

The Imprudence of Being Prinny

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When Jane Austen was born in 1775 George III had been king for fifteen years. When she died in 1817, he still had two and a half more years to live. But her last six years were lived during the Regency. George III's last decade was clouded by serious mental derangement and in 1811 Parliament gave his eldest son, the Prince of Wales, already forty-eight, authority to rule in his father's name as Prince Regent.

Historically, relations are frequently difficult between the Prince of Wales and the parent whose death he lives for. The Prince is supposed to keep out of the way and out of trouble. The longer the wait, the harder this is. George III and his son did not get along well. George understood the importance of being earnest; the Prince didn't. George III believed in hard work and plain living. His tastes were frugal and rustic; his court was domestic and unfashionable. A heavy father, he tried clumsily to enforce his values on his thirteen children. He failed miserably, particularly with his seven sons. His first son, of course, bore the brunt of his expectations. The Prince was intelligent, perhaps the brightest of the children, and he survived the educational cramming he was subjected to with a decent knowledge of languages and a real interest in literature and history. But his father's attempt to artificially prolong his childhood and innocence was defeated by puberty and Mrs. Robinson, an actress who made herself the Prince's first mistress when he was seventeen. So began the imprudences of Prinny. His long and varied love life was perhaps less a matter of compulsive promiscuity than a search for the right woman. Though not his father's favourite, he was his mother's, and he would always be drawn to older, experienced, maternal women, preferably with generous figures.¹

Actually, the Prince seems to have found his ideal fairly early. He met Maria Fitzherbert around 1783. He was twenty-one, she was twenty-seven, and already twice widowed. She had kind, dark eyes, a gentle expression and "a splendid bosom."² She was also virtuous and devout, unfortunately a devout Roman Catholic. It was love at first sight for the Prince. She resisted; he persisted, shamelessly faking a suicide attempt; eventually she succumbed to a barrage of letters and a marriage proposal. They were married in 1785, secretly because the law prohibited marriage between a future British monarch and a Catholic. For several years they were together constantly, but their relationship could not survive the strain of illegality. When he died, however, he was buried according to his wishes with a miniature portrait of her, his only true wife, over his heart.

The Prince of Wales also came early to his other great passion—building, rebuilding and furnishing palaces. He put Brighton on the map, his patronage turning an isolated fishing village into the first fashionable seaside resort, forerunner of Sanditon. There he built the Royal Pavilion, an exuberant Indian-style palace with Japanese and Chinese pastiche interiors. He also

rebuilt and greatly expanded his London home, Carlton House, into a splendid palace, the home of his fine collection of sculpture and furniture, and paintings, particularly portraits of himself. In pursuit of these passions he regularly overspent his allowance by huge margins, nonchalantly assuming that he would eventually be bailed out by John Bull, the English taxpayer. But John Bull was already an avid reader of newspapers, and these provided a steady diet of disapproving news items about the Prince's extravagance as a conspicuous consumer. Chief among those who shared this disapproval was his father, the very embodiment of John Bull.

Here was a clash of two royal styles. George III prided himself on his low-budget lifestyle. He could almost be called Britain's first middle-class monarch. The Prince, by contrast, represented an older style, in which a splendid royal lifestyle, including generous patronage of the arts and luxury trades, advertised the wealth and greatness of a nation. One might be called representative royalty, the other theatrical royalty. Which one was more popular? No mistake about it: whatever his reputation in America, George III was perhaps the most popular king Britain has ever known.³ As for his eldest son he was decidedly not popular. The Prince's unpopularity was forcefully brought home to him in 1788-89 when his father had the first serious bout of his famous "madness." Medical historians now believe it was a rare hereditary condition called porphyria, but its symptoms, extreme irritability and delirium, certainly looked like insanity.⁴ Most of his doctors believed he would never recover and that a regency would be necessary. But he did, to the genuine joy of his subjects, and the Prince was criticized for unseemly haste in trying to step into his father's shoes.

Politics further divided father and son. Opposition Whig politicians, led by the charming Charles James Fox, whom George III detested, courted the Prince as an avenue to future power. But the year the Regency crisis ended was also the year the French Revolution began, and both opposition politicians and the Prince suffered in the tide of popular patriotism unleashed by war between France and England. All the Prince's brothers served in the military, but the King would not allow the heir to the throne to put his life in danger. The Prince justifiably complained to his father that the public interpreted his idleness as his own choice: "There ought to be some serious object to which my time should be devoted."⁵ But his father allowed him no such object, so he continued his unedifying life of palace-building, partying, and over-spending.

It was largely debt that drove the Prince to make the most disastrous step of his life. Though he had sworn not to marry, because he regarded his marriage to Mrs. Fitzherbert as valid, he was under considerable pressure to marry legally and beget legitimate heirs, thus ensuring the succession. All the more so since none of his brothers were married—or his sisters, for that matter—nor did they show any signs of intending to marry. The big attraction of marriage for the Prince was that Parliament would clear his debts and grant him a larger allowance. But why he chose to marry the woman he did is not clear. He seems not to have considered the question very seriously. His father wanted him to marry his cousin, Princess Caroline of

Brunswick and for once, unfortunately, he followed his father's wishes. Her reputation for dubious conduct was not unknown in Britain, but the marriage was negotiated on purely diplomatic grounds. In April 1795, Caroline, aged 26, arrived in England, and the Prince, aged 32, saw his future wife for the first time. He greeted her, paused, turned around, walked to the end of the room, and announced to a courtier, "I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy."⁶ He was dead drunk and passed out on the bedroom floor on his wedding night, but rallied in the morning to do his duty. Two days short of nine months later the Princess gave birth to a healthy daughter but by this time they had ceased to live together as man and wife. The problem was that the Princess was repellent to the fastidious and polished Prince. She was unclean and coarse in her person and manner, forthright, flippant and vulgar in her speech. She was not unintelligent, but decidedly eccentric in her ideas of propriety. She was the exact antithesis of his kind of woman.

The Prince should have been more considerate and careful in his treatment of her. Instead his conduct to her was insulting and she was mortified. An injured woman, Caroline had the motive, the opportunity, and the will to cause her husband serious trouble. Once the Prince made it clear to her that they were permanently separated she took that as meaning that she was to enjoy as much sexual freedom as he claimed. And she did. She was also quick to realize that the Prince was not particularly popular and that there was a strong predisposition in the press and public to support anyone who opposed him. She also seems to have realized that the notorious double standard could work in her favour in the event that the Prince should seek a divorce. The general will to believe that women naturally followed a higher sexual morality than men would mean that any charges against her would bear a heavier burden of proof.

For several years the Prince paid no attention to her doings. He had no desire for a divorce, not wanting to remarry. However, there was a growing problem between them—their daughter, Charlotte. Princess Caroline freely entertained men at her house, particularly enjoying intimacy with naval officers. The Prince became increasingly concerned about the effect of this milieu upon their daughter. But it was the King who had authority in the matter of custody, access and education, and the King was strongly sympathetic to his niece and daughter-in-law and, as usual, unsympathetic to his son. He couldn't see why the Prince and Princess couldn't at least keep up appearances of the family life he so deeply believed in. Eventually rumours that this future Queen of England had borne an illegitimate son, possibly a daughter too, became too serious to ignore. In 1806 Royal Commissioners were appointed to look into her private life. The result of this so-called "Delicate Investigation" was indecisive, but sufficiently disturbing to persuade the King that Caroline should only have limited and strictly controlled access to her daughter, and never be allowed to be alone with her. By this time Princess Charlotte was ten and fast approaching the perils of puberty. Still mainly a pawn in the increasingly embittered manoeuvres of her parents, she was soon to become a player herself, attempting to win her own space by whatever means lay at hand.



One of many caricatures of “The Prince Regent.”

Princess Charlotte was very much her parents' child—impulsive, self-centred, physically energetic, and bright. She shuttled between the randy, intrigue-filled households of her parents, and the boring court of her grandfather. Her remarkable letters to her girlfriend, Mercer Elphinstone, indicate that the Prince had good reason to be concerned about his daughter's upbringing. Not for nothing are Regency novels so-called. (And how appropriate that Barbara Cartland, the grande dame of the genre—bodice-rippers, as they are known in the trade—should be the step-grandmother of the present Princess of Wales.) Among the earliest signs that Charlotte's education was not going as it should was an accusation that one of her governesses had shown her an indecent caricature of Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson's lover, and explained it to her.⁷ This was in fact a golden age of English caricature, of Gillray, the Cruikshanks and Heaths by whom the Prince of Wales and his mistresses were coarsely, at times obscenely, satirized. The prints were widely accessible; print shops posted them in their windows for passers-by to look at, and rented them out in folios for an evening's entertainment.⁸ If one's appetite for scandal was whetted by these prints, more details could be obtained from newspapers that proliferated and flourished despite the attempts of the authorities to control them. Charlotte became accustomed to reading gossip about her father in the papers. As for prints: “The print shops are full of *scurrilous caricatures* & infamous things relative to the Prince's conduct in different branches,” she reported to her friend.⁹

In 1811 the Prince of Wales became Prince Regent. He used his royal authority to further try to restrict his wife's access to Charlotte. He also

enraged his old allies, the opposition Whigs, by not calling on them to form the government. They were quick to take their vengeance, and became active partisans of his wife's cause, giving her legal and public relations advice. With their encouragement and assistance she increasingly went on the offensive against the Prince. The Whigs also became active allies and advisors of Charlotte, who had begun her own campaign against her father, particularly over appointments to her household which she, now aged sixteen, wanted to control herself. Mother and daughter entered an alliance of convenience, out of which came Caroline's famous letter to the *Morning Chronicle* in the role of wronged mother, thwarted by a malevolent husband. This letter, written with the help of the top Whig lawyer Henry Brougham, touched even the Tory heart of Jane Austen.¹⁰

"I suppose all the World is sitting in Judgement upon the Princess of Wales's Letter," wrote Austen to her sister Cassandra in February, 1813. "Poor woman. I shall support her as long as I can, because she *is* a Woman and because I hate her Husband."¹¹ The Prince was dredging up the old allegations of the Delicate Investigation to smear his wife and justify keeping her from her daughter. Is ever a mother more needed than when her daughter is trembling at the threshold of womanhood? Well, perhaps not *this* mother. Had the Prince Regent known fully what was going on in Charlotte's life at this time, he would have been even more concerned than he was. Defying the King's orders, Caroline had frequently been alone with her daughter. In 1812 Charlotte had fallen in love with a dashing cavalryman, Captain Charles Hesse, reputedly her illegitimate cousin, and also, Charlotte later suspected, her mother's lover. At one time, she later told her father, her mother "left them together in her own bedroom and turned the key on them saying 'A present je vous laissez; amusez-vous.'"¹² Did she simply want her daughter to "have a good time," as she put it? Or, as Charlotte later began to suspect, did she want to compromise her daughter, heir apparent to the English throne, in the interests of her beloved illegitimate son, "William Austin," whom she was not above claiming, on occasion, to be the legitimate issue of union with her husband?¹³ These were deep and dangerous waters. There were other romantic adventures, and adventurers, in Charlotte's life. Small wonder that the Prince Regent decided that she should be married off as soon as possible. The Dutch Prince of Orange was his candidate for the job. But Charlotte, who took a dislike to this young man's drunkenness and indiscretion, resisted her father's pressure tactics to the point of fleeing in the summer of 1814 in a hackney coach to her mother's house, thereby reminding the Prince Regent of the risks of pushing his headstrong daughter too far.

Charlotte's life sounds a bit like a Gothic romance—a heroine immured in various castles, a scheming mother plotting her ruin, a scheming father plotting her ruin. Not surprising she was a reader of Gothic novels, such as Julia Curtis's *Sicilian Mysteries*—"a most interesting novel . . . in 5 vol. full of mystery & remarkably well worked up," she reported.¹⁴ This truly horrid novel featured a heroine trapped in a mouldering castle with a perfectly odious monk who drugged, raped and tortured his virgin victims.¹⁵ Fortunately she also had the benefit of Jane Austen. *Sicilian Mysteries* was

shortly followed by a salutary corrective, *Sense and Sensibility*, though Jane Austen would have been mortified to learn that the book had been recommended to Charlotte by one of her "wicked uncles," the Duke of York, who said it was written by Lady Augusta Paget who notoriously left her first husband for another man.¹⁶ Jane Austen knew something of the scandal-ridden Paget family: "I abhor all the race of Pagets," a family "born and brought up in the centre of Infidelity and Divorce,"¹⁷ she once wrote. Charlotte enjoyed *Sense and Sensibility*: "It certainly is interesting & you feel quite one of the company," she wrote to her friend. "I think Maryanne and me are very alike in disposition, that certainly I am not so good, the same imprudence, &c, however remain very like."¹⁸

Charlotte's mother, Caroline, had already had her life translated into fiction. Her political advisors in 1806 prepared a lengthy response to the "Delicate Investigation." This defence of the Princess, known simply as "The Book," was actually published, and then suppressed. But it gave rise to a highly popular, "romantic, melodramatic and quasi-pornographic" work called *The Spirit of 'The Book'; or, memoirs of Caroline, Princess of Hasburgh. A Political and Amatory Romance* (1811).¹⁹ This best-selling piece of Grub Street hackery, cast in the form of a correspondence between Caroline and her daughter, Gothicized the royal marriage by transforming Caroline into an innocent princess forced to marry a profligate Prince Albion who forcibly ravishes her on their wedding night and then humiliates her by his infidelities. This work, which appeared in several versions, became a mainstay of the popular pro-Caroline cause. It was probably known to Caroline herself, and also perhaps to the precocious Charlotte who was scarcely sheltered from the details of her parents' disastrous marriage.

The Regency was a crucial period in the development of the relationship between the monarchy and the evolving popular literary genre of romance, a relationship which has almost certainly strengthened the bond between the monarchy and the British people. It is interesting to insert Jane Austen into this relationship. We should remember that despite her sedate and rural existence, she was neither ignorant of nor uninterested in the great world. In fact she showed an early interest in high and fast life, encouraged perhaps by her cousin Eliza de Feuillide, wife of an émigré French noble and a veteran of the vanished *galanteries* of Versailles. This interest is evident in such early writings as "Lady Susan" with its spicy flavour of *Liaisons dangereuses* and her "History of England," an irreverent survey of the English monarchy with heavy emphasis on sex and violence. Her closest friend, Martha Lloyd, had escaped from a wicked mother of Gothic proportions, "the cruel Mrs. Craven," a granddaughter of the first Baron Craven.²⁰ It is not unlikely that both women followed the plentiful and public misdeeds of the Craven family right down to the Honourable Keppel Craven who was identified by Charlotte as her mother's lover.²¹ Jane Austen's knowledge of the abhorrent "race of Pagets" could well have come from her acquaintance with Lady Morley, who was also sometimes credited with being the author of her novels. Lady Morley in fact married the man whom Lady Augusta Paget abandoned. It is significant that Jane Austen makes her support for Princess

Caroline conditional—"for as long as I can"—and regrets her hypocritical protestations of affection for her husband, and her intimacy with Lady Oxford, a beauty of legendary promiscuity whose lovers included Lord Byron and Sir Francis Burdett.²² She could well have heard stories about Caroline's penchant for naval officers from her naval brothers. Significant too is her comment, "If I must give up the Princess, I am resolved at least to think that she would have been respectable if the Prince had behaved only tolerably by her at first."²³ This is a shrewd but charitable comment which many historians of the period would probably endorse.

However, Princess Caroline soon disappointed Jane Austen and her other sympathizers by abandoning her daughter in the midst of Charlotte's struggle against her father's attempt to impose an unsuitable husband on her. In August 1814 Caroline sailed with her disreputable entourage for the Continent where she remained for the next six years, leading a life of scandalous, ludicrous exhibitionism that certainly paid back with interest all the humiliations the Prince had inflicted on her. And not long afterwards, despite her hatred of that same man, Jane Austen dedicated *Emma* to him—reluctantly, as is evident from her correspondence with the Prince Regent's librarian, the ineffable Reverend James Stanier Clarke. The Prince enjoyed her novels, she learned; he "often read them and had a set in each of his residences."²⁴ In November 1815 she visited the most opulent of them, Carlton House, and shortly afterwards she learned that the Prince would graciously permit her to dedicate her next novel to him. She delicately intimated her feelings about the Prince by enquiring whether such a dedication was "incumbent" upon her, and then, loyal subject that she was, she made the dedication.²⁵ The unexpected and delightful payoff for this dutiful act was Clarke's irresistibly complacent proposals of plots for future novels, one of which, featuring himself—the clergyman as hero—she duly lampooned in "Plan of a Novel." The other one, a "historical romance illustrative of the history of the august House of Cobourg," she politely declined, as being of a genre too far from "such pictures of domestic life in country villages as I deal in."²⁶ So she passed on an invitation to shape the romance of royalty.

Perhaps she was not so ill-equipped for this task as she claimed. Clarke had just been appointed Chaplain to Prince Leopold of Cobourg, the man Princess Charlotte finally chose, more or less on her own, as her future husband. It was not a bad choice: after several Willoughbys, she had come as close as royalty perhaps gets to a Colonel Brandon. However, "august" was decidedly flattering to the Cobourgs—a minor German princely family of which Leopold was a junior princeling whose chief visible assets were dark good looks and a splendid cavalry uniform. Though so poor that he could only afford rooms over a grocer's shop, he was suave, sensible, and had a sharp nose for opportunity.²⁷ His regiment may have missed the Battle of Waterloo, but he caught the eye of Princess Charlotte. They married in May, 1816. Jane Austen lived to see the happy marriage; she died before its tragic ending eighteen months later when Charlotte died after delivering a stillborn son. Charlotte's death triggered a great spate of activity among the Prince Regent's brothers who shed their mistresses and married in the hope of

producing an heir presumptive. The winner in this undignified scramble was the Duke of Kent, who married another Cobourg, Leopold's sister. The Duke barely survived to see the birth of his daughter who would become Queen Victoria, and eventually marry yet another sensible Cobourg princeling, her cousin Prince Albert. In fact the romance of the House of Cobourg would prove a long-running "picture of domestic life," Jane Austen's own self-declared specialty—if in palaces, rather than country villages. And it is just possible that Jane Austen did in fact contribute to the beginnings of that romance, when the young Princess Charlotte read *Sense and Sensibility* and perhaps learned from it something of the difference between Willoughbys and Brandons.

Jane Austen did not live to see the Prince Regent's worst hour. In 1820, on hearing that George III had died, Caroline returned to England to claim the title and dignities of Queen of England, a decision that left the Prince, or George IV as we must now call him, with no choice in his own mind but to finally divorce her. This led to an extraordinary outburst of popular support for the injured Queen, a role over-played to the hilt by Caroline, and wrung for every drop of political advantage they could extract from it by the Whig and Radical opposition.²⁸ The new King's popularity plumbed new depths, and the obscenity and viciousness of the attacks he sustained in the press and prints were unparalleled. However unpopular Prince Charles may find himself should he ever decide to divorce Princess Diana, he will probably never suffer such savagery from the public media. The coronation had to be postponed for a year and the necessary divorce trial had such dangerous implications for public order that the proceedings were finally abandoned. The situation was only saved by the fortuitous death of Caroline in 1821.

"Let other pens dwell on guilt and misery. . . ." My story has a happy ending—on the whole. The paroxysm of hostility evoked by the royal divorce issue turned out to be cathartic. George IV was never a really popular or greatly respected king. He was fifty-nine, seriously overweight and gouty by the time of his coronation. Still, he enjoyed nine more years of life, lucid to the end, in the motherly care of his final mistress, Lady Conyngham (the Vice Queen, as some wits called her) whose family, children, and even husband, provided him with the warm domestic circle he needed.²⁹ This was the same Lady Conyngham who the twenty-three-year-old Jane Austen gaily boasted of looking like—"which is all that one lives for now"—thanks to a newly trimmed cap.³⁰

Although his reputation among historians is still poor, the Prince Regent is one of the select few British rulers to give his or her name to an age—a tumultuous age in which the forces of the British Industrial Revolution triumphed over the forces of the French Revolution, though at a high cost to the common people who paid in blood, money and hardship. Against their sacrifices the luxury and extravagance of the Prince looked bad. Still, the hundreds of thousands of his expenditure were but a drop in the bucket compared to the estimated billion-and-a-half-pound total cost to Britain of the French wars. And it should be said that by no means all of his expenditure was wasted, contrary to radical propaganda of the time. In short, much of it

can be regarded as an investment that has paid off handsomely for his country and his dynasty.

Despite his rather undignified private life, an all too public private life which made him a target of excessive exposure—quite literally, the public being made over-familiar with the royal body, the “Prince of Whales,” Beau Brummel’s “fat friend”—all summed up in the disrespectfully diminutive nickname “Prinky,” the Prince Regent had a sound grasp of certain central points of royalty. He was affable, at ease, and adroit in all sorts of social situations, and he had a strong sense, and enjoyment, of ceremony.³¹ One of his first initiatives as King was a state visit to Ireland, the first by an English king since the Middle Ages. It was a great success; he was greeted rapturously by his Irish subjects, and he repeated the success with a state visit to Scotland presided over by Sir Walter Scott as master of ceremonies. His belated coronation was a spectacle of unprecedented splendour. He had few rivals, perhaps none among English rulers, in the theatre of monarchy.

It was the Prince Regent who gave Britain’s royalty the melodrama that the British public, as it turned out, really wanted. Even at the depths of his unpopularity, when Queen Caroline seemed triumphant, it was a *Queen* they cheered, not a republic. They were at once able to revile him, and affirm the monarchy.³² However inadvertent, this was a critical contribution to the permanence of Britain’s monarchy. But he also gave the monarchy the stage it so badly needed, residences appropriate to the rulers of what his country became during his years—the world’s most powerful nation. It was the Prince who transformed the shabby Buckingham House into the regal Buckingham Palace that we know today. It was the Prince Regent who rebuilt, extended and transformed Windsor Castle into what it is today. He knew what a palace and a castle should look like. And thanks to him, so do his people still. He also had an idea of what the capital city of the world’s greatest nation should look like. Not for nothing do Regent Street and Regent’s Park bear his name. It was his patronage and encouragement of his favourite architect, John Nash, that gave London these splendid defining features. The British tourist industry has profited enormously from these princely investments. Nor should it be forgotten that the Prince was a dedicated, intelligent and generous patron of art during the greatest age of British painting and sculpture: the age of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Constable; and of literature in one of its greatest ages, that of Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Keats and Shelley, some of whom were none too polite towards him. This was the impulsive, imprudent but discerning Prince who, though politely unadmired by Jane Austen, “read & admired” all her publications.³³

NOTES

¹ There are several biographies of the Prince Regent, later George IV. The standard is Christopher Hibbert, *George IV*. London: Longmans, 1972-73, 2 vols.

² Joanna Richardson, *George IV: A Portrait*, London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 1966, p. 29.

³ On George III’s popularity see Linda Colley, *Britons: Forging the Nation 1707-1837*, New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1992, pp. 210-11.

- ⁴ Ida Macalpine and Richard Hunter, *George III and the Mad-Business*, London: Allen Lane, 1969, is the source of this widely accepted diagnosis.
- ⁵ John Brooke, *King George III: America's Last Monarch*, New York: McGraw-Hill, 1972, p. 348.
- ⁶ Joanna Richardson, *The Disastrous Marriage: A Study of George IV and Caroline of Brunswick*, London: Jonathan Cape, 1960, p. 32.
- ⁷ A. Aspinall, ed., *Letters of the Princess Charlotte 1811-1817*, London: Home and Van Thal, 1949, p. xii.
- ⁸ Dorothy George, *English Political Caricature 1793-1832: A Study of Opinion and Propaganda*, Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1959, p. 257.
- ⁹ Princess Charlotte to Mercer Elphinstone, 10 January 1812, *Letters*, 22. Four days later she tells her friend, "You have no idea *what prints* there are out. I am ashamed to get them, but I will, and send them down to you." *Ibid.*, p. 24.
- ¹⁰ Robert Stewart, *Henry Brougham: His Public Career 1778-1868*, London: Bodley Head, 1985, p. 140.
- ¹¹ Jane Austen's *Letters*, ed. R. W. Chapman, 1952, p. 504.
- ¹² A. Aspinall, ed., *Letters of King George IV, 1812-1830*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1938, I, p. 518.
- ¹³ *Letters of George IV*, I, p. 522.
- ¹⁴ *Letters of Princess Caroline*, p. 24.
- ¹⁵ Frederick S. Frank, *The First Gothics: A Critical Guide to the English Gothic Novel*, New York: Garland, 1987, pp. 18-19.
- ¹⁶ Aspinall, *Letters of Princess Charlotte*, p. 26, note 6. On Lady Augusta Paget see Marquess of Anglesea, *One-Leg: The Life and Letters of Henry William Paget*, London: Reprint Society, 1963, p. 383, note 3.
- ¹⁷ *Letters*, p. 484.
- ¹⁸ *Letters of Princess Charlotte*, p. 26.
- ¹⁹ Ian McCalman, *Radical Underworld: Prophets, Revolutionaries and Pornographers in London, 1795-1840*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1988, pp. 163-64.
- ²⁰ Park Honan, *Jane Austen: Her Life*, London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1987, p. 77.
- ²¹ *Letters of George IV*, I, p. 519.
- ²² M. W. Patterson, *Sir Francis Burdett and his Times 1770-1844*, London: Macmillan, 1931, I, p. 98.
- ²³ *Letters*, p. 504.
- ²⁴ Caroline Austen, *My Aunt Jane Austen: A Memoir*, Alton: Jane Austen Society, 1952, p. 12.
- ²⁵ *Letters*, p. 429.
- ²⁶ *Letters*, p. 452.
- ²⁷ Hibbert, II, p. 92.
- ²⁸ Much has been written on this matter. John Stevenson, "the Queen Caroline Affair," in his *London in the Age of Reform*, Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1977, provides a good survey.
- ²⁹ Richardson, *George IV*, p. 203.
- ³⁰ *Letters*, p. 40.
- ³¹ J. H. Plumb, *Hanover to Windsor*, London: Collins, 1966, p. 175.
- ³² Thomas W. Laqueur, "The Queen Caroline Affair: Politics as Art in the Reign of George IV," *Journal of Modern History*, 54 (Sept. 1982), 460-61.
- ³³ *Letters*, p. 430.