it to its mother. The cradle was placed on a small elevation, under a canopy of state. The head and sides, which came no higher than the bed, were covered with crimson velvet and lined with white satin. From the head rose an ornament of carved work, gilt, with the coronet in the middle. The upper sheet was covered with a very broad, beautiful Brussels lace, turning over the top upon a magnificent quilt of crimson velvet and gold lace; the whole length of the Brussels lace appearing also along the sides, and hanging down from underneath." While these ceremonies were going on, and cannons were firing in the Park, communicating the tidings to the public, the happy father and his attendants, were invited to the windows of the Palace, to view a procession which was bearing treasures captured from the enemy through the metropolis. Acclamations from public and private impulses resounded throughout the court, and perhaps few Monarchs ever tasted more sincere pleasure than George the Third did at that moment, perhaps a Prince was never born under happier auspices than was the infant heir apparent. This incident, depicting such a blending of social comfort with splendour, is the one we would contrast with the last moments of Geo. the Fourth—"The King was assisted into a chair by his bed-side, and a great alteration struck the Page in a moment as overcasting the royal countenance; the King's eyes became fixed, his lips quivered, and he appeared to be sinking into a fainting fit. The physicians were instantly sent for, and the attendants at once assisted the King with *sac volatile*, *eau de Cologne*, and such stimulants as were at hand at the table. At the moment his Majesty attempted to raise his hand to his breast, faintly ejaculating, "Oh God! I am dying!" and after the intervention of two or three seconds of time, he uttered the following words, which were his last—"This is death"—his expiring condition.