

Queen Caroline's Tragic Fight for Crown

Tried Before House of Lords

● In semi-exile at Blackheath, Princess Caroline tried to enjoy life in heedless fashion. This gave her husband, Prince George of Wales—later King George IV—grounds for starting suit against her. The charge was high treason, committed in the crime of adultery. Though the verdict was "not proven," George's persecutions continued until Caroline agreed to leave England. Six years passed, and as this instalment opens Caroline is in Rome, amusing herself in lively fashion, surrounded by her Italian retinue. Once more George is encouraged to attempt ridding himself of his "damned Brunswick princess."

THIRD ARTICLE

By LOUISE BARGELT

PRINCESS CAROLINE was having quite a rosy time in Rome in the early spring of 1820 when a courier from London brought her news of the death of King George III.

Caroline felt a sharp pang. King George was gone! He had been her best friend at court—her only real friend. She read and reread the message, trying to grasp its full import.

The king's death would change everything for her. She was queen consort now, and soon she would be crowned. Her husband would have to recognize her. He could no longer treat her like an outcast. The last paragraph of the letter, which had been written to her by her solicitor general, Henry Brougham, was of very special interest. It ran thus:

Will your majesty grant me leave to meet you without fail at Calais as early in June as possible? I am bringing with me Lord Hutchinson, his majesty's very particular friend, who is the bearer of an important message to you from the king!

This was too marvelous to be true! Caroline felt that George must really want her to return at last, so she lost no time in breaking up her court in Rome and making hasty arrangements for her trip to the French coast.

It was not easy parting from the merry friends with whom she had been traveling over Europe and Asia for the last five years. It was especially sad saying good-by to her dear Count Pergami, the romantic and handsome Italian whose devotion had been sweet—and, yes, exciting.

"I'll never forget you, dear count," she whispered to him. "Those days—and nights—at Villa d'Este on Lake Como; that Mediterranean cruise last winter on the Palacca—they were all so perfect." She sighed dreamily, then immediately went on in a more practical tone: "But everything ends, and now that George has come to his senses and asks my return, I shall have to go."

Unfortunately, Caroline's optimistic picture of a repentant George requesting her immediate return was shattered the hour she met Mr. Brougham, and when she read Lord Hutchinson's important message she knew the worst. Caroline was shocked when she read:

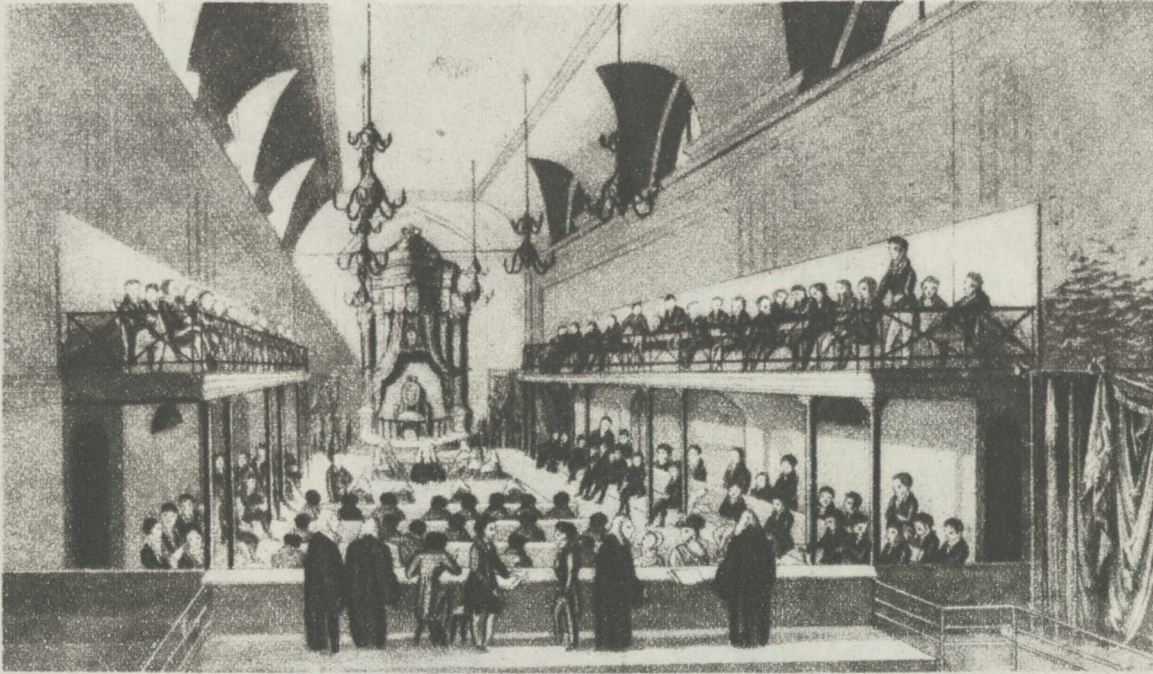
His majesty also imposes the condition that the queen is not to assume the style and title of queen of England, or any title attached to the royal family of England.

Caroline was speechless. She was offered 50,000 pounds a year—to stay out of England forever! When she found her voice it shook with anger.

"Take this answer back," she cried. "Tell him that no one in England is imposing any conditions on me—not any longer."

Caroline's eyes shone with a hard glitter. "I am leaving for England tonight," she added.

The crossing to Dover was rough, but Caroline stayed on deck, thoughtfully and a little fearfully laying her plans for action when she reached London. Apparently it was to be the old story over again. When George had tried to get rid of her before he had charged her with practically all of the sins in the calendar. Yet he had never succeeded in proving any of them against her, and the people always had rallied to her support; staged sensational demon-



The house of lords during the trial of Queen Caroline. Her majesty is the woman wearing the tall plumed hat.



Death of Caroline, injured queen of England.

strations which proved beyond any measure of doubt that they pitied her, loved her, championed her cause. Would they still refuse to believe the scandalous stories George would bring up?

The moment she put her foot upon English soil her questions were dramatically answered. She was given a riotous welcome at Dover, and guns were fired in royal salute.

Nor was this all. The following day the demonstrations began again. Rumors were afloat that secret investigations were to be started against her, and London's loyal masses staged demonstrations to prevent these if possible.

This was all very gratifying to Caroline but quite disturbing to a group of anxious peers who watched the proceedings from the windows of Carlton house. King George, it goes without saying, was beside himself with rage.

"Such a fuss!" he shouted. "My damned wife's name on every hoodlum's tongue! Just heavens, what are we coming to! The royal family is disgraced."

George decided upon action at once. He sent his prize posses-

sion, the green bag full of evidence against Caroline, which he had spent three years collecting, to a secret committee in the house of lords.

The bill of pains and penalties was immediately drawn up and a copy forwarded to Caroline. Mr. Brougham was with her when she read it and was shocked to see her toss it on her desk with an impudent shrug of her shoulders.

"Do you know what's in that green bag?" he gasped. She was his client, but proving a very difficult one.

Caroline gave one of her cool, impudent laughs. "I can imagine. It's full of all sorts of horrid evidence against me. Here's an indication—if you care to see a letter I got just this morning. Read it. Learn for yourself how George has gone about trying to trap me—even before I left England in 1814."

The note she handed Mr. Brougham purported to have been written by one of the prince regent's brothers to Captain King of the frigate which took Caroline to the French coast six years before:

Dear King: You are going to be ordered to take the princess of Wales to the continent. If you don't get me some worth-while evidence against her you are a damned fool. How about an affair with her yourself? You have my consent for it, and I can assure you that you have that of my brother, the prince regent.

Yours, (Signed) —

"That's the sort of husband I have," Caroline said scornfully. "I'm not afraid of him!"

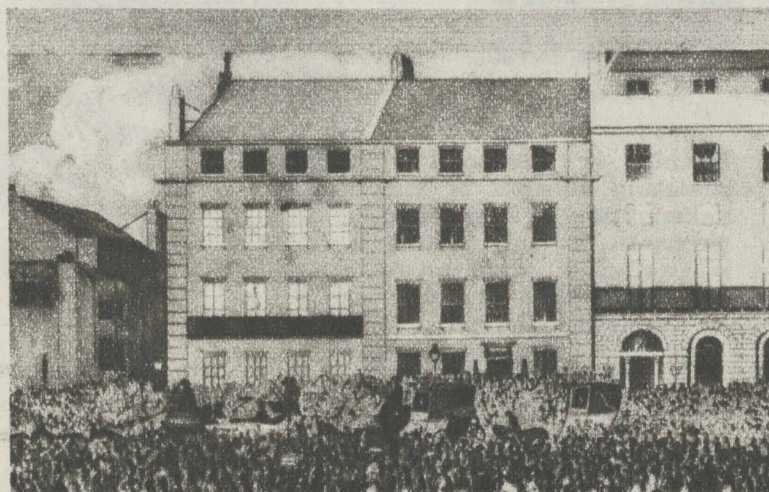
The trial started on Aug. 17. By this time feeling for Caroline was running high, so intense that the military was ordered into London as an extra precaution against violence. The Italians who had been brought to London as witnesses for the crown were in danger of their lives.

The crowds began to gather at sunrise, and when the state car-

riage of the queen appeared, drawn by six spirited bay horses, a deafening clamor went up. She was slimmer than in the old days, her face becomingly pale, and her smile as she waved at the crowds was gay and sweet.

Inside the house of lords, hisses mingled with cheers greeted her from the galleries. The conservative classes were not so enthusiastic for her as the hearty masses.

Already a few violent articles had been printed against her. Flynn's Western Luminary had appeared only the day before with a scathing paragraph which ended: *Shall a woman who is as noto-*



Everywhere Caroline drove in London she was greeted by cheering thousands—a popular queen despite the fact she never was crowned.

riously devoted to Bacchus as to Venus; shall such a woman as would, if found on our pavements, be committed to Bridewell and soundly whipped, be held up in the light of suffering innocence?

It was not until the 19th that the attorney general began his charges against her. The king's friends had small placards printed and distributed around London. They read:

Hear what the attorney general is going to disclose! What he discloses will not only disgust but shock the whole mass of the moral and civilized world.

There was no denying that the queen had been highly indiscreet,



Caroline's procession to St. Paul's, the scene of a mammoth public celebration to give thanks for the queen's victory over her husband, the plotting King George IV.

in arm, manifesting every sign of the warmest attachment—and this before the eyes of a hundred sailors. . . .

That Pergami's small child undoubtedly belonged to the princess, since she was so fond of him. . . .

That once the princess posed for a portrait of the Magdalen in a much exposed state. . . .

That at Jerusalem the princess had knighted Pergami. . . .

That at Nazareth the princess and Pergami stayed up all night because of the intense heat. . . .

Once at Milan a courier tried to deliver a letter to Pergami and found him in the princess' room in his lounging robe. . . .

That the princess made Pergami a present of an estate outside of Milan, which was proof of a licentious attachment. . . .

That on the princess' tour of the Mediterranean in her palatial yacht, the Palacca, she had tents pitched on deck because of the intense heat, and she and Pergami were heard talking up on deck most of the night. . . .

but indiscretions are not necessarily scarlet, and most of the attorney general's criminal evidence seemed based more on inference than fact—inference sworn to for the most part by Italian servants imported to England at great expense by the king and his intimate coterie.

There was a volume of evidence: *Gay parties which went on at the princess' Villa d'Este palace on the banks of Lake Como. . . .*

Wherever the princess went tables were set aside exclusively for Pergami and herself. . . .

Even on the quarter deck of the English man-of-war Leviathan the princess and Pergami walked arm

As the trial progressed excitement rose to such fever pitch that thousands of men and women marched daily through the London streets.

Nearly a quarter of a million signatures were sent in to Caroline in the course of a few weeks. Fully three-fourths of the people of Eng-

Barred from Coronation of King

land refused to credit the stories of Italians or others, and some of the addresses even went so far as to hint that if the verdict went against Caroline it would be the duty of the common people to do something about it—even though it meant bloodshed and death!

The charges against her finally were dropped and the celebrations in honor of what was called "the injured queen's great victory" lasted for three days and nights.

St. Paul's cathedral was the scene of a mammoth public thanksgiving, and Caroline drove there in state with "twenty gentlemen on horseback" attending her. She offered prayers for her delivery from those perils which had threatened her. When she came out from the church "a thousand more gentlemen on horseback, all wearing white favours," joined her procession. It was all very thrilling to Caroline, who felt convinced now that all her troubles were over.

Quiet restored, Caroline began making plans for her coronation.

But she didn't know George! Parliament had balked his attempts at divorce, but he was determined to show her that she was a nobody and completely out of the royal picture. He would not even allow her to attend the coronation ceremony!

Caroline got some inkling of his intention a few weeks before the grand occasion, which was scheduled for July 29, 1821. She made several unsuccessful appeals for tickets to the coronation, and her spirits began to flag. She lost her buoyancy and showed signs of a persistent melancholy which she could not shake. The little uncrowned queen was commencing to break. Her mind was made up on one point. Come what might, she was going to the coronation!

The morning of the coronation Caroline was up before six and in her royal robes.

Lord Hood and Lady Hamilton rode with her to Westminster. When her carriage, drawn by the six bay horses, arrived at the door of the abbey, a group of guards and soldiers immediately confronted her. "Have you a ticket?" one scared-looking attendant asked.

Caroline laughed hysterically, and Lord Hood spoke up: "I present you to your queen. She needs no ticket."

The guard was embarrassed but stubborn. "Orders is orders. No one gets in without a ticket."

"But I am your queen! Won't you admit your queen?" Caroline cried. She was laughing hysterically by this time and looking frantically around her. She turned and fled back to her carriage. On the way to Brandenburg house her hysteria changed to tears and she wept as if her heart would break.

By the time Caroline reached Brandenburg house she was in actual physical pain, and her personal physician, Dr. Holland, was called.

As the days passed Caroline grew no better. Toward the end bulletins were issued hourly from Brandenburg house, signed by the seven physicians called in to work with Dr. Holland.

"She has no will to live," Dr. Holland said sadly. "That makes it so hard to help her."

"There is nothing anyone can do," Lady Hamilton broke in, tears streaming down her face. "She is dying of a broken heart. Shock and a broken heart, poor dear."

The hour before Caroline died, on Aug. 7, 1821, she sent for her lawyers and had them draw up her will. That finished, she looked up at Dr. Holland with a faint touch of her old impudent smile. "It won't be long now," she breathed. "Didn't I tell you I wanted to die? There, now, please don't say you're sorry. Be glad with me. I'm going at last!"

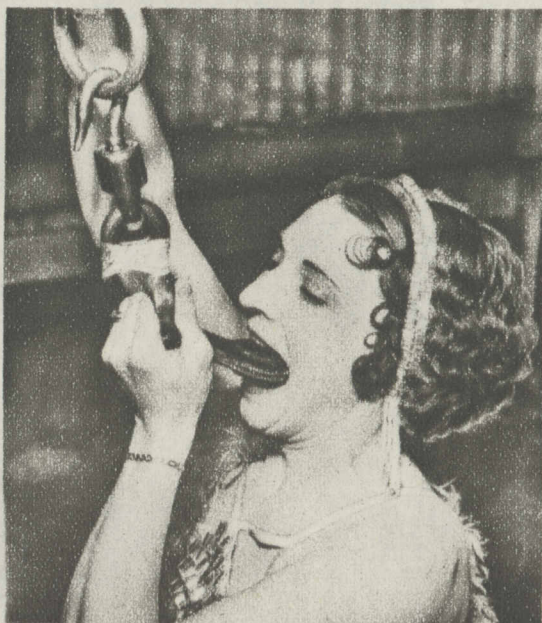
Caroline was buried in the family vault in Brunswick cathedral, Germany. The presiding minister concluded his quiet address with the words: "May God's peace comfort her after all her earthly woes."

Caroline had asked that the following inscription be placed on her coffin:

Here lies Caroline, the injured queen of England.

(THE END.)

Between Life and Death—Jaws with Strength of Steel



Dolly Jacobs, the woman with the iron jaws, places the mouthpiece between her teeth.



Now her entire weight is suspended by the strength of her rugged jaws, neck, and teeth.

(Tribune photos.)

THE recent fatal fall in Los Angeles of Marloe Staples, an aerialist whose featured act was to hang by a strap held between her teeth, has brought inquiry revealing the fact that "iron-jawed" women such as she was are not exactly rare in the circus world. No few of the great traveling hippodromes from time to time have billed as stars the girls who whirl on high while hanging by their teeth.

Dolly Jacobs, now in the employ of one of the big circuses, is an "iron-jawed" performer of considerable fame. Like those of similar aerialists, her act constantly places her in danger of losing her life. Only the strength of her jaw and neck muscles and the soundness of her teeth lie between her and a dangerous fall. She practices constantly when at home or at the winter headquarters of the circus and drills herself

in her act while she is on the road.

Surprising as it may seem, the muscles of the neck and the back rather than the teeth undergo the major strain in an "iron jaw" act. Dentists assert that any mouthful of sound teeth will support the weight of the body, provided there is a properly designed mouthpiece upon which to bite. The average bite pressure of an adult is 120 pounds to



To give her jaws strength Miss Jacobs trains at home.

the square inch. Persons with extremely strong jaws bite with a pressure of 180 pounds to the square inch. In this last-named class are the "iron-jawed" women of the circus, who have strengthened their jaw muscles by constant practice. Since the



In circus winter quarters she rehearses her act every day.

teeth are the least of their worries, the aerialists concentrate on developing neck and back muscles in order to perfect their performances. Miss Jacobs, whose weight is about 100 pounds, can easily lift 200 pounds by the method she uses in her act.