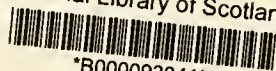




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THE STUARTS



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Charles I.

THE STUARTS

BEING OUTLINES OF THE PERSONAL HISTORY
OF THE FAMILY

ILLUSTRATED FROM
PORTRAITS, MINIATURES, &c.
IN THE
MOST CELEBRATED COLLECTIONS

BY

J. J. FOSTER, F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF

"BRITISH MINIATURE PAINTERS AND THEIR WORKS,"
"CONCERNING THE TRUE PORTRAITURE OF MARY STUART,"
"FRENCH ART FROM WATTEAU TO PRUD'HON,"
Etc., Etc.

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PREFACE



HIS new edition of "THE STUARTS" is issued at the suggestion of several friends who have represented that the expensive form in which the book originally appeared, viz. in two volumes folio, with 228 illustrations, debarred many from purchasing it.

The work has been carefully revised, and contains the whole of the letter-press of the first edition, except references to certain plates which are omitted; and the Appendices, one of which latter, namely, a list of portraits of Mary Stuart, has been treated of by me in a separate volume, lately published, and styled, "Concerning the True Portraiture of Mary Stuart," to which those of my readers who desire fuller information on that fascinating subject are referred.

It only remains for me to express once more my indebtedness to the owners of the original pictures selected as illustrative of the text. The high quality and authenticity of the works, so generously placed at my disposal, lend value to the book, whilst the charm of these examples of contemporary Stuart Art speaks for itself.

J. J. FOSTER.

October, 1907.

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A SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY OF THE SOVEREIGN STUARTS

The House of Stewart, afterwards Stuart, in Scotland

- ROBERT II. Born 1316. Succeeded his uncle, David II., in 1371. Married Marjory, eldest daughter of Robert I. Died 1390.
- ROBERT III. Born 1340. Succeeded, on abdication of his father, 1390. Married Annabella Drummond. Died 1406.
- JAMES I. Born 1394. Prisoner in England for eighteen years. Succeeded in 1406. Married Joan Beaufort, daughter of John, Earl of Somerset, son of John of Gaunt. Murdered at Perth, 1437.
- JAMES II. Born 1430. Succeeded 1437. Married Mary of Gueldres. Killed at siege of Roxburgh, 1460.
- JAMES III. Born 1453. Married Margaret of Denmark. Slain at Bannockburn, 1488.
- JAMES IV. Born 1473. Succeeded 1489. Married Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry VII. Killed at Flodden Field, 1513.
- JAMES V. Born 1512. Succeeded 1513. Married (i) Magdalen of France; (ii) Mary of Guise. Died a few days after Battle of Solway Moss, 1542.
- MARY. Born 1542. Succeeded her father when but a few days old. Married (i) the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II.; (ii) Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley (1565); (iii) James, Earl of Bothwell (1567). Returned from France to Scotland in 1561. Fled to England, 1568. Beheaded at Fotheringhay, 1587.

Union of the crowns of England and Scotland

- JAMES I. and VI. Born 1566. Proclaimed king, in Scotland, 1567. Succeeded to throne of England, 1603. Married Anne of Denmark, 1590. Died 1625.
- CHARLES I. Born 1600. Succeeded 1625. Married Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France, 1625. Took up arms against the Long Parliament, 1642. Beheaded January 30, 1649.
- CHARLES II. Born 1630. Fled to France after Naseby. Crowned at Scone, 1651. Defeated at Worcester, same year. Restored 1660. Married Catherine of Braganza, 1660. Died 1685.
- JAMES II. Born 1633. Succeeded his brother, 1685. Married (i) Anne Hyde (born 1637), 1659; (ii) Mary d'Este, daughter of the Duke of Modena. Abdicated 1689. Died 1701.
- WILLIAM III and MARY II. Son of William II. of Orange and Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I. Born 1650. Married 1678, Mary, daughter of James II. and Anne Hyde. Succeeded 1689. Died 1702.—Mary, born 1662. Succeeded 1689. Died 1694.
- ANNE. Born 1665. Succeeded 1702. Married George, Prince of Denmark, 1683. Died 1714.

JAMES III. Born 1688. Eldest son of James II. and Mary of Modena. Married 1719, Maria Clementina, daughter of Prince James Sobieski, of Poland. Died 1766. Styled the Chevalier St. George.

CHARLES III. Born 1720. Landed in Scotland, 1745. Defeated at Culloden, 1746. Married Louisa, Princess of Stolberg, 1772. Died at Rome, 1788. Styled the Young Chevalier, and Count of Albany.

HENRY IX. Born 1723. Created Cardinal, 1747. Died at Rome, 1807.

Some other Stuarts referred to in this volume

MORAY. James Stuart, Earl of. Born 1530. Warm supporter of Knox. Opposed his sister Mary, and was made regent when she abdicated. Assassinated by James Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh, at Linlithgow, in 1570.

DARNLEY. Henry Stuart, Lord. Born 1546. Son of Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox. Grandson of Margaret Tudor by her second marriage (with the Earl of Angus). Married Mary Stuart, 1565. Murdered at Kirk o' Field, 1567.

STUART. Lady Arabella. Born 1575. Daughter of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, and first cousin to James I. Married William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, afterwards Duke of Somerset. Put into the Tower on a charge of aspiring to the throne, where she died, insane, 1615.

HENRY. Prince of Wales. Born 1594. Eldest son of James I. "The hope of the Puritans." Died 1612.

ELIZABETH. Daughter of James I. Born 1596. Married Frederick, Elector Palatine, in 1613. Returned to England in 1660 with her nephew, Charles II. Died in London, 1662.

RUPERT. Prince, of Bavaria. Born 1619. Son of Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine. Took service under Charles I. Died 1682.

MARY. Princess. Eldest daughter of Charles I. Born 1631. Married William II., Prince of Orange, in 1641. Died 1660.

ELIZABETH. Daughter of Charles I. Born 1635. Died at Carisbrook Castle, 1650.

GLOUCESTER. Henry, Duke of. Son of Charles I. Born 1640. Died 1660.

HENRIETTA. Princess Henrietta Anne. Daughter of Charles I. Born at Oxford, 1644. Married Philip, Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV., 1661. Died 1670.

MONMOUTH. James, Duke of. Natural son of Charles II. Born 1649. Defeated at Sedgemoor, 1685. Executed on Tower Hill, same year.

GLOUCESTER. William, Duke of. Son of Anne. Born 1689. Died 1700.

MARIA LOUISA THERESA. Princess. Daughter of James II. Born 1692. Died 1712.

BERWICK. James Fitzjames, Duke of. Son of James II. by Arabella Churchill. Born 1670. Died 1734. Marshal of France.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

"The only temper in which a man can write accurately and well is a temper of trust towards the generation whom he describes; the only temper, for if a man has no affection for the characters of whom he reads, he will never understand them."

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S *Plays and Puritans*.



WHEN Louis XV. said of the Stuarts, "C'est une famille infortunée dont je ne veux pas entendre parler," he doubtless spoke as he felt, for he had already heard more than enough of misfortunes which bore a sinister resemblance to those which might befall himself, and which, as a matter of fact, did overtake his dynasty in the succeeding reign. But if this "most high, most mighty, et très puissant" Prince did not want to hear the Stuarts spoken of again, posterity is by no means of his way of thinking, and as long as human nature remains what it is, so long will succeeding generations of readers trace, with unabated interest, the struggle between those opposing forces in which the Stuarts often appear as it were mere shuttlecocks of fortune. Whilst the English language endures, the story of those who played so large a part in the history of our race will remain, as it stands to-day, amongst the most absorbing in our annals.

In the words of one who, perhaps, did not love the Stuarts overmuch, but who, at any rate, studied their life-story and etched their individualities in his own mordant fashion, according to Thomas Carlyle, "the Fates said to them be kings of talent, but not of talent enough; kings of a deep inarticulate people, in whose heart is kindled fire of Heaven, which shall be unintelligible and incredible to you. Take these heroic qualities, this sort of gypsy black. Let there run in your quick blood pruriency of appetite, a proud impatience—alas! an unveracity, a heat, and a darkness; and therewith try to govern England in the age of Puritanism. That we have computed will be tragedy enough for England and you."

The testimony of great writers, whether adverse to the Stuarts or in their favour, and the witness borne by authentic portraits (which, unlike authors' opinions, we expect to be unprejudiced), taken together should give us reliable presentments of many of the principal characters who figure in our history from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the eighteenth century—a period of surpassing interest, fraught with momentous issues and far-reaching consequences.

In the following pages an attempt is made to illustrate the characters and the persons of the principal members of this ill-fated house; and, incidentally, of their friends and foes, from the days of James V. of Scotland down to those of Prince Charles Edward, in whom the Stuarts may be said to have made their last appearance as a political force.

These portraits have been chosen from royal, national, and famous private collections, every one bearing more or less an imprimatur of genuineness. Many of the originals are works of art of the highest quality, and some, moreover, possess the additional interest of having never been reproduced before.

As to the Stuart family, there seems to be, as Voltaire truly remarked, "*Une fatalité à laquelle rien ne peut se soustraire, c'est une suite continuelle de malheurs qui a persecuté la maison pendant plus de trois cents années.*" In 1542, James V. died broken-hearted, so it is said, through the shameful rout of Solway Moss; in the same year his daughter saw the light at Linlithgow, within the now dismantled walls of that old and most stately palace of the Scottish Kings.

In 1642, Charles I. raised the Royal Standard at Nottingham. Another hundred years brings us to "the '45." To use the words of Lord Macaulay, "What persecutions, conspiracies, seditions, revolutions, judicial murders and civil wars do not these two centuries cover?" Dark and bloody as are, alas! too many of the annals of these fateful years, "great and good deeds were done in them, and there were great and good men there to do them," as Kingsley said of the reign of Elizabeth.

However much we may deplore the excesses inseparable from a fratricidal strife which rent England in two, and brought anarchy in its train, the civil war may be regarded as a furnace of affliction in which the national character rid itself of dross. The passionate loyalty of the adherents of the Stuarts, and the grim determination and fanatic fury of their opponents, fused as it were into an amalgam, and thus our constitution has emerged from its trials with a solidity which other nations may envy. In these pages no attempt

is made at any exhaustive inquiry into the complex circumstances which shaped the careers of the leading personages of this great drama ; that is a subject in which many eminent writers have found a field for the exercise of their highest powers, and it is a topic which will always attract the moralist, the historian, and the partisan.

In a letter Sir Walter Scott wrote in 1828 upon the appearance of Lodge's portraits of "Illustrious Personages of Great Britain," he says : "I will enlarge no more upon the topic, because I am certain that it requires not the voice of an obscure individual to point out to the British public the merits of a collection which at once satisfies the imagination and the understanding, showing us by the pencil how the most distinguished of our ancestors looked, moved, and dressed, and informs us by the pen how they thought, acted, lived and died."

Substitute "subject" for the word "collection," and limit the application to the Stuart period, and you have the best justification I can offer for submitting this work to the public.

The reader will observe that the book is styled "outlines of the *personal* history of the family," and accordingly I leave to others the description of the march of political events, of the welling up of those social and religious forces which swept more than one monarch from his throne, which brought a beautiful and gifted Queen to the scaffold, and drove the descendants of a long line of kings into exile and obscurity. I leave to the assailants of the Stuarts, and to their champions, of whom there are not a few, the discussion of such questions as to whether exigencies of statecraft justified Elizabeth in her conduct to Mary, and as to whether Cecil's crooked ways may be forgiven in view of his duty, as he conceived it, to his country and to the great Queen he served. Others may determine whether Oliver Cromwell was a sincere God-fearing man, or a hypocrite ; an impostor or a hero. But in addition to these beaten paths of history, there are byways, surely not without their charm, along which some of us are well content to wander. Without once descending into the dusty arena of political or theological controversy, we can find abundance to interest us, and discover illustrations of the careers of the Stuarts, derivable from various sources of never-failing interest and beauty. There are, for example, numberless fine miniature portraits in this country, many of them precious in themselves as historical illustrations (for the life-stories of the originals are inseparably bound up with those of the Stuarts), and admirable also as works of art,

having been executed by some of the greatest miniature painters known to fame—the Olivers and Samuel Cooper, to wit. Moreover, there are other representations of the events with which the times are crowded, and of the places wherein they happened; and, in addition to all these, there is an almost overwhelming choice of relics, religiously preserved, and testifying to the devotion and enthusiasm felt for the persons and the cause of the Stuarts.

It is just these personal things which seem to make the men and women to whom they appertained live and move, and which bring them so close to us. When we look, for example, upon the leading-strings so beautifully worked by Mary Stuart for her baby boy (James I. and VI.), do we not feel a touch of nature, and realise that she must have been one of like passions with ourselves, that she was not merely an ill-fated monarch, but a woman, endowed with the supreme dignity of womanhood, namely, maternity; and does this not deepen the human and pathetic interest of her career? The same thing may be said of many another relic, trifling in itself perhaps, but pregnant with associations which words inadequately express. Are not the dark hours in which Charles I. trod the valley of the shadow of death with such dignity and such resignation, brought vividly before us when we look upon the two watches he habitually wore, and which he gave on the morning of his execution to Sir Thomas Herbert? Or, to come to later times, when we see, as we may do, the “George” worn by Prince Charlie in Edinburgh, and portions of his disguise as Betty Burke, the serving-maid, which he wore after Culloden, do these not give a final touch of reality to the story of his wanderings and of his escapes?

The period embraced by this work, extending from the days of the Tudors to the Georges, was marked by a series of conflicts between great opposing forces; in the one camp were ranged the Romanists, in the other the Reformers; on the one side stood the champions and defenders of feudal privileges and of the divine right of kings; on the other, the asserters of popular liberties and of individual freedom. But whilst tempests swept across our national life, there were lulls, so to speak, from time to time, and periods of apparent calm; so, too, with individuals of the Stuart dynasty, we shall find that even the stormiest career had its quiet moments, and that the morning of the life of some of them was bright, if not joyous. For example, take the story of Mary Stuart; her early days in France stand out by themselves as a time of innocence and happiness, and even the period of her conflict with the turbulent and rapacious nobles of Scotland was

chequered by gleams of sunshine, followed by the ever-deepening gloom of imprisonment, and terminating in the darkness of death upon the scaffold. The same may be said of her grandson, around whom tragic interest centres beyond almost any other personage in our history. For many years before the Civil War broke out, Charles doubtless enjoyed the delights of blameless domestic life, of the collection of works of art, and of other pursuits congenial to his refined tastes. To this tranquil time succeeds the stormy period of the Rebellion, and the drama is closed at Whitehall on that memorable winter morning of January 30, 1649. Again, the episodes of 1715 and "the '45" are not merely historical events of moment, but crises in the lives of all concerned. In contrast to these days of storm and strife we have the comparatively uneventful reign of James I. ; the period of reaction which may be termed the dominant note of the twenty-five years of Charles II. ; the times of William and Mary, when the foundations of constitutional liberty were laid broad and sure ; and the Augustan age of Anne, memorable in the peaceful annals of literature. I shall endeavour to group the principal characters in these respective periods, and to bring the whole subject within the scope of the divisions I have made by following chronological sequence ; thus we shall be brought from the August morning on which Mary Stuart landed in Scotland down to the fateful day of Culloden, when the Stuart cause was lost for ever.

CHAPTER II

MARY STUART

Childhood and Youth



IN the days of David I. of Scotland, that is to say, about the middle of the twelfth century, there was a certain Walter Fitzalan, Lord of Oswestry, in Shropshire, who entered the service of the Scottish King of his day and became hereditary High Steward to that sovereign. His descendant, Robert Stewart, or Stuart, who married Marjory, eldest daughter of Robert I., mounted the throne in 1371, and is known as Robert II. of Scotland.

The family history of the Stuarts might fittingly be commenced with this first monarch of the race, but to follow in any detail the fortunes of the house so far back would much exceed the limits of this book, which makes no pretensions to deal with the fourteenth century. Moreover, it would be difficult, from lack of pictorial illustration, to trace the story in the way in which the subsequent period has been dealt with.

Passing by Robert III., a man of weak mind, we come to James I., who was a prisoner in England for eighteen years and was murdered in the Dominican Monastery at Perth. He is represented in an interesting picture by Pintoricchio which is preserved in the Library of Siena Cathedral. James II. was killed by the bursting of a cannon at Roxburgh. James III. was slain at Sauchieburn, and was succeeded by James IV., beloved of his people, and the hero of "The Lady of the Lake": he it was who rushed upon his death at Flodden Field. Carlyle has sketched his portrait for us thus: "A brave enough kingly face, beautiful and stern, his long black hair flowing down in rough floods, carelessly dashed on his head the Highland cap with its feather, a really royal-looking man." James IV. ascended the throne in 1488, dying in 1513, therefore the well-known



James III. and IV. and, Margaret of Denmark.

portrait of him holding a falcon on his left wrist and in his right hand its padded hood—if contemporary, was probably painted in the fifteenth century. It is said to be a copy by Mytens of an old picture. The portrait at Newbattle ascribed to Holbein, is of finer quality, but as this artist was not born till 1495, it is unlikely he painted James from life.

The portraits of James III., his wife Margaret of Denmark, and their son James IV., are to be seen in the beautifully painted and admirably preserved triptych which may be called the principal artistic treasure of Holyrood. It was formerly in the church of the Holy Trinity at Edinburgh, and on one of its “volets” the Trinity is represented. The authorship of this noble work is much debated. Formerly it was ascribed to Mabuse, now it is generally given, I believe, to that rare artist Hugo Van der Goes. The influence of Van Eyck seems plain, as an able critic in the *Athenæum* has pointed out, but without stopping to discuss the painter of it, we welcome it as especially valuable from our point of view, viz., that of historical portraiture. The heads of the royal personages are given in our illustrations. The reader who desires to be better acquainted with the whole work, which is full of elaborate detail, will find it figured in Pinkerton’s “Iconographia Scotica.”

It was shown in the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery in 1889, and must be familiar to visitors to Holyrood, where, a superb example of high finish and exquisite workmanship, it stands in the long gallery, the walls of which are crowded with most preposterous daubs styled portraits of the Kings of Scotland, portraits of a “royal kind of men, but at their best not royal enough, so many inadequate heroes, not heroic enough.”

We see then that all the earlier sovereigns of the House of Stuart met with violent deaths, and thus there is a singular dash of tragedy in the whole story, which is one of struggles between enlightened rulers and a turbulent nobility, and of battles in the cause of civilisation.

The end of the fifth James is not less tragic than that of his predecessors; the disaffection of his nobles led to the rout, it can hardly be called the battle, of Solway Moss, wherein ’tis said ten thousand Scots were put to flight by three hundred English horsemen. A few days after this he died at Falkland of shame and grief, muttering “Solway Moss.” Probably, however, the broken-hearted king is best known to most of us as the father of Mary Stuart, and it is with the career of his hapless daughter that this work begins.

I make no pretence of disclosing new facts about the Queen of Scots.

All the stores of history and tradition, of public records and private collections, have been already ransacked ; argument and reasonable conjecture have been exhausted ; the fields even of imagination and fancy have been traversed in search of her person and her wit, and to aggravate the horror of her sufferings. Moreover, the long interval of time, and the animosity of parties render the solution of some of the problems connected with her life and conduct almost insolvable, so that, as Walsingham declared three centuries ago, "it is hard to procure an impartial opinion about her, the love and hatred that was borne her being either in the extremest degree." There is, however, no dispute nor much obscurity about her early years. James V. was her father, as we have seen, and Mary of Lorraine, daughter of Claude, Duke of Guise, and widow of Louis, Duke of Longueville, was her mother. Heredity is now recognised as a potent factor in the sum of human destiny ; the tendencies which ancestors transmit mould the characters of their descendants. As their parents were, so their offspring are likely to be, in greater or less degree ; hence, did space permit, it might be instructive to inquire more particularly into the antecedents of Mary Stuart's parentage ; as it is, we need not dwell upon James's character further than to remark that it is notorious that "he sowed his wild oats with ungrudging prodigality," and left six or seven bastards who were legitimated by the Pope, some of whom held church benefices. He must have been an orthodox Romanist, since we read of his being present at an *auto da fé* in 1539 at Edinburgh. Not that too much importance need be attached to this fact, but it is not without significance in view of the temperament of his daughter and of her championship of the Catholic faith.

Of Mary of Guise it may be said that, whilst she has been termed "a noble, just, unfanatical, clear-headed, magnanimous woman," she does not occupy that commanding place in history which has been assigned by universal consent to her daughter ; she was doubtless a woman of parts, or she could not have held her own in the troublous times of the Regency. From 1542, the date of her husband's death, to 1560, when fatal illness overtook her in Edinburgh Castle, she had to contend with rapacious nobles and rival religious factions, struggles which to describe would lead us beyond the scope of this work.

Mary's parents may then, perhaps, be termed notable and distinguished, if not very remarkable, persons, and some attribute her personal beauty to her father rather than to her mother. The Duke of Devonshire owns portraits of each of them in a picture which is now at Hardwick and well merits

description. It is painted on a panel about 4 ft. 8 in. by 3 ft. 6 in., and is indubitably foreign work. As may be seen by the inscriptions upon it, it represents James when he was twenty-eight years of age, and his wife twenty-four. One cannot help remarking the sameness, and one may even say the tameness, of the composition, and the ostentatious way in which both are holding jewels. The picture may be dated 1539, as Mary of Guise was born in 1515. The arms at the top of the panel are the king's escutcheon, and below them a shield is impaled with the arms of the King and Queen. The King's hair is light brown rather than red, as it is sometimes said to be, with moustache and beard to match. His coat is cloth of gold, with jewelled wristbands. The Queen's dress is red, richly embroidered with flowers. It is interesting to compare this picture with the one I show from the National Portrait Gallery, which for a long time was regarded as the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, and was so described at the Tercentenary Exhibition at Peterborough in 1887. The lady, who, at any rate, is a Queen of Scotland, and, upon the authority of Mr. Lionel Cust, is Mary of Lorraine, appears literally bedizened with jewels, and her costume is a study in itself. She possesses, undoubtedly, considerable personal attractions: her features are perhaps more regular, and her face more oval, than is the case in the Duke of Devonshire's picture. One distinguishing peculiarity is the length of the fingers, and we know that Mary of Lorraine was remarkably tall, "of the largest stature of women," says Sadler. It is surmised that this picture was painted while the Queen Regent was besieged in Leith, a city and castle among the rocks in the distance being thought to represent Edinburgh.

In a picture of James belonging to Mr. F. Mackenzie Fraser, and shown at the Stuart Exhibition, the hair is more of a chestnut shade, and the eyes hazel, but the moustache, as in the Duke of Devonshire's picture, is light brown. The features are somewhat long, and the nose is aquiline in shape. The portrait in the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland represents the King with ruddy-brown hair, moustache and beard, narrow dark eyebrows, grey eyes and red lips, but the face has been much repainted. Thus much for the outward presentment of these handsome parents of Mary Queen of Scots.

It is in the person of the daughter and sole offspring of the pair we have been describing that the Stuarts come into immediate touch with English history. Mary was born at Linlithgow on December 8, 1542. Her father died at Stirling five days after, and she was crowned within a week of her

birth, and thus succeeded, when but a babe, to the throne she was destined to find so perilous and so insecure.

Henry the Eighth sought her as a bride for his son Edward before she was out of her cradle. We know how the English King was refused, and how he harried Scotland in revenge; but in other respects the tender years of Mary were not marked by events upon which we need dwell. From Stirling she was taken to Inchmahome, a priory on an island in the Lake of Menteith, and from this remote spot to the rocky stronghold of Dumbarton. The mention of this place of refuge reminds us that in the days we are now considering, that is to say, the middle of the sixteenth century, the dwellings of the upper classes, in England at any rate, began to lose their fortress-like character. The Wars of the Roses being over, men's dread of their neighbours gave place to feelings of more security, and buildings of that stately, pleasant, many-windowed kind known as the Elizabethan sprang up all over the land. The style is well illustrated by Burleigh House and by Hardwick. Of the latter, by the way, there is a common local saying: "Hardwick Hall, more window than wall." In these beautiful old houses and their precincts provision was made for exercise indoors by the gallery, without which no structure of the period was deemed complete, and out of doors by the "bowers." Thus at Wolverton, a mansion in Dorsetshire known to the writer, and with a niche in history as the place in which were laid the fortunes of the Bedford family (through the meeting of young Russell with Philip the Fair and Joan of Castile), there are, or there were, three separate bowers,—gardens enclosed with hedges of box and thick-growing shrubs for privacy's sake—one known as the gentlemen's, another for the ladies of the house and their visitors, and a third for the women-folk of the household.

Any one who has seen these old-fashioned gardens, with their smooth lawns, and hedges often centuries old, will be able to realise the child-queen's garden which Dr. John Brown discovered (or thought he did) at Inchmahome; and he has drawn a fascinating picture of the little Mary—a lovely child, without doubt—and her companions the four Maries—all innocence and happiness—at play in that bright, peaceful spot. The lowering clouds which were fated to gather over other homes of Mary never reached that island sanctuary. The writer I have quoted draws a striking contrast between the Inchmahome garden and another that Mary was allowed to use in the grounds at Chatsworth, which was moated, walled round, and raised fifteen



Mary of Guise



feet above the park, so that all that went on therein could be fully observed. This garden, I believe, is all that is now identified with Mary at Chatsworth. But the reflections called up by the mention of this seat of the Cavendishes belong to the period of her captivity, with which we shall have to deal by-and-by.

From Dumbarton on the Clyde, "the great western seaport of Scotland for several hundred years," she was taken to France, accompanied by her four Maries, and was landed at Brest in August 1548, being then less than six years old. The ten years between her landing in France and her marriage with the Dauphin must have been the happiest days of Mary's life; yet, judged from a modern standpoint, at any rate, this period of her youth and girlhood could hardly have been without its drawbacks, partly on account of the formality and strictness of the etiquette exacted in the Court circle of which she was an "appendage," and partly on account of the hostility of Catherine de Medici, a feeling which the Queen-mother seems to have been unable to conceal. The voluminous Memoirs which exist dealing with these times enable us to realise very clearly the monotony and the triviality of the pursuits of the French Court.

"The princess was early accustomed to the ceremony of receiving and dismissing visitors, taught to dispense smiles when she had not the privilege to distribute favours, and, almost before she had left the nursery, to enact the pageant of the future queen. In the drawing-room, as on the stage, a certain step and carriage were among the chief requisites. A diligent application to etiquette was required to enable the *débutante* princess always to use the action suited to the speech, to offer such salutation as the person was entitled to expect, graduating from the sisterly embrace to the scarcely perceptible inclination of the head, from the ardent greeting at the very entrance of the hall, or the gracious approach towards the middle of the apartment, to the advance of a few paces from the chair of State. The artificial divisions of rank had introduced at the Court a corresponding variety of gradations in ceremony, tediously minute and inelegant, but which, perhaps, in some degree relieved the insignificance and enlivened the monotony of diurnal life."

And here a sketch of the daily occupations of the French sovereign and his courtiers may be deemed not without interest, particularly as we are told that many of the troubles which overtook Mary in later life may be attributed to the corrupt and mischievous influence brought to bear upon her when in

France; but those who assign this as a reason for what they find fault with in Mary have confounded the character of the Court as it was under the early years of Henry III. with its depravity and corruption in succeeding reigns. A marked distinction may be drawn between the reign of Henri Deux and the regency of Catherine de Medici, when a deterioration as rapid as it was remarkable set in. One has only to name such personages as Anne du Bourg; the exemplary Anne d'Este, the affectionate friend of Mary's mother, and others, to show that learning, decorum of manners, and modesty of costume were still in the ascendant at the French Court, where the daily routine, according to Miss Bengier, was much as follows:

His majesty rose at seven and, following the example of his ancestors, held a *levée* in his bedroom till ten, to which visitors from the provinces and those who had lawful business with the king were admitted. At ten he went to Mass, and immediately after to dinner. This over, he regularly visited the Queen's apartments, there to spend a couple of hours with the members of the royal family in the inner chamber in making arrangements for the remainder of the day and so forth. While he was thus engaged the ante-chamber would be crowded by the lords and ladies of the Court, a daily *réunion* to which religion and politics, love and intrigue, lent an ever-varying interest. The afternoon would probably be devoted to the chase, ever a favourite amusement of Henry's, varied by tennis in the royal gardens, with the Queen and demoiselles of the Court looking on from their balcony. If it were winter, the ornamental waters at Fontainebleau afforded opportunities for skating, and other occupations could be found. Then, for the evening, a ballet was a constant resource, and twice a week there was a regular ball; for, as Catherine sets forth in her instructions to Charles IX., such things were necessary to satisfy the nobility, who, without singing and dancing, could never be kept in good humour. From the age of twelve it was customary to allow the royal children of France to take part in the public functions, and in evening spectacles. Upon a first entry such scenes would appear as belonging to a magic world, compared with the sordid poverty in which France was steeped at that time. Here was a temple devoted to pleasure, poetry, and beauty. But, on a more attentive survey, it was discovered that *ennui* and discontent mingled in every scene, however fair and specious. The perfect conformity of sentiment and taste which was required in this numerous society often imposed restrictions and vexations on the individual not less imperative and even more revolting than the rules

of a monastic community. To be constrained to laugh without gaiety, to dance and revel without inclination, was often as irksome as the fast or the long vigil. Such, then, were the scenes among which the early life of Mary Stuart must have been passed, and such the surroundings from which she imbibed those sentiments and feelings which must have influenced her actions in after life, though it must be remembered that it was her holiday-time she passed at Court; the remainder of the year she was in the keeping of her maternal grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon, Duchesse de Guise, a lady of stainless repute, who made the widow and the orphan her care, who wore the simplest apparel, appearing even at Court in a serge gown. Thus it came to pass that Mary spent the most impressionable years of her life amongst devout women, over whom the follies and frivolities of the Court had no influence whatever.

We may now proceed to summarise briefly some of the incidents in the career of Mary whilst connected with the Court of Henry. As we have seen, she arrived on the coast of France in August 1548, and by the King's orders was received in semi-royal state. "To whatever place she came the prison gates were thrown open to all criminals," and other honours and rejoicings marked her progress from Brest to St. Germain. Seeing that her aunt was Abbess of Rheims, and her grandfather Duke of Guise, either the abbey or the palace of her relatives would have formed a suitable residence, but by Henry's express command the "Reinette of Scotland," as he called her, was conducted to a convent where his own daughters were being educated, and here it was, no doubt, that those sentiments of veneration for the Church of Rome which she professed with such ardour in her closing years were imbibed. So responsive did she seem to her spiritual directors that they cherished hopes of her adopting a "religious vocation," and accordingly Mary was promptly withdrawn by her relatives from the convent to the palace, where she had the advantage of the superintendence of her education by her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine. Two years sped by, and the young Princess received a visit from her mother, Mary of Lorraine. The Queen Dowager, with an outburst of maternal affection, shed tears of joy at the sight of her child, whose beauty of person she found wonderfully improved, but accustomed as Mary of Guise must have been to the artificial behaviour of children of that age, even she may have been astonished when her little daughter asked her with the utmost gravity "whether any feuds continued to subsist in the noble families of Scotland, at the same time

inquiring by name for those who had evinced most attachment to the ancient faith; if the English still harrassed her dear native country, whether divine worship had been preserved in uncontaminated purity; whether the prelates and the priests attended to their respective duties, expressing detestation for all who had forsaken the faith of their fathers." That clerical influence is not far to seek in such a speech as this is obvious enough, particularly in the last sentence, and when we consider that the speaker was but eight years old; it is language which such a child would never use naturally, but, says Sir John Skelton, "there was a mystical vein in her nature . . . she was an apt and willing scholar, and seems indeed to have had that love of learning for its own sake which is by no means common. The ascetic life which she led while with her grandmother does not appear to have been distasteful to her. Her juvenile exercises which have been preserved show considerable force and facility of expression, and the devotional feeling which they manifest is obviously unborrowed. She spoke fluently and readily, she had mastered more than one language, her poetry was praised without reserve by Brantôme and Ronsard, who were critics as well as courtiers; the Latin oration which she made before the King and nobles of France when she was barely ten was delivered with a spirit and animation which delighted the Court. She was by nature courteous and considerate, as well as frank and sincere, and she won all hearts by her charm of manner and the grace of her address. Even strangers were captivated by the bright, lively, intelligent child, who could yet be so grave and reserved."

In a letter written by the Cardinal of Lorraine to his sister in Scotland in 1553 we get another glimpse of the precocious and attractive girl: "I told you, Madam," the Cardinal writes, "your daughter has grown much taller, and she daily improves in goodness and virtue, in beauty and intelligence. She could not possibly make greater progress than she does in all that is excellent and of good reputation; never have I seen her equal in this realm, among high or low. I must not fail to tell you that so much does the King enjoy her society that he frequently spends an hour in conversing with her, and this is a great pleasure to him, for she talks as well and sensibly as if she was a woman of five and twenty. You may be assured that in her you have a daughter who will be the greatest of comforts to you. In the settlement of her establishment it is my opinion there should not be anything which is either superfluous or mean, for meanness is the thing which of all others she hates most in this world. Be assured that already her spirit is

so high that she lets her annoyance be very plainly visible, if she be unworthily treated. Her general conduct is admirable, and nothing can be more satisfactory than the progress she is making under Madame Parroys—the service of God being, as heretofore, carefully observed.”

In 1554 Mary writes thus to her mother :

“Madam,—I am very glad to have the means of writing to you my news, being in very great pain from being so long without hearing any of yours. Madam, I have heard that the Governor has put himself at your will, and has restored into your hands the principal places of the kingdom, of which I am very glad, and every day praise our Lord for it ; and also that all the princes and great lords have returned unto you. I have come to Meudon to Madam my grandmother, in order to keep the feast of Easter, because she and my uncle—Monsieur le Cardinal—wish that I should take the sacrament. I pray to God very humbly to give me grace, that I may make a good beginning. I must not forget to tell you that this bearer has done good and acceptable service to the King.

“Here, Madam, I will present to you my humble recommendations to your good favour, beseeching the Creator to give you in continued health a very happy life.

“Your very humble and very obedient daughter,

“MARIE.”

If other testimonies to her attractive qualities at this age be needed, let the following suffice : it is her half-brother, Francis of Orleans, who writes, “The little Queen of Scotland is found by every one so engaging that the King is more than content ;” and Margaret of Savoy says, “The Queen your daughter improves so much in every way that I cannot write enough about her ; her honesty and goodness become every day more marked.” Anne d’Este, the Princess of Ferrara, is even more enthusiastic : “You have the best and prettiest little Queen in the world ; her talk and courage are so discreet that we no longer think of or treat her as a child.” And a year or two later, on the eve of her marriage to the Dauphin, Diane de Poitiers confirms the impression of Mary’s early tact and reasonableness : “She spoke to the Scottish deputies not as an inexperienced child, but as a woman of age and knowledge : they will tell you this when they return.” And, once more, Mary Tudor’s Ambassadors to Rome—the Bishop of Ely and Lord

Montague—who met her at Fontainebleau in the spring of 1555, were struck by the easy and unaffected simplicity with which she received them.

Although the young Queen dwelt in the Royal Palace, it was only on festivals or special occasions that she appeared in public; but we hear of her dancing the *passambo al Espagne*, or minuet, with her father-in-law elect, and there is a tradition of her walking in a religious procession carrying a torch or palm, when her beauty so impressed the onlookers as to lead a woman amongst them to exclaim, "Are you not indeed an angel?" The Spanish Ambassador, Capello, gives us a pleasing account of how he saw the Dauphin and Mary, who as boy and girl seem to have been excellent friends from the first time that they met, "go to the end of the room by themselves to exchange apart from the others their little confidences."

Examples in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, Paris, and the Royal Library at Windsor enable us to picture the Dauphin as a child, and also as the husband of Mary. The drawing at Paris matches another, in the same collection, of Mary as a young woman, in its obvious truth and beautiful handling; it represents him as a mere boy, and he looks but little more in the miniature at Windsor. All these are attributed to Janet or Jannet, "a French limner" as he was called in the catalogue of King Charles I.'s collection, prepared by Van der Dort. He is well known as the principal artist at the French Court of the day.

Of portraits of Mary at this age there are several. The one ascribed to Janet, formerly in the Earl of Carlisle's collection, now at Chantilly, I shall deal with further on—in connection with the difficult subject of her portraits—as I hope to do with several others.

CHAPTER III

MARY STUART IN FRANCE

"I was the queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been !
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en."
"Queen Mary's Lament," BURNS.



ALTHOUGH the materials for painting the life of Mary in France are but slight, and the period in which she was Queen was brief indeed, yet, as an important phase of her existence, it cannot be passed over without notice.

By French law the King attained his majority at the early age of fourteen, and thus the Guises were able to conclude the nuptials of their niece with Francis II. when he was but a boy. On the other hand, Catherine de Medici, fearful of losing her power over her son, strove for delay on the plea of the extreme youth of the contracting parties. To this the Princes of Lorraine answered that Royal children were often married at twelve years of age, and reminded Catherine that she herself had espoused Henry when younger by some months than her niece. Another reason which had its weight in urging them to hasten forward matters was the fear of the aggrandisement of the family of the Constable; but into these and such like intrigues, of which the times were so prolific, we must not enter.

In the British Museum there is a cast of the obverse of the Great Seal of Francis and Mary. On it each figure is crowned, and each holds a sceptre. It is inscribed "F. and M., D.G., R.R. Francois Scot. *Angl. et Hyber.*" The significance of this inscription is obvious, and throws light on the attitude of Elizabeth to her kinswoman and rival.

From contemporary memoirs, to which reference has already been made, it may be gleaned that, whilst the Prince was of an affectionate disposition,

he took but little pleasure in society, and was unfitted for his high position, entailing as it did so much pageantry, by an unprepossessing exterior, and by the shyness and timidity of his manners. He seemed to shrink from the responsibilities of his rank and station, though we are told "his frigidity vanished in the presence of his intended bride," whose grace of manner and charm of person must have furnished a strong contrast.

In the *Epithalamium* of Buchanan we have a delightful picture of her appearance at this time; he expatiates on "the symmetry of her form, on the open brow on which honour seemed enthroned, the mild lustre of her eyes, the captivating smile that mantled her youthful cheeks." He extols "the sedateness of her character, the grave and dignified look that bespoke a prudence beyond her years." Above all he dwells on "that feminine softness, more fascinating than any perfection of symmetry or complexion, by which she was eminently distinguished." Contrast with this the appearance of Francis. In his homely features there was nothing to please the eye, and owing to an unfortunate nasal obstruction he could not speak without offending the ear. His feeble limbs and low stature gave him a meanness of appearance and an insignificance which was not redeemed by any intellectual gifts. He had been in the hands of nurses and physicians from his cradle, and neither physically nor mentally was he, in any sense of the word, a match for his bride. Notwithstanding all this, for fifteen days festivals and fêtes were held in Paris to celebrate the Royal union with becoming pomp. But, splendid though the marriage was that Mary contracted, she soon found that her liberty was not extended in her new position, quite the reverse; and, young as she was, she soon recognised in the Queen-mother a spy on almost her every movement, word, and look. In her consort she found neither sympathy with, nor capacity for, intellectual enjoyment. His favourite amusements were riding and hunting, which she, being at this time of a somewhat delicate constitution, was not well fitted to join, although later in life such things were amongst her greatest delights. The pair were, however, thoroughly in harmony on religious matters, and in all other respects Mary seems to have conformed her habits to his, whilst he repaid her with the utmost devotion of which his nature was capable. This position of splendid constraint was not destined to last long, for Mary was Queen of France only sixteen months. In the autumn of 1560 it was seen that the days of Francis II. were numbered; both in mind and body his weakness increased; before the year was out he took to his bed, and died on December 5, nursed throughout his illness by



Mary Stuart when Young

Mary with the tenderest care. The death of the young King was put down to an imposthume in the ear, and we find Knox exultingly exclaiming, "Lo! the potent hand of God sends unto us a wonderful and most joyful deliverance, for unhappy Francis suddenly perisheth of a rotten ear, that deaf ear that would never hear the truth of God."

Mary's conduct as a wife has been well summed up by one of her admirers and most eloquent partisans—Sir John Skelton—in the following words: "Throughout their brief married life no breath of scandal touched Mary Stuart's name.

"On the contrary, her reasonableness, her prudence, her thoughtfulness, her devoted attention to her husband supplied a theme for many pens. It was a searching ordeal she had to undergo; for this brilliant and vigorous girl, so unequally mated, was the most prominent figure in a society where jealous eyes were keen, and merciless tongues were busy, and where the slightest indiscretion would have been followed by gibe and jeer, yet she came through it unscathed. The *chronique scandaleuse* of Henry's Court is a voluminous record in many volumes, but Mary's name does not appear in it.

"So far as we know she made but one enemy; but this was a formidable one—Catherine de Medici. Mary had said—so it was reported—that the daughter of a Florentine trader was not the equal of the heir of a hundred kings; and Catherine never forgave her."

Brantôme gives us his impressions of Mary at this period in her *grand deuil blanc*, "avec lequel," says he, "il la faisoit très beau voir, car la blancheur de son visage contendoit avecques la blancheur de son voile à qui l'emporteroit; mais enfin l'artifice de son voile le perdoit, et la neige de son blanc visage effaçoit l'autre."

And Suriano has left a picture of Mary after her husband's death. Thus he writes of her: "The little Queen, his widow, was as noble in character as she was beautiful and graceful in person. As she was left a widow while yet a girl, as she has lost a husband she tenderly loved, deprived of one kingdom, and with little hope of recovering her own, it was not surprising that she refused to be consoled, constantly with tears and lamentations recalling her misfortunes. She is constantly pitied by every one." He went a few days later to condole with her, and found her overwhelmed with grief, "almost buried in a room lighted only by a few candles."

It has been well said that when Francis died the ascendancy of the Guises was at an end, and that the rôle of Mary Stuart in France, childless

and a widow, was played out—" *Cela est fait*," as she said herself. There remained, however, Scotland, and it was to this sterile and barren kingdom that the young Queen now turned her eyes. She would go home; yet even to one of her high courage it must have been a dark outlook; but her intrepidity struck Throgmorton, Elizabeth's ambassador, who writes of her at this time: "The Queen of Scotland doth carry herself so honourably, advisably, and discreetly as I cannot but fear her progress." And so long as she carried herself in this manner she was, as Throgmorton clearly realised, a menace to her cousin of England. How Elizabeth behaved at this juncture is well known: she refused Mary a safe conduct across the seas "in loud and angry words that had been heard by the whole Court." Mary behaved with far more dignity. "I know not," says she to Throgmorton, "how far I may with my passion be transported, but I like not to have so many witnesses of my passions as your mistress has of hers"; and with good reason did she add, "It will be thought very strange among all princes and countries that she should first animate my subjects against me, and now, being a widow, impeach my going into my own country." In her last interview with the ambassador she told him, "If my preparations were not so much advanced as they are, peradventure the Queen your mistress's unkindness might stay my voyage; but now I am determined to venture it, whatsoever come of it. I trust the wind will be favourable that I shall not need to come to the coast of England; but if I do, your mistress shall have me in her hands to do her will of me, and if she be so hard-hearted as to desire my end she may then do her pleasure; peradventure that might be better for me than to live. In this matter," quoth she, "God's will be fulfilled."

There can be little doubt that it was not affection for Scotland, nor distaste for France which led to her departure: it was the consciousness that there was no place for her, and that she had an enemy in the person of the Queen-mother. Moreover, the Guises were no longer in power and were very poor, but they were above all things Catholics. At one time the most powerful, always the most intolerant Catholic family in Europe, Mary's uncles may have given a semi-religious, semi-political importance and complexion to her return to Scotland.

She was then but nineteen, and in the eyes of the author of *La Vérité sur Marie Stuart* was a paragon of virtue and purity. Thus he writes: "Contentons-nous de constater qu'au moment où la Reine d'Ecosse quittait la France, dont elle avait été pendant douze ans l'honneur et l'ornement,

elle n'était pas seulement la plus charmante et la plus belle, mais la plus vertueuse et la plus pure parmi les plus vertueuses et les plus pures princesses de son époque et de son temps."

As for her fitness for the duties she was called upon to perform, let us hear what Mr. J. R. Green thinks: "Girl as she was, she was hardly inferior in intellectual power to Elizabeth herself, while in fire and grace and brilliancy of temper she stood high above her. She brought with her the voluptuous refinement of the French Renaissance; she would lounge for days in bed, and only rise at night for dances and music. But her frame was of iron and incapable of fatigue. She galloped ninety miles after her last defeat without a pause save to change horses. She loved risk and adventure and the ring of arms. As she rode in a foray against Huntley, the grim swordsman beside her heard her wish she was a man, 'to know what life it was to lie all night in the field, or to watch on the cawsey with a Glasgow buckler and a broadsword.' But in the closet she was as cool and astute a politician as Elizabeth herself, with plans as subtle but of a far wider and grander range than the Queen's. 'Whatever policy is in all the chief and best practised heads of France,' wrote an English envoy, 'whatever craft, falsehood, and deceit is in all the subtle brains of Scotland, is either fresh in this woman's memory or she can fetch it out with a wet finger.' Her beauty, her exquisite grace of manner, her generosity of temper and warmth of affection, her frankness of speech, her sensibility, her gaiety, her womanly tears, her man-like courage, the play and freedom of her nature, the flashing poetry that broke from her at every intense moment of her life, flung a spell over friend or foe which has only deepened with the lapse of years."

We know what Sir Francis Knollys, the sternest Puritan of his day, thought of her. "She semeth to regard no ceremonious honour beside the acknowledging of her estate regalle. She sheweth a disposition to speake much, to be bold, to be pleasant, and to be very famylyar. She sheweth a great desire to be avenged of her enemies. She sheweth a readiness to expose herself to all perylls in hope of victorie. She delyteth much to hear of hardiness and valiancy, commending by name all approved hardy men of her cuntrye altho' they be her enemies, and she commendeth no cowardice even in her friends."

According to Mr. Green "men knew nothing of the stern bigotry, the intensity of passion which lay beneath the winning surface of Mary's womanhood. But they at once recognised her political ability. Her personal

fascination revived the national loyalty, and swept all Scotland to her feet. Knox, the greatest and sternest of the Calvinistic preachers, alone withstood her spell."

Estimates of her character, as widely divergent and sharply contrasted as the foregoing, might be multiplied, for of the writing of books on Mary Stuart there is no end, as a voluminous writer about her has himself observed many years ago; and when we think of the fascination her story has had over such a writer for example as Walter Scott, not to mention others, we feel that there must indeed be some "enchantment in Mary whereby men are bewitched," and that the enchantment not only fell upon the stern and rough men who came in contact with her, but that the spell of it works to this day, so that fresh partisans or fresh opponents arise year by year who fight the battle o'er again.

"Adieu la France, cela est fait, adieu la France, je pense ne vous voir jamais plus!" Thus, it is said, was Mary heard to exclaim as she stood on the deck of one of the galleys that August night, and watched the French coast slowly sinking out of sight. On the fourteenth, about noon, she left Calais, her ship being white, the other galley red. Her vessel bore a white flag with the arms of France; on the sixteenth they were off Flamborough Head, and on the nineteenth they sailed up the Firth of Forth, having passed the English admiral in a mist. The dense easterly fog, or "haar," as the Scotch call it, which hid Arthur's Seat as they reached Leith, was to Knox a witness of the dolour and darkness she brought into the country with her. It is with the return of Mary to Scotland that her story usually begins for English readers.

"From the unfortunate Mary down to Anne, the last of the dynasty who reigned in England, we find almost all the Stuarts endowed with intellect, knowledge, imagination, refinement, and amiable qualities in abundant measure. The coldness, the measured reserve, the perseverance, and the sagacity of the Tudors, however, were often, to the detriment of their fortunes, wanting to the Stuarts." Thus writes one of the most eminent critics Germany has produced.

All her life Mary seemed destined to be a victim to the ambition, the hates and fears of others. It is at the stage in her career at which we have now arrived, that the influence of her cousin Elizabeth first makes itself conspicuously felt: here, then, seems a fitting place to take a glance at the great Eliza, and the able men by whom she was surrounded; and this may

be done without any pretension of finding anything new or startling in a theme which historians have, perhaps, worn somewhat threadbare. But in any work dealing with the friends and foes of the Stuarts it is futile to ignore the English sovereign and her advisers, seeing that they wielded powers which interfered henceforth with every step of Mary's career. Thus it is important to realise clearly the character of the rival Queen, and this by no means lies on the surface; whilst if we wish to be fair to Elizabeth's ministers, and to understand that tangled web, their policy, it is equally important to know something of their aims and their methods.

One of the most graphic pictures of Elizabeth with which I am acquainted is a contemporary one, given in the memoirs of Sir James Melville, which were published by his nephew in 1683. Sir James was a page to Queen Mary when she was but seven years of age, he being then fourteen.

On her return to Scotland as Queen, he was made a gentleman of the bedchamber, and paid two visits to London as ambassador from Mary Stuart to Elizabeth Tudor. The following passages in his memoirs are doubtless familiar to many readers, but they bring out so clearly the rivalry between the Queens, and contain so many touches from the life, that I am loth to omit them. He was in London in September 1564, and relates how "Master Lattoun and Master Randolph, late agent for the Queen of England in Scotland, came to my lodging to convoy me to her Majesty, who was in the garden. . . . I found her Majesty pacing in an alley." Then follows some talk of a meeting of commissioners, of whom Lord Robert Dudley was desired by Mary to be one. Whereon Elizabeth speaks of Dudley as being esteemed by her as "her brother and best friend, whom she should have married herself, if ever she had been minded to take a husband. . . . And to cause the Queen my mistress, to think more of him, I was required to stay till I had seen him made Earl of Leicester and Baron of Denbigh, with great solemnity at Westminster, herself helping to put on his ceremonial, he sitting upon his knees before her, and keeping a great gravity and discreet behaviour. But she could not refrain from putting her hand in his neck to kittle (tickle) him smilingly, the French ambassador and I standing beside her. Then she asked me how I liked of him. I said, as he was a worthy subject, he was happy that he had encountered a princess that could discern and reward good service. 'Yet,' she said, 'ye like better of yonder long lad,' pointing towards my Lord Darnley, who, as nearest prince of the blood, bore the sword of honour that day before her. My answer again was that no woman of

spirit could make choice of such a man, that was liker a woman than a man. for he was very lusty, beardless, and lady-faced. . . . In the meantime I was favourably and familiarly used, for during nine days that I remained at Court, her Majesty pleased to confer with me every day, and sometimes thrice upon a day, to wit, afore noon, after noon, and after supper. . . . She appeared to be so affectioned to the Queen her good sister, that she had a great desire to see her, and because their desired meeting could not be hastily brought to pass, she delighted oft to look upon her picture, and took me into her bedchamber, and opened a little lettoun (cabinet) wherein were divers little pictures wrapped within paper, and written upon the paper their names with her own hand. Upon the first that she took up was written, 'My lord's picture.' I held the candle and pressed to see my lord's (Leicester's) picture. Albeit she was loth to let me see it, at length I by importunity obtained the sight thereof, and asked the same to carry home with me unto the Queen, which she refused, alleging that she had but that one of his. I said again that she had the principal, for he was at the furthest part of the chamber speaking with the secretary Cecil. Then she took out the Queen's picture and kissed it, and I kissed her hand for the great love I saw she bore the Queen. . . . Her (Elizabeth's) hair was redder than yellow, curled apparently of nature. Then she entered to discern what colour of hair was reported best, and inquired whether the Queen's or hers was best, and which of them two was fairest. I said the fairness of them both was not their worst faults. But she was earnest with me to declare which of them I thought fairest. I said, she was the fairest Queen in England, and ours the fairest Queen in Scotland. Yet she was earnest, I said they were both the fairest ladies of their courts, and that the Queen of England was whiter, but our Queen was very lovesome. She inquired which of them was of highest stature. I said, our Queen. Then she said the Queen was over high, and that herself was neither over high, nor over low. Then she asked what sort of exercises she used. I said, that I was dispatched out of Scotland, and that the Queen was but new to come back from the highland hunting; and when she had leisure from the affairs of her company, she read upon good books, the histories of divers countries, and sometimes would play upon lute and virginals. She sperit (asked) if she played well. I said, reasonably for a Queen.

"The same day after dinner my Lord of Hunsden (Huntingdon) drew me up to a quiet gallery that I might hear some music, . . . and seeing her

back was toward the door, I entered within the chamber and stood still at the door post, and heard her play excellently well; but she left off so soon as she turned her about and saw me, and came forward seeming to strike me with her left hand, and to think shame; alleging that she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, her alone, to eschew melancholy; and askit how I came there. I said, as I was walking with my Lord of Hunsden, as we passed by the chamber door, I heard such melody, which ravished and drew me within the chamber I wist not how; excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the Court of France, and was now willing to suffer what kind of punishment would please her to lay upon me for my offence.

“Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knee beside her; but she gave me a cushion with her own hand to lay under my knee, which I refused, but she compelled me; and called for my Lady Stafford out of the next chamber, for she was alone there. Then she asked whether the Queen or she played best. In that I gave her the praise. . . . She inquired at me whether she or the Queen danced best. I said, the Queen danced not so high, and disposedly as she did. Then again she wished that she might see the Queen at some convenient place of meeting. I offered to convoy her secretly in (to) Scotland by post, clothed like a page disguised, that she might see the Queen. . . . She said, ‘Alas! if she might do it,’” &c. As we know, she never did do it. Had they come together the fate of Mary might have been very different, and what a meeting that of the rival Queens would have been!

Now let us hear the opinion of a writer who has studied the English Queen closely, particularly with regard to her complicated dealings with Mary. According, then, to Mr. Hosack, “Elizabeth imposed more successfully upon mankind than any equally conspicuous personage in history. In the eyes of the multitude in her day, she was a great and magnanimous sovereign—the idol of her people and the terror of her enemies. In reality, it is easy to perceive, through all her cleverness and cunning, that she was not only the vainest and the meanest, but the most irresolute and vacillating of her sex. Her capricious and tyrannical treatment of her ministers and attendants, the domineering tone which she could assume with so much effect towards foreign ambassadors, and her occasional sallies of coarse wit, were all, to ordinary observers, so many proofs of her high and courageous spirit. They in reality veiled, though they could not conceal, a radical weakness in her

nature, which is abundantly perceptible throughout her whole career. The incredible amount of irresolution which she displayed on every great emergency, and the startling inconsistencies of her policy and conduct, admit of no other explanation; nor is it too much to say that the greatest crimes which stain her memory were committed under the influence of terror. When the insatiable spirit of vengeance, which she displayed after the bloodless rising of 1569, alarmed her best friends; when she allowed her soldiers to die of hunger in the Netherlands, with the deliberate intention of betraying to Philip the people she had sworn to protect; when she would have had her council invent some new kind of tortures, more horrible still than the law allowed, to be employed in the punishment of Babington and his companions; when, after a ceaseless struggle of nineteen years, she was finally induced to consent to the murder of Mary Stuart, and when she perfidiously sought to transfer the guilt of the deed to the minister who had faithfully obeyed her orders—we must, in charity, assume that she was the slave of her womanish fears. As her powers of intellect became impaired, the weaknesses inherent in her became more and more apparent; and there is nothing in all history more painfully tragic than the closing scenes of Elizabeth's life. To the very end she was haunted by imaginary terrors, until she died at last, the most fortunate of sovereigns, but the most broken-hearted and the most unlovable of women."

In person Elizabeth was a little over middle height, and when she came to the throne she must have been a beautiful young woman, with a profusion of auburn hair, a broad, commanding brow, and regular features that were capable of rapid changes of expression as her hazel eyes flashed with anger or sparkled with merriment. Her portraits appear to have been all more or less "idealised." The remark as to idealisation is exemplified by her instructions to the miniature-painter Nicholas Hilliard to draw her face without any shadows, and is further illustrated by the interesting portrait of her which is at Woburn, and was clearly painted after 1588, as the dispersal of the Armada is depicted in the background. At this date the Queen had arrived at the mature age of sixty-five; in the picture she does not look more than thirty. As in other portraits of her, the display of jewels is very great, and of pearls excessive. I am unable to glean any particulars as to the painter. No doubt, like so many of the contents of the seat of the Russell family, the picture has been at Woburn since the days when it was painted.

In his "Anecdotes of Painting" Walpole says, upon the authority of Vertue, "I believe that Richard Stevens, an able Dutch artist, was much employed in England about this time; and as the Cavendish family possess receipts of his, it is very highly probable that the curious full-length portraits at Hardwick, of Elizabeth in a gown embroidered with sea-monsters; of the Queen of Scots, and of others, were painted by this Richard Stevens." The details of this interesting picture of Elizabeth are curious and elaborate in the extreme, and worthy of careful study: in black jewelled dress and white silk kirtle covered with emblems of birds, beasts, and fishes, it fully bears out the description of Elizabeth's person.

Of that illustrious group in which the Virgin Queen is the central figure, none was nearer to his mistress than William Cecil, the ever vigilant Lord Burghley. Although at times she would seem to show a preference for other advisers, in the long run it was Cecil's astute and cautious statesmanship which most commended itself to her. Originally country gentlemen in the marches of Wales, with lands in Monmouth and Herefordshire, the Cecils or Sitsilts, as they were formerly called, gave to English statesmanship, in the persons of Burghley and his son, two of its most distinguished men. Their careers are too well known to need repetition, but it is interesting to compare estimates which have been formed of their characters. Speaking of the elder man, the author of "Mary and her Accusers" says: "The public life of this renowned minister consists of little more than a series of conspiracies against the Catholic Powers. . . . It is notorious that although singularly deficient in the qualities requisite for successful aggression, he was the aggressor in every instance." Mr. Hosack goes on to quote Mr. Morley for proof, and asserts that Cecil "was helpless in the hour of danger. From the influence which he acquired over Elizabeth, and the prominent part he took in the establishment of the Reformation in England, the virtues of this celebrated person have been much extolled, and it must be admitted that in industry and vigilance no minister ever surpassed him. But in other and rarer qualities he will not bear comparison even with contemporary statesmen. He possessed neither the deep impenetrable craft of Murray, the versatility of Maitland, the commanding intellect of Sussex, nor the vigour and dexterity of Walsingham."

Nor is a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1832, whom I believe to be Macaulay, more favourable in his verdict. According to him, "Lord Burghley can hardly be called a great man. He was not one of those whose

genius and energy change the fate of empires. He was by nature and habit one of those who follow, not one of those who lead. Nothing that is recorded, either of his words or of his actions, indicates intellectual or moral elevation. But his talents, though not brilliant, were of an eminently useful kind; and his principles, though not inflexible, were not more relaxed than those of his associates and competitors. He had a cool temper, a sound judgment, great powers of application, and a constant eye to the main chance. In his youth he was, it seems, fond of practical jokes. Yet even out of these he contrived to extract pecuniary profit. When he was studying the law at Gray's Inn, he lost all his furniture and books to his companion at the gaming table. He accordingly bored a hole in the wall which separated his chambers from those of his associate, and at midnight bellowed through this passage threats of damnation and calls to repentance in the ears of the victor, who lay sweating with fear all night, and refunded his winnings on his knees next day. 'Many other the like merry jests,' says his old biographer, 'I have heard him tell, too long to be here noted.'"

To the last Burghley was somewhat jocose, and some of his sportive sayings have been recorded by Bacon. They show much more shrewdness than generosity, and are indeed neatly expressed reasons for exacting money rigorously, and for keeping it carefully. It must, however, be acknowledged that he was rigorous and careful for the public advantage as well as for his own. To extol his moral character as some have extolled it would be absurd. It would be equally absurd to represent him as a corrupt, rapacious, and bad-hearted man. He paid great attention to the interests of the State, and great attention also to that of his own family. He never deserted his friends until it was very inconvenient to stand by them; was an excellent Protestant when it was not very advantageous to be a Papist; recommended a tolerant policy to his mistress as strongly as he could without hazarding her favour; never put to the rack any person from whom it did not seem probable that any very useful information might be derived; and was so moderate in his desires, that he left only three hundred distinct landed estates, though he might, as his honest servant assures us, have left much more "if he would have taken money out of the Exchequer for his own use, as many treasurers have done."

Pride in his ancestry was a foible of Burghley's, and the Jesuits vexed him sore by insinuations of his base origin, as when Father Persons said his (Cecil's) father was a tavern-keeper. His munificence to St. John's

College, Cambridge, should be remembered in his favour, and he had, there is no doubt, a genuine love of books and interest in learning. Gardening and heraldry, too, were great hobbies of his. It has been argued, and with reason, that Burghley's treatment of his political tools was the worst side of his character, and his behaviour to Davison, his instrument in the execution of Mary, is instanced; but we must remember the standard of the political morality of the age. In those days, for example, the prime minister of a great sovereign thought it no discredit to urge a nobleman, the Earl of Shrewsbury, to obtain by artifice proofs of Mary's guilt from her own mouth. Burghley thus writes to him: "Her Majesty would have you tempt her patience to utter somewhat."

Upon the whole the younger Cecil seems the more attractive character, though physically he could hardly have been prepossessing, for he is said to have been not more than five feet, two or three inches, in height, "with a wry neck, a crooked back, and a splay foot"; but these personal defects are doubtless exaggerated in the lampoons of some of the followers of Essex, his mortal enemy, from which they have been taken. Nor can any credence be given to the scandalous story, which is told by Sir Anthony Weldon, of his dying of the Herodian disease, "for all his great honours and possessions and stately houses, on the top of a molehill near Marlborough."

The portrait of Cecil in the National Portrait Gallery was painted in 1602 by an unknown artist. Very similar pictures exist at Welbeck and at Woburn, that at Woburn being attributed to Marc Gheeraedts. In each of these stands the small pale-faced secretary, whom Elizabeth used to call "her little elf," and James, "his little pigmy and his beagle." But this little man with the sharp eyes was "in his temper, of a sweet disposition, full of mildness, mirth, honesty, kindness, and gratitude, of noble endowments of mind, of a great genius, and perfectly acquainted with the state and interest of his nation; a person of great dexterity, sincerity, and judgment in the despatch of business." He was invaluable to James, of whom he is termed the seducer, since he persuaded the King "that this nation was so rich it could neither be exhausted nor provoked." He is said to have raised £200,000 by making 200 baronets. He was, according to an old writer, "a very wise man, but much hated in England, telling the King he should find his English subjects like asses, on whom he might lay any burden. He caused a whole cartload of Parliament presidents, (precedents) that spake the subject's liberty, to be burnt."

As to the connection of the Cecils with this work, let it be borne in mind that the elder Burghley must have influenced the fate of Mary Stuart in a great degree: that the younger was the trusted adviser of her son James the First and Sixth, and that both were great men who have left their mark deep in the history of the times we are considering. Lord Burghley's close grasp of detail, and minute attention to affairs is evidenced in the plan for the trial of Mary Stuart, drawn up by his own hand.

In the gallery of pictures belonging to the Bodleian Library is a very interesting portrait of Elizabeth's great Secretary of State riding to the meeting of Parliament upon a richly caparisoned mule, holding a rose in his hand. And now to return to the young Queen of Scotland.

CHAPTER IV

MARY STUART IN SCOTLAND

"We be here in a corner of the world, separated, as it were, from the society of men, and so do not every day hear what others are doing abroad in the world."

MAITLAND to CECIL.



IN the preceding chapter various opinions have been given on the characters of the advisers of Elizabeth, and of the men who exercised such an influence over the fate of Mary; in doing so one cannot but feel that the Scottish Queen was at a great disadvantage as compared with her rival, in this respect at any rate. The men whom she gathered round her Council differed *toto caelo* from those who were the inspirers and the instruments of Elizabeth's policy, and especially in regard to the devotion which they showed to their mistress.

When we think of the friends and the foes of the young Queen, and see how the latter appear to outnumber the former, we realise how absolutely alone she was, not merely when shut up in captivity in English castles, but at crises in her life before ever she crossed the Solway. A mere enumeration of the statesmen who played leading parts in the history of the years 1542-1587 shows the wide difference which marks them off. In England the two Cecils and Walsingham, in Scotland Moray, Morton, and Maitland. No doubt differences in the social conditions of the two countries will account for a great deal, and due allowances must be made for the wide gulf between the religious parties, and the embittered feeling bred and engendered by such circumstances as the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day on the one side, and by the unsparing, unceasing denunciation of Knox and his followers on the other. But the same *odium theologicum* made its influence felt in England as well. To analyse the causes which led to such a different state of affairs would lead us too far afield, and I must confine myself in these pages to pointing out the divergences in

the personal characters of the statesmen of the period, and shall give, in the words of recognised authorities, estimates which have been formed of their respective merits or demerits, as the case may be. Before, however, attempting this analysis of Mary's chief advisers, it may be well to take a glance at Scotland and its people in the sixteenth century. If we can realise the mental, moral and physical aspects of her surroundings, we ought to be able to understand more clearly the great difficulties of Mary's position.

When Mary landed at Leith, fresh from the luxury of the French Court, she is reported to have wept when she saw the accoutrements of the Scottish Horse who formed her escort to Edinburgh. And Brantôme has recorded his opinion of the five hundred or six hundred "scoundrels of the town who gave her a serenade with wretched violins and little rebecks." "Ha," says the French Ambassador, "what music and what repose for her first night!"

In the pages of *Blackwood*, some years ago, a Scottish writer drew a picture of this "corner of the world" as it was in Mary's day, and we cannot do better than follow the outlines he has traced. "Scotland," he says, "separated from the continent by an angry sea, lay out in the dim twilight of the North, and to the happier and richer nations of Europe its history and its literature were as little known as the Icelandic Sagas."

In 1561, the year of Mary's arrival, the population of the whole country probably did not exceed half a million; and these were divided by sharply drawn lines between mountaineer, borderer, and lowlander. "The Western Highlands and islands were occupied by Celts divided into clans. The island Celts were pirates, the mainland Celts were thieves." They were, says their countryman, "an imaginative race . . . and had the virtues of mountaineers. They were brave, simple, hardy and frugal. Hunting and fishing supplied them with the food they needed. They flayed the deer where it fell, and its skin filled with water served as a vessel to boil the flesh. Wrapped in their plaids, which were the colour of the heather among which they lurked, they braved the severest storms in the open air, sleeping sometimes among the snow."

We may get some idea of what life in the Highlands was like in those days from the English envoy's description of his visit to Inverness in Mary's company. When away from her capital, at St. Andrews, and elsewhere, the Queen was accustomed to lay aside her state, and would be continually in the open air, hunting, hawking and the like. She made a practice of visiting some outlying district each year. This journey Randolph calls "terrible

both for horse and man, the country is so poor, and the victuals are so scarce." Yet Mary seems to have enjoyed it all, and this ability to share their daily lot would commend her to her Highland subjects. But such popularity was not to the taste of men like Knox, who says, "Such stinking pride of woman was never seen before in Scotland." The borderers or moss troopers, "arrant thieves all, were mounted on their wiry horses, which could pick their way along the narrow and slippery tracks that crossed the quaking mosses. They could clamber like goats across a mountain pass, or up the bed of a torrent. In darkest night and wildest storms they could be trusted. The troopers could ride forty miles between dusk and dawn. In Falstaff's phrase, 'they were Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon.'"

Such then, in the picturesque phraseology of Sir John Skelton, was the land, and such the people the young Queen was called upon to govern. As she looked out of the windows of Holyrood, or gazed down from the Castle ramparts across to the blue waters of the Firth of Forth, she would see that the Edinburgh which lay before her was a city contracted within narrow limits, for its red roofs all stood on the back of the ridge between the Castle and the Palace of Holyrood. At this time its population is thought not to have exceeded 40,000, but they were "crowded into a space where at the present day it would be difficult to accommodate half the number. From the Castle to Holyrood is not more than 1400 yards, the capital was thus as populous as an ant-hill. From morning to night the street was busy, and much business was transacted in the open air; priests, nobles, and tradesmen jostled each other, and all public acts and municipal duties were transacted before the entire society, which sometimes sallied out like a swarm of angry bees."

We may get another glimpse of Mary's neighbours and subjects in the reliable pages of Mr. Hay Fleming. He says: "The days of the youthful Queen were not mainly spent in dread or displeasure. On Sabbath, November 30, 1561, there was running at the ring, 'six against six—the one half like women, the other like strangers in strange masking garments.' A week after, there was mirth and pastime upon the sands of Leith. In her garden at St. Andrews she shoots at the butts, against the Lord James, the Master of Lindsay, and one of her ladies being of the party, and when her accusers say she ought to have been wailing in secret, she played openly at golf and pall mall."

In her council chamber, says Knox, "she kept herself very grave, but

how soon that ever her French fydlaris gatt the howse allone, thair mycht be sean skipping nor verry cumlie for honest women." In private she said she saw "nothing in Scotland but gravitie which repugned alltogether to her nature, for she was brocht up in joyusitie; so termed she her dansing and other things thairto belonging."

Let us now look at the men who were at the head of affairs whilst she sat upon the Scottish throne, and we may begin with the ablest of them all, Sir William Maitland of Lethington. He must have been one of the most attractive men of his day. "The flower of the wits of Scotland," Elizabeth called him. His career is of a special interest in connection with this work, for although his political conduct has been taxed with selfish versatility, he may be fairly credited with being the public man of his country who remained longest attached to the interests of Mary. "That he was keen, supple, pliant, dexterous, perennially gay, deft and incisive, has never been denied; that he was also intrepid and tenacious, a political reasoner of the highest order, and a statesman who was as resolute as he was adroit, will by-and-by be admitted." Before she left France she had become aware of his qualities, and recognised in him a kindred spirit. "A true identity drew them together. Between Knox and Mary there lay a gulf that could not be bridged. Knox was as ruthless as a Prophet of Israel, as narrow as a Spanish inquisitor; whereas, Mary and Maitland belonged to the new world," says an admirer of the Queen. "In their lack of fanatical fervour, in their contempt for convention and conventional methods, in their freedom from obsolete prepossessions, their frankness, their urbanity, they represent the modern spirit. The orderly government of Scotland, the reorganisation of a disorganised society—anarchic nobles on one hand, and arrogant priests on the other, was the aim of Maitland's administration. Till the murder of Rizzio, the relations between Mary and Maitland were of the most cordial kind." "No statesman," says Mr. Hosack, "ever enjoyed among his contemporaries a higher reputation for ability. All men distrusted, yet all deferred to him; and every party to which he successively gave his services tacitly acknowledged him as leader. It was not without reason that he acquired this remarkable ascendancy, for his talents were eminently of the practical kind. He was ready and eloquent of speech, brimful of resources, and, while others hesitated, ever prepared to act decisively and boldly. He was not one of those politicians who look far into futurity, for his sole ambition seemed to be to adapt himself to the exigencies of the hour, and this he did with

singular success. His knowledge of men was unerring; and in playing on their weaknesses he showed unrivalled skill. He was a scholar too, and in his diplomatic controversies could cite an apt quotation from Demosthenes, or a witty line from Chaucer, to silence or to ridicule an adversary. Machiavelli recommends his prince not to choose a man of genius for his minister, and no better illustration of the wisdom of the Florentine can be found than in the history of Maitland. Had he possessed less talent and more honesty it would have been far better for his country and himself. He might have been the guide and protector of his youthful sovereign through the countless dangers which beset her at every step. He, and he alone, could have taught her how to rule those fierce and lawless nobles who were sworn enemies alike of the people and the Crown. But a steady and consistent course had no attractions for that restless spirit. In the world of politics he was from first to last a gambler, not from necessity, but choice. He could only breathe freely in an atmosphere of treason; and, if in the prosecution of a cherished scheme, forgery or murder became essential to success, such obstacles, by stimulating his energy and daring, were more calculated to attract than to scare him from his project. The 'chameleon of politics,' as Buchanan nicknamed him, acquired, and to the last maintained, a degree of influence over Elizabeth which his rare powers of intellect can alone explain. There must have been something strangely attractive about the man; for although he was universally known to be the most faithless of politicians, no one seems to have ever spoken harshly of him excepting Knox." Spotswood, who was made Archbishop of Glasgow by James I., and spoke from personal contemporary knowledge, says of him: "A man he was of deep wit, great experience, and one whose counsels were held in that time for oracles, but variable and inconstant, turning and changing from one faction to another, as he thought it to make for his standing. This did greatly diminish his reputation, and failed him at last."

By way of contrast, let us now turn to John Knox. Foremost amongst the enemies of Mary must always be placed the author of the "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women." The bitterness of the man was reflected in his face, his narrowness and superstition constantly shown by word and action. But neither eighteen months in the galleys, nor all the troubles and struggles of his career, ever quenched his fiery zeal or abated his energy. His ardour, his courage, his invective, "animated the friends, and confounded the foes, of the truth."

"It may be conceded that worldly wealth was not the aim of his ambition. The prize for which he toiled and fought was spiritual dominion, and compared with that he regarded everything as worthless. He was the Hildebrand of Calvinism in his own narrow sphere, every whit as intolerant and overbearing as the most ambitious of the Pontiffs."

According to Mr. Hay Fleming, Knox was regarded by Mary before she left France as the most dangerous man in her dominions, and she was determined to banish him. On the other hand, Knox formed an opinion of her which he never relinquished: "If their be not in her a proud mynd, a crafty witt, and ane indurat hearte against God and his treuth, my judgement faileth me;" and he writes to Cecil: "Her hole proceedinges do declayr that the cardinalles lessons ar so deaplie prented in her hart that the substance and the qualitie ar liek to perrishe together. In communication with her I espyed such craft as I have not found in such aige, since hath the court been dead to me and I to it."

It is absurd to speak of Knox as a churl, and of Mary as a defenceless queen. Amongst the leaders of the Congregation none were his equal, and, as one who loved him not has been constrained to admit, think of him as we may, his essential greatness cannot be disputed; so that it may be said of him, in the words of Sir John Skelton, "Almost without exaggeration, John Knox was the Reformation." There was a prodigious elementary force of nature about this Scottish iconoclast which made him a hammer of the monasteries indeed.

But Knox's intellect was constructive as well as destructive. He had no reverence and he had no diffidence. He was willing to make a *tabula rasa* of the past; but then, on the other hand, a quite original theory of the universe—a brand new scheme of doctrine and discipline—was ready on a day's notice to take its place. No timid respect for antiquity, for long experience, or inveterate custom weakened the invention of this audacious artist. Had this Pope of the High Street been less arbitrary, had such words as charity and magnanimity had any place in his vocabulary, more lasting results may have followed the revolt from Rome which he led; and there is probably truth in the remark that had Erasmus or Maitland conducted it, it would have had greater ultimate stability.

Another conspicuous figure of this period is James Earl of Morton, "the dark and dangerous Douglas," elected Regent in 1572. According to Skelton, the man thus raised to the foremost place in the State "was insatiably greedy

and rapacious . . . notoriously and shamelessly profligate. He had no lawful issue, but the richest benefices in Scotland were held by a score of (his) needy bastards." "His hatred of the preachers," says Buckle, "passed all bounds. Even in the days of the Regency of Lennox he was the chief manager of everything under him, and Moray and Mar were puppets in his hands." "When any benefices of Kirk vaikit, he keapit the proffet of thair rents sa lang in his awin hands," was common complaint against him. The most powerful noble in Scotland, he "was hard, cruel, unscrupulous." He it was who had promised to put Mary to death within three hours of her landing in Scotland. He had as little mercy for man as he had respect for woman. His rivals died like flies, and his castle of Dalkeith, to which he sullenly withdrew when the evil mood was on him, was, in popular parlance, "The Lion's Den." "But a strong man, of no mean political sagacity, he went straight to the mark. He had immense patience, unflinching firmness, dog-like tenacity." With such determination did he pursue his measures that nothing could have withstood him, "had not God," says Calderwood, "stirred up a faction against him." Whilst Regent "he held Scotland in an iron grip. He brought the lawless borderers to their senses, a matter not heard of nor seen in many ages before."

In spite of his vices, in spite of his crimes, he was the trusted leader of the Congregation; and although he treated the preachers with cynical insolence, and though his Tulchan bishops were a scandal to the Church, yet in a sense he was always true to the Reformation.

Calvinism may be said to stand self-condemned when such a character as Morton could be regarded by God-fearing men as one of the elect. But as such he undoubtedly was; his greed, his exactions, his filthy life and conversation, were all condoned, for he was one of the chosen, and, do what he would, he could not forfeit his birthright. Whatever was the "exceeding great reward" expected by his co-religionists to await this chosen vessel, erstwhile Regent of Scotland, in another world, his ending here below was pitiful enough. He was condemned to be executed. His head was cut off and put upon the common jail of Edinburgh; his body lay on the scaffold all day covered by a shabby cloak, and when evening came it was carried to the burial-place of criminals.

Amongst the warmest supporters of John Knox was Mary's illegitimate brother, Lord James Stuart, Earl of Moray, the so-called "Good Regent," of whom it was said his avarice was like the bottomless pit, a characteristic

one seems able to read in the portrait of him which hangs at Holyrood. A modern writer says: "Moray was an honourable and conscientious man if judged by the standard of his environment—the only fair way of estimating character."

It is somewhat difficult to account for the partiality Mary evinced for Moray, unless we are to explain it upon grounds of affinity of blood. But of the value of his support there can be but little doubt, seeing he was foremost among the great nobles—"the gaunt and hungry nobles of Scotland," as Mr. Froude calls them, many of whom, however, were able to bring a thousand men apiece into the field. Moreover, he was possessed of capacity, kindly heart, undaunted resolution, and unswerving rectitude, according to Professor Beesley; yet this man was engaged in negotiations with Elizabeth for the surrender of Mary at the time of his assassination. The following is another estimate of his character: He was full of personal intrepidity, a patron of learning, zealous for religion; his liberality towards his friends knew no bounds. On the other hand, his ambition was immoderate, his treatment of Mary unbrotherly and ungrateful; the dependence on Elizabeth under which he brought Scotland was disgraceful to the nation. His elevation to dignities inspired him with haughtiness and reserve, and towards the end of his life he was fond of flattery and impatient of advice. Dispensing justice with much impartiality, order and tranquillity were established; his administration was extremely popular, and he was long remembered as the Good Regent.

The badge of the Order of the Thistle, the jewel which Moray wore on the fatal day of January 1570, is a relic which still exists and belongs to the Earl of Galloway. The Regent had it on his person when he rode through the High Street of Linlithgow and fell a victim to James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who shot him through the belly as he went by. Moray was taken into the dark little chamber of his porter's lodge, and there he bled to death. Bothwellhaugh owed his life to the clemency of Moray, but his estate had been bestowed on one of the Regent's favourites, who turned Hamilton's wife out into the fields naked, and drove her violently mad in consequence.

Although George Buchanan does not belong to the ranks of the statesmen nor to the warriors, he was a soldier for a short time under the Duke of Albany. His weapon, the pen, was wielded with such effect as to influence the popular estimate of Mary. "First the sycophant, and then the slanderer

of his sovereign, his pen was ever at the service of the highest bidder. But his powers were better adapted to flattery than invective. Nothing can be more finished than some of his laudatory verses upon Mary; nothing can be more ridiculous than the gross exaggeration of the *Detectio*. Buchanan had been soured by poverty in his youth; and prosperity, when it came at last, seems only to have hardened his cynical and sullen nature. At bottom a bigoted Republican, he seems to have become, in his latter days, a fanatic in his politics and a free thinker in his religion." He was tutor to Mary the Queen, and to James I. and VI. When reproached with having made the last named a pedant, he replied, "'Tis a wonder I have made so much of him." The false character of the man is strikingly suggested in the portrait of him now in the Bodleian Library, which, though poorly painted, and exceedingly hard, shows he had a good and capacious head. His face and brow are deeply wrinkled, his hair grey, his moustache sandy and grey.

Such then is a brief survey of Scotland as Mary found it, and a rapid sketch of the characters of some of the men with whom she was brought in contact during the five or six years of her reign. It has been said that had she died in 1566, she would have left the record of a happy and prosperous time. Yet all the while she was, as some think, "scheming to hurl Elizabeth from her throne, an object for which she never ceased to work till her head was off her shoulders. As niece of the Catholic Guises she was engaged in a plot against Protestantism, and carried it on as an intolerant, aggressive Romanist might be expected to do. But, say her defenders, that is the old story of the wolf and the lamb. Mary was not plotting against Elizabeth, it was Elizabeth and her ministers, with Knox and the Calvinists, who were plotting against Mary."

CHAPTER V

MARY IN SCOTLAND

Rizzio, Darnley, and Bothwell



ON July 29, 1565, Mary married Darnley, "a raw-boned lad of nineteen, foolish, ignorant, ill-conditioned, vicious, and without a single manly quality." On July 29, 1567, she abdicated in favour of her son, and Moray was nominated Regent. Only two years! but in them happened the murder of Rizzio and of Darnley, and the marriage with Bothwell.

Of the first gruesome story, what is to be said except that although "Seigneur Davie" was not actually slain in her presence, it was a brutal outrage in which Mary, soon to be a mother, had neither part nor lot save as a horrified witness? Of the second deed of violence, some would have us believe Mary had no cognizance, much less was *particeps criminis*. Concerning the third damning business, controversy still rages. Some say that Mary was the victim of the notorious profligate James, Earl of Bothwell, a "daring man of desperate fortune," as Hallam terms him; others contend that it was all the result of an illicit passion for "the fierce, stout-limbed, dare-devil, whom she loved passionately and devotedly."

In the face of conflicting opinions such as these (and they could be multiplied indefinitely), I shall only give a brief outline of the events, and some of the views held by well-known authors, as to the characters who played leading parts in the tragedies. To begin with that of David Rizzio, he was detestable to the Protestants as "the brain of the Queen's clique, and as a low-born foreigner." To get rid of him was part of a scheme to bring back the exiled Protestant lords, to close the split in the Protestant party, and to secure the ascendancy of the Protestant religion.

We know how the bloody deed was done. The year was 1566, the



Daruley when Young



month was March, the day was a fast-day. In the turret at the north-west corner at Holyrood is a tiny apartment, so small that a closet seems its most appropriate name, which served as Mary's supper room; there, or rather at the head of the stairs outside, in the twilight, the "vain, ostentatious Italian," a man of fifty, or, as some say, only twenty-eight, was done to death. The story shall be told in the words of Ruthven, himself one of the conspirators. He had risen from a sick bed, and was, he tells us, "sore filled with sickness, and so wearied with travel that he called for drink in God's name.

"Then her Majesty rose upon her feet, and stood before David, he holding her Majesty by the pleats of her gown, leaning back over the window, his dagger drawn in his hand; and one of the chamber began to lay hands on Lord Ruthven, none of the King's party being there present.

"Then the said Lord Ruthven pulled out his dagger and defended himself until more came in, and said to them, 'Lay no hands on me, for I will not be handled.' At the coming of the others the Lord Ruthven put up his dagger; and with the rushing in of men, the board fell to the wall, meat and candles being thereon, and the Lady of Argyle took one of the candles in her hand.

"At this instant the Lord Ruthven took the Queen in his arms, and put her into the King's arms, beseeching her Majesty not to be afraid, and assured her that all that was done was the King's own deed.

"The gates being locked, the King being in his bed, the Queen walking in her chamber, the Lord Ruthven took charge of the lower gate and privy passages, and David was thrown down the stairs from the Palace, where he was slain, and brought to the porter's lodge, who, taking off his clothes, said this was his destiny; for upon this chest was his first bed when he came to this place, and now he lieth a very niggard, ingrate, and misknowing knave."

There is no question that Mary behaved with rare magnanimity after this dreadful deed. Vindictiveness seems to have been foreign to her nature, and "she now scattered pardons right and left with reckless prodigality." M. Le Croc, the French Ambassador, declared that never had she been so beloved, honoured, and esteemed as at this time, October 1566. Yet within a few months she was "a fugitive, charged with murder and adultery." This terrible change destined to occur in her fortunes is attributed by one side to the persistent animosity of Cecil and of Knox, and

by the other side to her share in the murder of Darnley and her infatuation for Bothwell.

Some authorities profess to be in doubt whether Mary ever loved the vain, feeble, vicious Darnley. Thus Skelton considers it "hard to say," but from Thomas Randolph's letter to Leicester (July 1565), it is quite clear that she at one time professed to do so. He writes: "All honour that may be attributed to any man by a wife he hath it wholly and fully, all that may be spoken of him he lacketh not from herself, all dignities that she can indue him with are already given and granted. No man pleaseth her that contenteth not him, and what may I say more? She has given over unto him her whole will, to be ruled and guided as himself best liketh. She can as much prevail with him in anything that is against his will as your lordships may with me to persuade that I should hang myself.

"This last dignity out of hand to have him proclaimed King, she would have had it deferred until it were agreed by Parliament, or had been himself twenty-one years of age, that things done in his name might have the better authority. He would in no case have it deferred one day, and either then or never. Upon Saturday, at afternoon, these matters were long in debating, and before they were well resolved upon, at nine hours at night, by three heralds at sound of trumpet, he was proclaimed King. This day, Monday, at twelve of the clock, the lords, all that were in this town, were present at the proclaiming of him again, when no man said so much as 'Amen!' saving his father, that cried out aloud, 'God save his Grace.'"

Darnley was a grandson of Margaret Tudor, Queen of James IV., by her second marriage, which was with Archibald, Earl of Angus; through his mother he was connected with fourteen kings or queens, and it was, according to Mr. Froude, for a great political purpose that Mary married him. In the apparent absence of positive evidence that she loved him, it is urged with much force that it is improbable that "a woman of twenty-two, already a widow, exceptionally able, absorbed in the great game of politics, and accustomed to admiration," was likely to care for one so foolish and so ill-conditioned as all agree in stigmatising the wretched Darnley. But in matters of the affections, as we all know, ordinary rules of conduct are constantly cast to the winds; and the fact remains that this brilliant woman wedded this dull, jealous, restless, fussily ambitious, politically incompetent, morally deficient man of a very low animal type, this irritable,

moody, sullen boy, the feeble credulous Darnley. The adjectives are Sir John Skelton's.

In Laing's *Knox* there is another word-picture of Darnley in which, if nothing be extenuated, neither does there seem aught set down in malice. Here it is. "He was of a comely stature, and none was like unto him within the island. He died under the age of one-and-twenty years. Prompt and ready for all games and sports; much given to hunting and hawking and running of horses, and likewise to playing on the lute; and also to Venus' chamber he was liberal enough; he could write and dictate well; but he was somewhat given to wine and much feeding, and likewise to inconstancy; and proud beyond measure, and therefore contemned all others; he had learned to dissemble well enough, being from his youth misled up in Popery."

What followed from this ill-omened match is what might have been expected to happen. "It was foreseen," says the authority I have just quoted, that the "young fool and proud tyrant" would fare badly in a country where a blow of a dagger was the answer to a peevish word. Darnley "was as rash as he was passionate, and false all round; had lifted his hand against Mary, had conspired, and, when the enterprise failed, denounced the conspirators. The leaders of all parties agreed that his love of mischief must be sternly restrained. His moody irritability increased, his mind had never been strong, his constitution had been impaired by his excesses; he was restless and unsettled, intractable, suspicious, difficult to please; jealous of Mary's ladies." He was at Stirling when his infant son was baptised, but was not present at the ceremony. Le Croc says of him at this time, "his bad deportment is incurable." Thus we are left in no doubt as to the mental characteristics of Henry Stuart, Earl of Darnley. Some account of his personal appearance may here be added. Several portraits of him are extant. In the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery four were shown. Lord Bolton's two examples may be taken first. No portrait of Darnley is mentioned in Van der Doort's catalogue of King Charles's pictures, but it is surmised that they may have been in one of the Scottish palaces. These interesting works are both panels branded on the back with C. and the Crown of Charles I. I am indebted to their owner for the information that the one representing Darnley at nine years of age was unascrived until comparatively quite recently, when, preparatory to its being cleaned, an examination revealed the name on a piece of paper in an old handwriting, and the

C. and crown on the back as above mentioned. It may be observed that in Chiffinch's catalogue of King James's pictures belonging to the Queen-Dowager occurs this entry: "No. 1019. Henry Steward, Lord Darnley, when he was young, to the waste." The catalogue mentions three other portraits of Queen Mary's husband. Both of Lord Bolton's examples represent him as a boy, one, measuring 36 by 30, is a companion to the other somewhat smaller picture depicting him in a yellowish quilted jacket, dark mantle and ruff. It is surmised that they came into the possession of the Powlett family through the third wife of the second Duke of Bolton, who was a daughter of the Duke of Monmouth. Major Stuart Mackenzie owns another which has been pronounced to be a reduced copy of one of Lord Bolton's. It is noteworthy that in it the eyes are blue, whereas in a portrait belonging to the Duke of Devonshire they are dark grey. In the last named Darnley's hair is a very pale brown, the features somewhat swollen, and the complexion pallid. He wears a black hat and a ruff, and a white vest under a black coat.

Whatever doubts may exist as to Mary's real sentiments when she married Darnley, there can be none as to her feelings after the murder of Rizzio. In 1566 she tells Le Croc, "I could have wished to have died." In December she still repeats the words. In February 1567, Drury writes, "The Queen breaketh much, and is subject to frequent fainting fits." It was at Craigmillar, near Edinburgh, Mary's favourite Castle, that the lords met to consider what to do with Darnley. Lethington said that Darnley's conduct had become intolerable. His evil example was hurtful to the whole realm. Would she agree to a divorce? She said that if a lawful divorce which would not prejudice her son's rights could be got, she might comply, but possibly Darnley would reform. "I will," said she, "that you do nothing whereby any spot may be laid to my honour or conscience." "Madam," said Lethington, "let us guide the matter among us."

The actual complicity of Mary in what happened after this meeting of the nobles is one of the many problems in her history, and not the least tempting of them for discussion; but we must pass on to the tragedy of Kirk o' Field. According to some, Mary "lured" Darnley there, "to the shambles"; others say the spot was chosen by the victim himself, being "a place of good air, more wholesome for an invalid than Holyrood lying low amongst its marshes," and that Mary wanted him to go to Craigmillar. Kirk o' Field was a monastic house, then in the outskirts of Edinburgh, now built

over. As to what happened there, a contemporary record ("The Diurnal of Occurrents") is brief but graphic indeed.

"Upon the tenth day of Februar, at twa hours before none in the morning, there come certain traitors to the said Provost's house, wherein was our Sovereign's husband Henrie, and ane servant of his, callit William Taylour, lying in their nakit beds, and there privily with wrang keys opnit the doors, and come in upon the said prince, and there without mercy wyrriet (strangled) him and his said servant in their beds, and thereafter took him and his servant furth of the house and cast him nakit in ane yard beyond the thief raw, and syne come to the house again and blew the house up in the air so that there remainit not ane stane upon aneuther undestroyit."

The few weeks which elapsed between the murder of Darnley (February 10, 1567) and Mary's marriage with Bothwell (May 1567) are, by common consent, the supreme crisis of her life. The views which historical writers have set forth as to her motives and her actions are widely divergent. Those who, like Mr. Froude, judge her severely, say plainly that she was a wicked woman, and they claim to be supported by the opinion of her contemporaries, and, speaking broadly, by the verdict of posterity. "Not proven," cry her partisans; "the fault is Bothwell's. Mary, weak, ill, dejected, and without a friend, fell a prey to his brutality and reckless ambition." "Say rather," is made answer, "a victim to her illicit passion for the border chief with the stout heart and the strong arm, for, as all allow, she had ever loved 'hardiness and valiancy.'" To this, the special pleaders who defend her urge, it is improbable that one "who had hitherto conducted herself with absolute decorum would turn her back upon herself and act as only a maniac mad with passion could act." "The Queen, whatever else she might be," says Sir John Skelton, "was at least a woman of polished taste and unusually brilliant accomplishments; whereas Bothwell—whenever we get a fair look at him, which is seldom—is presented to us as an unmannerly, unlettered, unscrupulous scamp, whose coarse profligacy was notorious, and whose coarse badinage was unmeet for the ears of modest women."

"That he had the strength and daring of a border thief need not be doubted; and a writer who professes to be a nice observer of human nature—Professor Beesley—is assured that Mary when she came to love would be attracted not by a 'slim, girl-faced youngster,' but by such a brawny ruffian as used to figure, *consule Planco*, in suburban melodrama." But, *pace* Sir John Skelton, Professor Beesley does not stand alone in thinking that Mary

was enamoured of this big, immoral "ruffian," nor is it by any means an uncommon thing for women to be attracted by such as he was; but, as I shall strive to show, Bothwell was not "unlettered," whatever else he may have been. Swinburne calls him "a hardy and able ruffian."

According to Knox and Buchanan, Mary was "an abandoned creature"; "for six months exactly, with a stainless repute before and after, during which brief period she was said to have been 'as foul as a leper,'" replies her latest champion; and so the wordy warfare goes on. It seems unlikely that much more positive, irrefragable proof will now ever be forthcoming; but there is one body of evidence so vitally important that it cannot be passed over in silence: I refer, it need hardly be said, to the famous Casket Letters. Of the literary value of this correspondence the author of *Chastelard* thus speaks: "Even in the existing versions of the letters translated from the lost originals, and re-translated from this translation of a text which was probably destroyed in 1603 by order of James on his accession;—even in these possibly disfigured versions the fiery pathos of passion, the fierce and piteous fluctuations of spirit between love and hate, hope and rage, and jealousy, have an eloquence beyond the limitation or invention of art." Nor is their historical importance one whit the less; indeed, upon their genuineness, or otherwise, the whole case against Mary in relation to the Darnley murder may be said to rest. Hallam thought them authentic, and Mr. Andrew Lang, who has devoted much study to the subject, remarks that, on the whole, increasing knowledge of the facts has weakened the defence; and another authority, Mr. Rait, has observed, "that no Marian apologist has as yet attempted an answer to the more recent evidence on the other side." But in the opinion of Mr. Swinburne, the correspondence produced in evidence against her at York may have been, as her partisans affirm, so craftily garbled and falsified by interpolation, suppression, perversion, or absolute forgery, as to be all but historically worthless. . . . Its acceptance or its rejection does not in the least degree affect the rational estimate of her character. If this be true, then Mary's character may be discerned with sufficient clearness: whether she wrote the damning Glasgow letter (as No. 2 in the series is called), or whether she did not. Those who desire to see the English version of this remarkable letter will find it in the State Papers, Mary Queen of Scots, vol. ii., No. 65.

But apart from the highly controversial issues which arise out of these letters, there is another aspect of the matter which may commend itself to

such as love peace and think no evil, viz., the consideration that, whether Mary Stuart be the abased creature her detractors seek to make out or not, she endured nineteen years' torture in English prisons, and she paid upon the scaffold the extreme penalty exacted from the greatest criminals.

If guilty, she has suffered, I repeat; if not guilty, let her rest, in pity's name, for she lost her crown, her liberty, her life.

Setting aside, then, the fascinating topic of the letters, which would require a volume to itself, a few words may be said about the interesting casket in which it is alleged these famous documents were kept.

It is not necessary to go into details about its history—I mean how and when it was used; that would bring us back perilously near a burning topic, the discussion of which, as I have already said, I deliberately exclude from the pages of this book.

But a description, based upon a personal examination, I have been able to make, through the kindness of the Duke of Hamilton, and a comparison with the account given of the casket in which it is said the famous letters were placed may be permitted, and should prove of interest.

The box brought to Morton, as he sat at table four days after Bothwell had parted with Mary at Carberry Hill, was described in his "Declaration" as "a certain silver box, over-gilt." The English Commissioners at York speak of it as "a little coffer of silver and gilt." At the Westminster conference it is spoken of as "the little gilt coffer." Finally, in the Scotch version (but not in the original Latin) of Buchanan's *Detectio* it is spoken of as "one small gilt coffer, not fully a foot long, garnished in sundry places with the Roman letter F. under a King's Crown."

The last item of this description, which I have taken from Lady Baillie Hamilton's interesting article in *Macmillan*, vol. 80, is very important, and furnishes the most valid, indeed, one may say the only weighty, objection to admitting the claim that the casket should be considered as probably the actual box in which the letters were placed; for the one preserved at Hamilton Palace is undoubtedly a silver box, over-gilt, bearing a French hall-mark, and pronounced to be of French workmanship of the early part of the sixteenth century. Its measurements are, eight inches long by five inches high. The raised work has all been gilded, and on the top there is open scroll-work, the design of which may have been mistaken for the letter F. There is no F. upon it anywhere—I can testify to that; although, on the other hand, the lock has clearly been torn away, as Morton states it was. Lady Baillie Hamilton

observes, the scroll-work has an Italian look about it, and resembles the tooling on a book in the British Museum which belonged to Catherine de Medici, and is stamped with her cipher and crown. To sum up the matter, I may give Lady Baillie Hamilton's own words: "There is extremely strong presumptive evidence that this Hamilton heirloom is really the celebrated casket around which must ever cling the pathetic memory of the fascinating woman whose fame and fortunes were so direfully overshadowed by its contents."

Apart from the Casket Letters, fatal proofs of guilt as some regard them, gross palpable lies and forgeries as others assert them to be, it is abundantly clear in reading the story of Mary that she was a victim, a victim but not a martyr to her faith (though she undoubtedly posed as such), for there is good reason to believe she was ready to abandon it, and the Catholics were aware of it. Still less was she a victim to any principles of religious or political liberty, but she was a prey to the turbulence and rapacity of the nobles of her kingdom, due, in part it may well be, to the fact that she, in common with others of her race, was not familiar with the people she was called upon to govern. As Mr. Andrew Lang has put it: "Between preachers and Popes the Stuarts were in a sad posture." Mary fell a sacrifice to the struggle for the mastery between the old faith and the new—between Rome and Geneva; a victim to the duplicity and meanness of her son, to the jealousy of Elizabeth, and to the watchfulness and fears of Elizabeth's ministers, who saw, and had good reason to feel, that the Scottish Queen and her Catholic supporters, both at home and abroad, were a constant menace to England.

These and such-like forces, too strong to be withstood, drove her along to her destiny, and led her with the relentlessness of Fate to the hall at Fotheringhay, wherein she played her part in the last scene of all with such consummate courage and such supreme dignity.

Gazing back through the mysterious half-light of the past, let us endeavour to gather up the comparatively meagre facts obtainable of the occurrences in May 1567: On Mary's return from Stirling, Bothwell seized her at the Almond Bridge, and carried her off to his Castle at Dunbar,—as had been arranged between them, say her enemies, who avow that she was a willing victim; but Bothwell had been heard to say that he "would do it, yea, whether she would herself or not." If it be true, as was commonly reported at the time, that she was roughly handled, and carried off against her will, one marvels that she did not attempt to escape as they rode past Edinburgh. We are told she

did convey a brief message to the Provost, and looked for a rescue. The "Diurnal of Occurrents" relates, the news having been brought to the Provost, "in continent the common bell rang; the inhabitants ran to armour and to weapons; the portes were steekit; the artillery of the Castle shot." It has been said the guns were wadded with hay. At any rate, Bothwell found no difficulty in getting to his stronghold, accompanied by 700 or 800 men. He was not the kind of man whose path peaceful burghers cared to cross. Ten days afterwards Melville writes to Cecil: "The Earl of Bothwell did carry the Queen's Majesty violently to Dunbar, where she is judged to be detained without her own liberty and against her will." And here is Mary's own account of what happened, sent to the Bishop of Dunblane for the French Court, which at any rate shows she felt keenly the perilous and damaging position in which she was placed. "Many things," she says, "we revolved with ourself, but never could find ane outgate. So ceased he never till by persuasions and importunate suit, accompanied not the less by force, he has finally driven us to end the work begun at sic time and in sic forme as he thocht might best serve his turn, wherein we cannot dissemble that he has used us otherways than we have deservit at his hand. But now," she concludes, "since it is past and cannot be brought back again, we will mak the best of it."

Here unbiased readers may well ask if this is the language that a high-spirited woman, and a Queen, such as Mary Stuart, would have been expected to use in such a case?

Is it not rather that of one who has been driven by the violence of another's masterful nature into a course from which she may have shrunk somewhat, and for which she may not have been then and there prepared? Nevertheless, she yields to his suit, and then, having yielded, she meekly declares she will "mak the best of it." This is indeed a crisis in her affairs, and her behaviour at this juncture requires powerful and skilful advocacy to place it in a favourable light. Her warmest admirers cannot but admit that "the best of it" was bad, and that she knew as much full well. How is it that we hear no further reproaches of the man who drove her into a course which, in the judgment of the world, has ruined her good name for ever? Nothing stronger escapes her lips than "wherein we cannot dissemble that he has used us otherways than we have deservit at his hand."

One thing seems quite certain, she was unhappy. Erskine heard her ask for a knife to stab herself, "or else," said she, "I shall drown myself."

Here we doubtless have language from the heart, but it may be deemed the language of conscious guilt, quite as fairly as the language of an unwilling prisoner.

Another matter about which there can be little or no doubt is that she was virtually deprived of her liberty, as the lords declare Bothwell kept her "environed with a perpetual guard of arquebusiers as well day and night wherever she went." And no one came to her aid and succour: she herself found no "outgate." At length on a day in May "at ten hours afore noon, not with the mess but with preitching, in the Palace of Halyrudhous, within the auld chapel, Marie, by the Grace of God Queen of Scots, was mariet on James, Duke of Orkney. At this marriage there was neither pleasure nor pastime usit as it was wont to be when princes was mariet." In three weeks' time Mary had fled, in four she was a prisoner.

It is indeed a remarkable thing that the gifted, brilliant, accomplished Mary Stuart was wedded to three such men as the Dauphin, Henry Darnley, and Bothwell. It seems to point to her being indifferent to personal qualities.

The observations made at the commencement of this chapter upon the incompatibility between Darnley and Mary apply with even greater force when we come to compare her with her last husband, if the popular estimate of him be correct. The defenders of Mary are entitled to urge the improbability that such a woman could love such a man, and they make the best of this argument in their favour. In reply it may be said that it is idle to pour ridicule upon the idea of Mary being enamoured of this big immoral Earl. Ridicule is not evidence, and it is not only possible but probable that, as there is a good deal of human nature in women, and Mary being "a very woman" as she was, found him to her taste, and, in a word, loved him, for he was "neither dolt, lout, nor coward." The sex have been charged with stranger things than this ere now. But, more than this, we know Mary to have been a highly cultivated woman, and I believe that in this respect she found affinity in Bothwell, for it is quite a mistake to regard him as merely "a brawny ruffian"—with no education and still less culture. In point of fact he was an accomplished man compared with the rough Scotch nobles around him, very few of whom could sign their own names; as Mr. Lang has pointed out, he had been a good deal at the French Court, and spoke and wrote the language with great facility. Indeed he was a gentleman of the chamber to the King. He

was also a writer; two of his books still survive. Some French treatises on the art of war, and their bindings with his arms on them, suggest that he was, like Mary, a lover of books. The man who quoted to the sagacious French ambassador Le Croc an appropriate classical allusion while watching a sanguinary conflict, as Bothwell did on the occasion of the battle of Carberry Hill, could not have been the stupid borderer that he is generally considered, and Skelton would have us believe him to be. Added to this, he wrote an excellent hand. The caligraphy of Knox, which was good for his day, can now only be read by an expert, while Bothwell's is "as clear as print," as is shown in a facsimile in Toulet.

Probably, then, Bothwell was very different to the generally received estimate of him, an opinion formed on Buchanan's *Detectio*, and such-like highly coloured and prejudiced testimony. This surmise is not only interesting in itself, but has a significant bearing on the relations of Mary with the Earl, and of her alleged passion for him, because it points to an affinity which, to a woman of Mary's French bringing-up, would be an attraction in itself, as we know it proved with others with whom she was thrown in contact. Nor is this to be wondered at when we remember her surroundings in Scotland.

Bothwell's books and his fondness for them, as shown by the bindings in the collection of the University of Edinburgh, are evidences of a culture far from usual in that age, and tend to show that he had, at any rate, more in common with a lady of Mary's taste and education than the rude, unlettered, often brutal Scottish noblemen with whom she was associated. On the other hand, Bothwell was accused of the blackest crimes of the Renaissance. He was ready to risk his life in raids on Border thieves, and was the boon companion of ruffians like "Black Ormiston." Small wonder is it then, "if with such a mixture of courtly accomplishments, dauntless audacity, beauty, strength, loyalty, mysterious Satanism, he fascinated Mary." Yet no sooner was she in his power than "he made her weep daily, and call for a knife to end herself," to quote Mr. Lang again.

It may be interesting to inquire what Bothwell was like in person. We are told he was famed for bodily strength. As to his features, the Hon. Mrs. Boyle has the good fortune to own a portrait of him, the only one with which I am acquainted. It is cleverly painted in oils, and is a circle, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. A portrait of the Lady Jane Gordon, his wife, is evidently by the same hand, and belongs to the same owner. Beyond

the fact that they were formerly possessed by the Duke of Queensberry, I regret that I am unable to give the history of either.

According to a writer in the "Dictionary of National Biography," no portrait of Bothwell is known to exist. The tradition as to Bothwell's ugliness rests wholly on the statements, more or less vituperative, of Brantôme and of Buchanan. Kirkaldy of Grange reported to Bedford that the Queen had said that "she cared not to lose France and England and her own country for him, and will go with him to the world's end in a white petticoat ere she leave him."

Although to gratify his presumptuous and headlong ambition Bothwell divorced Lady Jane Gordon within six months after his marriage, it is asserted that he always cared for her, *more suo*, and even that Mary was jealous of her before and after the divorce. After Bothwell and Mary were man and wife, Maitland told her that he, the Earl, had "again and again assured Lady Bothwell that she only was his wife, and that the Queen was his concubine"; and de Silva writes to Philip (June 21), "Avisan que el Bothwell todavia estaba algunos dias dela semana con la muger con que habia hecho el divorcio."

The Lady Jane was reputed to be a friend of the Queen, who was present at her wedding and was made welcome at Court. Le Croc refused to be at the wedding, and writes to Catherine de Medici, "les malheureux faicts sont trop prouvés." Bothwell's wife is described as a woman of great prudence. She enjoyed a full jointure from the Bothwell estates, from 1567 till 1629, when she died in her eighty-fourth year.

Of Mary's affection for Bothwell there would seem to be no doubt if we are to believe Throgmorton, who, writing to Elizabeth July 14, 1567, uses these unequivocal expressions as to her feelings. "The lords afore-said (Lindsay, etc.) which have her in guard at Lochleven doe keep her very straitly, . . . because that the Queen will not by any means be induced to lend her authority to prosecute the murder, nor will not consent by any persuasion to abandon the Lord Bothwell for her husband, but avoweth constantly that she will live and die with him; and saith that if it were put to her choice to relinquish her crown and kingdom, or the Lord Bothwell, she would leave her kingdom and dignity, and go as simple damsell with him, and that she will never consent that he shall fare worse, or have more harm than herself; the principall of her detention is—the Queen being of so fervent affection towards the Earl of Bothwell as she is."

And the French ambassador writing to Catherine de Medici, June 17, says: "Avec lequel (Bothwell) elle pensoit vivre et mourir avec le plus grand contentement du monde;" and de Silva tells Philip that Mary "estant reduicté en l'extremité ou elle estoit ne demandoit sinon, qu'ilz les missent tous deux dans un navire pour les envoyer là où la fortune les conduiroit."

One more word as to portraits of Bothwell. I am indebted to Mr. Hay Fleming for information which leads us to suppose that they are extremely rare. He speaks of one in an American publication which I have not seen, and knows of no other save a painting by Otto Bache of the head of a corpse, supposed to be Bothwell's. There is a fantastic head and shoulders engraved by C. Alais, whether from an original or from his imagination I cannot say.

In the archives of Venice are preserved papers from the Venetian ambassador in France at this time which describe the escape of Mary from Lochleven Castle, and relate that "the Queen, having attempted to descend from a window unsuccessfully, contrived that a page of the Governor's, whom she had persuaded to this effect, when carrying a dish, in the evening of the second of May, to the table of his master with a napkin before him, should place the napkin on the key, and in removing the napkin take up the key with it and carry it away unperceived by any one." We know the sequel, how the eight thousand men who—to quote the same authority—"flocked to her from divers parts" were beaten at Langside; and how, finding herself defeated, the Queen "travelled a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles without any rest," crossed the Solway, and landed on English soil.

CHAPTER VI

MARY STUART IN ENGLAND—CAPTIVITY

"This lady and princess is a notable woman."—Sir FRANCIS KNOLLYS.



It was in May 1568, that Mary landed from an open boat at Workington, in Cumberland; and little did she think, we may be sure, that the whole of her life thereafter (nineteen weary years) would be spent in beating against the bars of English prisons; for such the strong Castles in which Mary was destined to pass the remainder of her days indubitably were. "She is most offended at my restraining her from walking without the Castle," writes the Earl of Shrewsbury, who had charge of her for so long a time. Who can realise what imprisonment meant to this young high-spirited woman?—she was but twenty-five—this daughter of a Queen, and a twice anointed Queen herself. Active in mind and body, as we know she was, freedom must have been to her as the very breath of her nostrils. How many a time may she have sat in the broad casement windows of one or other of the homes of "Bess of Hardwick," and marked the tender green of the oaks in the deer park beneath; and her thoughts, answering to the gladness of the spring-time, would leap forward to the day of her deliverance; a dream of the future, often broken by the voices of her keepers or the tramp of the watch in the garden below, bringing her back to earth again, to the irksome restraints and the weary monotony of her daily life. And in the drowsy stillness of a summer afternoon, how often from the keep of Tutbury has she scanned the wide landscape spread at her feet, below the rounded hill whereon the Castle stands. She looks again and yet again, for the succour, the help from afar, which never comes. Here no human sounds meet her ears save the revelry of some of her guard, off duty, whiling away the lagging hours in the inn of the mean village which clusters round the Castle walls. No sign of life discernible, save here and there a group of

cattle standing, for the sake of coolness, in the stream of the Dove, which like a blue thread, meanders on through the peaceful landscape till it joins the broad bosom of the Trent, and onward thence in a mingled stream to the sea. There was the way to freedom, and there a path across the shining waves to the fair land of France, where the sunny hours of her youth, full of innocence and bright promise, were spent. And then, wearying of the sameness of the prospect, she throws a glance behind her, beyond the steep walls where lay the woods, reminding her, as she says in one of her letters, of Vincennes. And these, too, are steeped in midsummer silence.

As autumn draws on the scene is changed, perhaps to the moated Hall of Chartley, where her carved oak bedstead, and the little room with cemented floor it stood on, still remain. Here she misses the keen fresh air from the Derbyshire hills, which played round her more spacious apartments elsewhere. From Chartley she sees no longer the wide expanse which meets the eye on every side from the walls of Tutbury. Even the landscape seems narrowing and closing in upon her—dwindling, like her hopes; and here, too, she feels the same oppressive stillness, broken only by the whirr and splash of the water-fowl as they scutter across the mere at the foot of the sloping lawn. Sometimes, crossing the moat by the little bridge, she wends her way through a grove of trees over a many-tinted carpet such as autumn weaves, the dying leaves yielding a faint odour to her tread; and then up the steep side of the knoll whereon Ranulph de Blundeville, Earl of Chester, built his Castle when he returned from the Crusades: and then she, “who ever loved bravery in a man,” would fall a-thinking of the Holy Land—that grave of disappointed ambitions; of the blood so vainly spilled on the hot sands of Palestine; of Saladin and the brave knights who fought against him, and she wonders when knights will come for her. From the now ruined bastions she looks across to Cannock Chase, and the wild hill country around it; but still she looks in vain, and she learns the bitter truth of the words, “hope deferred maketh the heart sick.” When winter comes, chilling blasts from the bleak moors of Sheffield drive her indoors, to seek occupation with her needle, and to dream through the long dark nights of masks and revels, of lighted halls, and of bygone days never to return. Thoughts such as these crowd into the minds of those who, like the writer, have followed the footsteps of Mary Stuart, and looked upon what is left of the scenes of her captivity.

The Earl of Shrewsbury owned several seats, each of which was, in its turn, her prison. These mansions were all within easy reach of one another:

thus, Hardwick is eighteen miles from Sheffield; Wingfield, a house of Henry the Eighth's time, now a picturesque ruin, is ten miles from Hardwick; and Chatsworth about eighteen miles from Hardwick. Over every one, save Chartley, "Ichabod" may be written, and Chartley has been burnt down twice, though, strange to say, the tiny room looking out on the moat, and traditionally assigned to Mary as her bedchamber, has each time been spared. Worksop was burnt in 1761. There is no building standing at Chatsworth in which Mary was received. Sheffield Castle was a principal seat of the great English nobleman to whose custody Mary Stuart was entrusted, and here she was for fourteen years. Of this building not a stone now remains, but in the days of Elizabeth, it stood in the midst of a park eight miles in circumference, and abounding in forest trees of the noblest growth. Some were indigenous, but others probably planted by the fourth Earl of Shrewsbury when he built Sheffield Manor or Lodge at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Long straight avenues of oak and walnut pointed towards the house, which stood nearly in the centre of the park. "Its oaks were the glory of the north of England. Herds of deer wandered over turf that had never been broken by the plough, and the thick copses sheltered rare birds that are now known only by name to the Yorkshire naturalists."

Of these two Yorkshire seats of the Shrewsburys—the Castle, and the Lodge or Manor—the former, a vast pile covering four acres, was surrounded by rivers. On high ground, overlooking the Castle, stood the Manor House, a plain and unpretentious building. Its walls were hung with tapestry, and from the flat lead roof where Mary took the air, a wide prospect of hill and dale might be seen.

"The fir-crowned heights of Horton, the sweet vale of Beauchief, the purple woods of Topley, and the barren hills of the Peak, the thick woods of Wharnccliffe and Wentworth, the widening vale of the Don, and the heights of Laughton and Handsworth, each distinguishable by its spire, are all comprehended within the view from this elevation. The Manor itself, its towers and battlements appearing above the thick woods in which it was embosomed, must have once formed a prominent and striking object in the scenery from many points of the surrounding country." In 1846 it still stood, a ruin of great extent.

To return to the movements of Mary after her flight from Scotland. Carlisle was the first place to which she was taken from Workington Hall; from thence they took her to Bolton Castle, a place of strength, and a seat

of Lord Scrope's, who was Warden of the West Marches. One of the rooms occupied by Mary when there, is still shown. But Yorkshire was Catholic, and as it was an easy ride to the Border, by which Mary might pass over the moors "without any town," into Scotland, it was resolved to take her further south.

Towards the end of the year we find Elizabeth telling the Earl of Shrewsbury in private audience, that "Er it were longe, he shuld well perseve she dyd so trust him as she dyd few." Shrewsbury writes to his Countess: "Now it is sarten the Scotos Quene cumes to Tutburye to my charge," and at Tutbury she arrived in February 1569. Elizabeth showed her usual judgment in choosing this wealthy nobleman, high in station and in character. "He had several houses in the interior of the kingdom, in any of which Mary might be kept with little danger of either a forcible abduction, or a secret escape."

Sixteen years of faithful service approved Elizabeth's choice; he bore with uncommon fortitude and humility the numerous hardships which his tyrannical mistress imposed upon him. It is evident that Mary Queen of Scots and Dowager of France was no ordinary charge for any man to be responsible for, no matter how powerful he might be. She was, in the words of Mr. Swinburne, "the most fearless, the most keen sighted, the most high gifted, and high spirited of women, gallant and generous, skilful and practical, never to be cowed by fortune, never to be captured by craft; neither more unselfish in her ends, or more unscrupulous in her practice than might have been expected from her training and her creed." Add to this her exalted station, the fact that she was the focus, so to speak, of so many intrigues, and we cannot wonder at the anxiety her keeper felt. He complained, in a melancholy letter to Burghley, that it nearly brought him to his grave.

We have a striking picture of Mary in durance, which we owe to Nicholas White, afterwards Master of the Rolls in Ireland, "a well-meaning but vulgar busy-body, with little feeling of delicacy or decency, and no sense of humour."

He was on his way to Ireland in the spring of this year, and, being a friend of Cecil's, he writes him a letter, obviously intended for the eye of Elizabeth, but recording with sincerity, and with some power of observation, his impressions of the Royal captive and her surroundings. He relates that on his arrival at Tutbury, Mary came out of the presence chamber and bade him welcome. After evening service, she talked with him from six to seven, asking him to excuse her bad English.

He told her that she ought to be very thankful for such prince-like entertainment, "and for my own part did wish her Grace meekly to bow her head to God, who hath put her into this school: to learn to know Him, to be above kings and princes of this world; with such other like speeches as time and occasion then served, which she very gently accepted, and confessed that she had indeed great cause to thank God for sparing of her, and great cause also to thank her good sister for this kindly using of her. As for contentation in this her present estate, she would not require it at God's hands, but only patience, which she humbly prayed Him to give her.

"I asked her Grace, since the weather did cut off all exercises abroad, how she passed the time within? She said that all day she wrought with her needle, and that the diversity of the colours made the work seem less tedious, and continued so long at it that very pain made her to give over; and with that, laid her hand on her left side, and complained of an old grief newly increased there. Upon this occasion she entered into a pretty disputable comparison between carving, painting, and working with the needle, affirming painting in her opinion for the most commendable quality."

"I answered her Grace I could skill of neither of them, but that I had read 'Pictura' to be *veritas falsa*."

"With this she closed up her talk, and bidding us farewell, retired into her privy chamber."

No doubt Mary wearied of his moralising, and his not over-courteous talk. I may note that in a curious picture at Hardwick which represents the announcement of the date of execution to Mary, she is twice represented as at needlework. She stands at the tapestry loom in the right background, and is seen busy with her needle at night in the left.

White goes on to say, "But if I (who in the sight of God bear the Queen's Majesty a natural love beside my bounden duty) might give advice, there should very few subjects in this land have access to, or conference with, this lady. For beside that she is a goodly personage (and yet in truth not comparable to our sovereign), she hath withal an alluring grace, a pretty Scottish speech, and a searching wit clouded with mildness. Her hair of itself is black; and yet Mr. Knollys told me that she wears hair of sundry colours.

"My Lord of Shrewsbury is very careful of his charge, but the Queen out-watches them all, for it is one of the clock at least every night ere she go to bed. The next morning I was up timely, and viewing the seat of the

house, which in my opinion stands much like Windsor, I espied two halberdiers without the castle wall searching underneath the Queen's bed-chamber window. And so—waiting an easterly wind—I humbly take my leave.”

In connection with Mary's request that White should excuse her bad English, the following extract from a letter she wrote Sir Francis Knollys from Bolton, will be read with interest.

“Mester Knoleis y heuu har sum neus from Scotland, y send zou the double off them y vreit to the quin my gud sister and pres zou to do the lyk, conforme to that y spak zester-nicht vnto zou and sut hesti ansur y refer all to zour discretion & will lip ne beter in zour gud delin for mi, nor y kan persuad zou, newli in this langasg. Excus my iuel vreit in for y neuuer vsed it afor & am hested.”

In the Talbot Papers there is a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to the Lord Treasurer and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, begging them to make him a larger allowance of “wine without impost.” He writes from Tutbury, and in his petition shows that the consumption must have been very considerable. He says “truly two tuns in a month have not sufficed ordinarily, besides that that is occupied at times for her *bathings* and such like uses.” The “her” of course refers to the Queen of Scots, and in his letter Shrewsbury enlarges upon the daily charges “that I do now sustain, and have done all this year past.”

Elsewhere in the letter we learn that it was customary to allow wine to noblemen for household expenses without impost. Seeing the large quantity which Shrewsbury says was not sufficient, it becomes interesting to know of whom the castle establishment consisted. From a “cheke roll” endorsed by Mary's keeper in 1571, we find that her regular household consisted of thirty persons of whom “my Lady Leinston” (Livingstone) was the head, she being “dame of honour to the Queen's Majesty.”

Mr. Beaton was the Master of the Household, which comprised a physician, a secretary, a master cook, “a pottiger,” and “a pastilar,” pages, and servants to her ladies, etc., etc. Besides these were “permitted of my lord's benevolence nine others, namely five women and four men servants,” who appear to have waited on the Queen's household. Two years earlier, as we see by White's letter quoted above, the retinue consisted of some sixty persons.

After the discovery of the attempt of Leonard Dacre, who was a relative of Shrewsbury's, to rescue her, the household of the Queen of Scots was

reduced to thirty. Mary greatly resented this, for she was much attached to her servants, and when asked by Lord Shrewsbury to name those whom she desired to retain, she made answer, he says, "that for anything I, Shrewsbury, could do she would name none. 'Let the Queen' said she, 'do with me what she will.' Then I named them myself, both men and women, and have taken order for dispatching away the rest according to your Highness' commandment. I have ordered that neither she nor her attendants shall pass the gates till your Highness commands otherwise."

The true reason for this very shabby treatment was probably the meanness of Elizabeth, who grudged the expense of the Tutbury establishment. To such a pitch did the English Queen carry her penuriousness that she actually proposed that Mary should bear the expenses of her own imprisonment! When it was found that Mary's dowry as Queen Dowager of France was insufficient (for she was lavishly generous to her dependents), Shrewsbury had a severe lecture on the virtues of economy from his Royal mistress.

"The greatest person about her," we are told, "is Lord Livingston, and the lady his wife, which is a fair gentlewoman (both Protestants, by the way). She hath nine women, fifty persons in household with ten horses." The Bishop of Ross then lay three miles off, at Burton-upon-Trent, with Lord Boyd. In addition to Mary's own establishment, the Earl had forty servants "extraordinary," selected from his own tenantry, who kept watch day and night.

Mary was an accomplished letter-writer. From her voluminous correspondence, supplemented by her keepers' reports to Burghley, it would be possible to make a fairly complete record of the nineteen unutterably weary years of her imprisonment. But a brief summary of this part of our subject must suffice, though one passes it by with reluctance, because the story is interesting in itself, and is a dark chapter in Mary's life probably not very often opened to the general reader.

It was "the monotonous life of a prisoner varied for the most part only by temporary changes of residence, by transitions from health to sickness, by attempts to release her which served to keep hope alive, and by occasional visits from the agents of that power by which she was kept in illegal bondage, to whom she made unavailing demands of justice."

It is small wonder that Shrewsbury himself feels ever and anon the need of change, and pleads the state of his health as a reason for a projected visit to Buxton. However, he gets reprimanded for this, though permission

is given to remove to his house at Sheffield "but with no open pompe or assembly of strangers." When they returned to Tutbury, Elizabeth placed the Earl of Huntingdon "professedly as a guard upon Mary, but really as a spy upon Shrewsbury." Mary disliked and dreaded Huntingdon. This nobleman begged to be discharged from his post in another man's house, and to be allowed to take her to his own at Ashby; it was refused, and another guard added, Walter, Viscount Hereford, afterwards Earl of Essex. He was soon relieved. "Mary's friends were chiefly in the north, where the old faith had most adherents, and towards the end of this year (1569) many gentry of the North openly declared their intention to liberate her, and under the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland marched to York."

Shrewsbury and Hereford were instructed to remove their charge from Tutbury to Coventry, that being a walled town, capable of bearing a siege. The rising, which was ill-concerted, was soon suppressed.

In 1570, the severity of Mary's confinement is a little relaxed through the intercession of her own ambassador, the Bishop of Ross, and of Ramboliet, the French ambassador. To the latter Elizabeth expressed her surprise "that the King wolde trouble himself in matters so far from him."

A plot for Mary's release by two sons of the Earl of Derby, and a Derbyshire gentleman named Hall, was foiled by the vigilance of her keepers.

In the autumn of this year, Cecil and Mildmay were at Chatsworth, negotiating with her, after which Cecil writes to her keeper assenting that "he should suffer ye Quene to take ye ayre about your howss on horsback, so yours be in copany."

A little before Christmas Mary was brought within "those walls which so long enclosed her"—Sheffield. Here I may give a letter from her "estroite prison de Chefield," as she terms it, in which she begs to be allowed to confer for once with one of her French servants, or with one of the retinue of the French ambassador, to have a priest of the Catholic Church, and to correspond in open letters with her son. It is addressed to Elizabeth, and dated October 29, 1571.

"Madame,

"Les extresmes rigueurs qui me sont par vottre commendement vsez me rendent a mon grand regret si certeine du malheur que i'ay auuesques beaucoup d'autres, non seullement destre hors de vottre bonne grace, mays,

qui pis est, estimée de vous au lieu d'amie ennemie, au lieu de parente estrengiere voyre plus aborrée que ne permet la charité chrestiesne entre si prosches de sang et voisinance, que ie me suis trouee ce temps passé si confuse que iay doubté si ie deuoy vous ecrire ou non, et iusques a present ay plus tost eslu le silence que par ma plusme vous offencer dauuantasge, voiant le peu de credit que mes lettres ont obtenu par cy deuant en vottre endroict et combien tout ce qui venoyt de moy vous offencoit, vous estant toutes mes actions interpretees au pis. Mays en fin considerent en moy mesmes que Dieu esprouue les siens par aduersites, et me rendant ma conscience vng bon tesmoygnasge de mes merites vers vous, apres auoir louay Dieu de tout ce quil luy plect menuoier, ie me suis deliberee de le fayre seul iudge de mes pensees et du tout mettre ma fiance en ce luy, qui iamays ne delaissa ceux qui en luy ont fondé leur esperence. En quoy ayant troué vne grande consolation et telle que, me tenant forte de sa misericorde et de mon integrité et fiance en ce luy, ie me suis enhardie ecrire la presente pour vous descharger mon cueur en ce quil me tesmoigne me deuoir aquiter a mon pouuoyr en l'extremité ou ie me voy par la malice de ceux qui, sans occasion de me hair, ont de longue meyn fait proeue de leur affection de me nuire en vottre endroit et de tous autres. Or donc, sans plus vous ennuyer du fascheux et passionay discours dune aflisgee royne prisonnere, ientreprendray a vous fayre ceste humble et peult estre derniere resqueste, quil vous plaise au moings me donner liberté de pouuoir pour vne foys conferer avec quelqun des miens de France ou, si il ne vous plect, a quelqun des gens de monsieur de la Mothe, ambassadeur du roy tres chrestien monsieur mon bon frere, si (l'ne) vous est agreable que luy mesmes prene ceste peine, affin de mettre vne (reso)lution en mes affayres en France, tant pour la rescompence de mes v(ieulx) seruiteurs, maintenant bannis de ma presence, que pour ce petit nomb(re) qui sont restants aupres de moy, ie ne scay pour quel temps, et aussi p(our) le payement de mes debtes, desquelles, sans voir mes estats, ie ne puis me(descha)rger selon le deuoir de ma conscience de la quelle ie vous supplie auoir consideration. Bien que ie ne veuille vous importuner de ce qui concerne (m)on estat, la quele conoissant vous ettre si peu chere ie remets a la misericorde de Dieu, resoluë de viuure patiamment en aduersite et prison si malaysee tant quil luy playra, et de mourir quant aussi il luy playra me deliurer de ce malheureux monde, auquel ne sachant combien son vouloir est que ie demeure, estant visitée par maladie, causee de tant dicommodites non accoustumees ou par vottre non desseruië rigueur,

ie vous priray aussi (a ce forcee par le zelle de ma conscience) de me permettre auuoir vng prestre de lesglise catolique, de la quelle ie suis membre, pour me consoller et sollisiter de mon deuuoynr. Les quelles resquestes acordees, ie priray Dieu, et en prison et en mouran(t), de rendre vottre cueur tel qui luy puisse estre agreable et a vous salutayre ; et si ien suis refeusee, ie vous laysse la charge den respondre deuuant Dieu, par faulte de moyen de fayre mon deuoyr, en ayant deuement suppliee et requise vous en qui gist le refus ou permission. Il me reste encores vous fayre vne autre resqueste de peu d'importence pour vous et dextresme consolation pour moy, cest quil vous playse, ayant pitiay dune desolee mere, d'entre les bras de qui on a arasché son seul enfant et esperance de future ioye en ce monde, me permettre decrire a tout le moings lettres ouuertes pour menquerir à la veritay de ces nouuelles et luy ramenteuoir sa triste mere, afin que, resceuant quelque reconfort de son bon portement, ie luy puisse aussi ramenteuoir son deuuoir vers Dieu et vers moy, sans le quel nule fauueur humaine luy pourra profiter, car fayillant a lung de ces deux commendements si expres, Dieu le pouroit oublier en tous les autres. Et si les points subdits me sont acordes, ie metray poynne tout a vng coup de me disposer pour sans regret resceuoir la vie ou la mort, ou quoyquil playse a Dieu menuoyer entre voz meyns ; les quelles ayant baisées, ie priray Dieu pour conclusion vous donner, madame, sa sainte grace en ce monde et sa gloire en lautre. De mon estroite prison de Chefield, ce xxix d'octobre.

“ Vottre bien bonne soeur et (cousine),

“ MARIE R.”

Although Mary had been referring to her ill-health in all her letters of this year, Shrewsbury evidently did not credit her being out of health ; “ I cannot,” he says, “ perceyve that she is in any present perill of sicknes,” and this in spite of the rigorous nature of her confinement. How close this was, is shown by his remark that when he suffered her to be in the courtyard, “ both I myself or my wife be alwaies in her company for avoiding all other's talk.”

1572. As Lord High Steward, it fell to the lot of Shrewsbury to preside at the trial of Thomas Duke of Norfolk. In the absence of the Earl, Sir Ralph Sadler was entrusted with the care of Mary. Sir Ralph disliked his employment, and pressed earnestly for his release, which he obtained on the return of Shrewsbury.

This year she had a visit from Maréchal de Jos, who brought her £150 from France, the principal source of her income being her dowry as widow of Francis II.

In August, Shrewsbury is minded to move her to the Manor of Sheffield, "to cleanse her chamber, being kept very uncleanly" (this in spite of the thirty attendants and the supernumeraries). On August 27, Burghley writes from Woodstock, and acquaints Shrewsbury with the tidings of the "French tragedies," as he calls the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, which had taken place three days previously; and this leads Shrewsbury to add thirty soldiers to her guard, to search the woods, and to impose additional restraints, *e.g.*, no intelligence was allowed to be brought to her; small wonder, then, that, as the dark days of December closed upon her, her keeper should have occasion to write to Burghley: "She is become more malincholy than of long before, and complenes of hur wronges and imprisonmente. I am sure hur malincholy and grefe is grettar than she in words uttars, and yet rather than contynew this impresonment, she styckes not to saye she wyll gyve hur boddy, her sonne and cuntry for lybarte."

1573. Upon rumours getting abroad that an attempt to release her was meditated, the Earl writes to the Court that he has her "sure inoughe, and shall kepe her for the cumying . . . either quykke or ded whatsoever she or any for hur inventes for the contrare."

Close watch was kept upon her, as may be seen in a letter from Gilbert Talbot to his father, in May of this year, wherein he reports a conversation he had had with Dr. Wilson, one of the Secretaries. "Then I told him," he says, "what great hede and care you had to hir safe keping, especially beyng there that good numbers of men, continually armed, watched hir day and nyght, and both under her windowes, over hir chamber, and of every side hir; so that unles she could transforme herself into a flee or a mouse it was impossible that she should scape."

Shrewsbury grew weary of his charge, the expense of which exceeded what the parsimony of Elizabeth allowed him. His whole time was absorbed, and it brought him neither profit nor honour. In this year Mary lost her French secretary, Rolles. A man named Nau succeeded him, and he it was who afterwards conducted her correspondence with Babington, and who betrayed her. This year, too, Elizabeth's easily aroused jealousy was excited by the hasty marriage of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, a younger brother

of Darnley, with a daughter of the Countess of Shrewsbury. The ill-fated Arabella Stuart was the offspring of this union, a love match which was made at Rufford, one of Shrewsbury's seats. This was "delte in sodenly," says the father, who himself had dealt for his daughter many times before, at the instigation of Bess; for, as he says, "There is feu nobillmen's sonnes in England that she hath not praed me to dele forre at one tyme or other."

From some letters Mary writes to the Archbishop of Glasgow, who was her ambassador at Paris, it is clear that animals, especially dogs and birds, were lovingly-tended pets of hers; and we shall see by-and-by how one of the former behaved to his mistress on the last morning of her life in the hall of Fotheringhay. At one time she writes: "I beg you procure me pigeons, red partridges and hens from Barbary, I intend to endeavour to rear them in this country, or to feed them in cages as I do all the small birds I can come by, a pastime for a prisoner."

Again: "Transmit to the Cardinal, my uncle, the two cushions of my work sent herewith. . . . I reckon upon his sending me a pair of beautiful small dogs, and you also might purchase me a pair, for, excepting reading and work, *the only pleasure I have is in all the small animals I can procure.*" Yet she was by no means losing her interest in worldly matters, more especially such as related to dress and adornment of the person; thus she writes to the Archbishop the same year for some one to bring her "patterns of dresses and samples of cloths gold, silver, and silver strip, the fittest and rarest now worn at Court. Order a couple of coifs with gold and silver crowns to be made at Poissy . . . and remind Velatour of his promise to send me from Italy the newest kinds of head-gear, veils, and bands with gold and silver," and so forth.


At intervals, too, she must have had visits from Jesuits, to whom she disclosed her intention to restore the Catholic religion in this island if she ever had the power, and so we find one of these priests declaring that "it was impossible to see this excellent queen without rapture and celestial joy."

CHAPTER VII

MARY STUART IN ENGLAND—HER PRISONS AND HER EXECUTION

"O Lord my God,
I have trusted in Thee ;
O Jesu, my dearest one,
Now set me free.
In prison's oppression,
In sorrow's obsession,
I weary for Thee.
With sighing and crying,
Bowed down as with dying,
I adore Thee, I implore Thee, set me free."

Mary's last poem translated by MR. SWINBURNE.

IVE years—from 1575 to 1580—dragged their weary length along, almost barren of incidents, and Mary Stuart's enemies might feel it was hardly remembered that such a woman existed; so much so, that Francis, Lord Talbot, Shrewsbury's eldest son, once told Elizabeth he had not seen Mary for many years past. Nevertheless they seem worthy of notice, for their records throw sidelights upon the life of the time which are full of interest.

In 1580 Mary revisits Buxton. Such journeys in those days were performed on horseback. During one of them she fell and injured her back. As before, no strangers were allowed to remain or arrive during her stay; nor was she allowed to leave her apartments, except to go to the bath, which she used once or twice a day. Burgoing, her physician, writes of her at this time: "Her health is as bad as can be. I see nothing that can give hope of her recovery but freedom and deliverance from the evils to which she has been so long exposed. We have done all we could to cure her infirmity; but although remedies seem to profit, they can work no complete cure while Nature is thus overwhelmed. I have done what could be devised, according to my art, both for her whole body and for a pain in her side

which perpetually vexes her, but I have not much success. The hardness of her side and the swelling increase daily as her age and weakness increase. Her treatment, both in manner of living and the rigour of her close prison, would be enough to make the strongest person in the world feeble and ill. I protest that, if I had known, I would never have undertaken the responsibility for the health of a person of such consequence."

Small wonder that she never quitted her room for weeks together when all exercise was denied her, and her liberty was so restricted that Shrewsbury would do no more than allow her "to walk upon the leads in the open air, in my large dining-room, or in the courtyard."

And yet so eager was she to quit the house when permitted and able to do so, that we hear of her being content to step over the shoes in the snow. Although she writes to Elizabeth in 1581 that her limbs fail her, and that she cannot walk "two arrow shots," still she would seem to have marvellous fortitude, and tells the Bishop of Ross that she was determined to do her duty in preserving her life, but if it pleased God to take it, it would not be much to her grief.

The year 1581 was one of sickness. Mary tells Castelnau, the French ambassador, that she is "without fresh air, not allowed necessary exercise, and become so weak in her lower extremities that she was obliged to be carried by her servants when she would pass from one room to another."

She complains also of the "mean manner in which her table was served," and notices in severe terms the entertainment which was provided for her on Easter Day. Shrewsbury replied: "It was as well as his allowance enabled him to afford."

This year she was confined to her bed, and tells Beal that "though she was not old in years, she found herself old in body—that her hair was turned grey, and that she should soon have another husband."

This Beal was clerk to the Privy Council, and was sent to report upon Mary's health. He found her so sore and full of pain that she could not turn herself nor take any rest. "My Lord and Lady Shrewsbury tell me that she hath been so these six weeks, and that for these two last winters she hath been in like plight.

"She imputeth the cause thereof to the closeness of the air, and that she is not suffered to go abroad, as her bringing up hath been, in so much as being once sick of an ague in France (as she saith) the means how to

cure her was chiefly by taking the air; the want thereof had brought her into such a weakness and impotency of her limbs as that she could not go six steps nor sit up, and therefore was forced to keep her bed, and if the like constraint continued still, she said she could not long endure." Needlework seems to have been her principal amusement. Many specimens of her skill are still extant. Some are shown at Hardwick, amongst others a piece of tapestry, representing the judgment of Solomon.

1582. Dissatisfied, as well he might be, with the remuneration for his long and arduous services, Mary's keeper resolved to go to Court, where he had not been for ten years, and to urge his claims on Elizabeth in person. He ordered a fine velvet footcloth and a pair of double-gilt stirrups, and was to have set out on his four days' journey to London, by way of Leicester, on September 11. But his eldest son died at Belvoir at the end of August, and another reason which kept him away was the fear of the plague.

There is a letter printed in Murdrin's Burghley State Papers, pp. 558-60, which, if genuine, would account fully for any reluctance on Shrewsbury's part to go to Court. It contains the most damning statements as to Elizabeth's conduct, made on the authority of Bess of Hardwick, imputing an unbridled licentiousness of conduct in terms unquotable.

It imputes illicit amours with Haton (*sic*) and with a stranger named Simier and so on. It also speaks of familiarities and jests and mockeries on the part of Elizabeth's servants of the most incredible nature. Mr. Swinburne doubts whether Elizabeth ever received this "nauseous narrative," as he terms it, and suggests it may have been intercepted by Cecil. Shrewsbury writes to Walsingham at this time in great dejection, and hopes "her Majestie will not leave me to ruyne myselfe with the thoughtes of my expresse calamityes."

The year 1583 was mostly spent at Sheffield, though Mary was also at Worksop, a seat of Shrewsbury's, where she complains she was not allowed to walk in Sherwood Forest.

1584. In August this year a commission was made out to Sir Ralph Sadler to take charge of Mary, Shrewsbury being expected at Court. Sadler thought he could keep her better at Sheffield with sixty men than at Wingfield with three hundred. From his papers we learn there were two hundred and ten gentlemen, yeomen, and officers employed in keeping Mary in custody at this time. The domestic establishment was "five gentlemen, fourteen

servitors, three cooks, four boys, three gentlemen, six gentlewomen, two wives, ten wenches, and children. The diet of the Queen of Scots on both fishe and fleshe days was about sixteen dishes at both courses, dressed after their owne manner . . . the two secretaries, Master of her Household, the physician and Dr. Preau have a messe of seven or eight dishes and do dyne always before the Queene."

On September 3 Mary left Sheffield for Wingfield, never to return. It is recorded that her conversation with Sadler and Somers on this journey was "most interesting and affecting," that she was all duty and obedience to Elizabeth, and wished in every way to conciliate her favour, that she was now neglected by all the Courts of Europe, and had no wish to withdraw herself from the protection of Elizabeth, but she wished much for liberty and complained of her long imprisonment, "having spent her yeares from twenty-four to past forty, and by combre and impotency become old in body."

Of this place Leland says: "Wingfield or Wenfield, in Derbyshire, is but a Maner place but yt far passeth Sheffield Castel." There were two square courts, and her apartments, says tradition, were on the west side of the North Court. From Wingfield she was taken again to Tutbury; how she hated the latter place may be seen from the following memorial she sent to Elizabeth, in which she speaks of the two rooms which she has for the whole of her lodgings—built of wood, old, full of holes, and tumbling down on all sides, and even more plainly in the following letter addressed to Mauvisière:

"Aware that your answer cannot soon reach me, I find it necessary to renew the memorial of my grievances respecting the remittance of my dowry, the augmentation of my attendants, and a change of residence, circumstances apparently trivial, and of small importance to the Queen my good sister, but which I feel to be essential to the preservation of my very existence. Necessity alone could induce me to descend to earnest and reiterated supplications, the dearest price at which my boon can be purchased. To convey to you an idea of my present situation, I must premise that I am on all sides enclosed by fortified walls, on the summit of a hill which lies exposed to every wind of heaven; within these bounds, not unlike the wood of Vincennes, is a very old edifice, originally a hunting-lodge, built merely of lath and plaster, the plaster in many places crumbling away: this edifice which is detached from the outer wall about twenty feet, is sunk so low that the rampart of earth

behind is level with the highest part of the building, so that here the sun can never penetrate, neither does any pure air ever visit this habitation, on which descend drizzling damps and eternal fogs, to such excess, that not an article of furniture can be placed beneath the roof, but in four days it becomes covered with green mould. I leave you to judge in what manner such humidity must act upon the human frame, and, to say everything in one word, the chambers appear more like cells prepared for the reception of the vilest criminals, than apartments suited to persons of a station far inferior to mine; and I believe there is neither lord nor gentleman, or even yeoman in this kingdom, who would patiently endure the penance. With regard to accommodation, I have for my own person but two miserable little chambers, so intensely cold during the night, that but for ramparts and intrenchments of tapestry and curtains, it would be impossible to prolong my existence, of those who have sat up with me during my illness, not one has escaped disease. Sir Amias can testify that three of my women have been rendered ill by this severe temperature, and even my physician declines taking charge of my health the ensuing winter unless I shall be permitted to change my habitation. With respect to convenience, I have neither gallery nor cabinet, if I except two little pigeon holes or closets, through which the only light admitted is from an aperture of about nine feet in circumference; for taking air and exercise, either on foot or in my chair, I have but about a quarter of an acre of ground behind the stables, round which Somers last year planted a quickset hedge, but which is a spot more fit for swine than to be cultivated as a garden; there is no shepherd's hut but has more grace and proportion. As to riding on horseback during the winter, I am sure to be impeded by floods of water or banks of snow, nor is there a road in which I could go for one mile in my coach without putting my limbs in jeopardy. Abstracted from these real and positive inconveniences, I have conceived for the spot an antipathy which, in one ill as I am, might alone entitle me to some indulgences. As it was here that I first began to be treated with rigour and indignity, I have, from that time, conceived this mansion to be singularly unlucky to me; and in this sinister impression I have been confirmed by the tragical catastrophe of the poor priest of whom I wrote to you who, having been tortured for his religion, was at length found hanging in front of my window. It was here that I lost my good kind Rallay, who was one of the consolations of my captivity; another of my people is since dead, and sickness visits the survivors. Briefly, I can here have no comfort, and if I perish,

must attribute my fate to suffering and privation. With regard to the inconvenience of removing at this season, no attention was paid to it last year, when, whether I would or not, I was constrained to depart (though I had for three months been confined to my bed), and literally dragged hither to a house which, after having been uninhabited for fifteen years, was in five weeks prepared for my reception." Then follow some unsavoury details which can well be spared.

In the autumn of this year, the Court being then at Oatlands, Shrewsbury took his seat at the Council Board, and was discharged, at his request, from his trust. And here we may take our leave of George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. Obviously his lot was by no means enviable, despite his wealth, his station, and the trust reposed in him by his Sovereign.

For fourteen years he was weighed down by the onerous duties entailed upon him by the custody of Mary; and long before he was released he told Burghley that he knew her to be "a stranger, a Papist, and an enemy." "What hope," he asks, "can I have of good of her either for me or my country."

With such a charge as the Scottish Queen; with such an exacting mistress as Elizabeth; with such a wife as "Bess of Hardwick," and with the control of vast possessions (for besides estates in London and Chelsea, he owned property in a dozen counties), the cares of this world must have been ever present with him. He looks an unhappy man. His portrait, with that of "Bess of Hardwick" both hang in that stately home of the Cavendishes.

It has been asserted that his wife accused him of a fondness for Mary; but I can find no evidence of this beyond an expression contained in a letter Bess writes from Chatsworth, wherein she says: "Lett me here how you your charge and *love* dothe, and commend me, I pray you."

His true sentiments were probably those expressed to Burghley, which are quoted above; but in fairness to his countess, it must be allowed that in his dotage he gave her reason to complain, for he suffered a female domestic, Eleanor Brittain, to gain an imperious ascendancy over him, and she is said to have shown a rapacity beyond belief. Other family dissensions there were, for on the death of his son Francis the inheritance rested with his second son, who married a daughter of Bess, reputed to have been "not less violent, insolent, and brutal than her mother."

The Earl died November 18, 1590, and his funeral on January 10 following was more sumptuous "than ever to any afore in these countrys," at which 2000 people were present, and several killed by accident.

Let us now return to the story of Mary's captivity. There is not much more to be told, for her end draws nigh:

In 1585 the Queen had been moved again from Wingfield to Tutbury. There Lord St. John was to be her keeper, but he soon procured his discharge. In April of that year Sir Amias Paulet relieved Sadler of an employment of which he was most weary. This Paulet—"My Amias, my most faithful and careful servant," as Elizabeth terms him; narrow, boorish, and a bitter sectary, as others regard him—was given the post to drive Mary to desperation, as it was thought at the time, so that she "might be more apt to take abrupt councils and more easie to be trapped."

The new keeper was to "grope her mind"; and he writes that he delivered his "simple opinion unto her in all plainness" in the hope of forcing her into compromising speech; for, as he says: "In her heat she is apt to speak *ex abundantia cordis*."

When we come to assign the blame for the treatment to which Mary Stuart was subjected, it is quite clear that, although the Queen of Scots came to this country by the invitation of the English Sovereign, and therefore should have been treated as a guest and not a fugitive, she was from the first a source of embarrassment to Elizabeth and her ministers, convicted as she was, so her enemies said, of murder and adultery. They seem to have regarded her all along as more dangerous in her prison than in her palace. But probably it was the caprice and vacillation of Elizabeth herself which gave most poignancy to Mary's sufferings. It is well known that the English Queen had fits of leniency and fits of rigour, which had as their results alternations of hope and despair in the captive's mind of the most distressing nature.

But the torture that the "faithful Amias" must have inflicted upon Mary was not confined to his rude and pedantic harangues, it was supplemented by such petty tyranny as withholding her letters; thus, he writes to Elizabeth: "I have kept this Queen fasting from all sorts of news, good or bad." Her use of beads, her prayer books, pictures in silk and so forth, afflicted him much. "I am a near neighbour to much damnable wickedness," he says, "trusting to live so long as to see it plucked up by the roots." Indeed, all the adjuncts to devotion so dear to Catholics were

"trash" to him, and when Mary asked him for a priest to say mass to her and to whom she might confess, she received "en lieu de consolation ung livre defaimatoire par ung athée Bucanan." This, no doubt was the famous "*Detectio*." With the magnanimity of her nature she bore it all, and not only endured, but bore it with dignity; nay more, she rose above it, for whilst the Walsingham plot was being woven around her, the false Philipps writes to Elizabeth's ministers: "She begins to recover health and strength, and did ride abroad in her coach yesterday," and elsewhere we learn that the occasional changes of air consequent upon her removals from one place of captivity to another benefited her. She was stronger and slept better than she had done for some years, and not many months before her execution she writes, "God hath not set me so low but that I am able to handle my cross-bow for killing a deer, and to gallop after the hounds." It was by "a pretended hunting" that Mary was enticed from Chartley, and whilst she was away, incredible as it may seem, her coffers were broken open and her jewels abstracted. Well might she exclaim as she came out of the gate at Tixall, to some poor people who stood by, "I have nothing for you, I am a beggar as well as you, all is taken from me." To one of Mary's temperament, generous to the verge of imprudence, this must have been a trial indeed.

As the year 1586 closed in, the Commons, moved by the exposure of Babington's conspiracy and Mary's complicity therewith, passed sentence upon her. Symonds D'Ewes, in his journal of the House of Commons, under date November 12, 1586, records that a resolution was passed that "unless execution be done your Majesty's (*i.e.*, Elizabeth's) person cannot anywhere be safe, and religion cannot long continue amongst us."

Shrewsbury wrote to Burghley that the course which would be for the safety of the realm would be "speedy execution." After her sentence the behaviour of Paulet became more outrageous still, and we read of his entering her chamber without ceremony and demanding the removal of her cloth of estate, and on her attendants refusing to remove the insignia of royalty, his own servants inflicted this indignity upon her, and then sitting down before her and putting on his hat, he orders them to take away the billiard-table, since "no further pastime was needed by a woman who was about to die."

Before the curtain falls on the closing scenes of Mary's life, we may take a glance at the surroundings among which they were enacted. There

is now nothing left of the Hall of Fotheringhay, for by order of her son James I. it was entirely demolished, even its foundations dug up; but I believe there are some pillars of the Hall still preserved at Conington Park, and a staircase, said to have been in the Castle, is shown in the Inn at Oundle. Leland, who wrote in the time of Henry VIII., has left us the following picture of its neighbourhood and exterior.

"From Oundle to Foderingeye by marvellous fair corn-ground and pasture, butte little woodde. . . . There be exceedingly good meadows by Foderingeye. . . . The Castle is fair and meately strong, with doble ditches, and hath a keep very auncient and strong. There be very fair lodgyns in the Castel. As I hard, Catarine of Spain did great costs in late tyme of refreshing of it."

The Palace was situated on the south-east side of the Castle hill, fronting the river that runs below, and commanding a beautiful prospect over the extensive meadowland to the south. The walls were prodigiously thick, and on the mound or hill stood the hall where the Queen of Scots was beheaded; it was on the first ascent, and the keep on the second. Tradition says Mary exclaimed: "Perio, I perish," when she saw this formidable prison.

From a survey made in James's time we learn that the house was built of stone, "moted with a double mote, a fair court within the Castle, a building upon a mount eight or sixteen square, with lower and upper chambers to which you ascend by stairs, and then descending towards the hall, which is large and spacious. On the left hand (of) the court is the chapel and goodly lodgings."

The moats were respectively seventy-five and sixty-six feet wide. There are still double ditches to be seen there. From the so-called "Memorial" portrait of Mary, which belongs to Blair's College, Aberdeen, some idea may be formed of what was the traditional appearance of the interior of the hall on the morning of the execution. The Queen, with bare shoulders, is represented as wearing a red bodice, and, blinded with a white handkerchief, is kneeling with her head on the block. Her neck is bleeding, and the executioner is about to strike again. He wears a short white apron: two guards with halberds stand behind the scaffold, which, by the way, was twelve feet square and two and a half feet high, and, together with a low railing which ran round it, was draped entirely in black. The Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, and the Earl

Marshal, with white rods in their hands, stand by. Behind the Queen are two small figures of women, dressed in black, with white ruffs, Joan Kennethie or Kennedy, [and Elizabeth Curle. At the other end of the scaffold stands a man writing in a note-book, and there are four others by his side. It may here be observed that both the King and the Earl of Darnley possess examples which are almost identical with the picture which has just been described; there is merely a trifling difference in the number of guards in the painting at Cobham.

Outside Fotheringhay, numbers of people had collected on this winter morning; there were some three hundred gentlemen admitted within the hall, whence tables and forms had been removed, and wherein a great wood fire was blazing. In all the assembly Mary seemed, we are told, the person least concerned in the tragedy about to be enacted. To the man with the note-book shown in the picture, who was doubtless Burghley's agent, and who may be described as the official reporter, we owe a simple and graphic account of the scene, which I give in his own words.

"The sayde day of Februarye being comme, and tyme and place for the execution, the sayde Queen being of stature tall, of body corpulent, rounde-shouldred, hir face fatt and broade, double-chinned, and hazell-eyed, her borrowed haire aborne (auburn), her attyre was this. On hir head she had a dressing of laurel edged with bone lace, a pomander chayne and an Agnus Dei about her necke, a crucifix in hir hande, a payre of beades (rosary) at hir girdle, and a silver cross at the end of them. A vayle of lawn fastened to hir caul bowed out with wyer (wire), and edged rownde about with boane lace. Hir gowne was of black sattin painted (embroidered), with a trayne and long sleeves to the grownde, sett with acorne buttons of jett trymmed with pearle, and shorte sleeves of sattyn black-cast (slashed to show the sleeves within) with a payre of sleeves of purple velvett whole under them.

"Hir kirtle whole (not slashed) of figured black sattin, and hir petticoate skirtes of crimson velvett, hir shoes of Spanish leather with the rough side outward, a payre of greene silk garters."

Before she laid her head with so much courage on the block, she prayed, says Froude, "For the Church which she had been ready to betray, for her son whom she had disinherited, for the Queen whom she had endeavoured to murder. She prayed God to avert His wrath from England, that England which she had sent a last message to Philip to beseech him to invade. She

forgave her enemies, whom she invited Philip not to forget." (Her last letter is printed in facsimile herewith.)

Resuming the narrative of the eye-witness: "Then she began to kiss hir crucifix, and to cross himself, saying these wordes, 'Even as Thy armes, oh Jesu Christ, were spreadd heer upon the cross, so receive me into the armes of mercye.' Then the two executioners kneeled down unto hir, desiring hir to forgive them hir death. Shee answered: 'I forgive you with all my hart. For I hope this death shall give an end to all my troubles.' They, with hir two weomen helping, began to disrobe hir, and then shee layde the crucifix upon the stoole. One of the executioners tooke from hir neck the Agnus Dei, and shee layde holde of it, saying shee would give it to one of her weomen, and withall told the executioner that he should have monye for it. Then they tooke off hir chayne. Shee made herself unready with a kinde of gladness and smiling, putting on a payre of sleeves with her own hands which the two executioners before had rudely putt off, and with such speed as if shee had longed to be gone out of the worlde.

"During the disroabing of this Queen shee never altered hir countenance, but smiling, sayde she never had such groomes before to make hir unreadye, nor ever putt of (off) hir cloathes before such a companye.

"At length, unattired and unapparelled to hir petticoat and kirtle, the two weoman burst out into a great and pittiful shrieking, crying, and lamentation, crossed themselves, and prayed in Lattine. The Queen turned towards them: 'ne cry vous, j'ay promé pur vous,' and so crossed and kissed them, and bade them praye for hir. Then with a smiling countenance shee turned to hir men servants, Melvin and the rest, crossed them, badd them farewell, and pray for hir to the last. One of the women having a Corpus Christi cloathe lapped it upp, three corner wise, and kissed it, and put it over the face of hir Queen, and pynned it fast to the caule of hir head. Then the two weomen departed. The Queen kneeled downe upon the cushion resolutely, and, without any token of fear of death, sayde allowde in Lattin the psalme '*In te, Domine, confido.*' Then, groaping for the block, shee layde downe hir head, putting hir chayne over hir backe with bothe hir handes, which, holding their still, had been cut off, had they not been espyed.

"Then she layed herself upon the block most quietly, and stretching out hir armes and legges, cryed out, 'In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum' three or four times.

manuscript
J. Jan. 1587

Monsieur mon beaufreux étant par la permission
de Dieu pour mes pèches comme ie croy venue
me iecter entre les bras de ceste Roigne ma
cousine ou ray en banionz denus & passy
plus de vingt ans ie suis enfuy par elle & ses
estats couronnee a l'anort & ayant demande
mes papiers par eux ostez a ceste fin de faire
mon testament ie may peu venir retirer que ma
seigneurie ny obtenu l'ordre d'en faire un libre
ny quoyes mament mon corps fust transporté
selon mon desir en votre royaume ou ray en
honneur d'estre roine votre sœur & amoureuse
cousine

ce rommentz apres d'esperer ma este de mon nece
ma sentence pour estre executé demain comme
une criminelle a huil heures du matin
ie may en l'oir de vous faire un ample adieu
de tout ce que sest passé may sil vous plaist
de croire mon medisme & ces autres ments
desolés seurements vous yres la verité & comme
graces a dieu ie mistrise l'anort & fidellement

procté de la recevoir innocente de tout crime
quant ie serais leur subiecte la religion catholique
& le mariage de droit que dieu ma donné &
ceste couronne sont les deux points de ma
condemnation & toutesfoys ilz ne me veulent
permettre de dire que cest pour la religion catholique
que ie meus mais pour la crainte du charppé
de l'aboy & pour prouver ilz mont ote mon
vain honneur lequel bien quil soit en la mayson de
may peu obtenir quil me vinst confesser quy
commencer a muer mais mont fait grande
instance de recevoir la consolation & doctrine
de leur ministre comme pour ce fait ce porteur
& sa compagnie la plupart de vos subiectz
vous témoignent mes desportemantz en ce
mien acte dernier & s'esta que ie vous supplie
comme vray dieu chrestien mon beaufreux d'ausien
absolve qui mannez tousvours protesté de
maymer que ce coey vous faysiez preneur en
toutz respoinces de vostre vertu tant par
charité me soulageant de ce que pour deschar-
ger ma conscience ie ne puis sçavoir vous que
est de récompenser mes seruiteurs desolés leur

laissez touttes graces l'autre faisant. pour dire
pour une rogne qui a esté nommée tres chrestienne
C'est mort chetive devenue de touttes graces
quant a mon frere. et le vous recommande au saint
quel se meurt en ce ve que plus respendre
l'avez la pureté de vous envoie d'aux
paris vous pour la sainte vous la devant
parfait comme d'homme d'homme ne vous les
recompentz comme de votre tres affection
belle vous mourante en vous pendant la mort
de son bon cuer envers vous redonnez si il vous
encore mes serviteurs vous ordonnez si il vous
plait que pour mon ame le soit payee de
parce de ce que me debuez. Esprit chetive
de tous carit lequel il paye demain a
ma mort pour vous me laissez de graces fonder
un obit de faire les anismes requises
(le mercredi a deux heures apres midi)

Vostre tres affectionné & bon
bon frere MARI R

"Att last while one of the executioners held hir streightly with one of his handes, the other gave two strokes with an axe before he did cut of hir head, and yet lefte a little grissle behinde. She made very smale noyse, no part stirred from the place where shee laye.

"The executioners lifted upp the head, and bad God save the Queen. Then hir dressings of lawne fell from hir head, which appeared as graye as if shee had byn three score and ten yeares old, powled very shorte. Hir face much altered, hir lipps stirred upp and downe almost a quarter of an hower after hir head was cut off. Hir little dogg which was crept under her clothes which would not be gotten foorth but with force, and afterward would not departe from the dead corps, but came and layde between hir head and shoulders, a thing much noted." The little dog afterwards refused food and pined to death.

"Then sayde Mr. Deane (Fletcher of Peterboro'), 'So perish all the Queen's enemies.'" "Whereupon," says Mr. Froude, "a loud Amen rose over the hall." Commenting upon Mary's behaviour in this last scene of her life, this writer observes: "The self-possession was faultless, the courage splendid. Never did any human creature meet death more bravely; yet, in the midst of the admiration and the pity which cannot be refused her, it is not to be forgotten that she was leaving the world with a lie upon her lips. She was a bad woman, disguised in the livery of a martyr, and if in any sense at all she was suffering for her religion, it was because she had shown herself capable of those detestable crimes which in the sixteenth century appeared to be the proper fruits of it. To assume and carry through the character of a victim of religious intolerance, to exhibit herself as an example of saintliness, suffering for devotion to the truth, would be to win the victory over Elizabeth, nor can it be said that she failed. She could not indeed stay the progress of the Reformation, make England a province of Spain, or arrest the dissolution of an exploded creed; but she became a fitting tutelary saint for the sentimental Romanism of the modern world. She has had her revenge, if not on Elizabeth living yet on her memory in the annals of her country, and English history will continue, probably to the end of time, to represent a treatment of Mary Stuart, which, if it erred at all, erred from the beginning on the side of leniency and weakness, as the one indelible stain on the reputation of the great Queen.

The execution of Mary took place on February 8, 1587. Her body was embalmed, and it was not until August 1 that it was taken to Peterborough Cathedral for interment, "over against the lying of Queen Katherine" (of

Arragon). . . . A rich hearse was erected by the first step of the choir, which was hung with black, as was the whole Church. "Upon Sunday at night, July 30, the body was brought by torchlight from the Castle of Fotheringay by Garter King-at-Arms, and other heralds, with some number of horse, and in a chariot made of purpose, covered with black velvet and adorned with her insignia. Between one and two of the clock in the night, . . . where attended it before the Church the Bishop of Peterborough, the Dean, Clarentius King-of-Arms, &c., the body with the closures weighed nine hundred pounds;" there was then no ceremony, but "upon Monday in the afternoon came to Peterborough all the lords and ladies, and other assistants, and at the Bishop's Palace was prepared a great supper for them. . . . Upon Tuesday the chief mourners, lords and ladies, being ready about ten of the clock, they marched from the hall of the Bishop's Palace. The Countess of Bedford, Chief mourner, Earls of Rutland and Lincoln, the Bishops of Peterborough and Lincoln, and some twenty-five other people of title. Eight Scottish gentlewomen, and eighteen Scottish gentlemen, divers esquires, two Kings and five Heralds-at-Arms, and an hundred poor women."

The Scottish, all save Mr. Melvin, departed, and would not tarry at sermon or ceremonies. The Bishop preached from the twenty-ninth Psalm, "Lord, let me know mine end," &c., and in his prayer said, "let us give thanks for the happy dissolution of the high and mighty Princess Mary, late Queen of Scotland and Dowager of France, of whose life and death at this time, I have not much to say, because I was not acquainted with the one, neither was I present at the other."

After the body had rested at Peterborough for twenty-five years it was translated to Westminster, and interred in the Abbey on October 11, 1612. The tomb erected by her son is too well known to need description.

Three centuries have not sufficed to lay to rest the fierce controversies Mary Stuart's career and fate have evoked; generation after generation of men arise and do battle over her character. But she herself rests at Westminster within a few feet of her cousin Elizabeth, and so it has come to pass that whilst in life jealousy and statecraft kept the rival Queens asunder, in death, Time, the great leveller, has brought them side by side amidst the "Royal dust" of the Abbey, in the stately chapel which their common ancestor Henry VII. raised. Of Mary it may be said with Tennyson:

"Peace is with the dead.
Her life was winter, for her spring was nipt."

CHAPTER VIII

MARY—CHARACTER—PORTRAITS—RELICS

"Surely she was a high kind of woman, with haughty energies most flashing, fitful discernments ; generosities ; too fitful all, though most gracefully elaborated ; the born daughter of heroes—but sore involved in papistries, French coquetries, poor woman ; and had the dash of Gypsy tragic in her I doubt not ; and was seductive enough to several, instead of being divinely beautiful to all. Considering her grand rude task in this world, and her beautiful, totally inadequate faculty for doing it, and stern destiny for not doing it, even Dryasdust has felt that there was seldom anything more tragical."—CARLYLE.



THE career of Mary has now been traced from the grim walls of Linlithgow to her last resting-place in Westminster Abbey. We have seen the diadem fall from her head only to be replaced by "a crown of adoration." Such a heated atmosphere of partisanship seems destined for ever to envelop this Queen, as a French writer has said, that it is hopeless to attempt a summary of her character likely to meet with general acceptance. The story of her life, as told in the preceding pages, should speak for itself. Complex and subtle all must allow her nature to have been ; beyond this, but little common ground in estimating her real character seems to be found. Some of us will continue to regard her with Hume, as "this most amiable woman" ; others will share the sentiment of Mr. Froude, who (says Mr. Hosack) "denounced her as the worst and most abandoned of her sex, and in language unprecedented among historians of any age calls her a brute." Yet elsewhere Froude informs his readers that she was "warm and true in her friendships," that she had "a noble nature," and that she was "generous" in the extreme.

On the evidence before him, Sir John Skelton cannot believe that "her hundred gallant and inspiring qualities" were "either feigned or borrowed." He asserts that "as a girl at least, she was absolutely veracious ; and if before the end came some of the finer and more magnanimous traits of her character had suffered eclipse, one must remember that hardly any other woman had

been so hardly tried—while Mary had many of the brilliant qualities of the Stuarts, she had also their fatal defects. She lacked the coolness, the self-control, the patience, that become the diplomatist.

“ Her personal attraction was boundless ; whenever we come into direct contact with her we are conscious of a rich and vivid ‘humanity,’ and of ‘the enchantment whereby men are bewitched.’ Nature had, thus far at least, generously dowered her.

“ Mary Stuart was one of the rare women who, in whatever station she is born, rules her world—the great world of letters and Politics, or the village green—as if the talisman by which hearts are won, had been given her by a fairy godmother.

“ We have been told by one great artist that in Mary’s nature the bitter and the sweet were perversely mixed ; and by another, that she was a cruel and crafty coquette who played with men’s hearts and lives as a cat plays with its mouse.

“ Mary was possibly at times too honest, speaking her mind over plainly, when choleric. She is not sullen or stubborn or crassly obstinate, not so much a woman of high intellectual gifts, as of true force of character and fine natural sincerity.”

Here the present writer cannot refrain from calling to mind the language this woman of “fine natural sincerity” used in writing to the unfortunate Duke of Norfolk. It is from a letter printed in the Hardwick papers, dated March 19, 1569–1570. “I will live or die with you,” she says, “your fortune shall be mine.” Did she really mean this?

Of her intellectual gifts, however, there can be no question. Her letters are marvellous ; and of her personal charm let Sir Francis Knollys’ often quoted words be witness : “The thing she most thirsteth after is victory, so that for victory’s sake, pain and peril seem pleasant to her, and in respect to victory, wealth and all things seem to her vile and contemptible. Surely she is a rare woman ; for, as no flattery can lightly abuse her, so no plain speech seemeth to offend her, if she think the speaker thereof to be an honest man.”

“Surely a rare woman !” In reading such conflicting comments upon a story which Mr. Swinburne terms “one of the most moving of human tragedies,” it is difficult to help feeling that in these words, and in another characteristic, upon which this author has laid stress—Mary’s love of power—will be found, if not the keynote to her character in all its complexity, at any rate, a clue to the mainspring of her actions. Probably the estimate given

by this writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" does not command universal assent, but, as I have said, it suggests motives which may have been the right ones, and it explains much; one need, therefore, make no apology for quoting a few passages from it. "It is," he says, "as a woman rather than a queen, or religious champion, that she specially appeals to the interests of mankind. Consummate actress though she occasionally proved herself to be, nature, in all the great emergencies of her life, asserted its supremacy, her heart has been bared to the world. She cared little for trappings of state, and her tastes were simple and natural; yet her ruling passion was the passion for sovereignty. It had been carefully nurtured in her from childhood, it was specially whetted by the loss of the French crown."

One more estimate, and this by way of a contrast with her great rival, may be given.

"It was said of Elizabeth by one who knew her well, that she was more than man and less than woman; but in her rival there was a finer poise, a truer balance. Mary had all the charm of a woman, with much of the strength of a man—of a daring man, of a bewitching woman."

"A bewitching woman," she indubitably was, and here we may appropriately consider what was Mary's actual personal appearance. At the very outset we are met with difficulties.

"The various portraits ascribed to this princess are as various and dissimilar as the circumstances of her life, or the features of her character, agreeing only in the single fact of representing her as eminently beautiful. No inveterate tradition tends to distinguish the authenticity of any one of them; the several professed resemblances of her countenance have excited almost as much doubt and controversy as the disputed points of her history." Take, for example, the portrait of Mary which was the frontispiece of Miss Strickland's "Queens of Scotland." This picture is said to have been given to Sir Edward Curwen, of Workington, the place whereat, it will be remembered, the Scottish Queen landed after her flight from Langside. It is to be presumed that the portrait was given by Mary in acknowledgment of some services rendered to her. All this is natural enough, but the curious part of the matter is that the picture does not bear the slightest resemblance to her other portraits. It is a profile of a young and attractive lady wearing a head-dress of an Italian character falling in folds from the back of her head. But it is surely not Mary, or if it be, then the "Janet" at Windsor, the "Oudry" at Hardwick, the monument at Westminster, are all false. I cite

the last named because, thanks to the electrotype which Mr. Hosack presented to the nation, and which is now placed in the National Portrait Gallery, any one who chooses to go to St. Martin's Lane can verify this, and can see the profile in a way which is hardly possible with the monument itself. As an historian, Miss Strickland holds unquestioned rank, but she has never, so far as I know, commented upon the strange dissimilarity of this picture to others with which we must suppose she was acquainted.

A comparison of the twenty or more pictures of Mary shown at the Stuart Exhibition in 1889, and a study of a great many portraits assigned to her of one sort and another to which I have had access, have led to the conviction that there is a standard, based upon details of feature, expression, and colour, which is common to the best and least doubtful representations of her face and figure, and by this criterion it is possible to discriminate the real Mary.

Let us begin with a general description. All agree, I believe, in regarding Mary as being tall, like her mother, for Mary of Guise was "of the largest stature of woman." "Though tall, she was finely modelled," says Skelton, "and her beauty was of the delicate elusive sort which perplexes the artist. Still there was nothing fragile or hectic about her; the youthful Mary was hardy as a mountaineer, and she seems as a rule to have enjoyed perfect health. I cannot help thinking that much of the charm of her face depended upon the expression. Lively and vivacious when excited, she was somewhat sad when solitary, and in most of the earlier pictures (in the later she has grown grave and almost grim) this touch of pensiveness is present. It is a powerful face that Janet and the rest have preserved for us, but apart from grave composure and wistful pensiveness, somewhat ambiguous."

The same writer would have us regard her hair as being "such as we see in the Venetian women that Giorgione and Titian painted, brown in the shade, golden in the sun, and yet the gold is not pure gold, but frosted—*blond cendré*, as a Frenchman would say." A piece of Mary's hair has been handed down in Mr. Vereker Hamilton's family; it is of a beautiful golden colour. Mrs. Hamilton very kindly made a careful sketch for me from the original lock, which was reproduced in the *éditions de luxe* of this work. The hair of Mary of Guise in the fine painting which has been already described, and is now in the National Portrait Gallery, is somewhat similar, but of a less golden shade.

Nicholas White, it will be remembered, describes the captive Queen's

hair as being "of itself, black." As to its ordinary appearance, doubtless following the example of her cousin of England, not to speak of other great ladies of her time, Mary had a full store of wigs.

On the day of her execution her hair was totally grey, "as grey," says the eye witness whom we have quoted, "as if she was threescore and ten." Mr. Froude thus relates the change then made in her appearance. When "the coif and the false plaits fell off . . . the illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman."

Coming now to another and most important feature, her eyes; they are, according to Skelton, "clear and searching, sometimes hazel, sometimes chestnut, but—whatever their precise shade of colour may be at the moment—direct and unflinching as a hawk's." Mr. Lang calls them "side-long eyes of red-brown." The upper eyelids were, as Sir George Scharf has pointed out, unusually heavy, yet with an uninterrupted curve. "The nose in the figure at Westminster, as in Lord Morton's picture, rises a little at the top, and bends rather inwards at the bottom. The lips are commonly closely compressed; the compression of thoughtfulness rather than of pain; memory and meditation working together. The rounded cheek, the undimpled chin, though not so square and massive as they would probably be in a man's face of the same type, are fully developed. . . . Mary, it must be admitted, had not the low brow, that, like the low voice, is an excellent thing in woman. Over eyebrows arched like some old-fashioned bridge, rose a lofty forehead, the space across the temple between eye and ear being particularly noticeable. If the heavy eyelids gave at times a certain air of Antinous-like languor to the expression, there was abundance of vigilant perception in the ample forehead."

As an example of how the same features strike different observers, I may quote what a French writer has said amongst other things about her mouth and nose. The former he terms "*sa bouche mignonne qui ne semble pas même pouvoir protester par une vraie douleur contre son martyre, qui paraît capable tout au plus d'une exquise petite moue d'enfant longtemps gâtée à qui subitement on a fait mal,*" (contrast this with Sir John Skelton's "memory and meditation working together.") The nose he finds more perplexing still, "*quant à l'organe nasal,*" he says, "*il est tantôt noblement aquiline, tantôt spirituellement busqué, parfois grec. . . . Je lui ai compté*

sept nez en tout à cette pauvre Marie ! ce qui donne à penser qu'elle en avait un pour chaque jour de la semaine."

Relatively speaking, the contemporary portraits of Mary are numerous, and probably, like "professional beauties" of our own time, she gave many sittings. I say relatively because, as I have shown at length elsewhere, the amount of pictorial art of this period is meagre in the extreme. Such portrait painters as were then in England were nearly all foreigners ; whilst in Scotland, when we have named Jamesone, it would, I think, be hard to find another native artist of that day, and he was born too late to have painted Mary from life. The poverty of the country, its disturbed state, and the puritanical fanaticism of its inhabitants are sufficient reasons why the arts did not flourish over the Border. Absolutely speaking, but few portraits of Mary, admitted to be authentic, have come down to us, but if the undoubtedly genuine pictures be rare, copies and spurious examples are innumerable. As with books about Mary Stuart, so with pictures of her, "to the making of them there is no end." For example, take the well-known plate engraved by Bartolozzi. Of this work Walpole remarks: "The picture in one of the Company's Halls in the city, from which there is a print, and said to be Queen Mary, with her son, three or four years old, cannot be genuine: for I think she never saw James after he was a year old." Mr. Carew lent to the National Portrait Exhibition in 1866, a picture of her with James, after the picture ascribed to Zuccherò, the property of the Drapers' Company. I quote an instructive passage from the pages of Lodge, who tells us that in the preface to Mr. Chalmers' History, that learned author discloses "a new and most extraordinary discovery by which he has been enabled with the aid of an artist, of whom he expresses a high opinion, to produce *de novo*, a correct portrait of Mary ; and one of the most singular features of the invention is that the distracting variety of those portraits which have hitherto individually pretended to originality, constitutes the very source which gives undoubted authenticity to his ! The artist was to copy from one picture a pair of eyes, justified by the authority of Melvil ; a nose from another, corroborated by the report of Keith ; from a coin, a smile which had been cursed by Knox ! and from a figure on a tomb, a frown which Buchanan had recorded to have been levelled at him ! From the combination of these pictorial and historical tesserae Mr. Chalmers' hopes were at length fulfilled by the acquisition of a portrait which, to use his own words, 'has been very generally admired for its truth and elegance.'"

It seems strange that "the ever-instructive pen of Mr. Chalmers" (as Lodge terms it) could write this, if not incredible that an artist could be found with so much presumption as to depict it; such, however, seems to be the fact, and Lodge devotes a chapter of warning about Chalmers' precious portrait "so whimsically composed." It has scarcely any resemblance to the Douglas picture except in the dress, in which the artist condescendingly tells us in Mr. Chalmers' preface, "he did not chuse to make any fanciful alteration."

That contemporaneous portraits of Mary were painted, we know upon the authority of the Queen herself, for she was in the habit of sending copies of them to her friends and adherents. In January 1575, she wrote from Sheffield: "Il y a de mes amis en ce pays qui demandent de mes peintures, Je vous prie m'en faire *quatre* dont il faudra qu'il en soyent quatre enchassez en or, et me les envoyez secrètement, et le plus tost que pourrez."

On August 31, 1577, Mary's secretary Nau wrote from Sheffield to the Archbishop of Glasgow: "Je pensois faire accompayney la presente d'un portraict de sa Majesté, mais le peintre ne luy a sceu donner sa perfection avant le partement de cette despêche." So at this time some artist had access to her. In February 1578 she was at Sheffield, as we know by the draft of her will.

I propose to enter here into some details respecting portraits of Mary, a subject of extreme interest, but no less complexity. I must own to approaching the task with considerable diffidence, as, owing to the number of the examples, to vague, imperfect, and sometimes misleading descriptions, to change of ownership and so forth, it is often most difficult to trace them, especially in cases where one is unable to refer to the originals. A number of pictures have been shown at the National Portrait Exhibition, the Stuart Exhibition, the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and the Tercentenary Exhibition at Peterborough in 1877, the majority of which I have personally examined or otherwise identified. It may be convenient to treat of the works we have to deal with as far as possible in chronological order, by which I mean the representation of her at various periods of her life, as many of the pictures are undated and cannot be otherwise classified.

Let us take first the portrait of her as a child, formerly at Castle Howard. This is one about which doubts have been expressed as to its being Mary at all, but at any rate it is an example of the numerous drawings in black

and red chalk on white paper ascribed, and probably correctly so, to François Clouet or Janet, called Clouet III. He was Court painter in France during Mary's youth, and well-known examples of his work exist in the Windsor collection, in the British Museum, and the Louvre.

This example, once owned by the Earl of Carlisle, is now at Chantilly, and forms part of the collection of the late Duc d'Aumale, which that munificent nobleman gave to the French nation. It may be well to call attention to certain differences which exist between these drawings by Clouet and those by Holbein, which they instinctively recall. The Holbein drawings in the Royal Library at Windsor were, there is no doubt, *preparations* for pictures, designed to be traced on panels or canvases; indented lines produced by styles prove that Holbein's drawings were thus transferred. But the works by Clouet come under the category of sketches or studies, and show no evidence of being used for tracing from. As the inscription on the side of the drawing shows, this portrait was painted when Mary was nine and a half years old, and is dated 1552. Like her gown, the coif that she wears is richly embroidered and jewelled; the puffed sleeves are slashed, showing the lining; between each slash are jewels. Her ear-rings are pearl, and a chain of jewels is looped about her bosom and shoulders. I believe the authorship of this work is not questioned, but it is hard to reconcile it with the beautiful drawing, formerly in the Bibliothèque St. Geneviève, and now in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, representing her as a young woman. So far as I am able to compare them, there is hardly a feature in which these two examples resemble one another. The child of nine seems of Flemish type; her face is rounder, broader, and flatter, the nose is totally different in shape, the eyes smaller and differently set in the head, even the ear is unlike that of the drawing in Paris. This latter sketch of Janet's, which is clearly from the life, and carries conviction with it, "brings her most distinctly before us; the brow broad and ingenuous, the eyes fearless, the face virginal in its sweetness, simplicity, and sedate composure, the expression, though grave . . . has a certain wistfulness, as of one who felt there were hazards before her in the years that were coming. So she may have looked that spring morning, when, dressed in blue velvet trimmed with white, Henry on her right, the Duke of Guise on her left, she entered the solemn and venerable Notre Dame, where, surrounded by half the nobles of France, and a score of cardinals and bishops, she gave her hand to her boy lover."

It is interesting to compare this chalk drawing with the well-known Janet miniature from Windsor, which once belonged to Charles I. and was catalogued as at Whitehall in 1639. This beautiful work is generally accepted as an authentic portrait of Mary; it has never been out of the possession of the Crown, and is reputed to give us Mary's true features.

In the portrait from Hardwick, reproduced in this volume, she has light, wavy, auburn hair, which she wears under a blue coif, her cap and slashed dress being red. It is a small panel in oils by an unknown artist, full of vivacity and charm. She is described as being sixteen years of age when this was painted, but surely looks older. Indeed, in point of likeness, I am bound to say it differs from what I believe to be the features of the real Mary.

The Marquis of Ailsa possesses an interesting painting of Mary when she was Dauphine. It was given by her to the Earl of Cassilis when he went to Paris as one of the commissioners to conduct her to Scotland. It is now at Culzean, and represents Mary to the waist, looking to spectator's right, wearing a close-fitting jewelled cap, in ruff and close-fitting embroidered dress, with shoulder puffs; a chain with large pearls and crucifix appended thereto hangs round her neck.

Mr. Oliphant's picture I understand is reputed to be one of Mary painted after she married the Dauphin.

Probably the small full length in the Royal collection belongs to this period, as may also the interesting picture said to be Mary Stuart belonging to Lord Battersea. The latter is painted upon an old panel; some portions of the work, which is sound and careful throughout, *e.g.*, the dress, the hands, the table, and such-like details, appear to be genuine, and possibly contemporary; but in the all-important matter of the face, it is difficult to speak with equal confidence, for the head has been repainted to such an extent as to detract from the historical value of the portrait. If the object of this sophistication was to make the Queen appear a beautiful woman, that may be deemed to be attained, for the picture is eminently pleasing, but this effect is procured, one feels, at the expense of veracity, an opinion which I venture to think would be endorsed by all who are thoroughly acquainted with Mary's real features and expression.

The Marquis of Salisbury has a picture of her aged seventeen, attributed to Sir Antonio More. This is identical with the portrait belonging to the late Baroness Burdett Coutts; whilst the jewels and treatment are similar

to the enamel by Bone after Sir A. More, which belongs to the Duke of Wellington.

But of all the pictures of this period of her life, the afore-mentioned drawing ascribed to Janet, in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, is that which attains the highest standard: one feels instinctively the truth of the portrait, and, from the purely artistic point of view, it is excelled by none. (The portraits of Mary representing her in Court mourning, known as "*le deuil blanc*," are amongst the most satisfactory. In the first place we are able to date them, as she is wearing the white mourning for the Dauphin, about which, as we read further back, Brantôme was so complimentary, or rather it was her complexion he praised so highly.) Lord Bessborough had a replica of it, which was engraved by Bartolozzi as a Holbein. It is interesting to compare this portrait with the one of Mary of Guise in the Print Room of the British Museum. Both mother and daughter wear a coif, and, allowing for the difference in age, it is possible to trace a close resemblance between them. The furtive, almost sly look in the younger woman's eyes is especially remarkable. The King possesses a version of this "*deuil blanc*" portrait in oils, on a panel 12 by 9. The picture was in the collection of Charles I. It is No. 15 in Van der Doort's contemporary catalogue, and thus described: "In the King's chair room in the Privy Gallery at Whitehall, and said to be by Jennet." Mrs. Alfred Morrison possesses a replica of it, also in oils. Besides these, there is a good but faded miniature in the King's collection, supposed by Lord Ronald Gower to be the work of Isaac Oliver.

Several of the doubtful pictures have a close similarity in costume; they represent her older than she was when in France, whilst they are clearly anterior to the portraits of her more mature age, and before captivity had told upon her, as it is easy to see it did by the later pictures. One of the most familiar pictures of Mary is the full-length ascribed to Zuccherò, now at Chatsworth. She is holding white and red roses. It is well known by the print. It is worth noting that in this fine picture her hair is light brown and her eyes are chestnut-coloured.

In the two enamels by H. Bone, R.A., after Sir A. More, one belonging to the late Baroness Burdett Coutts, the other to the Duke of Wellington, as mentioned before, Mary is young and most attractive, perhaps more beautiful than in any of the whole series of her portraits. The dress is decidedly French in character in each picture.



Mary Stuart when Sixteen



The well-known engraving by Elstracke representing Mary with her second husband is from a scarce print in the British Museum, and whilst curious, is of no value as contemporary portraiture. The Queen is described on it as "the most excellent princesse . . . entombed at Westminster." It could not, therefore, have been engraved until after 1612, as Mary's body was not removed to the Abbey until that year.

Amongst the miscellaneous portraits I may name the onyx cameo of the heads of Mary and her second husband, the work of Valerio Vincentino, and the property of the Duke of Buccleuch.

In this connection I should mention the fine medal in the British Museum, giving her portrait in profile. According to Mr. Grueber, this is a remarkable work by Giacomo Primavera, a medalist born before the middle of the sixteenth century, of Italian origin. Nearly all his works are portraits of personages either of France or of the Netherlands. There is no evidence that he was ever in Scotland, but the learned keeper of the medals surmises that this portrait of Mary was executed about the same time as the Morton portrait, which, he states, "was painted by order of Mary during her imprisonment in Lochleven Castle 1566-67." There are casts of this medal, which is plain on the reverse, but modern copies give a reverse.

The Earl of Morton's picture at Dalmahoy is a well-known one. As engraved in Agnes Strickland's "Queens of Scotland," it shows Mary to the waist; she holds between the thumb and forefinger of her right hand a large pearl, which is suspended from her neck. The portrait bears on the upper part the inscription: "Mary Queen of Scots, said to have been painted during her confinement in Loch Leven Castle." According to family tradition, it was given by Mary to George Douglas, who was one of her gaolers in 1567, and was then twenty years of age. He was fascinated by the Queen, who was in his keeping nearly a year, and she is said to have tempted his ambition by giving him hopes of her hand. It was Willie Douglas who actually set her free. The portrait passed with other relics to James, Earl of Morton. Horace Walpole thought highly of this picture, for he says, "I never could ascertain the authenticity and originality of any portrait of Queen Mary of Scots, but of that which is in the possession of the Earl of Morton. That," he repeats, "and the tomb (see postea), are the most to be depended upon." The late Sir George Scharf, however, was of opinion that the Dalmahoy example was taken at an early period from the

Sheffield picture, that is to say from the full-length canvas by Oudry, now at Hardwick, which I describe next. The learned writer I have just quoted, points out that the costume differs by the omission of some religious emblems in Lord Morton's picture, and by the substitution of small plain cuffs or bands instead of ruffles at the wrists; and speaking of costume, Sir George further remarks that it is improbable that the style of dress would be so exactly similar in 1567—when it was said to be given by Mary to her deliverer—to that of the year 1578, when the Sheffield picture was certainly painted. This latter interesting portrait, by P. Oudry, represents her, full-length, in the thirty-sixth year of her reign, and the tenth year of her captivity. She wears a black dress; her right hand rests on a table covered with a red cloth, her left fingers a rosary suspended from her waist. It is, I believe, almost identical with the picture by the same artist belonging to the Earl of Darnley, who also possesses at Cobham a replica of the "Memorial" picture with a representation of the execution in the background. It is a curious fact that but for these portraits of Mary, this French painter would be unknown. How he came into the Midlands at all I cannot tell, but there he undoubtedly was, and Mary gave him sittings, possibly to while away the weary hours. For this, posterity may be grateful, since, as a critic in the *Athenæum* has pointed out, the picture bears authenticity of likeness in every feature, although, technically speaking, the work is poor and timid. The eyes have the same slyness of expression noted in the drawing of her in *le deuil blanc*. At Hampton Court is a whole-length adaptation of this picture dated 1580; in it the figure is reversed. In 1639 it was hanging in Whitehall, where it formed one of a series of sovereigns painted by Daniel Mytens for Charles I.

The Duke of Portland possesses a full-length, life-size replica of the Hardwick painting by Oudry, with which it is almost, but not quite, identical. It is inscribed as "an original . . . taken at Hardwick whilst she was in custody of George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury."

We now come to what is known as the "Memorial" group. The prototype is doubtless the "Memorial" picture at Blair's College, Aberdeen. The authoress of the "Lives of the Queens of Scotland," conjectures that it was sketched on the scaffold at Fotheringhay, "if so," she says, "it must have been by Amyas Cawood, who has delineated the severed head." With all due respect to Miss Strickland, I cannot think any one would be allowed to do this, nor anything of the kind, seeing the strictness with which

everything appertaining to that tragic morning's work was destroyed, so that no relics should be taken away by Romanist sympathisers. On the other hand, it is extremely probable that it was painted after the event, by the assistance, and with the cognisance of Elizabeth Curle, who is represented in it, and who ended her days in a Low Country convent. She bequeathed it to the Scotch College at Douay, where her brother was one of the professors. Here it was saved with difficulty from the destructive fury of the Jacobins, by being hastily cut out of the frame, wound round a wooden roller, packed with another roller, and secreted in one of the nooks of the wide chimney of the Refectory, the fireplace being afterwards built up. There it remained from 1794 to 1814 or 1815, when the few surviving members of the fraternity searched for it, and found it uninjured. After the dissolution of Douay, it was transferred to the English Benedictine College in Paris, brought to Scotland in 1830 by the late Bishop Patison, and has hung at Blair's ever since. The pedigree of this interesting work may thus be said to be complete.

A similar picture at Windsor differs slightly in size, and an example at Cobham has nine guards instead of two; the names of the female attendants are omitted in the latter, and the Queen's hair is represented as darker. Early in the last century another painting, similar to the foregoing, was sold at Christie's, but, according to Sir George Scharf, is now lost. In Antwerp there is a bust portrait traceable to the "Memorial" picture. It surmounts the monument to Barbara Mowbray and Elizabeth Curle in the Church of St. Andrew. There was also a picture, corresponding in many respects to that by Oudry, but said to be an old copy, destroyed by fire in the hall of the Scottish Corporation, Crane Court, Fleet Street. There are vignette views of the execution upon an engraving (contemporary) in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, Paris. Lastly, there is the monument at Westminster to which reference has already been made; one feels it would be interesting to know what guide the sculptor had for the likeness. The erection of this tomb was, we know, a long time about, and it was well paid for. Its technical qualities speak for themselves, and it will, I think, be found that the more the work is studied, the more it will be admired.

Sir Walter Scott has somewhere remarked that "the general interest taken in the fate of Queen Mary renders everything of consequence which connects itself with her misfortunes." Hence I venture to offer a few observations on some of the best authenticated relics of her which exist. I have often been struck by the number of such objects which appear to be lost, or at any rate

cannot be traced. At the New Gallery in 1889, some seventy mementos of Mary of the most diverse nature were exhibited, ranging from trifling objects of personal use, such as old shoes, to such precious objects as the rosary she held in her hand as she mounted the scaffold, or the magnificent cabinet of ebony and ivory which is one of the treasures of Windsor. The work of her own hands was to be seen in plenty at this Stuart Exhibition: for example, the leading strings she worked for her son, now the property of Lord Herries. A piece of her coronation robe, her hand-bell and "caudle-cup," the beautiful ciborium, which Lord Balfour of Burleigh now owns, the bronze cannon presented to her when she was Queen of France, and other things too numerous to mention, were also there displayed.

At Peterborough in 1887, at the Tercentenary Exhibition, were shown relics of no less varied a nature, from Mary's spoons, to the veil worn by the unhappy Queen almost to the last moment of her existence.

Mention has just been made of Mary's rosary; this deeply interesting personal relic is now the property of the Duke of Norfolk.

This rosary, or pair of paternosters, as it was called in Mary Stuart's day, consists of the usual five series of beads, with a larger bead or gaud between each series; the beads are hollow spheres of gold. The cross, which is also of gold, has, on the front a figure of the crucified Saviour. Above the head is a small tablet on white enamel, with letters I.N.R.I. filled in with black. On the back of the cross is a gold figure of the Blessed Virgin.

The Royal collection at Windsor possesses a cabinet of ebony inlaid with ivory, and elaborately decorated with tortoise-shell and silver. It measures 3 feet 10 inches in width, 2 feet 7 inches in height, and 17 inches in depth. The metal plates upon it are wrought with pierced and *repoussé* foliage and scroll work.

It contained a lock of Mary's own hair, and a purse of her own making, bequeathed to her Majesty the late Queen Victoria by Robert, eighth Lord Belhaven and Stenton, with a request that they might be preserved either at Holyrood or at Windsor Castle. This cabinet was brought from Paris, and given by Queen Mary to the Regent, Lord Mar, from whom, through the marriage of his great grand-daughter Mary Erskine with William Hamilton of Wishaw, it passed into the possession of the Belhaven family.

The *memento mori* timepiece shown at the Stuart Exhibition is a remarkable relic, and was given by Mary Queen of Scots to Mary Setoun, one of her Maids of Honour. It was inherited by the present owner,

Sir T. W. Dick Lauder, Bart., from his ancestors, the Setoun family. The watch is in the form of a skull; on the forehead is a figure of Death standing between a palace and a cottage: around it is this legend from Horace, *Pallida mors equo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres*.

On the hind part of the skull is a figure of Time, with another legend from Horace, *Tempus edax rerum tu que invidiosa vetustas*. The upper part of the skull bears representations of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, and of the Crucifixion, each with Latin legends; and between these scenes is open work, to let out the sound when the watch strikes the hour upon a silver bell, which fills the hollow of the skull, and receives the works within it when the watch is shut.

There are numerous devotional books said to have belonged to Queen Mary. One is a "Book of Hours," now the property of Captain Murray Threipland, who also owns a very interesting jewelled spinning-wheel which belonged to Mary of Guise, and came from Linlithgow.

Lord Hamilton of Dalzell exhibited, at the Glasgow Exhibition of 1901, the actual gun used by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh in the murder of the Regent Moray. There was, by the way, an unexampled display of Stuart relics of every kind at this exhibition.

In a convent at St. Germain en Laye, where James III. kept his poverty-stricken and melancholy court, they claim to have much tapestry, and an altar cover for the church, worked by Mary.

Tapestry, traditionally said to be the work of Mary's own fingers, is shown in the drawing-room at Hardwick, and represents the Judgment of Solomon. The heads are said to be intended for portraits.

At Hardwick, too, amongst the objects which are considered as being contemporary with Mary, and as forming part of the equipment of the old Hall, is her coat of arms. It is probably plaster, painted, and inserted over the door of the small room which is called Queen Mary's bedroom, in which also there is a bedstead, covered with a quilt of her own handiwork, the pattern of which is now faded beyond recognition.

At Dalkeith, on the other hand, there are preserved a number of chairs and settees, covered with tapestry, said to be Mary's own work, in excellent condition.

The relics already referred to as belonging to Lord Balfour of Burleigh are heirlooms of exceptional interest. His lordship possesses a ciborium and cover, of copper gilt, elaborately enamelled in *champlevé*. It is twelfth-century

work, and is reckoned one of the finest examples of its kind. It is described at length in the catalogue of the Exhibition of the Archæological Institute, held at Edinburgh in 1856. According to tradition, it belonged to Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, 1056-1092, and is said to have been given by Mary Stuart to Sir James Balfour, her faithful adherent, who married the heiress of Balfour of Burleigh, from whom it descended to the present possessor. According to the catalogue of the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery, "the lower part of a ciborium of very similar workmanship is preserved at Warwick Castle, and comprises six subjects from the Old Testament, accompanied, as in this example, by Latin verses," three of which are identical with those of Lord Balfour's. The Louvre possesses a ciborium of similar form; and, speaking of enamels, Lord Malcolm of Poltalloch owns a Limoges tazza which belonged to Queen Mary, it bears her arms with the Dauphin's crown, and was formerly in the Pourtales Collection. This is of much later date than Lord Balfour's ciborium, having been painted by Jean de Court, dit Vigier, who was probably attached to the court of Mary.

The silver-gilt hand-bell is also of much interest, being an object of personal use, which may have "furnished her chamber." We have seen how Mary was despoiled at Tixall, but there were certain things she was permitted to retain at Fotheringhay, an inventory of which exists. Among them was a "closchète." In February 1577 she made a will at Sheffield, in which she bequeathed to her secretary Claude Nau, who wrote the document, "*mon grand diamant, ma grande escritoyre d'argent aux bords dorez, et la closchète de mesme.*" The inventory of her goods, surmised to have been taken at Chartley in 1586, included with other valuables "*une closchète d'argent, desus la table de Sa Majesté.*" Finally, mention is made of jewels and a "little silver bell" as being in the hands of her servants after her execution.

There remains of Lord Balfour's treasures still to be mentioned the tankard of agate, with silver mountings and handle. This is considered to be of Scottish workmanship. It is five inches in height; the plate mark is a unicorn's head erased, with a lion's head and a rose in relief upon the handle.

Since the original edition of "The Stuarts" was published, I have, through the courtesy of the late Earl of Leven and Melville, become acquainted with a portrait of Mary Stuart, which, in some respects, may indubitably be considered as amongst the most interesting which have hitherto come to light.

Perhaps one of its strongest claims to our notice is the fact that



Mary Stuart

the Queen of Scots in this picture is made more attractive than in any other known to me, with the single possible exception of the drawing by Janet in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris (described and reproduced in this work). The Earl of Leven's picture has been the subject of some controversy between Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Lionel Cust, and myself in the columns of the *Athenæum*. I drew attention to this portrait in my work, "The True Portraiture of Mary Stuart," and I urged its claims to recognition upon its intrinsic merits, pointing out that Sir George Scharf had ignored it, and that Mr. Cust, in his work upon the subject of the Portraits of Mary Stuart, had followed his example.

Mr. Lang, on the strength of certain analogies discovered by him between the elaborate jewellery worn by the Queen in this picture, and that described in inventories which exist of her property, has formed a very high opinion of the historical value of the painting, whilst he endorses my opinion of its attractive nature.

He has elaborated the subject at length in some of his recent publications, and I do not propose to follow him in the arguments *pro* and *con* there produced.

I subjoin a few words from my description of the picture given in the book to which I have just referred.

"Its history is unknown. It may have been painted in Scotland in the absence of any evidence to the contrary. The red dress, winged ruff, head-dress, and jewellery, are of the richest possible description, the display of pearls being particularly profuse.

"Although without any insignia of royalty, the costume is such as may well belong to a state dress. Secondly, the technique of the work is excellent. Thirdly, the face with its reddish-brown hair, corresponds with the age Mary would be whilst upon the Scottish throne.

"It does not represent the young widow of the Dauphin, nor is it a portrait of the faded and unhappy prisoner of Elizabeth, nor has it, again, any of the characteristics of the so-called memorial portraits. It is inscribed 'F. Clouet,' and measures 22 inches by 20."

These remarks on portraits and relics of Mary Stuart may be concluded in the words of Fuller: "Say not they are but of narrow and personal concernment, seeing they are sprinkled with some passages of the publique."

CHAPTER IX

JAMES I OF ENGLAND AND VI OF SCOTLAND



THE first of the Stuarts to mount the English throne comes as an anti-climax—so to speak—alike in person and in character, to his mother and to his immediate predecessors.

“A bully and a coward,” Mr. Lang terms him. As to the latter characteristic, it has been pertinently observed that “the history of that family and of the nation they misgoverned might have been very different if Mary, some months ere she became a mother, had not seen at Holyrood the spouting blood of Rizzio, and the naked blades of his assassins as he clung to her garments for protection.

At any rate James I. and VI. remains “a standing puzzle to the student of character.” “This stuttering, ungainly Scot,” as one of his mother’s literary champions terms him, “was not the king the nation looked for, and his manners told heavily against him. The masses are not quick to recognise the solid qualities of a sovereign, and even the classes better fitted to judge were startled by his frivolous tastes, and undignified familiarity.”

The personal appearance of the “tipsy Solomon,” as he is so often called, seems to prejudice the author of “A short History of the English people,” who writes thus uncompromisingly of James I. of England and VI. of Scotland :

“His big head, his slobbering tongue, his quilted clothes, his rickety legs, his goggle eyes, stood out in as grotesque a contrast with all that men recalled of Henry or Elizabeth as his gabble and rhodomontade, his want of personal dignity, his coarse buffoonery, his drunkenness, his pedantry, his contemptible cowardice. Under this ridiculous exterior, however, lay a man of much natural ability, a ripe scholar, with a considerable fund of shrewdness, of mother wit, and ready repartee.”



James I. and VI.

A great authority, Professor S. R. Gardiner, distinctly denies the charge of drunkenness. He says, "from his earliest youth not a syllable was ever whispered by the foulest slanderer against the morality of his life, and though he was certainly not abstemious, he was known to be perfectly free from the vice of drunkenness."

With respect to his scholarship, or assumption of it, James's pedantry lays him open to censure in modern eyes, and Sir John Skelton calls him an "egregious school-boy, who occupies his leisure in writing a commentary on the Apocalypse, who in public controversy swears like a trooper and scolds like a shrew, surely one of the most singular royal figures of whom record remains."

It is, however, only fair to remember that pedantic affectation was carried to a prodigious height in those days. The length to which the egotism and vanity of James ran upon occasion, is graphically set forth in a letter from Sir John Harington to Sir Amias Paulett, under date January 1606-7. After describing how he came to the presence-chamber, and "had gotten good place to see the lordlie attendants," he says, "I was ordered by a special messenger, and that in secret sorte, whence in near an houre waitinge the same knave ledde me up a passage, and so to a small room where was good order of paper, inke and pens, put upon a boarde for the Prince's use. Soon upon this, the Prince his Highness did enter . . . then he enquyred much of lernynge, and showede me his owne in suche sorte, as made me remember my examiner at Cambridge. He sought muche to knowe my advances in philosophie, and uttered profound sentences of Aristotle, and such-like wryters, which I had never read, and which some are bolde enoughe to saye, others do not understand. . . . This Prince did nowe presse my readyng to him parte of a canto in Ariosto . . . and asked me 'what I thought pure wit was made of, and whom it did best become? Whether a Kynge should not be the beste clerke in his owne countrie, and if this lande did not entertayne goode opinion of his lernynge and goode wisdom?'"

"His Majestie did much presse for my opinion touchinge the power of Satane in matter of witchcraft; and asked me with much gravitie—'if I did trulie understande why the devil did worke more with ancient women than with others.'"

In the account of this interview there is mention made of a circumstance which students of folklore will note with interest: "His Highness told me

the deathe of the Queen his Mother was visible in Scotland before it did really happen, being, as he said, spoken of in secrete by those whose power of sighte presentede to them a bloodie heade dancinge in the aire. He then did remark muche on this gifte, and saide he had soughte out of certain bookes a sure waie to attain knowledge of future chances."

Finally the king dismissed him with an injunction that he should do him, James, justice in his report, and in good season, adding, "I will not fail to add to your understandinge, in suche pointes as I maye finde you lacke amendment."

This same "witty knave," as Elizabeth called him, has given a portrait of his great Queen in a letter to Mr. Markham which, as Lord Orford justly says, is more faithful than any that is to be found in our most voluminous historians. But it is too long to be quoted here. Probably James felt he owed his visitor some civility, apart from any interest he may have felt in him as a translator of Ariosto, for three years previous to the interview I have described, Sir John had sent the king an elaborate and costly present in the shape of a dark lantern "made of foure mettels, the top of it was a crown of pure gold, which also did serve to cover a perfume pan." In return for this "New Yeere's gifte," which was accompanied by lengthy verses in English and Latin, James sent him the following letter—and nothing more:

"To our trusty and well-belovede Johne Harington, Knight.

"Righte trustie and well-belovite friende, we greeete yow heartily weill. We have raissavit yowr lanterne with the poesie yow sende us be our servand William Hunter, givinge yow hairtie thanks; as lykewayse for your laste letter, quharin we persceife the continuance of yowr loyall affectione to us and yowr servyce.

"We shall not be unmyndefule to extende our princelie favours to yow and yowr particulers, at all guid occasions.

"We committe yow to God,

"JAMES R."

"From our cowrte at Hallyruid House, April the thyrde 1603."

I have given this letter as showing the characteristic caution of the writer, as well as being an example of his epistolary style. It entirely corroborates Mr. Hosack's estimate of James's character. According to that able writer:

"He seemed to possess much of his mother's intelligence, still more of his father's duplicity and dissimulation, and a certain native shrewdness peculiar to himself, the result apparently of early training, and of the singular circumstances in which from his earliest years he had been placed."

Carlyle seems to have a soft corner in his heart for the motherless James, of whom he says: "He was a man of swift discernment, ready sympathy, ready faculty in anything. If excellent discourse made an able man, I have seldom heard of any abler. For every why he has his wherefore ready; prompt as touchwood blazes up with prismatic radiance that astonishing lynx-faculty, which has read and remembered, which has surveyed men and things after its fashion, with extensive view. The noble science he could for the most part profess in college class-rooms; he is potent in theology as a very doctor; in all points of nicety a very Daniel come to judgment. A man really most quick in speech; full of brilliant repartees and coruscations, of jolly banter, ready wit, conclusive speculations; such a faculty that the archbishops stand stupent, and Chancellor Bacon, not without a certain sincerity, pronounces him wonderfully gifted."

Another writer who terms him a "clamorous turkey-cock" has remarked of James that he was a "king deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases without having real wisdom, fond of power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that and of himself to the most unworthy favourites, a big and bold asserter of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations in which he was always outwitted, and one who feared war where conquest might have been easy. Fond of his dignity, but perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity, capable of much public labour, yet often neglecting it for the meanest amusements, a wit though a pedant, and a scholar though fond of the conversation of the ignorant and uneducated.

"Even his timidity of temper was not uniform, and there were moments of his life in which he showed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labour was required, devout in his sentiments and yet too often profane in his language; just and beneficent by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppression of others. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hand, yet inconsiderately and unboundedly profuse of that which he did not see.

"In a word, those good qualities which displayed themselves on particular occasions were not of a nature sufficiently firm and comprehensive to rule his general conduct, and, showing themselves as they occasionally did, only entitled him to the character bestowed on him by Sully—that he was the wisest fool in Christendom."

That great man, who spoke from a wide experience of human nature, has left us in his memoirs an estimate of James. He says, "this prince meant well, he was conscientious, eloquent, and had some erudition, though less of the latter than penetration and a disposition to learning. He loved to hear discourses on state affairs, and to be entertained with great designs, which he considered and disposed with a spirit of method and system; but he never thought of carrying them farther, for he naturally hated war, and yet more to engage in it himself. He was indolent in his actions except in hunting, and wanted application in his affairs; all which were signs of an easy and timid disposition, that made it highly probable that he would be governed by others; this was further confirmed by his behaviour to the Queen his wife." Of the last-named matter Osborne gives us a very curious picture in the following passage: "He that evening parted from his Queene, and to shewe himself more uxorious before the people at his first coming than in private he was, he did at her coach side take his leave by kissing her sufficiently to the middle of the shoulders, for so far she went bare all the dayes I had the fortune to know her; having a skin far more aimiable than the features it covered, though not the disposition, in which report rendered her very *débonnaire*."

With respect to Sully's remark that James was "indolent in his actions except in hunting," the Stuart family were as a whole much devoted to the sport; James may also be credited with the introduction of horse racing in England, and was wont to attend race meetings at Croydon, Enfield, and elsewhere. Moniplies in "The Fortunes of Nigel" represents the King as being "na muckle better than a draff pock in the saddle." No doubt his constant horse exercise accentuated his look of weakness in the legs, and added to his undignified appearance. We are told "he grew so stiff at last, that when they set him on horseback, he would stick unaltered through a whole stage-hunt, merely demanding liquor from time to time (that strong Greek wine, for which, I may observe, Prince Charles Edward in later days had a weakness), and would come in with the hat sunk into the hollow of the neck, otherwise unaltered in position, swearing Scotch oaths, and not

in the worst humour." In one of Ellis's letters there is an account of James being thrown headlong into a pond, an accident which must have been particularly distasteful to one who "like his Master, Buchanan," says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "had an antipathy to cold water, and whose ablutions were rare."

Carlyle, whose sketches are so often drawn with a pen dipped in gall, is indulgent to the Queen. He calls her the "jolly broad-faced Queen Anne, a lady of considerable substance, bodily and spiritual, not without decision, good humour, and mother wit, whom I rather like, though her face is freckled, and her Danish hair too blond for me."

The character of James's consort has been summarised as follows: "She was quite the reverse of her husband; she was naturally bold and enterprising; she loved pomp and grandeur, tumult and intrigue. She was deeply engaged in all the civil factions, not only in Scotland, in relation to the Catholics, whom she supported and had at first encouraged, but also in England, where the discontented, whose numbers were very considerable, were not sorry to be supported by a Princess destined to become their Queen."

When Sully dined with James at Greenwich, he was not a little surprised to be told that the King was always served on the knee. He observed that "a *surtout*, in form of a pyramid, was placed in the middle of the table, which contained most costly vessels, and was even enriched with diamonds."

Here I may remark that at Hampton Court are two very curious pictures by Van Bassen, one showing Charles I. and Henrietta Maria dining in public, and the other representing in like manner, and in a similar hall, Elizabeth of Bohemia and her husband Frederick. The spectators, who were admitted on such occasions in those days, stand in balconies at the end of the room, on the floor of which numerous dogs lie about. The embarrassed position of the carver, who stands before the Royal pair, busy in the discharge of his duties, but sadly inconvenienced by a pet monkey, which has seized him by the neck, is an amusing detail in the latter painting.

In the Cecil papers, Anne's deportment on her first arrival in Scotland is thus described: "our Quein carrys a marvellous gravity, quhilk wt her patriall solitarines contrar hath banished all our ladys clein from her." Yet Arabella Stuart, writing from Woodstock, praises her courtesy, and says that Anne was in the habit of speaking kindly to people she met in her way.

To handsome men about the Court, she was more than kind, if report is to be believed. The "bonnie Earl" of Moray is one on whom her

affections are said to have been set; and Oldmixon tells a story of James entertaining a mortal hatred of this nobleman after hearing Anne say, as she was looking out of the window and saw Moray enter the Court, that he was the handsomest man she ever saw—"What!" said the King, "handsomer than I!" and swore to have his life.

Peyton describes her as having "a body of goodly presence, beautiful eyes, and strong, to be joined with a prince young and weak in constitution; a union unsuitable for a virago to couple with a spiny and thin creature."

There is also at Hampton Court, a well-known picture of her in a hunting habit and red feather, by Van Somer, wherein Mrs. Jameson discovers characteristic "hideous taste," and sees in the face "a look of pert inanity and self-conceit." This portrait seems to have raised the ire of Mrs. Jameson, who, in describing it, terms Anne "the most insignificant, narrow-hearted, mean-souled woman ever called by destiny to play the part of Queen. She combined a passion for fine clothes and pageantry with extreme ignorance and singular bad taste." Even her protection of Raleigh is ascribed to a love of contradiction to her husband.

It may be noted, by the way, that Henry, Prince of Wales, seems to have been of his mother's mind with regard to Sir Walter. "Why," he was heard to ask, "why does my father keep such a bird in a cage?" Anne is credited with inspiring her children with contempt of their father, and this is said to be a reason for James's want of affection for his elder son.

All this depreciation of Queen Anne contrasts oddly enough with the lines which may be read under Simon de Passe's contemporary print of the Royal lady, which runs as follows:

"For face, for race, for grace, for everything which makes a spouse fit for a royal king."

Hume speaks of Anne as "a woman eminent neither for her vices nor her virtues." "In secret she was," says Gardiner, "a professed Roman Catholic, and welcomed with pleasure the hope of seeing her son marry the Infanta. . . . Her real sphere was at the banquet and the masque. Those who had been acquainted with her in the midst of her butterfly existence, continued to speak of her with kindness. But by the mass of the nation she was as completely forgotten as though she had never lived."

But if soon forgotten, her influence on morals and manners was bad. Mr. Lang stigmatises the Court as perhaps the most corrupt in England

since William Rufus, and so it would seem, if the picture drawn by Sir John Harington be not libellously over-coloured.

Writing to the Queen's secretary Barlow in 1606 (James and Anne had been married some sixteen or seventeen years), he says :

"My good friend,

"I came here a day or two before the Danish King came here, and from the day he had come to the present hour, I have been well nigh overwhelmed with carousal and sports of all kinds . . . in such manner and such sort, as well nigh persuaded me of Mahomet's paradise. We had women, and indeed wine too, of such plenty as we have astonished each beholder . . . the ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication. . . . One day a great feast was held, and after dinner the representation of the coming of the Queen of Sheba was made. . . . The lady who did play the Queen's part did carry most precious gifts to both their Majesties; but, forgetting the steps arising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish Majesty's lap, and fell at his feet, though I rather think it was in his face. . . . His Majesty then got up, and would dance with the Queen of Sheba; but he fell down and humbled himself before her and was carried into an inner chamber, and laid upon a bed of state which was not a little defiled by the presence (presents) of the Queen which had been bestowed on his garments, such as wine, cream, jelly, &c. . . . The entertainment went forward, and most of the presenters went backward or fell down; wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear in rich dress, Hope, Faith, and Charity. Hope did assay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavour so feeble that she withdrew, and hoped the King would excuse her levity. Faith was then all alone, and left the Court in a staggering. Charity came to the King's feet and in some sort made obeisance . . . she then returned to Faith and Hope who were both sick in the lower hall. Next came Victory in bright armour . . . and after much lamentable utterance was led away and laid to sleep in the outer steps of the ante-chamber. . . . I never did see such lack of good order, discretion, and sobriety, as I now have done. . . . The great ladies do go well masked, but alack they meet with such countenance to uphold such strange doings that I marvel not at ought that happens."

In the National Portrait Gallery, Anne is represented in a good picture

by Van Somer. She has exceedingly light flaxen hair, and the pale pink and white complexion which so often goes with it. Very similar to this is a miniature at Windsor, described by the unfortunate Van der Doort as follows: Item. "Done upon the right light. The fifth picture being Queen Ann of famous memory, of the same bigness, upon a red oval card on a white hair dressing in a blew habit adorned with pearls, and a picture-box at her left breast. Done by Isaac Oliver after the life. Length 2 ins., breadth $1\frac{1}{4}$ ins." In passing I may remark upon the expression "a picture-box at her left breast." In those days miniatures were worn in beautifully made ivory boxes on the left breast as tokens of betrothal.

James and Anne had five children: Henry, Charles, Elizabeth, Mary and Sophia. The two last died in infancy. The three eldest appear to have been very united, and the affection subsisting between Henry and his sister is well attested. The following letter from the Harleian MSS. addressed by Charles when Duke of York, to Henry, offers to give him all his boyish treasures, and is pleasant reading:

"Sweet sweet Brother,

"I thank you for yowr letter. I will keep it better than all my graith, and I will send my pistolles by Maister Newton. I will give anie thing that I have to yow, both my horss, and my books, and my pieces, and my cross bowes, or anie thing that yow would haive. Good Brother, loove me, and I shall ever loove and serve yow.

"Your looving brother to be

"commanded,

"YORK."

The Prince of Wales delighted in outdoor sports, and besides the well-known picture at Hampton Court, there is another painting at Wroxton Abbey of him and Lord Harrington, his horse, and the stag they have hunted, which may be taken as evidence of this. Charles, on the other hand, was ailing and rickety in his youth, and his brother used to say of him, that he would make him Archbishop of Canterbury.

However disparaging may be the remarks freely made by historians on the characteristics of James and his consort, upon but few princes have such general and enthusiastic encomiums been showered as upon their eldest son, who, born at Stirling in 1594, died in his nineteenth year at St. James', not



Henry, Prince of Wales

without allegations of poison. Suspicions were easily aroused in those days upon the death of any noted person, and Bishop Burnet says, "Colonel Titus assured me that he had from King Charles I.'s own mouth, that he was well assured that Prince Henry was poisoned by the Earl of Somerset's means."

On the other hand, Mr. Gardiner tells us he died of typhoid fever. "The pamphlet by Dr. Moore reprinted from the Bartholomew's Hospital Reports, lays at rest for ever whatever may still be left of the old theory that the Prince was poisoned." At that time the disease was considered infectious, hence his sister Elizabeth was some days before his death debarred from seeing him. She attempted to do so in disguise. The following letter from the Harleian MSS. shows the relations subsisting between them:

"Worthy Prince and my dearest Brother,

"I received your most welcom letter and kynd token by Mr. Hopkins, highly esteeming them as delightfull memorialls of your brotherly love, in which assuredly (whatsoever ells may fayle), I will ever endeavor to equall you, esteeming that time happiest when I enjoyed your company, and desiring nothing more than the fruition of it again: that as nature hath made us neerest in our love together, so accident might not separate us from living together."

Henry's last words were, "Where is my dear sister?" He is spoken of as "the Marcellus of his age, justly beloved and regretted as one of those princes who have been remarkable for the precocity of their talents and their untimely ends." He was taken away from trouble to come. His treasurer, Sir Charles Cornwallis, thus describes Henry's person: "He was of (feature) comely, tall, middle stature, about five feet and eight inches high, of a strong, straight, well-made body, with somewhat broad shoulders and a small waist, of an amiable majestic countenance, his hair of an auburn colour, long faced, and broad forehead, a piercing grave eye, a most gracious smile, with a terrible frown." The Earl of Northampton was of opinion that this prince "if ever he came to reign, would prove a tyrant." Bacon observed of him that he "was slow of speech, pertinent in his questions, patient in listening, and strong in understanding."

Here is another estimate: "I may concur so far with the general voyce of the whole kingdome as to allow him the highest epithets belonging

to an active, generous, and noble cavalier . . . the truth is Prince Henry never arrived at the great test, supremacy in power. . . . The government of his house was with much discretion, modesty, sobriety, and in an high reverence to piety, not swearing himselfe or keeping any that did."

Sir George Scharf states that the Prince had formed a noble collection of paintings and statuary, and designed an apartment in Whitehall expressly for their reception, and Charles, even before his accession, had distinguished himself by the possession of pictures of the highest quality. But these tastes did not descend to another generation apparently, for we do not hear of Charles II. as a patron of art. The portraits known as *The Windsor Beauties*, came to be Crown property through James II., whose first wife, Anne Hyde, had commissioned Sir Peter Lely to paint them. The success with which he executed this task is shown at Hampton Court, where the pictures now hang. There are fourteen of them which formerly were in the Queen's state bed-chamber at Windsor. To these are added three others, *Nell Gwynn*, the *Duchess of Portsmouth*, and the *Duchess of York*. They are not to be confounded with *The Beauties of Hampton Court*, eight pictures painted by Kneller at the command of Queen Mary, a proceeding which brought more unpopularity upon the daughter of Anne Hyde than anything she ever did, all those ladies who were not painted in the series "being greatly aggrieved at the preference shown to a few."

In relation to the æsthetic tastes of Prince Henry, it may be remarked that there are, in the King's Library at the British Museum, some beautiful examples of the bookbinder's skill, from his library, and from that of his learned father.

The National Portrait Gallery now possesses a very fine and striking portrait of Henry, by Paul Van Somer, and shown in this volume. Formerly at Blenheim, it was purchased in 1897 for the nation from a fund presented by the Committee of the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery in 1889. It is life size, the face is hairless and somewhat womanish, the eyes large, and dark grey, the hair brown. The Prince wears a gold figured Court suit of Roman red. There is a well-known and beautiful miniature of him at Windsor, by Isaac Oliver, described in Charles I.'s catalogue, as being "limned in a silk laced ruff and gilded armour and a landskip," &c.

Turning now to another of the children of James and Anne, it may be observed of Elizabeth that whilst the patriotic aspirations which centred round Prince Henry are wanting in the case of the sister to whom he was so tenderly

attached, she excited such chivalrous devotion that she was, and still is, known as the "Queen of Hearts."

Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton, thus addresses his Mistress :

"You meaner beauties of the night
That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light :
You common people of the skies,
What are you when her sun shall rise?"

This high-spirited Princess Royal, "that most princely maid," as Ben Jonson called her, was born at Falkland in 1596; she spent seven of her early years at Linlithgow, and others at Combe Abbey in Warwickshire. At the age of twelve she had an establishment of her own in the Cock-pit, Whitehall. From her childhood she was "distinguished by her intelligence, fine character, and love for her brothers and sisters, her many accomplishments, and sincere mind." Before she was seventeen she was married to Frederick V., Count Palatine of the Rhine, a union which was naturally held in much favour by Parliament and the nation, both strongly Protestant. The wedding was celebrated by her father with great pomp, and with such extravagance (for it cost a hundred thousand pounds) as to cripple his exchequer. The match was from the first viewed with disfavour by her mother; Osborne says it was "arbitrary to the graine of the Catholic Church, and the desires of her mother, who looked upon it as so much below her, as she could not refrain to call her 'Goodwife Palsgrave,' before she had put off her wedding shoes."

Many troubles were in store for this Royal pair, and through them all Elizabeth was as true as steel to her husband; but the Elector was a man of weak will, and showy qualities, destined to failure in all he undertook. He strove to secure the title of King of Bohemia, and was crowned as such at Prague in 1619. In the Thirty Years' War that followed, the Emperor Ferdinand drove him into exile, and he died at Mentz in 1632. Elizabeth and Frederick had thirteen children. When the Emperor offered to bring up two of their sons, Rupert and Maurice, provided they became Romanists, James of England advised his daughter to consent, but her answer was, "I would rather strangle my children with my own hand."

Not less determined, nor less clear in its note, was the reply of the "Queen of Hearts" to her husband's general, Count Thurm, who, when her cause was hopeless in Bohemia, offered to defend the citadel of Prague to the last gasp, in order that she might reach a place of safety. "Never," she said, "shall there

be more devastation than is necessary for my sake ; sooner would I die where I am than be remembered by a curse." She bore defeat and the sharp poverty attending her husband's expulsion from the Palatinate with admirable patience and dignity ; she was described as "reduced to the utmost beggary," and as "wandering frequently in disguise as a mere vagrant." In a caricature of the time she was represented as a beggar with a child slung to her back, while the King, her father, followed, carrying a cradle.

In the days of her prosperity, she was so fond of hunting that her subjects called her Diana of the Rhine ; and so fond of pets, especially monkeys, that one of her ladies writes to Sir Dudley Carleton, "Her Highness hath them in her bed every morning . . . they do make good sport, and her Highness very merry."

The fact that Elizabeth did not retain the affection of her children points to a certain shallowness of nature ; her fondness for dress and ornament, the light heart with which she undertook the risks and cares of mounting the Bohemian throne, her prodigality, her constant indebtedness, all betoken a certain want of moral sensitiveness, an indifference to the opinions and the feelings of others, which do not allow of a very exalted opinion of her.

Her popularity did not extend to her Bohemian subjects, whose language she could not speak. To her husband, however, she was always dear, and he calls her his "cher unique cœur."

After the failure of the Royal cause in England, most of her family joined Elizabeth at the Hague. In his diary Evelyn records a visit to her Court in 1641. When he was there, "it was a fasting day with the Queene, for the unfortunate death of her husband ; the presence-chamber had been hung with black velvet ever since his decease."

Elizabeth returned to England after the Restoration. In May, 1660, Pepys records : "I and the rest went to see the Queen (of Bohemia), who used us very respectfully : her hand we all kissed. She seems a very debonaire, but a plain lady."

In August, 1661, Pepys sees her at "the Oppra," brought by my Lord Craven, and this year she was residing in Lord Craven's newly-built house in Drury Lane. *Tempora mutantur*. Imagine a queen, the aunt of the reigning Sovereign, now dwelling in Drury Lane ! It is often asserted that she married Lord Craven, thus rewarding his devotion. Be that as it may, she removed to Leicester House in Leicester Fields, and here she died in 1662, and Pepys briefly records the event thus : "Last night died



Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia

our Queene of Bohemia." John Evelyn tells us in his Diary, February 17, "This night was buried in Westminster Abby the Queene of Bohemia, after all her sorrows and afflictions being come to die in the arms of her nephew the King; also this night and the next day fell such a storm of hail, thunder, and lightning, as never was seene the like in any man's memorie, especially the tempest of wind, being south-west, which subverted besides huge trees, many houses, innumerable chimnies (amongst others that of my parlour at Sayes Court) and made such havoc at land and sea that several perished on both. Divers lamentable fires were also kindled at this time, so exceedingly was God's hand against this ungrateful and vicious nation and court."

Portraits of the ill-fated Elizabeth of Bohemia are very numerous. She sat several times to Honthorst. Welbeck contains three good pictures of her, one of which is here reproduced. There is an admirable portrait of her husband at Hardwick, in which the irresolute character of the man looks out from his eye. At Hampton Court there is the portrait of her which, upon the authority of Mrs. Jameson, is the one which Sir Henry Wotton bequeathed to Charles II., then Prince of Wales. It is thus mentioned in his will, "I leave to the most hopeful Prince the picture of the elected and crowned Queen of Bohemia, his aunt, of clear and resplendent virtues through the clouds of her fortune."

At Windsor is another portrait of the "Queen of Hearts," a miniature by Isaac Oliver, "done by the life," says Van der Doort's catalogue, in which it is thus described: No. 54. Item. "Done upon the right light, upon an oval blew-grounded card the picture of the King's sister, when she was young, in her high-time, past-fashioned hair-dressing. Adorned at her head with some single Eglantine roses with jewels and pearls, and a necklace with three jewels about her neck, and her habit adorned all over with carnation and white ribbands; in a white ivory box with a christal over it."

Of the remaining child of James, who, on the death of his brother Henry, became Prince of Wales, it is not necessary here to speak. I traverse the well-gleaned fields of his career and fate in subsequent chapters of this work. But for his visit to Spain, where he went like a knight-errant, in disguise, to court the Infanta, we should hardly hear of him during his father's reign. There exists a letter from James requesting him to return home immediately, with or without his mistress.

As all the world knows, the match was broken off by the insolence of

Charles's companion, the Duke of Buckingham. Of that "elegant upstart" this is a fitting place to say a few words. The third son of a Leicestershire squire, made a Knight of the Garter before he was twenty-five, it is but small wonder that his head was turned, and that he was hated by many jealous enemies; for, in his day, there was no English dukedom existing, except that of York, which was merged in the title of Prince of Wales. It was at a horse race in Cambridgeshire that young George Villiers, "in an old black suit, broken out in divers places," first attracted the attention of James I., and laid the foundation of that astonishing rise in fortune whereby he became the favourite of two sovereigns, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Buckingham, Earl Coventry, Viscount Villiers, Baron of Wadden, Lord High Admiral of England, Governor of all the castles and seaports, Master of the Forces, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, Constable of Dover and of Windsor Castles, Justice in Eyre of all forests and chases on this side of the Trent, Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber, Knight of the Garter, Lord President of the Council of War, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and I know not what beside. Some say that it was on a progress at Aphorpe that James first saw him; but, however this may be, it was undoubtedly to the beauty and grace of his person that Villiers owed his introduction into favour. "The King's natural disposition was very flowing towards persons so adorned," says Clarendon. Arrived at Court, he was made Cupbearer, a post which brought him about the person of his sovereign, and as the sun of Somerset declined, so did rise that of "Steenie," as James called Buckingham for his handsomeness. "Steenie" was a diminutive of Stephen, the saint whose face was "as it had been the face of an angel." In that wonderful gallery of portraits drawn by the master hand of Clarendon we find Villiers described as "of a fair spoken disposition, of a fair and successful nature." He understood the art of dressing well, he was an excellent fencer, and an incomparable dancer. Hume characterises him as possessing a combination of English familiarity and French vivacity; but we cannot follow the career of this brilliant adventurer in all its details. It is remarkable that he should not only have fascinated, but retained his supremacy over James, over his Queen, and over the Prince of Wales. In this respect he differed from the Earl of Somerset. We know the influence "Steenie" possessed over Charles, as evidenced by his conduct during the negotiations for the Spanish match, and this influence, whether for good or ill, he continued to wield until the day of his death by the knife of Felton in the town

of Portsmouth in August 1628, when he was but thirty-six. Much might be written about the pomp and extravagance of this spoilt child of fortune. From a manuscript in the Harleian Library we learn "it was common with him at any ordinary dancing to have his cloaths trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings, to be yoked with great manifold knots of pearl, in short to be manacled, fettered, and imprisoned with jewels." How true is the description of being "yoked with knots of pearl" may be seen by the very fine engraving after Mireveldt, which was published two years before his death. The extravagance of the age in the matter of jewels worn on the person is extraordinary, *e.g.*, when Lady Frances Howard was married to Somerset (he was then Lord Rochester), James spent £17,000 in jewels to be presented to her, leaving his own personal attendants unpaid the while. Mr. Inderwick, who mentions thousands being given for a single jewel, states "that the pay of the navy was so much in arrears that the wives and children of the sailors were hardly kept from making an outcry at the gate."

The portrait of Buckingham in the flush of his early manhood, which came from Bulstrode, and is now at Welbeck, shows the extraordinary graces of his person. In it we see Mr. George Villiers, as the picture is inscribed, without the trappings of jewels, lace, and embroidery with which he loved, in after years, to bedizen himself. There is a fine miniature in the Royal Library, Windsor, evidently painted by Isaac Oliver a few years later, representing him in the prime of life.

The reign of James I. was marked by no great political crises. It may almost be described as uneventful, due, as some maintain, to the timidity of the King; thus it comes to pass that the personal weakness of the monarch, and especially his culpable fondness for favourites, stand out in bolder relief than would perhaps have been the case had the times been more stirring, and men's thoughts distracted by other topics. It has been remarked that whilst James was "warmly affectionate to those with whom he was in daily intercourse, he never attached himself to a man who was truly great. He mistook flattery for devotion, and, though his own life was pure, he contrived to surround himself with those of whose habits there was no good report. It was easy for his favourites to abuse his good nature, provided they took care not to wound his self-complacency. Whoever would put on an appearance of deference, and would avoid contradicting him on the point on which he happened to have set his heart at the moment, might lead him anywhere."

How true this is becomes apparent when we reflect upon the influence wielded over the King by George Villiers and Robert Carr; and if Buckingham was unworthy of the signal honours heaped upon him, what shall be said of Somerset, with his pink cheeks and womanish complexion, his blue eyes and auburn hair? What was thought on the subject by his contemporaries may be gleaned from the following passage:

"This ungrateful Prince (James I.) called up Robert Carr from a poore page, and, to the dishonour of our ancient nobility, raised him to as high a title and to as great an estate (three hundred thousand pounds being rated to the crown upon his fall) as most Earls of England.

"But what have the Scots of their own growth but eggs, barnicles, and such drugs for the cure of her jaundice as may be found under our hedges. The Scotch being like horse-leeches on him (James) till they could get no more."

In the Picture Gallery of the Bodleian Library at Oxford is a capital portrait by Janssen of a man with a most engaging and intelligent face, with dark hair, dark grey eyes, and a pure fresh complexion. It is that of Sir Thomas Overbury, who introduced the handsome young Scotchman to the King. By reason of Carr's complicity in the murder of the poet, his name was, and ever will be, branded with infamy. The story of the poisoning of Overbury, with its sordid details and its revelation of superstition and crime, has often been told. But no account, however slightly sketched, of the friends and foes of the Stuarts of this period would be complete without some reference to Robert Ker, or Carr, to his partner in guilt, and to their victim. It is a blot upon the memory of James that he spared the lives of the guilty pair, and even allowed Somerset a pension of £4000 a year. By shameless means Lady Frances Howard obtained a divorce from her husband, the Earl of Essex (whom we shall meet again in the succeeding reign), in order to marry Carr. It should be remembered that she was but thirteen when she was married to Essex. The beauty of this unscrupulous, credulous, wicked woman is admitted on all hands; some idea of her appearance may be gathered from the fine painting owned by Mr. Charles Butler, ascribed to Marc Gheeraedts. This picture was described as Isabella Clara Eugenia, Infanta of Spain, and Governor of the Low Countries. It was sold at the Blenheim sale in 1886, when it fetched 340 guineas. I believe Mr. Butler got it from Mr. Baring some years later. This very interesting work merits a short description. The figure is full length, life size, the face nearly full, looking to the spectator's left. She stands on a Persian carpet, by a crimson

chair on which her left hand rests, her right being held to her waist. The robe is of rich green velvet with a chain of red beads, lined with white satin, gold figured. Her hair is flaxen, her eyes dark brown, with apparently no lashes to them. Her thin upper lip and false, girlish face are characteristic. One distinguishing peculiarity remains to be noted—the predominance of yellow in the adornments of the Countess. Besides the gold-figured lining of her gown she wears yellow feathers in her hair. Her lace is dyed yellow, and the fan which hangs from her waist is yellow also. This colour was a fashion of the day which went suddenly out of vogue, as it was worn by Mrs. Turner, who was executed with four accomplices, all concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Sir Symonds d'Ewes in his autobiography says: "Mrs. Turner had first brought up that vain and foolish use of yellow starch, coming herself to her trial in a yellow band and cuff. Therefore when she was afterwards executed at Tyburn the hangman had his band and cuffs of the same colour, which made many after that day, of either sex, to forbear the use of that coloured starch, till at length it came to be generally detested and disused."

Returning to the unhappy Countess and her husband, here is a word-picture of the pair: "She, a proud, hot-headed, foolish young woman, the poor young wretch. . . . I cannot slay without tears. The beautiful little Fanny Howard, Treasurer Suffolk's second daughter, of the best blood, of the beautifullest face and figure you could find in all these islands.

"She is in black of the finest, or superfinest, hoops, ruffs with white cobweb lace . . . a pale, beautiful, trembling daughter of the air, of the prince of the power of the air."

And this is how the husband appeared at the trial: "Superfinest satin doublet, velvet cloak, eyes sunk, and face very pale. 'Not guilty, my Lord,' says Somerset, and defends himself against Bacon of the viper eyes, not without acuteness, not without dignity. They quit the Tower; but they are very miserable. Their daughter and only child married the Earl of Bedford's son and heir; they fell sick, having fallen poor, obscure—fall very miserable; handsomer had Rhadamanthus done his part and ended them at once!"

There is a fine miniature at Windsor by Isaac Oliver of "the beautiful little Fanny Howard" which makes it hard to believe so fair a person could be combined with so foul a mind, and in the same collection is also a miniature of Carr.

In striking contrast to the character of Frances was that of her daughter,

"the gentle and stainless" Anne Carr, who married into the Russell family, and was mother of William, Lord Russell. There are several pictures of this lady at Woburn, notably a superb Van Dyck, a full-length picture of extraordinary delicacy and careful execution. Another portrait is painted by Theodore Russell, whose works are numerous at Woburn. Earl Spencer also possesses at Althorp a beautiful portrait of her in a pale crimson dress, with the arms joined. Of this lady Mr. Froude has remarked: "Lady Anne was not touched by the crimes of her parents, her character must have been singularly innocent, for she grew up in entire ignorance that her mother had been tried for murder. She found accidentally in a room at Woburn Abbey a pamphlet with an account of the Overbury murder. For the first time she learnt the dreadful story, was found senseless, with her hand upon the dreadful page, and she never rallied from the blow."

In view of the fate that befell Charles I., it is interesting to trace how far this was due to the bad education that he, as a monarch *in posse*, derived from his father. That he was badly influenced is probably true, and Samuel Coleridge hits the mark when he says of James, that "he thought that, because all power in the state seemed to proceed from the Crown, all power therefore remained in the Crown; as if because the tree sprang from the seed, the stem, branches, leaves, and fruit were contained in the seed. The constitutional doctrine as to the relation which the King bears to the other components of the state is in two words: he is the representative of the whole of that of which he is himself a part."

"Nevertheless, James had many qualities befitting a ruler in difficult times," says Mr. Gardiner; "good-humoured and good-natured, he was honestly desirous of increasing the prosperity of his subjects. His mental powers were of no common order; his memory was good, and his learning, especially on theological points, was by no means contemptible. He was intellectually tolerant, anxious to be at peace with those whose opinions differed from his own."

"He was, above all things, eager to be a reconciler, to make peace where there had been war before, and to draw those to live in harmony who had hitherto glared at one another in defiance. He was penetrated with a strong sense of the evil of fanaticism.

"These merits were marred by grave defects. He was too self-confident to give himself the pains to unravel a difficult problem, and had too weak a perception of the proportional value of things to enable him to grasp the

important points of a case, to the exclusion of those which were merely subsidiary. With a thorough dislike of dogmatism in others, he was himself the most dogmatic of men; and, most fatal of all defects in a ruler, he was ready to conceive the worst of those who stood up against him."

What that led to may be seen in the case of Raleigh, and of Arabella Stuart. There is nothing so cruel and so cowardly as fear. Arabella was a victim to the fears of James. Cowardice, jealousy, and the tyranny of princes led, in the case of this unfortunate and truly gentle creature, to treatment which makes one's blood boil as one reads of it. History, alas, is full of such cruelty; but, except, it may be, the fate of Lady Jane Grey, it would be hard to find in English annals a parallel to the stupid, perverse injustice of the treatment Arabella received. Hear what Mr. Gardiner says was the character of this lady:

"The letters of Arabella Stuart which she wrote to her uncle and aunt, the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, are lively and agreeable, and they convey the impression of a gentle and affectionate, as well as of an accomplished woman. She had no ambition to figure among the great ladies by whom the Queen was surrounded, far less to aspire to the dignity of a pretender to the Crown. She had a good word for all who showed her any kindness, however small. . . . In one of her letters she answered a jest of her uncle's by assuring him with the most winning earnestness that she intended to prove that it was possible for a woman to retain her purity and innocence in the midst of the follies with which a life at Court was surrounded. In another she slipped forward to act the part of a peacemaker, and conjured the Earl to forgive once more that notorious termagant, his stepmother, the Dowager Countess. Altogether it is impossible to rise from a perusal of these letters without the conviction that if only a man who was worthy of her should be found, she would be fitted, above all the ladies of that age, to fulfil the quiet domestic duties of a wife and mother. With the life she was forced to live she was ill at ease; she did not care for the perpetual round of gaieties in which the Queen delighted, and she submitted with but an ill grace to take her part in the childish games by means of which the ladies of the Court contrived to while away the weary hours."

The treatment of Arabella Stuart, and, it may be added, of Sir Walter Raleigh, are blots on the scutcheon of James which time will never efface.

Be the reason what it may, whether the exalted position of the woman, or sympathy with her misfortunes be the cause, portraits abound of "the

Lady Arbell," as she was called by contemporaries; miniatures of her by Hilliard, Hoskins and the Olivers, are to be found in many private houses. One of the finest forms part of the very interesting collection of miniatures known as the Stuart miniatures, now belonging to Captain J. H. Edwards Heathcote, the story of which I have given elsewhere. The portrait of her when thirteen years of age, in the Duke of Devonshire's collection, I regard as especially interesting, since, if not born there, she passed her childhood at Hardwick.

I have spoken of the dearth of striking events during the years of James's reign. To this rule an exception may, perhaps, be made in the case of the Gunpowder Plot. But this conspiracy owes no small measure of its notoriety to the way in which it lays hold, as it were, of the imagination. The consequences might have been, it is true, appalling, but as it was, nothing happened except a great commotion in men's minds, and the ultimate seizure and execution of the misguided plotters, who may be seen represented in an old print in the National Portrait Gallery. An able though biassed writer, the Rev. John Gerard of the Society of Jesus, recently endeavoured to prove that the plot was "a put-up job" on the part of Cecil. This conclusion, which the author's natural partiality for the Romish view of the question no doubt led him to adopt, has not been generally accepted by historical students, if one may judge by contemporary criticisms of his book. But we cannot stop to discuss the story of the Fifth of November, 1605.

The cloud of hereditary misfortune which for six generations had rested upon the Stuarts, was lifted whilst James sat upon the throne. His father fell a victim to assassination, his mother perished on the scaffold, but James I. of England and VI. of Scotland died peacefully at Theobalds after reigning twenty-three years.

There is a good miniature of this king in the Royal collection at Windsor, it is thus described in Charles I.'s catalogue: "Item. *Done upon the wrong light*. The fourth picture, being King James VI. upon an oval lavender coloured card, in a laced ruff, and a black habit, with a corslet about his neck. Copied by Hoskins, after the principal, being in the Bearstake Gallery, done by Paul Van Somer, length $2\frac{1}{8}$ in., breadth $1\frac{1}{2}$ in." It may be considered as a somewhat flattering, certainly a favourable portrait, of this "shambling, thick-speaking, big-headed, goggle-eyed, extraordinary Scottish individual." The epithets are not mine, but those of a countryman of James's.

The full-length portrait of him as a boy, holding a hawk on his wrist, and



James I. and VI. as a Boy

inscribed, "Jacobus Dei Gratia Rex Scotorum Etatis Sue (?) 8. 1574," is particularly interesting from the fact of its being at Hardwick, with the tradition that it was sent there when Mary was in the keeping of the then owners—the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury. There is little doubt that this was a picture sent to Mary, so that she might see what her boy was like—that boy who learnt so thoroughly the lessons of dissimulation instilled into him in his youth.

This may be compared with the picture of James at the age of six, which is now at Milton, a seat of the FitzWilliam family, and has a history that makes it a relic, as well as a portrait of the greatest value.

The inscription at the back of it relates that on the morning of her execution Mary Stuart sent for Sir William FitzWilliam, and thanked him for his kindness and his courtesy, he being then Governor of Fotheringhay, and, by the way, one of the ablest of Elizabeth's Viceroyes. The Queen of Scots told him she would like to leave him a souvenir, but said that she had nothing to give him, unless he thought the portrait of her son, which hung above her bed, was worth his having. Needless to say the picture was accepted, and has been in the family ever since. It is now in the possession of Mr. George Charles FitzWilliam; it is on panel, and is circular, measuring nine-and-a-half inches each way. The young King is wearing a fawn-coloured hat, with a narrow ribbon of gold round the crown of it, bearing a design of thistles and fleur-de-lys. In the front a white feather is fastened with a diamond shaped jewel. His ruff is bordered by deep fine point lace, and the velvet dress is of bronze green and gold; James's eyes are of a dark grey-blue, the complexion fair and rather pale, and the hair a warm medium brown. "Ætatis Sue VI." is the only inscription on the front of this deeply interesting work.

Portraits of James are numerous, there are four in the National Portrait Gallery, representing him between the ages of eight and fifty-five, and there are others in our various Royal Palaces, by Van Somer and Marc Gheeraedts; but the most characteristic picture of James with which I am acquainted belongs to the Marquis of Lothian and hangs at Newbattle. It represents him full length, holding the jewel of the Garter in his right hand. He is in red hose. His ungainly figure, red nose, and shrunken legs are not concealed in this picture, which is said to be the work of G. Jamesone, though this ascription is doubted by some. But whoever painted it, one cannot but make comparison between the uncouthness of James as therein shown, and the dignity of his son as depicted on the canvases of Van Dyck.

CHAPTER X

CHARLES I



WHILST the reign of "the most high and mighty Prince James," that "most dread sovereign," as he is termed in the Authorised Version of the Bible, was a time of tranquillity, in England, at any rate, the days of his successor proved to be very different. Charles I. was fated to pass through that crisis of morals, of religion, and of government commonly known as the Great Rebellion. Upon the son fell the consequences of that unwise treatment of the Commons from which the father seemed to be unable to refrain. In the words of an old writer, "James, by debauching Parliaments and breaking his word did so far irritate no lesse than impoverish the subject, as his son was forced to give concession to one rendered indissolvable but by their own will: a mischief could never have befallen England had King James left them in the same temper he found them at the death of the Queene."

Charles never seemed to realise that the root of English sovereignty is in the people, and he paid the penalty of his want of insight. He became the victim of the changes through which the body politic passed: from feudalism to constitutional government: from the dominance of a state church to religious anarchy: from divine right to the liberty of the subject, and all that flowed from such momentous transformations. It may be true that England did not desire a fundamental change in her political institutions, but a change of dynasty became a necessity from the attitude assumed by Charles. Thus it came to pass that the years 1642 to 1649 were crowded with events, so that the drama of history was played on a great scale, and in a fashion to strike the imagination of each successive generation.

Anything like a comprehensive account of the numerous characters who crossed the stage during this period, or even a summary of what occurred, is beyond the compass of this book, but Charles can hardly be left as a solitary

figure, and so to what I have to say about him, I shall add some account of his family, and of a few of those with whom he was brought in contact in his passage from a throne to a scaffold.

Seventy years ago Samuel Taylor Coleridge exclaimed, "How many books are still written and published about Charles I. and his times!" During the past generation the materials out of which history is composed have become much more accessible, and the difficulty of selection has increased in equal proportion. The accumulated matter which has now to be sorted and sifted is bewildering in its mass and complexity. The great thinker whom I have just quoted complained that the books which appeared in such numbers were none of them "works of any genius or imagination"; not one of their authors, he says, "seems to be able to throw himself back into that age," "if they did," he adds, "there would be less praise and less blame bestowed on both sides." Now, without any attempt to champion the writers of the present time as against the historians of whom Coleridge speaks, it may be asserted that there is a disposition in these days to take less extreme, and therefore more reasonable, views of the characters and motives of the many great men who were the contemporaries of Charles I. Whichever way our sympathies may incline, we see now that the issues at stake were most momentous; they were not merely of ephemeral importance, for the future of England depended upon them. We are more ready to admit now that there were great souls on both sides. We see that, amidst the din and turmoil of the strife in which they were engaged, it was not possible for the combatants to realise all the aspects of the causes for which they contended. Their doubts were many, and the light given whereby to solve them was often dim; yet they strove manfully for what seemed to them to be the common weal, God's will, or the dictates of conscience, of loyalty, and of truth.

If, therefore, indulgence is due to the men who took prominent parts, whether on the one side or the other, in this great struggle, how much more does the unfortunate Charles merit commiseration, seeing that he was the centre round which the conflicting forces raged! If there is one thing more clear than another about his character, it may be said to be this: that he was above all things unfitted, both by his education and by his temperament, for the position to which destiny called him. He may have been, as Clarendon says of him in his eulogy, "the worthiest Gentleman, the best Master, the best Friend, the best Husband, the best Father, and the best Christian that the age in which he lived produced," but from first to last he seems never to have understood his

people, nor the tendencies of the times in which he lived. Of political sagacity he seems not to have had a trace; of obstinacy in the wrong place and at the wrong time he was full. Graces of mind which would have adorned any station short of that of a monarch, domestic virtues, refinement of taste, purity of life, scrupulous observance of the ordinances of religion, dignity, affectionate attachment to his friends, all these qualities may be readily conceded to him; moreover he is credited with considerable capacity for business, but these gifts proved useless, they were ropes quite unable to hold the bark of his fortunes to its moorings when the tempest came down upon it; and when the King was swept away, the fortunes of his friends and followers were wrecked with him.

As the seventeenth century dawned, Charles, the second and favourite son of James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, was born at Dunfermline. When a child he was so delicate that he was not expected to live; for a long time, it is said, he could only crawl on hands and knees, whilst his speech could with difficulty be understood, as he inherited his father's stammer. It has been plausibly urged that the undoubted physical weakness of his childhood was, in some measure, the source of his want of resolution in later years. On the other hand, as he grew older, his bodily health greatly improved, and we find him bearing the hardships of the campaigns of the Civil War with the hardiest and strongest of his troops. But diffidence of manner and slowness of speech clung to him all his life. He was ever, as Robert Browning has it, "the man with mild voice and mournful eyes," and a general air of melancholy, which Van Dyck has perpetuated on numberless canvases. "Of the 753 still extant portraits of Charles I.," Carlyle somewhere asks, "what are they intrinsically worth to thee? Was it much nourishment that thy soul derived from looking never so deep into that man, or was it little or almost none?" The same writer has thus outlined Charles's mental and physical aspect: "This King," he says, "is of fine and delicate fibre, too fine for his place and would have suited better as a woman. With Queen Bess for a husband how happy it had been. There is a real selectness, if little nobleness of nature in him . . . a somewhat too headlong man. The long deep-browed visage, shaded with love-locks, terminating in delicate moustache and peaked beard, is not without elegance and an air of pride or Royal superciliousness, shaded you would say with sorrow—wholly the great man except the soul. . . . This man has not achieved greatness; he has been born great, in gesture, decoration,



Charles I. as a Boy

place, and bearing. His elegant, thin, hazel eyes seem very rapid and very deep."

And again: "This man, somewhat knock-kneed, tongue-tied, of a hasty temper and stuttering speech. The Royal line, as used to be well known, had a kind of flaw in the very starting of it. Elizabeth Muir, the mother or grandmother of them all . . . being by some considered an improper or partially improper female, whose children came before marriage." In stature Charles was about the middle height, with chestnut-coloured hair, and high and narrow forehead; his eyes were grey, his nose large. His smile was winning, his manners, to those whom he esteemed, at once dignified and cordial, as all the Stuarts could be. There seems, however, to have been nothing dutiful in the demeanour of Charles I. to his father. Coleridge terms him "a very disagreeable personage during James's life;" and it is certain that he exhausted his father's patience over the abortive visit to Madrid.

The pranks of Charles, Prince of Wales, and Buckingham in Spain, were regarded as matters of much moment at the time, and the Spanish match had an importance in the eyes of English people in those days which it is not easy for us fully to estimate. Nothing came of the romantic escapade, the story of which reads more like the adventures of a knight-errant than the doings one might expect from the heir to the throne of England. Without going into all the details of a visit which lasted several months, we may glance at the lady who was the object of it.

Toby Mathew has left us a very attractive picture of the Infanta, who had now entered upon her seventeenth year.

"Her features were not beautiful, but the sweetness of her disposition found expression in her face, and her fair complexion, and her delicate white hands, drew forth rapturous admiration from the contrast which they presented to the olive tints of the ladies by whom she was surrounded.

"The mingled dignity and gentleness of her bearing made her an especial favourite with her brother. Her life was moulded after the best type of the devotional piety of her church. Two hours of every day she spent in prayer. Twice every week she confessed and partook of the Holy Communion. Her chief delight was in meditating on the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, and preparing lint for the use of hospitals. The money which her brother allowed her to be spent at play, she carefully set aside for the relief of the poor. Her character was as remarkable for its self-possession as for its gentleness. Excepting when she was in private amongst her

ladies, her words were few; and although those who knew her well were aware that she felt unkindness deeply, she never betrayed her emotion by speaking harshly of those by whom she had been wronged. Any one who had hoped to afford her amusement by repeating the scandal and gossip of the Court, was soon taught, by visible tokens of her disapprobation, to avoid such subjects for the future. When she had made up her mind where the path of duty lay, no temptation would induce her to swerve from it by a hair's breadth. Nor was her physical courage less conspicuous than her moral firmness.

"At a Court entertainment a fire broke out among the scaffolding which supported the benches upon which the spectators were seated. In an instant the whole place was in confusion. Amongst the screaming throng the Infanta alone retained her presence of mind. Calling Olivares to her help, that he might keep off the pressure of the crowd, she made her escape without quickening her usual pace."

Elsewhere she is recorded to have been, "though small of stature, of the greatest beauty, virtue, gallantry, and prudence that were at that day extant in womankind." But her sentiments towards "the heretic Prince" were the reverse of complimentary. In the eyes of this devout young princess, he must have been anathema, or something akin thereto, and she told her friends that she loathed his person and detested his religion. With the "characteristic obstinacy of his race," he followed his suit for a long time, but disenchantment came at last, and Charles, who had made promises and concessions he would never have been able to fulfil, gladly made his escape. Here is Carlyle's sketch of the episode: "The brown beautiful Infanta, though her lips were somewhat large, blushed beautifully when she saw him on the Prado, again fled, beautifully screaming, when he leapt the garden wall to have a word with her, but it all came to nothing. . . . The Infanta got another husband, this Prince another wife," and so, "in August, bonfires blaze and steeple bells ring joyful all over England for the Prince's return from Spain. . . . An unspeakable mercy, the dark Maelström of Antichrist has not sucked into its abysses this hopeful Prince. Thank heaven we have our own again, and no thick-lipped Infanta, Austrian daughter of the Devil."

But though the Spanish match thus came to naught, Charles was fated to wed a Romanist princess; and it may safely be said that his subsequent troubles were due in part to this circumstance.

On their way to Madrid he and Buckingham passed through Paris,

where Henrietta Maria was pointed out to them, but they do not appear to have been impressed. The new Envoy, however, waxed warm in her praise, and wrote to Buckingham, "She is a sweet young creature, growth not yet great, but shape perfect." A little later he wrote to Charles that for beauty and goodness she was an angel, and added that Henrietta having borrowed a miniature of the Prince, that hung about his neck, opened it with such haste as "showed a true picture of her passion, blushing in the instant of her own guiltiness."

The historian of the French Revolution pictures her thus: "A beautiful creature she, too, if the Ritter Van Dyke lie not to us, beautiful and sprightly, with her bright hazel eyes, with her long, white fingers, and dainty looks and ways, the daughter of the Great French Henry, but born to a fate not happy. She, like him, was unfortunate in her religion."

Whatever Henrietta Maria was as a wife to Charles, as Queen Consort, she seems to have been as unfortunate a choice as could well have been made. Doubtless in his troubles she behaved with rare spirit and devotion, but she had no small share in aggravating the differences between the King and his subjects. As a foreigner, and above all as a Romanist, this daughter of Mary de Medici was, from the first, distasteful to Puritan England. She was but sixteen when Charles, then Prince of Wales, married her by proxy in 1625. She is described as "nimble and quiet, black-eyed, brown-haired, and in a word a brave lady, though perhaps a little touched with sickness. Her figure was *petite*." When Charles first met her, he cast his eyes upon her feet, as if suspecting she had made use of artificial means to heighten her stature, whereupon she raised her toe, and, pointing to it, said, "Sir, I stand upon mine own feet, I have no helps of art: thus high I am, and am neither higher nor lower."

Her *entourage* was a source of annoyance to Charles almost from the day of her landing. A contemporary letter relates how "on Munday last about three after noone, the King passing into the Queen's side, and finding some Frenchmen her servants unreverently dancing and curvetting in her presence, tooke her by the hand, and led her into his lodgings, locking the doore after him, and shutting out all save onely the Queen." Meade, writing to Sir Martin Stuteville, speaks of mass being performed at Denmark House: "The chapel goes on again," he says, "she has twenty-nine priests, besides a bishop, a young man under thirty years old." At the end of 1625 Charles writes to Buckingham, who was then in Paris, and tells him that he has "cause enufe

to put away the Mounsters," but he seems to have borne with them until the midsummer following, when the Frenchmen in the Queen's lodgings were peremptorily sent to Somerset House, prior to being conveyed out of the kingdom.

In the Harleian MSS. there is a letter entirely in the King's own handwriting, in which very plain instructions are given to the Duke, as witness the following :

"Steenie,

"I have received your letter by Dic Greame. This is my answer. I command you to send all the French to-morrow out of the Towne. If you can, by fair means (but stike not longe in disputing), otherwise force them away, dryving them away lyke so manie wyld beastes untill ye have shipped them, and so the Devill goe with them. Lett me heare no answer bot of the performance of my command.

"So I rest,

"Your faithfull constant loving frend,

"CHARLES R."

"Oakny, the 7th of August, 1626."

"The women howled and lamented as if they had been going to execution, but all in vaine, for the Yeomen of the Guard thrust them and all their countryfolks out of the Queen's lodgings, and locked the doors after them. It is said that the Queen when she understood the designe, grewe very impatient, and brake the glass windowes with her fiste, but since, I hear that her rage is appeased, and the King and shee, since they went to Non-such, have been very jocund together." They seem on the whole to have been a united couple. I give a contemporary glimpse of their relations, in a letter from the Harleian MSS., dated Decr. 1632 :

"On Satturday also his Majesty having taken colde, after he had heatt himselfe at Tennis, some redd spottes appeared on his face and breast, which by Sunday morning were converted into the Small Poxe; yet the Queen, as I heard a Frenchman of the Court affirme, laye with him both those nights, and since allso, in the daye time, will never be out of his company. This disease makes him not continually to keep his bedd; but all the day long hee is up in a warme room with a furred gowne on his back, and is merry, and eats and drinckes hartily, and recreates himselfe with some game or other."

Compassion for the sore trouble which overtook this high-spirited



Henrietta Maria

descendant of a line of kings, need not blind us to her faults. Bigoted she clearly was, and her submission to her Confessor is thought to be shown by a curious print inserted in a copy of Pennant's "Old London" in the British Museum, which represents Henrietta on her knees, doing penance beneath a triangular gallows at Tyburn. Footmen with torches, and a coach with six horses, await her. A *flagellum* hangs at her waist.

She possessed a temperament somewhat fiery, but frivolous withal. The contemporary writer I have quoted above has left us a graphic little picture of Henrietta's manners and customs. He says: "The Queene howsoever very little of stature, yet of pleasing countenance (if she be pleased), but full of spirit and vigor, and seems of a more than ordinary resolution. With one frown, divers of us being at White Hall to see her, (being at dinner and the roome somewhat overheated with the fire and companie), she drave us all out of the chamber. I suppose none but a Queene could have cast such a scowl."

The treatment of her children was equally determined. Ellis prints a letter, written in her own hand, to her "deare sone the Prince," which shows this clearly:

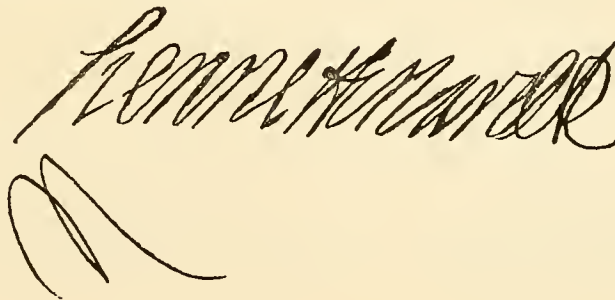
"Charles, j am sore that I most begin my first letter with chiding you, because j heere that you will not take phisike. I hope it was onlei for this day and that to morrowe you will doe it, for yf you will not j most come to you and make you take it for it is for your healthe. I have given order to my Lord Newcastell to send mi worde tonight whether you will or not, therefore j hope you will not give mi the paines to goe and so j rest

"Your affectionat mother,

"HENRIETTE MARIE, R."

"To my deare sone the Prince."

The following signature is from a letter preserved in the Badminton archives, copied by kind permission of the Duke of Beaufort.



It was, however, her meddlesomeness which wrought most mischief in her husband's affairs. Her influence, at that supreme crisis when Charles sought to lay hands on the Five Members, was disastrous in the extreme. But for her, the King would not have taken that fatal step, for we know his heart failed him when the morning came. He went to the Queen's apartment early, and finding Lady Carlisle with her (that perfidious Lady Carlisle), led her Majesty into her closet, and there, having put to her all the hazards of the attempt, and all the probable consequences, declared he must abandon it; and this was her rash and petulant reply:

"Allez, Poltron! go pull these rogues out by the ears ou ne me renvoyez jamais." But the "rogues" had flown, and within a few hours Henrietta and her husband had left Whitehall themselves—practically fugitives.

The King was destined not to behold it again for many a long day, and when he came back to what had been his palace and his home, it was to mount the steps of a scaffold. The Queen did not return for twenty years. Pepys saw her after the Restoration (November 1660), and described her as "a very plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect or garbe than any ordinary woman."

There is good reason to believe that Henrietta realised, in after years, how fatal her impetuosity and her counsels were to her husband. Madame de Motteville bears pathetic testimony in her Memoirs to the loyal, unshaken affection Charles bore his wife. She relates how the Queen was wont to say, "Never did he treat me for a moment with less kindness than before it happened, *though I had ruined him.*" It is hardly necessary to speak of the King's well-known devotion to his children; they live for ever upon the canvas of Van Dyck, one of whose most beautiful pictures is the group of the Royal children. The original is at Windsor, and there are numerous repetitions elsewhere, one being in the Turin Gallery. This last-named famous work, I may remark, contains three figures only: Charles, Mary, and James. The issue of the marriage was eight children, several of whom may be said to have been marks for "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." The first-born, "a sweet royall budde that had no time to bloom," died on the day of his birth. Of Charles, Prince of Wales, of James, Duke of York, and of Henry, Duke of Gloucester, we shall treat in due course. There remain the four daughters. Of these, Mary married the Prince of Orange, and was mother of William III. Anne died in infancy, and was buried in the vault at Westminster, wherein seventeen little Stuarts, the offspring of

Queen Anne and George, Prince of Denmark, were laid in after years. The fate of the other two sisters cannot but move us to pity, Henrietta coming to an untimely end in the full flush of her beauty, whilst Elizabeth died, in her sixteenth year, a prisoner at Carisbrook.

The last-named Princess was buried in Newport Church, and Queen Victoria erected a monument to her. It is the work of Marochetti, and represents her as she was found dead, with her cheek resting on an open Bible. There is a fine portrait of Elizabeth, a beautiful example of Sir Peter Lely, now at Syon House. The Princess is represented in a light blue slashed dress, and the picture would not lead us to suppose she was the invalid that she was. In the Royal collection at Windsor is a miniature attributed to Samuel Cooper which gives an impression far more in harmony with her reported sickly constitution; it represents her as prematurely old.

It may be noted that the hair of this unfortunate Princess was a warm brown, her eyes of a deep blue, with little or no colour in her face. The ascription of this portrait of Elizabeth is made upon the authority of Sir Richard Holmes, formerly the Royal librarian, who accounts for the old look upon her features, otherwise at variance with her tender years, by the fact that she was a confirmed invalid. She died from the effects of a chill, caught, I believe, in playing bowls, a week after her arrival at Carisbrook.

Still more tragic was the fate of Charles' youngest daughter—the famous beauty known as "la belle Henriette." She was born at Exeter in June 1644, that is to say, some two years after the outbreak of the Rebellion. When the Princess was but fourteen days old her mother fled to France, and the babe was entrusted to the care of Anne, Countess of Morton. In 1646, Lady Morton, in her turn, fled across the Channel with her Royal charge.

This Lady Morton was a renowned beauty. Her portrait, in the prime of life, or perhaps a little past the meridian, painted by Van Dyck, is now at Syon House. In the disguise of a poor French peasant she landed at Ostend, and started on foot to join the Queen in Paris. De Retz has told us of the poverty in which the two Henriettas—mother and daughter—were compelled to live in France—albeit daughter and grand-daughter of Henry IV. In such want were they, that they were forced to lie in bed together for warmth, because, in bitter weather, they had no money to buy coals withal. Of the Queen, Madame de Motteville has recorded in her *Memoirs*: "*Elle mit toutte ses piereries en gage. Nous luy avons veu*

vendre toutes les meubles, et engager jusques aux moindres choses pour pouvoir subsister quelques jours de plus." Notwithstanding straits such as these, the Princess, when but sixteen years old, could boast of the King of France as an admirer. But whilst Louis XV. did but dance with her, his uncle Philip, Duke of Orleans, married her in 1661. The union between the bride of seventeen and the second son of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria, the dissipated brother of "le Grande Monarque," was a most unhappy one. Her sudden death, when she was only twenty-five years of age, was attributed to poison, and was laid at the door of her husband; but this, like many charges of a similar nature, has never been proved. The Duke bears the reputation of being worthless and feeble, addicted to sensual pleasures, but kind-hearted and of a mild disposition. They had two children, the eldest of whom married Charles II. of Spain; the other, Anne Marie, was wedded to Victor of Savoy. There is a fine group by Mignard at Windsor, showing these children, demure little ladies of bewitching sweetness. Henrietta of Orleans, without being positively handsome, had the air of a great princess: her complexion was fresh, her forehead high and broad, her eyes sparkling, but too near together. She was tall and graceful in figure. The portrait of her as a girl of sixteen given in this work can hardly fail to be admired, and may be regarded as a beautiful example of Van Dyck's female portraiture, less mannered than is his wont. In it the likeness to Charles seems, to the writer, to be remarkable. The fate of her unfortunate father, and the closing scenes of his career, must be reserved for the following chapters.



Princess Henrietta Anne

CHAPTER XI

CHARLES I—(*Continued*)

“ . . . Let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings.”

King Richard II.



KNOW no portion of history,” says Samuel Taylor Coleridge, “which a man might write with so much pleasure as that of the great struggle in the time of Charles I., because he might feel the profoundest respect for both parties. The side taken by any particular person was determined by the point of view which such person happened to command at the commencement of the inevitable collision, one line seeming straight to this man, another to another. No man of that age saw *the* truth, the whole truth; there was not light enough for that. The consequence, of course, was a violent exaggeration of each party for the time. The King became a martyr and the Parliamentarians traitors, and vice versa.”

The story of the man who was seen going out with his beagles on the morning of the battle of Naseby has often been quoted to show that the nation at large did not enter into the feud between the Crown and the Parliament; but whilst it is probable that, at the time, the issues at stake were not fully realised, and whilst it is certain that it was impossible for the rival parties to do justice to the leading men who took part in the struggle on either side, we can now see how vitally important it all was, and how heroic were the proportions of the combatants. It adds greatly to the interest of this period of our history to know that, thanks to the portraiture of Van Dyck and Samuel Cooper, we can see the living presentments of the men and women of those eventful days; portraits by these great artists

are not only invaluable as showing the characters of the originals, but delightful in themselves as works of art.

Let us begin with the most commanding figure of the time—Oliver Cromwell alone excepted—Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. He is one of those men on whom “the grand air” sits as of birthright. It is stamped unmistakably upon his portraits. Take Van Dyck’s magnificent full-length of him at Welbeck; or Earl Fitzwilliam’s no less fine example at Wentworth; or the well known and masterly group of him with his secretary, also at Wentworth; or, again, the miniature which the Duke of Buccleuch owns. In each and all of these we see “the dark gloomy countenance, the full heavy eye,” which was, according to Mr. Green, the best commentary on the policy of “thorough.”

These portraits do indeed suggest Strafford as a “silent, proud, passionate man”; but, masterful and austere though he was, yet he was tender at heart, and, with children, playful as a boy. Witness the language in which he writes to his little daughter Anne when she was but four years of age. But to the outer world stern imperiousness must have seemed the keynote of his character, and this aspect of it is fully shown in Van Dyck’s pictures of him.

Such was the adviser Charles declared he trusted more than the whole Council, and such was the servant whom his master, alas! did not spare when the Commons impeached him. It is generally allowed that when the King abandoned his resolute minister he sealed his own doom; a fact which Charles seems to have realised, as is shown by his efforts to recall the fatal signature when it was too late. It has been said that Strafford’s policy was too great for a man like Charles I. to carry out; certain it is that when he sacrificed that dauntless spirit he was left without a single great man to advise him; there was no one to hold the helm of State. Wentworth perhaps saw further than others, certainly he had determination and administrative genius of a high order, qualities supremely fitting him to be a ruler of men. Duplicity seems to have been Charles’s notion of statecraft, prescriptive rights and force the links wherewith he hoped to hold the nation’s allegiance to his throne. Of the two pillars, Church and State, to which he looked as the supporters of the fabric of his power, the execution of Strafford in 1641 shattered one, while the loss of Laud, three years later, brought the whole edifice to the ground.

Did one know nothing of the character of Archbishop Laud, a glance at

his portrait would suffice to show how different a man he must have been from Wentworth. He might have been more sincere than Strafford, but he was an indiscreet and dangerous adviser at the best; "the little meddling hocus pocus" he has been called, "with his insensate mole-like face." Laud's principles and practice in matters ecclesiastical were the head and front of his offending, and were intensely repugnant to the Puritan party. In judging of the disastrous effects of Laud's policy it must not be forgotten that one of the main impulses of the Rebellion was religion, of a pattern diametrically opposed to the Archbishop's. Cromwell may be said to represent this impulse. Now, as Coleridge says, Laud was not exactly a Papist, but he was on the road, with the Church with him, to a point where declared Popery would have been inevitable.

To Carlyle, as might perhaps be expected, Laud seems somewhat of a puzzle; he says of him: "Certainly among the characters I have fallen in with in history this William Laud has not been the least perplexing. A clean-brushed, cultivated man, well read in the Fathers and Church history, a rational, extremely logical man . . . not among the heroes of this world . . . at once persecutor and martyr. Laud is little to me . . . this small man of great activity. A man not without affections, though bred as a college monk, with little room to develop them, of shrill, tremulous, partly feminine nature, capable of spasms, of most hysterical obstinacy, as female natures are . . . poor Laud, weak and ill-starred, not dishonest, an unfortunate pedant rather than anything else." It was claimed for Laud that he was a great theologian of the High Church type. The fact, however, that he held the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings in its most extreme form led, above all else, to his downfall. As Carlyle has said: "Was not his doom stern enough—whatever wrongs he did—were they not all frightfully avenged on him?" When we reflect on the characters of the people by whom Charles was surrounded, and by whose counsel he was accustomed to act, the imperious Strafford, the intolerant Laud, his petulant Queen and the extravagant Buckingham, it becomes abundantly clear that not one of them was in any degree a safe guide for the difficult path Charles had to tread. Indeed, it has been said of Laud and Buckingham that such counsellors as they, were, of themselves, enough to ruin any prince. Some have thought that, had Buckingham possessed more balance, he might have made a great minister; but, though not wanting in ability, he proved incompetent again and again, because, full of overweening self-confidence, he would not

learn, and would not control his temper. The pride and ostentation of this spoilt favourite of James and intimate friend of Charles have been dwelt upon in the last chapter; but we must allow, in parting with him, that he had generous instincts, and that his disposition was kindly and forgiving.

One man there was, Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, "the martyr of sweetness and light," as Matthew Arnold has called him. "An ideal gentleman," though his bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible, he had a lucidity of mind and largeness of temper which, could Charles but have shared it, might have found a way out of the difficulties of the Royalist position. That, however, was not to be. I have spoken before of Lord Clarendon's gallery of portraits in his "History of the Rebellion;" and, of all the pictures drawn therein, none is finished with such loving care as that of Falkland. Soldier, statesman and author, he was one of the earliest victims of the Civil War, and died when but thirty-three, fighting in the front rank of Lord Byron's regiment. "Let us bid him farewell, not with compassion for him, and not without excuses, but in confidence and pride. Slowly, very slowly, his ideal conquers, but it conquers; in the end it will prevail, only we must have patience, the day will come when this nation shall be renewed by it. But oh! lime-trees of Taw, and quiet Oxfordshire field banks, where the first violets are even now raising their heads, how often before that day arrives for Englishmen shall your renewal be seen?"

Of Charles's two nephews, namely, Princes Rupert and Maurice, sons of Frederick Count Palatine and Elizabeth, daughter of James I., mention must be made. The proverbial rashness of Rupert in the Civil War was a constant source of disaster to the King's cause, and led to results out of all proportion to the real importance of the man. He lost Marston Moor for the King in 1644, dashing himself in vain against Cromwell and his Ironsides, and weakly surrendered Bristol in 1645. After the Restoration he served in the navy under his uncle James, then Duke of York. Prince Rupert was a scientific man of considerable attainments, especially in chemistry, and will always retain a niche in the history of English art as one of the first to practise mezzotint engraving in this country, an art which, in a comparatively short time after his death, was destined to rise to a pitch of perfection which has never been reached in other countries, and may be said to be the despair of succeeding generations of engravers, both at home

and abroad. Appended to a document in the archives of Badminton, appointing the Marquis of Worcester to an important post, is a highly characteristic signature of Rupert's, which may be commended to collectors of autographs.

"Rupert le Diable" would seem not to have been exempt from the profligacy of the day. Evelyn speaks of an illegitimate son of his, and particularises the Prince as being one of those inflamed by "fowle and indecent women (players) . . . to the ruine of both body and soule."

He has been called a fascinating failure, and "very nearly a great man." Be this as it may, who will doubt that his influence on the Stuarts was mischievous, and often disastrous, and that, as Mr. Courtney says, the Civil War ruined his reputation? When he came to this country from the Palatinate he knew something of the art of war, and he was a born soldier, at any rate a born fighter, and a brilliant cavalry officer. Moreover, he was loyal and generous in nature, but he lacked patience, insight into character, coolness of judgment, and other qualities indispensable to a successful leader. The story of his failures at Naseby, at Marston Moor, and at Bristol can be traced to the defects to which I have alluded. In person he was tall and stern of aspect, and there was an *hauteur* and imperiousness, not unmingled with shyness, which prevented both him and his brother Maurice from becoming close friends with the English nobility. Rupert, at any rate, had bitter enemies, such men as Goring and Digby for example, who prejudiced him with his uncle the King. It has been said that he was proud, melancholy and sensitive. We know that he was a staunch Protestant and faithful to his word; a student he was also. Campbell, who wrote from personal knowledge, says of this tall stern Prince Palatine that he had often heard old people in Berkshire speak in rapture about him; he was so just, so beneficent, so courteous, that his memory remained dear to all who knew him.

Prince Maurice may be said to have been eclipsed by his dashing brother.

Thus Evelyn mentions him but once, and that in the most casual way ; Pepys, I think, not at all.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, is in some respects the most attractive of the whole group of Charles's active partisans. Sir Walter Scott has left us a portrait in his "Legend of Montrose" of this resolute spirit, which should be given in the writer's own words :

"His graceful manner, expressive features, and dignity of deportment made a singular contrast with the coarseness and meanness of his dress. Montrose possessed that sort of form and face in which the beholder, at the first glance, sees nothing extraordinary, but of which the interest becomes more impressive the longer we gaze upon them. His stature was very little above the middle size, but in person he was uncommonly well built, and capable both of exercising great force and enduring much fatigue. In fact, he enjoyed a constitution of iron, without which he could not have sustained the trials of his extraordinary campaigns, through all of which he was subjected to the hardships of the meanest soldier. He was perfect in all exercises, whether peaceful or martial. His long brown hair, according to the custom of men of quality amongst the Royalists, was parted on the top of his head, and trained to hang down on each side in curled locks, one of which descended two or three inches lower than the others. The features which the tresses enclosed were of that kind which derive their interest from the character of the man rather than from the regularity of their form. But a high nose, a full, decided, well-opened, quick, grey eye, and a sanguine complexion, made amends for some coarseness and irregularity in the subordinate parts of the face ; so that, altogether, Montrose might be termed rather a handsome than a hard-featured man."

Montrose had joined the Covenanters in 1641, but, as we know, afterwards declared for the King, and won the brilliant victories of Perth and Inverlochy.

Another man of eminence who changed sides in the struggle, but whose action was diametrically opposite to that of Montrose, is Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland. The year that Montrose joined the Covenanters, Percy was High Admiral, but, being dismissed in 1642, he sided with the Parliament. Probably he found himself unable to go to the extremes to which their policy led them, as he took no part in the execution of Charles, and favoured the Restoration after the death of Cromwell.

The late Lord Aldenham possessed a miniature of Montrose which will be found to be identical in pose with the oil painting in the National Portrait Gallery, said to be copied by Henry Stone from Van Dyck. (There is another

copy of this picture by Knapton at Woburn, from the original at Cassiobury, and I believe Lord Clarendon owns another repetition.) The picture at the National Portrait Gallery gives him chestnut-coloured hair and dark hazel eyes. In Lord Aldenham's fine miniature the hair is of a different and lighter shade and the eyes less brilliant. This may, of course, be attributed somewhat to fading, although, as the miniature is largely painted in body colour, it should not have suffered much in this way.

"Elliott, Hampden, Pym, nay Ludlow, Hutchinson, Vane himself, are admitted to be kind of heroes; political conscript fathers, to whom in no small degree we owe what makes us a free England. It would not be safe for anybody to designate these men as wicked now. Far be it from me to say or insinuate a word of disparagement against such characters as Hampden, Elliot and Pym, whom I believe to have been right worthy and useful men. I have read diligently what books and documents about them I could come at, with the honestest wish to admire, to love and worship them like heroes, but with very indifferent success! At bottom, I found it would not do. They are very noble men these . . . a most constitutional, unblamable, dignified set of men. But the heart remains cold before them."

Such are the terms of faint praise in which Carlyle speaks of a group of men whom he is constrained to call "very noble," but for whom one is rather surprised to find he expresses no sort of enthusiasm. They do not stand in close personal relation to Charles, though they had much to do with his fate.

Of John Hampden, one of the most eminent of them all, "the most gracious and attractive figure," after Falkland, that the Civil War produced, one would fain say much, but his fame needs no vindication, and the following words from "British Worthies" may serve as his epitaph, "who with great spirit and consummate abilities began a noble opposition to an arbitrary court, in defence of the liberties of his country, supported them in Parliament, and died for them in the field." The calm and steadfast soul of the patriot looks out through the eyes of a beautiful portrait by Cooper which Earl Spencer owns. Like John Pym, he did not live to see the triumph of the party whose cause he espoused. Both these great men died in the year 1643, Hampden receiving his death-wound in the fatal skirmish at Chalgrove Field when he was seeking to intercept the return of Prince Rupert to Oxford.

In any account of Charles I. it is, of course, inevitable that Oliver

Cromwell should be mentioned, and it is a tribute to the greatness of the Protector that, whilst attempting to pourtray the King, the Regicide appears continually upon the mental canvas, and the Huntingdonshire farmer looms so large as to overshadow the anointed Monarch.

Less than two hundred and fifty years ago—it was June 30, 1661—Evelyn notes in his Diary that he saw the carcase of Cromwell hanged on the gallows at Tyburn, and “then buried under the fatal monument in a deepe pitt.” The year 1899 saw a bust of the Protector placed in the Palace of Westminster; a monument erected outside Westminster Hall; and an honourable place assigned to him amongst the greatest statesmen of our race. To Thomas Carlyle, perhaps more than to any other, may be given the credit of this rehabilitation of Cromwell. His lectures on Heroes appeared some years earlier than Merle D’Aubigné’s “Vindication,” and now Cromwell’s character is seen in a new light. How prophetic sound his own words contained in a letter to Norton, written a year before the King’s death: “I know God has been above all ill reports, and will in His own time vindicate me.”

In 1840 the author of “Lectures on Heroes and Hero Worship” wrote thus: “One Puritan, I think, and almost he alone, our poor Cromwell, seems to hang yet on the gibbet, and find no hearty apologist anywhere. Him neither saint nor sinner will acquit of great wickedness. A man of ability, infinite talent, courage, and so forth; but . . . a fierce, coarse, hypocritical Tartufe . . . this and worse, is the character they give of Cromwell. From of old, I will confess, this theory of Cromwell’s falsity has been incredible to me . . . no, we cannot figure Cromwell as a Falsity or a Fatuity; the longer I study him and his career, I believe this the less. Why should we? There is no evidence of it. Is it not strange that . . . there should not be one falsehood brought home to him. A prince of liars and no lie spoken by him. . . . What little we know of his earlier obscure years, distorted as it has come down to us, does it not all betoken an earnest, affectionate, sincere kind of man? . . . His successes in Parliament, his successes through the war, are honest successes of a brave man; who has more resolution in the heart of him, more light in the head of him, than other men . . . nor will his participation in the King’s death involve him in condemnation with us. It is a stern business, killing of a king . . . once at war you have made wager of a battle with him; it is he to die or else you. That such a man, with the eye to see, with a heart to dare, should advance from post to post, from victory to



The Mother of Oliver Cromwell Oliver Cromwell Richard Cromwell

victory, till he became the acknowledged Strongest Man in England, virtually the King of England, requires no magic to explain."

Compare this with the language of an avowed partisan of the Stuarts, in whose eyes Cromwell is a tragic figure. "All his life, even when in camp and court, a solitary man, he was possessed by a great passion, fierce ecstasy, fever of devotion, cool head and grim humour, austere but fervid. A fire burned beneath that plain garb and that uncomely visage. His life a failure, he built in sand and knew it. Clarendon admits he had perfect tact when elevated. A military dictatorship was a poor imitation of the city of God—a highly efficient drill sergeant and a competent cavalry officer."

Even he is fain to admit that Oliver was "a wise and just and vigorous ruler, forced to rule by the sword, with a bloody stain on his escutcheon which could not be wiped out."

Let us now turn to the man himself, his parentage and early surroundings. According to Milton, Oliver Cromwell was "*genere nobile atque illustri ortus*." "I was by birth a gentleman, living neither in any considerable height nor yet in obscurity," he told his first Parliament. He was born on the eve of the eventful seventeenth century, one year before Charles I. His mother was a Steward, but she was not connected with the Royal house. She was, "by contemporary testimony, a woman of strong character, of sterling goodness and of a simple nature." Her portrait presents a motherly form of the same type as her son's, "strong, homely, keen, with firm mouth, penetrating eyes." I reproduce Carlyle's word-picture of this notable woman: "I think always, too, of his poor mother now very old . . . a right brave woman . . . if she heard a shot go off she thought it was her son killed. He had to come to her at least once a day that she might see with her own eyes that he was yet living, the poor old mother." From his early years she was constantly at his side to love, exhort, pray for him. She lived to be ninety, and when she died he buried her royally, despite her wishes to the contrary, in Westminster Abbey, and there she lay until the Restoration, "when her bones were cast forth and thrust into a hole." The father of Oliver was Robert Cromwell, second son of Sir Henry Cromwell, Knight, of Hinchinbrook, "a gentleman of good sense and competent learning, a steadfast worthy man."

Oliver Cromwell, says one of his recent vindicators, Mr. Frederic Harrison, was "essentially a townsman, a son of a townsman, one who passed his early life in towns, but also a landowner occupied in the business of farming—the Eastern townships were then the core of a prosperous, independent, and pious

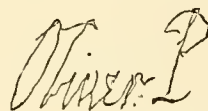
middle class, and the household of Robert Cromwell was a type of that order of life."

We need not follow him through his school- and college-days, and as to his later career, is it not written large upon the pages of history? In "Woodstock" Sir Walter Scott has drawn a highly finished portrait, coloured it may be by prejudice, but with a masterly hand:

"The figure of Oliver Cromwell was in no way prepossessing. He was of middle stature, strong and coarsely made, with harsh and severe features, indicative, however, of much natural sagacity and depth of thought. His eyes were grey—piercing; his nose too large in proportion to his other features, and of a reddish hue. His manner of speaking, when he had the purpose to make himself distinctly understood, was energetic and forcible, though neither graceful nor eloquent. No man could, on such occasions, put his meaning into fewer or more decisive words. But when he had a mind to play the orator, for the benefit of people's ears, without enlightening their understanding, Cromwell was wont to invest his meaning, or that which seemed to be his meaning, in such a mist of words, surrounding it with so many exclusions and exceptions, and fortifying it with such a labyrinth of parentheses, that though one of the most shrewd men in England, he



19th October 1651.



11th August 1657.

was, perhaps, the most unintelligible speaker that ever perplexed an audience. It was also remarked of Cromwell that, though born of good family, both by father and mother, although he had the usual opportunities of education and breeding connected with such an advantage, the fanatic, democratic ruler could never acquire, or else disdained to practise, the courtesies usually exercised among the higher classes in their intercourse with each other. His demeanour was so blunt as sometimes might be termed clownish, yet there was in his language and manner a force and energy corresponding to his character which impressed awe, even if it did not impose respect; and there were even times when that dark and subtle spirit expanded itself, so as almost to conciliate affection. The turn for humour, which displayed itself by fits, was broad, and of a low and sometimes practical character. Something there was in his disposition congenial to that of his countrymen;

a contempt of folly, a hatred of affectation, and a dislike of ceremony, which, joined to the strong intrinsic qualities of sense and courage, made him in many respects not an unfit representative of the democracy of England."

Compare the foregoing with Carlyle's reading of the man: "I have marked," says he, "Mr. Cromwell as a choleric man. Indeed, his face speaks it. Look at that mouth, at those wild, deep grey eyes, at that wart on the brow, at that massive nose, not beautiful, nor yet, in spite of calumnies, ugly . . . a troublous, dark face, full of sorrow, full of confused energy and nobleness. I regret much that it is not of a Grecian ideal structure, the facial angle is not that of Mars, or the Phidian Thunderer! What a pity not! It is the weary workday face of an Englishman, not the holiday exhibition of a Greek, or other Jupiter (a mixture of the lion and the mastiff, say physiognomists). Mr. Cromwell, it must be added, is given to weeping; incredible as it may seem. I have seen that stern face dissolved in very tears like a girl's. For this is withal a most loving man; who knows what tremulous thrillings, wild pangs of fear and sorrow, burstings of woe and pity, dwell in such a soul . . . a man not beautiful to look upon, grew other than comely. O ye daughters of England, happily, happily he is not bound; can without penalty suffer himself to continue ugly—ugly, and yet that is not the word. Look in those strange, deep, troubled eyes of his, with their look of never-resting, wearied thought-struggle, with their wild, murky sorrow and depth, on the whole wild face of him, and a kind of murky chaos; almost a fright to weak nerves . . . the chaos is indeed deep and black, yet with morning beams of beautifullest creation peering through it . . . he is epic, still living.

"Hail to thee, thou strong one! Hail to thee across the long-drawn funeral aisle and night of Time! Two dead centuries with all that they have born and buried, part us; and it is far to speak together: how diverse are our centuries, most diverse, yet our Eternity is the same; and a kinship unites us which is much deeper than Death and Time. Hail! to thee, thou strong one, for thou art ours, and I, at least, mean to call thee so."

Leaving these graphic word-pictures of Cromwell, we remark of the painted portraits that one of the most famous is the drawing in the house of the Master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Samuel Cooper's miniatures of the Protector are numerous, and seem to have been preferred by the Cromwell family, several members of whom he painted—*e.g.*, the daughter, Bridget, who married Ireton and afterwards Fleetwood. I know

of three of Oliver's favourite daughter Elizabeth (Mrs. Claypole), and of several of his easy-going son Richard, with his weak face; perhaps the best being that in the collection of Mr. Charles Butler, which is here given. Richard Cromwell, who preferred the life of a country gentleman to that of his father's puritanical court, though he assumed the title of Lord Protector, soon let drop the reins of power from his nerveless hands. It is, indeed, remarkable how in two short years the whole fabric of his father's system fell shattered to the ground. Oliver's vigorous foreign policy proved more lasting in its results, and is, no doubt, justly extolled, but topics such as these pertain to politics, and have little to do with the subject of this work.

In the ducal collections at Stafford, Devonshire, and Montagu Houses, are unrivalled drawings of Oliver Cromwell by Cooper. The Duke of Buccleuch's example is one of the finest miniatures extant.

Those who wish to pursue the subject of portraits of Cromwell further will find it copiously dealt with in Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Cromwell," from which valuable and appreciative work I append a few remarks about a somewhat gruesome relic which has excited a good deal of controversy, viz., the embalmed head, fixed on a halberd point, said to have been blown off the door of Westminster Hall, which passed into the possession of Mr. Horace Wilkinson. According to Mr. Harrison, no certain history of it can be given. Some competent judges have, on physical grounds, believed it to be genuine, and it does not seem to disagree with any single feature in the authentic portraits. It is not a skull, but a head which has been thoroughly embalmed; severed, after embalming, from the body, and encrusted upon an ancient spear-point. It is said to have been secured by a descendant of the Protector from the soldier who was on guard when it fell from the gateway of Westminster Hall, whereon Pepys described it as hanging. But it adds nothing fresh to our knowledge, and from the nature of the case it could give us no help in recalling the likeness. The Cromwellian portraits and relics, genuine and spurious, are altogether infinite, and even about the genuine alone a volume might be written.

But we must return to the Stuarts.

From the "evening of a very stormy and tempestuous day," when Charles raised the Royal Standard at Nottingham on August 23, 1642, to the bitter January morning in 1649 when he laid down his life upon a scaffold outside the banqueting house of his own palace of Whitehall, is a brief space in the history of a nation; but it is a period so crowded with

battles, sieges, and events of the first political magnitude that I need offer no apology for not dealing with them in these pages. The expiring throes of feudalism in England possess indeed an absorbing interest, but the climax of all, the execution of the monarch who paid in his own person the penalty of the last assertion of the divine right of kings, comes within the scope of this book.

A great deal is laid to the charge of the two Charleses on the score of ingratitude. The elder one is accused of fickleness and of want of resolution. The latter indictment is probably only too true, and was attended by the most fatal consequences. But is it proved that he always deserted his friends, except when compelled, as it were, by *force majeure*? The terrible strain of the circumstances preceding, leading up to and attending the Civil War, were too much for a man of his character. He gave way, as we all know, and his adherents, men like Strafford and Laud, were the first to suffer, but the blows fell afterwards with redoubled force upon himself. It is a truism to say that when Charles sacrificed Wentworth he signed his own death warrant. But was his treatment of Worcester ingratitude pure and simple, still more absolute falseness? Circumstances were, as I have said, too much for him, and he never had an opportunity of carrying out his promises; how warmly he could express his sense of gratitude for eminent services may be seen by the beautiful autograph letter which I give, on the following page, from the Badminton MSS.

The case of Charles II. is different, and is wholly indefensible. When he came to the throne the period of storm and stress was over; not only so, he had ample leisure, and might have found many opportunities of rewarding his friends and requiting their unparalleled sacrifices. How he behaved is notorious. He squandered his money upon abandoned and designing women. These considerations are suggested by the remarkable claim preserved in the muniment room at Badminton, in which the author of "A Century of Inventions" sets forth the indebtedness of his Royal master to the extent of what would amount in these days to over three millions of money.

The document seems conclusive, even if large deductions for exaggerated claims be allowed, moreover it throws light upon the times, and it shows circumstantially the nature of the sacrifices, and how they were made. It gives us, as it were, chapter and verse of the way in which Charles II. treated his father's staunch, devoted, and self-sacrificing follower.

Returning to the story of that father, the patience and dignity displayed

Worcester I am so sensible of the grate affection, which you & your sonne have exprest unto me by eminent services, & of the manner hee may have of doing me more, in that way wherein hee is now engagenge himselfe, that I can not chuse before his goinge but expresse unto you in a very particular manner the value I have of you both, & to assure you, that if god bless me, I will not bee behinde hand with either of you. In the meane time findinge your sonne so much more deservous that there shoulde bee placed upon you, some marke of my favour rather then upon himselfe, I have thought fit to let you knowe that as soone as I shall conferre the order of the Garter upon any you shall receive it as a testimonie of my beinge.

Luscard the 2^d August.

Your assured constant freinde
Charles R

by Charles I. in the closing days of his career are universally admitted. It is indeed true to say that "he nothing common did or mean, upon that memorable scene." Sir Thomas Herbert, who, as Groom of the Chambers, attended the King upon the last night of his life at St. James' Palace, and followed him to Whitehall the next morning, has left a simple and deeply pathetic account which, familiar though it may be to many readers, is too valuable to be omitted altogether. He relates that Charles, having risen, said: "Herbert, this is my second marriage day, I would be as trim to-day as may be, for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus." Then, pointing out the clothes that he would wear, the King added: "Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary, by reason the season is so sharp, as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation. I fear not death. Death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepared."

As to the sharpness of the season of which the Royal martyr speaks, it may be noted that the cold was so intense that the Thames was partly, if not wholly, frozen over.

There has been a good deal of uncertainty about these shirts and, as there are disputed claims with regard to their authenticity, a short account of those known to me may not be out of place. One with an undoubted pedigree is that preserved by the Earl of Ashburnham, who also possesses other memorials, such as the sheet used to cover Charles's body after his beheading, his drawers and garters. These were shown at the Stuart Exhibition (No. 370). They have descended direct to the present owner, whose ancestor, John Ashburnham, was Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles. A portrait of this personal attendant of the King was shown at the Stuart Exhibition. The above-mentioned relics were given by Mr. Ashburnham to the parish church and people of Ashburnham, and as late as the nineteenth century people were wont to come and to touch these objects for cure of the King's Evil. A history of the clothes will be found in the Sussex Archæological Collection (Vol. 36). There was a watch also, preserved in a gold external case. The church having been broken into, the relics were removed to Ashburnham Place. A second shirt, as to which, I believe, no doubt exists, is that belonging to Mr. Bewicke Blackburn. This was shown at the Stuart Exhibition (No. 373), where the last-named owner also exhibited linen probably used at the christening of Charles at Dunfermline, *e.g.*, forehead cloths, bibs, mittens, and so forth. These objects, and the shirt above mentioned, were preserved by Elizabeth Coventry, eldest daughter of Thomas

Coventry, Lord Keeper, who regarded Charles as a martyr. From her they have descended to the present possessor in an unbroken line of owners, as enumerated in documents preserved by his family.

At Badminton the Duke of Beaufort preserves another shirt of Charles's, of linen, frilled with damask work, an heirloom of the Somerset family, whose close connection with Charles I. in the time of his troubles I have already alluded to. There remains yet another shirt, which is perhaps more correctly described as a vest. In "The Secret History of Whitehall" it is stated that the Bishop (Juxon) put on his (the King's) nightcap and unclothed him to his sky-blue vest. The garment, here figured, is a beautiful specimen of weaver's work, and is of finely woven silk formed into diamond and other patterns. It measures 32 inches in length, $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches under the armpits, 64 inches from wrist to wrist, and $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches round the neck, and has the remains of large stains, apparently of blood, on it. Its history is as follows: After the execution of the King it was removed from his body by his physician, Dr. Hobbes, who carefully preserved this relic of his Royal master; from him it passed to his daughter Susannah, who married Temple Stanger, of Rawlins, Oxfordshire; from her it descended to Temple Hardy, and from him to his kinsman Admiral d'Aeth, of Knowlton Court, Kent, who died in 1873; it then became the property of his son, Mr. Narborough d'Aeth, who died in 1886, and passed to the eldest son of the latter, Captain L. N. B. d'Aeth, who sold it by auction at Mr. Stevens's rooms on November 8, 1898, when it was purchased by Mr. Ernest A. Brocklehurst, after a very spirited competition, for 200 guineas. The last-named owner died recently, when it again found its way into the same auction room, and this time was purchased for exactly the same sum by Mr. Berney Ficklin, of Tasburgh Hall, Norfolk, by whose courtesy I have been able to examine and describe it.

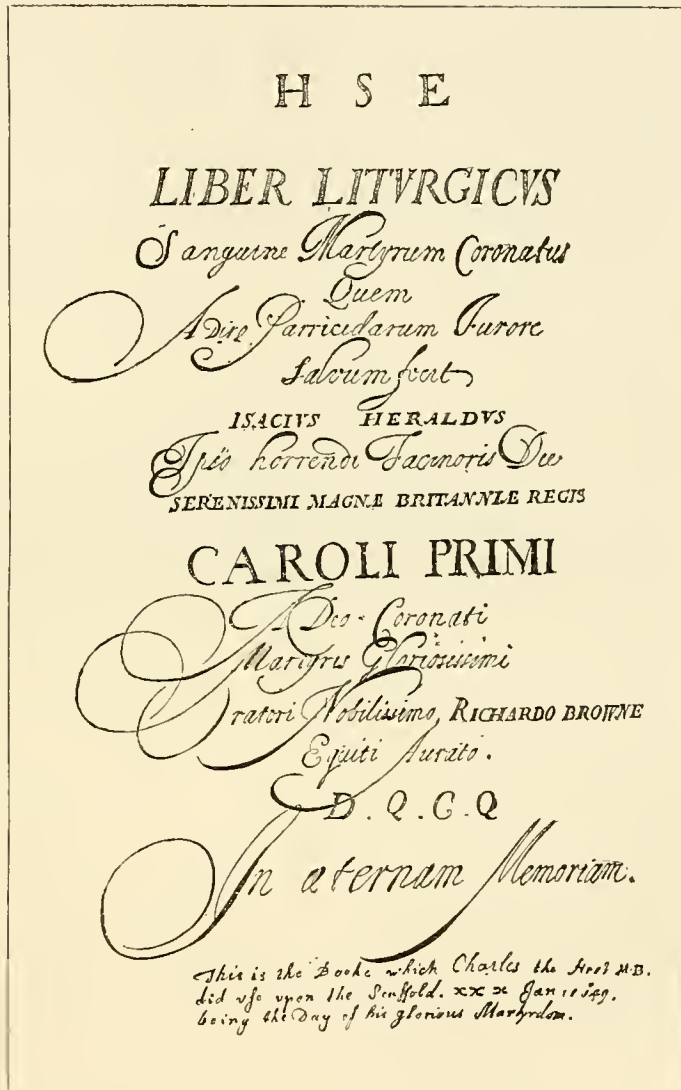
Whilst the pages of the first edition of this work were passing through the press, a very curious and interesting circumstance came to light with reference to this shirt. At Hitchin Priory there hangs a portrait of Charles I. by Van Dyck which has been the property of the Delmé Radcliffe family for many generations. In the frame of this picture is mounted a blue silk button; and manuscript is preserved, in a handwriting which obtained about 1680, recording how a certain Mr. James Tucker cut this button from the waistcoat in which King Charles was beheaded. Mr. Berney Ficklin's vest has a button wanting, and Mr. Francis Delmé Radcliffe, having compared the garment with the button he possesses, has not the slightest doubt that it is the missing button, and that the authenticity of both are thereby clearly proved.



Relics of Charles I. are not only numerous but most diverse in their nature, and embrace objects of all sorts, from the elaborate suit of tilting armour—which is at Windsor—down to the garters which he wore; from the Onyx George, also at Windsor, down to the warming-pan with a history, which now belongs to Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane. Not the least interesting of Charles's belongings is the Prayer-book, which is preserved at Wootton, undoubtedly used by the King on the last day of his life. John Evelyn got it from his father-in-law, and I am indebted to its present owner, Mr. W. J. Evelyn, for a facsimile of the inscription on the page facing the title, and a description of the book. In the handwriting of John Evelyn

are the following words: "This is the book which Charles the First M.B. did use upon the scaffold XXX January 1649, being the day of his glorious Martyrdom." It was printed by Barker in 1638, is bound in old brown calf, measures twelve inches by nine, and has the Royal arms emblazoned upon it.

There are other things connected with the last hours of Charles; for example, a lace collar, which he is said to have worn on the morning of his execution. This belongs to George Soames, Esq., it measures fifteen inches by six and is old English point. Mr. Soames also possesses a cap



in "tambour" work, with roses, shamrocks, and thistles closely embroidered, this measures twenty-two inches round, and is in admirable preservation. It is interesting to observe that in the print of the execution, after Sir Godfrey Kneller, the King is wearing a cap very like this in appearance; and Lord Bagot owns a skull cap embroidered with gold on crimson silk which the King sent to Colonel Salisbury just before his death. Mention must be made of the pattern five broad piece which was presented to Bishop Juxon on the scaffold just before the execution. This remarkable coin bears the head of Charles I. and his titles on the obverse, and the Royal shield with the motto *florent concordia regna*, on the reverse. It formerly belonged to the Rev. James Commeline of Cambridge, a collateral descendant of the Bishop. From him it passed successively through the possession of Lt.-Col. John Drummond, Mr. Edward Wigan, Mr. S. Addington and Mr. H. Montagu. In November 1896 it was sold at Sotheby's, and Messrs. Spink and Son bought it for the record price of £770; it is now, I believe, in the British Museum. Another coin, or rather a portion of one, is the half of a gold piece of Charles I., struck in 1638, which belongs to the Duke of Beaufort, and has a romantic legendary history. It has long been preserved in the family, and is recorded to have been one which the King broke in two, retaining one half for himself and giving the other to Henrietta Maria. Charles, as is well known, spent a good deal of time at Raglan Castle, whence this coin is said to have been brought.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany owns a beautiful commemorative piece of great rarity, as will be seen by the following account, addressed to the late Duke of Albany by the former owner, which I am permitted to print. "I am told this medal is one of twelve which were struck after the decapitation of Charles I. of England. Ten of them are said to have been of silver, and two (one of which is the enclosed) are of gold. Desirable that this historical memento should not be left in a foreign land, I have asked Lady Ely to offer it to his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, along with the respectful feelings of sincere regard of Gertrude, Countess Baldelli, April 24th, 1879, Florence."

There remains yet another relic, which the Duke of Portland kindly allowed me to reproduce, and I gave it in the *édition de luxe* of this work; it is amongst the most interesting of them all, being the cup out of which Charles is reputed to have partaken of the Communion at the hands of Bishop Juxon, on the morning of his execution. It bears the arms of Sir

Henry Hene, Bart., of Wingfield, Berkshire, or, as it says on the inscription, Dorking, at whose house Bishop Juxon was stopping at the time. On the base of the chalice is inscribed: "Charles I. received the Communion in this boule; on Tuseday the 30th of Janiary, 1649, beeing the day in which he was murdered." It is hall-marked London, 1629 to 30, and stands about nine inches high. The maker's mark is well known. It occurs upon the communion plate of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and on a flagon dated 1625-6 in the Church of St. Thomas at Bristol. I believe the Earl of Crewe owns the plate used on the same occasion. Speaking of Bishop Juxon, it may be noted that the Duke of St. Albans possesses a gold ring with a portrait of Charles, which was given to the Bishop by his Royal master just before his (the King's) execution.

The number of memorial portraits and mourning rings of Charles I. is especially observable. The portrait in his own hair dipped in his blood upon the scaffold is not the least remarkable. I believe it is preserved in the Shelley family. Scarcely inferior in high romantic interest to this, is the ring with a portrait of Charles taken from the dead hand of the King's standard bearer—a Verney—which is still in the Verney family.

In the collection of the Earl of Essex is a piece of the pall that covered the coffin when it was taken (1649) to be interred at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. It was of black velvet, and it is noteworthy that "when the body was brought out of St. George's Hall, the sky was serene and clear, but presently it began to snow, and fell so fast as by the time they came to the west end of the Royal Chapel, the black velvet pall was all white ('the colour of innocency'), so went the White King to his grave." When the Royal vault was opened to admit the body of an infant of Queen Anne, the coffin of Charles was seen, covered with a black pall, which was still there in 1813.

An account of the opening of the tomb of Charles by order of the Prince Regent in 1813 was written by Sir Henry Halford; the coffin was found in a vault in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, between that of Henry VIII. and one of his Queens. The head was enveloped in cere cloth; when unwrapped it was found well preserved, excepting the nose, which had perished. It bears a strong resemblance to the portraits of the King taken by Van Dyck, as will be seen by the illustration which I am able to give, taken from the drawing made by Sir Henry Halford. The Earl of Ashburnham has a locket containing a portion of the beard obtained at this time, and

Mr. Barclay Squire has another. The Duke of Beaufort possesses not only some of the hair, but a piece of the coffin.

It is stated that one of the medical men present at the investigation was in possession of one of the severed vertebræ of the King, and that he sometimes would exhibit it after dinner.



A caricature was published in 1813 in which the Prince Regent was represented as standing in the vault in a great state of fright, as Henry and Charles are sitting up and upbraiding him for disturbing their rest. Some of the papers of the time state that a gold circlet and several valuable jewels were found in the coffin. Sir Henry Halford's account, to which I have already referred, makes no mention of this.

As to the portraits of Charles, there is the closest similarity between all of those that I am acquainted with, excepting, perhaps, that by Petitot, in the Baroness Burdett Coutts's collection, which is certainly more *débonnaire* than any of the others. The rest are marked by the same dignified mien with which Van Dyck has made us familiar, admirably shown in the superb picture of the King in armour, which is owned by the Duke of Norfolk, and forms a frontispiece to this work. A certain grave sweetness seems characteristic of him even as a boy, as may be seen in the fine picture which is at Welbeck representing him as such, and also here reproduced; the same thing is noticeable again in the Windsor miniature of him by Alexander Cooper—the finest

example of that artist that I have ever seen: (it will be remembered this painter was elder brother to Samuel Cooper). This gravity of demeanour is especially observable in the very fine picture of the King and his son James, Duke of York, now at Syon, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland. The well-known picture with three heads, from Windsor, was painted to assist Bernini the sculptor, then in Rome, in making a bust; the statue has since been lost.

Finally, mention may be made of an engraving by P. Lombart, after Van Dyck, of Charles on horseback, in a suit of tilting armour, attended by a page carrying his helmet. Cavalry are shown fighting in the background.

The various "states" of this subject present an entertaining example of the manner in which the publishers of plates were wont to follow the political changes of their time. There are five different "states" of the work possessed by the British Museum, according to the authorities of the Print Room; in the first the head is quite blank, the face having clearly been taken out (or so it looks to me). In the second, a face with long hair is etched in; it is doubtful for whom this is intended: some have thought it was the commencement of a portrait of Louis XIV., but, for whomsoever it was meant, it is left unfinished. In the third stage, we have Cromwell, with his coat of arms engraved, and an eulogistic Latin inscription at the foot, to suit the Commonwealth market. Charles does not appear at all as yet, although the original was obviously intended for the Monarch (whose figure is retained throughout), and not for the Usurper. The fourth "state" represents the King; Carolus I., Dei Gratia, and *his* arms are introduced; and in the fifth, Charles has disappeared, and an older Cromwell, wearing a lace collar of another pattern, takes his place—arms and inscription are replaced, as before, and the page has by this time grown a slight moustache. The plates are variously inscribed Wandych, Van Dick, and Wandeck. The figure in the first "state" bears a sash across the breast—in later impressions it is put around the waist. I could give, did space permit, a number of such changes, some curious, for example—King Christian made into Oliver Cromwell, and Elizabeth on her throne in Parliament into James I.; Faithorne's plate of Cromwell, standing between two pillars, made into William III.; and, perhaps still more ingenious, Incledon the singer as Captain Macheath, changed into Greenacre the murderer in Newgate!

Henrietta seems to have been painted almost as frequently as Charles, which is saying a good deal; the beautiful Van Dyck at Syon, in which an

angel is about to place the crown upon her head, may be taken as a typical portrait by the Court painter. The picture of her as an old woman, which is owned by Mrs. Alfred Morrison, and was painted by Claude le Fevre, is pathetic in the extreme; it seems to bear the impress of all the troubles of the Rebellion. Her autograph, which I gave from a letter preserved at Badminton, is most characteristic, and will be examined with interest. The quaint print of her on horseback, by H. David, should not be overlooked.

Of the children of Henrietta and Charles there remains to be mentioned the youngest, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, born at Oatlands in 1640. He died of smallpox a few months after the Restoration in 1660, and Pepys records seeing his body taken by water for burial at Westminster. Portraits of him are not common, and are marked by a melancholy type of feature, which may be termed hereditary. The King possesses one of him as a child by Van Dyck. It is a full length, and he is standing in a landscape. He was a youth of great promise. In Sir Thomas Herbert's memorials there is a pathetic account of the parting of the young Duke Henry and his sister Elizabeth with King Charles the night before his execution. And to him, we, who in these pages have followed his fortunes from the cradle at Dunfermline to the scaffold at Whitehall, we too must say—farewell.

CHAPTER XII

CHARLES II



THE story of the early years of Charles II., passed in idleness on the Continent, is as unexciting to the reader as the time was unprofitable to the Royal exile.

The following letter, written from Cologne, where, according to Clarendon, Charles and the Princess Royal stayed for above two years, gives some idea of the occupations of Charles during his youth abroad.

COLLEN, *Aug.* 6.

"Madame,

"I am just now begining this Letter in my Sisters Chamber, wher ther is such a noise that I never hope to end it, and much lesse write sence. For what concernes my sisters journey and the accidents that happened on the way, I leave to her to give your Maty. an account of. I shall only tell your Maty. that we are now thinking how to passe our time; and in the first place of danceing, in which we find to difficultyes, the one for want of the fidelers, the other for some body both to teach and assist at the danceing the new Dances: and I have gott my sister to send for Silvius as one that is able to performe both: for the fideldedies my Ld. Taafe does promise to be there convoy, and in the meane time we must contente our selves with those that makes no difference betweene a himme and a coranto. I have now receaved my Sisters pickture that my deare cousin the Princess Louise was pleased to draw, and do desire your Maty. thank her for me, for tis a most excellent pickture, which is all I can say at present, but that I am,

"Madame,

"Your Maties. most

"humble and most affectionate

"nephew and servant

"To the Queen of Bohemia,

"CHARLES R."

"my deerest Aunte."

When Charles arrived at the age of twenty-one, he sought, as we all know, the aid of the Scotch; but in 1651, the time we have now arrived at, the southern part of Scotland, including Edinburgh, was in the hands of Cromwell, who had defeated the Scotch at Dunbar; hence Charles could not be crowned at Holyrood, as his father had been, and Scone—with its immemorial associations of the crowning of kings—was chosen as the place where the ceremony should be performed. Here, on New Year's Day, attended by numerous Scottish Peers—some in robes and some without—Charles appeared in the Palace of Scone, attired in "a princely robe of crimson velvet," and took part in a procession on foot under a canopy of crimson velvet, the six poles of which were held by six eldest sons of Scottish Peers. The King declared, and assured by solemn oath, his approbation of the National League and Covenant. Then followed many of the ceremonies with which the Coronation of King Edward VII. has made us familiar—the curious will find them detailed in a contemporary pamphlet printed at Aberdeen by James Brown. This was the last Coronation which took place in Scotland.

The most interesting period of the life of Charles II. is unquestionably that which followed after his flight from Worcester, and at no time in his chequered career does he appear to such advantage. It is a record of hardships endured, of daring, of devotion shown to him, and of hair-breadth escapes of all concerned. I am well aware the story has often been told, nevertheless it is so remarkable in itself, it is so entirely germane to the subject of this book, and it has of late gained additional and fresh interest from the identification of places—particularly in Dorset, wherein the fugitives rested, as will be seen further on—that I make no further apologies for giving some particulars of it.

"The cool and resolute spirit inherited from his father, which showed itself during the most hopeless crisis of the engagement (at Worcester) was alike conspicuous in the circumstances of the flight, and was united with a presence of mind equally distinct from over-caution and temerity, nor does that easy good humour, which was one of his best traits, and sat more gracefully upon him than on his grandfather, ever appear to have forsaken him when most pressed by adverse fortune."

"The romantic associations suggested by Highland names and scenery, together with the daring nature of the enterprise terminated by the battle of Culloden, have impressed the escape of the Chevalier more strongly on the imagination than the events of Boscobel, but neither in the merit of



Charles II as a Boy

the principal characters concerned, nor the imminent nature of the dangers incurred, can it claim the precedence. The resource, presence of mind, and high personal character of the beautiful Miss Jane Lane (as her best authenticated portrait, here given, shows her to have been) may fully challenge a parallel with the more poetic name of Flora Macdonald. Nor do the sturdy brotherhood of Penderel, bold and staunch to a man, who staked their homesteads and families as well as their lives on the event of their Royal service, lose by comparison with the Caterans of the Cave of Corambian, who, as old Hugh of Chisholme frankly allowed, were outlawed men, and could make no use of the reward offered."

With all their faults the Stuarts seem to have had the faculty of exciting and retaining the strongest feelings of loyalty to their persons, and the fact that a thousand pounds was offered in vain for the capture of Charles after Worcester is a striking instance of the truth of this assertion. In the proclamation which was then issued he is described as a tall man above two yards high, his hair a deep brown, near to black. Charles was never tired of relating what befell him before he got safely away into France, and he told the tale remarkably well, for, if he was the worst of kings, he was the pleasantest of companions, and full of an unaffected good humour and familiarity with his subjects. The "miraculous escape" has been described in the principal actor's own words, and in the Boscobel Tracts the reader will find an account dictated by the King himself to Mr. Pepys at Newmarket in 1680.

Samuel Pepys relates that when he went with the Earl of Sandwich to escort Charles and various members of the Stuart family, then in exile in Holland, back to England, the King had no sooner got on board ship than he began a narrative of his adventures after Worcester. In those exciting times there was no toying with spaniels and with women, as at Whitehall in after days, no sauntering, as in Birdcage Walk after the Restoration. September 3, 1651, was as "stiff a contest" as ever Cromwell had seen, and when Charles came down from the tower of Worcester Cathedral, whence he had watched the fight begin, he had quickly to fly for his life. Accompanied by Buckingham, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Derby, and Cleveland, Lord Wilmot, and between fifty and sixty horsemen, he left Worcester about six in the evening, with the idea of escaping to Scotland. As darkness came on, their guide lost his way, and at Kinver Heath, a few miles from Kidderminster, the party halted.

Charles was now anxious for rest, being overcome with fatigue, and was therefore taken to a well-secluded dwelling belonging to Mrs. Cotton, on the borders of Staffordshire and Shropshire, known as Boscobel House. At that time it was inhabited by a man of humble birth named William Penderel and his wife. In the dead of night the fugitives passed safely through Stourbridge, though the town contained a party of Parliamentary horse. A little beyond it, Charles broke his fast with a piece of bread obtained from a cottage. Twenty-six miles from Worcester, and within half a mile of Boscobel, stood "White Ladies," so called from its having been formerly a monastery of Cistercian nuns. As the dawn drew near, the King's horse was led into the hall for the sake of safety, and George Penderel, a servant of the family, was roused from his bed, whilst Richard hurried to obtain a suit of clothes for the King, who was stripped of his military clothes and attired in a woodman's dress of a "noggen" coarse shirt, green suit and leather doublet. Soot from the chimney was rubbed on his face and hands. Lord Wilmot and the King then departed for the house of Mr. Whitgreave, in the neighbourhood. Within half an hour a troop of horse under the Parliamentary Colonel visited the house. The fugitive lords and some forty horsemen marched northwards in the hope of overtaking or meeting General Leslie with the main body of Scotch horse.

Near Newport the enemy surrounded them, Buckingham, Talbot, and Livingstone escaped, but Derby, Cleveland, and Lauderdale were captured. Derby was beheaded at Bolton, and Lauderdale imprisoned for many years. The King, having been given a wood-bill, was concealed in Spring Coppice, where he remained all day, seated on a blanket, while rain fell in torrents. He was determined, with Richard Penderel as his companion, to cross the Severn, where a Catholic named Woolf lived at Madely, near the river. They reached his house at midnight, and were hospitably regaled. The wanderers spent the day among some straw, and at night Mrs. Woolf brought them food and stained Charles's hands and face with walnut juice. Being unable to cross the Severn, they returned to White Ladies on foot. At John Penderel's house they learned that Careless was hiding in the neighbourhood. It was to this Colonel Careless that Charles chiefly owed his ultimate arrival in France. His name was afterwards changed to Carlos in commemoration of his share in the escape. Charles's feet were very much galled by the journey to Madely, and his shoes and socks being full of stones and gravel, his feet were washed, and his shoes dried by placing hot embers in

them. Taking provisions with them, Charles and Careless remained a whole day in a thick oak-tree while soldiers passed by underneath. The night was spent in "the priest's hole" in Boscobel House, and the next day in the garden. Penderel had stolen and brought home on his back a sheep, a leg of which was cut into slices and fried for dinner. At nightfall, Charles proceeded on a mill horse of Humphrey Penderel's towards Mosely, where Lord Wilmot was hidden. In the field where he was to meet Wilmot, the King found only Mr. Whitgreave (his future host) and Father John Huddleston, a Catholic priest, who afterwards administered extreme unction to him while he lay dying at Whitehall. Wilmot had retired again to the priest's hole at Mosely. Whitgreave, not expecting the King, took him for a fugitive cavalier, and the night being dark and rain falling heavily, he did not know, until entering the house, that it was Charles himself. The King's dress at this time consisted of "a leathern doublet with pewter buttons, a pair of old green breeches and a coat of the same green, a pair of his own stockings with the tops cut off, because embroidered, and a pair of stirrup stockings which were lent him at Madely, a pair of old shoes, cut and slashed to ease his feet, an old grey greasy hat without any lining, a nogggen shirt of the coarsest linen. His face and hands were made of a reechy complexion by the help of the walnut-tree leaves." Some one had inserted paper between his toes to prevent them from galling, which, however, had the opposite effect; the dirty tattered handkerchief he used when his nose bled was long preserved by a Mrs. Braythwayte as a charm against the King's Evil. The day after Charles left it, Boscobel was searched by the Parliamentary soldiers, and Mosely was visited while he was actually there. After this he went to the house of Colonel Lane at Bentley. Colonel Lane's project was to convey the King to Bristol (one hundred miles distant), whence Charles hoped to escape to the Continent. Miss Jane Lane, the Colonel's sister, had recently obtained a Parliamentary pass for herself and one male attendant to visit her friend Mrs. Norton of Abbot's Leigh near Bristol.

The portrait figured in this work of the handsome and intrepid lady to whom Charles owed so much, and whom, there is evidence, he held in deep respect, is taken from an original, belonging to her descendant, Mr. H. Lane, which still hangs at Bentley Manor. There was a picture of her by Mary Beale, which was in the Fountaine Collection, shown at the National Portrait Exhibition in 1866. The Earl of Sandwich possesses another at Hinchinbrook, painted by Lely, I believe, and there is a charming work by an

unknown artist, representing her holding a crown in her right hand, which is at Packington Hall, and belongs to the Earl of Aylesford. It may have got there through her marriage with Sir Clement Fisher, Baronet, of that place.

To return to the fugitives. The scheme determined upon was to transform the woodman of Boscobel into William Jackson, the son of a neighbouring tenant, and this was successfully carried out, largely through the coolness of Charles, who profited by some lessons given him by Colonel Lane in the behaviour expected from a serving man. Accordingly, on Wednesday, September 10, the party set forth. It consisted of Miss Jane Lane, her aunt, Mrs. Petre, a royalist officer named Lascelles, and the King. Colonel Lane and Lord Wilmot with spaniels and hawks rode near at hand. They intended to sleep at Packington Hall, but Miss Lane's horse cast a shoe before they had gone two hours, and the King had to see it replaced, and here we have a striking instance of his presence of mind, for at the forge he discussed with the smith the chances of capturing "that rogue Charles Stuart." Arriving within two or three miles of Stratford, they saw at Wotton a troop of Parliamentary cavalry, halted to refresh their horses. Charles rode right through them.

Parting with Mr. and Mrs. Petre, the party slept four miles beyond Stratford, at the house of Mr. Tombs, Long Marston. Here the King distinguished himself by his awkwardness in winding up the jack, and was taken to task by the cook. Travelling by way of Camden, the next day they slept at Cirencester. By Friday evening they had arrived three miles beyond Bristol, at Abbot's Leigh, the residence of Mr. Norton. There they remained three or four days, Charles securing privacy under pretext of recovering from an ague. Finding there was no chance of a safe embarkation from Bristol, they determined to make Trent House in Somerset, the seat of Colonel Wyndham, their next asylum, and accordingly set out on the 16th. That night they slept at Castle Carey, and the following day arrived at Trent. Here the King lay hid for several days. At length Colonel Wyndham went to a little Dorset port, Lyme Regis, to consult a trusty friend, one Captain Ellesdon. Through his means a bargain was made with one Limbry, the master of a coasting vessel, that he should, for the sum of £60, convey by night a party of three or four Royalists from Charmouth to France.

With Colonel Wyndham as guide, Charles left Trent on the morning of September 22, riding "a double horse" before Juliana Coningsby.



Miss Jane Lane

Accompanied by Lord Wilmot and the faithful manservant Peter, they went to Ellesdon, a lonely farm in the hills, distant about a mile and a half from Lyme and Charmouth, belonging to a brother of Captain Ellesdon, who had been a royalist officer, and was known to and trusted by Wyndham, of whom mention has already been made. It is satisfactory to know that a marble slab recording their visit has been erected by public subscription at this place.

In the evening of the same day he went to a blind inn at Charmouth called the Queen's Head, and now the manse of the Congregational Church which has existed there since the end of the seventeenth century. This house also is marked by a tablet placed thereon by public subscription. Much information has been gleaned from the Registers of Charmouth and Lyme about the minor personages in this dramatic story, but space does not permit of our doing more than mention the fact.

At Charmouth, Lord Wilmot waited all night on the beach ; in the little village inn the rest of the party sat up all night in suspense, and to no avail, for the wife of Limbry clearly suspected there was something in the wind. She may have seen or heard at Lyme Regis Fair of the Proclamation offering a thousand pounds "for the discovery and apprehending of Charls Stuart and other traytors his adherents and abettors." At any rate, when Limbry went home for his sea-chest she asked him "Why he would go to sea, having no goods abroad," and finally made him a prisoner in his own house by locking him in the bedroom, where, rather than rouse a commotion which might have led to unpleasant discoveries, the captain remained till morning, and when he crept out his wife and two daughters dogged his footsteps as he went to the beach.

The Royal party, tired of waiting, and despairing of getting away from Charmouth, went on towards Bridport, and here the King had perhaps his narrowest escape of all, for the port of Lyme was full of people attracted there by a fair, and the headquarters of a detachment of Republicans were at "Burport," as Charles calls it. "The streets were full of redcoats," he says, "being a regiment of 1500 men going to embark to take Jersey." When Colonel Wyndham saw the Roundhead troops he began to despair, but Charles's courage never failed. He rode straight into the yard of the principal inn (now transformed into a chemist's shop), "pushing his way with the horses and portmanteau among the crowd of surly troopers who obstructed his entrance to the

stable." Here the ostler startled him by saying, "Sure sir, I know your face?" to which Charles replied by asking where he had lived; it proved the man was born in Exeter, "and had been ostler in an inn there, hard by one Mr. Potter's, a merchant, in whose house the King had lain all the time of the war." Charles had a ready reply. "Friend," said he, "certainly you have seen me then at Mr. Potter's, for I served him above a year." "Oh," says the ostler, "then I remember you a boy there," and desired to drink a pot of beer with the King for "auld lang syne."

After dinner they rode out of the town as if they had gone upon the road towards London, and there happened what Fuller calls "a miraculous divergence," for about a mile to the east of Bridport, at Lea Lane, Bradpole, Charles turned off the main road to Dorchester and London, and thus escaped his pursuers, under Captain Macy, who were hot on his track from Charmouth, where mischief had been brewing. The spot where he thus probably saved his life has, through the public spirit of a near resident (Mr. A. Broadley), been marked by a large block of Bothenhampton stone, the face of which bears the following apt inscription :

"Where midst your fiercest foes on every side,
For your escape God did a Lane provide."

Some seven miles' ride from where he left the Dorchester road brought him to Broad Winsor; here he found refuge at the George Inn—a house which has suffered from fire, but has not been wholly destroyed—a portion of the old building still remaining and being used as a cottage. From Broad Winsor Charles went back to Trent, where he lay *perdu* for a fortnight. Thus it will be seen that the wanderings of the fugitive can be traced in this part of the West literally step by step, and the houses identified. For fuller details, and how he reached France, the reader should consult the Boscobel Tracts.

Next to the King himself, the foremost figure at the opening of the reign of Charles II. was certainly George Monck. He was a man who united to invincible strength of purpose the self-control and simplicity of real greatness, characteristics which Cooper has caught and fixed on the noble miniature of him which forms one of the chief treasures of the Royal Library at Windsor. Although Monck took the Covenant, was with Cromwell at Dunbar, and in 1654 was Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, his patriotism or his foresight, or both combined, led him to see that Monarchy, re-established by a free Parliament, was the only durable basis

for a settlement. After playing the leading part in preparing the way for the Restoration, Monck went down to Dover to meet the King, and when Charles landed he (Monck) had the choice of honours and of place. It is consistent with his strong common sense and moderation that he, who perhaps might have been king himself, and was unquestionably the man of the hour, chose the non-political post of Master of the Horse. He was made Duke of Albemarle, and given a pension of £7000 a year. It will always stand to his credit that when the plague raged he alone remained in London to carry on, amidst its horrors, the business of the Government. Five years after the Restoration he went back to his old naval command.

On New Year's Day, 1670, George Monck died. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, but there is no monument to him. The King who owed him so much was too poor, and his own son too extravagant, to erect one. His wife, Nan Clarges, was, according to Pepys, "an ever plain, homely dowdy," and was reputed to be the daughter of a blacksmith and the widow of a perfumer named Ratsford. She died of grief, they say, before Monck was buried.

The year 1660 was the beginning of the most shameful period in English history, and yet the whole nation seemed frantic with joy and loyalty. The Houses of Parliament cast themselves at the feet of Charles II. "with all vows of affection and fidelity to the world's end." The *Naseby*, the very ship he set sail in from Holland, was afterwards burnt by the Dutch in the Medway; but when he landed from her at Dover, hardly any of the 20,000 people who received him, says Voltaire, could refrain from tears. When he set foot on shore they gave him a Bible, "the thing he most valued in the world," he declared. But his fidelity to the Protestant religion did not prevent him from dying a Romanist. He attached himself to Parliaments, and before the end of his life dispensed with them altogether.

The state of excitement was naturally shared by Charles himself, who writes from Canterbury the day after his landing at Dover to his sister Henrietta, afterwards Duchess of Orleans. The letter is in French, being somewhat difficult to read, I print it also. It runs thus :

CANTERBURY, 26 May.

"J'estois si tourmenté des affaires à la Haye que ie ne pouvais pas vous escrire devant mon départ, mais i'ay laissé ordre avec ma soeur de

vous envoyer vn petit present de ma part, que i'espere vous receverés bien tost. J'arriuay hire a Douer, ou i'ay trouay Monke avec grande quantité de noblesse, qui m'ont pensé acablé d'amitié et de ioye pour mon retour. J'ay la test si furieusement étourdy par l'acclamation du peuple et le quantité d'affaires, que ie ne scay si i'escruie du sen ou non; s'est pour quoy vous me pardonneres si ie ne vous dy pas davantage, seulement que ie suis tout a vous.

C."

John Evelyn thus describes the entry of the King into London on May 29.

"This day his Majestie Charles II. came to London after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being seventeen yeares. This was also his birthday, and with a triumph of about 20,000 horse and foote, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joye; the wayes strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapistry, fountaines running with wine; the Maior, Alderman, and all the Companies in thier liveries, chaines of gold, and banners; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold and velvet; the windowes and balconies well set with ladies; trumpets and music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven houres in passing the Citty, even from 2 in the afternoon till 9 at night. I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and bless'd God. And all this was don without one drop of bloud shed, and by that very army which rebelled against him; but it was the Lord's doing, for such a Restauration was never mention'd in any history antient or modern, since the returne of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, nor so joyfull a day and so bright ever seene in this Nation."

Bishop Burnet tells us the proceedings of May 29 all ended in entertainments and drunkenness, "which overrun the three kingdoms to such a degree that it very much corrupted their morals." On Coronation Day Mr. Pepys took his wife and a friend "to Axe yard, in which at the further end were three great bonfires and a great many great gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another. Which we thought a strange frolic, but these gallants continued there a great while, and I wondered to see how

Conterbury 26 May.

J'estois en train de l'ordonner les affaires a la hage
 que ie ne pouvois pas vous escrire devant
 mon depart, mais i'ay laissé ordre avec me
 pour de vous envoyer un petit present de
 ma part que j'espère vous recevrez bien tost.
 J'arrivay hier a Londres ou j'ay trouvé ^{avec} une
 grande quantité de noblesse qui m'ont paré
 acablé d'honneur et de joye pour mon retour.
 J'ay la test si furieusement ~~ou~~ étourdy
 par l'accablant du peuple et la quantité
 d'affaires que ie ne say si j'escrire du tout
 ou non, s'est pour quoy ie vous ne pardonne
 si ie ne vous dy pas davantage, seulement
 que ie suis tout a vous. Q

the ladies did tipple . . . till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk and there lay, and I went to my Lord's pretty well."

The first night Charles was in London he struck the keynote, as it were, of his after behaviour to his Queen, and his respect for the ordinary rules of morality, for he spent it with another man's wife, namely, Barbara Villiers, who was then Mrs. Palmer, afterwards Lady Castlemaine and finally Duchess of Cleveland. This woman exercised a potent and mischievous influence upon the conduct of the King, and for many years traded upon the weakest side of his character.

She was the daughter and heiress of William Villiers, Viscount Grandison. When eighteen years of age she married Roger Palmer, a gentleman of good fortune and attached to the exiled King. She accompanied her husband to the Hague in 1659, and it was here doubtless that her disastrous acquaintance with Charles commenced. Her profligacy and her rapacity are notorious, and one seeks in vain for a single redeeming feature in her character; indeed, a recent writer has described her as very nearly "the worst of the bad women of history."

"In no relation of life was she other than wholly bad. She was a bad wife, a bad mother, and a worse mistress. She was inordinately avaricious and madly extravagant. She gambled and she swore, and she had neither wit nor sense, and never did an unselfish thing. She had the temper of a fiend and the manners of a fishwife. Gratitude and tenderness were alike unknown to her, and remorse she could have hardly felt, even if she had been conscious of her own badness. She did no murder it is true, but every other sin in the Decalogue she committed, and more besides."

In the Picture Gallery of Hampton Court we see her in the character of Pallas or Bellona, and this beautiful painting by Sir Peter Lely is full of the imperious character which distinguished the original. Her expression is disdainful, her manner almost fierce. It is the portrait of a virago, and such she was indeed; she hectored Charles nearly out of his wits, and when he offended her, made him ask her forgiveness upon his knees, so Lord Anglesey told Pepys. Again and again they quarrelled, and he paid her debts. Four years after the Restoration, Mrs. Pepys tells her husband "the sad news of Lady Castlemaine being now become so decayed that one would not know her, at least far from a beauty." Yet five years later she is reported "never to have been more great with the King than she is now" (1669).



The Dukes of Cleveland *La Belle Stuart*

This pernicious influence lasted, so it is said, down till 1672, when Charles, thoroughly weary of her, disavowed a daughter to whom she gave birth.

One of the portraits of her by Sir Peter Lely greatly excited the admiration of Pepys, so much so that he declares it to be "one that I must have a copy of." He saw it at the artist's studio in 1662, and thus describes it: "After I had done with the Duke (of York), with Commissioner Pott to Mr. Lilly's the great painter, who come forth to us; but believing that I come to bespeak a picture he prevented it by telling us that he should not be at leisure these three weeks; which methinks is a rare thing. And then to see in what pomp his table was laid for himself to go to dinner; and here, among other pictures saw the so much desired by me picture of my Lady Castlemaine, which is a most blessed picture."

In the Royal collection at Windsor is a beautiful miniature by Samuel Cooper, which I reproduce. It will be found to differ materially from Lely's and from other portraits of her. The hair is brown, and the eyes light brown; she has very little colour. The expression is pensive, and may be called almost gentle. What she was like in later years may be seen in the National Portrait Gallery where there is an interesting picture of her in mourning for her husband, Lord Castlemaine as he was created. The sincerity of her grief may well be questioned, but it is plain that time had tempered the proud disdain. Her beauty is no longer aggressive, so to speak, though the face is somewhat imperious still.

She lived to the age of sixty-nine and died in Chiswick Mall of dropsy; "miserable, contemned, and neglected," says Mrs. Jameson. Tradition says her ghost haunts Walpole House, and that she is for ever asking that her lost beauty should be given back to her. Her second son, Henry Fitzroy, was the ancestor of the present ducal house of Grafton.

I have given Barbara Villiers the bad pre-eminence of mentioning her first and foremost among the vicious women for whom the King neglected the duties of his station, and upon whom he squandered the nation's wealth, but years before Lady Castlemaine's influence waned, Charles became greatly enamoured of Frances Stewart, a daughter of Captain Walter Stewart, who was a son of Lord Blantyre.

One need go no further than the pages of Pepys, and the De Grammont Memoirs, to obtain a vivid and life-like portrait of this famous beauty with whom both Charles and James appear to have been infatuated, the former so

much so that it was even thought that he might repudiate Catherine in order to marry "la belle Stewart," and the danger of this was deemed so imminent and so great that Clarendon did his utmost to bring about her marriage with the Duke of Richmond.

De Grammont, in his probably not over veracious Memoirs, styles Miss Stewart and Miss Hamilton (sister to the real author of these lively chronicles, that is to say Anthony Hamilton) the principal ornaments of the Court of Charles II. He expresses the opinion that had Frances Stewart possessed sufficient art, she might have had as much influence over the mind of the King as she had over his heart. If unbounded devotion to the fair sex made Samuel Pepys a judge of female beauty, we can well believe that Miss Stewart was, as De Grammont says, one of the most beautiful women of the Court. The Secretary of the Admiralty styles her the most lovely creature he ever saw in his life, and, as I have said, his diary is full of references to her, for he is continually drawing comparisons between her and his ideal of feminine charm, his goddess, Lady Castlemaine; and these comparisons are, in spite of himself, as it were, for the most part in favour of the Duchess of Richmond, as she eventually became.

Pepys had many opportunities of seeing her, from the day when he first beheld "Little Stewart" as he calls her, at the play with Lady Castlemaine in 1662, to the time when she was recovering from the smallpox six years later. At one time he speaks of having met her coming out of the "Chayre Room" at Whitehall "in a most lovely form" with her hair "all about her ears, having her picture taken there. There was the King and twenty more standing by . . . and a lovely creature she, in the dress, seemed to be." And again, "but above all Mrs. Stewart in this dresse, with her hat cocked and a red plume with her sweet eye, little Roman nose and excellent taille is now the greatest beauty I ever saw I think in my life, and if ever woman can, do exceed my La. Castlemaine, at least in this dresse, nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine." Later he foresees that Lady Castlemaine's "nose will be put out of joint for that she (F.S.) is more handsome than she." In May 1663 he meets her in the park and remarks "she is a fine woman, and they say now a common mistress to the King, as my Lady Castlemaine is." Then he hears of a plot of Lord Sandwich, the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham and others, for the getting of her for the King, "but she proves a cunning slut, and is advised at Somerset House by the Queen mother and by her mother,

and so all the plot is spoiled." From Mr. Pearce he learns "how loose the Court is and how the King is now become besotted upon Mrs. S., that he gets into corners and will be with her half an hour together, kissing her to the observation of all the world; and she now stays by herself and expects it as my Lady Castlemaine used to do"; and the same gossiping surgeon tells him that the King "do doat upon Mrs. Stewart only, and that to leaving all business in the world, and to the open slighting of the Queene; that he values not who sees him or stands by him while he dallies with her openly, and then privately in her chamber below, where the very sentrys observe his going in and out, and that so commonly that the Duke or any of the nobles, when they would ask where the King is, they will ordinarily say 'is the King above or below?' meaning with Mrs. Stewart."

A year after, the diarist returns to his old allegiance to Lady Castlemaine, for though he allows Mrs. Stewart to be "very fine and pretty, she is far beneath my Lady C." He particularly admires a picture of her in a buff doublet like a soldier, by Huysmann—or "Hiseman a picture drawer, a Dutchman," as he calls him. He notes that the Duke of York is desperately in love with the beauty, and that the King visits her and Lady Castlemaine every morning before he eats his breakfast. It is amusing to see how the susceptible Samuel vacillates in his admiration of these rival beauties. I have quoted his opinion of them in 1665; the following year he finds that Lady C. is not so pretty as Lady Stewart, and then, by the end of the year, he veers again, and finds Mrs. Stewart, though a "woman of most excellent features," to be grown "a little too tall": and, once more, "into the Court, here I saw Mrs. S. methought the beautifullest creature that ever I saw in my life, more than ever I thought her, so often as I have seen her, and I do begin to think do exceed my La. C. at least now."

The displeasure which her marriage with the Duke of Richmond gave her royal admirer was great. There is no doubt that Charles never forgave the Duke for marrying Frances Stewart, and he took an early opportunity of getting his Grace out of the kingdom by sending him as ambassador to Denmark, in which honourable exile he died not long after his marriage.

One of De Grammont's stories relates the fury of the King when he discovered the lovers together. Those who wish to learn the details may turn to the Memoirs, where they will find other particulars of the infantile

character of this beautiful creature, as to whom Evelyn's vindication (which Pepys gives at length) should always be borne in mind, for John Evelyn was cast in a graver mould than his friend the Secretary of the Admiralty, and was by no means over indulgent to the ladies of the Court, as readers of his diary must allow.

Upon the debatable question, Was she a virtuous woman? Pepys terms her "a subtle wench." Mrs. Jameson has summed up the case very impartially as follows: "Her character as a woman is neither elevated nor interesting, and the passion which the King long entertained for her, and the liberties in which she indulged him, either through weakness or a spirit of coquetry, exposed her at one period to very disgraceful imputations. On a review of her whole conduct, as far as it can now be known and judged from the information of contemporary writers, the testimonies in favour of her virtue appear to preponderate; yet it must be confessed we are left to choose between two alternatives, and it is hard to tell which is the worst; if la belle Stewart was not the most cold and artful coquette that ever perplexed the wits of man, she was certainly the most cunning piece of frailty that ever wore the form of woman."

She lived till 1702 and when she died left a legacy to her cats. Pope's line, "die and endow a college or a cat," refers to Frances Stewart. The miniature of her at Windsor which faces the one of Lady Castlemaine in this volume, is, like the latter, ascribed to Samuel Cooper. It gives her reddish-brown hair and dark grey eyes, and does not tally with the description of her little Roman nose and other features which I have quoted from Pepys. Talking of her portraits, one may recall the well-known admiration that Rottier, the King's engraver, had for her; it is said he almost adored her. Her portrait as Britannia is upon our coins to this day, as all the world knows.

The easy-going monarch had, probably, more genuine affection for Eleanor Gwynne than for any other of his mistresses. We know, by his often quoted words, "Don't let poor Nelly starve," that he remembered her on his death-bed, and as late as 1682 she was receiving a pension of £1,000 a year. She does not appear to have mixed herself up in politics at all, and, considering what the state of political morality was in those days, and the pernicious influence wielded by such creatures as the Duchess of Portsmouth and others, Nell Gwynne is entitled to much credit for this, at least. It has long been the fashion, if not to whitewash her altogether,

to condone her faults and to represent her as a wonder of generosity. She is, for example, constantly said to have founded Chelsea Hospital, although I believe it is to Sir Stephen Fox, Paymaster to the Forces, that we owe this institution. Bishop Burnet thus speaks of her: "The first player, Davies, did not keep her hold long, but Guin, the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in a Court, continued to the end of the King's life in great favour, and was maintained at great expense. The Duke of Buckingham told me that when she was first brought to the King she asked only £500 a year, and the King refused it. But when he told me this about four years after, he said she had got of the King above £60,000. She acted all persons in so lively a manner, and was such a constant diversion to the King, that even a new mistress could not drive her away. But, after all, he never treated her with the decencies of a mistress, but rather with the lewdness of a prostitute, as she had indeed been to a great many."

In spite of the Bishop's plain-spoken comments on the treatment of Nell Gwynne, it is certain she was held by the people generally in a different estimation to that which they entertained of her rivals, the rapacious and profligate Duchess of Cleveland and the designing Duchess of Portsmouth. One source of her popularity may have been the fact that "Madam Ellen," as she was called in her own day, never disguised her real character, nor her feelings—witness Mr. Pepys, who, on the occasion of a visit to the theatre, remarks that "to see how Nell cursed for having so few people in the pit was strange."

The well-known story of her reply to the crowd who mistook her coach for that of the Catholic "favourite" is an evidence of this; and Madame de Sevigné says that Mademoiselle de Kérouaille was extremely discountenanced and embarrassed by the plain speech of the "indiscreet, confident, wild young actress" who talks of her rival thus: "This Duchess," says she, "pretends to be a person of quality; she says she is related to the best families in France; whenever any person of distinction dies she puts herself in mourning."

The career of Nell Gwynne is one which is only possible in such times as the Restoration, and it is in itself an epitome, as it were, of the corruption of the period. She was of Welsh parentage, and employed at a tavern whilst a mere child 'to fill strong waters for the gentlemen,' says Pepys. Her sweet voice and sprightly address attracted notice, and she came before

the public in the humble capacity of an orange girl in the pit at the Royal Theatre. Here I may notice the quaint and extremely interesting illustration of her as an orange girl which I owe to the kindness of Mr. Dormer. It is a clay figure a few inches high, and is said to have been found, with



another, on the site of one of the old theatres in which Nell was wont to play. It is surmised to have been given away with tobacco. When only fifteen she appeared on the stage and performed the parts of Desdemona and Ophelia, and acquired celebrity by the recitation of epilogues written for her by John Dryden. She is said to have been trained by Lacy, the comedian, who was her first lover. He was soon supplanted by Hart, renowned as the most accomplished actor and handsomest man of his day, with whom Lady Castlemaine was "mightily in love."

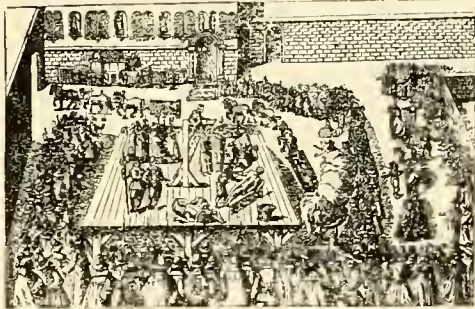
Samuel Pepys describes her playing the part of Coelia in 1666, in the following characteristic passage: "Knipp took us all in (to the King's House) and brought to us Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Coelia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well. I kissed her, and so did my wife, and a mighty pretty soul she is"; and again, "Knipp took us into the tireing-rooms, and to the women's shift where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready and is very pretty, prettier than I thought."

In 1667 (she would then be only seventeen) she attracted the notice of the witty Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset. He took her from the stage, and allowed her £100 a year. Very soon afterwards she became the mistress of Charles. Here her story may be said to end, except that after the King's death she continued to live in Pall Mall and at Sandford Manor House, Sandy End, Fulham, on a small pension, until her own decease in 1687. She was thus but thirty-seven when she died. She was totally uneducated, and could not write. Her initials were the high-water mark of her accomplishments in this respect. I have seen a receipt bearing her signature on which spots have been carefully traced, to guide her pen where the characters had to be made upon the document.

According to Mrs. Jameson, who fixes her death at 1691, she spent her last years in the strictest decorum and devotion, and devoted her small allowance to acts of benevolence.

Most of us are familiar with the features of Nell Gwynne from Lely's

pictures, of which there is a good example in the National Portrait Gallery. There is an old print representing her with her two sons. The "petiteness" of her person is a feature that is exceedingly well shown in this engraving, as are her laughing eyes, and the mouth turned up at the corners. It is an excessively rare print, and but three copies are known. It was engraved by Henry Gascar, who was a painter, born in Paris, it is supposed, in 1639, dying in Rome in 1701. He was brought to England by the Duchess of Portsmouth, and, under her patronage, became so fashionable as to be a rival to Lely himself. The especial interest of the plate consists in the fact that his works are among the earliest specimens of mezzotint art in this country. Such is their rarity that of one of them (which, by the way, represents Lord James Beauclerc, the second son of Nell Gwynne and of Charles), but one copy is known.

To return to the Restoration, Evelyn relates in his diary (Oct. 1660), "Scot, Scroope, Cook and Jones suffered for reward of their iniquities at Charing Cross, in sight of the place where they put to death their natural Prince, and in the presence of the King his sonn whom they also sought to kill. I saw not their execution, but met their quarters mangled and cut and reeking as they were brought from the gallows in baskets on the hurdle." 

The comment passed by this refined pious gentleman (as he certainly was, judged by the standard of the time in which he lived), upon this spectacle is "Oh the miraculous providence of God!" In a contemporary Dutch print is shown the horrid business, the details of which are too ghastly to be dwelt upon. In connection with the regicides, and the fate which befell them, mention may be made of the poles, with heads on them, long fixed over the north end of Westminster Hall. They were those of Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw, as appears from a quarto pamphlet narrative relating to "the real embalmed head of Oliver Cromwell, now exhibiting in Mead Court in Old Bond St., 1799." After the Restoration in January 1661, the bodies of Oliver Cromwell, his son-in-law Henry Ireton, who had been Lord Deputy of Ireland, and John Bradshaw, who, as president of the pretended High Court of Justice, had pronounced sentence of death on King Charles I., were, by a vote of the

House of Commons passed Dec. 8th, 1660, taken out of their graves by John Lewis, a mason, as appears by his receipt as follows :

"May, the 4th day, 1661, rec, then in full of the worshipfull Sargeant Norfolke fifteen shillings for taking up the corpes of Cromwell and Ireton and Brasaw rec by me."

"JOHN LEWIS."

The coffins containing the bodies of Cromwell and Ireton were taken up on Saturday, January 26, 1661, and on the Monday night following were drawn in two carts from Westminster Abbey to the Red Lion Inn in Holborn, where they remained all night ; Bradshaw was not taken up until the morning following ; and on the anniversary of Charles's death, January 30, 1661, all the three coffins were conveyed on sledges to Tyburn, and the bodies were taken out and hanged at the three several angles of the gallows until sunset. They were then beheaded, the trunks thrown into a deep pit under the gallows, and the heads set upon poles on the top of Westminster Hall. The anonymous author of this tract, being an eyewitness of the state of the bodies, mentions that Cromwell's was in green cere-cloth, very fresh embalmed. In the same pamphlet it is said that the tradition respecting the head of Oliver Cromwell was that on a stormy night in the latter end of the reign of Charles or James II. it was blown off from the top of Westminster Hall, and that it was taken up and soon after presented to one of the Russell family.

Much has been written about Oliver Cromwell's dishonoured remains, and, whatever may have become of them, it is a striking instance of the mutability of human affairs that any doubt should exist as to the disposal of the body of the man who, but a few months before, held the helm of State in England, and, with it, one of the foremost positions in Europe ; for such was the vigorous force of his character that he made this country feared and respected abroad as it never had been before. How strong is the contrast between the great Protector and the King who succeeded him, and sold his sovereign control over the destinies of his realm for French gold ! The secret of the nation's toleration is to be found in the easy temper and charm of manner which, joined to considerable natural abilities, fascinated all those who came in contact with the King. Yet it must be owned that the House of Stuart would have small claim upon our loyalty, and none

upon our respect, if he were its only representative. Charles was a cynical voluptuary, and never pretended to be anything better, for after he came to the throne his principal endeavour seems to have been to avoid any chance of being forced to "set out upon his travels again."

Few Englishmen can read without shame and humiliation of the menacing advance of the Dutch fleet up the Thames in 1667—"a most audacious enterprise," as John Evelyn calls it. To save the money which Parliament had voted, and to apply it to his own pleasures, the King had neglected to pay the seamen or to fit out the fleet; the consequence was, the treasury was empty, the streets full of starving sailors, the ships unmanned, only a few second and third rates being in commission; even the forts were without ammunition. The Dutch admiral, De Ruyter, seized the opportunity, burst the boom which protected the Medway, and destroyed the fortifications at Sheerness. The *Royal Charles*, a first-rate, was captured and three other ships were burnt. "The thunder of the Dutch guns," says Mr. Green, "woke England to a bitter sense of its degradation." Evelyn was so alarmed as to send away his goods and plate "fearing the enemy might venture up the Thames even to London, which they might have done with ease and fired all the vessels in the river too;" whilst Pepys says, men reflected upon Oliver "and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbouring princes fear him." The Dutch admiral had some eighty vessels and many fire-ships with him, and these lay triumphantly within the very mouth of the Thames, "a dreadful spectacle as ever Englishmen saw."

Partial as Samuel Pepys was to both James and Charles, he cannot help speaking of "the horrid effeminacy of the King," and avows "that he hath taken ten times more care and pains in making friends between my Lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Stewart, when they have fallen out, than ever he did to save his kingdom."

Like his father, Charles II. was constantly in want of money, though it must be owned he spent his revenues in a very different fashion. Nevertheless the results were equally inconvenient to their households, and Pepys is scandalised to find "there is not an officer in the house almost but curses him for letting them starve, and there is not a farthing of money to be raised for the buying them bread"; and this indictment may be contrasted with the statement he makes elsewhere that "the King has spent four millions of money since he come in."

In "Archæologia" there are some details given of Royal Household expenditure from the time of Charles II. to George II., by which it would seem that, contrary to what one might expect, the establishment of Charles was the least expensive of them all. It cost exactly half that of William and Mary, and was considerably less than half that of George II.

As these particulars may be of interest, I quote them from 1663 to 1732.

Charles II., 1st Oct. 1663, Sept. '64	£47,000
Duke of York	10,000
James II., 1687	76,000
„ Stables	14,000
William & Mary, Oct. '92-'93	114,000
William alone, '98-'99	90,000
Anne, 2 years, average	83,000
George I., 1715-16	75,000
„ '23-'24	86,000
„ II., '30-31	118,000
„ „ '31-'32'	124,000

It would thus appear that there was not very much spent upon the household of Charles, however much was squandered elsewhere. We know how the remainder went; it was lavished upon the mistresses of whom we have already spoken, and on others besides. His consort, of whom mention, tardy though it be, must now be made, could not be accused of extravagance, indeed the opposite is laid to her charge. Concert-giving would appear to be her one mild form of indulgence. A year after the Restoration Charles married Catherine, daughter of John, Duke of Braganza, surnamed the Fortunate; she was reputed a great heiress, half a million in money being her dowry, besides Tangier, free trade in Brazil, and, last but not least, that foundation-stone of our Indian Empire, the island of Bombay. When she was only seven, and the Prince of Wales fourteen, a match between them was discussed by Don John and Charles I., but it came to nothing. Charles and the Infanta, however, were destined to become man and wife, and were married seventeen years later.

Bishop Burnet asserts that a Jew was the agent through whom overtures were made to the Duke of Albemarle (George Monck), but it is more probable that Louis XIV. and Henrietta Maria were mainly instrumental in

bringing about this union. It was felt that Charles ought to marry; but when it was argued that he should choose a Protestant for a consort, he asked where should he find one? and when several German princesses were named, his reply was, "Odds fish, they are all dull and foggy; I cannot like any one of them for a wife."

The £500,000 was doubtless a potent attraction, for Charles was even then in want of money. After various vicissitudes, owing, according to Clarendon, to misrepresentations made by the Spanish Ambassador—such as that the Portuguese princess was deformed, had bad health, and that it was well known she would never have children—and other opposition, the marriage was arranged. Charles seems to have had a penchant for dark-eyed beauties, and for six whole weeks he appears to have been very well satisfied with his bride. Writing to his Lord Chancellor, he thus speaks of her: "Her face is not so exact as to be called a beauty, though her eyes are excellent good, and nothing in her face that can in the least degree disgust. On the contrary, she hath as much agreeableness in her looks as I ever saw, and if I have any skill in physiognomy, which I think I have, she must be as good a woman as ever was born."

Charles's estimate of her character is fully confirmed by Maynard, who writes of her, "she is as sweet a disposition princess as ever was born; a lady of excellent parts, but bred hugely retired, she hath hardly been ten times out of the palace in her life." Colonel Legge avers that Charles said, when he first saw her, "they have brought me a bat instead of a woman," but this may be dismissed as malicious gossip. Letters and memoirs of the time abound in amusing stories of the derision excited by the appearance of the Portuguese princess, and of her suite, with their *garde enfantes*, or farthingales. Evelyn remarks of the ladies that their "complexions were olivader (by which he means dark olive); sufficiently unagreeable, her Majesty has the same habit, her foretop long and turned aside very strangely, she was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and, though low of stature, prettily shaped; languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out."

Other accounts concur in representing these Portuguese Ladies of Honour as uncommonly ill-favoured in appearance. The portrait of Catherine in the Royal collection at Windsor has been thus described: "Though the head is well drawn, and recalls the child-like simplicity which was so fearfully abused, it lacks modelling about the neck, and seems to have failed to

satisfy the artist. Its date must evidently be between 1662, the year in which poor Catherine landed on these shores, and 1672, the date of Cooper's death. Judging from the youthful appearance, we should say that it was done soon after her marriage, which took place when she was twenty-four years of age. This miniature, together with that of James II., must have been among the seven or eight mentioned by Walpole as being in Queen Caroline's closet at Kensington."

There can be no doubt that this little dumpy Portuguese lady, with all her amiability, and all her good sense, was completely outshone by the imperious beauty of Lady Castlemaine and other favourites of Charles. In this category I may mention Miss Mary Davis, an actress of the Duke's Theatre, by whom the King had a daughter, who was the mother of the unhappy Earl of Derwentwater, beheaded on Tower Hill in 1716, that is, after the suppression of the first Jacobite rising.

There is a beautiful picture of this "Moll Davis" in the National Portrait Gallery. Like Nell Gwynne, whose portrait hangs beside hers, she was a popular dancer; her hair is of a beautiful golden brown, her eyes dark blue-grey, her nose straight and good, the face voluptuous, but somewhat insipid, as Lely's nymphs commonly appear. These are the ladies of whom Horace Walpole said "they are far too magnificent and wanton to be taken for anything but maids of honour." Of another of Charles's favourites—Lucy Walter—engraved portraits would appear to be rare, but there are several paintings of her in the Duke of Buccleuch's collection at Dalkeith. Miss Walter was the mother of Monmouth, which is very nearly all that can be said in support of her claim upon our notice in this book. Evelyn mentions going to St. Germain's "to kiss his Majesty's hand; in my Lord Wilmot's coach went Mrs. Barlow . . . a broune, beautiful, bold, but insipid creature."

Mrs. Barlow is, of course, another name for this lady, of whom further particulars may be found in Evelyn's diary by those who wish to know more of her. Charles appears to have ceased his connection with her upon his return to the Continent after Worcester, and she is reported to have died in Paris "miserably, without anything to bury her."

Whilst talking of Lely's portraits, I may direct attention to the fine example of this painter included among the famous *Hampton Court Beauties*, namely Elizabeth Hamilton, of whom there is also a charming picture in the National Portrait Gallery representing her with dark brown

hair, dark grey eyes, pouting rosy lips, a very tender "naïve" expression, and a graceful turn of the head.

In Mr. Cust's catalogue of the last-named collection, he describes the picture at Hampton Court as one of Sir Peter's most perfect works. It will be remembered that this famous beauty married the Comte de Grammont.

The Count had made serious love to the lady, but no sooner was he recalled from exile than he appeared to forget his promises, or at any rate was at no pains to fulfil them. He had got as far as Dover on his return to France, but here the brothers Anthony and George Hamilton, who hastened after him, overtook him. "Chevalier de Grammont," cried they, "Chevalier de Grammont, n'avez vous rien oublié à Londres?"

"Pardonnez-moi, messieurs, j'ai oublié d'épouser votre sœur," was his reply, whereupon the oblivious Count straightway retraced his steps and married the lady. Elizabeth Countess de Grammont was not much to the taste of the French ladies when she became "dame du Palais." Madame de Maintenon found her "plus agréable qu'aimable," and Madame de Cayhes terms her "souvent anglaise insupportable, quelquefois flatteuse, dénigrante, hautaine, et rampante."

As a rule there is a close similarity between the portraits of Charles, at any rate those representing him after he came to man's estate. They have all that dash of "gipsy black" that Carlyle talks about and discovers in the "Royal Martyr: and the Royal Pretender." Very different, however, from the saturnine expression with which we are familiar, is the fine picture of him as a boy, owned by the Duke of Portland, now at Welbeck, representing him as a youth in armour and here shown. A portrait, by Petitot presumably, shows him as he was before the Restoration. It was the property of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, and came from Strawberry Hill. The portrait by Cooper belonging to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon is one of the noblest works of this great miniature painter. It depicts the King in his prime, and is worthy of being ranked with the Monck and the Monmouth at Windsor; it is elaborately finished throughout, and from the fact of Louise de Quérouaille being the ancestress of the Richmond and Gordon family, it is obvious that its pedigree is undoubted, though, indeed, the work is of such supreme excellence that its authenticity speaks for itself.

The mention of the Duchess of Portsmouth as the first probable possessor of the magnificent Cooper at Goodwood, reminds us of the prominent part that Louise de Quérouaille played in Charles's life, and, as

a consequence, in the affairs of this kingdom. That her interference was resented, is clearly shown in the holograph letter preserved in the British Museum, relating to the Duke of York's (James II.) distrust of her. It is dated 1680, and was addressed and written during his retirement in Scotland, at the time of the Exclusion Bill, to his brother-in-law, Laurence Hyde. On his death-bed Charles is said to have recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth over and over again to his brother. He said he had always loved her, and he loved her now to the last, and besought the Duke in as melting words as he could fetch out, to be very kind to her and to her son.

Louise Renée de Penencourt de Quérouaille came of a noble but impoverished family in Brittany. When nineteen years of age, she was appointed Maid of Honour to the Duchess of Orleans in 1669. Within four years she was made Duchess of Portsmouth. This bad eminence she had attained by becoming *maîtresse titrée* of Charles II. Her son by the King was made Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and Earl of March. On the death of Charles she returned to France, where Louis XIV. created her Duchesse d'Aubigny, and she died at Paris in 1734, aged eighty-seven. It is said that the last years of her life were spent in penitence, as they certainly were in retirement. Such is a brief outline of the career of this woman. The power over her Royal lover was not owing to any superiority of wit or intellect, nor was it through violence and caprice such as the Duchess of Cleveland used; she was artful and inflexible, at the same time she was imperious and wilful. "The King was presently taken with her; she studied to please and observe him so that he passed away the rest of his life in a great fondness for her. He kept her at a vast charge. And she by many fits of sickness, some believed real, and others thought only pretended, gained of him everything she desired. She stuck firm to the French interest, and was its chief support. The King divided himself between her and Mistress Gwynne, and had no other avowed Mistress, but he was so entirely possessed by the D^{ss} of P. and so engaged by her in the French interest, that this threw him into great difficulties and exposed him to much contempt and distrust."

The sober John Evelyn records (September 1666), "I was casually shewed the Duchesse of Portsmouth's splendid appartement at Whitehall, luxuriously furnished, and with ten times the richness and glory beyond the Queenes; such massy pieces of plate, whole tables and stands of incredible value."



Charles II.

It has been remarked that, in spite of the shameless profligacy of Charles II.'s life, of the dissolute character of his Court, of the humiliations the nation suffered at the hands of the Dutch, and of the shameful betrayal of its interests to the French, in spite of all this, the King never lost his popularity. But there is evidence that some of the odium thus incurred fell upon people by whom he was surrounded. Thus, in the letter from the Duke of York, to which I have already referred, James says plainly "the Duchess of Portsmouth is never to be trusted," and the letter does but reflect the unpopularity with which this creature of Louis was regarded. In the National Portrait Gallery we have an exceedingly fine picture of her by P. Mignard. It was painted in Paris in 1682, she being then thirty-five years of age.

On February 4, 1685, Charles was seized with an apoplectic fit, and two days afterwards he passed away. In the Stuart papers preserved at Windsor, a circumstantial account is given, in the handwriting of James II., of Charles refusing the sacrament at the hands of the Bishop of Bath and Wells; and of Father Huddleston being brought up the back stairs and administering it to the King, who received him "with great joy and satisfaction." The Duke describes how the King "made his confession to him (the priest), was reconciled, received the blessed sacrament, had the extreme unction, and certainly never anybody did performe all with greater resignation, Christianity, and courage than his Ma: did." Thus Charles died a Roman Catholic.

According to Burnet, the King had secreted 90,000 guineas, but this sum of money could not procure his remains any respect, and the Bishop gives some ghastly details of the indecent neglect with which Charles's body was treated. "His funeral was very mean. He did not lie in state, no mournings were given, and the expense of it was not equal to what an ordinary nobleman's funeral will rise to."

In estimating his character we may agree with Halifax, and allow him to have possessed an excellent memory, strong powers of observation, and great quickness of apprehension. He was a lover of the drama, of art, and of architecture, but still more of physical science. His personal courage greatly exceeded his moral courage, and the man who fought bravely at Worcester would take refuge in the house of a mistress, rather than face a petitioner from whom he was unable to escape by fast walking. His innate selfishness gave him a perfect hatred of taking trouble.


Buckingham said of him that "the King (Charles) could see things if he would—the Duke (James) would see things if he could."

Perhaps no better portrait of the man exists than that drawn by Evelyn, who knew him well, and describes him as being "of a vigorous, robust constitution, and in all appearance promising a long life. He was a prince of many virtues, and many greates imperfections; debonnaire, easy of accesse, not bloody nor cruel; his countenance fierce, his voice greate, proper of person, every motion became him; a lover of the sea, and skilfull in shipping; not affecting other studies, yet he had a laboratory and knew of many empirical medicines, and the easier mechanical mathematics; he loved planting and building, and brought in a politer way of living, which passed to luxury and intolerable expense. He had a particular talent in telling a story, and facetious passages, of which he had innumerable; this made some buffoons and vitious wretches too presumptuous and familiar, not worthy the favour they abus'd. He tooke delight in having a number of little spaniels follow him and lie in his bedchamber, where he often suffer'd the bitches to puppy and give suck, which rendered it very offensive, and indeed made the whole court nasty and stinking.

"He would doubtlesse have been an excellent Prince had he been less addicted to women, who made him uneasy, and allways in want to supply their unmeasurable profusion, to the detriment of many indigent persons who had signaly serv'd both him and his father. He frequently and easily changed favourites, to his greate prejudice."

CHAPTER XIII

JAMES II

HE predilections of the Stuarts towards the Roman Catholic creed led to their forming foreign ties. First they allied themselves with Spain, and afterwards they fell under the influence of France, connections that, as in the case of the Guises on the Continent, led to their ruin, for the feeling of national unity in England was so strong that any violation of it, even if only apparent, was severely punished.

Such is a learned German critic's view of one of the principal causes which led to the downfall of the Stuarts.

The truth of these remarks is strikingly illustrated in the case of James II., whose Romanist tendencies cost him his crown, and made him an exile within four years from the date of his accession. The letter I quoted in the preceding chapter, and give in full below, shows that he was determined not to change his religion, a resolve which led to disastrous consequences. No less significant is his antagonistic attitude to Parliament. It clearly proves, at any rate, that he had not learnt the truth of Pym's remark, that he who sets out to break Parliaments, in the end gets broken himself. The letter is addressed, as I mentioned before, to his wife's brother and runs thus :

"I receued on Monday yours of the 8, and do absolutly agree with you that the Duchess of Portsmouth is neuer to be trusted after what she has done, but do not thinke that, if there should be anything to do with France, that of necessity it must fall into hir hands, for not only we, but all others, do now know hir so well as not to care to trust or make use of hir, so as if that were the only reason to hinder a negotiation with them, I thinke that aught not to hinder it. I am very glad to find his Majesty continus still to be so ill pleased with Lord Sunderland and Lord Essex. I thinke he is much in the right, and I know not why there should be any tyme lost in

putting them both out of their places; and their is a third you haue not named, I meane Mr. Godolphin, I thinke should keep them company. I see his Majesty has taken the paper sent him ouer by Mr. Sidney as he aught to do, and am glad he has sent a reprimand to him about it; and methinks it would be requisit to remoue him from that employment and to haue somebody there his Majesty could trust, which he cannot do him, besides that it must be very prejuditial to his Majestys affairs to haue such a one as he there, who is so related and has such dependance on his nephew, I meane Lord Sunderland. I am very glad to heare his Majesty intends to bring in to the Counsell Lord Chesterfield and Lord Alisbury. I wish also he would thinke of bring(ing) in Lord Peterborow and Lord Crauen, for he might very well make roome for them all and do him self no harme; and really for my sake Lord Peterborow should be countenanced.

“As to the Secretarys place, I am of your mind. I aught not to mention any think of it of my self; but to tell you my mind in it, if you could be spared from the Tresory, I thinke no body could be fitter for it (till it were fitt to haue a Lord Tresorer) than your self, but I do not know how you could be spared there. Therefore why should not Lord Clarendon be secretary, he being as well qualifd for it as any body and serus the King boldly as well as honestly, and none can except against him? And why should not Mr. Finch be brought in to the Tresory in Godolphins place and then Sir John Chickly into the Admiralty, which might facilitat G. Legges being Master of the Ordinance? For I belieue Sir Christopher Musgrae would be well content to be Lieutenant of it, as Legge is now, and a compensation might be found to satisfy Sir William Hickman. It is what you haue sayd to me in your letter has put all these thoughts of these remous into my head, and not only his Majesty but no body els shall know what I haue now proposed to you as to them till you thinke it proper, and I cannot thinke of any fitter men then these I haue named to you.

“But what will all these projects signify, if his Majesty letts this Parliament sitt any longer? If he does, it will not be in his power not so much as to preserue him self, much lesse any of his seruants; and in my mind they haue already done more than he aught to beare, and I feare his delay may be as fatal to him as it was to the King his Father. What can he more expect they should do? They haue already done enough to justify him both to God and man if he breake them; and lett what will happen upon it, he will haue done but what is fitt for him to do and will be commended by all the world. But

should he lett them continu together any longer, his ruine is ineuitable, and the world would blame him, for nothing but his laying downe his crowne at their feett will satisfy them. And pray lett us not mind Flanders so much as to hazard the certain ruine of the monarchy. Lett his Majesty first secure him self at home, and then, and not till then, can he thinke of preseruing others; and I hope that consideration will not hinder him from parting with this parliament. When that is once done, one may haue tyme to thinke, but not before, and that will encourage honest men and nothinge els; for who dars speake so long as they sitt? I do not at all wonder at the Spanish and Dutch Embassadors presing so hard as they do, his Majesty complying in euery thing with his Parliament. The first would be glad to see a republike settled in England; the other do not care how little authority there is left to a king, so there be but one that has the empty name of a king. This is now so visible that it cannot be denyd and I hope will hinder them from being able to preuaile with his Majesty to defer any longer the sauing of him self. And pray do but consider in what a condition his Majesty should be in, if they should engage him in a war, for then he would be the absolut slaue of his Parliament, and they would apoint such officers, both for sea and land, and so settle all things as it would be actualy impossible euer for his Majesty to recouer his power, and a Commonwealth would infalibly be brought in. And besids this, do but consider what the Dutch haue done here to fore and see whether they can be relyd on, and whether it is not likly, if once they had engaged us in a war, that they may leaue us in the lurch, as they haue done already to both French and Spaniard, as all the world knows. And then in what condition should we be?

“I am almost tyred with writing, and yett must say one word concerning the unfortunat Lord Stafford, who by what has past has had, I cannot help thinking, very hard measur. I am sure the Kings enemys haue gained a great point by his being condemned, and, besids the other aduantages, have brought a hard thing upon his Majesty, for I know there would be clamors should he not be executed. On the other hand, I thinke it a terrible thing to signe a warrant for the puting a man to death upon the testimony of such perjurd villans as those that deposed against him, and I hope his Majesty will haue considred the trouble it was euer after to the King his father the hauing signd the warrant for the executing of the Lord Strafford. And if be not to late, why should not you put him in mind of it, it being a terrible thing the shedding the bloud of an innocent man, as I am most confident

Lord Stafford is as to the horrid crime he has been condemned for and to any thing of a plot? And pray do not wonder if I can neuer be brought to what you and other of my freinds do so presse me in concerning my religion, since I could not do it without deseruing a seuerer and more terrible sentence from the Great Juge of all the world; which is all I shall say now upon that affaire."

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "James". The letters are fluid and connected, with a prominent flourish at the end of the word.

The early days of this narrow-minded and infatuated Prince need not be dwelt upon at length. He shared his brother's wanderings on the Continent, living at the Hague and at Brussels, at Paris and at St. Germain's until the time was ripe for the Restoration, and probably learned no good in those places. John Evelyn, going to St. Germain's in September 1649, the year of Charles's execution, to visit the Queen-mother Henrietta, tells us he kissed the Duke of York's hand in the tennis court. In 1652, James joined the army of Marshal Turenne at Chartres, and took part in a campaign against the Fronde. His other military services, in which he displayed conspicuous bravery, are too many to be recounted here. In May 1660, before Charles II. left the Hague to mount the throne of England, he appointed his brother Lord High Admiral. The Spanish Government had offered James a similar post the year before.

One result of James's filling this office in England was that he was brought into close contact with Samuel Pepys, who, when Secretary of the Admiralty, as he rose to be, had constant intercourse with the Duke upon official business.

It is certain that James held Pepys in much esteem, in proof of which the fact may be recalled, that the King was sitting to Sir Godfrey Kneller for a portrait, and intended it as a present to the worthy Secretary, "when the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange was brought to him. The King commanded the painter to proceed and finish the portrait so that his good friend might not be disappointed." . . . From the pages of Pepys' Diary, that copious source of information relating to the period, it is possible to throw many side lights upon James when Duke of York, upon his character and upon his pursuits.

The first glimpse we get of him therein is when the English fleet was

lying off Scheveningen, preparatory to escorting Charles, his brothers, the Queen of Bohemia, and others of the Stuart family who were about to return to this country "to enjoy their own again." The Prince of Orange, described as being then "a pretty boy," was of their company. It was naturally a time of excitement, of an endless firing of guns, and of great rejoicing on the part of the Royal exiles and their followers. Samuel Pepys was there in his capacity of secretary to his patron, the Earl of Sandwich, (so often alluded to in the Diary as "my Lord"). We glean that the Duke of York offers to learn the seaman's trade from this nobleman and "makes his offer in such familiar words as if Jack Cole and I had writ them." On May 23 the two Dukes came on board the ship whereon Mr. Pepys found it so difficult to stand. The Duke of York was in yellow trimmings, the Duke of Gloucester in grey and red. The latter Prince was fated to fall a victim to small-pox a few months afterwards, dying on September 13 following, "by the great negligence of the doctors," so it was said. "They seem to be very fine gentlemen," says the diarist, who, as a tailor's son, had ever an appreciative eye for fine clothes. We soon hear of the reputation of James as a libertine, for Lord Sandwich tells Pepys of the Duke of York's intrigue with the Lord Chancellor's daughter "and that for certain he did promise her marriage and signed it with his blood, but that he by stealth had got the paper out of her cabinet, and that the King would have him to marry her, but that he will not . . . but my Lord doth make light of it, as a thing that he believes is not a new thing for the Duke to do abroad."

Again, on October 24, the Duke of York is reported "sorry for his amour with my Lord Chancellor's daughter, who is now brought to bed of a boy"; two days later, "there is a great talk as if the Duke of York do now own the marriage." The matter hung fire somewhat, but in December, "it is expected that the Duke will marry the Lord Chancellor's daughter at last."

It may seem as if Pepys were always harping on the daughter of my Lord Chancellor, but when it is borne in mind that Charles was without legitimate offspring, and that James consequently stood next to the throne, it will be seen that the birth of an heir was a very important matter indeed. At the end of the year the diarist learns from Lady Sandwich that the Princess Royal "hath married herself to young Jermyn, which is worse than the Duke of York marrying the Chancellor's daughter, which is now

publicly owned," and which he adds "do not please many." He also relates that "my Lord Chancellor had lately got the Duke of York and Duchesse and her woman, my Lord Ossory and a doctor to make oath before most of the judges of the kingdom concerning all the circumstances of their marriage . . . that they were not fully married, but that they were contracted long before, and time enough for the child to be legitimate." On January 1 he sees the Duke of York "bring his lady to-day to wait upon the Queen, the first time that ever she did since that business; and the Queen is said to receive her now with much respect and love."

As early as February 1660-61 he remarks that he would be "gladder to hear that the King Charles should have been married to the niece of the Prince de Ligne and has two sons by her, than that the Duke of York and his family should come to the crowne, he being a professed friend to the Catholiques." Then on May 6, 1661, he notes, "I hear that the Duke of York's son is this day dead, which I believe will please everybody; and I hear that the Duke and his lady themselves are not much troubled at it."

It may here be observed that the worthy chronicler is not always consistent in his remarks about the marriage of James with Anne Hyde; thus in one place he says, "the marriage of the Duke of York and the Chancellor's daughter hath undone the nation"; yet, in the very same year, he says the King and the Duke of York and whole court is "mighty joyful" at the Duchess giving birth to a son, which will, he adds, "settle men's minds mightily."

The behaviour of James in marrying Anne Hyde is a matter which should certainly be remembered in his favour. It meant renunciation of fortune and of Royal alliance; it excited the displeasure of the lower and middle classes of England who have, it has been said, "a peculiar dislike to see persons raised much above their original station." Nor were the sneers of the courtiers and of the profligates of whom the court was full easy to bear. But James's respect for his word, and reluctance to bring shame upon his old friend Lord Clarendon, prevailed.

James would appear to be the reverse of fastidious in the matter of female beauty, as was shown by his choice of mistresses and by the homely charms of his first wife; but if Anne Hyde's features were undeniably plain, we are told that she had extraordinary grace and dignity of carriage, so much so as to appear to have been native born to her Royal state. The portrait of her at Hampton Court is amongst the best pictures there, and is

a very fine example of the painter. Lely painted, as everybody knows, many of the distinguished Englishwomen of his day, but probably few more successfully than this daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon.

At one time rumour did not spare the Duchess, for she is reputed to have fallen in love with her Master of the Horse—Harry Sydney—at the same time her husband was desperately enamoured of “Mrs.” Stewart; and we hear of James being *la Belle Stewart’s* “valentine,” and of his giving her a jewel worth £800. This is the lady with whom Charles was so deeply infatuated, whose portrait has been given, and of whom we have already spoken at length. Well may Pepys write, “factions are high between the King and the Duke of York, and all the court are in an uproar with their loose amours.”

Besides “Mrs.” Stewart, we hear in 1662 of the Duke being smitten with my Lady Chesterfield, who, according to De Grammont, was “une des plus agréables femmes qu’on pût voir : elle avait la plus jolie taille du monde, quoiqu’elle ne fut pas fort grande. Elle était blonde, et elle en avait l’éclat et la blancheur, avec tout ce que les brunes ont de vif et de piquant. Elle avait de grands yeux bleus, et des regards extrêmement séduisants. Ses manières étaient engageantes, son esprit amusant et vif ; mais son cœur, toujours ouvert aux tendres engagements, n’était point scrupuleux sur la constance ni délicat sur la sincérité.”

This poor lady, whose portrait by Lely hardly seems to justify the eulogium of De Grammont, died three years after the time we are now speaking of, when but twenty-five years of age. Later, Pepys is scandalised by Lady Denham, of whom he says “the Duke of York is wholly given up to his new mistress, going at noontday, with all his gentlemen with him, to visit her in Scotland Yard. She declaring she will not be his mistress as Mrs. Price, to go up and down the Privy stairs, but will be owned publicly : and so she is.” The Duke takes Lady Denham aside and talks to her in the sight of all the world and all alone. “Good Mr. Evelyn cries out about it, and calls it bickering (*sic*), for the Duke of York talks a little to her, and then she goes away, and then he follows her again.” Elsewhere Colvill tells him the Duke of York is becoming “a slave to this Lady Denham, and wholly minds her.”

Lady Denham came to an untimely end, dying in January 1667, from poison given to her in a cup of chocolate, it was said. Pepys is doubtful on the point. He reports her dead in November 1666, thus : “Creed

tells me of my Lady Denham, whom everybody says is poisoned, and she hath said it to the Duke of York; but is upon the mending hand, though the town says she is dead this morning." In January of the following year he records that "my Lady Denham is at last dead. Some suspect her poisoned, but it will be best known when her body is opened. . . . The Duke of York is troubled for her, but hath declared he will never have another public mistress again."

De Grammont is explicit, and says "no one doubted that she was poisoned by her husband; the people in his neighbourhood intended to stone him when he came out, but he remained within to weep for the loss of his wife until their fury was appeased by a magnificent funeral, at which he caused more burnt wine to be distributed to the people than had been drunk at any other burial in England."

Returning to James, in summing up his character, Lord Macaulay says, "his understanding was singularly slow and narrow, and his temper obstinate, harsh, and unforgiving"; he adds, "though a libertine, he was diligent, methodical, and fond of authority and business." Probably the Secretary to the Admiralty, who knew him well, would not thoroughly endorse Macaulay's opinion, as witness the following entries in his Diary: "To Whitehall; there the Duke of York, who is gone over to all his pleasures again, and leaves off all care of business, what with his woman, Lady Denham, and his hunting three times a week." Again: "To Whitehall; where, though it blows hard and rains hard, yet the Duke of York is gone a-hunting. We therefore lost our labour." Both Charles and James would seem to have inherited their grandfather's fondness for the chase, the Duke of York being constantly away hunting. But the Royal brothers had other weaknesses, as witness this scene: "The King and Duke of York were all drunk after hunting, at Sir G. Carteret's house at Cranbourne. All fell a-crying for joy, being all maudlin, and kissing one another, the King the Duke of York, the Duke of York the King, and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were, and so passed the day."

After making due allowance for gossip, it is evident that James shared to the full the dissolute and extravagant mode of living of the times, the inevitable result of which was that he got into debt. We find Pepys speaking of the Duke "spending £60,000 a year when he hath not £40,000." On the other hand De Grammont testifies that James showed great economy in the management of his affairs.



Mary of Modena James II



Perhaps an explanation may be found in the share which the Duchess had in the expenditure, as to which Pepys records that she was not only "the proudest woman in the world but the most expensivful." Clearly there was neither plain living nor high thinking in the Duke's *ménage*, and Pepys, who was not fastidiously select in his own company, tells us he dined at the Tower with the Duke and Duchess, and this is his comment: "But Lord, to hear the silly talk was there, 'twould make one mad; the Duke have almost none but silly fools about him." Presumably, however, the Duchess was no fool, for the shrewd observer whom I have been quoting expressly says: "in all things, save his amours, the Duke is led by the nose by his wife." But enough about the weaker and least attractive side of James's nature, for, after all, his immoralities were not his chief characteristic. The curious may search the pages of the Diary for themselves; there they will find many traits of character and personal details, such, for instance, of his (the Duke of York) having the small-pox; of his being "a very plain man in his night habit"; and of his fondness for skating. In the pages of De Grammont he appears in a more dignified, if not in a more attractive light. This vivacious writer, after contrasting the character of Charles with that of his brother James, says of the latter: "A courage proof against anything was attributed to him, an inviolable attachment to his word, economy in business, hauteur, application, pride, each in their turn; he was a scrupulous observer of the rules of duty, and of the laws of justice, he passed for a faithful friend, and an implacable enemy."

One quality the Duke had by common consent, namely, undaunted personal courage, and to this De Grammont bears witness. The stubborn fights with the Dutch put it to the test, and made him acquainted with the realities of naval warfare. Thus, in the bloody engagement of June 1665, when twenty-four Dutch ships were taken or sunk, "The Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerly, and Mr. Richard Boyle were killed on board the Duke's ship, *The Royal Charles*, with one shot, their blood and brains flying in the Duke's face, and the head of Mr. Boyle striking down the Duke as some say."

There is also no doubt that James had a genuine desire to reform the navy, and in matters relating to Admiralty administration he reposed great confidence in Mr. Secretary Pepys, who, by the way, as one of the Barons of the Cinque Ports, was present at his coronation.

Dulness, obstinacy, and cruelty are the faults of head and heart laid to the charge of James, and it seems hard to clear his memory of these aspersions. Moreover, these grave defects were incurable. This last Stuart of the male line who sat upon the English throne seems to have inherited to the fullest extent the ruinous intractableness of his race. It would be easy to find examples of this; indeed it may be said that his history teems with them.

James must have had many warnings of how distasteful his Roman Catholic proclivities were to all classes of the community, for Evelyn tells us of people being displeased with the Duke for altering his religion and marrying an Italian lady, and of their burning the Pope in effigy; and if this conduct was repugnant to them, as we know it was, when he was but yet Duke of York, how much more so must it have been when he came to the throne? indeed it proved fatal, as is shown by the course of events.

As early as 1673 the Duke did not receive the Communion with the King on Easter Day "to the amazement of everybody," and "it gave exceeding griefe and scandal to the whole nation that the heyre of it, and the sonn of a Martyr for the Protestant religion should apostatize."

By the spring of 1676 the Duke had openly professed his change of religion, as Evelyn testifies by the entry in his Diary on March 30 of that year, wherein he says: "this was the first time the Duke appeared no more in Chapell, to the infinite griefe and threatened ruine of this poore Nation."

On February 6, 1685, James succeeded, and, says the same writer, went immediately to Council passionately declaring his sorrow, and his determination to maintain the government, both in Church and State, as by law established.

Other times, other manners. Mr. Evelyn records that, after witnessing the proclamation of James, he returned "to Whitehall, where we all went and kissed the King and Queene's hands. He had been on the bed, but was now risen and was in his undresse. The Queene was in bed in her appartement, but put forth her hand, seeming to be much afflicted, as I believe she was."

Evelyn pays this tribute to James: "the new King affected neither profaneness nor buffoonery," and he adds, "the King begins his reign with great expectations, and much reformation."

The expectations of the author of "Sylvia" himself ran high, for when he was with the King at Portsmouth, he observed "infinite industry, sedulity, gravity, and greate understanding and experience of affaires."

By the end of 1685, James made unexpected demands which were displeasing to the Commons, and by October 1688 the King had "brought people to so desperate a passe that they seem'd passionately to long for and desire the landing of that Prince whom they look'd on to be their deliverer from Popish tyranny, praying incessantly for an East wind which was said to be the only hindrance of his expedition, with a numerous army ready to made a descent." But before we come to the day on which William of Orange landed at Torbay, we may take a glance at one or two of the most important events of James's short reign, of which that known as the Monmouth Rebellion is the most striking.

The broadside "The Rose of Delight," set to the tune of "No, no, 'tis in vain to sigh and complain," is evidence of the hold the cause of "King Monmouth" had upon the popular imagination. There is another curious sheet known to collectors—a very scurrilous and rather indecent one—ridiculing Monmouth, who is termed "the little King of Lyme."

For West-countrymen the story of Sedgemoor, the scene of the last battle fought on English soil, has a reality exceeding, perhaps, any other episode of our history. On the borders of Dorset and Hants stands the tree under which, crouching amidst the fern and bramble, the Royal fugitive was captured. Jeffreys' lodgings are still shown in Dorchester—one of the towns marked out for the wreaking of special vengeance—and the chair traditionally used by the Judge is still preserved in the Town Hall. The writer has heard from country folk tales of their forefathers hiding in the woods for weeks after Sedgemoor, and of food being taken to them by stealth, and how they went in fear of their lives. For one with such vivid impressions of the "bloody Assize" as these, it is not difficult to see with the mind's eye the ominous, sinister smile on the face of Jeffreys as he listen to the "Assize sermon" in which the preacher pleaded for mercy. One easily pictures the court hung with red cloth, and crowded with the wretched, trembling objects of the fury of the judge. The prisoners were sent from Salisbury and Winchester, three hundred of them were condemned, and, according to Toulmin, eighty of them were executed. The whole story of the rash and fruitless enterprise has been fully and picturesquely told by Lord Macaulay, who, according to a recent writer on the Monmouth

episode, got most of his materials from the works and from the library of a schoolmaster of Lyme Regis named George Roberts. A few remarks about the unhappy leader of the Somersetshire and Dorsetshire peasants, who followed him from Lyme and Taunton and the Mendips, may here be made. Monmouth, as we have seen, was the son of Lucy Walter, a Welsh girl of great beauty, but of weak understanding and dissolute manners. Evelyn has described her career and her relations with Colonel Sydney, and speaks of her as "the daughter of some very mean creature—a beautiful strumpet, who died miserably." Lord Chancellor Clarendon calls her "a private Welsh woman of no good fame, but handsome." Evelyn's remark that "she was the daughter of some very mean creature" seems hardly correct, her family being that of Walter, of Roch Castle and Trefan in Pembrokeshire. Her sole title to a niche in history is the fact that she was the mother of Monmouth.

Algernon Sydney, when an officer in the Protector's army, met her in London in 1648, and "trafficked with her for fifty broad pieces." Afterwards, says Mr. Fea, "she fell into the hands of his brother, Colonel Robert Sydney, when she attracted the attention of the young exiled King." It speaks ill for the habits of Charles that, when only nineteen years of age, he should admit the parentage of her son James, afterwards Duke of Monmouth, who was born at Rotterdam in 1649, and was acknowledged by Charles on his return from England in the previous autumn.

Fine feathers are said to make fine birds, and Lord Lytton owns a painting of her in which, clad in ermine, with a huge plume of ostrich feathers on her head, she makes a brave show. In it she appears a vastly different creature from the one portrayed in the semi-nude picture in the Marquis of Bute's collection, which has been engraved. At Dalkeith Palace she is shown in several oil paintings of merit, and appears the handsome creature she doubtless was.

The last scene in Monmouth's life has been described by Evelyn, who records that on July 15, 1685, Monmouth "was this day brought to London and examined before the King to whom he made greate submission . . . (he) died without any apparent feare, he would not make use of a cap or other circumstance, but lying downe bid the fellow do his office better than to the late Lord Russell, and gave him gold: but the wretch made five chopps before he had his head off; which so incensed the people



Duke of Monmouth

that had he not been guarded and got away, they would have torn him to pieces. The Duke made no speech on the scaffold . . . Thus ended this quondam Duke, darling of his father and the ladies, being extremely handsome and adroit, an excellent souldier and dancer, a favourite of the people, of an easy nature, debauched by lusts, seduc'd by crafty knaves who would have set him up only to make a property . . . he failed and perished.

"He was a lovely person, had a virtuous and excellent lady that brought him great riches, and a second dukedom in Scotland. He was Master of the Horse, General of the King his father's army, Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, Knight of the Garter, Chancellor of Cambridge, in a word, had accumulation without end. See what ambition and want of principles brought him to."

This handsome and unfortunate young man is still known in the west of England as "King Monmouth." The portrait here given of him by Samuel Cooper is a most beautiful work, and one of the very finest of the many fine miniatures in the Windsor Library. It represents him as a boy when he was the "darling of the ladies," and when he was known as James Crofts. Pepys notes that he is always "with my Lady Castlemaine, and is a most pretty spark of about fifteen years old."

Viscount Churchill owns a fine miniature of Monmouth by that somewhat rare painter Nathaniel Dixon. Its style may be described as a mixture of Cooper and Lely, that is to say, it strikes one at first as like a Lely of the highest quality; more closely examined, it recalls the handling of Samuel Cooper; but it possesses sufficient merits of its own to stamp the painter as a first-rate artist. It presents a likeness to his father, Charles II., but more handsome, weaker in character, and less saturnine. The hair is especially finely painted, and the armour and lace cravat which he wears, scarcely less so. Judging from the apparent age of the original, it could not have been done long before the fatal day of Sedgemoor. The hair appears to be his own, of a beautiful wavy brown. His dark blue eyes have somewhat of the sleepy character it was the fashion of painters of the period to give their lady sitters. His full under-lip lends a sensuous character to the face.

The Duke of Bedford owns an interesting picture of Monmouth, the work of Mary Beale. It is an oil painting, a bust, life size. His eyes have a haughty expression, his flowing hair is dark brown, he wears a brown

mantle with yellow shoulder straps. It is described in the Woburn catalogue as "a richly coloured picture," and is certainly a favourable example of the powers of the artist, a lady generally known as a miniature painter but not reckoned as one in the first rank.

At Dalkeith, I observed half a dozen portraits, one representing him as a boy of seven years of age, another as St. John with the Lamb, others in armour and in peer's robes. The most striking of them all is the large equestrian group by Wyck, which is said to have been his unhappy Duchess's favourite portrait of him. Certainly it represents Monmouth as a very handsome young man, but his face somewhat pallid and dissipated looking, with dark eyebrows. He wears a large hat with drooping black feathers. The horse trappings are resplendent with gold; they and the saddle were presented to him when he was made Master of the Horse. The Duke of Buccleuch also owns the suit Monmouth wore at his execution, with other personal relics, and especially I noticed two or more superb cabinets, wedding presents from Charles II., who had been presented with them by the "Grand Monarque."

The richness of the Dalkeith collection is accounted for by the fact of the marriage of Monmouth with Lady Anne Scott, daughter of Francis, second Earl of Buccleuch.

The Duke of Beaufort has a handkerchief given by Monmouth to the then Marquis of Worcester, at Bath, and also in the Museum at Taunton Castle there are relics connected with the rising in the West, whilst in the Tower armoury may be seen some of the scythe weapons used by his followers at Sedgemoor. The despair of the unhappy Monmouth is to be read in every line of the letter on the next page, which was written from Ringwood, after his capture, to the Queen, she being, as he says, the only one left whom he thinks would have compassion on him.

Jeffreys must be considered amongst the friends of the Stuarts, since Charles II. made him Chief Justice of England after the Rye House Plot, and James II. sent him upon what seemed to be the congenial errand of punishing the West of England for the Monmouth rising. Burnet styles him "this vicious drunkard raised to the ermine." Evelyn terms him "most ignorant but most daring . . . cruel and a slave to the Court"; and Lord Campbell has gone so far as to say that Jeffreys was chosen to be the remorseless murderer of Algernon Sydney. In a recent work an attempt

Madam

from Ringwood the 9th
of July 1685,

Being in this unfortunate
Condition and having now left but your
Ma^{ty} that I think may have some compa-
-sion of me and that for the last King's sake
makes me take this boldness to beg of you to
intercede for me. I would not deserve your Ma^{ty}
to do it, if I hear not from the bottom of my
heart convinced how I have bine deceived
in to it, and how angry God Almighty is wth
me for it, but I hope Madam your inter-
-cession will give me life to repent of it and
to shew the King how really and truly I will
serve him here after. and I hope Madam
your Ma^{ty} will be convinced, that the life
you save shall ever be devoted to your
service, for I have bine and ever shall be
your Ma^{ty} most dutifull and obedient
servant. MONMOUTH

has been made to whitewash George Jeffreys, and Mr. Irving has pointed out, with regard to the "Bloody Assizes" (as the trial and ruthless punishment of the adherents of Monmouth have ever since been called), that the question should be not "how many did Jeffreys put to death, but the degree in which the Chief Justice, by his fierce and brutal demeanour, aggravated the horrors of an unpleasant situation." An unpleasant situation forsooth! It was so indeed for Lady Lisle and the hundreds of others who suffered, who were hung in West country towns, or sold as slaves in Barbadoes. He prays us to remember that the gaols were crammed with prisoners from Monmouth's army, and that clemency was not in those days "the accepted spirit in which to greet the vanquished adherents of a great rising." Elsewhere, however (and this is a passage which especially links the Judge with our subject), he admits that James II. and Jeffreys were a most unfortunate combination to be entrusted with the suppression of a rebellion. They reacted fatally on one another. The cold implacability of the one was supplemented by the "great and fiery passion" of the other: "the still resentment of the King was augmented by the loud and mocking virulence of the Judge. Those who escaped the fiery darts of Jeffreys were shattered against the marble of James's heart."

Jeffreys was rather above the average height, with marked but by no means disagreeable features, a fair complexion, piercing eyes, bushy eyebrows and a commanding forehead. He was a man of considerable talents and some social gifts, and is reported to have been a great judge of music; but neither his judicial brutality, nor his political profligacy admits of palliation. Devoid of principle, drunken and extravagant, a master of scurrilous invective, he could be pleasant and agreeable enough when he liked. He died when but forty-one, having been Chief Justice of the King's Bench at thirty-five and Lord Chancellor at thirty-seven. There is a rather rudely executed old print extant, showing his capture at Wapping, which reflects the popular hatred that Macaulay has depicted in such terrible colours.

Returning to James II., a few words may be said anent his portrait here shown. It is by one of the greatest artists-in-little who ever worked in this country—Samuel Cooper. This superb miniature is at Windsor; in the space of a thumbnail we have the whole character of the man set forth. We can read his nature in his face, and are prepared, as it were, for the misfortunes which overtook him. Here is a man with many of the faults of Charles II., and without the engaging qualities of his brother, which blinded

his subjects to his perfidy as a king, and his dissoluteness as an individual. When we look upon the features of James II., as here rendered, we can realise the cruelty of disposition which made all the abject entreaties of the unfortunate Monmouth unavailing. The cold glance of those eyes does but reflect the icy heart.

According to Macaulay, there is a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred. The name is John Graham of Claverhouse.

He was, according to the Whig historian, "rapacious and profane, of violent temper and of obdurate heart," characteristics which the almost feminine beauty of his face in the fine picture included in this work would seem to belie. The original was shown at the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery; it is by an unknown artist, and represents him in armour. It belongs to Miss Leslie-Melville. The face is that of a strikingly handsome young man. There is a small drawing of him in Indian ink in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. It is somewhat remarkable that the man who raised the Highland clans for James, and whose death at Killiecrankie is so dramatically described in the pages of Macaulay, saved the life of William of Orange at Seneff.

Relative to portraits of James II. and his consorts, that of Anne Hyde at Hampton Court, to which reference has been already made, does not represent her the homely featured woman one might expect to find. Although her dignity is evident, she has not the air of being happy, nor can she be called beautiful; but Mary Beatrice Eleanor d'Este, daughter of the Duke of Modena, and the second wife of James, was undoubtedly a handsome creature, even at the age of fourteen, when she became Duchess of York. Her marriage with him was much against her inclination, for James was more than old enough to be her father, and "it was not," we read, "without floods of tears that she yielded herself to her mother's commands, which she had never before ventured to dispute." Lord Peterborough, who was the Duke's envoy, thus describes his future mistress and the unwilling object of his mission to Italy: "She was tall and admirably shaped; her complexion was of the last degree of fairness, her hair black as jet, so were her eye-brows and her eyes, but the latter so full of light and sweetness as that they did dazzle and charm too . . . her face was of the most graceful oval." Her finely chiselled features may be seen in the miniature by an unknown artist now preserved in the Windsor Library. She ascended the throne

when she was twenty-six years old, and was a most devoted and tender wife to James through all the vicissitudes of his fortunes.

Among the many romantic episodes with which the history of the Stuarts is crowded, few can excite more sympathy than the flight of Mary Beatrice with the infant Prince of Wales in her arms. The birth of this child has been the subject of much misrepresentation. The story of the escape has been told by St. Victor, who was one of the principal actors in the drama. It was Sunday, December 9, a day of tumult, of burning of Roman Catholic chapels and houses. The Queen desired to remain and share the fate of James, but he declared that prudence dictated she should precede him in a flight to France for the sake of their child, and he promised to follow her in four-and-twenty hours. Retiring to bed at ten o'clock as usual, the Queen was ready to join her foreign protectors and guides. Followed by two nurses with the infant Prince, just six months old, accompanied by Lauzun and St. Victor, who had the keys, Mary crossed the great gallery in silence, stole down the back stairs, and quitted Whitehall for ever. They drove to the horse-ferry at Westminster, the night being wet and stormy and "so dark, when we got into the boat, we could not see each other though we were closely seated."

"The boat was very small," says the narrator, who owns to feeling extreme terror at the peril to which he saw personages of their importance exposed by the violence of the wind, and the heavy incessant rain. The coach and six which should have been waiting by Lambeth Church was not to be seen, and so there was nothing for it but to withdraw under the walls of the church and there seek shelter from the bitter wind and cold.

The missing coach was found at an inn close by, and, dressed as an Italian washerwoman, the Queen of England made her way unmolested to Gravesend, whence she set sail for France, and here we must leave the unfortunate fugitive.

By disbanding the troops James threw away his last chances of the throne; his irresolute conduct shows that he had not nerve to meet the crisis in his fate, and skulking out of bed at three in the morning he made his way to Sheerness, taking with him the Great Seal "as if childishly credulous in its magical properties."

According to the writer of the memoir of James II. in the "Dictionary of National Biography," this King "never had the sympathy of his people.



Graham of Claverhouse

He was never popular, and with his brother Charles he had frequent coolnesses." As to his conduct when he came to the throne, the same authority considers that James "seemed possessed with a desire to be moderate and to support the Church of England. At the Coronation (though of course he had been an avowed Romanist for years) he submitted to be crowned by the Primate," who was "assisted by the Bishops of Durham and Bath under the canopy," which was borne by sixteen barons of the Cinque Ports, of whom Samuel Pepys was one.

James had eight children by Anne Hyde, and seven by his second wife, Mary of Modena; but besides these he had five acknowledged bastards, of whom James, Duke of Berwick, is best known, and the one for whom his father always showed the greatest affection. Had he been legitimate, he might have changed the fortunes of his family. He was the son of Arabella Churchill and, consequently, nephew of the great Duke of Marlborough, whom he is said to have resembled in features, whilst his handsome face had also many of the characteristics of his grandfather, Charles I.

The subjoined letter from James to his natural daughter, Henrietta FitzJames, shows him in an amiable light. It is written from Windsor, April 23, 1682, and runs thus :

"I have received the Letter you wrote lately to me, and am very glad to find by one I had at the same time from my cousin the Princess Louise, that you behave yourself so well, and that she gives you so good a character. I hope you will do nothing to give her reason to alter her opinion of you, and that you will do nothing to make me less kind to you than I am, and you shall upon all occasions find me as kind to you as you can desire.

"JAMES."

"For Mrs. Henrietta FitzJames,
at Maubaisson."

Of all James's numerous children but few survived, indeed the mortality amongst the juvenile Stuarts is amazing. As we shall see later on, Anne, the daughter of James, lost eighteen or nineteen children in infancy.

The campaign in Ireland is, I suppose, that part of James's career which is best known, or, at any rate, that which has left the deepest mark in

popular memory. As long as the Irish race remains, the recollection of the Battle of the Boyne seems likely to survive, for much else has grown up around it, taking root in the rank soil of religious and political partisanship. As, however, military and sectarian topics are foreign to the scope of this book, I do not propose to dwell upon the doings of James in Ireland.

The final attempt to recover the crown of his ancestors, made by this ill-starred monarch with French assistance, culminated in the destruction of Tourville's fleet in 1692. At this great naval battle of La Hogue, we are told, James could not conceal his admiration of the exploits of the British sailors. After this last and crushing blow to his hopes, he retired to St. Germain, where he spent the remaining years of his life in austere devotions. He died ten years afterwards.

The fate of the remains of King James II. is a remarkable story. It is reported to have been his own wish to be buried in the Parish Church of St. Germain, but his body was taken to the English Benedictine Church of St. Edmund, and there it remained until the French Revolution, when the coffin was broken up for the sake of the lead, and its contents carried away. It is said to have been thrown into the "fosse commune."

REQUIESCAT.

CHAPTER XIV

WILLIAM AND MARY—ANNE



It has not been the lot of many mortals to have a father in command of one army, and a husband at the head of another and opposing army. This, however, was the case with Mary when James II. landed in Ireland and fought the Battle of the Boyne. In judging of the character and of the actions of this Queen, it is only fair to remember the difficulties of her position, in which filial duty must have been at variance with conjugal affection. Of her popularity in this country there is no question. Her readiness to smile, her easy amiability and winning manners are admitted on all hands.

"She was excellently qualified to be the head of the Court. English by birth, and English also in her tastes and feelings. Her face was handsome, her port majestic, her temper sweet and lively, her manners affable and graceful. Her understanding, though very imperfectly cultivated, was quick.

"There was no want of feminine wit and shrewdness in her conversation : and her letters were so well expressed that they deserve to be well spelt . . . The stainless purity of her private life, and the strict attention she paid to her religious duties, were the more respected because she was singularly free from censoriousness, and discouraged scandal as much as vice . . . her charities were munificent and judicious."

She was in truth an estimable, courteous, and lovable woman, "genuinely modest in a shameless age." There was a Court saying that the Queen talked as much as the King thought and as the Princess (Anne) ate! Her eyesight was weak, but she was a great Bible reader. In youth her figure was slight, and she was an elegant dancer. Miss Strickland says of her, "Mary was in person a Stuart ; she was tall, slender, and graceful, with a

clear complexion, almond-shaped dark eyes, dark hair, and an elegant outline of features." The one great passion of her life was devotion to her husband, which was to her a very anchorage of the soul. She was, by the course of events over which she had but little control, cut off from parental affection. She was brotherless, and, after her quarrel with Anne, without a sister: above all she was childless, and thus her affections were set upon William with the whole force of her nature. Although, not long before her death, she took him to task for his conjugal infidelities, there is no doubt she possessed his entire confidence and affection. His mother had died of small-pox, and when he saw his wife sinking under a malignant attack of the same complaint, he remained day and night near her bedside, and, as the end drew near, his sorrow was piteous to behold; the tears ran unchecked down that face usually so stern and frigid. "There is no hope," he cried to Burnet; "I was the happiest man on earth; and I am the most miserable. She had no fault; none: you knew her well: but you could not know, nobody but myself could know her goodness."

Thus Mary was stricken in her prime, and in the midst of her greatness; and her partner was left solitary on a throne to which she alone had given him a right. "Never was so universal a mourning," says John Evelyn (March 5, 1695), "all the Parliament had cloaks given them, and 400 poore women; all the streets hung, and the middle of the streete boarded and covered with black cloth. There were all the nobility, mayor, aldermen, judges, &c., at her funeral."

Evelyn, who was a Tory of the Tories, allows some prejudices against Mary to escape him, as, for instance, when he condemns her behaviour on her arrival at Whitehall, and is offended by her "laughing and folly," and by her rising early and going about from room to room, &c.; but he cannot deny her the testimony of his respect, and after describing her funeral, he sums up her character in three words: she was, he says, "an admirable woman."

It has been observed that there was not much natural affection in the Stuart family. To this rule Charles I. may be an exception, but against the rest of them it seems to be a more or less true indictment. At any rate, the conduct of Mary and Anne gives ground for the assertion. They seem to have had no common bond, they superseded their father upon the throne, their mother probably they hardly knew.

The quarrel between the sisters is not a pleasant topic. There seems



Effigy of Queen Mary II

to have been no generosity on the part of William and Mary towards Anne, who had made sacrifices for the sake of the security of their throne. The Royal pair squabbled over her lodgings in Whitehall; they refused Richmond to her; they begrudged the £30,000 a year she was allowed; and when Parliament, through the exertions of Lady Marlborough, gave her £50,000, this was a cause of offence, and things were brought to a climax when the dismissal of Lady Marlborough was demanded by the Queen. This demand was even carried by Mary into the chamber of the Princess after her confinement at Syon House, where she had taken refuge. But, lying on her bed "as white as the sheets," Anne refused with stammering accents, saying it was unreasonable to ask it of her. Whereupon the angry Queen left the room without another word, and they never met again.

Macaulay, in his elaborate description of William's character and person, speaks of his slender and feeble frame, of his lofty and ample forehead, the nose curved like the beak of an eagle, an eye rivalling that of an eagle in brightness and keenness, a thoughtful and somewhat sullen brow, a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed by sickness and care. His mental gifts and force of will are subjects of the enthusiastic praise of the great Whig historian; but in England "Dutch William" was never popular. This was largely due no doubt, to his inability to speak the language, but above all to his taciturn nature and cold manner. This frigid exterior belied the nature of the man, as revealed in his letters to his faithful servant and lifelong friend, Bentinck, ancestor of the present Ducal house of Portland.

The same writer has graphically described how abiding and real was William's fondness for his native land. This, no doubt, was one of the causes of his want of popularity in England. English people, Macaulay says, were provoked at William being so happy at the prospect of any visit to Holland. They hoped that "when no call of duty required him to cross the seas, he would generally, during the summer and autumn, reside in his fair palaces and parks on the banks of the Thames, or travel from country seat to country seat, and from cathedral town to cathedral town, making himself acquainted with every shire of his realm, and giving his hand to be kissed by multitudes of squires, clergymen, and aldermen, who were not likely ever to see him unless he came amongst them." But "he was sick of the noble residences which had descended to him from ancient princes . . . sick of Windsor, of Richmond, and Hampton. . . . Whilst he was forced to be with us he was weary of us, pining for his home . . . he turned his back

on his English subjects, he hastened to his seat in Guelders, where during some months he might be free from the annoyance of seeing English faces and hearing English words."

Bishop Burnet's character of William is not a flattering one. He says: "He had been much neglected in his education. . . . He spoke little and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times except on the day of battle. . . . He hated business of all sorts; yet he hated talking and all sports, except hunting, still more. . . . He was without passions. . . . In his deportment towards all about him he seemed to make but little distinction between the good and the bad—those who served him well and those who served him ill."

Here I may recall Coleridge's remark that William "was a greater and much honester man than any of his ministers. I believe every one of them, except Shrewsbury, has now been detected in correspondence with James."

If it be disputed that William was great of soul, it is, at any rate indisputable that he was diminutive in person. The curious in such matters will find proof of this at Westminster. Not the least interesting of the memorials of the dead in which the Abbey is so rich, are the effigies which were formerly placed on the hearse when the body lay in state, and are now in the dim and dusty recesses of the Islip Chapel. These wax figures were doubtless modelled more or less truly to life, especially as regards their stature, and as to their costumes, they are clad in the robes actually worn by the originals. Amongst the best preserved of these wax figures are William and Mary, although I am not prepared to say that these were actually used on their respective hearses. So marked is the contrast between the two figures that the King is actually placed standing upon a cushion in order that the disparity in height may not appear too marked. Moreover, when the coronation took place, a chair had to be provided for each sovereign, and it will be found that the one in which Queen Mary was seated is considerably lower than the earlier one containing the famous coronation stone; the object being, as in the case of the cushion before mentioned, to minimise the difference in the stature of the Royal pair. "But mentally also Mary was of a markedly different nature to William. She had the winning ways and genial grace of her family, and won the hearts of the wider common circle in an easy enthusiasm. She was herself

on the surface easily pleased, excited by novelty, and delighted to come back as mistress to the high places which, in her youth, had embodied all ideas of splendour and greatness to her mind. Both friends and foes have remarked upon her pleasure in taking possession of Whitehall, her eager rush, on the morning after her arrival, to examine everything, and delighted appropriation of the apartments which her father and his family had so recently left."

Although Mary lived but thirty-two years, Mrs. Jameson mentions one hundred and fifty distinct engravings of her. At Welbeck is preserved an interesting relic, a ring, which she herself thus describes, "given me by the Prince three days after we wear married, which, being the first thing he gave me, I have ever had a perticular esteem for it, for when I was to be crowned I had it made big enough for ye finger for ye occasion, but by mistake it was put on ye King's finger and I had to put on (his)." This account is in Mary's handwriting. The ring is a narrow gold hoop set with a ruby and a diamond. Macaulay concludes his History by a passage in which he relates that when the remains of William III. were laid out, a small piece of black silk ribbon was found next to his skin. It contained a gold ring and a lock of the hair of Mary.

William's features in later life, his broken nose, dark eyes, and black eyebrows, his brown skin, and his huge wig are all familiar, and numerous paintings of him exist in our public galleries. Mrs. Morrison's fine picture of him at Fonthill makes him really handsome.

ANNE

"I saw Queen Anne tearing down the Park slopes (Windsor) after her staghounds, and driving her one-horse chaise—a hot, red-faced woman, not in the least resembling that statue of her which turns its stone back upon St. Paul's."

The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.

It is customary to call the reign of Anne one of the most illustrious in our history, but we never hear the greatness and the glory ascribed to the commonplace, imperfectly educated woman who sat upon the throne of England in the Augustan age. If Anne may be said to shine at all, it is by a light reflected from the remarkable men who, in politics, literature, and war, have shed lustre upon her annals. A modern writer has drawn a comparison between "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" and those of the last Stuart who reigned in England, and has pointed out that in one respect the position of the two sovereigns was similar. In each case they stood in the fierce light which beats upon the throne when "the country was trembling between two dynasties, scarcely yet recovered from the convulsion of great political changes, and feeling that nothing but the life of the sovereign stood between it and unknown rulers and dangers to come.

"The deluge in both cases was ready to be let loose after the termination of the life of the central personage in the State. And in both cases it was upon the pivot of one and the same family that all national fortunes turned. The new and unfamiliar race that succeeded the elder Queen. . . . the most prominent member of which race had just been executed on an English scaffold for State necessities of England; a race which had succeeded but indifferently in its native home, and was altogether uncertain as to its adaptability for the greater throne—was in the days of Anne brought to a melancholy conclusion." Not to pursue this contrast further, and leaving the "melancholy conclusion" of the Stuarts to the proper place in this work, an antithesis at least as striking may be found in the characters of the various members of the family with whom we have been dealing, and that of the youngest daughter of James II. and Anne Hyde. Neither in mind nor in person did she resemble the gifted, handsome race from which she was sprung on her father's side (for the Duchess of York was plain,

although she had great natural dignity: "the proudest woman in the world" Pepys terms her); nor does Queen Anne seem to have had a spark of the natural fascination which most of the Stuarts exerted over those with whom they were brought in contact. No two women could be more unlike than Mary of Scotland and the mild Queen who found a fitting husband in the stolid, phlegmatic George of Denmark, with his homely virtues. To Anne was given neither the melancholy dignity of Charles I. nor the *bonhomie* of his son, the second Charles. Sarah Jennings terms her "a little card-playing automaton."

It is but just, however, to admit, in the words of the writer already quoted, that "Anne was one of the sovereigns who may, without too great a strain of hyperbole, be allowed to have been beloved in her day. She did nothing to repel the popular devotion: she was the best of wives, the most sadly disappointed of childless mothers. She made pecuniary sacrifices to the weal of her kingdom such as no king or queen of England had made before. And she was a Stuart, Protestant and safe, combining all the rights of the family with those of orthodoxy and constitutionalism, without even so much offence as lay in a foreign accent. There was, indeed, nothing foreign about her, a circumstance in her favour which she shared with the other great English Queens-regnant who had preceded her. All these points made her popular, even, it might be permissible to say, "beloved." The placid-faced, middle-aged lady whose features are so familiar to us on the canvases of Kneller, and the enamels of Zincke, had, when a child, plump, rosy-faced, fresh beauty of her own, with the prettiest hands, and a very sweet, melodious voice, so that, according to Lord Dartmouth, it was a pleasure to hear her. Here is a picture of her as drawn by the authoress of "The Queens of England."

"Anne had the round face and full form of her mother and the Lord Chancellor Clarendon. In her youth she was a pretty, rosy Hebe. Her hair a dark chestnut brown, her complexion sanguine and ruddy; her face round and comely; her features strong and regular . . . her bones were very small, her hands and arms most beautiful. She had a good ear for music." Her simple, narrow-minded nature is reflected in her face, as shown in the picture of her with her son by Michael Dahl, belonging to Earl Spencer and given in this book. It is not difficult to draw a picture of her in the stiff brocade and quaint costume of the period of her youth, with high-heeled shoes and "head-dresses mounting up to the skies,"—so

well shown in the portrait of James III. and his sister by Largillière ;— now journeying to Richmond in a lumbering coach such as the Court ladies of the time were wont to use, and now taking the air upon the Thames in the huge gilded barge of the period. We hear of her visiting her Royal grandmother, the unfortunate Henrietta Maria, in France, and from Brussels she writes, when a girl of fifteen, describing a ball whereat she is surprised to find a gentleman dancing as well if not better than the Duke of Monmouth ; and here, by the way, she notes “that the streets of this great fine town,” as she calls it, “are not so clean as in Holland, yet they are not as dirty as ours. They are very well paved and very easy, they onely have od smells.” In 1683 she married the Prince of Denmark, of whom Evelyn observes in his Diary : “he has the Danish countenance, blonde, of few words, spoke French but ill, seems somewhat heavy, but is reported to be valiant.” A valiant trencherman he was, fond, like his consort, of eating and drinking. They were married at Whitehall, and here her uncle Charles gave them the “Cockpit ” to live in. This place was built as a play-house and stood adjoining the Treasury, not far from the Holbein gate.

As all the world knows, the Whitehall of those days wore a very different aspect to its present appearance. The fire of 1697 swept away a congeries which had clustered round the Royal residence, and which had made it, in the words of Mary of Modena, “one of the largest and most uncomfortable houses in the world.” There do not seem to have been any very remarkable buildings, and in contemporary prints the Banqueting House which Inigo Jones designed, and through the window of which Charles passed to execution, was the most striking edifice of the whole. As for the scenes which went on within the walls of Whitehall after the Restoration, are they not written in the pages of Pepys and of Evelyn ?

But if “Mrs. Morley” and her husband were, as seems to have been the case, dulness personified, there was one about them whose nature was cast in a different mould indeed. “Mrs. Freeman” was born to rule and practically held the helm of state for years. How she treated the smaller fry with whom she was brought in contact may be gathered from a delightfully characteristic passage from her own pen. “Painters, poets, and builders,” she exclaims, “have very high flights, but they must be kept down.” The Duchess of Marlborough was without doubt not merely a remarkable woman, but the most remarkable of her time in England. She was, as Pope satirically



Anne and Duke of Gloucester

terms her, "by turns all woman-kind"; in respect of the influence she wielded over Anne, and over her husband, she was a truly great character, and it needs far more space to do justice to her commanding qualities than can here be spared. For this reason, and because the great "Atossa" was not a Stuart, we must not enter into details of her life and disposition which are, to be sure, sufficiently well known. But there is a story about her which Lady Mary Wortley Montague relates, so full of personal interest that it must be recalled to the reader's memory. It is *apropos* her beautiful hair. "The best thing I had," she says herself, "was the colour of my hair." In a fit of spleen she cut off her tresses and laid them in an ante-chamber through which she knew her lord must pass.

As he showed no sign of displeasure, she concluded her husband had not seen the hair, and hurried to the room to secure it. No trace of it could be seen. After the Duke's death she found the ringlets carefully preserved in a cabinet wherein he kept whatever he held most precious.

"At this point of the story," says Lady Mary, "the Duchess regularly fell a-crying." As to the place her husband really held in her affections, her well-known reply to the Duke of Somerset, who wished to marry her, though she was then sixty-two, is sufficient evidence. When this proud old man proposed for her widowed hand, she made answer that had she been but half her age, and if he were the Emperor of the world, she would not permit him to succeed in that heart which had been devoted to John, Duke of Marlborough.

The portrait given of Sarah Jennings represents her in the plenitude of her charms; it is from the fine painting in the National Portrait Gallery by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and shows the imperious, mutinous character of the woman. Without doubt she and her husband were a handsome pair, and Macaulay, though he likes not the Duke, cannot deny the victor of Blenheim's physical beauty. He says: "John Churchill was a fine youth, early distinguished as a man of fashion and of pleasure. His stature was commanding, his face handsome, his address singularly winning, yet of such dignity that the most impertinent fops never ventured to take any liberty with him; his temper, even in the most vexatious and irritating circumstances, always under perfect command. His education had been so much neglected that he could not spell the most common words of his own language: but his acute and vigorous understanding amply supplied the place of book-learning.

"He was not talkative, but when he was forced to speak in public, his

natural eloquence moved the envy of practised rhetoricians. His courage was singularly cool and imperturbable. During many years of anxiety and peril, he never, in any emergency, lost, even for a moment, the perfect use of his admirable judgment. His serene intrepidity distinguished him among thousands of brave soldiers, and his professional skill commanded the respect of veteran officers.

“Unhappily his splendid qualities were mingled with alloy of the most sordid kind. Some propensities which in youth are singularly ungraceful, began very early to show themselves in him. He was thrifty in his very vices, and levied ample contributions from ladies enriched by the spoils of more liberal lovers. He was, during a short time, the object of the violent but fickle fondness of the Duchess of Cleveland. On one occasion he was caught with her by the King, and was forced to leap out of the window. She rewarded this hazardous feat of gallantry with a present of £5000. With this sum the prudent young hero bought an annuity of £500 a year, well secured on landed property.” To this I subjoin Mr. Green’s estimate of this great man, whose life he finds full of baseness and treason.

“He retained to the last the indolent grace of his youth. His natural dignity was never ruffled by an outbreak of temper. Amidst the storm of battle men saw him without fear of danger, or in the least hurry, giving his orders with all the calmness imaginable. In the cabinet he was as cool as on the battlefield.

“‘I think it better to be envied than pitied,’ he says. His passion for his wife was the one sentiment which tinged the colourless light in which his understanding moved. In all else he was without love or hate, he knew neither doubt nor regret.

“In private life he was a humane and compassionate man; but if his position required it, he could betray Englishmen to death in his negotiations with St. Germain, or lead his army to a butchery such as that of Malplaquet. Of honour, or the finer sentiments of mankind, he knew nothing, and he turned without a shock from guiding Europe, and winning great victories, to heap up a matchless fortune by speculation or greed. He is, perhaps, the only instance of a man of real greatness who loved money for money’s sake. But let us take our leave of him in the noble tribute of Bolingbroke: ‘he was so very great a man I forgot he had that vice.’” There is a portrait of Marlborough by the fashionable miniature painter of his day, Bernard Lens, belonging to Viscount Churchill. It is a superlatively fine miniature,



Duchess of Marlborough

and, I think, the most brilliant work of the artist with which I am acquainted. The great Duke is in a red velvet coat, crossed by the blue sash of the Garter, and wears a large lace cravat and a light periwig of the period. He has reached middle life and has a double chin. His eyes are greyish, his features regular and well modelled.

There is a personage who comes upon the stage during the reign of Anne of whom some great historians take no notice whatsoever, yet others find in his brief life and premature death much of pathetic interest; "a more heart-rending episode," says one sympathetic writer, "is not in history than the lying-in-state of the little body of the Duke of Gloucester in Westminster Hall. So many hopes went to the grave with him, so many more arose and came to life again when his little life was over." For something like twenty years did Anne bear children in quick succession, so that the pangs and cares of maternity must have formed no small part of her life history. Yet none of her many babies survived save one, born a year after Mary and William came to the throne.

The little Duke of Gloucester, though sickly at first, lived to be ten years of age. He was, as he looks in Dahl's picture of him and his mother, a quaint, precocious child, but lovable, "perverse and delightful, not always easy to manage, constantly asking the most awkward questions, full of ambition and energy and spirit and foolishness." He had a little regiment of boys of his own age whom he delighted to drill, and when he went to Windsor (which William, preferring Hampton Court, had assigned to Anne), four boys were fetched from Eton to be his playmates. When but seven we see him installed a Knight of the Garter, and addressing his uncle with such protestations of loyalty as these: "I, your Majesty's most faithful subject, had rather lose my life in your Majesty's cause than in any man's else; and I hope it will not be long ere you conquer France."

Bishop Burnet, who was his tutor, has left a pleasant picture of the boy when he was nine, and Marlborough was recalled from disgrace to be made Governor to the young Prince. "Teach him," said William to the Duke "to be like yourself, and he will not want accomplishments."

But illness seized the poor child amidst the rejoicings of his tenth birthday, and in a few days the promising career was closed for ever. His mother, Burnet says, "attended on him during his sickness with great tenderness, but with a grave composure that amazed all who saw it: she bore his death with a resignation and piety that were indeed

very singular." At St. Germain's we may well believe the removal of the obstacle in the way of succession was viewed with very different feelings.

This question of the succession must have been an agitating one to Anne. She clung to the power she was unfitted to wield, and did not like the idea of a successor at all. She told Marlborough that she could not endure a visit from the Elector, no, not for a week. Then at times her brother's name, the Chevalier St. George, would come to her mind, and she would feel she had wronged him. Faction raged around her closing years, and she died worn out before her time, for she was but fifty.

The passage quoted at the head of this chapter Thackeray no doubt borrowed from Swift, who says "Anne drove like a Jehu," and has left us some glimpses of Court life at Windsor in his day. "The Queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon, and drove in her chaise about forty miles, and it was five before she went to dinner." Again "there was a drawing-room to-day, but so few company that the Queen sent for us into her chamber where we made our bows and stood, about twenty of us, round the room while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready and went out."

CHAPTER XV

THE CHEVALIER ST. GEORGE



ON the 10th of June, 1688, was born "the most unfortunate of Princes, destined to seventy-seven years of exile and wandering, of vain projects, of honours more galling than insults, and of hopes such as make the heart sick." The circumstances attending his birth, and the suspicions excited thereby, have been alluded to in a previous chapter, and we have seen the heir to the English throne taken, a child in arms, across the Thames in the dead of a tempestuous winter's night, and then across the Channel to find a shelter in a foreign land.

In looking upon the careers of the last three Stuarts who wielded any real influence upon the history of their time, that is to say upon James II., the Old Chevalier, and Prince Charles Edward, the son of James II. suffers by force of contrast, and is perforce relegated to a second place in our interest, if not in our sympathies. It was not his lot to mount the throne of his ancestors, only to quit it after a brief pursuit of that mistaken policy into which bigotry and blindness led his father; nor was it his fate to be an object of passionate political loyalty, and the hero of the marvellous, well-nigh incredible, adventures which make the earlier years of his son, Prince Charles Edward, read like a chapter of romance.

It has been said of the Old Chevalier that he remained obscure because he had no distinctive character. Probably full justice has not been done to him. This is clearly the opinion of Mr. Andrew Lang, who says of the melancholy James III. "he had a keen sense of honour, undeniable dignity, and Christian stoicism."

If the son of James and Mary of Modena had not force of character adequately to fulfil the expectations of his parents and adherents, it cannot be said that the failures of his career were due to want of pains taken with his rearing. When he was eight years of age a list of elaborate rules was drawn

up by his mother "for the family of our dearest son, the Prince of Wales." It is too long to give in full, but I quote some of the minute directions by which the studies and mode of life of the young Prince were to be regulated. I take them from the Stuart papers at Windsor, a calendar of which has recently been presented to Parliament. They bring out in clear relief the daily life of James III., and one cannot but feel sorry for a boy so watched day and night, so "cabined, cribbed, confined," as he must have been. Ceremony and regulations dog his footsteps everywhere and perpetually. "None are to be permitted to whisper in the Prince his ear or talk with him in privat" (rule 8); "as to the grooms of the Prince his bed-chamber, their business is to dress and undress him, to lye by him in their turns: and to follow him from place to place," and so on. These regulations are a curious and interesting illustration of the management of children two centuries ago.

RULES for the family of our dearest son, the PRINCE OF WALES.

1696, July 19. St. Germain's.—"Whereas it is Our Will and pleasure to constitute and appoint our Right Trusty and Right Well-beloved Cosen James, Earle of Perth, to be Governor to Our dearest son, the Prince of Wales, Wee have thought fitt to prescribe the following Rules to guide him in the discharge of his duty.

1. In the first place the Governor, or in his absence one of the Undergovernors must constantly attend upon the person of Our said dearest son at all times and in all places, that he may be still under the eye of one of them, except when he is at his Book or Catechisme with his Preceptor, or Underpreceptor.

3. Wee will that the Governor ly at night in the Prince his Chamber and when he shall be hindered by any just occasion from so doing the Undergovernor in waiting must supply his Room.

8. None are to be permitted to whisper in the Prince his ear or talk with him in privat, out of the hearing of the Governor, or in his absence, of the Undergovernor in waiting.

9. None must be permitted to make the Prince any present without first shewing it to the Governor, or in his absence, to the Undergovernor in waiting, and asking one of their leaves to give it.

10. None must presume to give the Prince anything to eat nor any flowers, perfumes, or sweet waters etc. without the Governor's leave and



Chevalier de St. George when Young

approbation, or the leave and approbation of the Undergovernor in his absence.

11. No books, written papers, or any thing of that nature must ever be given to the Prince without shewing them first to the Governor or preceptor, and asking their approbation, and no songs must be taught the Prince but such as the Governor shall first approve.

12. No children must be permitted to come into the Prince his lodgings, upon the account of playing with him, but when they are sent for, by the Governor, or in his absence by the Undergovernor in waiting, and not above two or three at a time.

14. None must be permitted to whisper or to run into corners with the Prince, wher the Governor &c. may not hear and see what they do and say; and he shall receive directions from Us, what children are fitt to play with our son or to go in coach with him.

15. As to the Grooms of the Prince his Bedchamber, Our Will is that they also serve by weeks, and that one of them be allways in whole waiting, and the other in halfe waiting.

16. Their business is to dress him, and undress him, to lye by him in their turns, to wait at his meals, and to follow him from place to place.

21. No servant, page or footman must ever open any door for the Prince to go out of his lodgings, but when the Governor &c. gives orders for it.

22. As to the distribution of time to be observed for the Prince, his hour of rising in the morning may be about seven and a halfe. The time between that and nine may be allotted for his dressing, his morning prayers, his waiting upon Us and the Queen, and eating his breakfast.

23. At nine of the clock he may hear Mass, which done, his studys may begin, and be continued as long as his Preceptor shall judge proper for his improvement. When his book is done, ther will be time enough between that and dinner, which will be about twelve and a halfe, for his dancing, writing, or any other exercise that costs but halfe an hour.

24. After dinner ther must be allowed an hour or somewhat more for play, and about two houres more in the afternoon must be allotted for his studys, either before he goes abroad or afterwards, or part before and part after, according as it shall be found convenient considering the season of the year.

25. The proper times of his receiving company will be at his Levé,

and at his dinner, and in the evening after his studys are done, and at supper. But orders must be given not to let in all sorts of people without distinction, and care must be taken that thos who are admitted may not talk with the Prince too familiarly without observing that distance which ought to be kept.

26. What times are allotted upon worke days for his book, must be employed upon Sundays and holy days by the Preceptor in Catechisme, reading of good books, Christian doctrine, and the like.

27. The mony appointed for the particular use of our son must be received by the Governor, who is to dispose and order the laying it out, according to his discretion.

When James II. and VII. lay dying at St. Germain's in 1701, the French King went thither, attended by a splendid retinue, and thus addressed the dying exile: "I come to tell your Majesty that whenever it shall please God to take you from us, I will be to your son what I have been to you, and will acknowledge him as King of England, Scotland, and Ireland"; and so at Versailles James III. and VIII., or the Chevalier St. George—or call him what you will—was received as his father had been before him, sat at the right hand of "the great Monarch" and wore the imperial purple robe of mourning. But with this, and such like empty pomp and pageant, it all ended. The insolence of Louis had, however, the effect of exciting public indignation in this country to such a pitch that the Jacobites who dared to make some demonstrations in London were driven from the streets with yells and showers of stones; thus the result of the recognition was rather prejudicial than otherwise to James and his cause.

It would seem that soon after James II. died at St. Germain's, a prey to melancholy and disappointed hopes, his son must have engaged in schemes to recover the throne of England, and we find him, when he was but fifteen years old, writing to Lord Lovat in 1703 in the tone of a reigning monarch. This letter I reproduce.

These expectations and many more such as are foreshadowed in this epistle came to naught. Years went by and nothing was done, till in 1708 Louis provided a fleet for the invasion of Scotland, which sailed for the Firth of Forth; but when Admiral Byng and the English fleet came in sight, the invaders took to flight.

The general gloom and obscurity of the Chevalier's life was broken by

My Lord Louis I am well Informed and very sensible of the services performed to the Crown by your ancestors, and now your own so freely hazarding your life, in coming hither upon so important an occasion, besides what you had undertaken in Scotland in concurrence with the late Marquis of Lord Drummond, has moved me to let you know my resolution of bestowing you an Earldom, and that in preference to all I shall create in the Kingdom of Scotland, for I here promise that you shall be the first, & that I will take your person, and family into my care and recompence your past, and future services, so as — that you shall become an argument to encourage others to serve me zealously. And if you should come to fail, what I promise to you shall be made good to your brother, and to the heirs male of your family provided they prove themselves loyal and faithful to me as you are. What I now promise is by the concurrence, and consent of the Queen my dearest Mother James R

St Germain May the 9th
1709



the rising of 1715, no doubt the most momentous event in his career. It cannot be said that James distinguished himself in this affair. Green terms him "a sluggish and incapable leader." Disguised as a servant, he left Barle Duc, and reached the coast near St. Malo. Thence, finding it impossible to obtain a passage, he journeyed, disguised as a sailor, through Normandy to Dunkirk, whence he sailed to Peterhead, passing through Aberdeen still in disguise. By this time the indecisive battle of Sheriffmuir had been fought, and the Highlanders under Mar were beginning to melt away. When Argyle advanced northwards James deserted his army and took ship back to France. Thus ignominiously ended the incident of 1715.

When James arrived at the age of thirty, it was thought desirable that he should marry, and accordingly, in 1718, he sued by proxy for the hand of a Russian Princess, but without success. An agent of his, one Wogan, discovered in Silesia Prince James Sobieski, who had three daughters: their grandfather being the famous John Sobieski, King of Poland: Cassimira, "bristling with etiquette"; Charlotte, "beyond all measure gay, free, and familiar"; and Maria Clementina, "sweet, amiable, of an even temper and gay only in season." She, the youngest and the fairest, was destined to be the bride of the Old Chevalier. Political difficulties arose before the marriage was consummated, and being threatened with a breach of the Quadruple Alliance, the Emperor arrested Clementina, in September 1718, at Innsbruck, on her way to Italy. Wogan then set out from Bologna on the romantic enterprise of rescuing the Queen that was to be. He found his way to her in the Tyrol, and, after some time had passed, he formed a plan at Strasburg with three countrymen (Wogan was an Irishman), which was as ingenious as it was daring. A maid of the wife of one of these was persuaded to personate Clementina, who, disguised as the servant Jeanneton, made her escape from the hotel one stormy night, whilst the maid, under a plea of illness, remained in bed representing the Princess. After a number of adventures and some hardships, in which the fugitive grand-daughter of the King of Poland displayed the utmost gaiety of heart, the party reached Bologna. On May 9, James and Clementina were married by proxy, but it was not until September, when he returned from Spain, that the wedding was celebrated at Rome.

The Earl of Rosebery owns an original picture of this marriage by Carlo Maratti. The painting was presented by the Old Chevalier to the Bishop of Montefiasconi, who performed the ceremony in 1719; afterwards it hung

in the palace of Cardinal York. In 1845 it was bought by the eighth Earl of Northesk and brought to Scotland. On the obverse of a medal by Otto Hamerani, we may see Clementina driving in a chariot into the Eternal City, with the motto "fortvnam cavsam qve seqvor," and in the exergue the still more appropriate words "deceptis cvstodibvs."

It is a melancholy reflection that after all these romantic escapades James and Clementina were not a happy couple.

'Tis a delicate thing in such cases rightly to apportion blame. As is so often the case, there were faults on both sides no doubt, and the circumstances of their lot must often have been trying in the extreme.

A King without a court ; a monarch without subjects ; exiles both ; she young, lighthearted, perhaps frivolous ; he grave, laborious, and indifferent to society, and to the pleasures dear to the heart of a young and pretty woman ; these are some of the conditions of their lot, and who can wonder if sometimes the incompatibility of temperament made itself felt ? Moreover, James was poor, for he made great efforts to provide for his impoverished adherents, and even a large pension from the Pope went to aid his exiled friends. On the other hand, he had an Anglican chapel in Rome for his Protestant adherents ; "it was always his attitude to be thoroughly tolerant ; to his own creed he must cling, but never would he do other than protect the religion of his subjects." He was immersed in business, absorbing if futile, and mainly conducted his own immense correspondence. His fault was a desire to be always in the right, and always to be acknowledged to be so—*d'avoir toujours raison !*

He is commonly credited with fair abilities, but stigmatised as licentious, faithless, and, indeed, thoroughly selfish. A contrast is drawn between him and his son, and not in the father's favour. "No man," says Lord Stanhope, "could express himself with more clearness and elegance than James, but on the other hand his conduct was always deficient in energy and enterprise. His son Charles was no penman, but his quick intelligence and his contempt of danger are recorded on unquestionable testimony. Another quality of Charles's mind was great firmness of resolution, which pride and sorrow afterwards hardened into sullen obstinacy."

Physically, James was sufficiently presentable. As a boy he must have been good looking. He was of good height, straight, and well made, and, if the picture of him in a breastplate which is given in this work be any criterion, he might, but for a certain vacuity of expression when he grew

to be a man, have been esteemed handsome. In 1714 he is described as "always cheerful but seldom merry; thoughtful but not dejected." An English traveller in Rome in 1721 mentions the Chevalier's air of greatness, and a smile that changed the sedateness of his first aspect into a very graceful countenance. The poet Gray, writing in 1740, is less flattering. "He is a thin ill-made man, extremely tall and awkward, of a most unpromising countenance a good deal resembling King James II., and has extremely the air and look of an idiot, particularly when he laughs or prays. The first he does not often, the latter continually." This depreciatory account of his appearance is belied by the fine profile portrait of him, which I give, painted by T. Blanchet. He was at any rate genuinely devout.

As to the charge of licentiousness against James, to which reference has been made, and to which Thackeray gives credence in *Esmond*, by representing him as a libertine, it is probably greatly exaggerated, if not untrue, although we are told that James kept a mistress at Bar de Duc, when a young man; but in 1716, says Mr. Lang, "he was railed at for his continence and 'cruelty' to the Caledonian beauties, and, after his death, when there was some talk of a bastard of his, those who had known him best in Rome averred that the story must be false." That the relations between him and Clementina were unhappy we know, indeed so estranged were they, that in 1725, some six months after Henry, Duke of York, was born, Clementina retired to a convent, and James complained of "the public insult" of her retreat. The quarrel went on for some years; in 1734, however, they were reconciled, but Clementina's health was failing, she had lived for some time an ascetic life, the austerity of which was attended with fatal results, and in January of the following year she passed away. She was but thirty-three. Poor Clementina! James, it will be remembered, lived to the age of seventy-eight, and died at Rome, January 1, 1766, having survived his wife by more than thirty years.

I may add a few lines about portraits of the persons whose characters we have just been discussing. They are numerous, and in the case of the Old Chevalier, extend from infancy to advanced age. Thus Stonyhurst College possesses several of him: one as a child, wearing a cap, white dress, and lace apron; he sits on a cushion and holds a parrot on his extended right hand. When he was seven years old he was painted with his sister, Louisa Maria Theresa, in a charming picture by N. de Largillière.



Chevalier de St. George

It is dated 1695 and is now the property of the nation, having been bequeathed to it by the fourth Earl of Orford. The Princess is here a delightfully quaint, prim little figure, of three years old, in a pearly grey dress. In Mr. Philip Howard's picture we see her a little older; and the Duke of Fife owns a picture of her also as a child, painted by P. de Mignard. Except her brother the Chevalier, she was the only child of James and Mary of Modena, who survived. She was intended for a nun, but died when twenty years of age.

There are two nicely painted pictures in oils of James and Maria Clementina in the Bodleian. They are on copper, by Belle, cabinet size and carefully finished. The long face and brown eyes of the Chevalier have the family look strongly pronounced. He is in armour and wears the Garter, and also the Order of St. Andrew. Clementina is young and attractive.

Colonel H. Walpole possesses an eminently pleasing picture of Maria Clementina by Largillière, which seems to be the original of several miniatures of her that I am acquainted with, indeed it closely resembles one in Colonel Walpole's own attractive series of Stuart portraits. It is interesting to compare her face when full of vivacity with the painting of her at Versailles, holding a book of devotion in her hand, a crown being placed conspicuously upon a table in front of her.

Of her two sons, Charles Edward and Henry, there are at Heckfield Place two most attractive pictures by Blanchet, representing them in full court dress, the elder Prince wearing a breastplate, whilst his right hand rests upon a plumed helmet.

If the annals of the make-believe court of James III. and his unhappy wife be meagre and unexciting, not to say melancholy, the story of their son in the outset of his career, at any rate, is romantic in the extreme, and in the following chapter I shall deal with the chequered fortunes of "bonnie Prince Charlie."

CHAPTER XVI

THE YOUNG CHEVALIER

Where hae ye been a' the day,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie?
Saw ye him that's far away,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie?
On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
Tartan plaid and Highland trews,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.—JACOBITE SONG.



CHARLES Edward Louis Philip Casimir Stuart was born in Rome on the last day of December 1720, and died in the same city on January 31, 1788. With the blood of Mary Stuart of Scotland, Charles I. of England, and John Sobieski of Poland in his veins, the career of their descendant might reasonably be expected to be somewhat out of the common, if heredity count for anything; nor were such expectations disappointed, but their fulfilment took a form disastrous to all concerned. It cannot be doubted that many of Charles Edward's misfortunes were due to his education. Jesuit priests, Protestant tutors, and Jacobite soldiers all had a hand in it, and the result was faulty and defective, as might have been foreseen. On the other hand, his physical training was excellent, and we find him at the siege of Gaeta under the Duke of Liria when only fourteen years old. Blanchet's portrait of him as a youth in armour may represent him at about this time. He spoke French and Italian well at an early age, and he had a taste for music and fine arts, being, indeed, by no means deficient in ability. But, as was the case with his forefathers, he was brought up in extreme notions of the divine right of kings, and particularly of the Stuart house, which led to disaster and to downfall, just as it did with his ancestors. The Old

Chevalier had alienated his adherents by his conduct to his wife; and as Charles Edward grew up the hopes of the Jacobites were centred on the Young Chevalier. In 1740 England was at variance with France. It was said that Scotland could raise 20,000 men, and the Jacobite leaders predicted that Charles Edward had only to make his appearance for all England to rise and embrace his cause. Louis was lavish in offers of assistance, and, on the faith of these promises, the young Prince resolved to head an expedition. "I go," he said to his father, "in search of three crowns, which I doubt not to have the honour and happiness of laying at your Majesty's feet, and if I fail in the attempt, your next sight of me shall be in my coffin." The departure from Rome was secretly made, but the English Government knew of it. Sir Henry Mann drew Charles's portrait as he passed through Florence and sent it to the Duke of Newcastle. This is it: "The young man is above the middle height, and very thin; he wears a light bag wig; his face is rather long, the complexion clear, but borders on paleness; the forehead very broad, the eyes fairly large, blue but without sparkle, the mouth large, with the lips slightly curled, and the chin more sharp than rounded."

The performances of the French monarch were not equal to his promises. Nevertheless, he despatched Marshal Saxe with seven thousand men, who set sail from Dunkirk, but beat a retreat before the vigilance of the English fleet, and, a storm springing up, returned with severe loss. Charles was told that, at present, further help could not be expected, whereupon he vowed to cross to Scotland and raise his standard "if he took only a single footman with him." With the exception of the Duke of Perth, his adherents thought it a mad enterprise, but the young Prince ordered his jewels to be pawned, and, without the knowledge of his father, or of the King of France, embarked on July 13, 1745, at Belle Isle, in the *Doutelle*, one of two ships lent to a private individual who, in his turn, lent it to Charles. Four days afterwards the *Doutelle* fell in with an English man-of-war, the *Lion*, which engaged the *Elizabeth*, as Charles's other ship was called. After a conflict which lasted some six hours, both ships were shattered, and the *Elizabeth* bore up for Brest with all the arms and ammunition on board.

August had begun ere Charles reached Scotland. He landed at an islet in the Hebrides belonging to Macdonald of Clanranald. When advised to return to France, his answer was, "I am come home, and I

will not return to France, for I am persuaded that my faithful Highlanders will stand by me." And the feelings of loyalty and devotion thus evoked by the sight of the white cockade have been preserved in many a Jacobite song and ballad.

Carle, an' the King come,
Carle, an' the King come,
Thou shalt dance and I will sing,
Carle, an' the King come.

Within the space of a month the Prince arrived before Edinburgh, and on the night of his entry into the capital of Scotland, Holyrood was the scene of a splendid ball, whereat Charles won all hearts by his vivacity, his charm of manner, and his graceful dancing.

And Charlie, he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie, he's my darling,
The Young Chevalier.

His appearance at this time has been thus described: "The Young Chevalier is about five feet eleven inches high, very proportionably made, wears his own hair, has a full forehead, a small but lively eye, a round brown-complexioned face, nose and mouth pretty small, full under-chin, not a long neck, under his jaw a pretty many pimples. He is always in a Highland habit, as are all about him. When I saw him, he had a short Highland plaid waistcoat; breeches of the same; a blue garter on, and a St. Andrew's cross, hanging by a green ribbon at his buttonhole, but no star. He had his boots on, as he always has; he dines every day in public. All sorts of people are admitted to see him. He constantly practises all the arts of condescension and popularity—talks familiarly to the meanest Highlander and makes them fair promises."

I give another extract from Mr. Chambers' admirable book, to which I have already referred: "He was in the prime of youth, tall and handsome, of a fair complexion; he wore a light coloured peruke, the ringlets of which descended his back in graceful masses and over the front of which his own pale hair was neatly combed. His complexion was ruddy, and from its extreme delicacy, slightly marked with freckles. His visage was a perfect oval, and his brow had all the intellectual but melancholy loftiness so remarkable in the portraits of his ancestors. His neck, which was long, but not ungracefully so, had, according to the fashion of the time, no other covering or encumbrance than a slender stock buckled behind. His eyes



Prince Charles Edward

were large and rolling, and of a light blue. The fair, but not ill-marked eyebrows which surmounted these features were beautifully arched. His nose was round and high, and his mouth small in proportion to the rest of his features. He was above five feet ten in stature, and his body was of that straight and round description which is said to indicate not only perfect symmetry but also the valuable requisite of agility."

This account of the Prince, at the zenith of his fortunes, is paralleled by a passage quoted in Horace Walpole's letters, in which Mr. Æneas Macdonald relates :

"There entered the tent a tall youth of most agreeable aspect, in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt, not very clean, and a cambric stock, fixed with a plain silver buckle, a plain hat with a canvas string having the end fixed to one of his coat buttons; he had black stockings and brass buckles on his shoes. At his first appearance I found my heart swell to my very throat."

From "The Wanderer, or Surprising Escapes," published in Glasgow, 1752, we learn that the Prince was "as straight as a lance and as round as an egg, and would fight, run, or leap with any man in the Highlands." Indeed, according to Chambers, the Highlanders were amazed "to find themselves overmatched at running, wrestling, leaping, and even at their favourite exercise of the broadsword, by the slender stranger." But if slender, he was of a robust constitution, inured to exercise and so good a pedestrian as to out-tire his men: his walking powers which served him in such stead were acquired in the pursuit of game in Italy. He was also an excellent horseman. There is no doubt that, physically, Charles Stuart was richly endowed, in evidence of which one has only to read the story of his unparalleled endurance during his wanderings. As to his mental gifts, opinions are probably more divided. Left to himself, his boldness would have been mere rashness, whilst he had a secretiveness which led to his disappearance for months at a time, so that even his father and brother were unacquainted with his whereabouts.

Returning to the story of Prince Charlie's progress after his triumphant entry into Edinburgh, his adherents were thrown into a state of rapturous excitement by the astonishing victory of Preston Pans, which followed within barely a month's time of the raising of the standard at Glenfinnan. The defeat of Sir John Cope's dragoons need not be described. Their

behaviour is immortalised in the song known as "Johnnie Cope" written by a Haddingtonshire farmer :

Fie now, Johnnie, get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din ;
It is best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidy morning.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came
They speer'd at him, "Where's a' your men?"
"The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' in the morning."

On the eve of the battle of Preston Pans the Prince was content to dine upon some coarse broth, and the meat from which it was made, at a little inn of the village of Tranent. He, with the Duke of Perth and another officer, had only two wooden spoons and a butcher's knife between them, as the landlady had concealed her pewter service for fear of the Highlanders. This is but one instance of many which might be given of the Young Chevalier's indifference to ceremony, and his cheerful endurance of the trials and hardships of a campaign. When the troops were outside Edinburgh they were with difficulty prevailed upon to sleep otherwise than in the open air, and Charles, who came daily to review his hardy mountaineers, sometimes passed the night in the camp, lying down without taking off his clothes.

After Preston Pans things looked serious for the Hanoverian cause. Marshal Wade, considered the best officer that England then could boast of, declared Scotland was lost ; and Horace Walpole did but give expression to the feeling of dismay which seized many minds when he wrote that he should have to leave Arlington Street for some wretched garret in Herrenhausen, and perhaps be reduced to give lessons to the young Princes at Copenhagen. Troops were recalled in haste from Flanders, and placed under the command of the Duke of Cumberland. The surrender of Carlisle was another triumph for the Stuart cause, and Derby was reached on December 4.

A certain Henry Bradken, a practiser of Physic in Lancaster, as he styles himself, has described his impressions of the Young Chevalier and his forces in a letter to Sir E. Fawkener, which is preserved in the State Paper Office. He writes from Warrington, December 4, 1745. After premising that he "knew all their (the Jacobite) goings-on in 1715," he estimates the Scottish foot at 5000, "one-third of which are 60 years of age

and upwards and under 17 . . . their horse I make 624, but scarce such as are fit to be called horse: they are so out of order and slender shaped. The common soldiers are a most despicable crew, being in general low in stature, and of a wan and meagre countenance, stepping along under their arms with difficulty, and what they are about seems more of force than inclination . . . there are several very old fellows who were at the battle of Sheriffmuir in the last rebellion, and have brought their sons and grandsons along with them. . . . They tell their friends in Scotland that their army now consists of 24,000 men, and that neither dike, ditch, nor devil can turn them."

His portrait of Prince Charles is interesting, and differs in some respects from others. He says "their Chief is about 5 foot 11 inches high, pretty strong and well built, has a brown complexion, full cheeks and thickish lips that stand out a little. He looks more of the Polish man than of the Scottish breed, for he is nothing like the king they call his grandfather. He looks very much dejected, not a smile being seen in all his looks, for I walked a quarter of a mile with him on the road, and afterwards saw him in his lodgings amongst company."

But if the mien of the Young Chevalier was dejected in the advance upon Derby, what must have been his looks, and the bitterness of his heart, when the fatal retreat was urged upon him? It is only fair to Charles to remember that this disastrous step was utterly repugnant to him. The night before it was determined upon he had discussed whether he should enter London "upon foot or on horseback: in Highland or English dress." After some hours of stormy debate the next morning, Lord George Murray, backed by the other officers, advocated a speedy retreat to Scotland.

To these counsels Charles replied, "Rather than go back I would wish to be twenty feet under ground." Nevertheless, though within one hundred and twenty-six miles of the capital, with no force between it and them, "with consternation at St. James's, with the King meditating flight and the Royal family in tears and swooning," the invaders returned by the way they came.

Probably both the Prince and his advisers were to blame, if we are to believe Lord Elcho, who says (after a quarrel, it is true), "His Royal Highness could not bear to hear anybody differ in sentiment from him, and took a dislike to everybody that did."

But whilst it was obvious to the Jacobite leaders that there was no

popular support forthcoming as they advanced southwards, though "the people flocked to see his march as if to see a show," they did not know that London was plunged into a state of wild alarm by the news that the young Stuart Prince was at Derby. They knew nothing of the run upon the bank: of the shutting of the shops: of the suspension of business: and all the other evidences of panic: nor of the Guards marching to Finchley (in what manner they went, Hogarth has shown us in the picture that so offended George II., and which may be seen at the Foundling).

We will not stop to inquire which was the better policy; the backward step was taken, the retreat was begun which, despite some successes here and there, never ceased till Prince Charles Edward found himself, the following September, in France again, after months of wanderings and hairbreadth escapes. Culloden, of course, was "the cruel day that quelled the fortunes of the hapless Stuarts," when the bodies of the Highlanders were left three and four deep upon the field.

As to Charles's behaviour on the fatal 16th of April, we have the testimony of an eye-witness, Sir John Strange, the eminent engraver; he records, in his very graphic account of the battle, that he met the Prince "endeavouring to rally the soldiers, who, annoyed with the enemy's fire, were beginning to quit the field. . . . The scene of confusion was great," he tells us, "nor can the imagination figure it. The men in general were betaking themselves precipitately to flight . . . horror and dismay were painted in every countenance, the scene was indeed tremendous. Never was so total a rout, a most thorough discomfiture of an army . . . the whole was over in about twenty-five minutes . . . of towards six thousand men of which the Prince's army at this period consisted, about one thousand were asleep in Culloden Park who knew nothing of the action till awaked by the noise of the cannon. The Prince had his cheeks bedewed with tears.'

"Que les hommes privés qui se croient malheureux, jettent les yeux sur ce prince."

There is extant a plate of the Battle of Culloden (given in the *éditions de luxe*) which is, I think, contemporary, and is at any rate curious. It is inscribed as follows: "This View of the Glorious Victory obtained over the Rebels Shows his Majestie's army commanded by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland drawn up in three lines, the front consisting of six battalions of foot, the second of five, the third was a body of reserve composed of four. Part of the Highland army is here represented as furiously

attempting with swords and targets to break in upon the left of the Duke's front line where their rashness met with its deserved chastisement from the fire of Barret's and Munro's intrepid regiments. The right wing of the rebels being covered by a stone wall Kerr and Cobham's dragoons under Hawley and Bland are described as passing through a breach which had been made for them in it to attack the rear of the rebels which put them into immediate confusion. Kingston's horse wheeled off at the scene by the right of ye King's forces and falling on the left of the rebels met our dragoons in their centre on which began the total rout of these disturbers of the public repose."

That disastrous day is the last scene but one of the stirring Jacobite drama upon a public stage. One other, and the last, there was in the following year, namely, the execution of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino upon an August morning 1746. The wily chief of the Fraser clan, Simon, Lord Lovat, was beheaded in the April following. Those who would learn more of the fate of the Rebel Lords and of their behaviour, should consult Walpole's letters, where they will find the story fully and dramatically told. At the Tower of London are preserved and shown the coffin plates of these unfortunate noblemen, thus inscribed :

Willielmus Comes de Kilmarnock, decollatus 18 die Augusti 1746,
Ætatis suæ 42.

Arthurus dominus de Balmerino, decollatus 18 die Augusti 1746,
Ætatis suæ 58.

Simon dominus Fraser de Lovat, decollat Apr^{is}. 9th. 1747. Ætat
suæ 80.

Let us take leave of them, and, with them, all Charles Edward's devoted followers, in the pathetic lines of their countryman Robert Burns, who asks in his "Chevalier's Lament":

The deed that I dared could it merit their malice,
A King and a father to place on the throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys;
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.
But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn.
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return?

It may be safely said that no tale of adventure ever invented exceeds in breathless interest the wanderings of Charles Edward amidst the crags.

and wilds of the Hebrides, and history contains no more splendid instance of loyalty than was shown by the ignorant and rude clansmen and women of the western Highlands; the spirit of their devotion is well expressed by the familiar lines :

I once had sons, I now hae nane ;
I bred them toiling fairly,
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie.

Eight days after Culloden the fugitive embarked for that remote cluster of islets called Long Island, with little other food than oatmeal and water, and, driven from place to place by contrary winds, he at length gained South Uist ; but his course being tracked or suspected, 2000 troops landed on the island and commenced an eager search, while the shores were surrounded by small ships of war. Incredible as it may seem, he remained undiscovered, and at length became the object of a noble self-devotion which, in the words of Dr. Johnson, will cause the name of the preserver of Prince Charles to be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour. Boswell's description of his meeting with Flora Macdonald during his tour in the Hebrides is as follows :

“By-and-by supper was served, at which there appeared the lady of the house, the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald. She is a little woman of genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred.” Her portrait, by Allan Ramsay, is in the Bodleian. It is marked by every indication of truth to the original. One feels this is undoubtedly the true Flora; the somewhat hard-featured face, the high colouring, are characteristic of her race and consistent with her habits, and with a life spent, doubtless, much in the open air. The artist has not over-refined his subject, but gives us just what one would expect to see in a genuine portrait. Her dark, bluish-grey eyes look steadfastly at the spectator, her hair, which curls naturally, is dark brown, and in it she wears a white rose. At her bosom is a bunch of red and white roses, and she carries a wreath of the same flowers in her left hand; her gown is blue and close fitting, with white sleeves; over her shoulders is a red and blue tartan plaid.

When one thinks of “Butcher” Cumberland, “that mushroom thing called Cumberland,” whose burly figure may be seen in several pictures at the National Portrait Gallery, and of the sickening brutalities which followed the suppression of the Rebellion, it is satisfactory to know that Flora Macdonald escaped lightly. She was arrested, sent to London, and imprisoned

for a short time in the Tower ; eventually she was released on parole, and pardoned in 1747. Ultimately she married Allan Macdonald, and died, after a long and eventful life in America, at Kingsburgh in the Highlands.

To return to the wanderer : "When escape seemed impossible, Flora Macdonald undertook to save him at all hazards to herself. She was the step-daughter, it may be remembered, of a captain in the militia which then occupied the island. From him she obtained a passport to proceed to Skye, for herself, a manservant, and a maid who was termed Betty Burke ; the part of Betty was to be played by the Chevalier. When the female dress was brought to him, he was found alone in a little hut upon the shore, roasting the heart of a sheep upon a wooden spit. Embarking the same evening, they were by daybreak the next day far at sea in an open boat, without any land in view."

"Soon, however, the dark mountains of Skye rose upon the horizon. Approaching that coast at Waternish, they were received with a volley of musketry from the soldiers stationed there ; but none of the balls took effect, and the rowers, vigorously plying their oars, bore the fugitives away from that scene of danger and enabled them to disembark at another point."

By means of Lady Margaret Macdonald, Charles was entrusted to the charge of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, the kinsman and factor of her husband. As they went to his house, "Betty Burke," unused to woman's attire, held his petticoats up so high when they crossed the streams on the way as to excite the surprise and laughter of people on the road. The Prince's condition at this time is set forth in vivid colours in the "Culloden Papers," wherein Sir Alexander Macdonald says that "Charles accosted Kingsburgh with telling him that his life was now in his hands ; which he might dispose of ; that he was in the utmost distress, having had no meat or sleep for two days and two nights, sitting on a rock, beat upon by rains ; and when they ceased, eat up by flies, conjured him to show compassion but for one night and he should be gone. This moving speech prevailed and the visible distress, for he was meagre, ill-coloured and overrun with the scab ; so they went to Kingsburgh's house." The factor has described the Prince as being dressed in very ill-fitting woman's attire and coming to him brandishing a thick stick. O'Neill, who was his companion, tells us the dress was a flowered linen gown, and light coloured and quilted petticoat, a white apron, and a mantle of dun camlet, made with a hood after the Irish fashion.

At the house, Kingsburgh's daughter, seven years old, rushed into the

room announcing that her papa had brought home the most "odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife she had ever seen."

It was Sunday, it grew late, and the Prince having to proceed early on the morrow, his host urged him to retire to rest, and attempted to remove the china punch-bowl from which they had been drinking. His guest, pressing for more drink, retained his hold of it, and in the struggle it was broken. The pieces were preserved, sent to London, and rivetted together, and the bowl was, in 1889, in the hands of Kingsburgh's great-great-great-grand-daughter, Miss Margaret MacAlister Williamson.

On July 24 Charles "joined the 'famous' Glenmoriston men at Coiraghoth in the Braes of Glenmoriston. Here the Prince was lodged in a cave, with the finest purling stream that could be found running by his bedside within the grotto, as comfortably as if he had been in a royal palace." There he remained till the 28th, when he removed to Coirmheadhain, and resided in a grotto, no less romantic than the former, for four days.

Mr. Ross, formerly Provost of Inverness, who visited the first-named cave in 1888, sketched it, and furnished Mr. Blackie with the following account. It is, he says, "a cavern formed by the great masses of rock at the bottom of a talus from the hill above, in fact, a cavity in a cairn of stones. The roof of the cavity is formed by a peculiarly shaped mass, very much resembling three quarters of an umbrella resting on a spur of rock. The floor of the cave takes a crescent form, the entrance being at the south-west, and coming round by the north to the north-east. About the centre was what appeared to be a hearth, and the south-east would have formed the bed. The bottom of the cavern was of gravel, and a pure rivulet of water passed close under the east side of the cave."

In the Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward, compiled from the "Lyon in Mourning," supplemented by W. B. Blackie and published by the Scottish History Society in 1897, will be found a full description of a remarkable map of the Prince's wanderings made by Colonel Grante, a French officer in James's service. The original is in nine large sheets.

It contains a summary of the campaign from July 14, 1745 (N.S.), to October 10 in the following year. I print it verbatim as being useful for reference.

DATES DES EVENEMENTS LES PLUS CONSIDERABLES.

L' An . 1745. N. St .

- Juillet 14. Le Prince partit de S. Nazaire en Bretagne à bord d'une Fregate de 18. Canons, et fut joint en passant par Belleisle par le Vaiffeau de guerre l' Elisabeth de 66. Canons, qui avoit l' ordre de luy servir d'escorte .
20. Il se donna un combat entre l' Elifabeth, et le Lion Vaifseau de Guerre Anglois de 58. Canons .
26. Le Prince mit pied à terre en Ecoffe sur la Côte de Lochaber .
- Aouft. 30. Il plante l' Etendart Royal .
- Septem. 14. Il arriva á la Ville de Dunkeld, ou il fit proclamer Roy son Pere .
15. Il arriva á la Ville de Perth .
24. Il passa la Riviere de Forth au gué de Freu .
28. Il prit possession d'Edimbourg, et y fit aufsi proclamer Roy son Pere .
- Octob. 2. Le Samedi à la pointe du jour il gagna la Bataille de Preston, ou de Gladesmuir contre le General Cope .
6. Il revint à Edimbourg .
- Novem. 6 } Le Duc de Cumberland arriva dans la Tamise de Flandres,
7 } avec les troupes, tandis . que les Hollandois au nombre 6000 .
8 9 } débarquerent à Newcastle et à Barwick .
11. Le Prince partit d'Edimbourg pour l' Angleterre avec son armée .
17. Il passa la Riviere de Tweed à Kelso .
19. Il arriva à Longtown, ou il entra en Angleterre .
24. Il commença le Siège de la Ville de Carlisle .
26. La Ville se rendit .
28. Le General Wade vint de Newcastle camper à Hexham .
30. Le Roy fut proclamé á Carlisle .
- Decemb. 1. Le Prince partit de Carlisle pour Londres avec son Armée .
13. Après avoir pafsé par Lancaster, Preston, et Manchester, il arriva à Congleton à 12. milles du Duc, qui étoit campé á Stone .
15. Il arriva à Derby à 98. milles de Londres, et á 30. milles du Duc, qui s' étoit retiré á Coventry .

- Decemb. 17. Il partit de Derby, et commença sa retraite par la même chemin vers Carlisle. Le General Wade vint le même jour à Doncaster.
29. Il se fit un Choc à Clifton entre l'arrière-garde du Prince et l'avant-garde du Duc.
30. Le Prince arriva à Carlisle.
31. Il arriva à Longtown, où il repassa en Ecosse.

L' An . 1746 .

- Janvier 2. Carlisle fut investie par l'Armée du Duc.
3. Quelques Troupes du parti du Prince désirent les Mac-leods à Inverury.
6. Le Prince arriva à Glasgow avec son Armée.
11. La Ville de Carlisle se rendit à l'Ennemi.
16. Le Prince arriva à Bannocsburn, devant la Ville de Sterling.
17. Il somma la Ville, et le Château.
18. La tranchée fut ouverte devant la Ville.
20. Il prit possession de la Ville.
21. Le Royal Regiment Ecoffois, et les piquets Irlandois arriverent de Perth à Sterling.
22. On fit l'attaque de la batterie à Elphinston à 5. milles de Falkirk par l'Escadre de l'Amiral Bing.
23. La tranchée fut ouverte devant le Château de Sterling.
24. Les Ennemis sous le General Hawley, vinrent à camper à Falkirk.
28. Le Prince marcha à eux et gagna la bataille de Falkirk.
- Janvier 31. Il revint à Sterling voir la tranchée.
10. Le Duc de Cumberland vint de Londres à Edimbourg.
11. Le Duc fit marcher ses troupes d'Edimbourg à Linlithgo.
12. Le Prince commença sa retraite pour le Nord, et repassa la Rivière de Forth au gué de Freu.
19. Les Hessois au nombre de 6000, débarquerent à Leith proche Edimbourg.
21. Le Prince prit possession du Fort de Ruthven de Badenoch, qu'il fit demolir.
25. Les Hessois commencerent leur route vers le Nord par Linlithgo.
- Mars. 3. Le Prince vint devant la Ville d'Inverness, et en chassa le Lord Loudon et ses troupes, qui étoient de 2000 hommes.

- Mars. 6. La tranchée fut ouverte devant le Fort George .
 8. Le Fort se rendit, et fut demoli quelque temps apres .
 10. Le Prince vint prendre son quartier à Inverneffe .
 13. On fit sauter le Fort de Kilwhimen .
 14. La tranchée fut ouverte devant le Fort Auguste .
 15. On fit fauter par des Bombes le magasin á poudre avec une maison .
 17. Le fort se rendit, et fut ensuite demoli :
 19. On s' empara de deux Vaisseaux au petit Ferry .
 19. On fit le blocus du Chateau de Blaire .
 20. Les Heffois arriverent à Dunkeld et á Weemb, et le General
 Campbel prit son quartier avec ses gens à Inverary .
 27. On fit à Keith des prisonniers, qu' on envoya en France .
 28. L' avant-garde du Duc campá à Strabogie .
 29. Surprise des Campbels à Kannach proche Blair .
 30. La tranchée fut ouverte devant le Fort Guillaume .
 5. Prise du Vaiffeau le Prince Charlef dans la Baye de Tung .
 13. On leva le Siege du Fort Guillaume, et le bloc du Chateau de
 Blair .
 22. Toute l'Armée Ennemie s' affembla á Cullen .
 23. Les Ennemis pafferent la Riviere de Spey .
 24. Ils vinrent camper à Nairn .
 27. Se donna la Bataille de Culloden .
- Septem. 30. Le Prince après avoir erré dans les Isles et les Montagnes, partit
 pour s' en retourner en France, de Boradel Village sur la côte
 de Lochaber, par ou il etoit entré d'abord en Ecoffe .
- Octob. 9. Il traversa la Flote Angloise devant Brest, sans en avoir ete
 decouvert .
 20. Il arriva á Roscof, et de là à S. Pol de Leon en Bretagne .

The story of the five months' weary wanderings cannot be told here in all its details, but those who wish to follow the Young Chevalier's footsteps may do so in the pages of Chambers' excellent history, and the actual course of them may be seen upon the map mentioned above.

The second act of the tragedy of Charles Edward's life may be said to end on September 29, when the fugitive landed at the little port of Roscoff near Morlais, *sans* everything save a ruined cause, bitter memories, and, it may be, hopes destined never to be realized.

CHAPTER XVII

THE END

Here's to the king, sir,
Ye ken wha' I mean, sir.—JACOBITE SONG.



THE preceding chapter dealt with the youth of Charles Edward, showed the disastrous course of his Scottish campaign, and traced an outline of the wonderful escapes which followed it. The third act of his career is one upon which his friends would gladly drop the curtain of oblivion. When the Prince returned to France in the autumn of 1746, Louis, in spite of all that had happened, renewed his assurances of assistance, but, now, the help must be conditional: Ireland must be ceded as the price of the French King's support. "Tout ou rien, point de partage," was Charles's reply. Time passed on until, in 1748, even promises ceased, and, as the outcome of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the Young Chevalier was requested to quit France. He refused, and his refusal brought upon him the indignity of being expelled by force. He then removed to Avignon, but still the Hanoverian Government objected, whereupon he departed no one knows whither.

For the next few years his movements are shrouded in mystery. We hear of him being secretly in Paris with his mistress, Miss Walkinshaw. He was undoubtedly in London in 1750, when he is said to have declared himself a Protestant, in the belief that it would improve his chances of succeeding to the throne, and curry favour with his English supporters. According to a writer in "Notes and Queries" this espousal took place at St. Mary's le Strand. He is even said to have taken a turn in the Mall. Mrs. Hetherington and Lady Primrose were the ladies who entertained the Prince. Some say he was also here in 1752, and again in 1754; but all his efforts to rouse the Jacobites proved fruitless. And now the shadows deepen, and one would fain

draw the veil, for the pity of it is that this descendant of a long line of kings, the object of so much loyalty and devotion, the bonnie Prince who had won the hearts of the Highlanders, has become a confirmed drunkard. Excuses can be found; the evil habit to which he abandoned himself was doubtless acquired in his wanderings, when exposed to many hardships, to wet and cold.

Mr. Andrew Lang, who has made a careful study of the Stuart papers at Windsor and other sources of information, says that the result of "a close inquiry" into his history yields melancholy results. This conclusion will probably excite no surprise, as the broad facts of the case were always known, further examination of them does but add confirmation. On the other hand, according to the same writer, "the personal character of James III. and of the Cardinal Duke of York have nothing to lose and much to gain by minute inspection."

Dr. William King, who was Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxon, and a Tory of the old school, has left us an unflattering picture of Charles Edward, from which a few extracts may prove of interest.

"As to his person," he says, "he is tall and well made, but stoops a little, owing perhaps to the great fatigue which he underwent in his northern expedition. He has an handsome face and good eyes . . . but in a polite company he would not pass for a genteel man."

"He hath a quick apprehension, and speaks French, Italian, and English, the last with a little of a foreign accent. As to the rest very little care seems to have been taken of his education . . . I found him unacquainted with the history and constitution of England . . . I never heard him express any noble or benevolent sentiments . . . or discover any sorrow or compassion for the misfortunes of so many worthy men who had suffered in his cause. But the worst part of his character is his love of money . . . King Charles II. during his banishment would have shared the last pistole in his pocket with his family. But I have known this gentleman (Prince Charles Edward) with 2000 louis d'ors in his strong box pretend he was in great distress, and borrow money from a lady in Paris who was not in affluent circumstances. As to his religion," continues the Doctor, "he is certainly free from all bigotry and superstition . . . with the Catholics he is a Catholic, with the Protestants he is a Protestant, and to convince the latter of his sincerity he often carried an English Common Prayer Book in his pocket, and sent to Gordon, a non-juring clergyman, to christen the first child he had by Mrs. W."

It is to the Prince's connection with this lady, says Doctor King (who uses a much harsher term), that the blasting of all his hopes and pretensions is to be attributed. She had, he avers, no elegance of manners, and as they had both contracted an odious habit of drinking, so they exposed themselves very frequently, not only to their own family, but to all their neighbours. They often quarrelled and sometimes fought.

As to this writer's knowledge of Charles, I should add that in September 1750 Lady Primrose sent for the Doctor and introduced him to the Prince, who remained five days in London, and had long conversations with him.

The Doctor fell into bad repute with the Jacobites, as he went to Court in 1761 with the Chancellor and other dignitaries of the University on the occasion of King George III.'s marriage.

By 1784 animosity must have quite died down, for we find Walpole writing to Sir Horace Mann: "If the Count (Charles Edward) himself has any feeling left, he must rejoice to hear that the descendants of many of his martyrs are to be restored to their forfeited estates in Scotland by an Act just passed."

But drunkenness is not all that was laid to the charge of Charles Edward. The woman who quitted her home to follow him and share his fortunes was treated with such brutality that even she left him in 1760. And here it may be noted that she was sister to the housekeeper of the Dowager Princess of Wales, and it is more than hinted that information about the movements of Charles Edward was always forthcoming when the English Government required it. In 1766 James III. died, and Charles was King—but of what realm? The Young Chevalier was never the monarch "half grotesque, half pitiable, of a sham Court" as his father had been for thirty years, and, unlike James, he made no pretensions to regal state. He went to Rome, but Pope Benedict would not acknowledge him as King, and so, laying aside his Royal title, he henceforth termed himself the Count of Albany.

Six years later he married Louisa, the young Princess of Stolberg. A Jacobite badge, belonging to Mr. Andrew Lang, which I figure in my book on "British Miniature Painters and Their Works," contains a portrait reputed to be hers; it resembles that in the back of the jewel of the Order of St. Andrew, shown in the Scottish Regalia at Edinburgh Castle.

Judging from a miniature by Ozias Humphrey, which has been engraved,

the Princess must have been handsome, and Dr. Moore, who saw her at Florence, four years after her marriage, described her as a beautiful woman, much beloved by all who knew her. Pompeo Batoni, who was the fashionable painter at Rome at the end of the eighteenth century, painted her, and a picture by him is now in the National Portrait Gallery. It represents her as having soft fine grey and light brown hair, grey eyes and a pink complexion. By its side hangs another picture which represents the Count in advanced age; it is not dated, but was painted probably near the close of his life. His eyes, which are rather full, are brown in colour, his under-lip is decidedly sensual, his face is flabby, and he has a double chin. He wears a Roman-red coat and the Order of the Garter.

A union in which there was a disparity of thirty-two years, coupled with the imperious fretful temper of Charles and the debauched habits he had contracted, could hardly be expected to yield happy results; nor did it do so. It is to be feared there is but little exaggeration in Walpole's account of the final rupture, which is contained in a letter to Lady Ossory in 1781. He says: "The ancient sovereigns of this isle are come to a nonplus too. The Countess of Albany is retired into a convent. You know they live at Florence. Last St. Andrew's Day, who is the favourite saint there too (*sic*), the Count got beastly drunk . . . the Countess complaining, he tore her hair, and endeavoured to strangle her. Her screams alarmed the family, and saved her. She privately acquainted the Great Duke, and by his authority and connivance she contrived to take shelter in a convent, declaring she will never return to her husband again, who has in vain reclaimed her from the Great Duke."

In the diplomatic correspondence of Sir Horace Mann, the English Envoy at Florence and friend of Horace Walpole, will be found other particulars of this lady, as to whom one thing is certain, namely, that after her separation from Charles she lived with the poet Alfieri in Paris and in Florence, nor, except for brief intervals, did she ever thereafter leave him. His death, in the latter city, in 1803 alone divided them.

The Countess of Albany was not only in London in 1791, but actually went to Court, as we may learn from Hannah More's Memoirs, wherein the latter relates, "the thing most amusing to me was to see among the ladies the Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany, wife of the Pretender sitting just at the foot of that throne which she might once have expected to have mounted . . . and it happened (the visit to the House of Lords

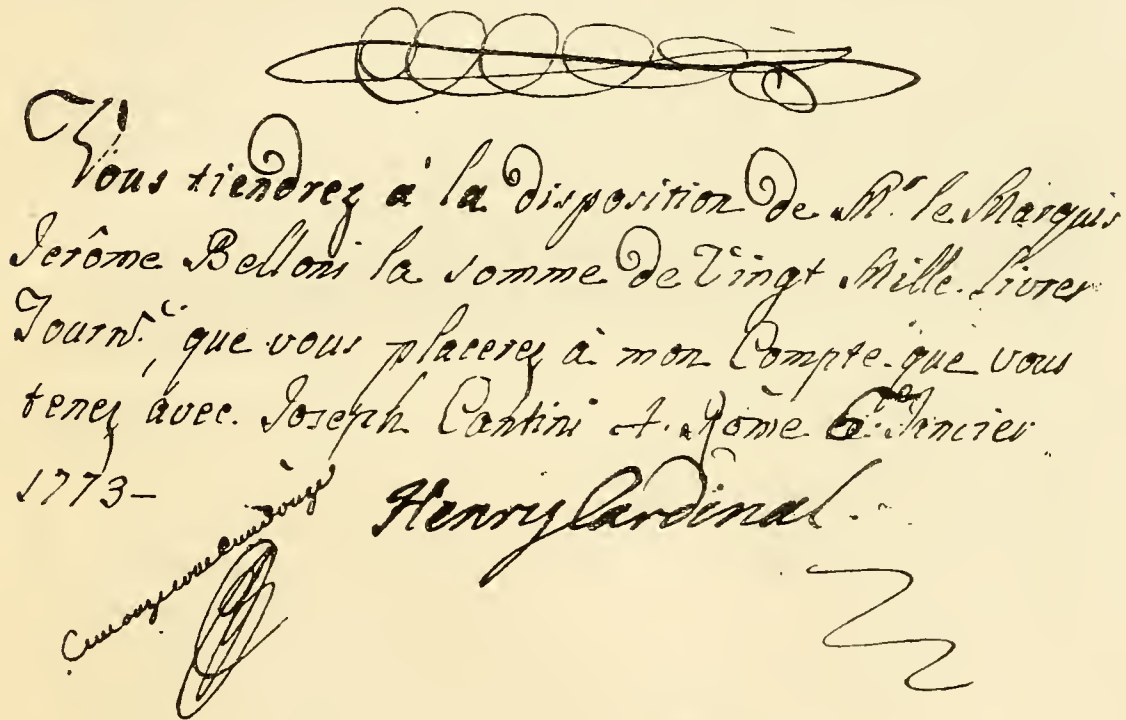
to hear the King make his speech) on the 10th of June, the Pretender's birthday." Nor did the gossip-loving owner of Strawberry Hill overlook this piquant episode. He writes to Miss Berri, "She (the Countess) is to be introduced by her great-grandfather's niece, the young Countess of Aylesbury. That curiosity should bring her here I do not quite wonder, still less that she abhorred her husband, but methinks it is not very well bred to his family, nor very sensible; but a new way of passing eldest. . . . I have had an exact account of the interview of the two Queens from one who stood close to them. The Dowager was announced as Princess of Stolberg. She was well dressed and not at all embarrassed. The King talked to her a good deal, but about her passage, the sea, and general topics: the Queen in the same way, but less. . . . The Queen looked at her earnestly. . . . Another odd accident at the Opera at the Pantheon, Madame d'Albany was carried into the King's box and sat there."

The Miss Walkinshaw to whom reference has been made was the daughter of John Walkinshaw, Baron of Barrowfield. Charles made her acquaintance at Bannockburn, during the siege of Stirling. She was a tall dark girl, somewhere about the Prince's own age when he crossed her path. After a few days she consented to share his fortunes, "whatever the issue of his enterprise might be." We have seen that Charles's behaviour drove her from him, but, as the end of his days drew near, he, absolutely lonely, doubtless unhappy, sent for his daughter, who had been living with her mother in a convent near Paris on a moderate pension from Cardinal York, legitimated her, and made her a Duchess, his heiress, and the companion of his life. Her arrival at Florence "occasioned some little bustle in the town. A French lady who for thirty years has been totally neglected, but in a sudden transformed into a Duchess excited the curiosity of both sexes. . . . She is allowed to be a good figure, tall and well made, but that the features of her face resemble too much those of her father to be handsome. She is gay, lively, and very affable, and has the behaviour of a well-bred Frenchwoman."

She was termed the Lady Charlotte Fitz-Stuart, was regarded by her father with much affection, and was a favourite in Florentine society. In Sir Horace Mann's correspondence various projects for her marriage are discussed. Walpole tells Lady Ossory that the new Duchess will inherit jewels and effects to the amount of at least £100,000. This is somewhat

at variance with the picture he draws in another letter of Charles Edward's poverty, which he describes as such that "when the King of Sweden was last at Florence he found the Count of Albany in a wretched condition, destitute even of an exchequer to pay his household." Elsewhere he says, "What a wretched conclusion of a wretched family! surely no Royal race was ever so drawn to the dregs."

It is perhaps not surprising that Henry Benedict Maria Clemens Stuart, commonly known as Cardinal York, plays so unimportant a part in the



Vous tiendrez à la disposition de M^r le Marquis
Jérôme Belloni la somme de vingt mille livres
Tournois, que vous placerez à mon compte. que vous
tenez avec Joseph Cantini & Jérôme G. Ancier
1773- Henry Cardinal.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE WRITING OF CARDINAL YORK

story of the Stuarts. In the first place, whilst his father and his elder brother were alive, his nearness to the throne to which they laid claim was not such as to make him of supreme importance. Then his character and career were so colourless by the side of his brother's that he was quite overshadowed. Above all, it was his entry into the priesthood of the Romish Church which divorced him from the aims and hopes of the Jacobites, and placed him outside practical politics altogether. And this step, momentous as regards his own fortune, at any rate, was taken at a

comparatively early age. There is a long letter extant from the Old Chevalier to Charles Edward, dated from Albany, June 1747, in which he acquaints "his dearest Carluccio" (as he terms his elder son in his correspondence) that his (Charles's) brother the Duke will be made a Cardinal "the first day of next month." He goes on to vindicate his son Henry's determination, and says, "I am fully convinced of the sincerity of his vocation." Although he doubts whether the step will meet with Charles's approval, he adds, "I should have thought I had greatly failed in both paternal care and affection had I not endeavoured by all means to secure to him, as much as in me lay, that tranquillity and happiness which I was sensible it was impossible for him to enjoy in any other state."

This letter throws light on the attitude of the Young Chevalier to his father and to his brother, which, if true, places Charles in a very unamiable light; thus James says, "Your silence towards your brother, and what you writ to me about him since he left Paris, would do you little honour if they were known; and are mortifications your brother did not deserve, but which cannot alter his sentiments towards you." As for himself, he goes on, "I have acted for this long while towards you more like a son than a father . . . you remain master."

But there does not seem to have been anything masterful about Henry, either in disposition or in appearance. There are numerous portraits of him, three or four being in the National Portrait Gallery; judging by them, he was extremely like his brother in face, as long as they were both young. His hair and eyes are a warm brown, his features refined, and his face wears a kindly expression. That he was a truly amiable man there can be no doubt; it is apparent in every line of his face in the portrait belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, in which he stands with an open book in both hands, a crown and a mitre on a cushion by his side; and the subjoined letter, addressed to the old Chevalier and dated Clichy, October 17, 1746, shows his affectionate disposition towards his brother, and is much to his credit.

"The very morning," he says, "after I writ you my last, I had the happiness of meeting with my dearest brother. He did not know me at first sight, but I am sure I knew him very well, for he is not in the least altered since I saw him, except grown somewhat broader and fatter, which is incomprehensible after all the fatigues he has endured. Your Majesty may conceive better than I can express in writing the tenderness of our first



Prince Henry Cardinal of York

meeting. Those that were present said they never saw the like in their lives: and indeed, I defy the whole world to show another brother so kind and loving as he is to me. For my part I can safely say all my endeavours tend to no other end but that of deserving so much goodness as he has for me. . . . The Prince sees, and will scarce see anybody but myself for a few days, that he may have a little time to rest before he is plagued by all the world, as to be sure he will when once he sees company. I go every day to dine with him. Yesterday I brought him privately to see my house: I perceive he has as much '*gout*' for the chase as he ever had.

"Most humbly asking your Majesty's blessing,

"I remain your most dutiful son,

"HENRY."

In the year 1688 James II. abdicated; just one hundred years after this date his grandson, Prince Charles Edward, died in Rome.

The Cardinal does not appear to have taken steps at any time to assert his Royal position, and, indeed, during the later years of his life he accepted an annual pension of £4000 from the English Government. There were still some who, crying "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi*," styled him Henry IX., and Walpole tells Miss Berri in 1791, "I hear there is a medal struck at Rome as Henry IX., which, as one of their Papal Majesties was so abominably mean as to deny the Royal title to the brother, though for Rome he lost a crown, I did not know they allow his brother to assume."

Henry Benedict was born at Rome, March 6, 1723. He was Bishop of Ostia and Velletri, Dean of the Sacred College, Vice-Chancellor of the Roman Church, Arch-priest of St. Peter's, and Prefect of the fabric of St. Peter's. He died at Frascati, July 1807, and in the Cathedral Church there is a monument to his memory. In the same building is also a monument to Prince Charles Edward erected by the Cardinal; on it the date of Charles Edward's death is given as January 31, 1788, he being sixty-seven years and one month old. This gives the date of his birth as 1720, probably on December 28.

Over the remains of James III., Charles III., and Henry IX. has been erected a noble Cenotaph, by Canova, in St. Peter's at Rome, thus inscribed:

THE STUARTS

JACOBO III.

Jacobi II · Magnæ Brit · Regis · filio.

KAROLO · EDVARDO

et · Henrico · decano · patrum · Cardinalium

JACOBI · III · Filiis

Regiæ · stirpis · Stvardiæ · postremis

anno M.DCCC.XIX.

“ Beati Mortui

Qui in domino moriuntur.”

Recurring to the monument in St. Peter's, it has been said “the cause had long been buried by Charles himself,” and the fate of the three is described by a line which Lord Mahon found amongst the Young Chevalier's papers, and prints in his “History of England,” “De vivre et pas vivre est beaucoup plus de mourir.” But the tomb is not, as is generally supposed, to be ascribed to the generosity of the House of Hanover, which, barring a paltry subscription of fifty pounds from “the finest gentleman of Europe,” had nothing to do with its erection. The monument in St. Peter's is in the south aisle, against the first pier of the nave. It is of white marble, and about fifteen feet high. It is in the form of a frustum of a pyramid, and surmounted above in entablature by the Royal arms of England. . . . The figures of the angels are amongst Canova's finest works, “exquisitely beautiful” a writer terms them in “Notes and Queries,” whence this account is taken. The bodies of these last representatives of a fallen race of kings are not under this tomb, but are buried in the crypt under the dome, and in that portion of it called the Grotto Vecchio. There, in the first aisle to the left on entering, against the wall, is a tomb about six feet long by three wide, and this contains all that is left of the ashes of the last of the Stuarts. Over it is a plain marble slab with the inscriptions: “This is the burial place of James III., Charles III., and Henry IX., Kings of England.” Opposite to this is the monument of Maria Clementina, who died at Rome, January 18, 1735. It is an elaborate marble structure from the designs of Barigioni, relieved by a ground of blue sky and clouds painted on the wall. It was erected by the Fabbrica di S. Pietro at the cost of 18,000 scudi. Her heart is in the church of SS. Apostoli in a verde-antico urn, surmounted by a crown over which two angels hover.

The name of the oil paintings, miniatures, engravings, and medals of the Stuarts which exist is legion. On the one side, loyal adherents demanded and cherished them; on the other side, self-interest on the part of the originals, prompted a supply, as of importance in keeping alive and stimulating the feelings of attachment, especially as access to their Royal persons was difficult, and, in many cases, impossible. These are some of the reasons which may be adduced for the large numbers of portraits of the family which are to be found.

The following letter from the "Calendar of Stuart Papers" shows clearly the great importance which the Old Chevalier, at any rate, attached to the display of a portrait of himself.

JAMES III. to CARDINAL CAPRARA.

"1707, March 28.—Though I could not learn without some displeasure that my portrait had not been exhibited in the Church of the English College the day of the feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, as is the custom, I decided to make no complaint on which you had written to Lord Caryll, that Cardinal Paulucci had informed you it was the desire of his Holiness that no portrait should be exhibited at the national feasts in order to avoid the disorders that might result under present circumstances, and on the supposition that this custom had been generally interrupted for some time. But being since informed that the suppression of this ceremony has taken place with regard only to myself, and that everybody considers it a sort of slight done to me, I beg you without loss of time to convey my complaint to his Holiness and to demand of him a reparation both suitable and as speedy as possible. For this purpose I believe the day on which the next feast of St. George, patron of England, is celebrated, might be chosen for exhibiting my portrait in the said church. I further wish you to act in this matter in concert with Cardinal de la Tremoille, who has received orders from the King, his master, to interest himself therein. *French. Entry Book 1, p. 48.*"

Again, Prince Charles Edward seems always to have had miniatures of himself for distribution, in spite of his trouble and poverty. The mention of these portraits brings one back to the subject—the fascinating subject—of Stuart relics generally, a topic upon which I have already said a good deal. The appetite for these relics appears keen, robust, and lasting. As is

well known, her late Majesty Queen Victoria was greatly interested in the acquisition of objects connected with Mary Queen of Scots, and there are many things of high historic value preserved at Windsor relating to other members of the Stuart family, *e.g.*, the elaborately ornamented and gilded suit of tilting armour which belonged to Henry, Prince of Wales; another suit which was made for Charles I.; the onyx "George" of the latter, and a beautiful silver-gilt cup of Nuremberg work which was his. This was presented by the King to a master of Queen's College, Oxford, but about 1820 it again became the property of the Royal family.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany also owns many interesting relics. Foremost among them, as works of art, may be put the beautiful enamel and ivory miniatures of Prince Charles Edward and Cardinal York. Although these are not identical, there is a close similarity between them, and they would appear to have been executed by the same artist. The portrait of the elder represents him wearing a scarlet coat, and the blue Ribbon and Star of the Garter. The Cardinal is in a grey velvet suit, also wearing the Ribbon of the Garter. Their own hair, tied with a knot of black ribbon, shows beneath the powdered wigs. *A propos* the hair, the Duchess of Albany possesses a beautiful lock of Prince Charles Edward's hair; it is of a real golden brown.

The small enamel of the Young Chevalier in the Claremont collection seems identical with the portrait figured in the memorials of John Murray of Broughton, recently issued by the Scottish History Society. The latter is said to have once been the property of the Prince's Secretary (Broughton) himself. It now belongs to Mr. Andrew Lang. The presumption is that the portrait is one of unquestionable fidelity, the only difference observable in the example from Claremont being that there is less shown of the figure. Another portrait of about the same period is a medallion representing the elder prince in profile and bearing the motto "Alter ab illo." This is similar to the obverse of a well-known medal by Otto Hamerani commemorating the birth of the Young Chevalier. On the reverse of this fine medal is shown Prince Henry wearing armour. The pen-and-ink profile of Prince Charles Edward at Claremont is of truly admirable execution, but I am unable to give the artist's name. It is believed to be one of four known examples.

Another interesting souvenir is a silver medal struck in anticipation of the triumph of the Jacobite cause. On one side is the inscription, "Carolus

Walliæ princeps," 1745. On the reverse Britannia stands on the shore waiting the approach of a fleet; she is holding a spear and a shield; on the latter are the crosses of St. George and of St. Andrew, with the motto, "Amor et spes." The medal was probably struck in France when Prince Charles was preparing for the invasion of 1745, and was freely circulated amongst his adherents at home. One of the objects most highly prized at Claremont is the Star of the Garter traditionally said to have been worn by the Young Chevalier at a ball at Holyrood, torn by him from his coat and given to Flora Macdonald. Alas! that there should be any discrepancy between historical accuracy and picturesque legend! Unless I am mistaken, it was not at Edinburgh, but in the wilds of the Western Highlands that the young Prince met Flora Macdonald. The ball at Holyrood was given when his cause was triumphant for the moment, before the fatal day of Culloden, and before he was a fugitive. It is true Flora was in Edinburgh later, and doubtless then was fêted and honoured as she deserved to be.

The taste for collecting these and such-like memorials of the past is not confined by any means to exalted personages. According to Mr. Andrew Lang, two waistcoats worn by Prince Charles Edward fetched, at a recent sale in Aberdeen, the considerable sums of £61 and £35 15s. respectively; whilst an ordinary circular letter requesting an adherent "to rise," was sold for no less than £72! If such prices as these are obtainable, who shall appraise the value of some of the relics shown at the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery, and at Glasgow in 1901, when everything conceivable belonging to the family was to be seen, from the baby linen used at the christening of Charles I. at Dunfermline, to the chalice he used on the morning of his execution, preserved at Welbeck; from the leading-strings of his father, to the rosary his grandmother used in the Hall of Fotheringhay, the highly treasured relic now belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, and reproduced, by the Earl Marshal's permission, in the first edition of this book. One of the most remarkable of all the precious heirlooms which I was shown during the writing of this book, is the rosary of Henrietta Maria which the Duke of Portland possesses. This is the one that the Queen, in her necessity, pawned for £3000. It is made of six plum-stones and fifty cherry-stones, each minutely carved with subjects from Roman history and mythology. At Welbeck, too, is an ear-ring worn by Charles I. on the scaffold, as is testified by a note in the handwriting of Queen Mary II.,

"This pearle was taken out of ye King my grandfather's ear after he was beheaded, and given ye Princess Royall."

The medals struck in connection with the later Stuarts are numerous, admirable as works of art, and of considerable interest from every point of view.

Perhaps, however, of all the Stuart relics extant, the voluminous papers preserved at Windsor must be accounted the most important, historically speaking, although it must be owned they have not the deep personal, often romantic interest possessed by many of the portraits and objects we have been considering. The letters and documents number, I believe, between sixty and seventy thousand. Any analysis or even summary of such an enormous mass of correspondence is, of course, out of the question in this book, but just as these pages are being printed, the Historical Manuscripts Commission has presented the first volume of the "Calendar of Stuart Papers" to the House of Commons, and from the valuable introduction to this I am able to give a short account of how these documents come to be in the possession of the Crown. They were formerly the property of James III. and his sons Charles Edward and Henry, and were acquired by the Prince Regent on two different occasions.

The first collection was procured from the Abbé James Waters, the Procureur-Général of the English Benedictines at Rome, through Sir John Coxe Hippisley, who concluded a negotiation with the Abbé for the purchase of the papers in his possession. Italy, at that time, was in the hands of Napoleon, hence there was much difficulty in getting them over to this country. In 1805 the papers were deposited in the custody of the English Consul at Civita Vecchia, and a brig-of-war was sent to fetch them away, but the French, twelve days before, had occupied the town, and the brig's boats were not allowed to land. After this the Consul was thrown into a dungeon, but he had secreted the papers previously. Finally, with considerable risk, they were shipped to Leghorn, thence to Tunis, and afterwards to Malta. They arrived in England about 1810, and were placed in Carlton House library.

The second lot of papers were in the Cardinal Duke of York's possession at his death, and for many years lay neglected in a garret exposed to rats and mice, being supposed to consist merely of tradesmen's bills. They were discovered by a Dr. Watson, who bargained for them with Monsignore Tassoni, administrator of the Cardinal's estate. The purchase became known to the

Papal Secretary of State, and the Governor of Rome declared the sale illegal, null, and void. They were afterwards offered, on behalf of the Pope, as a present to the Regent, and were made over on that account by Tassoni, the original owner. The offer was accepted, and they were taken to London from Civita Vecchia. The British Government gave Watson £3600 in consideration of his services and claims.

The last Stuart relic to which I shall refer is the beautiful crucifix, composed of ivory and amber, once the property of Cardinal York, and now preserved at Syon House. The mention of this treasured object brings us, after, I fear, a long digression, to the conclusion of this book, for with the death of Henry, in 1807, the personal history of the family, in the direct line, comes to an end.

The misfortunes of the Stuarts themselves are so absorbing that it has not been possible to devote more than a passing notice to their friends and foes; and when all is done, it seems as if one had but walked into a great gallery full of familiar faces of men and women of other times: had stopped before some well-known pictures, and compared pen-and-pencil portraits with them. Yet I know of no better method than that I have tried to follow, if one desires to see these people as they really were, many of them so gifted, and nearly all so hapless. So much has been written about the Stuarts, so often have they been painted, that each one stands out before us as clearly as if in the flesh. One seems to hear the old-fashioned French, the sweet broken Scotch of Mary, the slight stammer of her grandson Charles; and one can see that monarch of melancholy mien wearing a great pearl in each ear, and dressed in the picturesque cavalier attire with which Van Dyck has made us so familiar. If this book, with the portraits and relics it contains, helps to bring the originals, and the owners of these memorials before its readers, then it has not been written in vain, and is a contribution, however imperfect, to the family history of the Stuarts. It has been truly said that their story has all the perennial freshness of a fairy-tale. Moreover, the scenes that crowd into one's memory are endless. We have seen Queen Mary a babe in Scotland, a bride in sunny France; have watched her, escaping from the crowded streets and ill-savoured wynds of Edinburgh, ride forth to the chase in the Highlands, rejoicing in the pure air and the freedom of the mountain wilds; later, have seen her pacing the leads of Sheffield Manor, like the caged lioness she was; have heard the sobs of her weeping women in the Hall of Fotheringhay; have heard, too the groan that went up from the

crowd that bitter January morning when "the man Charles Stuart" stepped out of his own banqueting house, to be taken back a headless corpse. We have been told how Charles II. spent his youth in weary years of exile at the Hague and elsewhere, getting no more good from idleness than other men do. We have stood beneath the oak at Boscobel, and later, have walked with sober John Evelyn through the dissolute company at Whitehall on a Sunday evening; have seen Monmouth, once the darling of that same Court, crouching in the bracken of the New Forest, dragged out a mud-stained, abject being; and then marked him throwing himself in vain at the feet of his implacable uncle. And another fugitive we saw, the young Prince Charlie, leader of the forlorn hope of his house, hiding in the heather; he who, but a few weeks before, had ridden in triumph through the streets of Edinburgh, amidst the huzzas of its populace.

The subject of this book is full of controversial topics, but time seems to soften their asperities; they become lost, as it were, in the blue haze of distance, such as lends an added charm to our own English landscape; and so it comes to pass that the reader of annals of bygone days is like a traveller who, as he mounts the slope with patient steps, leaves behind and below him the mists and exhalations of the valleys. Arrived at length upon the summit, he sees, but could not see till then, the prospect, in all its extent and in all its beauty, unrolled as in a map; he marks, here a storm-cloud gathering over darkening woods, there the sunlight chasing the shadows across the meadows; beyond, the river wending its way with many a fold to the sea; and there, on the distant horizon, the sea itself, glittering like a silver shield reflecting heaven.

So, too, as the centuries pass along, the student of history should be able to mount above the clouds of ignorance and of prejudice. He heeds not the brawling streams of party and sectarian strife—nay, from where he stands he hears them not—for they have been swallowed up and lost in the river of Time, which, with mighty volume, with resistless and majestic flow, winds ever onward to the ocean of Eternity. And thus we who stand on the summit of the ages may survey the vast landscape of History, in all its entrancing variety. It lies beneath our feet steeped in the serene sunlight of the Past.

