FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK AND ALBANY
Engraved by J. Jenkins from the painting by Thomas Phillips, R.A.

FREDERICK, THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND

(Frederick Augustus, Duke of York and Albany)

WITH the exception of that engaging child, poor little Octavius, who died, aged four, in 1783, Frederick Augustus, Duke of York and Albany, was George III's favourite son. He was born on the 16th August, 1763, at the "Queen's House"[1] in St. James' Park, somewhat publicly in the presence of the Princess Dowager of Wales, several Lords of the Privy Council and Ladies of the Bedchamber. This little boy, quite from the occasion of his christening, soon made a noise in the world. A few months after his birth his father, in his capacity of Elector of Hanover, caused his son to be declared Bishop of Osnaburg, which led to an acrimonious discussion between the Chapter, the Elector of Cologne and the Regency of Hanover as to the management of the bishopric during the little Prince's minority. Four thosand medals, the work of "the ingenious Thomas Pongo" ("Phoebus! What a name!"), were struck on this occasion, and another equally ingenious gentleman, James Burgh, dedicated shortly afterwards a volume of essays "To the Right Reverend Father in God, of three years old, His Royal Highness Prince Frederick, Bishop of Onsnaburg." Meanwhile, the little Prince played with his elder brother, George, at Kew, and Richmond Lodge, had the whooping-cough, was innoculated for the smallpox, invested with the insignia of the Bath (aged four), given his Garter (aged six),

[1] Where Buckingham Palace now stands.

and on Sunday evenings, with his older brother (poor little children!), would have the privilege of listening to His Majesty's readings from "some of our best divines." The names of his tutors are now all forgotten, but one whose name was recommended, but by some fortunate chance rejected, is still remembered, the notorious Doctor William Dodd, who, in spite of Doctor Johnson's petition, ended on the gallows for forgery. The little Princes were tied to their books for eight hours a day, but it is pleasant to relate, found time enough to acquire singular proficiency at "single-wicket cricket on Kew Green", and also had their own little farm at Kew, which they ploughed, weeded, sowed with wheat, threshed and milled the wheat, made into bread and, quite like Masters Sandford and Merton, "invited their parents to partake of the philosophical repast." In short, he seems to have had a very happy childhood is spite of the cares of his bishopric.

In 1780, he was gazetted Colonel, and his Royal parents decided to send him for a long stay in Germany, then the home of military science, to be educated for the Army. Here, at Brunswick, he made his first acquaintance with the Prussian Exercise, which, later, Sir David Dundas was to introduce into the British Army; and at Berlin paid his respects to the Great Frederick, and attended the manceuvres in Silesia. On this occasion there was some plain speaking on the part of the Royal umpire. His officers manoeuvred so badly that several of them were put under arrest, and Frederick roundly declared, "were I to make Generals of shoemakers and tailors the regiments could not be worse." The men in Von Erlach's regiment, so the angry monarch asseverated, "looked like smugglers and marched like cabbages and turnips." A very pleasant field day altogether. While at Potsdam the Duke met H.R.H. Frederica Charlotte Ulrica Catherine, the Princess Royal of Prussia, "of a *petite stature* but," like all Princesses that ever were, "elegantly formed;" she in later life became Duchess of York.[1] The Duke of York had several narrow escapes in his life, but none so narrow as that connected with his marriage. For the Duke of Brunswick had hoped that his nephew Frederick would marry his daughter, Caroline, who, later became the unlucky consort of the equally unlucky George IV.

The Duke of York returned from Germany in 1787, and when he arrived at Windsor, it was, Miss Fanny Burney tells us, "an affecting sight to view the general content. But that of the King went to my very heart. So delighted he

[1] The Princess Royal of Prussia was the daughter of Frederick William and Elizabeth of Brunswick, whom he divorced. This Princess of Brunswick appears to have been of a cynical disposition. When she heard, in exile, that her daughter was betrothed to the second son of the King of Great Britain she remarked (so Lord Holland tells us) that "it was a good match enough for the daughter of Müller the musician." But Frederick William himself was just as bad: *Maitressenwirtschaft* was his hobby. Indeed, the head of the House of Brandenburg, as he heard of his nephew's escapades, might often have observed bitterly in the words of the Cockney lyrist: "Ours is a nice House, ours is."

looked; so proud of his son; so benevolently pleased that everyone should witness his satisfaction." The Prince of Wales came posthaste from Brighton to Windsor, exceeding the limit all the way, as was his Royal habit in everything throughout life, and "there never," remarked Princess Augusta, "had been so happy a dinner since the world, was created."

But there were those about the Court who anticipated the worst. Some few months after his return it was whispered that "his amours were numerous", and it was feared that he would "entangle himself with a *habitude*". She duly came along, so the Mrs. Clackits of the day tell us, in the person of the Countess of Tyrconnel, whom another *habitude*, the southern Lass of Richmond Hill,[1] Mrs. Fitzherbert, denounced as "a lady of contaminate character." General Grenville, who had been the Duke's bear leader in Germany, was much upset. He writes to Lord Cornwallis: "I am sorry to say that we go on at a most furious rate; and I cannot but lament most sincerely certain points of our conduct, which I hope we shall correct before it is too late." Listen also to Lord Bulkeley: "The Duke of York never misses a night at Brooks's, where the hawks pluck his feathers unmercifully and have reduced him to the vowels I.O.U." But the young Prince was shortly to show that whatever excesses natural high spirits and the contagious example of a volatile elder brother may have led him into, "we" had the courage of "our" race. This he proved in his duel with Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, and famous for his Brussels ball. This duel, according to the Gruncher,[2] had its origin, like a more famous encounter, that between the medical officer of the 97th Regiment and a member of a certain celebrated London club, in a ballroom, where three masks spoke insultingly of the Prince of Wales. The Duke suspecting one of them to be Colonel Lennox, of his own regiment, spoke to him to such effect that, later, the Colonel demanded an explanation. To which the Duke with commendable spirit replied that "off parade he wore a grey[3] coat, and as a private gentleman was ready to give him satisfaction he pleased." The meeting took place on Wimbledon Common, the Duke being seconded by Lord Rawdon, and Colonel Lennox by Lord Winchelsea. "The signal being given, Lieut.-Colonel Lennox fired, and the ball grazed his Royal Highness's curl. The Duke of York did not fire." The whole party returned to town, the Duke going immediately to Charlton House and hailed the Prince of Wales, "brother, it is all over and all is quite well; but I have no time to tell you particulars, for I must go to the tennis-court." A curious sequel, typical of this romantic age, was that Colonel Lennox's sister begged,

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[1] The real lass of Richmond Hill was a Miss I'Anson of Richmond, Yorks. The sentiment "I'd crowns resign, to call her mine" in the charming old song was the reason for the popular opinion that Mrs. Fitzherbert had inspired it.

[2] See Greville Journal, i., p.62

[3] It is a minute point, but some authorities say brown.

and was granted, the Royal curl that her brother had shot away.

The next important event in the Duke's life (if one omits the measles which he had at this time) was his marriage to the Princess Royal of Prussia in 1791. On this interesting occasion “the Duchess was dressed in white satin with tassels and fringe of gold, the Duke was in his regimentals, and the Prince of Wales in a chocolatecoloured suit.” The Duke, in spite of some philanderings, one of which, as we shall see, made some stir, was, for his period and position, a kind and considerate husnd, and the two lived, on the whole, on excellent terms, notwithstanding, or perhaps thanks to, the fact that he dwelt in London while she lived at Oatlands, in Surrey, “entirely surrounded” as the geography books say, by pets, chiefly little dogs, of which she had forty. She appears to have had the kindest of hearts. “She is delighted,” says Greville, “when anybody gives her a dog, or a monkey, or a parrot, of all of which she has a vast number. If she were to see anybody beat or kick any of her dogs, she would never forgive it.”

The Duke was not destined to be a success in the field. But in considering his first campaign in Holland we must remember that he had not a free hand, and that the Army was in a shocking state. The real commander was the Prince of Coburg, and the Cabinet at home had, not a finger, but a fist, in the pie. Regarding the state of the Army Sir Henry Bunbury writes “our army was lax in its discipline, entirely without system, and very weak in numbers. Each Colonel of a regiment managed it according to his own notions, or neglected it altogether. There was no uniformity of drill or movement; professional pride was rare; professional knowledge still more so.”

The real cause of failure was that the Cabinet insisted that the Duke of York and his troops should undertake the siege of Dunkirk; this was on the recommendation not of Coburg, not of Mack his Chief of Staff, not of the Duke, but - of Lord Chancellor Rosslyn. Just as, in later years - but that is another story.

But it was during this unfortunate campaign that the Duke of York laid the foundations of that popularity with the rank and file upon which was finally raised the column which is familiar to every Londoner. In a very simple, unaffected *Impartial Journal* by Corporal Robert Brown of the Coldstream Guards, there are constant references to his care and thoughtfulness for his men. “H.R.H. frequently visits the trenches in person, and seems much pleased with the alertness of the men at work.” “H.R.H. has ordered an additional quantity of wood to be issued out to the men; and also a quantity of liquor, which not a little contributes to preserve the health and spirits of the troops.” “The C.-in-C.

desires that the officers commanding brigades will have distributed to their men a full allowance of rum[1] for this day [May 2, 1794], which H.R.H. will pay for." "H.R.H., always attentive to the good of the soldiers, issued an order directing the commanding officers of regiments to pay very particular attention to the provision of necessaries for the sick sent to the general hospitals." On this the Duke was particularly insistent. He issued, in January, 1795, a most practical general order that an inspecting officer "should visit frequently the hospital at unstated hours, to superintend the cleanliness and discipline of it in every particular, to examine the diet of the patients and observe whether they receive that unremitting care and attention their situation demands."

When Sergeant-Major Darley, of the Coldstream Guards was wounded and taken prisoner after performing prodigies of valour, the Duke sent a trumpeter to the French camp to say that the surgeon who attended him should be liberally rewarded, and also had a letter sent to Darley's wife commiserating with her on her husband's misfortune, congratulating her on his gallantry. Did the Duke of Wellington ever do anything like this? One fears that Mrs. Darley would have had to have been the Countess of Darley before she would have received any such letter from him.

He was careful also of the amenities of war. At the siege of Valenciennes he readily gave leave for a lady in the beleaguered city "near the time of her delivery" to leave the town under a safe-conduct. And when the National Convention issued their infamous decree that no quarter should be given to British and Hanoverian troops, whom they pleasantly termed "the slaves of George the most atrocious of tyrants", the Duke responded with a general order addressed in sentiment almost as much to the French troops[2] as his own, of a very dignified nature, forming an admirable pronouncement, in spite of the

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[1] Rum came into its own again in the European War. The Navy had always remained faithful to it, as is evident from the lyric which the "Follies" used to sing with such enthusiasm:

When Beresford
Arrives on board
The first thing he wants is --- RUM.
And Percy Scott
He likes it hot
And he drinks quite a lot of --- RUM
And Fisher too
He tells his crew
That rum will make them lither:
When with the Fleet
He drinks it neat
----- And not a bad judge either!

[2] The French soldiers paid no attention whatever to this ukase of the National Convention.

somewhat stilted language of the period, on the decencies of warfare. No wonder that when he returned to England in December, 1794, the men felt "they had lost a father and a friend who had endeared himself to them his humanity, justice and benevolence."

The Duke who had been gazetted General in April, 1793, was in February, 1795, Made Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief, and set about the gigantic task of reforming the British Army. Once of his first reforms must have caused screams of angry rage in many a nursery, and consternation in many a schoolroom.[1] This was his innovation with regard to purchase. He laid down a rule that no person should take rank, or obtain a commission as a field officer, who had not actually served six years. He then set about military education. Hitherto ambitious lads had been sent, like the Duke himself, for their military education to Germany. But in May, 1802, thanks to the Commander-in-Chief, the junior Department of the Royal Military College was instituted at Great Marlow,[2] being subsequently, in 1812, installed at Sandhurst. The Duke "attended the examinations in person, took notice of the most deserving and recommended them to His Majesty for commissions in the line." He also instituted confidential reports, a general monthly return of the troops, and formed "a deposit of military knowledge" which was, the puny infant which gradually grew up into the present lusty and well-developed Directorate of Military Operations and Intelligence. He even tackled the Commissariat. This which "from time immemorial had been an infinite source of fraud, underwent a purgation." And so did the military hospitals, for the proper conduct of which the Commander-in--Chief issued most detailed instructions. By his directions also those men of the 85th Regiment, who had never had smallpox, were inoculated by Doctor Jenner. Nor did he forget the women and children. He founded a lying-in hospital for the wives of men belonging to the Foot Guards, and an "Asylum for Educating One Thousand Children, the Legal Offspring of British Soldiers", which is familiar to all Englishmen as the Duke of York's School.

In 1799 the Duke's reforms at home had been interrupted by an excursion abroad which was not a success. This was the Helder Expedition which, though it was mysteriously spoken of in England while in preparation as "the Secret Expedition", was no secret to the French and Dutch Governments, who were

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[1] Sir Walter Scott wrote that not only were infants and schoolboys given commissions but "in some instances they were bestowed upon young ladies, when pensions could not be had. We knew ourselves One fair dame who drew the pay of Captain in the ------- Dragoons, and was probably not much less fit for the service than some who, at that period, actually did duty, for no knowledge of any kind was demanded from the young officers."

[2] It is a curious coincidence that West Point was founded in the same year.

perfectly cognizant of, and prepared for it. One should remember that although it was a failure and we had to evacuate the country, one of the objects aimed at, and an important object, the capture of the Dutch Fleet, was attained. The Russian troops who acted with us did not precisely cover themselves with glory. Indeed, the Emperor Paul, disgusted with their behaviour, disbanded certain regiments. And here the Duke gave a signal instance of his love of justice and fair play. He wrote a long letter to the Russian Ambassador, Count Woronzow, in which he said, "I think it my duty, and it gives me pleasure to do justice to several [Russian] regiments, who in different actions with the enemy have evinced as much order as bravery." It is rather curious that just about this time he himself was called upon to disband a British regiment which had succumbed to seditious propaganda in a country where it seems to be a natural growth of the soil.

It is probably not generally known that in 1803 it was proposed, by the Duke of Sussex, of all people, that a Military Council should be appointed: it is a coincidence that almost exactly one hundred years afterwards an Army Council (with, however, of course, very different functions) should have come into existence. The Duke of Sussex's proposal was thrown down on the ground that "such a Council, instead of assisting, would embarrass the Commander-in-Chief in the discharge of his professional duties." But something even more embarrassing befell the Duke in this year. The Prince of Wales wrote to his father, pointing out that he was anxious "to shed the last drop of my blood in support of Your Majesty's person, crown and dignity", and suggested that in order to do this in a befitting manner he should be promoted to the rank of General. The King replied, somewhat coldly, "should the implacable enemy so far succeed as to land, you will have an opportunity of showing your zeal at the head of your regiment."[1] Poor Prinney (as Mr. Mischievous Creevey calls him) regarded this suggestion as "a degrading mockery", and applied to his brother. A long correspondence followed, and the Duke's letters, refusing the request, are a model of firmness, tact and brotherly kindness.

But this was a trifle compared with the sea of trouble which overwhelmed the Commander-in-Chief in 1809. About 1803 the Duke had, in the language of the period, "formed a connexion" with a Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke. Mary Anne was no doubt a baggage, but, from her portrait, a most attractive little baggage, and (unlike a contemporary and equally beautiful and baggy baggage, Emma) a very clever and entertaining baggage. In 1807 the Duke and she parted, and she passed to the protection of a Colonel Wardle, M.P.

[1] Tenth Light Dragoons.

(of the Militia), upon which the allowance paid her by the Duke terminated. Mary Anne was annoyed, and the upshot was that Colonel Wardle [1] brought a charge in the House of Commons against the Duke, of corruption in his administration, and of having shared with the lady the profits on the sale of military commissions and promotions. This led to an inquiry before a Committee of the whole House, which lasted for nearly two months. “The idlers at White's and the frequenters of the opera - whom at other times it had been found difficult to drag from the claret bottle or the Ballet to vote even upon the most important questions - were now unfailing in their Parliamentary attendance.” “Sad work,” wrote in his diary Wilberforce, who was terribly shocked, probably as much so as on the historic occasion when Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, found adhesive to a Westminster pavement, having partaken of one, or possibly two, and questioned by the watch as to his name, thickly hiccuped “W-w-w-wilberforce!” But alas and alas! as the inquiry proceeded, it pains one to read “even the rigid Wilberforce seems fascinated by her attractions.”[2] One cannot but admire the way in which Mary Anne stood up to, and scored off, her cross-examiners. “Under whose protection, Madame,” thundered a pompous Parliamentary Personage, “are you now?” “I had thought, Sir,” cooed Mary Anne, turning to the Chairman, “that I was under *yours*.” The quidnuncs and the populace were, of course, delighted with the whole proceedings. Idlers in the gin shops engaged in the Arcadian pastime of pitch and toss, would cry to one another not “Heads or Tails”, but “Duke or Darling.”[3] Brother George was, or pretended to be, vastly disgusted, by Gad! but for the oddest of reasons – “he thought his own taste in regard to women was better than the Duke's.” The upshot was that, by a large majority, the Duke was acquitted of the abuses with which he had been charged, and, in the words of Mr. Fortescue, “no one can read the evidence without concluding that this was a just verdict.” The same day the Duke resigned his appointment as Commander-in-Chief.

It is most gratifying to be able to add that Colonel Wardle quarreled with Mary Anne over a little matter of a furniture bill, brought an action against her and the tradesman who had supplied it for conspiracy, and lost it. In Mary Anne's book, “The Rival Princes,” in the compilation of which, from its style, she might have had the help of the gentleman who later became editor of the *Eatanswill Gazette,* there is some delightfully

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[1] Who, gossip said, hoped, should the Duke be succeeded as Cornmander-in-Chief by Some One Else, to be made Secretary at War.

[2] If you study his portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, you will note in his eye the suggestion of the faintest flicker of a twinkle which quite explains this change in his attitude.

[3] Doctor Williamson, author of "Curious Survivals" (1923), states that this is still to be heard in London.

plain speaking about the Colonel. He is a Public Imposter, a black sheep, a Jesuit and a Mushroom Patriot. She herself is "an indiscreet mother", the Duke of York is "a gentleman and a Prince adorned by many excellent qualities." Croker - Ally Croker she calls him - whose cross-examination she had resented, is "a ludicrous Irishman with a brogue which makes him scarcely intelligible to his countrymen." Colonel Wardle, offer threatening actions against various papers "for loss of his popularity", sank into obscurity,[1] but his name will live for ever in the genial old gentleman for whom Dickens annexed it.

Mary Anne's fate was happier than Emma's. Following nine months' retirement from the world for libelling the Right Hon. W. Fitzgerald, she devoted herself to the education of her daughters, "who all married well." After Waterloo she settled in Paris and had a kind of *salon*, frequented, according to Gronow, by the Marquess of Londonderry, and also, I like to think, by Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, for Becky and she had much in common; perhaps also she and Mme. Grassini may have swapped quaint and diverting anecdotes about the Duke of York and "*le cher Villainton",* as Mme. Grassini[2] calls an English admirer of hers. Mary Anne died at Boulogne in 1852, aged seventy-six.

The Duke of York retired to Oatlands (where we may be sure his most amiable Duchess gave him the kindest of welcomes) and the diversions of the countryside, which included pretty frequent visits to Newmarket. Mr. Greville, the diarist, managed his racing stable for him, but he had, like his brother George, no great success on the turf. He was succeeded as Commander-in-Chief by Sir David Dundas, but directly the Prince of Wales became Prince Regent he reinstated his brother in the office in which he had done such sterling work for the Army. There was a debate in the House on the event, and several Members who had opposed the Duke a few years before now voted in his favour, expressing their regrets at having been previously carried away by popular prejudice. One of the first things the Duke did on being reappointed Commander-in-Chief was, when the news of the battle of Barosa reached England, to write to Major-General Dilkes

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[1] You can occasionally see his portrait in the second-hand print shops: he has - l am sure the Duke must have said so – "a demned raffish and unpleasant countenance."

[2] In 1814 -1815 when the Congress was sitting (when it was not dancing) at Vienna the Secret Police noted with interest that Lord Wellington on arriving had this lady with him in his carriage - a very pleasant kind of baggage. Or perhaps he brought her for political reasons as she had been on very good terms - the best - with Napoleon and most of the crowned heads of the day. She was in fact a kind of international – well, let us say *chère amie*. She was very beautiful, a famous singer, a good actress and of an amiable, rollicking nature.

congratulating him “on the distinguished conduct of my gallant old friends the Guards under your command”; he describes himself as “a brother Guardsman, a title of which I shall ever be most proud.” The Duke continued with unceasing zeal his office work, and provided Wellington with the troops which were to bring peace at long last to Europe. That keen observer, General Foy, said of the Duke of York, *“il a préparé aux soldats les moyens de vaincre.”* Historians who, with one canting eye fixed upon the dear old Nonconformist Conscience (the curse of England),[1] cast the other Pecksniffian optic, as the old slang has it, towards heaven with oily indignation over the Clarke case, should, in decency, quote the unanimous vote of the House of Commons after Waterloo, “that the thanks of this House be given to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, for his continual, effectual and unremitting attention to the duties of his office for a period of more than twenty years, during which time the Army has improved indiscipline and in science to an extent unknown before, and, under Providence, risen to the height of military glory."

The remaining years of the Duke's life do not call for much comment. On the death of Queen Charlotte the guardianship of the King's person devolved upon him and, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, “no pleasure, no business was ever known to interrupt his regular visits to Windsor, where his unhappy parent could neither be grateful for, nor even sensible of, his unremitted attention.” In June, 1819, on a Most Auspicious Occasion, in response to the mild command “Name this child” (or should one say, Princess, or Royal infant?) the Duke replied, after a slight altercation between the Regent and the Duke of Kent as to the respective claims of Georgina and Elizabeth, “Alexandrina Victoria.” In 1820 the Duchess of York died and, in accordance with her wishes, was buried in the parish church of Weybridge, rather a humble resting place for a Princess Royal of the Prussia of Frederick the Great. She had continued to the end kind, sensible, charitable both in deed and thought, and amiable. Her dogs, and her birds also, must have missed her sadly, for Oatlands was what is now called a Bird Sanctuary. Which fact inspired. Lord Erskine to some occasional verse beginning:

> At Oatlands where the buoyant air
> Vast crowds of rooks can scarcely bear,

[1] How much pleasanter is the curse of Scotland, the Nine of Diamonds, though surely the joker would be more appropriate!

a mark that even Mr. Winkle could not have missed. But the Duchess strictly forbade at Oatlands what the poet in question called "the fowler's dreaded sound." Let us hope that the descendants of the Oatlands rooks still caw gratefully over the quiet country church where this most kind-hearted woman lies buried.

It is interesting to note that in this year the Duke of York and. the Duke of Wellington toured the east coast "on a shooting expedition." Rather strange companions, for York was not over fond of Wellington. Greville, noting in his diary the opinion of the former of the latter writes, "he does not deny his military talents, but he thinks that he is false and ungrateful, that he never gave sufficient credit to his officers, and that he was unwilling to put forward men of talent who might be in a situation to claim some share of credit, the whole of which he was desirous of engrossing himself."

The Duke of York was all for the Church of England as by Law Established, and in 1825, with the courage which was natural to him, spoke so vehemently and with such genuine feeling against the Roman Catholic Relief Bill which had passed the third reading in the House of Commons, that the Lords threw it out.[1] He may have been right; he was probably wrong; but he maintained what he thought was right in face of torrents of abuse from the opposition.

He had suffered some years from dropsy, and, in 1826, was taken seriously ill, and died in January, 1827, in the house of his old friend, the Duke of Rutland, in Arlington Street. The last act of his official life was a measure for the relief of old Lieutenants prevented by *res angusta* from obtaining promotion by purchase. Mr. Peel, speaking in the House of Commons, said: "I can never forget the last words which I heard from the Royal Prince only nine days before his death. When he received the news of a part of our troops having landed at Lisbon,[2] he exclaimed in a faint but triumphant voice, 'I wish that the country could compare the state of the brigade which has landed at Lisbon in 1827 with the state of the brigade which landed at Ostend in 1794!' "

"In the failings of the Duke of York," says a writer in the *Annual Register* for 1827, "there was nothing that was un-English, nothing that was unprincely." He was, in fact, a Royal John Bull, with all John Bull's little weaknesses for wine, women, song, whimsical and indelicate anecdotes, cards and racing. But

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[1] It was on this occasion that the Duke said, so the story goes, to a crony of his, "It's all right, I've seen the Archbishop and he says that he will see them all damned to Hell before he'll let the Bill pass."

[2] A *casus fœderis* having arisen, British troops had been sent to Portugal to support Isabel, the Princess Regent, against Dom Miguel.

on the other hand, he had all John Bull's joviality, kindness and good nature. He compares very favourably with his Royal brothers. When the *Greville Journals* were first published, “we were not amused,” indeed we were distinctly annoyed.[1] One of the passages which probably much annoyed us is the Gruncher's statement: “He [the Duke of York] is the only one of the Princes who has the feelings of an English gentleman.” Greville goes on, “He delights in the society of men of the world and in a life of gaiety and pleasure. He is very easily amused and particularly with jokes full of coarseness and indelicacy; the men with whom he lives most are *très-polissons*, and *la polissonnerie* is the *ton* of his society.” This is rather in the manner of a “damned good-natured friend”, but it is not an exact description of John Bull as he always was, and as, one hopes, he always will be? Thackeray, who has no good word to say of George IV, says of the Duke that he was “big, burly, loud, jolly, cursing, courageous”, all of which apply equally well to John Bull. In appearance he was, according to Sir Walter, “large” - Gronow says over six feet – “stout and manly.” It will be remembered that Miss Lucretia Tox detected in him a resemblance to Mr. Dombey: this was the partiality, of a loving heart, for the only resemblance between the genial Duke and the proud and pompous merchant was that both were “fine figures of men." A pleasant light is thrown on his character in a letter of the 6th of June, 1815, from his niece, Princess Charlotte, whose death, due to the blundering incompetence of a Doctor Parker Peps, led, as so admirably described in Mr. Lytton Strachey's lively pages, to several hasty Royal marriages. “Dearest Frederick,” she writes, “you are always so very kind to me that I do not feel the least scruple in asking you a favour,” the said favour being the loan of his box at Covent Garden for two friends. She ends, “You have all my best wishes for Ascot; do not fail to let me know if you win, dearest Frederick.”

He had the memory for faces characteristic of his house. Sir James McGrigor was presented to him at Bergen-op-Zoom, and had some conversation with him which the Duke recalled at one of his levees at the Horse Guards twenty years later to the celebrated Army doctor. He could not tolerate injustice or what he thought was injustice. When Seringapatam was taken, Lord Harris, then General Harris, superseded Baird (“öor David”) in command of the place by Colonel Wellesley (as he then was), brother of the Governor-General. Elers tells us in his “Memories”, “some two years afterwards, upon General Harris' return home and on attending the Duke of York at one of his levees, Harris, who was not very quick in a difficulty, was asked quickly and suddenly by the Duke, ‘Pray, General Harris, what reason had you for superseding

[1] Prince Leopold, Queen Victoria's youngest son, was so angry with Mr. Greville's book that he threw it into his bath (Earl of Warwick's “Memories”).

General Baird in command of Seringapatam and giving it to a junior officer' ? [1] Poor Harris stammered and was at a loss for a reply, and the Duke turned his back upon him."

It is curious that the best contemporary appreciation of him should have been written by a foreigner, General Foy. In the first volume of his *"Histoire de la Guerrede la Péninsule",* written about 1818, he says that his appointment as Commander-in-Chief opened a new era for the army. He sees the advantages attaching to a Royal Commander-in-Chief:
"Il a pu attaquer quelques abus invétérés. Les ministres auraient-ils rejeté une proposition utile, quand elle était présentée par le fils cheri du roi d'Angleterre, par le prince qui, après la reine, était le premier dans le cabinet derriére le trône? Le duc d'York est né avecu un esprit plus juste qu'étendu. Le goût de ses functions et le sentiment de son devoir ont vaincu son penchant naturel à la dissipation. Voyant beaucoup par luimême, quoiqu'il ait l'assistance de collaborateurs habiles, et connaissant personnellement tous les chefs et un grand nombre d'offciers, il a conduit et administer l'armée conme un bon colonel méne la famille de guerriers dont il attend sa réputation." This is praise from Sir Hubert Stanley.

After Foy let us quote a Sergeant, the anonymous author of "The Eventful Life of a Soldier" (1827). He recalls how, when he enlisted, the soldier was "one of the veriest slaves existing, his hair soaped, floured and frizzed, with his *mousquet* to burnish, his white breeches to pipe-clay, so that it took three or four hours' hard work to get ready for parade, where, if a single hair stood out of its place, extra drill would be given him by his superiors, who seemed to look upon him as a brute with neither soul nor feeling. Thanks to H.R.H., the Commander-in-Chief, little is now left the soldier to complain of. Every individual in the Service is attached to the Duke of York and looks up to him in the light of a father and a friend. The Duke of Wellington will not be to the Army what the Duke of York has been."

His pleasant courtesy and affability at his levees (held every Tuesday) must have made officers of the period feel that the Army was just a large family with a benevolent head whom any one could approach. It will be remembered that on one of these occasions the Duke was pleased to remark of a mere Major in a marching regiment) known to his brother officers as "the Flower of Ours", that "there is no adulation about Joey", and Joey was never tired of quoting him. There were probably many Joeys in the Army who had a very real affection for the Commander-in-Chief. For example, General Dyott, whose Diary is full of

[1] The real reason was Baird's want of tact and bad temper: three years in a dungeon at Seringapatam had soured him - and no wonder.

references to the gracious manner and tact of the Duke. He writes on the occasion of his death, "his loss was greatly lamented and most sincerely regretted by the Army. I believe a more kindhearted or more benevolent man did not exist." He echoes the words of the Sergeant quoted above, "the Duke of Wellington, although so great a captain and having so frequently led the British troops to victory, is not a general favourite, and he must make great exertions to obtain the popularity possessed by his Royal predecessor." He would have been still less a favourite with the Army had officers and men known that when Sir H. Torrens submitted to him on his appointment as Commander-in-Chief a general order in praise of the Duke of York, Wellington turned it down with the remark, "I dislike to come before the Army and the world with this parade."[1] Which seems churlish.

The Duke of York with his industry at office work, his zeal for reform, his jollity, his genial graciousness, his fatherly interest in the welfare of the rank and file and their families, is indeed an admirable example (the best in history) of the influence for the Army's good, of a Royal Commander-in-Chief. Geniality is not, indeed cannot be, characteristic of a Board. But, of course, on the other hand, a Board cannot, at all events in its corporate capacity, get itself involved in entanglements with baggages.

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[1] What a contrast is furnished by Lord Wolseley who, when he succeeded the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief, wrote: "In this his first Army Order, Lord Wolseley wishes, in the name of the Army, to assure H.R.H. of the affectionate regard of all who have served under him during his long period of office."

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