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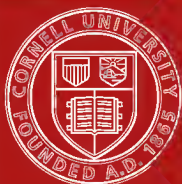


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COUNT DE GRAMONT:

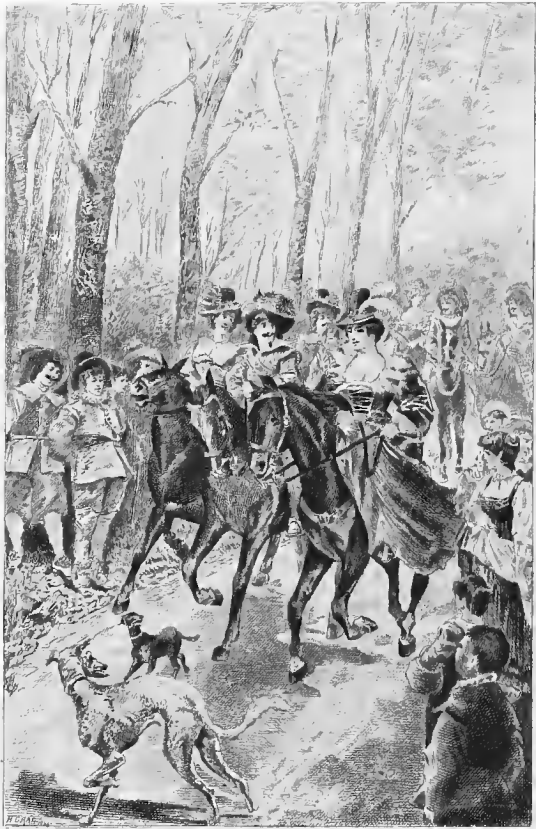
CONTAINING

*THE AMOROUS HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH COURT
UNDER THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.*



COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON.





MEMOIRS

OF THE

COUNT DE GRAMONT:

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*THE AMOROUS HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH COURT
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BY COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON.

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PREFACE.



ALTHOUGH many editions have been published of the *Mémoires du Comte de Gramont*, both in the original French and in English translations, very few of their editors appear to have taken the trouble to consult Hamilton's original text, while the English editors without exception have repeated all the errors perpetrated by Boyer in the first translation of the work. One striking instance of their carelessness may be referred to. Commentators, from Malone downwards, have exercised their ingenuity in endeavouring to determine the name of the actress whom the Earl of Oxford tricked, and whom Cunningham successfully proved could not have been the performer of the character of Roxana as stated in the English versions of the Memoirs. Had any one among them looked into the original edition of Hamilton's work, much needless speculation might have been avoided, as it would have been at once seen that Hamilton speaks of Roxélane (*ang*: Roxalana) and not of Roxana, as the name is printed by all the English and most of the French editors. Another ludicrous error which has crept into the English versions, relates to the pair of Martial's gloves sent by Miss Hamilton to Miss

Blague. Martial, it should be mentioned, was the fashionable Parisian glove-maker of the epoch, but the translator being ignorant of this circumstance rendered the phrase "martial (*i.e.*, military) gloves," apparently not thinking that these would be rather a singular present to make to a lady, especially as it was intended she should wear them at an approaching Court ball.

Some scores of errors, equally inexcusable as the foregoing, have been corrected in the present edition, which however makes no pretension to be regarded as a new translation of Hamilton's masterpiece. It simply claims to be a revision of the commonly accepted version, originally published nearly eighty years ago, and, according to Bohn's edition of Lowndes, edited by Sir Walter Scott. Although in the annotation of the present volumes free use has been made of the labours of former editors, it will be found upon examination that much the larger portion of the notes are original. It was scarcely practicable to distinguish these new notes from the old ones, owing to the latter being frequently intermingled with the former, besides being constantly subjected to amplification, condensation, or correction, as may have been considered necessary.

As Hamilton records much of the scandal current at the English Court during Gramont's sojourn there, numerous illustrative extracts have been given from the lampoons of the time dealing with such matters. Pepys's *Diary*, too, has been largely quoted from ; for it must

be remembered that Pepys gossips about most of the personages and many of the incidents introduced into the Memoirs, and that he largely confirms the general truth of Hamilton's account of the doings of Charles II.'s Court. In the Epilogue which follows the Memoirs, when describing the careers of the two rival duchesses, Portsmouth and Mazarin, I have made free use of the English version of M. Forneron's *Louise de Keroualle*, a book which is almost as lively and interesting as Hamilton's world-renowned narrative.

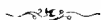
It is unnecessary for me to expatiate upon the Memoirs themselves. Their merits from a literary point of view have been long since recognized, and their amusing incidents, so vivaciously described, have made them a general favourite with all classes of readers, not excepting even those who condemn their lax moral tone. Charles Lamb's paradoxical remarks on the characters of Congreve's and Wycherley's plays may be applied to the actors in Hamilton's sprightly, if occasionally graceless, scenes. "The business of their existence is the undivided pursuit of lawless gallantry. No other spring of action or possible motive of conduct is recognized We are not to judge them by our usages. No reverend institutions are insulted by their proceedings—for they have none among them. No purity of the marriage bed is stained—for none is supposed to have a being. No deep affections are disquieted, no holy wedlock bands are snapped asunder—for

affection's depth and wedded faith are not of the growth of that soil" Hamilton's heroes and heroines are truly a society of themselves. How little the most important incidents transpiring in the outside world troubled the Court circle, whose trivial doings form the staple of Gramont's reminiscences, is evident from the circumstance that although London was visited by the double calamity of the Plague and the Great Fire, during the period over which the Memoirs extend, not the slightest allusion to either of these dire events occurs in any part of Hamilton's work.

H. V.

"I was," says Cunningham, "once willing to think that the publication of Gramont's Memoirs had been withheld from motives of delicacy towards many persons mentioned in the work who were still alive. For instance, the Earl of Chesterfield, who makes so conspicuous a figure there, and Progers, another person not very delicately referred to, were both removed by death in 1713, the year in which the first edition was published. But this supposition is, I have since found, of very little value, for when the first English translation appeared, eight different persons particularly referred to in the work were still living: Sir Stephen Fox and Sir Charles Lyttelton, both of whom died in 1716; Lady Lyttelton (Miss Temple that was), who died in 1718; the great Duke of Marlborough, who died in 1722; Mrs. Godfrey (Arabella Churchill) and Mademoiselle de la Garde, both of whom died in 1730; the Duchess of Tyrconnel (Frances Jennings) who died in 1731; and the Duchess of Buccleuch (the widow of Monmouth and the Earl of Cornwallis), the last survivor of Hamilton's heroes and heroines, who died on Feb. 6, 1732, in the eighty-first year of her age. To three ladies—Jennings, Temple, and Arabella Churchill—the Memoirs of Gramont must have been a very unwelcome publication."—*Story of Nell Gwyn.*

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
ANTHONY HAMILTON	xiii
THE GRAMONTS	xxiii
EPISTLE TO THE COUNT DE GRAMONT	1
INTRODUCTION	23
CHAPTER I.	28
<p>The Chevalier de Gramont at the siege of Trino—His intimacy with Count Matta—Their luxurious entertainments and extravagance—End of their resources—Deliberation between the Chevalier and Matta upon this emergency.</p>	
CHAPTER II.	35
<p>The Chevalier's story :—His school days and his presentation to Cardinal de Richelieu—He renounces the Church for the Army, and leaves home for the wars in Piedmont—He despoils his valet, Brinon, of the funds provided for the campaign, and is himself despoiled by a cunning horse-dealer at Lyons—The Chevalier's scheme to replenish his empty coffers at Trino—He wins fifteen hundred pistoles from the Count de Cameran, and sixteen horses from M. de Turenne's officers—The fall of Trino.</p>	
CHAPTER III.	56
<p>The Chevalier and Matta lay siege to the beauties of Turin—Madame Royale and her Court—Matta's over-forwardness in love-making and repugnance for Piedmont</p>	

	PAGE
customs—The Chevalier, after losing his time with Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain, forms designs upon the Marchioness de S�enantes—Plot by which the husband and Matta are placed under arrest whilst the Chevalier obtains the Marchioness's favours.	
CHAPTER IV.	89
The Chevalier's return to France—He makes his peace at Court—His luck at play with Cardinal Mazarin—He proceeds to Arras, and has an interview with the Prince de Cond�e—He cleverly eludes capture whilst conveying the news of Turenne's victory—Is embraced by the queen in presence of the entire Court—He boldly speaks his mind to the Cardinal—Peace of the Pyrenees and death of Mazarin—Louis XIV. assumes power and pays his addresses to Mademoiselle de la Motte-Houdancourt—Rivalry between the King and the Chevalier de Gramont—Exile of the Chevalier, who resolves to visit England.	
CHAPTER V.	119
The Chevalier's visits to London under the Commonwealth and at the Restoration—Marriage of Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza—The King and the Duke of York—The heroes and the beauties of the English Court—Queen Catherine and her Portuguese suite—The Chevalier's reception in England—Saint-Evremond gives him advice—Gramont lays siege to Mrs. Middleton and Miss Warmester—Rivalry between Miss Stewart and Lady Castlemaine—The latter's intrigue with Jacob Hall—Lady Shrewsbury and her lovers—Duel between Henry Jermyn and Thomas Howard—The Chevalier falls in love with Miss Hamilton.	
CHAPTER VI.	156
Miss Hamilton's beauty and wit—She plans a practical joke upon Lady Muskerry and Miss Blague—Masquerade at Court—Loss of the Chevalier's coat in a quicksand—Lady Muskerry as the Princess of Babylon—Rivalry	

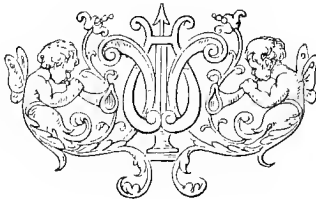
PAGE

between Miss Blague and Miss Price—Saint-Evremond lectures his hero—The Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington pay court to Miss Stewart—Intrigue between James Hamilton and Lady Chesterfield—Illness of the Queen—Promenade of Court beauties—The Chevalier refuses the offer of a pension, and presents the King with an elegant coach.

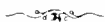
CHAPTER VII. 197

The Chevalier gives the King an account of the siege of Lerida—Condé's violins, and Don Gregorio Brice's cannonade—How the Chevalier came to appoint a dancing priest to be his chaplain, and dressed him in livery—The elder Russell's declaration to Miss Hamilton—The Chevalier learns from the King that he is freed from another rival—Ceremonious and jealous Lord Chesterfield—Coquetry of Lady Chesterfield with James Hamilton and the Duke of York.

APPENDIX 211



LIST OF PLATES TO VOL. I.



PROMENADE OF COURT BEAUTIES. By H. Gray	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON	<i>To face page</i> xiii
SAINTEVREMOND By V. Parmentier.	9
COUNT DE GRAMONT	26
GRAMONT BEING FLEECEDE BY THE BASLE HORSE-DEALER By — Choquet	45
GRAMONT FLEECEDE THE COUNT DE CAMERAN By — Choquet	51
MADAME ROYALE, DUCHESS OF SAVOY	62
GRAMONT'S PASSIONATE RECEPTION BY THE MARCHIONESS DE SENANTES By J. Chauvet	88
ANNE OF AUSTRIA By B. Moncornet.	96
GRAMONT CHASEDE BY THE CRAVATE By — Choquet	106
GRAMONT EMBRACEDE BY THE QUEEN IN PRESENCE OF THE COURT By H. Gray	109
CHARLES II. By R. Vason	122
COUNTESS OF CASTLEMAINE By Sir Peter Lely	132
CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA " " " "	135
MRS. MIDDLETON " " " "	144
MISS STEWART " " " "	147
MRS. HYDE " " " "	149
COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY " " " "	152
MISS HAMILTON " " " "	157
LADY MUSKERRY AS THE PRINCESS OF BABYLON By J. Chauvet	172
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM	182
COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD By Sir Peter Lely	18
GRAMONT EXHIBITING HIS TREASURE CHEST By — Choquet	192
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD By Sir Peter Lely	206

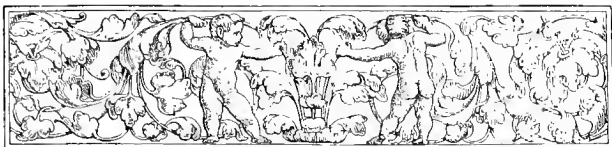
“IN the gay crowd which thronged Whitehall during those scandalous years of jubilee which immediately followed the Restoration, the Hamiltons were pre-eminently conspicuous. The long fair ringlets, the radiant bloom and the languishing eyes of the lovely Elizabeth still charm us on the canvas of Lely. She had the glory of achieving no vulgar conquest. It was reserved for her voluptuous beauty and for her flippant wit to overcome the aversion which the cold-hearted and scoffing Gramont felt for the indissoluble tie. One of her brothers, Anthony, became the chronicler of that brilliant and dissolute society of which he had been not the least brilliant nor the least dissolute member. He deserves the high praise of having, though not a Frenchman, written the book which is, of all books, the most exquisitely French, both in spirit and in manner To him we owe the most highly finished and vividly coloured picture of the English Court in the days when the English Court was gayest.”

Macaulay's *History of England*, 1858, vol. iii. p. 151; vol. iv. p. 382.



4. Hamilton jun

Count Anthony Hamilton



ANTHONY HAMILTON.



ANTHONY HAMILTON, the celebrated author of the *Memoirs of the Count de Gramont*, was the third son of Sir George Hamilton, younger son of James, Earl of Abercorn, a native of Scotland. His mother was daughter of Lord Thurles, and sister to James, the first Duke of Ormond; Anthony's family and connexions on the maternal side were therefore entirely Irish. He was himself born in Ireland, about 1646, or more probably three or four years earlier. The place of his birth, according to family accounts, was Roscrea, in the county of Tipperary, where his father usually resided when not engaged on military or public business.¹ It has been stated that the family migrated to France when Anthony was an infant; according to Carte, however, "Sir George Hamilton would have accompanied his brother-in-law, the Marquis of Ormond, to France, in December, 1650, but being receiver-general in Ireland, he stayed to pass his accounts, which he did, to the satisfaction of all parties, notwithstanding much clamour had been raised against him." Having settled this business, Sir George took Lady Hamilton and his family—consisting of six sons, and three daughters—to France in the spring of 1651, and resided with Lord

¹ In September, 1646, Owen O'Neale took Roscrea, and, according to Carte, "put man, woman, and child to the sword, except Sir George Hamilton's lady, sister to the Marquis of Ormond, and some few gentlewomen whom he kept prisoners."

and Lady Ormond, near Caen, in Normandy, in great poverty and distress, till the Marchioness of Ormond repaired to England, and, after much solicitation, obtained by the favour of Cromwell the grant of two thousand pounds a year from her own and her husband's estates in Ireland. The marchioness resided with the younger part of her family in Ireland from 1655 till after the Restoration; while the Marquis of Ormond continued for much of that period with his two sisters, Lady Clancarty and Lady Hamilton, at the Feuillantines, in the Faubourg Saint-Jacques, in Paris.

It appears that, although the marquis himself had been educated in the Protestant religion, his parents, brothers, and sisters were bred, and always continued Roman Catholics. Sir George Hamilton was also a Roman Catholic;² and Anthony was brought up in that religion, and adhered to it through life. James,³ the eldest of his five brothers, served in the English army, while Thomas, another of them, became a captain in the English navy. Anthony, however, with his brothers George, Richard, and John, entered the army of Louis XIV. at an early age. According to Father Daniel, author of a history of the French army, George Hamilton introduced the company of English *gens-d'armes* into France, in 1667. Charles II., says this writer, brought to England at the Restoration several Catholic officers and soldiers, who had served abroad with him and his brother, the Duke of York, and incorporated them with his guards. The parliament, however, having obliged him to dismiss all Catholic officers, the king permitted George Hamilton to take such as were willing to accompany him to France, where Louis XIV. formed them into a company of *gens-d'armes*, and, being highly pleased with them, became himself their captain, and appointed George Hamilton their captain-lieutenant.⁴ It is uncertain whether Anthony ever belonged to this particular corps; still he distinguished himself in his profession, and was advanced to considerable posts in the French service.

² Carte states that Charles I. deprived several papists of their military commissions, and, among others, Sir George Hamilton, who, notwithstanding, served him with loyalty and unvarying fidelity.

³ See *post*, p. 129, note 7.

⁴ They were of English, Scotch, and Irish nationalities.

After the Restoration Anthony Hamilton spent several years in England, where he became acquainted with the Chevalier, afterwards Count de Gramont, who, on being exiled from the French, had repaired to the English Court. Gramont was greatly impressed with the beauty of Anthony's sister, Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, and eventually married her. After the departure of her husband and herself for France, Anthony, who appears to have been greatly attached to his sister, frequently crossed the Channel to visit her. On one of these occasions—in 1681—when he was staying with the French Court at Saint-Germain, he was selected by Louis XIV. to take part in a ballet by Quinault, entitled, *The Triumph of Love*. Towards the close of Charles II.'s reign Anthony repaired to Ireland, where many of his connexions remained, notably his two other sisters, one of whom was married to Matthew Ford, Esq., of the county of Wexford, and the other to Sir Donough O'Brien, who belonged to a branch of the Thomond family.

When James II. succeeded to the throne, and commissions were again granted to the Roman Catholics, Anthony entered the Irish army, and in 1686 he was a lieutenant-colonel in Sir Thomas Newcomen's regiment. Henry, Earl of Clarendon, son to the lord-chancellor, was at that time lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and despite his general distrust and dislike of the Catholics, he appears to have held Anthony Hamilton in high estimation. In his correspondence he commends Anthony's knowledge of, and attention to, the duties of his profession; his probity, and the dependence to be placed on him, in preference to others of the same religious persuasion. Writing to the Earl of Sunderland, in July, 1686, Clarendon remarks: "I have only this one thing more to trouble your lordship with at present, concerning Colonel Anthony Hamilton, to get him a commission to command as colonel, though he is but a lieutenant-colonel to Sir Thomas Newcomen, in regard of the commands he has had abroad; and I am told it is often done in France, which makes me hope it will not be counted an unreasonable request. I would likewise humbly recommend to make Colonel Anthony Hamilton a privy councillor here." Lord Clarendon's recommendations were ultimately successful: Hamilton

was made a privy councillor in Ireland, with a pension of 200*l.* a year; and although he had strongly opposed the new-modelling of the army by the Duke of Tyrconnel, he was appointed governor of Limerick, in the room of Sir William King.

Whether Anthony Hamilton was present at the battle of the Boyne, or of Aughrim, is not known, but he commanded the regiment of Macarthy dragoons at the engagement of Newton-Butler in 1689, and was then badly wounded. Anthony's brother John was killed at Aughrim, and Richard, who was a lieutenant-general, led on the Irish cavalry with uncommon gallantry and spirit at the Boyne. Brave as Richard may have been, he was unfortunately deficient in integrity, and William III.'s contemptuous echoing back his word to him, when he made some declaration on his "honour," is well known. After the overthrow of James II. in Ireland, Anthony and Richard Hamilton retired to France. The latter resided mainly with the Cardinal de Bouillon, the great protector of the Irish exiles. The cardinal kept a magnificent table, according to that *gay gourmet*, Philippe de Coulanges, who in his *Memoirs* occasionally mentions "the amiable Richard Hamilton" as one of the cardinal's particular intimates.

Anthony meanwhile took up his abode with the Court of James II. at Saint-Germain, and turned his attention to literary pursuits. Much of his time seems to have rolled heavily along: his sister, the Countess de Gramont, resided more frequently at Versailles than suited his inclinations, and life at Saint-Germain was very dreary, as James II. had become extremely devout; and those around him made an exaggerated display of their religious convictions. This was not at all to Hamilton's liking; and in sending part of a story, called "Zenyda," to a lady, he remarked upon the number of priests and Jesuits lodged at the château of Saint-Germain, and added, "Our occupations appear serious, and our conduct seems very Christian; for no quarter is shown to those who do not spend, or at least affect to spend, half the day in prayer." On another occasion he alluded in verse to "our sombre silent Court."

Hamilton's great resource at Saint-Germain was the family of the famous Marshal Duke of Berwick, the natural son of James II.,

by Miss Arabella Churchill, whom Hamilton certainly does not flatter in the Gramont Memoirs. Berwick, who possessed as much genius for war as his uncle, the great Duke of Marlborough—for during fifteen campaigns in which he commanded the French armies, he was never once defeated—appears to have been of a most amiable disposition in private life. A dozen letters or so written to him by Hamilton when he was in Flanders and in Spain, show the pair to have been warm friends. Hamilton was also on intimate terms with the Duchess of Berwick, and her sisters Charlotte, Henrietta, and Laura. These ladies, who were the daughters of Henry Bulkely (son of the first viscount of that name), by Lady Sophia Stewart, sister to the beautiful Duchess of Richmond, all figure prominently in Hamilton's published correspondence, and were frequently the subjects of his verses, Charlotte being addressed or referred to as Lady Clare,⁵ and Henrietta and Laura as the "Mesdemoiselles B." Anthony is said to have been a particular admirer of Henrietta Bulkely, but they were both extremely poor, which was in all probability the reason why they were never married. When Galland's translation of *The Arabian Nights* first appeared, it was followed by numerous ridiculous imitations, which became greatly in fashion. Henrietta Bulkely derided these extravagant stories, and Hamilton, actuated by much the same spirit as Cervantes, when he turned chivalry into ridicule, forthwith penned his well-known tales, "The Four Facardins," "Zeneyda,"⁶ and "The History of May Flower." The latter was subsequently extolled by La Harpe as the work of an original genius ;

⁵ She had married Lord Clare, of the O'Brien family, who was killed at the battle of Ramillies.

⁶ These have been transmitted to us only in an incomplete form, and it is stated that Hamilton never finished them. Crébillon the younger often related, however, that in his youth he had been on friendly terms with a Miss Hamilton, niece of the author of the Gramont Memoirs. On one occasion this lady offered Crébillon a large packet of her uncle's papers, and on one of the various rolls he read the title "The Four Facardins : Part II." Unfortunately he neglected to take the papers away with him, and when he called for them a few days later he learnt that Miss Hamilton, having examined them and discovered that they were of a more or less equivocal character, had consigned them to the flames.—Note to the Count d'Artois' Edition of Hamilton's *Works*, Paris, 1781.

and the two former ones were commended by Voltaire, who reserved, however, his highest praise for the poetical introduction of another of Hamilton's stories, styled "The Ram." This the patriarch of Ferney frequently quoted as a model of gracefulness.

"The Ram" was written under somewhat peculiar circumstances. In 1703 Louis XIV. had presented Anthony's sister, the Countess de Gramont, who was high in the royal favour, with an elegant house near Meudon, on the Seine, which became so fashionable a resort among the courtiers⁷ that the Count de Gramont said he should present the king with a list of all the persons he was obliged to entertain there, as being more suited to his majesty's purse than to his own. The countess greatly embellished this residence, which was called Le Moulineau, but this name displeasing her, she altered it to Pontalie, and requested her brother to devise some story explaining the new appellation. Hamilton thereupon wrote "The Ram," in which he introduces a giant called Moulineau, who had possessed the estate from time immemorial, an old druid, his neighbour, whose lovely daughter Alie was beloved by the giant and abhorred him in return, and a Prince of Noisy, who was likewise in love with Alie, and was, moreover, beloved by her. Some very extraordinary adventures were attributed in the story to these personages, and as a certain bridge figured prominently in various incidents, Hamilton contended that it had been called the Pont d'Alie (Alie's bridge) in memory of his heroine, and that in the course of time, the legend being forgotten, this name had become Pontalie and had been assigned to the entire estate :

" Pont d'Alie was the gentle name
Bestowed on this locality,
Which by a luckless destiny
With Moulineau beheld its fame
Condemned to blank obscurity ;
And though you've striven to reclaim
Its ancient title's euphony,
Corruption still the sound doth maim,
And turns it into Pontalie."

⁷ *Correspondance de Madame de Sévigné*—Madame de Coulanges to Madame de Grignan, Aug. 5, 1703.

The more poetical name which the Countess of Gramont had bestowed upon her estate was not, however, destined to survive, and to-day the locality, which abounds in sand-pits, and retains no traces of the countess's elegant residence, is known by its old appellation of Le Moulineau.

It was in 1704 that Hamilton turned his attention to collecting materials for the memoirs of his brother-in-law, the Count de Gramont. Towards the close of that year he wrote an epistle upon the desirability of recording the count's achievements; and the favourable reception which several leading literary men of the time accorded to this work—a curious and graceful medley of prose and verse⁸—no doubt encouraged Hamilton in his design. Regarded from a literary point of view, the Memoirs are without doubt Hamilton's exclusive production, though with great modesty he asserts that he acts as the Count de Gramont's secretary, and merely holds the pen whilst his brother-in-law dictates to him the most remarkable and secret passages of his life. As Gramont was Hamilton's senior by more than twenty years, the earlier incidents of the count's career could only have been known to Hamilton from hearing him repeatedly describe them: indeed the whole of Gramont's adventures up to the time of his arrival in England may be considered to rest upon his own authority. On the other hand, the latter part of the Memoirs, relating to the Court of Charles II., may be ascribed almost entirely to Hamilton, who by his connection with the Ormond family, and his habitual sojourn in the precincts of the English Court, must have been well acquainted with the society that he depicts. Moreover, in several of the adventures recorded by him, his brothers James and George played conspicuous parts, and it may be readily assumed that he obtained his information on these matters direct from them rather than from the Count de Gramont. Lady Chesterfield, to whom Anthony assigns such a prominent place in his work, was, it may be mentioned, his cousin-german.

⁸ A translation of this Epistle prefaces the present edition of the Memoirs (see p. I *et seq.*). The opinions pronounced upon this composition by the various poets with whom Hamilton was in correspondence will be found summarized in the notes to it.

It is generally agreed that although the Count de Gramont was very witty in conversation, he was deficient in literary capacity, and it is evident that beyond supplying Hamilton with the information imparted in the earlier chapters of the work, he had little, if any, share in its composition. The story that the count himself sold the manuscript for fifteen hundred livres, and that on its being taken to Fontenelle, the then censor of the French press, the latter refused to license it upon the ground that the count was portrayed in it as an unprincipled gambler—has long since been disproved. When the first edition of the *Memoirs* was issued in 1713, the Count de Gramont had been dead for seven years; this edition, moreover, was printed in Holland, and to shroud its origin in some little mystery, it bore the name of Pierre Marteau, *Cologne*, upon the title-page as publisher.

From a literary point of view the *Memoirs* have always been held in high estimation in France. M. Auger, in his introduction to an edition of Hamilton's writings issued in 1805, remarked that if any book were to be selected as affording the best specimen of perfect French gaiety, the *Mémoires du Comte de Gramont* should be chosen in preference to all others. This opinion has been endorsed by numerous distinguished critics, and among others Sainte Beuve observes that "various foreigners, Horace Walpole, the Abbé Galiani, the Baron de Besenval, the Prince de Ligne, have been found possessing or imitating French wit wonderfully well, but Hamilton attained in the *Mémoires du Comte de Gramont* to such a degree of excellence that one can detect in him no difference of nationality: he is French wit incarnate; and thus, though it may seem like a dream, an Englishman was the precursor of Voltaire in Voltaire's own language."

It has been asserted that Hamilton, despite his reputation for wit and the gaiety that pervades his writings, was of anything but a lively disposition in society; but on the other hand it has been remarked that what people took for gravity was his natural English phlegm: "Englishmen," says Auger, "often preserve the most solemn demeanour whilst indulging in the most humorous sayings. Thus it was with Hamilton, and thus it happened that superficial

and dull-witted observers assumed that he was of a gloomy disposition.”⁹

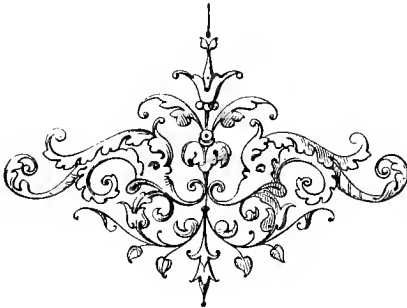
At the same time, Hamilton's muse does not seem to have been so facile a one as the perusal of his works might lead us to suppose. He himself made this admission in connection with his intercourse with the Duchess de Maine, grand-daughter of the great Condé, who had invited him to her Château of Sceaux, where she kept a Court which divided its time between gallantry and letters. Whilst the duke her husband,—who was the son of Louis XIV. by Madame de Montespan,—sequestered himself in a tower where he studied geometry and astronomy, “Ludovise,” as the duchess was termed by her admirers, presided at gatherings of wit and beauty, held in an apartment which she called her Chartreuse. Others, however, styled it “the galleys of the mind,” since the invited wits were at almost every moment required to furnish proof of their talent. The Duke de Nevers, the Abbé Genest, Saint-Aulaire and Malézieu always came well prepared with *impromptus* for the entertainment of the company, but Hamilton found the obligation extremely irksome. In a letter to a friend, dated Sceaux, July 1, 1705, he alludes to “the monster commonly called *Impromptu*,” and adds: “We have people here who know how to tame him and make him say the prettiest things in the world, but for myself, at the mere sight of *Impromptu* my mind becomes troubled and my rebellious Muse flies far away.” Hamilton therefore, in all probability, composed at his leisure the few pieces of verse addressed to the Duchess de Maine which figure in his works.

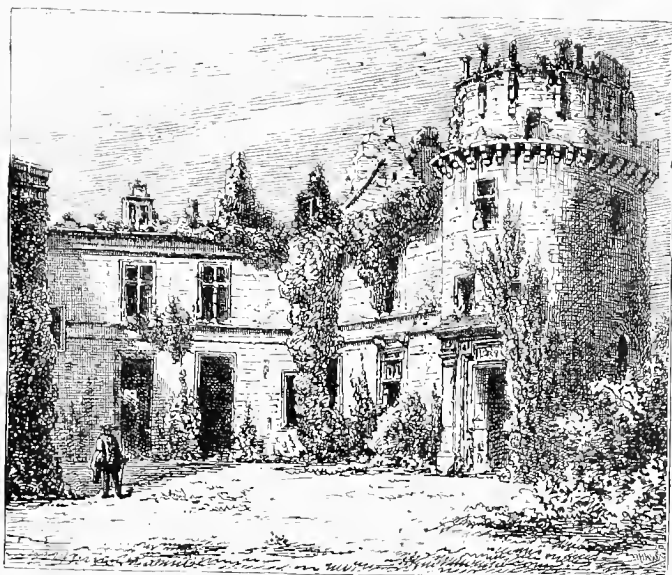
It has been already mentioned that the *Mémoires du Comte de Gramont* were originally issued in 1713. A few years afterwards Hamilton translated Pope's “*Essay on Criticism*,” into French verse—and, it is said, so much to the English poet's satisfaction that the latter wrote him a polite letter of thanks and asked that the translation might be published. For some reason, however, it remained unknown until 1812, when a portion of it was inserted in a French edition of Hamilton's works. It was then perceived

⁹ Notice on Hamilton : Hamilton's *Works*, 1803.

that the translation was not only a very poor rendering of the original, but greatly inferior, as poetry, to Hamilton's other verse.

This inferiority was no doubt due rather to the uncongeniality of the subject than to any falling off in Hamilton's literary powers. When he was over seventy years of age he penned some verses "On the Employment of Life in Old Age," which his critics have unanimously commended. He was then still residing at Saint-Germain, and besides enjoying the society of a few remaining friends and literary acquaintances, he spent much of his time with his niece Charlotte de Gramont, Countess of Stafford, in whose name he carried on a lively correspondence with Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Hamilton died at Saint-Germain in April, 1720, aged about seventy-four. He is said to have passed the last days of his life in a religious frame of mind, although he had previously shown himself somewhat of a sceptic. In addition to his literary renown he left behind him a reputation for candour and integrity, displayed on numerous occasions during his long career, the greater portion of which, as he himself expressed it, had been spent in mournful indigence.





CHÂTEAU OF BIDACHE.

THE GRAMONTS.



F that once powerful Iberian race which in prehistoric times peopled the greater part of south-western Europe, one section, that of the Basques—dwelling in the western Pyrenees, and retaining like the Breton race its ancient language and a sentiment of nationality—has alone subsisted in comparative homogeneity. In mediæval times one of the leading Basque families was that of the Agaramunteks, who, as the French suzerainty spread to the Pyrenees, became known as the Agramunts or Agramonts, and finally as the Gramonts.¹ It was under the latter

¹ Although the name is commonly spelt “Grammont,” we have preferred to follow the correct orthography adopted by the modern representatives of the family.

name that the family really became famous, though it had previously enjoyed a certain renown through the valour of Bergon Loup d'Agramont at the first Crusade. In the XVIth century the Gramonts had attained to considerable influence at the French Court, and one of them, Gabriel de Gramont, Bishop of Tarbes, accompanied Margaret of Angoulême to Spain when she proceeded there to negotiate with the Emperor Charles V. for the release of her brother, Francis I. The latter subsequently sent Gabriel de Gramont as ambassador to Henry VIII. of England, who at the time was desirous of wedding his daughter Mary to the French king, whilst Francis, on his side, wished to arrange a marriage between his sister Margaret and Henry. Neither scheme succeeded, however, for Francis married Queen Eleanor of Portugal, and Henry preferred the fair Anne Boleyn to the talented but plain-featured authoress of *The Heptameron*.

Gabriel de Gramont, being in orders, was necessarily unmarried, and the head of the family at that period—Francis, Lord of Gramont—had but one child, a daughter named Clara. The latter was wedded in 1525 to Menaud d'Aure, Viscount of Aster or Asté, and from this union sprang the modern line of the Gramonts; Clara's son, Anthony, assuming his mother's name in accordance with the stipulations of her marriage contract.² Menaud d'Aure had consented to this arrangement, though on his side he claimed an illustrious lineage, tracing his descent back to one of the early Navarrese kings—Sancho the Cæsarian, so called from having been cut alive out of his mother's womb when she, upon the eve of her confinement, was massacred by the Moors. Sancho had become suzerain of the valley of Aure, which lies among the Pyrenees, south of Bagnères-de-Bigorre, and of this valley Menaud d'Aure was virtual ruler at the beginning of the XVIth century. Some fragments of his castle of Asté subsist in the environs of Bagnères.

Menaud's son, commonly called Anthony I. de Gramont, was married in 1549 to Helen de Clermont, Lady of Toulangeon, and played a prominent part in the religious wars of the period. In 1574, after the massacre of St. Bartholemew, Henry of Navarre,

² M. Paulin Paris's Notes to Tallemant des Réaux's *Historiettes*, vol. iii.

then a prisoner at the Louvre, was compelled to abjure the Protestant faith, and, acting under compulsion, he ordered Anthony de Gramont to re-establish the Catholic religion in Bearn. Anthony, who held the office of governor-general of the province, at once repaired to his castle of Hagetmau, some fifteen miles from Mont-de-Marsan, and there assembled two hundred and fifty nobles, in view of carrying out the instructions he had received. But his plans were frustrated by the Calvinist Baron d'Arros, who secretly despatched his son with a band of followers to Hagetmau, where the assembled nobles were surprised and with but few exceptions put to the sword. Young D'Arros was even about to kill the Count de Gramont, whom he had captured, when a young and beautiful woman begged of him to spare his prisoner's life. This lady was the celebrated Diana d'Andoins, wife of Philibert de Gramont, the count's eldest son. D'Arros yielded to her entreaties, and upon his return his father upbraided him for having "spared the raven who would pluck out his eyes."³

Two years later, in 1576, Anthony I. de Gramont died, and Philibert succeeded to the family honours, holding the offices of senechal of Bearn, governor of Bayonne, and mayor of Bordeaux. His wife Diana was the only child of Paul d'Andoins, Viscount de Louvigny, and Lord of Lescun, whom Brantôme styles "a brave gentleman," adding that he was killed beside the Duke de Guise (father of Henri le Balafre) when the troops of Charles IX. captured Rouen from the Huguenots in 1562. Diana d'Andoins is said to have been born about 1554, and to have been wedded to Philibert de Gramont in 1567, when she was only thirteen years of age, the marriage being consummated at a later date.⁴ Her husband is frequently mentioned by L'Estoile, who calls him a Gascon of great valour and hope, but at the same time mentions that he was one of the *mignons* of Henry III.⁵ Gramont not only enjoyed a reputation for bravery, but he was also noted for his quarrelsome disposition. In 1578, upon the occasion of some dispute between

³ D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation*.

⁴ De Lescure's *Les Amours de Henri IV.*, 1864, p. 123.

⁵ *Journal des régnes de Henri III. et de Henri IV.*

Philibert and Bussy d'Amboise, it was planned that they should fight together at the Porte St. Antoine, Paris, each being supported by three hundred gentlemen, who were to join in the fray. This murderous enterprise was, however, frustrated.

Three years previously, Henry of Navarre, upon his escape from the Court of France, had paid a visit to Philibert de Gramont and had become acquainted with the fair Diana, with whom, according to some writers, he immediately fell in love. Sully, whose authority is of great weight, states, however, that the king's passion for Corisanda—as the countess is often called—was not conspicuous until 1583,⁶ that is eight years after the date usually assigned to it, and three years after the death of the Count de Gramont.⁷

Nevertheless, Henry of Navarre is generally considered to have been the father of the countess's son, Anthony II. de Gramont, to whom she gave birth during wedlock. This view is supported by the statements of the Count de Gramont himself in the present Memoirs,⁸ and also by the well known seventeenth-century romance, *Les Amours du Grand Alcandre*, in which, however, fact and fiction are largely intermingled.⁹ There is also a story to the effect that “the Duke of Orleans (Gaston, brother to Louis XIII.) once told the Count (Anthony II.) de Gramont, that he was his brother, since his father, Henry IV., had slept with his (the count's) mother. The count thereupon admitted that the king had slept with his mother, but he added that there had always been a log between them; for which reason the Duke of Orleans usually called the Count de Gramont ‘his brother log.’”¹⁰

⁶ *Mémoires*, vol. i. p. 39.

⁷ This took place at the siege of La Fère, in August, 1580, when the count was but twenty-eight years of age. One of his arms was carried off by a discharge of musketry, and he died from the effects of the wound.

⁸ See *post*, p. 36.

⁹ In support of this same view, M. Paul Boiteau contends in his notes to the *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules* (vol. i. p. 135) that the reason why the Gramonts of the time of Louis XIV., including the hero of the Memoirs, were received into such high favour by the king, was on account of their left-handed descent from Henry of Navarre, who was Louis XIV.'s grandfather.

¹⁰ *Observations sur Alcandre et sa clef. Journal de Henri III.*, 1720, vol. i. p. 270.

However, whether Henry of Navarre was the father of Anthony II. de Gramont or not, it is at least certain that he was warmly attached to the Countess Diana, and that she both reciprocated his passion and displayed the greatest devotion to his interests. During the struggle which has been called "the war of the three Henrys," she mortgaged her estates and sold and pawned her jewels in view of supplying her lover with troops and horses, and he, on his side, gave her repeated proofs of his affection. In March, 1586, after forcing Marshal de Matignon to raise the siege of Castel, he carried the standards which he had captured in the engagement, to his mistress; and again in October, 1587, after the battle of Coutras, he forfeited all the advantages which he had gained by this victory in order to cross France from the Loire to the Pyrenees, and lay some more of the enemy's flags at Corisanda's feet.¹¹ The countess was then residing at the Castle of Guiche, in the valley of the river Bidouze, between Bayonne and Pau, and it was there that she received the captured banners. Some remnants of the grand hall in which the presentation is said to have been made, still exist, together with the ruined ramparts and keep, which date apparently from the XIIIth century, and show that Guiche was formerly a formidable stronghold, commanding the Bidouze and its valley for miles around.¹²

For several years King Henry carried on a voluminous correspondence with the Countess Diana, writing to her not only about his love, but also concerning his political hopes and his military experiences.¹³ She was the confidant of all his secrets, and was ever tendering him advice and help. A result of the intrigue was the birth of a son, who died in infancy in 1590, and after this event the king's passion suddenly cooled, though for a time he continued

¹¹ De Lescure's *Les Amours de Henri IV.*, p. 127.

¹² M. Paul Perret's *Pyrénées Françaises*, vol. ii. p. 208.

¹³ Thirty-seven letters written by Henry IV. to Corisanda were collected and preserved by the Count d'Argenson, and afterwards became the property of President Hénault, by whom they were communicated to La Place. The latter published them in the *Mercur* in 1765-66. The originals are now in the Arsenal Library at Paris. Several other letters belonging to the correspondence were discovered at various periods, and the entire collection will be found in Berger de Nivrey's *Recueil des Lettres Missives de Henri IV.*

to write to the countess and still protested his devotion. Finally in March, 1591, he ceased to correspond with her : Gabrielle d'Estrées had then become his mistress.¹⁴

The date of the Countess Diana's death is uncertain, but according to most authorities it occurred between 1620 and 1625. Her son Anthony II. de Gramont, who was styled Count de Gramont,



CHÂTEAU OF GUICHE.

Guiche, and Louvigny, Viscount d'Asté, sovereign prince of Bidache and viceroy of Navarre, had, in 1601, espoused Louisa, daughter of the first Marshal de Roquelaure, by whom he had two sons, Anthony III. de Gramont, and Roger, Count de Louvigny. He had been married for nine years when he made a most unpleasant discovery and tragical consequences followed. "The Count," writes Malherbe, under date April 1, 1610, "surprised his wife in adultery with Narfizian, his equerry, whom he slew on the spot."

¹⁴ *Les Amours de Henri IV.*, pp. 166-169.

Eight months afterwards the Countess Louisa expired, and it was rumoured that her husband had poisoned her.¹⁵ He remained a widower until the spring of 1618, when he was again married, this time to Claude de Montmorency, eldest daughter of Louis, Baron de Boutteville, by whom he had two sons and four daughters, the sons being Henry, Count de Toulangeon, and Philibert, known successively as the Abbé, Chevalier and Count de Gramont. This last, born in 1621, is the hero of the Memoirs.

There is no occasion to enlarge upon the career of this gay and lax-principled courtier. His early life and middle age are described in Hamilton's narrative, and some account of his later years will be found in the sequel to the present edition of the Memoirs. We may, however, remark that Philibert de Gramont occupies in the history of the XVIIth century, much the same position as the Marshal de Richelieu filled a century later. The points of resemblance between Gramont and Richelieu will in fact be found numerous and striking if we put on one side the prolonged stay of Gramont in England. Both rose to notoriety during the troubled times of a royal minority, both revolted against the provisional government of the period and braved the minister who exercised authority, the said minister being in either instance a cardinal. Moreover they both acquired habits of gallantry when very young, and retained them until an advanced age without appearing ridiculous. Gramont set himself up as Louis XIV.'s rival in love, Richelieu robbed the Regent of all his mistresses and was often favoured by those of Louis XV. Both displayed mingled coolness and vivacity in warfare: that prompt and facile inspiration which gained them more success than deep thought and experience would have procured. Both married more or less under compulsion, both proved equally fickle and perfidious in their amours, and both were witty and accomplished *raconteurs*, but very indifferent writers. Richelieu no doubt was celebrated by Voltaire, but Gramont had Saint-Evremond and Hamilton to sing his praises; and there is this much in common between these

¹⁵ L'Estoile's *Journal des règnes de Henri III., &c.*

writers—they all three spent the greater part of their lives in exile, on account of their political opinions. Several of the points of resemblance between Gramont and Richelieu that we have traced were undoubtedly the result of chance ; still the young nobles of the eighteenth century looked upon Hamilton's masterpiece as their breviary, and it is not surprising that the Duke de Richelieu should have taken Gramont as his guide and model. Chamfort, the well-known wit, declared such to be the case, adding that the marshal "could flatter himself that he was Gramont's best pupil."¹⁶

As in various parts of the Memoirs allusion is made to several members of Gramont's family, some particulars concerning his brothers, sisters, and other near relations may here be given. When Gramont made his entry into the world he was presented to Cardinal de Richelieu by his brother, or rather step-brother, Anthony III. de Gramont, who, until his father died in August, 1644, was known either as the Count or as the Marshal de Guiche. In the Memoirs, however, he is invariably styled the Marshal de Gramont. Anthony III. stood very high in Richelieu's favour by reason of his marriage with Frances Margaret, daughter of Hector du Plessis-Chivré, one of the all-powerful minister's relatives. He was generally considered to be an adroit and supple courtier, and has been described as "an eloquent witty Gascon, bold in over-praising ;"¹⁷ but on the other hand he has been accused of unnatural vices and avarice, and of arrogance towards his inferiors.¹⁸ In his younger days he appears to have been the victim of several practical jokes on the part of his companions, who would hold him down, rip up the seams of his clothes, shorten his coat-tails, or stuff him with mushrooms to the point of suffocation.¹⁹

He had been a frequenter for a time of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, but did not prove a very skilful versifier, and he soon entered the army, in which he rose to the highest rank. It was at Mantua in

¹⁶ M. Auger's Notice in the *Œuvres d'Antoine Hamilton*, Paris, 1803 ; 3 vols.

¹⁷ Madame de Motteville's *Mémoires*, vol. ii. p. 218.

¹⁸ Tallemant des Réaux's *Historiettes*, vol. iii. p. 180.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 492.

1629—30 that he first distinguished himself in a military sense, and he subsequently took part in most of the civil broils and foreign wars of Louis XIII.'s reign. He was already a Marshal of France when in 1642 he commanded the royal troops at Honnecourt, an engagement which he is said to have purposely lost in obedience to the instructions of Richelieu, who wished to prolong the war.

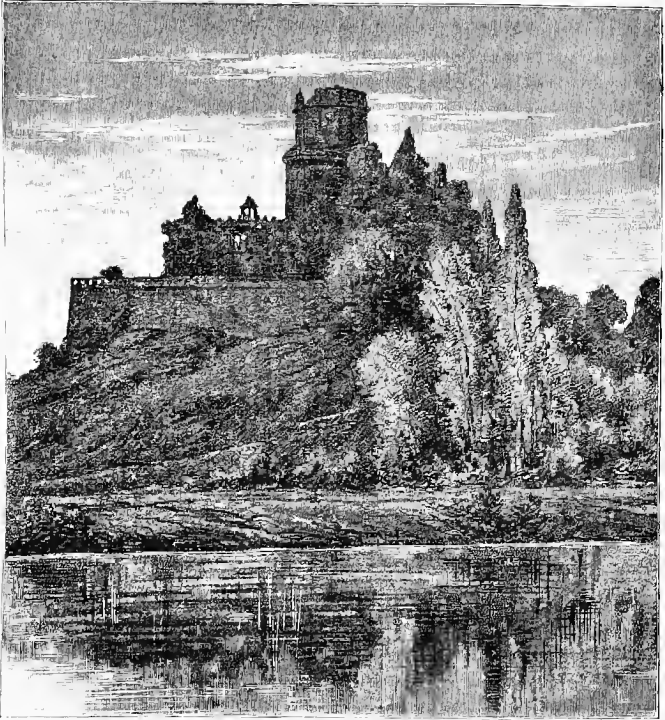
In 1644 Anthony de Gramont obtained the colonelcy of the royal guard or Gardes Françaises, which post he held, at least nominally, until 1672, when he resigned in favour of his son, the notorious Count Armand de Guiche. In 1648 he was created a duke by Anne of Austria, and in 1660 Louis XIV. despatched him to Spain to solicit the hand of the Infanta Maria Theresa. A twelvemonth later, upon the death of Cardinal Mazarin, to whom he had shown as much devotion as to Richelieu, he retired from the Court, and thenceforth mainly occupied himself in governing the province of Bearn, and in embellishing the family château of Bidache, to which a passing reference is made in the Memoirs.²⁰ From this stately pile, perched upon a promontory overlooking the river Bidouze, at three or four miles from Guiche,²¹ the Gramonts exercised sovereign sway over a considerable tract of country, forming as it were a state within a state. It was here that Marshal Anthony III. mainly resided during his retirement, which lasted until his death at Bayonne in July, 1678.

Mention is made in the Memoirs of Henry, Count de Toulangeon, who was Gramont's own brother, and the owner of the Château de Séméac, which Saint-Evremond's hero appears to have long

²⁰ See *post*, p. 39.

²¹ See *ante*, p. xxvii. The château of Bidache had been destroyed a first time in 1522 by the Prince of Orange, commanding the troops of the Emperor Charles V.; and in 1623 a Spanish army, 24,000 strong, again besieged it. On this occasion it held out for twenty days, and being then taken by assault, was pillaged, together with the little town it had protected. Anthony III. de Gramont restored the old pile, which continued in admirable preservation until 1739, when it was fired by the Terrorists. The ruins are very extensive, and here and there some graceful sculpture still remains, the entrance, for instance, being decorated with several bas-reliefs, in which, curiously enough, a group of Cupids is shown enacting the Holy Passion.—M. Paul Perret's *Pyrenées Françaises*, vol. ii. pp. 211—220.

coveted. Beyond the few references contained in Hamilton's narrative,²² all that we know of the Count de Toulangeon is that he died unmarried in September, 1679, and that Philibert de



CHÂTEAU OF BIDACHE, FROM THE BIDOUZE.

Gramont then inherited his property, including the Château of Séméac, which still exists immediately outside the town of Tarbes, in the department of the Hautes Pyrénées.²³

²² See *post*, pp. 179, 181.

²³ In some previous editions of the *Memoirs*, the editors, misreading the reference to Séméac in Hamilton's *Epistle to the count*, have placed the château on the banks of the Garonne, whereas it is situated on the Adour, in the Hautes Pyrénées.

Respecting Roger, Count de Louvigny, who, like Marshal Anthony, was only a step-brother of Gramont's, the Memoirs are silent. This is not surprising, as Roger died in 1629, when Philibert was merely eight years old. Roger was notorious for his eccentricity, and at one time only possessed a single shirt, and a single ruff, which had to be washed every night.

One morning when Gaston, Duke of Orleans, to whom he had attached himself, required his attendance, he sent word that he was unable to come, as his shirt was not yet dry. On another occasion, when he was badly splashed with mud, a friend remarked to him that the stockings he was wearing were spoilt. "Oh! that is of no consequence," replied Louvigny, shrugging his shoulders, "they don't belong to me!" It would seem that Louvigny was not merely cynical, but something worse, for he is said to have given Marshal d'Hocquincourt a treacherous thrust in a duel, and it was owing to his evidence that his friend Chalais, who had conspired against Richelieu, was sent to the scaffold.²⁴

Passing from Philibert de Gramont's brothers to his four sisters, it will be found that the Memoirs only mention the eldest of them, Susan Charlotte, who married Henry Mitte de Miolans, Marquis de Saint-Chaumont. Marshal Anthony III. spoke of her as a person possessed of less judgment than she imagined, but on the other hand, she has been described as very witty, and well conducted, with a talent for writing prose.²⁵ She frequented the Hôtel de Rambouillet, where among the *précieuses* she was known as Sinaïde, and she figured prominently at the Court of Louis XIV., where she held the office of *gouvernante* to the children of the Duke of Orleans (father of the Regent)—a post which she had obtained in competition with Madame de Motteville, thanks to the support of Olympia Mancini, Countess of Soissons.²⁶ Of her sisters, Anne Louisa became the wife of Isaac, Marquis de Feu-

²⁴ Tallemant des Réaux's *Historiettes*, vol. iii. p. 191.

²⁵ Somaize's *Dictionnaire des Précieuses*. The statement that she was well conducted is scarcely in keeping with the part she is said to have played in furthering the amours of her nephew, the Count de Guiche. See *post*, p. XXXIV.

²⁶ Madame de Motteville's *Mémoires*, vol. v. p. 158.

quières, and played a part at Court, like most of her relatives, while Frances Margaret was wedded to the Marquis de Lons, a Bearnese nobleman. The youngest girl, Charlotte Catherine, took the veil, and became Abbess of the convent of Our Lady of Ronceray, at Angers.

Philibert de Gramont's name has often been associated with that of his nephew Armand, Count de Guiche, who was the eldest son of Marshal Anthony III. They competed together for the affections of the Countess de Fiesque, and Armand is said to have supplanted his uncle, at least for a short time.²⁷ The Count de Guiche, who was noted for his good looks, was a singular compound of bravery, presumption, and vice. Born in 1638 he was married at the age of twenty to Margaret Louisa de Béthune, granddaughter to Chancellor Séguier, and then but thirteen years old. He virtually deserted her at the first opportunity, and became the favourite of the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Duke of Orleans. The memoirs, pamphlets, and lampoons of the period accuse the Count de Guiche not only of an intrigue with the duke's wife, Henrietta of England, daughter of Charles I., but also of an immoral connection with the duke himself, and with various young noblemen at Court. Still he was incessantly paying his addresses to one or another beauty—notably Madame de Brissac—and appears to have been favourably received by them at first, on account of his exceptionally handsome face. The ladies soon, however, discovered that he was deficient in manliness, and thenceforward he was mercilessly satirized. He was sent into exile upon two occasions; in the first instance for having intrigued against the royal favourite La Vallière,²⁸ and the second time for having courted Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans,²⁹ whom he solicited through his aunt, Madame de Saint-Chaumont.³⁰ When ordered into exile on this occasion, he retired to Holland, and several years elapsed before his uncle Philibert de Gramont was

²⁷ *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, vol. i. p. 62, *et seq.*

²⁸ See *post*, vol. ii. p. 187.

²⁹ Madame de Motteville's *Mémoires*, vol. v. p. 536.

³⁰ *Lettres de Madame* (Princess Palatine), Sept. 30, 1718.

able to obtain his recall, a favour which his father with all his credit had repeatedly but in vain solicited.³¹ Whatever may have been the faults and vices of the Count de Guiche, he was certainly endowed with courage. He fought bravely in Holland, and at the celebrated passage of the Rhine, he was, as Boileau has recorded in verse, the first to ford the river under the eyes of Louis XIV. In November, 1673, when but thirty-five years of age, he died at Creuznach, in the Palatinate; and when the news reached the Court, his mother and the wife whom he had long since deserted, were the only persons who bestowed upon him a thought or a tear.³²

Vice was certainly the distinguishing feature of this generation of the Gramonts, for Catherine Charlotte, the Count de Guiche's sister, also left a most unenviable reputation behind her. She is said to have been beautiful and amiable³³—even “very witty, very loving, and visibly charming”;³⁴ but her wit has been denied by a competent judge;³⁵ and, what is far more to her discredit, her immorality is stated to have been of the grossest description.³⁶ The ugly and stunted Duke de Lauzun, who turned the heads of so many Court beauties, including even that of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, cast his libidinous eyes upon Catherine Charlotte after she had married the Prince of Monaco; and she not only yielded to his desires, but also responded to the advances of Louis XIV., and the Marquis de Villeroy. Lauzun, who was jealous of the king, refused one night to leave his mistress's apartments, when the *grand monarque* wished to interview the lady, and his majesty was kept waiting in a passage until daybreak. The result was an outburst of royal anger, which Lauzun impru-

³¹ In a letter addressed to the Count de Lionne, first master of the horse to Louis XIV., Saint-Evremond, alluding to the recall of the Count de Guiche, observes: “I was forgetting to desire you to assure the Count de Gramont that I am overjoyed to see him the protector of the House of Gramont.”

³² *Lettres de Madame de Sévigné*, Dec. 8 and 25, 1673.

³³ Mademoiselle de Montpensier's *Mémoires*, vol. iii. p. 449.

³⁴ Madame de Courcelles' *Mémoires*, Elzevirian Edit., p. 84.

³⁵ *Lettres de Madame de Sévigné*.

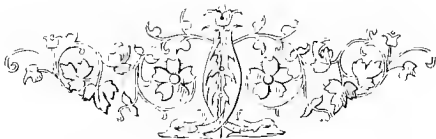
³⁶ *Lettres de Madame*, Oct. 14, 1718.

dently resented, whereupon he was summarily sent to the Bastille.³⁷ As for the Princess of Monaco, in the course of her various amours, she contracted a disease from the effects of which she died in 1678, at the age of thirty nine.

It was reserved for Anthony Charles, Marquis de Louvigny, second son of Marshal Anthony III. de Gramont, to perpetuate the family name. The pamphlets of the period assert that he was as vicious as his brother, the Count de Guiche. It is possible that he is the Louvigny alluded to in the *Memoirs* as figuring among the officers of Condé's army at Arras in 1654,³⁸ though he would then have been only in his teens. He was married to Mary Charlotte, daughter of Marshal de Castelnau, in 1668, became Duke of Gramont upon his father's death ten years later, and lived until 1720—dying at about the same time as Anthony Hamilton: the hero of the *Memoirs* had been laid to rest thirteen years previously—Saint-Evremond's "eternal theme" already belonged to the past. We may here fittingly close this record of a family, who for several centuries exercised considerable influence in France, and whose name was associated with an historic event so recently as 1870, when the Duke Agénor de Gramont, Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Emperor Napoleon III., read the French declaration of war against Germany in the tribune of the Corps Législatif.

³⁷ *Mémoires de l'Abbé de Choisy* (Collection Michaud), p. 631.

³⁸ See *post*, p. 99.

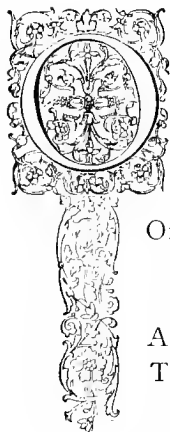




EPISTLE TO
THE COUNT DE GRAMONT,

FROM ANTHONY HAMILTON,

(IN HIS OWN AND HIS BROTHER'S¹ NAME.)



THOU, the glory of the shore,
Where Corisanda saw the day,
The blessed abode of Menaudaure ;²
Thou, whom the fates have doomed to
stray
Far from that pleasant shore away,
On which the sun, at parting, smiles,
Ere, gliding o'er the Pyrenees,
Spain's tawny visages he sees,
And sinks behind the happy isles ;
Thou, who of mighty monarch's Court
So long hast shone unerring star,
Unmatched in earnest or in sport,
In love, in frolic, and in war !

¹ Richard Hamilton, who had commanded the Irish horse at the battle of the Boyne, and who, when James's cause was lost, retired to France.

² Corisanda was the Count de Gramont's grandmother, and was celebrated for her beauty. Menaud d'Aure was one of the founders of the Gramont family. See *ante*, p. xxiv.

To you, sir, this invocation, must needs be addressed ; for whom else could it suit ? but you may be puzzled even to guess who invokes you, since you have heard nothing of us for an age, and since so long an absence may have utterly effaced us from your memory. Yet we venture to flatter ourselves that it may be otherwise—

For who was e'er forgot by thee ?
 Witness, at Lerida, Don Brice,³
 And Barcelona's lady nice,
 Donna Ragueza, fair and free ;
 Witness, too, Boniface at Breda,
 And Catalonian and Gasconne,
 From Bordeaux walls to far Bayonne,
 From Perpignan to Puycerda,
 And we, your friends of fair Garonne.

Even in these distant and peaceful regions, we hear, by daily report, that you are more agreeable, more unequalled, and more marvellous than ever. Our country neighbours, great news-mongers, apprized by their correspondents of the lively sallies with which you surprise the Court, often ask us if you are not the grandson of that famous Chevalier de Gramont, of whom such wonders are recorded in the history of the Civil Wars ? Indignant that your character should be so little known in a country where your name is known so well, we had formed a plan of giving here some idea of your merits. But who are we, that we should attempt the task ? With talents naturally but indifferent, and now rusted

³ Don Brice is celebrated in Chap. VII. of the Memoirs. See *post*, p. 197.

by long interruption of all intercourse with the Court, how were it possible for us to display taste and polish, excelling all that is to be found elsewhere, and which yet must be the attributes of those fit to make you their theme ?

Can mediocrity avail,
 To follow forth such high emprise ?
 In vain our zeal to please you tries,
 Where noblest talents well might fail :
 Where loftiest bards might yield the pen,
 And own 'twere rash to dare,
 'Tis meet that country gentlemen
 Be silent in despair.

We therefore limited our task to registering all the remarkable particulars of your life which our memory could supply, in order to communicate those materials to the most skilful writers of the metropolis. But the choice embarrassed us. Sometimes we thought of addressing our memoirs to the Academy, persuaded that as you had formerly sustained a logical thesis,⁴ you must know enough to qualify you to be received a member of that illustrious body, and praised from head to foot upon the day of admission. Sometimes, again, we thought, that, as, to all appearance, nobody will survive to pronounce your eulogium when you are no more, it ought to be delivered by anticipation, by the reverend Fathers Massillon or De la Rue. But we considered that the first of these expedients was not suited to your rank, and that, as to the second, it would be to swathe you

⁴ Presumably, when he was educated for the Church.

while yet alive in the tropes of a funeral sermon. The celebrated Boileau next occurred to us, and we believed at first that he was the very person we wanted; but a few moments' reflection satisfied us that he would not answer our purpose.

Sovereign of wit, he sits alone,
 And joys him in his glory won;
 Or, if, in history to live,
 The first of monarchs' feats he give,
 Attentive Phœbus guides his hand,
 And memory's daughters round him stand;
 He might consign, and only he,
 Thy fame to immortality.
 Yet, vixen still, his muse would mix
 Her playful but malicious tricks,
 Which friendship scarce might smother.
 So gambols the ambiguous cat,
 Deals with one paw a velvet pat,
 And scratches you with t'other.⁵

⁵ Hamilton having sent a copy of the present Epistle to Boileau, the latter acknowledged its receipt in the following terms:—

“ Paris, February 8, 1705.

“ In replying to your obliging letter I ought properly, sir, to return you the pleasant manuscript which you caused to be handed to me; but not feeling disposed to part with it, I have considered that I could no longer defer thanking you and telling you that I have read it with extreme pleasure—the whole having appeared to me equally delicate, witty, agreeable, and ingenious. Indeed I have found nothing to complain of excepting that it is not long enough. Still that does not appear to me a defect in a work of this nature, in which one should exhibit a free style, and, in my opinion, even affect at times a little negligence. However, sir, as in the part of this manuscript where you speak of me so highly, you assert that if I undertook to praise the Count de Gramont I should, whilst flattering him, run the risk of scratching his face, allow me to transcribe here some lines which escaped me this morning whilst reflecting upon the vigour and wit which this illustrious count still retains, and which I admire the more as, although far from being as old as he is, I feel

The next expedient which occurred to us was to have your portrait displayed at full length in that miscellany in which one lately saw such an excellent letter from the illustrious chief of your house. Here is the direction we obtained for that purpose :

Not far from that superb abode
 Where Paris bids her monarchs dwell,
 Retiring from the Louvre's road,
 The office⁶ opes its fruitful cell,
 In choice of authors nothing nice,
 To every work, of every price,
 However rhymed, however writ,
 Especially to folks of wit,
 When by rare chance on such they hit.
 From thence each month, in gallant quire,
 Flit sonneteers in tuneful sallies,
 All tender heroes of their alleys,
 By verse familiar who aspire

the little talent I may formerly have possessed altogether diminished and drawing to a close. For this reason I wrote :

“ ‘ Formed of a purer clay, blest with eternal spring,
 Gramont defies the frosts which others feel in time :
 Still does he grace the Court, brilliant as in his prime,
 Still from his smiling lips do dainty jests take wing ;
 His wit no rival brooks, nor beauty e'er resists,
 His life of one long span of beaming youth consists—
 Thus of his eighty years may poets fitly sing.’ ”

“ I beg of you, sir, to inform me whether he is scratched at all in these lines, and to believe that I am, with all due sincerity and respect, your, &c., &c., BOILEAU-DESPRÉAUX.”

⁶ The office of the *Mercuré Galant*, the second newspaper founded in France, the first being the *Gazette de France* which still exists. The *Mercuré*, established by John Donneau de Vizé in 1671 was at the outset almost exclusively devoted to *belles lettres*—short stories, news respecting the Academy, and verse of every description. In 1714, however, the title was altered to that of the *Mercuré de France*, and at the same time the character of the paper was changed.

To seize the honoured name of poet.
 Some scream, on mistuned pipes and whistles,
 Pastorals and amorous epistles ;
 Some, twining worthless wreath, bestow it
 On bards and warriors of their own,
 In camp and chronicle unknown.

Here, never rare, though ever new,
 Riddle, in veil fantastic screening,
 Presents, in its mysterious masque,
 A useless yet laborious task
 To loungers who have nought to do,
 But puzzle out its senseless meaning.
 'Tis here, too, that, in transports old,
 New elegies are monthly moaning ;
 Here, too, the dead their lists unfold,
 Telling of heirs and widows groaning,
 Telling what sums were left to glad them ;
 And here in copper-plate they shine,
 Shewing their features, rank, and line,
 And all their arms, and whence they had them.

We soon saw it would be impossible to crowd you, with propriety, into so miscellaneous a miscellany ; and these various difficulties at length reconciled us to our original intention of attempting the adventure ourselves, despite of our insufficiency, and of calling to our assistance two persons whom we have not the honour to know, but some of whose compositions have reached us. In order to propitiate them by some civilities, one of us (he who wears at his ear that pearl, which, you used to say, his

mother had hung there out of devotion), began to invoke them, as you shall hear.

O ! Thou, of whom the easy strain
 Enchanteth, by its happy sway,
 Sometimes the margin of the Seine,
 Sometimes the fair and fertile plain,
 Where winds the Marne her lingering way ;
 Whether thy light and classic lay
 Lie at the feet of fair Climène ;
 Or if, La Fare,⁷ thou rather choose
 The mood of the theatric muse,
 And raise again, the stage to tread,
 Renownèd Greeks and Romans dead ;
 Attend !—And thou, too, lend thine aid,
 Chaulieu !⁸ on whom, in rapturèd hour,
 Phœbus breathed energy and power ;
 Come both, and each a stanza place,
 The structure that we raise to grace ;
 To gild our heavy labours o'er,
 Your aid and influence we implore.

The invocation was scarce fairly written out, when we found the theatric muse a little misplaced, as neither of the gentlemen invoked appeared to have written any-

⁷ Charles Augustus Marquis de la Fare, the well-known Epicurean poet, produced many graceful trifles penned in the style of his friend, the Abbé de Chaulieu. He was born in 1644, and died in 1712.

⁸ William Amfrye, Abbé de Chaulieu, born in 1639, was noted for his light and graceful style of composition. He replied to the above allusion by some verses in which he remarked that he felt the less resentment at this little pin-prick, knowing as he did the sanguinary nature of the British Muse. Among Chaulieu's best-known works, which have usually been published in conjunction with those of the Marquis de la Fare, are an "Ode against Wit," "Death," &c. The Abbé de Chaulieu died in 1720.

thing falling under her department. This reflection embarrassed us; and we were meditating what turn should be given to the passage, when behold! there suddenly appeared in the midst of the room where we were writing, a form that surprised without alarming us:—it was that of your philosopher, the inimitable Saint-Evremond.⁹ None of the tumult which usually announces the arrival of ghosts of consequence had preceded this apparition.

The sky was clear and still o'er head,
 No earthquake shook the regions under,
 No subterraneous murmur dread,
 And not a single clap of thunder.

⁹ Charles de Saint-Denis, Seigneur de Saint-Evremond, was born at Saint-Denis le Guast, in Lower Normandy, on the 1st of April, 1613. He was educated at Paris, with a view to the profession of the law; but he early quitted that pursuit, and went into the army, where he signalized himself on several occasions. At the time of the Pyrenean treaty, he wrote a letter censuring the conduct of Cardinal Mazarin, which occasioned his being banished France. He first took refuge in Holland; but, in 1662, quitted it for England, where he remained for a few years and then returned to Holland again. In 1670 he finally settled in England for the rest of his life. Charles II. bestowing upon him the sinecure of keeper of the ducks in St. James's Park at a salary of £300 a year. De Gramont, during his residence in London, maintained the closest intimacy with Saint-Evremond, who was delighted with the Chevalier's wit, vivacity, and latitude of principle: he called him his hero; wrote verses in his praise: in short, took as warm an interest in him as an Epicurean philosopher can do in any one but himself. In early life Saint-Evremond had been the rejected lover of Ninon de l'Enclos, and when in 1675, the Duchess Mazarin came to reside in England, he began by passing much of his time with her, and ended by becoming one of her numerous lovers. In later years a wen grew between his eyebrows, which in time increased to a considerable size. He once designed to have it cut off, but as it was in no way troublesome to him, and he cared little about the deformity, the doctors advised him to let it alone, lest such an operation should be attended with dangerous symptoms in a man of his years. Saint-Evremond preserved his health and cheerfulness to a very great age, dying in 1703, aged ninety. When near his death, having been urged to become reconciled with those he was at variance with, Saint-Evremond, who was a great *gourmet*, replied: "With all my heart, for I much desire to be on good terms with my appetite." He is described by his biographer as having "blue, lively, and sparkling eyes, a large forehead, thick eyebrows, a handsome mouth, and a sneering physiognomy."



L. Barmatier pinx

Saint Evremont

He was not clothed in rags, or tattered,
 Like that same grim and grisly spectre,
 Who, ere Philippi's contest clattered
 The dauntless Brutus came to hector :
 Nor was he clad like ghost of Læius,
 Who, when against his son he pled,
 Nor worse nor better wardrobe had,
 Than scanty mantle of Emacus :
 Nor did his limbs a shroud encumber,
 Like that which vulgar sprites enfold,
 When, gliding from their ghostly hold,
 They haunt our couch, and scare our slumber.

By all this we saw the ghost's intention was not to frighten us. He was dressed exactly as when you first procured us the pleasure of his acquaintance in London. He had the same bantering air, though slightly less mirthful, and even the same dress, which he had undoubtedly preserved in view of making us this visit. Lest you doubt it,

His ancient studying-cap he wore,
 Well tanned, of good Morocco hide ;¹⁰
 The eternal double loop before,
 That lasted till its master died :
 In fine, the self-same equipage,
 As when, with lovely Mazarin,¹¹

¹⁰ One of Saint-Evremond's peculiarities was, that instead of wearing a wig, in accordance with the universal practice of the time, he chose to wear his own grey hair, covered with the leathern cap described above.

¹¹ Hortensia Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin. She subsequently became Duchess Mazarin, and later on one of the mistresses of Charles II. During Charles's exile, proposals of marriage had been made on his behalf and refused by the cardinal. After the Restoration, however, Mazarin was anxious that the match should take place, and offered a large dowry—

Still boasting of the name of Sage,
 He drowned, in floods of generous wine,
 The dulness and the frost of age,
 And daily paid the homage due,
 To charms that seemed for ever new.

As he arrived un-announced, he placed himself between us without ceremony, but could not forbear smiling at the respect with which we withdrew our chairs, under pretence of not crowding him. I had always heard that it was necessary to question folks of the other world, in order to engage them in conversation; but he soon shewed us the contrary; for, casting his eyes on the paper which we had left on the table,—“I approve,” said he, “of your plan, and I come to give you some advice for the execution; but I cannot comprehend the choice you have made of those two gentlemen as assistants. I admit, that it is impossible to write more entertainingly than they do; but do you not see that they only write by fits and starts, and that the subjects they treat of are as extraordinary as the whims that induce them to write.

“Love-lorn and gouty, one soft swain
 Rebels, amid his rhymes profane,
 Against specific water-gruel;
 Or chirrups, in his ill-timed lay,

Madame de Motteville says five millions of livres (£200,000)—but it was now Charles’s turn to decline the cardinal’s overtures. The duchess came to reside in England in 1675, on which occasion Saint-Evremond thus addressed the ladies of the Court:—

“Fair beauties of Whitehall, give way,
 Hortensia does her charms display;
 She comes, she comes! Resign your sway,
 She must reign and you obey!”

For further particulars of the Duchess Mazarin, see the sequel to the present work.

The joys of freedom and tokay,
 When Celimena's false or cruel :
 The other, in his lively strain,
 Fresh from the font of Hippocrene,
 Rich in the charms of sound and sense,
 Throws all his eloquence away,
 And vaunts, the live-long lingering day,
 The languid bliss of indolence.

“ So give up all thoughts of them, if you please ; for although you have invoked them, they won't come any the sooner to your succour. Arrange, as well as you can, the materials you were about to collect for others, and never mind the order of time or events : I would advise you, on the contrary, to choose the latter years of your hero for your principal subject : his earlier adventures are too remote to be interesting at the present day. Make some short and light observations on the resolution he has formed of never dying, and upon the power he seems to possess of carrying it into execution.¹²

“ That art by which his life he has warded,
 And death so often has retarded,
 'Tis strange to me,
 The world's envy
 Has ne'er with jaundiced eye regarded :
 But 'mid all anecdotes he tells
 Of warriors, statesmen, and of belles,

¹² Count de Gramont, in his old age, recovered, contrary to the expectation of his physicians and of all the world, from one or two dangerous illnesses, which led him often to say, in his lively manner, that he had formed a resolution never to die. This declaration is the subject of much raillery through the whole Epistle.

With whom he fought, intrigued, and slept,
 That rare and precious mystery,
 His art of immortality,
 Is the sole secret he has kept.

“Do not embarrass your brains in seeking ornaments, or turns of eloquence to paint his character: That would resemble a panegyric; and a faithful portrait will be his best praise. Take care you do not attempt to repeat his stories, or *bons mots*: The subject is too great for you.¹³ Merely try, in relating his adventures, to gloss over his failings, and give relief to his merits.

¹³ Bussy Rabutin assures us, that much of the merit of Gramont's *bons mots* consisted in his peculiar mode of uttering them, although his reputation as a wit was universally established. Few of those which have been preserved are susceptible of translation; but the following may be taken as a specimen:

One day when Charles II. dined in state, he bade Gramont note that he was served upon the knee—a mark of respect not common at other Courts. “I thank your majesty for the explanation,” answered Gramont: “I thought they were begging pardon for giving you so bad a dinner.”

Louis XIV., playing at tric-trac, disputed a throw with his opponent; the bystanders were appealed to, but remained silent. “Ah! here comes Gramont,” said the king, seeing the count approach, “he will judge the matter; Gramont, come and decide between us,” he added. “You have lost, sire,” exclaimed the count. “But you have not heard the case,” said Louis. “Ah, sire,” replied the count, “if your majesty had but a shadow of right, would these gentlemen have failed to decide at once in your favour?”

On one occasion a marquis whose title was of recent date cavalierly addressed Gramont, then past his prime, with a “Good-day, old count,” whereupon the latter quietly rejoined, “Good day, young marquis.”

A courtier named Langlée, whose manners were offensively familiar, had the privilege of playing at the king's card-table, and Louis XIV. appears to have tolerated his too intimate behaviour. Playing one day at *brélan* with the Count de Gramont, Langlée naturally enough addressed the subject in the same easy style as he usually adopted with the sovereign. Gramont, however, promptly rebuked him: “Monsieur de Langlée,” said he, “pray reserve your familiarities until next you play at cards with the king.”

Gramont's familiarity with the royal personages who patronized him was invariably tempered by a certain show of respect. When some courtiers were commending an old officer, who had ably defended a fortress confided to his charge, in Louis XIV.'s presence, Gramont, who was as old as the officer in question, remarked to the king, who was also about the same age:

“ ’Twas thus, by easy route of yore,
 My hero to the skies I bore.¹⁴
 For your part, sketch how beauties tender,
 Did to his vows in crowds surrender :
 Shew him forth-following the banners
 Of one who matched the goddess-born :¹⁵
 Shew how in peace his active manners
 Held dull repose in hate and scorn :
 Shew how at Court he made a figure,
 Taught lessons to the best intriguer,

“ Only we cadets, sire, are worth anything,” “ True,” answered the king,
 “ but at our age we have not much time before us to enjoy our glory.”
 “ Sire,” responded Gramont, “ kings have no age : their great achievements are counted, not their years.”

When the Prince de Conti married Mademoiselle de Blois, Louis XIV.’s illegitimate daughter by Mademoiselle de la Vallière, “ Sir,” said Gramont to him, “ I am exceedingly pleased at your marriage ; but take my advice, be very cautious in your behaviour towards your father-in-law ; do not wrangle or haggle about trifles with him ; live on good terms with the family and you will be extremely contented with this alliance.” Gramont’s language on this occasion was quite in keeping with that serio-comic style which according to all accounts was the distinguishing characteristic of his conversation.

¹⁴ Saint-Evremond, whose attachment to Gramont amounted to enthusiasm, composed the following epitaph upon him, long, however, before the count’s death. In it he touches upon many of the topics which in the Epistle he is supposed to recommend to Hamilton.

“ Here lies the Count de Gramont,
 stranger !

Old Evremond’s *eternal* theme :
 He who shared Condé’s every danger,
 May envy from the bravest claim.
 Wouldst know his art in courtly
 life ?

It matched his courage in the strife.
 Wouldst ask his merit with the
 fair ?—

Who ever lived his equal there ?
 His wit to scandal never stooping
 His mirth ne’er to buffoon’ry droop-
 ing :

Keeping his character’s marked
 plan,

As spouse, sire, gallant, and old
 man.

But went he to confession duly ?

At matins, mass, and vespers
 steady ?

Fervent in prayer?—to tell you truly,
 He left these cares to his good lady.

We may once more see a Turenne ;
 Condé himself may have a double ;

But to make Gramont o’er again,
 Would cost Dame Nature too
 much trouble.”

¹⁵ Achilles.

Till, without fawning, like his neighbours,
 His prompt address foiled all their labours.
 Canvas and colours change once more,
 And paint him forth in various light :
 The scourge of coxcomb and of bore ;
 Live record of lampoons in score,
 And chronicle of love and fight ;
 Redoubted for his plots so rare,
 By every happy swain and fair ;
 Driver of rivals to despair ;
 Sworn enemy to all long speeches ;
 Lively and brilliant, frank and free ;
 Author of many a repartee :
 Remember, over all, that he
 Was most renowned for storming breaches.

Forget not the white charger's prance,
 On which a daring boast sustaining,
 He came before a prince of France,
 Victorious in Alsace campaigning.¹⁶
 Tell too by what enchanting art,
 Or of the head, or of the heart,
 If skill or courage gained his aim ;
 When to Saint Albans' sad disgrace,
 Despite his colleague's grave grimace,
 And a fair nymph's seducing face,
 He carried off gay Buckingham.¹⁷

¹⁶ Gramont had promised the Dauphin, then commanding the army in Alsace, that he would join him before the end of the campaign, mounted on a white horse.

¹⁷ Gramont is supposed to have had no small share in determining the Duke of Buckingham, then Charles II.'s favourite minister, to break the

Speak all these feats, and simply speak,—
 To soar too high were forward freak,—
 To keep Parnassus' skirts discreetest ;
 For 'tis not on the very peak,
 That middling voices sound the sweetest.
 Each tale in easy language dress,
 With natural expression closing ;
 Let every rhyme fall in express ;
 Avoid poetical excess,
 And shun low miserable prosing :
 Doat not on modish style, I pray,
 Nor yet condemn it with rude passion ;
 There is a place near the Marais,¹⁸
 Where mimicry of antique lay
 Seems to be creeping into fashion.
 This new and much-admired way,
 Of using gothic words and spelling,
 Costs but the price of Rabelais,
 Or Ronsard's sonnets, to excel in.
 With half a dozen 'ekes' and 'ayes,'
 Or some such antiquated phrase,
 At small expense you'll lightly hit
 On this new strain of ancient wit."

triple alliance ; for which purpose he went to France with the count, in spite of all that Saint Albans, Halifax, and Arlington of the "grave grimace," and even the duke's mistress, the notorious Countess of Shrewsbury, with her "seducing face," could do to prevent him.

¹⁸ The allusion is apparently to the famous Hôtel de Rambouillet, where the *précieuses*, who assumed to direct public taste in literary matters, were wont to assemble under the presidency of the Marchioness de Rambouillet. Voiture was the great authority there, although its chief ornament was Mademoiselle de Scudéry, famous for her romances, and styled indifferently "the tenth muse," or the "Sappho of the seventeenth century." Bearing in mind, however, that Hamilton speaks of a place near the Marais, it is possible that he alludes to Mademoiselle de Scudéry's own residence, which was in the Rue de Beauce, the Hôtel de Rambouillet in the Rue St. Thomas

We assured the spirit we would try to profit by this last advice, but that his caution against falling into the languor of a prosy narration appeared to us more difficult to follow. "Once for all," said he, "do your best; folks that write for the Count de Gramont have a right to reckon on some indulgence. At any rate, you are only known through him, and, apparently, what you are about will not increase public curiosity on your own account. I must end my visit," he continued, "and by the parting wishes I am about to express acquaint my hero that I still interest myself in him.

" Still may his wit's unceasing charms
Blaze forth, his numerous days adorning ;
May he renounce the din of arms,
And sleep some longer of a morning :
Still be it upon false alarms,
That chaplains come to lecture o'er him ;¹⁹

du Louvre being rather more distant. As is well known all the influence of the Voiture-Scudéry school was entirely destroyed by Molière's famous comedy *Les Précieuses Ridicules*.

¹⁹ Gramont having fallen seriously ill, at the age of seventy-five, the king, who knew his free sentiments in religious matters, sent Dangeau to tell him that it was time he thought of his salvation. The count, on learning the latter's errand, turned to his wife, and remarked, "Countess, if you don't look to it, Dangeau will cheat you of my conversion." Gramont recovered from this illness and believed more firmly than ever in his immortality. At the same time he became devout, which having been notified to Saint-Evremond, by Ninon de l'Enclos, the count's Epicurean friend thus replied to the antiquated beauty:—"I am not a little pleased to hear that the Count de Gramont has recovered his former health and acquired a new devotion. Hitherto I have been contented with being a good plain honest man, but I must do something more, and I only wait for your example to become godly. You live in a country where people enjoy wonderful advantages for saving their souls. . . . Formerly it was enough to be wicked, now one must be an utter scoundrel to be damned in France. Those who have not sufficient regard for another life are led to salvation by the consideration and duties of the present one. But this is enough on a subject in which the conversion of the Count de Gramont has engaged me: I believe his conversion to be sincere and honest. It well becomes a man who is no longer young to forget that he once was so."

Still prematurely, as before,
 That all the doctors give him o'er,
 And king and Court are weeping for him ;
 May such repeated feats convince
 The king he lives but to attend him ;
 And may he, like a grateful prince,
 Avail him of the hint they lend him ;—
 Live long as Gramont's age, and longer,
 Then learn his art still to grow younger."

Here ceased the ghostly Norman sage,
 A clerk whom we as well as you rate ;
 The choicest spirit of his age,
 And heretofore your only curate :
 Though not a wit, you see, his spectre
 Doth, like a buried parson's, lecture.
 Then off he glided to the band
 Of feal friends that hope to greet you,
 But long may on the margin stand,
 Of sable Styx, before they meet you.
 No need upon that theme to dwell,
 Since none but you the cause can tell ;
 Yet, if, when some half century more,
 In health and glee, has glided o'er,
 You find you, maugre all your strength,
 Stretched out in woeful state at length,
 And forced to Erebus to troop,
 There shall you find the joyous group,
 Carousing on the Stygian border !
 Waiting, with hollao and with whoop,
 To dub you brother of their order :

There shall you find Dan Benserade,²⁰
 Doughty Chapelle²¹ and Sarrazin,²²
 Voiture²³ and Chapelain,²⁴ gallants fine,

²⁰ Isaac de Benserade, born in Normandy in 1612. Under the protection of Richelieu and the Duke de Brézé he was received with favour at Court, and acquired considerable celebrity by his songs, roundelays, sonnets and ballets. Cardinal Mazarin collaborated with him in the composition of the famous ballet of "Cassandra," in which Louis XIV., then thirteen years of age, danced disguised as a lady. Benserade also produced various dramatic works, but these were of little value. He was elected a member of the French Academy in 1674, and died in 1691, his death being caused by the unskilfulness of a surgeon who while performing an operation on him severed an artery and failed to check the flow of blood.

²¹ Claud Emmanuel Lhuillier, called Chapelle, born about 1621, is especially celebrated for his versified *Voyage en Provence et en Languedoc*, which he composed in conjunction with Bachaumont. Chapelle, who was noted for his wit, was the friend of Racine, and is said to have given him some excellent literary advice. For a brief period also he assisted Molière, with whom he had been educated, in the composition of some of his comedies. He had inherited a considerable fortune from his parents and was received in society, both the Prince de Condé and the Duke de Brissac treating him with marked favour. He was, however, greatly addicted to the bottle, and it was related that one day when Boileau began to reproach him for his intemperate habits he enticed his would-be mentor into a tavern, and put a stop to his sermon by making him drunk. Chapelle died in 1686.

²² John Francis Sarrazin, or Sarasin, a native of Normandy, was born in 1604, and attained to some little eminence as a poet. He was a master of ingenious banter, and in this respect often proved the successful rival of Voiture. In 1648 he became secretary to the Prince de Conti, and by reason of his wit and drollery acquired considerable ascendancy over him. He is said to have brought about the prince's marriage with Mazarin's niece, Anna Maria Martinozzi, an achievement which, according to some biographers, was attended with most unfortunate consequences, for the prince, considering himself duped with regard to the financial advantages of the match, proceeded to chastise Sarrazin with a pair of tongs, and hit him on the temple, thereby occasioning his death, in 1654.

²³ Vincent Voiture, born at Amiens in 1598, entered at an early age the service of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, by whom he was entrusted with various diplomatic missions. He subsequently acquired the confidence of Richelieu and Anne of Austria, and was appointed *maître d'hôtel* to the king and afterwards the "interpreter of the ambassadors." His emoluments eventually yielded him an income of 18,000 livres a year, the greater part of which he lost at play, gaming being his most conspicuous vice. He was also somewhat addicted to gallantry, although his friend the Marquis de Rambouillet asserted that he "was the image of a dreamy sheep." Perhaps it was with this description in mind, and in remembrance of the scriptural prophecy, that the lion would lie down with the lamb, that Mademoiselle Paulet, the

²⁴ See the next page.

And he who ballad never made,
Nor rhymed without a flask of wine.²⁵

Adieu, Sir Count, the world around
Who roamed in quest of love and battle,
Of whose high merits Fame did tattle,
As sturdy tilter, knight renowned,
Before the warfare of the Fronde.
Should you again review Gironde,
Travelling in coach, by journeys slow,
You'll right hand mark a sweet château,
Which has few ornaments to shew,
But deep, clear streams, that moat the spot,
'Tis there we dwell, – forget us not!

so-called “lioness” of the *précieuse* coterie, bestowed her favours upon the sheep-faced poet. At fifty years of age Voiture, who was then the high priest of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, where the *precioso* school had its headquarters, fell in love with the youngest daughter of Madame de Rambouillet, and challenged a rival named Chavaroché, with whom he fought at night-time and by torch-light in the garden of the hôtel.

In 1634 Voiture was elected a member of the French Academy, and during the later years of his life he enjoyed a high literary reputation. Although he was endowed with considerable wit, his poems at the present day read both cold and pretentious. He died in 1648.

²⁴ John Chapelain, born in Paris in 1595, became a member of the French Academy in 1629. His poem, *La Pucelle*, to the composition of which he devoted twenty years, was at first highly praised, but Boileau criticized it so severely that it soon fell into deserved contempt. Chapelain was, however, pensioned by Richelieu, and was employed by Colbert to prepare a list of savants and men of letters worthy of the protection of Louis XIV. He acquitted himself of this duty with remarkable impartiality, and even included in the list the names of writers who had assailed him with the utmost bitterness. He, moreover, protected Racine, and procured a pension for him. Chapelain was of an extremely parsimonious disposition, and it is asserted that he met with his death by preferring to ford a stream rather than pay two *liards*, or a halfpenny, to cross it on a plank. A chill resulted, and, being then seventy-nine years of age, he never recovered. He died in 1674, possessed of a fortune of fifty thousand crowns. The only work of his that is now read, is the translation of *Guzman of Alfarache*.

²⁵ Francis Villon appears to be the Bacchanalian poet here referred to. He was born in 1430, and is believed to have died about 1484. In 1461 the tribunal of the Châtelet of Paris condemned him to be hanged for his rascalities, but

Think of us then, pray, sir, if, by chance, you should take a fancy to revisit your fair mansion of Séméac.²⁶ In the meanwhile, permit us to finish this long letter; we have endeavoured in vain to make something of it, by varying our language and style—but you see how our best efforts fall below our subject. To succeed, it would be necessary that he whom our fictions conjured up to our assistance were actually among the living. But,

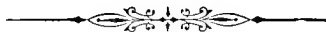
No more shall Evremond incite us,
 That chronicler whom none surpasses,
 Whether his grave or gay delight us;
 That favourite of divine Parnassus
 Can find no ford in dark Cocytus:
 From that sad river's fatal bourne,
 Alone De Gramont can return.²⁷

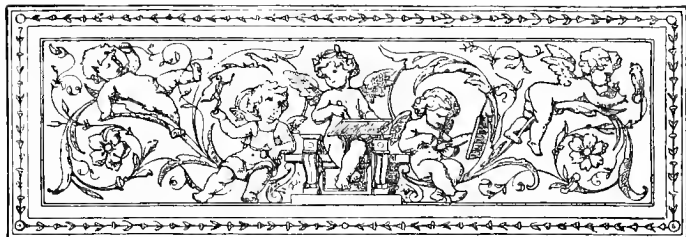
the sentence was commuted by the parliament, and Villon withdrew to Saint Maixent and thence to England. He no doubt returned to Saint Maixent in his old age as asserted by Rabelais in his *Pantagruel*, wherein one of Villon's supposed adventures is narrated (see book iv. ch. xiii.).

²⁶ See *ante*, p. xxxii.

²⁷ Boileau and Chaulieu (see notes 5 and 8) were not the only writers with whom Hamilton corresponded on the subject of the foregoing Epistle. He exchanged some complimentary verses with the Marquis de Dangeau, and John de La Chapelle addressed him a long missive in which he approved of the idea of Gramont's life being written. He was, however, perplexed as regards which of the most celebrated ancients the count might fittingly be compared to. Mæcenas, he wrote, had first occurred to him, and the comparison was to his mind a happy one, since it enabled him to point out a certain similitude between Horace and Hamilton. Petronius next was mentioned, as offering some resemblance to the count:—a man of pleasure, giving up the day to sleep and the night to entertainment; but then, added La Chapelle, it would be suggested that Gramont, with his perpetually active mind, slept neither by night nor day, and, moreover, whereas Petronius died, the count—then about eighty-five years of age—seemed determined never to die at all. Hamilton, in acknowledging La Chapelle's letter, stated that Gramont felt greatly flattered at being compared to Mæcenas, the more especially as Mæcenas had been the minister of Augustus Cæsar, and he, the count, loved and revered all ministers. The comparison with Petronius was not so much to Gramont's liking, for he considered this poet to have been a worthless fellow, and not a true man of pleasure, since he lacked two essential requisites for amusement—namely, cards and dice.

MEMOIRS OF
THE COUNT DE GRAMONT.





MEMOIRS OF
THE COUNT DE GRAMONT.

INTRODUCTION.



S those who read only for amusement are, in my opinion, more reasonable than those who open a book merely to pick out faults in it, I declare that I only write for the diversion of the former, without being in the least concerned about the severe criticisms of the latter. I farther declare, that the order of time and disposition of the facts, which give more trouble to the writer than pleasure to the reader, shall not much embarrass me in these memoirs. It being my design to convey a correct idea of my hero, those circumstances which most tend to illustrate and distinguish his character, shall find a place in these fragments just as they present themselves to my imagination, without paying attention to their arrangement. For, after all, what does it signify where the portrait is begun, provided the assemblage of the parts form a whole which per-

fectly expresses the original? The celebrated Plutarch, who treats his heroes as he does his readers, commences the life of the one just as he thinks fit, and diverts the attention of the other with digressions into antiquity, or agreeable passages of erudition, which frequently have no reference to the subject. For instance, he tells us, that Demetrius Poliorcetes was far from being so tall as his father, Antigonus; and afterwards, that his reputed father, Antigonus, was only his uncle; but this is not until he has begun his life with a short account of his death, his various exploits, his good and bad qualities; and at last, out of compassion for his failings, he brings forward a comparison between him and the unfortunate Mark Antony.

In the life of Numa Pompilius, he begins by a dissertation upon his preceptor Pythagoras; and, as if he thought the reader would be anxious to know whether the latter was the ancient philosopher, or one of the same name, who, after being victorious at the Olympic games, went full speed into Italy to teach Numa philosophy, and instruct him in the arts of government, he gives himself much trouble to explain this difficulty, and, after all, leaves it undetermined.

What I have said upon this subject is not meant to reflect upon this historian, to whom, of all the ancients we are most indebted; it is only intended to authorise the manner in which I have treated a life far more extraordinary than any of those he has transmitted to us. It is a question of describing a man, whose inimitable character effaces faults which I shall not pretend to disguise; a man, distinguished by a mixture of virtues

and vices linked together so closely, as to appear necessarily dependent on one another—united so perfectly that the like is seldom seen, and yet contrasting in a striking manner.

It is this indefinable brilliancy, which, in war, love, gaming, and the various stages of a long life, has rendered Count de Gramont the admiration of his age. It is this that has made him the delight of every country where he has displayed his graces and his inconstancy; the delight of every spot where his vivacious wit has scattered felicitous sayings, such as universal approval transmits to posterity; of all the places enriched by his magnificent generosity, and, indeed, of those where he preserved his judgment free and unembarrassed in the most trying situations; his facetiousness of temper in the most imminent dangers of war giving proof of an amount of firmness such as few only possess. I shall not attempt to draw his portrait: his person has been described both by Bussy¹ and by Saint-Evremond, authors more entertaining than faithful. The former has represented the Chevalier de Gramont as artful, fickle, and even somewhat treacherous

¹ Gramont's chief characteristics are thus described by Bussy-Rabutin:—"The Chevalier had laughing eyes, a well-formed nose, a handsome mouth and a little dimple in the chin, that had an agreeable effect. He had a sly expression in the face which I cannot describe, and his figure would not have been amiss had he not stooped. His wit was gallant and delicate, but it was his look and tone of voice which often gave some value to what he said, for in the mouth of another it became a mere nothing. In proof of this he wrote as badly as is possible, and yet he wrote as he spoke. It is superfluous to say that a rival is a source of worry, however this was so much the case with the Chevalier that it was better for a poor woman to have four others to deal with than him alone. He was so active as never to be caught napping, and he was liberal to profusion. For this reason his mistresses and his rivals could have no secrets which he did not learn. Withal he was the best fellow in the world."—*Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, Book i.

in his amours, and indefatigable and cruel in his jealousies. Saint-Evremond has used other colours to express the genius and describe the general manners of the Count ;² both, however, in their different pictures, have done greater honour to themselves than justice to their hero.

It is, therefore, to the Count we must listen, in the agreeable relation of the sieges and battles wherein he distinguished himself under another hero ; and it is he who must be believed in regard to the less glorious passages of his life. The sincerity with which he relates his address, vivacity, frauds, and the various stratagems

² Saint-Evremond penned half a score of poems laudatory of his friend. One of the best known of these, addressed to the Chevalier on his love for Miss Hamilton, is here appended, in an English version :—

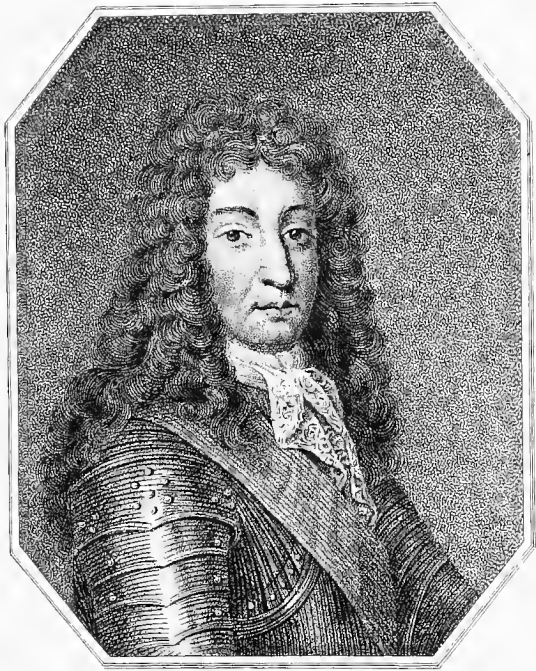
There is but one knight, in the
world, for me ;
Let the Round Table's company,
And all the famous men of tour-
nays,
Exploits in arms and errant journeys,
Forgive me if I leave them in the
cold ;
A new success is waiting to be
told.

'Tis he whom, at the Court, we
saw
Gaily defying Cupid's law,
The same who was, at Brussels, dear
To all the ladies—even as here —
And who, with money from their
husbands won,
Another course of Paris is to run,
Content to roam the world no more
In search of gambling, love, or war.
When all goes well, a ruffler he,
Yet ever courteous to necessity,
No claim upon his bounty he forgets,
Though not too prompt to pay his
debts ;

Who has not ever changed, nor will,
And whom, alone of all men, people
still
Will find enduring age's frosty time
As gaily as he passed his prime.

Rare wonder of our modern days !
Were it not your love so long that
stays,
Were it not the truthful tenderness
You ever show to your princess,
Were it not those sweet desires that
wake
The truest sighs a man can make,
So that, for her, you cease to be
The prince of infidelity,
You would outrival one and all—
Perfect, and dear original !

A thousand great men on the
world
The thunderbolts of war have hurled ;
But, to your poet's thinking, none
Chevalier-Gramont-like but one ;
And never life--he must confess—
Was more admired, or copied less.



Comte de Gramont

he practised either in love or gaming,³ expresses his true character. It is he, I say, who must be listened to in this narrative, since I only hold the pen, while he dictates to me the most remarkable and secret passages of his life.

³ Saint-Evremond represents Gramont as a man less fortunate in love than at play; not seeking for any other pleasure in the conquest of a woman beyond that of depriving another of her; unable to persuade any woman of his passion, because he invariably spoke to her at all times in jest; cruelly revenging himself on such as refused to listen to him, corrupting the servants of those whom they favoured, counterfeiting their handwriting, intercepting their letters, disconcerting their assignations—in a word, disturbing their amours by every means which a rival, prodigal, indefatigable, and full of artifice, can be imagined to employ.





CHAPTER I.

The Chevalier de Gramont at the siege of Trino—His intimacy with Count Matta—Their luxurious entertainments and extravagance—End of their resources—Deliberation between the Chevalier and Matta upon this emergency.



IN the days I am about to speak of affairs were not managed in France as at present : Louis XIII.¹ was still upon the throne, but the Cardinal de Richelieu² governed the kingdom ; great men commanded little armies, and these little armies did great things : the fortune of the great personages of the Court

¹ Son and successor of Henry IV. He began to reign May 14, 1610, and died May 14, 1643.

² Armand John du Plessis, Cardinal and Duke de Richelieu, was born in Paris in 1585. In 1622 he was created a cardinal, and two years later he became all-powerful under the nominal control of Louis XIII., who had previously vested the royal authority in his mother, Marshal Concini, and the Duke de Luynes. The rigour which Richelieu displayed in dealing with the Protestants and the factious members of the nobility is well known. Henry II. of Montmorency, who was executed by his orders, at Toulouse in 1632, for participating in the revolt of Gaston of Orleans, was Gramont's uncle on his mother's side. Gramont himself when he took holy orders, early in life, was presented by the cardinal with an abbey. Some modern historians have censured the severity which Richelieu showed towards the royal favourite Cinq-Mars and his friend De Thou, but according to the most reliable contemporary authorities they merited their fate. One of the cardinal's favourite sayings was :—"Impunity can scarcely bring a traitor back to the right path, but his punishment will render a thousand well-

depended solely upon the favour of the minister, and one's position was only stable provided one was devoted to him. Vast designs were then laying in the heart of neighbouring states the foundation of that formidable greatness to which France has now risen: the police was somewhat neglected; the highways were impassable by day, and the streets by night; but robberies were committed elsewhere with still greater impunity. Young men, on their first entrance into the world, took what course they thought proper: whoever would, was a chevalier, and whoever could, an abbé,—I mean a beneficed abbé: dress made no distinction between them; and, I believe, the Chevalier de Gramont was both the one and the other at the siege of Trino.³

This was his first campaign, and here he displayed those fortunate qualities which so favourably prepossess, and endowed with which a man requires neither friends nor recommendations to procure a favourable reception in any company. The siege was already formed when he arrived, which saved him some needless risks; for a

conducted." (*Mercure historique et politique*, July, 1688, p. 7.) In his *Testamentum Politicum* he thus defined his general policy: "The object of my ministry has been to re-establish the natural limits of Gaul; to identify Gaul with France, and to constitute new Gaul wherever old Gaul existed."

Louis XIII.'s long and complete trust in Richelieu was due to the fact that the cardinal never wrote or said a word calculated to offend or diminish the king's dignity. On the contrary he invariably endeavoured to exalt it. Richelieu died in 1642. It is stated that when he was on his death-bed the priest asked him if he forgave his enemies, whereupon he replied that he had no enemies save those of the state. This anecdote recalls the rejoinder of the old Catholic general who had played a prominent part in the religious wars of his time, and who on being admonished on his death-bed to forgive his enemies, exclaimed: "Enemies! I have none. I killed them all long ago."

³ Trino, a little town of five or six thousand inhabitants, near Novara, was taken May 4, 1639.

volunteer cannot rest at ease, until he has stood the first fire: he went, therefore, to reconnoitre the generals, having no occasion to reconnoitre the fortress. Prince Thomas⁴ commanded the army; and as the post of lieutenant-general was not then known,⁵ Du Plessis-Praslin and the famous Viscount de Turenne were his major-generals.⁶ Fortified places were treated with some respect, before a power which nothing can withstand had found means to destroy them by dreadful showers of bombs, and by destructive batteries of a hundred pieces of cannon. Prior to those furious storms which drive governors underground and reduce their garrisons to powder, repeated sallies bravely repulsed, and vigorous attacks nobly sustained, signalled both the art of the besiegers and the courage of the besieged; consequently sieges were of reasonable duration, and young men had an opportunity of gaining some knowledge. Many brave actions were performed on either side during the siege of Trino; fatigue was endured, and losses were sustained; but fatigue was no longer considered, hard-

⁴ Thomas of Savoy, uncle of the reigning duke. He bore the title of Prince of Carignano, and was Grand Master of the king's household. In 1624 he married Mary de Bourbon-Soissons; died, while besieging Cremona at the head of a French army, in 1656.

⁵ The author has here made a mistake; for in the year 1638, while the Duke of Weimar was besieging Brisac, Cardinal de Richelieu sent him two reinforcements, under the conduct of Turenne and the Count de Guébriant, as Lieutenant-Generals, a rank till that time not known in France.—*Mémoires de Turenne*.

⁶ Duplessis-Praslin subsequently became Marshal of France and Duke de Choiseul. He retired from the service in 1672, on account of his advanced age, and on this occasion said to the king that he envied his children, as they still had the honour of serving his majesty. As for himself, he trusted he would soon die, since he was no longer good for anything. The king thereupon embraced him and replied: "Monsieur le Maréchal, others only toil to win something approaching the reputation which you have acquired; it is pleasant to rest after so many victories."

ships were no more felt in the trenches, gravity was at an end with the generals, and the troops were no longer dispirited after the arrival of the Chevalier de Gramont. Pleasure was his pursuit, and he made it universal.

Among the officers in the army, as in all other places, there were men of real merit, or pretenders to it. The latter endeavoured to imitate the Chevalier de Gramont in his most lustrous qualities, but without success; the former admired his talents and courted his friendship. Of this number was Matta.⁷ Honest and full of frank-

⁷ Charles de Bourdeille Count de Matta, Matha, or Martas, of whom Hamilton has drawn so striking a picture, came of the same family to which Brantôme and Montresor belonged. According to Tallemant des Réaux, Matta was one of the favoured lovers of Condé's sister, the beautiful Duchess de Longueville, who fascinated Turenne, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, the Duke de Nemours, and other eminent men of the time. A contemporary lampoon, called *The False Prudes*, also mentions Gramont's friend as one of the lovers of Madame de Brancas, wife of Charles de Brancas, *chevalier d'honneur* to Anne of Austria, and represents him as sharing this lady's favours in company with the Duke d'Elbeuf, the Count de Chavigny, Jeannin, grandson of the judge of that name, Paget, intendant of finances, &c. The husband is described as being particularly suspicious of Matta and Jeannin, and as feeling greatly relieved when, upon his wife giving birth to a daughter, he finds that the child does not resemble either of them.

In the "Demands of the Princes and Lords who have taken up arms with the Parliament and People of Paris" (see M. C. Moreau's *Courriers de la Fronde*, 1857, vol. ii., page 258), there is a petition from Matta claiming the arrears of his pensions, amounting to seven thousand crowns, and we find him figuring as one of the actors in the ballet of *The Two Magicians*, which was danced at the Court of Gaston of Orleans.

Madame de Caylus, in her *Souvenirs*, commemorates the simple and natural humour of Matta, as rendering him the most delightful society in the world, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier, in her *Mémoires*, alludes to his pleasantry in conversation, and passion for deep gaming. Several of Matta's *bons mots* have been preserved. "Where can I have got this nose?" asked Madame d'Albret, observing a slight tendency to a flush in that feature. "At the sideboard, madam," answered Matta. When the same lady, in despair at her brother's death, refused all nourishment, Matta administered this blunt consolation: "If you are resolved, madam, never again to swallow food, you do well; but if ever you mean to eat upon any future occasion, believe me, you may just as well begin now." The lady was so struck by the response that she at once sent to the butcher's for a leg of mutton. Matta's death occurred in 1674, three and

ness, he pleased one by his person, but still more by the turn of his wit, which was natural and simple, though he was endowed with a quick discernment and refined delicacy. The Chevalier de Gramont was not long in discovering his amiable qualities; an acquaintance was soon formed, and friendship as soon united them.

Matta insisted that the Chevalier should take up his quarters with him; to which he only consented, on condition of contributing equally to the expense. As they were both liberal and magnificent, they gave at their common cost the best-designed and most luxurious entertainments that had ever yet been seen. Play was wonderfully productive at first, and the Chevalier restored in a hundred different ways that which he obtained only by one. The generals, being entertained by turns, admired their magnificence, and were dissatisfied with their own officers for not keeping such good tables. The Chevalier had the talent of setting off the most indifferent things to advantage; and his wit and judgment were so generally acknowledged, that anyone who did not submit to his taste was discredited. To him Matta resigned the care of furnishing the table and doing its honours; and, charmed with the general applause, persuaded himself that nothing could be grander than their way of living, and nothing easier than to continue it. But he soon perceived that the greatest prosperity is not the most lasting. Good living, scant economy, dishonest servants, and ill-luck, all uniting together to upset their establish-

thirty years before that of his octogenarian friend Gramont. "Matta has died unshriven," wrote the pious Madame de Maintenon in a letter to her brother.

ment, a reform was, perforce, being slowly effected in their table, when the Chevalier's genius, fertile in resources, undertook to support his former credit by the following expedient.

They had never yet conferred about the state of their finances, although the steward had acquainted each separately, that he must either receive some money to defray the expenses, or give in his accounts. One day, when the Chevalier de Gramont came home sooner than usual, he found Matta fast asleep in an easy chair, and, being unwilling to disturb his rest, he began musing on his project. Matta awoke without his perceiving it; and having, for a short time, observed the contemplation he seemed involved in, and the profound silence that reigned between two persons, who had never held their tongues for a moment when together before, he broke it by a sudden fit of laughter, which increased in proportion as the other stared at him.

"A merry way of waking, and ludicrous enough," said the Chevalier; "What is the matter, and whom are you laughing at?"

"Faith, Chevalier," said Matta, "I am laughing at a dream I had just now, which is so natural and diverting, that I must make you laugh at it also. I was dreaming that we had dismissed our *maître d'hôtel*, our cook, and our confectioner, having resolved, for the remainder of the campaign, to live upon others as others have lived upon us. That was my dream. Now tell me, Chevalier, on what were you musing?"

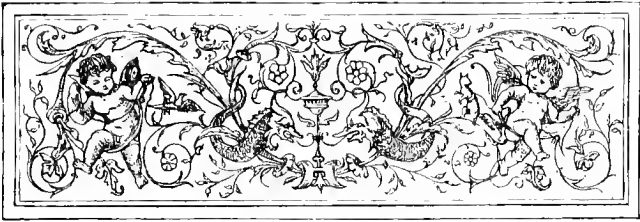
"Simpleton!" said the Chevalier, shrugging his shoulders, "you are overcome at once, and thrown into

the utmost consternation and despair by some silly stories, which the *maître d'hôtel* has been telling you as well as me. What! after the figure we have made in the face of the nobility and the foreigners in the army, shall we give it up, and sneak off like fools and beggars, upon the first failure of our money! Have you no sentiments of honour? Where is the dignity of France?"

"And where is the money?" said Matta; "for my men say, may the devil take them if there be ten crowns in the house; and I believe that yours have not much more, for it is over a week since I have seen you pull out your purse, or count your money, an amusement you were very fond of in prosperity."


"I own all that," said the Chevalier, "still I will force you to confess, that you are but a milksop in this matter. What would have become of you if you had been reduced to the situation I was in at Lyons, four days before I arrived here? I will tell you the story."





CHAPTER II.

The Chevalier's story:—His school days and his presentation to Cardinal de Richelieu—He renounces the Church for the Army, and leaves home for the wars in Piedmont—He despoils his valet, Brinon, of the funds provided for the campaign, and is himself despoiled by a cunning horse-dealer at Lyons—The Chevalier's scheme to replenish his empty coffers at Trino—He wins fifteen hundred pistoles from the Count de Cameran, and sixteen horses from M. de Turenne's officers—The fall of Trino.

“HIS,” said Matta, “savours strongly of romance, except that it should have been your squire’s part to tell me your adventures.”

“True, that is the rule,” said the Chevalier; “however, I may acquaint you with my first exploits without offending my modesty; besides, my squire’s style borders too much upon the burlesque for an heroic narrative. You must know, then, that upon my arrival at Lyons”——

“Is this a proper beginning?” said Matta, “pray give us your history a little farther back, the most minute particulars of a life like yours are worthy of relation; but above all, the manner in which you first

paid your respects to Cardinal de Richelieu: I have often laughed at it. However, you may pass over the pretty tricks of your infancy, your genealogy, the name and quality of your ancestors, for that is a subject with which you must be utterly unacquainted."

"Pooh, you joker!" said the Chevalier, "you believe that all the world is as ignorant as yourself;—you think that I am a stranger to the Menaud d'Aures and the Corisandas. So, perhaps I don't know, that it only depended on my father for him to become the son of Henry IV.¹ The king was most anxious to acknowledge him for his son, but the traitor would never consent to it. See what the Gramonts would have been now, but for his whim! They would have had precedence of the Cæsars de Vendôme.² You may laugh, if you like, yet it is as true as the gospel: but let us come to the point.

"I was sent to the college of Pau,³ in view of being

¹ Some particulars of the count's grandmother, Diana d'Andoins, known as the beautiful Corisanda, have been already given in the introductory notice upon the Gramonts. She is known to have been the mistress of Henry IV., but it is very doubtful whether the intrigue began prior to her widowhood. In *Les Amours du Grand Alcandre* (Paris, 1652), a work recounting Henry IV.'s love affairs, and wrongly attributed to Mademoiselle de Guise, subsequently Princess de Conti, there occurs the following note: "Alcandre had given Corisanda a promise of marriage written and signed with his blood. This lady had waged war on Alcandre's behalf at her own expense, sending him levies of twenty-three or twenty-four thousand Gascons. However, she grew stout and fat and so red in the face that Alcandre became disgusted with her. Still, he offered to acknowledge himself the father of her son, but the son replied that he preferred to be a gentleman rather than a king's bastard."

² Cæsar, Duke de Vendôme, was the eldest son of Henry IV., by the celebrated Gabrielle d'Estrées. He died in 1665.

³ Pau was the capital of Bearn. It lies on an eminence on the Gave Bernois, and was formerly the seat of a parliament, a bailiwick, and a chamber of accounts. In the château Henry IV. was born. Exclusive of an academy of sciences and liberal arts, there was a college of Jesuits, with five convents and two hospitals.

brought up to the church ; but as I myself had very different views, I made no manner of improvement : gaming was so much in my head, that both my tutor and the head master lost their labour in endeavouring to teach me Latin. Old Brinon, who served me both as *valet-de-chambre* and governor, in vain threatened to acquaint my mother ; I only studied when I pleased, that is to say, seldom or never. However, they treated me as is customary with scholars of my quality ; I was raised to all the dignities of the forms, without having deserved them, and left college nearly in the same state in which I had entered it ; nevertheless I was thought to have more knowledge than was requisite for the abbacy, which my brother had solicited for me. He had just married the niece⁴ of a minister, to whom every one bent the knee, and wished to present me to him. I felt but little regret in quitting the country, and was very impatient to see Paris. My brother having kept me for some time with him, in order to polish me, let me loose upon the town to shake off my rustic air, and learn the manners of the world. I gained them so thoroughly that I could not be persuaded to lay them aside when I was introduced at Court in the character of an abbé. You know what kind of dress was then the fashion. All that they could obtain of me was to put a cassock over my other clothes, and my brother, ready to die with laughing at my ecclesiastical garments, made others laugh too. I had the finest head of hair in the world, well curled and powdered, above my cassock, below which I showed my white buskins and gilt spurs. The

⁴ Mademoiselle du Plessis-Chivré, Richelieu's niece.

cardinal,⁵ who possessed great discernment, was not however minded to laugh. This elevation of sentiment gave him umbrage ; and he foresaw what might be expected from a genius that already laughed at the shaven crown and the cowl.

“ When my brother had taken me home ; ‘ Well, youngster,’ said he, ‘ everything passed off admirably, and your parti-coloured dress of the ecclesiastic and soldier greatly diverted the court ; but this is not all ; you must now choose, my little knight. Consider then, whether you prefer by remaining in the church, to possess great revenues, and have nothing to do ; or with a small portion, to risk the loss of a leg or arm, for the sake of being the *fructus belli* of an insensible court, and rising in your old age to the dignity of a major-general, with a glass eye and a wooden leg.’ ”

“ I know,” said I, “ that there is no comparison between these two situations, with regard to the conveniences of life ; but, as a man ought to secure his future state in preference to all other considerations, I am resolved to renounce the church for the salvation of my soul, upon condition, however, that I keep my abbacy.”

Neither the remonstrances nor authority of my brother could induce me to change my resolution ; and he was forced to agree to this last article in order to provide for my keep at the academy. You know that I am the most adroit man in France, so that I soon learned all that is taught at such places, and, at the same time, I also learnt that which gives the finishing

⁵ Richelieu.

stroke to a young fellow's education, and makes him a gentleman, namely, all sorts of games, both at cards and dice ; but the truth is, I thought, at first, that I had more skill in them than I really had, as experience proved. When my mother knew the choice I had made, she was inconsolable ; for she reckoned, that I should have been a saint, had I remained in the church ; but now she was certain that I should either be a devil in the world, or get killed in the wars. I longed to go to the latter ; but being yet too young, I was forced to make a campaign at Bidache before I made one in the army.

“When I returned to my mother's house, I had so much the air of a courtier, and a man of the world, that she began to respect me, instead of chiding me for my infatuation towards the army. I was her favourite, and finding me inflexible, she only thought of keeping me with her as long as she could, while my little equipage was preparing. The faithful Brinon, who was again to attend me as *valet-de-chambre*, was likewise to discharge the office of governor and equerry, being, perhaps, the only Gascon who was ever possessed of so much gravity and ill-temper. He passed his word for my good behaviour and morality, and promised my mother that he would give a good account of my person in the dangers of the war ; but I hope he will keep his word better as to this last article, than he has done as to the former.

“My equipage was sent away a week before me. This was so much time gained by my mother to give me some good advice. At length, after having solemnly enjoined me to have the fear of God before my eyes, and to love

my neighbour as myself, she suffered me to depart, under the protection of the Lord and the sage Brinon. At the second stage we quarrelled. He had received four hundred pistoles⁶ for the expenses of the campaign, and I wished to have the keeping of them myself, which he strenuously opposed.

“‘You old scoundrel,’ said I, ‘is the money yours, or was it given you for me? You suppose I must needs have a treasurer, and receive no money without his order.’

“I know not whether it was from a presentiment of what afterwards happened, that he grew melancholy; however, it was with the greatest reluctance, and the most poignant anguish, that he found himself obliged to yield. One would have thought that I had wrested his very soul from him. I found myself more light and merry after I had eased him of his trust; he, on the contrary, appeared so overwhelmed with grief, that it seemed as if I had laid four hundred-weight of lead upon his back, instead of taking away these four hundred pistoles. He went on so heavily, that I was forced to whip his horse myself, and turning to me, now and then, ‘Ah! sir,’ said he, ‘my lady did not mean it to be so.’ His reflections and sorrows were renewed at every stage; for, instead of giving ten sols⁷ to the post-boy, I gave him thirty.

“Having, at last, reached Lyons, two soldiers stopped us at the gate of the city, to take us to the governor’s. I took one of them to conduct me to the best inn, and delivered Brinon into the hands of the other, to acquaint

⁶ The pistole was worth about eight shillings.

⁷ The sol was worth about a halfpenny.

the commandant with the particulars of my journey, and my future intentions.

“There are as good taverns at Lyons as at Paris; but my soldier, according to custom, carried me to a friend of his own, whose house he extolled, as having the best accommodation, and being the greatest resort of good company in the whole town. The master of this hotel was as big as a hogshead, his name Cerise; a Swiss by birth, a poisoner by profession, and a thief by habit. He showed me into a tolerably neat room, and desired to know, whether I were pleased to sup by myself or at the ordinary. I chose the latter, on account of the *beau monde* which the soldier had boasted of.

“Brinon, who was quite out of temper at the many questions which the governor had asked him, returned more surly than an old ape; and seeing that I was dressing my hair, in order to go downstairs, he asked:

“‘What are you about now, sir? Are you going to tramp about the town? No, no: have we not had tramping enough ever since the morning? Eat a bit of supper, and go to bed betimes, that you may get on horseback by daybreak.’

“‘Mr. Comptroller,’ said I, ‘I shall neither tramp about the town, nor eat alone, nor go to bed early. I intend to sup with the company below.’

“‘At the ordinary!’ cried he, ‘I beseech you, sir, do not think of it! Devil take me, if there be not a dozen brawling fellows playing at cards and dice, who make noise enough to drown the loudest thunder!’

“I had grown insolent since I had seized the money, and desirous to shake off the yoke of my governor.

“‘Do you know, Monsieur Brinon,’ said I, ‘that I don’t like a blockhead to set up for a reasoner? do you go to supper, if you please, but take care that I have post-horses ready before daybreak.’

“The moment he mentioned cards and dice, I felt the money burn in my pocket. I was somewhat surprised, however, to find the room where the ordinary was served filled with odd-looking people. My host, after presenting me to the company, assured me, that there were but eighteen or twenty of these gentlemen who would have the honour to sup with me. I approached one of the tables where they were playing, and thought I should have died with laughing: I expected to have seen good company and deep play; but I only found two Germans playing at backgammon. Never did two country loobies play like them; but their figures beggared all description. The fellow near whom I stood was short, thick, and fat, and as round as a ball, with a ruff, and a pointed hat which was quite an ell in height. Any one, at a moderate distance, would have taken him for the dome of a church, with the steeple on the top of it. I inquired of the host, who he was.

“‘A merchant from Basle,’ said he, ‘who has come here to sell horses; but from the method he pursues, I think he will not dispose of many; for he does nothing but play.’

“‘Does he play deep?’ said I.

“‘Not now,’ said he; ‘they are only playing for their reckoning, while supper is getting ready; but when one can get the little merchant on the quiet he plays as deep as any one.’

“ ‘Has he money?’ I asked.

“As for that,” replied the treacherous Cerise, ‘would to God you had won a thousand pistoles of him, and I had gone you halves; we should not be long without our money.’

“I wanted no farther encouragement to meditate the ruin of the pointed hat. I went nearer to him, in order to take a closer survey; never was there such a bungler, he made mistake after mistake; God knows, I began to feel remorse at the idea of winning of such an ignoramus, who knew so little of the game. He lost his reckoning; supper was served; and I desired him to sit next to me. It was like a refectory table, and there were at least five-and-twenty in the company, notwithstanding the landlord’s promise. The most execrable repast that was ever begun being finished, all the throng dispersed, except the little Swiss, who still kept near me, and the landlord, who placed himself on the other side of me. They both smoked like dragons; and the Swiss was continually saying in bad French, ‘I ask your pardon, sir, for my great freedom,’ at the same time blowing such whiffs of tobacco in my face as almost suffocated me. Monsieur Cerise, on the other hand, requested permission to ask me, whether I had ever been in his country; and seemed surprised I had so genteel an air, without having travelled in Switzerland.

“The little chub whom I had to deal with was fully as inquisitive as the other. He asked me whether I came from the army in Piedmont; and, having told him that I was going thither, he inquired, whether I had a mind to buy any horses, saying that he had about two hundred

to dispose of, and that he would sell them cheap. I was beginning to get smoked like a gammon of bacon ; and being quite wearied out, both with their tobacco and their questions, I asked my companion, if he would play just for a pistole at backgammon, while our men were supping. It was not without great ceremony that he consented, at the same time asking my pardon for his great freedom.

“ I won the game ; gave him his revenge, and won again. We then played double or quits, and I won that too, in the twinkling of an eye ; for he grew confused, and let himself be taken in so, that I began to bless my stars for my good fortune. Brinon came in towards the end of the third game, to put me to bed. He made a great sign of the cross, but paid no attention to the signs I made him to retire. I was forced to rise to give him that order in private. He began to reprimand me for disgracing myself by keeping company with such an ugly monster. It was in vain I told him, that he was a great merchant, with a deal of money, and that he played like a child.

“ ‘ He a merchant ! ’ cried Brinon. ‘ Do not believe that, sir. May the devil take me, if he is not some sorcerer.’

“ ‘ Hold your tongue, old fool,’ said I ; ‘ he is no more a sorcerer than you are, that is putting it plainly ; and, to prove it to you, I am resolved to win four or five hundred pistoles of him before I go to bed.’ With these words I turned him out, forbidding him to return, or in any manner to disturb us.

“ The game being over, the little Swiss unbuttoned his



Choquet del. 1749

pockets, to pull out a new four-pistole piece, and presenting it to me, he asked my pardon for his great freedom, and seemed as if he wished to retire. This was not what I wanted. I told him we had only played for amusement; that I had no design upon his money; and that, if he pleased, I would play him a single game for his four pistoles. He raised some objections; but consented at last, and won back his money. I was piqued at this. I played another game; fortune changed sides; the dice ran for him, he made no more blunders. I lost the game; another game, and double or quits; we doubled the stakes, and played double or quits again.—I was vexed; he, like a true gamester, took every bet I offered, and won all before him, without my getting more than six points in eight or ten games. I asked him to play a single game for one hundred pistoles; but as he saw that I did not stake cash, he told me it was late; that he must go and look after his horses; and went away, still asking my pardon for his great freedom. The cool manner of his refusal, and the politeness with which he bowed to me, provoked me to such a degree, that I felt inclined to kill him. I was so confounded at having lost my money so fast, even to the last pistole, that I did not immediately consider the miserable situation to which I was reduced.

“I durst not go up to my chamber for fear of Brinon. By good luck, however, tired with waiting for me, he had gone to bed. This was some consolation, though but of short continuance. As soon as I had laid down, all the fatal consequences of my adventure presented themselves to my imagination. I could not sleep. I

saw all the horrors of my misfortune, without being able to find any remedy; in vain did I rack my brain; it supplied me with no expedient. I feared nothing so much as daybreak: however, it came, and the cruel Brinon along with it. He was booted up to the middle, and cracking a cursed whip, which he held in his hand.

“‘Up, Monsieur le Chevalier,’ cried he, opening the curtains, ‘the horses are at the door, and you are still asleep. We ought by this time to have ridden two stages; give me some money to pay the reckoning here.’

“‘Brinon,’ said I, in a dejected tone, ‘draw the curtains.’

“‘What!’ cried he, ‘draw the curtains! Do you intend then to make your campaign at Lyons? You seem to have taken a liking to the place. As for the fat merchant, you have stripped him, I suppose. No, no, Monsieur le Chevalier, this money will never do you any good. This poor fellow has a family perhaps; and it is his children’s bread that he has been playing with, and that you have won. Was it worth while sitting up all night to accomplish this? What would my lady say, if she knew what a life you lead?’

“‘Monsieur Brinon,’ said I, ‘pray draw the curtains.’ But instead of obeying me, one would have thought that the devil had prompted him to use the most pointed and galling terms to a person under such misfortunes.

“‘And how much have you won?’ said he: ‘five hundred pistoles? what will the poor man do? Recollect, Monsieur le Chevalier, what I have said: this money will never thrive with you. You won, perhaps, but four hundred? three? two? Well, if it be but a hundred,’

continued he, seeing that I shook my head at every sum he had named, 'there is no great mischief done; one hundred pistoles will not ruin him, provided you have won them fairly.'

" 'Friend Brinon,' said I, fetching a deep sigh, 'draw the curtains; I am unworthy to see daylight.'

" Brinon was much affected at these melancholy words: but I thought he would have fainted, when I told him the whole adventure. He tore his hair, and made grievous lamentations, the burden of which ever was, 'What will my lady say?' And, having exhausted his unprofitable complaints, 'What will become of you now, Monsieur le Chevalier?' said he, 'what do you intend to do?' 'Nothing,' said I, 'for I am fit for nothing.'

" After this, feeling somewhat easier since I had made him my confession, I thought over several projects, to none of which could I gain his approbation. I would have had him post after my equipage, to sell some of my clothes. I was for proposing to the horse-dealer, to buy some horses of him at a high price on credit, to sell them again cheap. Brinon laughed however at all these schemes, and after having had the cruelty to keep me upon the rack for a long time, he at last extricated me from my plight. Parents are always mean towards their poor children; my mother intended to have given me five hundred pistoles, but she had kept back fifty, both for some little repairs at the abbey, and to pay for praying for me. Brinon had the charge of fifty more, with strict injunctions not to speak of them, unless upon some urgent necessity. And this, you see, soon happened.

" Thus you have a brief account of my first adventure.

Play has hitherto favoured me. After paying all my expenses I have seen myself with fifteen hundred louis^s entirely gained since my arrival here. Fortune having now again become unfavourable, we must mend her. Our cash runs low ; we must, therefore, endeavour to recruit."

"Nothing is more easy," said Matta ; "it is only necessary to find such another dupe as the horse-dealer at Lyons ; but now I think on it, has not the faithful Brinon some reserve for the last extremity ? Faith, the time has now come, and we could not do better than to make use of it."

"Your raillery would be very seasonable," said the Chevalier, "if you knew how to extricate us out of this difficulty. You must certainly have an overflow of wit, to be throwing it away upon every occasion as at present. Why the devil ! will you always be bantering, without considering what a serious situation we are reduced to ? Now listen, I shall go to-morrow to headquarters, I shall dine with the Count de Cameran, and I will invite him to supper."

"Where ?" said Matta.

"Here," said the Chevalier.

"You are mad, my poor friend," replied Matta. "This is some such project as you formed at Lyons : you know we have neither money nor credit ; and, to re-establish our circumstances, you want to give a supper."

"You stupid fellow !" said the Chevalier, "is it possible that, since we have been acquainted, you have acquired

no imaginative powers? The Count de Cameran plays at 'quinze,' and so do I; we want money; he has more than he knows what to do with; I will bespeak a splendid supper, he shall pay for it. Send your *maître d'hôtel* to me, and trouble yourself no farther, except in some precautions, which it is necessary to take on an occasion like this."

"Like what?" said Matta.

"I will tell you," said the Chevalier, "for I find one must explain to you things that are as clear as noonday. You command the guards that are here, don't you? As soon as night comes on you must order fifteen or twenty men, under the command of your serjeant, La Place, to take arms, and to lie flat on the ground between this place and headquarters."

"What the devil!" cried Matta, "an ambuscade? God forgive me, I believe you mean to rob the poor Savoyard. If that be your intention, I declare I will have nothing to do with it."

"You simpleton!" said the Chevalier, "the matter is this; it is very likely that we shall win his money. The Piedmontese, though otherwise good fellows, are apt to be suspicious and distrustful. This one commands the horse. Now, you know you cannot hold your tongue, and are very likely to let slip some jest or other that may vex him. Should he take it into his head that he is being cheated, and resent it, who knows what the consequences might be, for he is commonly attended by eight or ten troopers. So, however much he may resent his loss, it is proper to be in such a situation as not to dread him."

“Embrace me, my dear Chevalier,” said Matta, holding his sides and laughing; “embrace me, for you are not to be matched. What a fool I was to think, when you talked to me of taking precautions, that nothing more was necessary than to prepare a table and cards, or perhaps to provide some false dice! I should never have thought of supporting a man who plays at quinze by a detachment of foot: I must confess that you are already a great soldier.”

The next day everything happened as the Chevalier de Gramont had planned it; the unfortunate Cameran fell into the snare. They supped in the most agreeable manner possible: Matta drank five or six bumpers to drown a few lingering scruples, which made him somewhat uneasy. The Chevalier de Gramont shone as usual, and at the outset almost made his guest die with laughing, though he was soon afterwards to make him very serious. The good-natured Cameran ate like a man whose affections were divided between good cheer and a love of play; that is to say, he hurried down his victuals, that he might not lose any of the precious time which he purposed devoting to quinze.

Supper being done, serjeant La Place posted his ambuscade, and the Chevalier de Gramont engaged his man. The perfidy of Cerise, and the sugarloaf hat, were still fresh in his remembrance, and enabled him to get the better of a few grains of remorse and some scruples which arose in his mind. Matta, unwilling to be a spectator of violated hospitality, sat down in an easy chair, to try and get to sleep, while the Chevalier was stripping the poor count of his money.



Choquet del 1819

They only staked three or four pistoles at first, as though for amusement ; but Cameran, having lost three or four times, staked higher, and the game became serious. He still went on losing, and then the play became stormy ; the cards flew about the room, and the exclamations awoke Matta. As his head was heavy with sleep, and hot with wine, he began to laugh at the passion of the Piedmontese, instead of consoling him.

“ Faith, my poor count,” said he, “ if I was in your place, I would play no more.”

“ Why so ? ” said the other.

“ I don’t know,” said he, “ but my heart tells me that your ill-luck will continue.”

“ I will try that,” said Cameran, calling for fresh cards.

“ Do so,” said Matta, and he fell asleep again, but not for long.

All cards proved equally unfortunate for the count. As a rule he held only tens or court cards ; and when at last he had quinzé, it availed him nothing, and he still lost. Again he stormed.

“ Did not I tell you so ? ” said Matta, starting out of his sleep ; “ all your storming is in vain : as long as you play you will lose. Believe me, the shortest follies are the best. Leave off, for the devil take me, if it is possible for you to win.”

“ Why ? ” said Cameran, who began to feel impatient.

“ Do you wish to know ? ” said Matta ; “ why, faith, it is because we are cheating you.”

The Chevalier de Gramont felt provoked at so ill-timed a jest, more especially as it carried with it some appearance of truth. “ Monsieur Matta,” said he, “ do

you think it can be very agreeable for a man, who plays with such ill-luck as the count, to be pestered with your insipid jests? For my part, I am so weary of the game, that I would desist immediately, if he was not so great a loser."

Nothing is more dreaded by a losing gamester than such a threat; and the count, in a softened tone, told the Chevalier, that Monsieur Matta might say what he pleased, if it did not offend him; as to himself, it did not give him the smallest uneasiness.

The Chevalier de Gramont gave the count far better treatment than he himself had experienced from the Swiss at Lyons; for he played upon credit as long as his adversary pleased; which Cameran took so kindly, that he lost fifteen hundred pistoles, and paid them the next morning. As for Matta, he was severely reprimanded for the intemperance of his tongue. The only reason he gave for his conduct was, that he had made it a point of conscience not to allow the poor Savoyard to be cheated, without informing him of it. "Besides," said he, "it would have given me great pleasure to have seen my infantry engaged with his horse, had he been inclined to mischief."

This adventure having recruited their finances, fortune favoured them during the remainder of the campaign, and the Chevalier de Gramont, to prove that he had only seized upon the count's cash by way of reprisals, and to indemnify himself for the losses he had sustained at Lyons, began from this time to make the same use of his money that he has since been known to make of it upon all occasions. He found out the distressed, in order

to relieve them ; the officers, who had lost their equipages in the war, or their money at play ; the soldiers, who had been disabled in the trenches ; in short, every one felt the influence of his benevolence : but his manner of conferring a favour exceeded even the favour itself.

A man possessed of such amiable qualities must meet with success in all his undertakings. Having made himself known to the soldiers, he was adored by them. The generals were sure to find him wherever anything required to be done, and sought his company in moments of leisure. As soon as fortune declared for him, his first care was to make restitution, by desiring Cameran to go halves with him in all games where the odds were in his favour.

An inexhaustible fund of vivacity and good-humour gave a certain air of novelty to whatever he either said or did. I know not on what occasion it was that Monsieur de Turenne, towards the end of the siege, commanded a separate body of men. However, the Chevalier de Gramont went to visit him at his new quarters, where he found fifteen or twenty officers. Monsieur de Turenne was naturally fond of merriment, and the Chevalier's presence was sure to inspire it. He was much pleased with this visit, and by way of acknowledgment, engaged him to play. The Chevalier de Gramont, in returning thanks, said, that he had learned from his tutor, that when a man went to see his friends it was neither prudent to leave his own money behind him, nor civil to carry off theirs.

“ Truly,” said Monsieur de Turenne, “ you will find neither deep play nor much money among us ; but, to

prevent it being said that we suffered you to depart without playing, let us each stake a horse."

The Chevalier de Gramont agreed. Fortune, who had followed him to a place where he had not thought he should have any need of her, made him win fifteen or sixteen horses, by way of joke. However, seeing some countenances disconcerted at the loss, he said—

"Gentlemen, I should be sorry to see you return on foot from your general's quarters; it will be enough for me if you send me your horses to-morrow, except one, which I give for the cards."

The *valet-de-chambre* thought he was bantering. "I speak seriously," said the Chevalier; "I give you a horse for the cards; and what is more, take whichever you please, except my own."

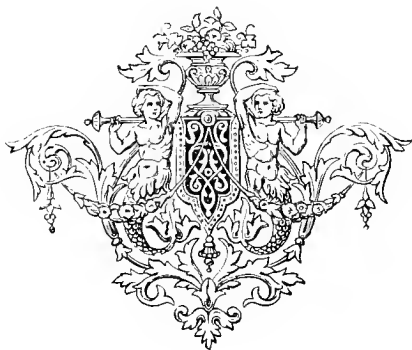
"Really now," said Monsieur de Turenne, "I am vastly pleased with the novelty of the thing; for I don't believe that a horse was ever before given for the cards."

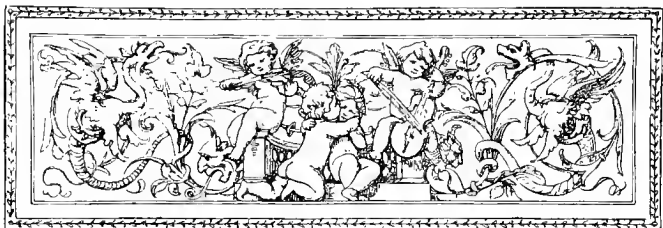
Trino surrendered at last. The Baron de Batteville,⁹

⁹ This appears to have been the same person who was afterwards ambassador from Spain to the Court of Great Britain, where, in the summer of 1660, he offended the French Court by claiming precedence of their ambassador, Count d'Estrades, at the public entry of the Swedish ambassador into London. On this occasion the Court of France compelled that of Spain to acknowledge the French superiority. To commemorate this triumph, Louis XIV. caused a medal to be struck, representing the Spanish ambassador, Marquis de Fuente, making the declaration, "No concurrer con los embajadores de Francia," with this inscription, "Jus præcedendi assertum," and under it, "Hispanorum excusatio coram xxx legatis principum, 1662." A curious account of the fray, drawn up by Evelyn the diarist, is contained in the *Biographia Britannica*.

Lord Clarendon, speaking of Baron de Batteville, says he was born in Burgundy, and bred a soldier, in which profession he was an officer of note, and at that time was governor of St. Sebastian. He lived with less reservation and more jollity than was customary with Spanish ministers, and drew such of the Court to his table and conversation as were loud talkers, and confident enough in the king's presence. *Continuation of Life*, p. 84.

who had defended it valiantly and for a long time, obtained terms of capitulation worthy of such a resistance. I do not know whether the Chevalier de Gramont had any share in the capture of this fortress; but I know very well, that since then, during a more glorious reign, and with armies ever victorious, his intrepidity and address ensured the capture of others, even under the eyes of his master, as we shall see farther on in these memoirs.





CHAPTER III.

The Chevalier and Matta lay siege to the beauties of Turin—Madame Royale and her Court—Matta's over-forwardness in love-making and repugnance for Piedmont customs—The Chevalier, after losing his time with Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain, forms designs upon the Marchioness de Sénantes—Plot by which the husband and Matta are placed under arrest whilst the Chevalier obtains the Marchioness's favours.



MILITARY glory supplies at most but one half of the radiance which distinguishes heroes. Love with its labour, its daring enterprises and glorious successes, must give the finishing stroke, and bring them into full relief. We have examples of this, not only in romances, but also in the genuine histories of the most famous warriors, and the most celebrated conquerors.

The Chevalier de Gramont and Matta, who did not think much of these examples, were, however, of opinion, that it would be very agreeable to recruit themselves after the fatigues of the siege of Trino, by forming some other sieges, at the expense of the beauties and the husbands of Turin. As the campaign had finished

early, they thought they would have time to perform some exploits before the bad weather obliged them to repass the mountains.

They sallied forth, therefore, much in the same way as Amadis de Gaul, or Don Galaor, after they had been dubbed knights, eager in pursuit of love, war, and enchantments. They were quite equal to those two brothers, who on their side only knew how to cleave giants in twain, to break lances, and to carry fair damsels off behind them on horseback, without saying a single improper word to them; whereas our heroes were adepts at cards and dice, of which the others were totally ignorant.

They went to Turin, met with an agreeable reception, and were greatly distinguished at Court. Could it have been otherwise? They were young and handsome; they had wit at command, and spent their money liberally. In what country does not a man succeed when he possesses such advantages? As Turin was at that time the seat of gallantry and love, two strangers of this description, who were always lively, could not fail to please the ladies of the Court.

Although the men of Turin were extremely handsome, they were not possessed of the art of pleasing. They treated their wives with respect, and strangers with consideration. Their wives, still more handsome, showed quite as much consideration for strangers, and very little for their husbands.

Madame Royale,¹ a worthy daughter of Henry IV.,

¹ Christina, second daughter of Henry IV., married to Victor Amadeus, Prince of Piedmont, afterwards Duke of Savoy. Her father-in-law, the

rendered her little Court the most agreeable in the world. She had inherited such of her father's virtues as compose the proper ornament of her sex; and with regard to what is termed the weakness of great minds, her highness had in no wise degenerated.

The Count de Tanes was her prime minister. It was not difficult to conduct affairs of state during his administration. No complaints were made against him; and the princess, satisfied with his conduct herself, was, above all, glad to have her choice approved by her whole Court, where people lived almost according to the manners and customs of ancient chivalry.

The ladies had each a professed lover, for fashion's sake, besides volunteers, whose numbers were unlimited. The declared admirers wore their mistresses' liveries, their arms, and sometimes even took their names. Their office was, never to quit them in public, and never to approach them in private; to be their squires upon all occasions, and, in jousts and tournaments, to adorn their lances, housings, and coats, with the cyphers and the colours of their dulcineas.

Matta was far from being averse to gallantry; but

hunchback Duke of Savoy, was in love with her, and on one occasion offered her a repast at which all the silver plate was in the form of guitars, by way of compliment to her, she being a skilful player of that instrument. Madame Royale was in the habit of mocking the duke's infirmity in presence of the courtiers. She seems to have been well entitled to the character given to her by Gramont. Keyser, in his *Travels* (vol. i., page 239), speaking of a fine villa, called La Vigne de Madame Royale, near Turin, says, "During the minority under the regent Christina, both the house and garden were often the scenes of riot and debauchery. On this account, in the king's advanced age, when he was, as it were, inflamed with an external flame of religion, and with which possibly the admonitions of his father-confessor might concur, this place became so odious to him that, upon the death of Madame Royale, he bestowed it on the hospital." She died in 1663.

would have liked it more simple than as it was practised at Turin. The ordinary forms would not have shocked him ; but he found here a sort of superstition in the ceremonies and worship of love, which he thought very much out of place ; however, as he had submitted his conduct in the matter to the direction of the Chevalier de Gramont, he was obliged to follow his example, and to conform to the customs of the country.

They enlisted themselves at the same time in the service of two beauties, whose former knights immediately retired from motives of politeness. The Chevalier de Gramont chose Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain, and told Matta to offer his services to Madame de Sénantes. Matta consented, though he liked the other better ; but the Chevalier de Gramont gave him to understand that Madame de Sénantes was more suitable for him. As he had reaped advantage from the Chevalier's talents in the first projects they had formed, he resolved to follow his instructions in love, as he had done his advice in play.

Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain was in the bloom of youth ; her eyes were small, but very bright and sparkling, and, like her hair, they were black ; her complexion was lively and clear, though not remarkable for whiteness ; she had an agreeable mouth, fine teeth, a neck as handsome as one could wish, and a most delightful figure. Her arms were well shaped, and there was a particular elegance in her elbows, which, however, was of no particular advantage. As for her hands, which were rather large, she easily consoled herself for the fact that the time when they would be white had not yet come. Her feet, though not of the smallest, were well shaped.

Trusting to Providence, she used no art to set off the graces which she had received from nature ; but, notwithstanding her negligence in the embellishment of her charms, there was something so piquant about her face, that the Chevalier de Gramont was caught at first sight. Her wit and humour corresponded with her other qualities, being natural and pleasant ; she was all mirth, life, complaisance and politeness, and all was natural, and ever the same without any variation.

The Marchioness de Sénantes² was esteemed fair, and she might have enjoyed, if she had pleased, the reputation of having red hair, had she not rather chosen to conform to the taste of the age in which she lived, than to follow that of the ancients. She had all the advantages of red hair without any of the inconveniences. Constant attention served as a corrective to the natural defects of her charms. After all, what does it signify, whether cleanliness be owing to nature or to art ? it argues an invidious temper, to be very inquisitive about it. She had a great deal of wit, a good memory, more reading, and a still greater inclination towards tenderness.

She had a husband, whom the chastest woman would have hesitated to spare. He piqued himself upon being a Stoic, and gloried in being slovenly and disgusting in honour of his profession. In this he succeeded to admiration ; for he was very fat, and perspired in winter as in summer. Erudition and brutality seemed to be the most conspicuous features of his character, and were displayed

² Horace Walpole noted, in his edition of Gramont's Memoirs, that the family of Sénantes was still existent in Piedmont. The head of it bore the title of Marquis de Carailles.

in his conversation sometimes together, sometimes alternately, but always out of season ; he was not jealous, and yet he was troublesome ; he was very well pleased to see that attentions were paid to his wife, provided that more were paid to him.

As soon as our adventurers had declared themselves, the Chevalier de Gramont arrayed himself in green habiliments, and dressed Matta in blue, these being the colours of their new mistresses. They immediately entered upon duty. The Chevalier learnt and practised all the ceremonies of this species of gallantry, as if he had been accustomed to them during his whole life ; but Matta commonly forgot one half, and was not over perfect in practising the other. He never could remember that his office was to promote the glory, and not the interest, of his mistress.

The Duchess of Savoy gave the very next day an entertainment at La Venerie,³ where all the ladies were invited. The Chevalier de Gramont said so many agreeable and diverting things to his mistress that he made her laugh outright. Matta, in leading his lady to

³ This place is thus described by Keysler early in the eighteenth century (*Travels*, vol. i., page 235) : “ The palace most frequented by the royal family is La Venerie, the Court generally continuing there from the spring to December. It is about a league from Turin ; the road that leads to it is well paved, and the greatest part of it planted with trees on each side ; it is not always in a direct line, but runs a little winding between fine meadows, fields, and vineyards.” After describing the palace as it then was, he adds : “ The palace-garden at present consists only of hedges and walks, whereas formerly it had fine water-works and grottos, besides the fountain of Hercules and the temple of Diana, of which a description may be seen in the *Nouveau Théâtre de Piedmont* (1700, 2 vols.). But now, nothing of these remains, being gone to ruin, partly by the ravages of the French, and partly by the king’s order that they should be demolished, to make room for something else ; but those vacancies are not yet, and probably will not very soon be filled up.”

the coach, squeezed her hand, and upon their return from the promenade begged of her to take pity on his sufferings. This was proceeding rather too precipitately, and, although Madame de Sénantes was not less compassionate than other women, she was nevertheless shocked at the familiarity of this treatment. She thought herself obliged to show some degree of resentment, and, pulling away her hand, which he had pressed with still greater fervency upon this declaration, she went up to Madame Royale's apartments without even looking at her new lover. Matta, never thinking that he had offended her, allowed her to go, and went in search of some company to sup with him : nothing was easier for a man of his disposition ; he soon found what he wanted, remained for a long time at table to refresh himself after the fatigues of love, and went to bed completely satisfied with his day's work.

During all this time the Chevalier de Gramont acquitted himself to perfection of his duties towards Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain, and, without any remission in his assiduities, found a means to shine, as they went along, in the relation of a thousand entertaining anecdotes, which he introduced into the general conversation. The Duchess of Savoy heard them with pleasure, and the solitary Sénantes likewise attended to them. Gramont perceived this, and quitted his mistress to ask the marchioness what she had done with Matta.

"I!" said she, "I have done nothing with him ; but I don't know what he would have done with me if I had been obliging enough to listen to his most humble solicitations."



Madame Royale.
(Duchess of Savoy)

She then told the Chevalier de Gramont in what manner his friend had treated her on the very second day of their acquaintance. The Chevalier could not forbear laughing at it : he told her that Matta was rather unceremonious, but that she would like him better as their intimacy improved, and for her consolation he assured her that he would have spoken in the same manner to her royal highness herself ; however, he would not fail to give him a severe reprimand. He went the next morning into his room for that purpose ; but Matta had gone out early on a shooting expedition, to which he had been invited by his supper companions on the preceding evening. At his return, he took a brace of partridges and went to his mistress. Being asked whether he wished to see the marquis, he said, no ; and the hall-porter telling him that his lady was not at home, he left his partridges, and desired the servant to present them to his mistress on his behalf.

The marchioness was at her toilet, and was decorating her head with all the grace she could devise to captivate Matta, at the moment when he was denied admittance : she knew nothing of the matter ; but her husband was well aware of it. He had taken it in dudgeon, that the first visit was not paid to himself, and as he was resolved that it should not be paid to his wife, the hall-porter had received his orders, and had almost been beaten for receiving the present which had been left. The partridges, however, were immediately sent back ; and Matta, without examining into the cause, was glad to have them again. He went to Court without ever changing his clothes, or in the least considering that he

ought not to appear there without his lady's colours. He found her becomingly dressed; her eyes appeared to him full of fire, and her person very agreeable. He began from that moment to feel extremely pleased with himself for his complaisance to the Chevalier de Gramont, though he could not help remarking that the marchioness looked but coldly upon him. This appeared to him a very extraordinary return for his services, and, imagining that she was unmindful of her obligations to him, he entered into conversation with her, and severely reprimanded her for having sent back his partridges with so much indifference.

She did not understand what he meant; and highly offended that he did not apologize, after the reprimand which she concluded he had received, she told him that he must certainly have met with ladies of a very complying disposition in his travels, for his behaviour was such as she was by no means accustomed to endure. Matta desired to know in what way his behaviour was so novel.

“In what way?” said she; “why, the second day that you honoured me with your attentions, you treated me as if I had been your humble servant for a thousand years: the first time that I gave you my hand you squeezed it as violently as you were able. After thus beginning your courtship, I got into my coach, and you mounted your horse; but, instead of riding by the side of the coach, as other gallants do, no sooner did a hare start from her form than you immediately galloped full speed after her; and you regaled yourself, during the promenade, by taking snuff, without deigning to

bestow a thought on me. The only proof you gave me, on your return, that you recollected me, was by soliciting me to surrender my reputation in terms polite enough, but very explicit. And now you talk to me of a shooting party, of partridges, and of some visit or other, which, I suppose, you have been dreaming about, as well as all the rest."

The Chevalier de Gramont arrived just as they had reached this point of the conversation, Matta was rebuked for his forwardness, and his friend took abundant pains to convince him that his conduct had bordered more upon insolence than familiarity. Matta endeavoured to exculpate himself, but succeeded ill. His mistress took compassion upon him, and consented to accept his excuses for the manner in which he had offended rather than his repentance for the offence itself, and declared that it was the intention alone which could either justify or condemn in such cases ; that it was easy to pardon those transgressions which arose from an excess of tenderness, but not such as proceeded from a presumption of facile success. Matta swore that he had only squeezed her hand from the violence of his passion, and that he had been driven, by necessity, to ask her to relieve it ; that he was yet a novice in the arts of solicitation ; that he could not possibly think her more worthy of his affections, after a month's service, than at the present moment ; and that he entreated her to remember him whenever the occasion offered. The marchioness was not offended ; she saw very well that she must not insist upon the observance of the established rules of decorum when she had to deal with a

man of such a character; and the Chevalier de Gramont, after this sort of reconciliation, went to look after his own affairs with Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain.

It was not mere good nature that induced him to meddle in Matta's business; indeed, it was the reverse; for no sooner did he perceive that Madame de Sénantes was favourably inclined towards himself than, this conquest appearing to him more easy than the other, he thought it advisable to effect it, for fear that he might lose the opportunity, and spend all his time to no purpose, in case he should prove unsuccessful with the little Saint-Germain.

In the meanwhile, in order to maintain that authority which he had usurped over the conduct of his friend, he that very evening, notwithstanding what had been already said, reprimanded him for presuming to appear at Court in his rustic costume, and without his mistress's badge; for not having had the wit or prudence to pay his first visit to the Marquis de Sénantes, instead of consuming his time to no purpose, in inquiries for the lady; and, to conclude, he asked him what the devil he meant by presenting her with a brace of miserable red partridges.

"And why not?" said Matta: "ought they to have been blue, too, to match the cockade and swordknots you made me wear the other day? Plague me not with your nonsensical whimsies, my poor Chevalier. May the devil take me if in another fortnight you have not become a greater fool than all the simpletons of Turin; but, to reply to your questions, I did not call upon Monsieur de Sénantes, because I had nothing to do

with him ; he is a brute whom I dislike, and always shall dislike. As for you, you appear quite charmed with being decked out in green ribands, with writing letters to your mistress, and filling your pockets with citrons, pistachios, and such sort of stuff, with which you are always stuffing the poor girl against her inclination. You hope to succeed by chanting ditties, composed in the days of Corisanda and Henry IV.,⁴ which you will swear you yourself composed for her. Happy in practising the ceremonials of gallantry, you have no ambition for the essentials. Very well : every one has a particular way of acting, as well as a particular taste : yours is to trifle in love ; and, provided you can make Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain laugh, you are satisfied. As for my part, I am persuaded that women here are made of the same materials as in other places ; and I do not think that they can be mightily offended, if one sometimes leaves off trifling, to come to the point. However, if Madame de Sénantes is not of this way of thinking, she may provide for herself elsewhere ; for I can assure her, that I shall not long act the part of her footman."

This was an unnecessary menace ; for the marchioness in reality liked him very well, was nearly of the same way of thinking herself, and wished for nothing better than to put his gallantry to the test. But Matta proceeded upon a wrong plan ; he had conceived such an aversion to her husband, that he could not prevail upon himself to make the smallest advance to win his good graces. He was given to understand, that he ought to

⁴ See note *ante*, p. 36.

begin by lulling the dragon to sleep, before gaining possession of the treasure ; but this was all to no purpose, though, at the same time, he could never see his mistress but in public. This made him impatient, and as he was lamenting his ill-fortune to her one day :

“ Have the goodness, madam,” said he, “ to let me know where you live : there is never a day that I do not call upon you, at least three or four times, without once finding you at home.”

“ I generally sleep at home,” she replied, laughing ; “ but I must tell you, that you will never find me there, if you do not first pay a visit to the marquis : I am not mistress of the house. I do not tell you,” continued she, “ that he is a man whose acquaintance anyone would covet for his conversation : on the contrary, I agree that his humour is somewhat fantastical, and his manners scarcely pleasing ; but there is nothing so savage, which a little care, attention, and complaisance, may not tame. I must repeat to you a roundelay upon the subject that I have learnt by heart, because it contains a little advice, which you may utilize if it pleases you.

“ Keep in mind these maxims rare,
 You who hope to win the fair ;
 Who are, or would esteemèd be,
 The quintessence of gallantry,
 That fopp'ry, grinning, and grimace
 And fertile store of common-place ;
 That oaths as false as dicers swear,
 And iv'ry teeth, and scented hair ;
 That trinkets, and the pride of dress,
 Can only give your scheme success—
 Keep in mind.

"Has thy charmer e'er an aunt?
 Then learn the rules of woman's cant,
 And forge a tale, and swear you read it,
 Such as, save woman, none would credit:
 Win o'er her confidante and pages,
 By gold, for this a golden age is;
 And should it be her wayward fate,
 To be incumbered with a mate
 Of sullen mood and visage grim,
 Success is won by courting him—
 Keep in mind."

"Truly," said Matta, "the song may say what it pleases, but I cannot put it in practice: your husband is too big a fool for me. What a plaguy odd ceremony!" he continued, "So in this country we cannot pay our compliments to the wife without being in love with the husband?"

The marchioness was much offended at this answer; and as she thought she had done enough in pointing out to him the path which would conduct him to success, if he deserved it, she did not consider it worth while to enter into any farther explanation, since he refused to yield so trifling a point for her sake: from this instant she resolved to have done with him.

The Chevalier de Gramont had taken leave of his mistress nearly at the same time: the ardour of his pursuit was extinguished. It was not that Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain was less worthy than hitherto of his attentions: on the contrary, her attractions visibly increased. She retired to her pillow with a thousand charms, and ever rose from it with additional beauty; the phrase of increasing in beauty as she increased in years, seemed to have been purposely made for her.

The Chevalier could not deny these truths, yet he did not find his account in them: a little less merit, with a little less discretion, would have been much more agreeable to him. He perceived that she listened to him with pleasure, that she was diverted with his stories as much as he could wish, and that she received his billets and presents without scruple; but then he also discovered that she did not wish to proceed any farther. He had exhausted every species of address upon her, and all to no purpose: her maid was gained; her family, charmed with his *bons mots* and his great attention, were never so delighted as when they saw him in their house. In short, he had reduced to practice the advice contained in the marchioness's song, and every thing conspired to deliver the little Saint-Germain into his hands, if the little Saint-Germain had herself been willing: but she was not so inclined. It was in vain he told her that the favour he desired would cost her nothing; and that since these treasures were rarely comprised in the fortune a lady brings with her in marriage, she would never find any person, who, by unremitting tenderness and inviolable secrecy, would prove more worthy of them than himself. He then told her that no husband was ever able to convey a proper idea of the sweets of love, and that nothing could be more different than the attentions of a lover, always tender, always affectionate, yet always respectful, and the careless indifference of a husband.

Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain, not wishing to take the matter in a serious light, that she might not be forced to resent it, answered, that since it was generally

the custom in her country to marry, she preferred to begin with that, before acquiring a knowledge of those distinctions, and marvellous particulars which she did not very well understand, and of which she did not wish to have any further explanation ; that she had consented to listen to him this one time, but desired he would never speak to her again in the same strain, since such sort of conversation was neither entertaining to her, nor could be serviceable to him. Though no one was ever merrier than this beauty, she yet knew how to assume a very serious air, whenever occasion required it. The Chevalier de Gramont fully realised that she was in earnest ; and finding it would cost him a great deal of time to effect a change in her sentiments, he was so far cooled in this pursuit, that he only made use of it to hide the designs which he had upon the Marchioness de S enantes.

He found this lady much disgusted at Matta's want of complaisance ; and his seeming contempt for her dispelled the favourable inclination which she had once entertained for him. While she was in this humour, the Chevalier told her that her resentment was just ; he exaggerated the loss which his friend had sustained ; he told her that her charms were a thousand times superior to those of the little Saint-Germain, and requested that favour for himself which his friend did not deserve. He was soon favourably heard upon this topic, and directly they were agreed, they consulted upon the measures necessary to be taken, the one to deceive her husband, and the other his friend, which was not very difficult. Matta was not at all suspicious ; and the portly S enantes,

towards whom the Chevalier had already behaved as Matta had refused to do, could not manage without him. This was much more than was wanted ; for as soon as ever the Chevalier was with the marchioness, her husband immediately joined them out of politeness ; and on no account would he have left them alone together, for fear they should grow weary of each other without him.

Matta, who all this time was entirely ignorant that he was disgraced, continued to serve his mistress in his own way. She had agreed with the Chevalier de Gramont, that to all appearance every thing should be carried on as before ; thus the Court still believed that the marchioness only thought of Matta and that the Chevalier was entirely devoted to Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain.

From time to time there were little lotteries for trinkets ; in which the Chevalier de Gramont always tried his fortune, and was sometimes fortunate. Under pretence of the prizes he had won, he bought a thousand things which he indiscreetly gave to the marchioness, and which she still more imprudently accepted : the little Saint-Germain very seldom receiving anything. There are meddlers everywhere ; remarks were made upon these proceedings, and the same person that made them communicated them likewise to Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain. She pretended to laugh, but in reality was piqued. Nothing is so common among the fair sex as a woman who does not like another to enjoy what she herself refuses. So she took this very ill of the marchioness. On the other hand, Matta was asked, if he was not old enough to make his presents in person to Madame de Sénantes,

without sending them by the Chevalier de Gramont. This roused him ; for, of himself, he would never have perceived it : his suspicions, however, were but slight, and wishing to remove them,

“ I must confess,” said he to the Chevalier de Gramont, “ that they make love here in quite a new style : a man serves here without reward ; he addresses himself to the husband when he is in love with the wife, and makes presents to another man’s mistress, to get into the good graces of his own. The marchioness is much obliged to you for ” ——

“ It is you who are obliged,” replied the Chevalier, “ since this was done on your account : I was ashamed to find that you had never yet thought of presenting her with the most trifling gift. Do you know that the people of this Court have such extraordinary notions, as to think that it is rather owing to meanness than to inadvertency that you have never yet had the spirit to make your mistress the smallest present ? For shame ! how ridiculous it is, that others always have to think for you ! ”

Matta took this rebuke without making any answer, being persuaded that he had in some measure deserved it ; besides, he was neither sufficiently jealous, nor sufficiently amorous, to think any more of it ; however, as it was necessary for the Chevalier’s affairs, that Matta should become acquainted with the Marquis de Sénantes, he plagued him so much about it, that at last he complied. The Chevalier introduced him on the occasion of his first visit, and his mistress seemed pleased with this proof of complaisance, though she was resolved that he should gain nothing by it. The husband, being set at ease

by a piece of civility which he had long expected, determined, that very evening, to give them a supper at a little country seat of his, on the banks of the river, very near the city.

The Chevalier de Gramont answering for them both, accepted the offer; and as this was the only one that Matta would not have refused from S enantes, he likewise consented. The marquis came to fetch them at their residence at the hour appointed; but he found only Matta, the Chevalier having engaged in play, on purpose that they might go without him. Matta was for waiting for him, so great was his fear of finding himself alone with the marquis; but the Chevalier having sent word desiring them to go on before, saying that he would be with them as soon as he had finished his game, poor Matta was obliged to set out with the man, who, of all the world, was most displeasing to him. It was not the Chevalier's intention to extricate Matta yet awhile out of this embarrassment; the traitor no sooner knew that they were gone, than he waited on the marchioness, under pretence of calling for her husband, so that they might all go together to supper.

The plot was in a fair way; and as the marchioness was of opinion that Matta's indifference merited no better treatment from her, she made no scruple about acting her part in it. She therefore waited for the Chevalier de Gramont with intentions which were the more favourable, as she had for a long time expected him, and had some curiosity to receive a visit from him in the absence of her husband. We may therefore suppose that this first opportunity would not have been lost, if Mademoiselle

de Saint-Germain had not unexpectedly come in, almost at the same time as the Chevalier.

She was prettier and livelier that day than she had ever been before ; however, she appeared to them very ugly, and very tiresome. She soon perceived that her company was disagreeable, and being determined that they should not be out of humour with her for nothing, after spending a long half-hour in diverting herself with their uneasiness and in playing a thousand monkey tricks, which she plainly saw could never be more unseasonable, she pulled off her head-gear, scarf, and all the paraphernalia which ladies lay aside when they familiarly instal themselves anywhere for the remainder of the day. The Chevalier de Gramont cursed her in his heart, while she continued to torment him for being in such ill-humour in such good company. At last the marchioness, who was as much vexed as he was, said, rather drily, that she was obliged to wait on Madame Royale. Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain told her, that she would have the honour to accompany her, if it would not be disagreeable. But little, however, was said to her in reply ; and the Chevalier de Gramont realising that it would be entirely useless to prolong his visit, went off in a pretty temper.

As soon as he had left the house, he sent one of his scouts to desire the marquise to sit down to table with his company, without waiting for him, because the game might not perhaps be finished as soon as he expected, but that he would be with him before supper was over. Having despatched this messenger, he placed a sentinel at the marchioness's door, in hopes that the tedious Saint-Germain might go out before her ; but this was in

vain, for his spy came and told him, after an hour's impatience and suspense, that they had gone out together. He found there was no chance of seeing the lady again that day ; everything falling out contrary to his wishes : he was forced therefore to do without the marchioness, and go in quest of the marquis.

While these things were transpiring in the city, Matta was not amusing himself particularly in the country : as he was prejudiced against his lordship Sénantes, all that the latter said displeased him. He cursed the Chevalier heartily for the *tête-à-tête* which he had procured him ; and he was upon the point of going away, when he found that he was to sit down to supper without any other company.

However, as his host was rather dainty in the matter of good cheer, and had the best wine and the best cook in Piedmont, the sight of the first course appeased him ; and eating most voraciously, without paying any attention to the marquis, he flattered himself that the supper would end without any dispute ; but he was mistaken.

When the Chevalier de Gramont was at first endeavouring to promote a good understanding between the marquis and Matta, he had given a very favourable account of the latter, to make the former more desirous of his acquaintance ; and while enumerating a thousand other accomplishments, knowing what an infatuation the marquis had for the very name of erudition, he assured him that Matta was one of the most learned men in Europe.

Sénantes, therefore, from the moment they sat down to supper, had waited for some stroke of learning from

Matta, to bring his own into play ; but he was quite out in his reckoning. No one had read less, and no one had ever spoken so little at an entertainment as Matta had done. As he did not wish to enter into conversation, he opened his mouth only to eat, or ask for wine.

The other, offended by a silence which appeared to him affected, and wearied with having fruitlessly attacked his guest upon other subjects, thought he might get something out of him by changing the discourse to love and gallantry ; and therefore, to broach the subject, he accosted him in this manner :—

“ Since you are my wife’s gallant ”—

“ I ! ” said Matta, who wished to carry it discreetly : “ those who told you so, lied.”

“ Zounds, sir,” said the marquis, “ you speak in a tone which does not at all become you ; for I would have you to know, notwithstanding your contemptuous airs, that the Marchioness de Sénantes is perhaps as worthy of your attentions as any of your French ladies, and that I have known some, greatly your superiors, who have thought it an honour to serve her.”

“ Certainly,” said Matta ; “ I think she is very deserving, and since you insist upon it, I am her servant and gallant, to oblige you.”

“ You think, perhaps,” continued the other, “ that the same custom prevails in this country as in your own, and that the ladies here have lovers, with no other intentions than to grant them favours ; undeceive yourself, if you please, and know, that even if such things did happen at this Court, I should not be at all uneasy.”

“ Nothing can be more civil,” said Matta.

“ But why should I not be uneasy ? ”

“ Oh ! I know nothing about it.”

“ I will tell you why,” resumed the marquis : “ I am well acquainted with the affection my wife entertains for me ; I am acquainted with her discretion towards everyone, and what is more, I am acquainted with my own merit.”

“ You have fine acquaintances then,” replied Matta ; “ I congratulate you upon them. To your health ! ”

The marquis pledged him ; but seeing that the conversation dropped on their ceasing to drink, he wished, after two or three toasts, to make a second attempt, and attacked Matta on his strong side, that is to say, on his learning. He desired him, therefore, to tell him, at what time he thought the Allobroges came to settle in Piedmont. Matta, who wished him and his Allobroges at the devil, said, “ that it must have been at the time of the civil wars.”

“ I doubt that,” remarked the other.

“ Just as you like,” said Matta.

“ Under what consulate ? ” asked the marquis.

“ Under that of the League,” replied Matta, “ when the Guises brought the lansquenets into France ; but what the devil does it signify ? ”

Monsieur de S enantes was tolerably hasty, and naturally inclined to brutality, so that God knows how the conversation would have ended, if the Chevalier de Gramont had not unexpectedly come in to appease them. He had some difficulty in understanding what their debate was about ; however, the one forgot the questions, and the other the answers, which had offended

him, in order to reproach the Chevalier with his eternal passion for play, which made him always unreliable. The Chevalier, who knew that he was still more culpable than they thought, bore it all with patience, and condemned himself more than they desired. This appeased them ; and the entertainment ended more quietly than it had begun. The conversation was again reduced to order ; still the Chevalier could not enliven it as he usually did. He was in very ill humour, and as he pressed them every minute to rise from table, the marquis thought that he had lost a great deal at play. Matta said, on the contrary, that he had won ; but for want of precautions had made perhaps an unfortunate retreat ; and he asked him if he had not stood in need of sergent La Place, with his ambuscade.

This piece of history was beyond the comprehension of the marquis, and the Chevalier being afraid that Matta might explain it, changed the discourse, and was for rising from table ; but Matta would not consent to this. His refusal effected a reconciliation between him and the marquis, who thought it a piece of civility intended for himself ; however, it was not out of consideration for him, but for his wine, which Matta found to his liking.

Madame Royale, who knew the character of the marquis, was charmed with the account which the Chevalier de Gramont gave her of the entertainment and conversation. She sent for Matta to know the truth of it from himself. He confessed, that before the Allobroges were mentioned the marquis was for quarrelling with him, because he was not in love with his wife.

Their acquaintance having begun in this manner, all

the esteem which the marquis had formerly expressed for the Chevalier now seemed directed towards Matta. He went every day to pay Matta a visit, and Matta was every day with his wife. This did not at all suit the Chevalier. He repented of having chid Matta, whose assiduity now interfered with all his schemes; and the marchioness was still more embarrassed. Whatever wit a man may have, it will never please where his company is disliked; and she would have been better pleased had she not made some trifling advances to him.

Matta began to find charms in her person, and might have found the same in her conversation, if she had been inclined to display them; but it is impossible to be in a good humour with persons who thwart our designs. While Matta's passion increased, the Chevalier de Gramont was solely occupied in endeavouring to find out some method, by which he might accomplish his intrigue; and this was the stratagem which he finally put in execution, to clear the coast, by removing both the lover and the husband at one and the same time.

He told Matta that they ought to invite the marquis to supper at their lodgings, and that he would take upon himself to provide everything proper for the occasion. Matta desired to know if it was to play at quinzé, and assured him that he should take care to frustrate any intention he might have to engage in play, and leave him alone with the greatest blockhead in all Europe. The Chevalier de Gramont did not entertain any such thought, being persuaded that it would be impossible for him to profit of this occasion, no matter how he might take his measures, for they would search for him

in every corner of the city rather than allow him the least repose. His whole attention was therefore employed in rendering the entertainment agreeable, in prolonging it, and in promoting a dispute between the marquis and Matta. For this purpose he put himself in the best humour in the world, and the wine produced the same effect on the rest of the company.

The Chevalier de Gramont expressed his concern, that he had not been able to give Monsieur de Séntes a little concert, as he had intended in the morning ; however, all the musicians had been pre-engaged. Upon this the marquis undertook to have them at his country-house the following evening, and invited the same company to sup with him there. Matta asked what the devil they wanted with music, and maintained, that it was of no use on such occasions but for women, who had something to say to their lovers, while the fiddles prevented them from being overheard ; or for fools, who could never find anything to say when the music was not playing. They ridiculed all his arguments, however : the party was fixed for the next day, and the majority voted in favour of the fiddles. The marquis, to console Matta, as well as to do honour to the entertainment, then toasted a great many healths, and Matta was more ready to fall in with him in this respect than to side with him in a dispute. However, the Chevalier perceived that very little would irritate them, and desired nothing more earnestly than to see them engaged in some new controversy. It was in vain that he had from time to time started some subject of discourse with this intention ; but having luckily thought of asking the

marquis what was his lady's maiden name, *Sénantes*, who was a great genealogist, as all fools are who have good memories, immediately began to trace out her lineage, commingling various degrees of descent in a confused, interminable way. The Chevalier pretended to listen to him with great attention; and perceiving that *Matta* was almost out of patience, he desired him to attend to what the marquis was saying, for nothing could be more entertaining.

“That is a very polite remark,” said *Matta*; “but for my part I must confess, if I were married, I should prefer to inform myself as to who was the real father of my children, than as to who were my wife's grandfathers.”

The marquis, treating this rudeness with contempt, did not leave off until he had traced back his wife's ancestors, from line to line, as far as *Yolande de Sénantes*; after this, he offered to prove, in less than half an hour, that the *Gramonts* had come originally from Spain.

“Pooh,” said *Matta*, “what do we care as to where the *Gramonts* came from? Are you not aware, sir, that it is better to know nothing at all than to know too much?”

The marquis maintained the contrary with great warmth, and was preparing a formal argument to prove that an ignorant man is a fool; but the Chevalier de *Gramont*, who was thoroughly acquainted with *Matta*, saw very clearly that he would send the logician to the devil if he arrived at the conclusion of his syllogism: for which reason, interposing as soon as they began to raise

their voices, he told them it was ridiculous to quarrel about nothing, and treated the matter in a serious light, that his words might make the greater impression. Thus supper terminated peaceably, owing to the care he took to suppress all disputes, and to substitute plenty of wine in their stead.

The next day Matta went shooting, while the Chevalier de Gramont repaired to the bagnio, and the marquis to his country-house. While the latter was making the necessary preparations for his guests, not forgetting the fiddles, and Matta was pursuing his game to get an appetite, the Chevalier meditated on the execution of his project.

As soon as he had regulated his plan of operations in his own mind, he privately sent anonymous intelligence to the officer of the guard on duty at the palace, that the Marquis de S enantes had had some words with Monsieur de Matta the preceding night at supper ; that the one had gone out early in the morning, and that the other could not be found in the city.

Madame Royale, alarmed at this news, immediately sent for the Chevalier de Gramont, who appeared surprised when her highness mentioned the affair : he confessed, indeed, that some high words had passed between his friends, but he did not believe that either would have remembered them the next day. He said, that if no mischief had yet taken place, the best course would be to secure them both until the morning, and that if they could be found, he would undertake to reconcile them and prevent matters from going any further. In this there was no great difficulty. On inquiry at the marquis's,

the guard were informed that he had gone to his country house : they went there, and there they found him ; the officer placed a sentry over him, without assigning any reason for so doing, and left him in a state of great surprise.

Immediately upon Matta's return from shooting, Madame Royale sent the same officer to desire him to give her his word that he would not stir out that evening. This compliment very much surprised him, more particularly as no reason was assigned for it. A good meal awaited him elsewhere, he was dying with hunger, and in these circumstances nothing appeared to him more unreasonable than to oblige him to stay at home ; but he had given his word, and not knowing to what this might tend, his only resource was to send for his friend. But his friend did not come to him until his return from the country, where he had found the marquis in the midst of his fiddlers, very much vexed at being a prisoner in his own house on account of Matta, whom he was waiting for in order to feast him. He complained of him bitterly to the Chevalier de Gramont, saying that he did not believe he had offended him ; and he requested the Chevalier to acquaint him that, since he was so desirous of a quarrel, he should, if it suited him, have his desire gratified on the first opportunity. The Chevalier de Gramont assured the marquis that no such thought had ever entered the mind of Matta ; that, on the contrary, he knew that Matta greatly esteemed him ; that all this could only have arisen from the extreme tenderness of his lady, who, taking alarm at the report of the servants who had waited at table, must have gone to her

royal highness, in order to prevent any unpleasant consequences. He thought this the more probable, as he had often told the marchioness, when speaking of Matta, that he was the best swordsman in France; for, in truth, the poor fellow had never fought without having the misfortune of killing his man.

The marquis, being a little pacified, said he was very much obliged to him; that he would severely chide his wife for her unseasonable tenderness, and that he was extremely desirous of again enjoying his dear friend Matta's company.

The Chevalier de Gramont assured him that he would use all his endeavours for that purpose, and at the same time gave strict charge to the guards not to let the marquis escape without orders from the Court, as he seemed fully bent upon fighting, and they would be responsible for him. There was no occasion to say more to have him strictly watched, though for this there was no necessity.

One man being thus safely lodged, the Chevalier's next step was to secure the other. He returned immediately to town; and Matta, as soon as he saw him, said:

“What the devil is the meaning of this farce which I am obliged to act? For my part, I cannot understand the foolish customs of this country: how comes it that they have made me a prisoner upon parole?”

“How comes it?” said the Chevalier de Gramont; “it is because you yourself are far more unaccountable than all their customs; you cannot restrain yourself from disputing with a peevish fellow, whom you ought

only to laugh at: some officious servant has no doubt been talking of your last night's dispute: you were seen leaving the town in the morning, and the marquis left soon after: was not this sufficient to make her royal highness think herself obliged to take these precautions? Sé-
nantes is in custody, but they have only required your parole; far, therefore, from taking the affair in the way you do, I should send very humbly to thank her highness for the kindness she has manifested towards you, in putting you under arrest, since it is only on your account that she interests herself in the affair. I am going to take a turn at the palace, where I will endeavour to unravel this mystery; in the mean time, as there is but little probability that the matter could be settled this evening, you will do well to order supper; for I shall come back to you immediately."

Matta charged him not to fail to express to her royal highness the grateful sense he had of her favour, though in truth he feared the marquis as little as he liked him; and it is impossible to express the degree of his fortitude in stronger terms.

The Chevalier de Gramont returned in about half an hour, with two or three gentlemen whom Matta had become acquainted with while he was out shooting, and who, upon the report of the quarrel, waited upon him, and separately offered him their services against the unassisted and pacific marquis. Matta having returned them his thanks, insisted upon their staying supper, and put on his dressing gown.

As soon as matters took the course which the Chevalier de Gramont desired, that when towards the

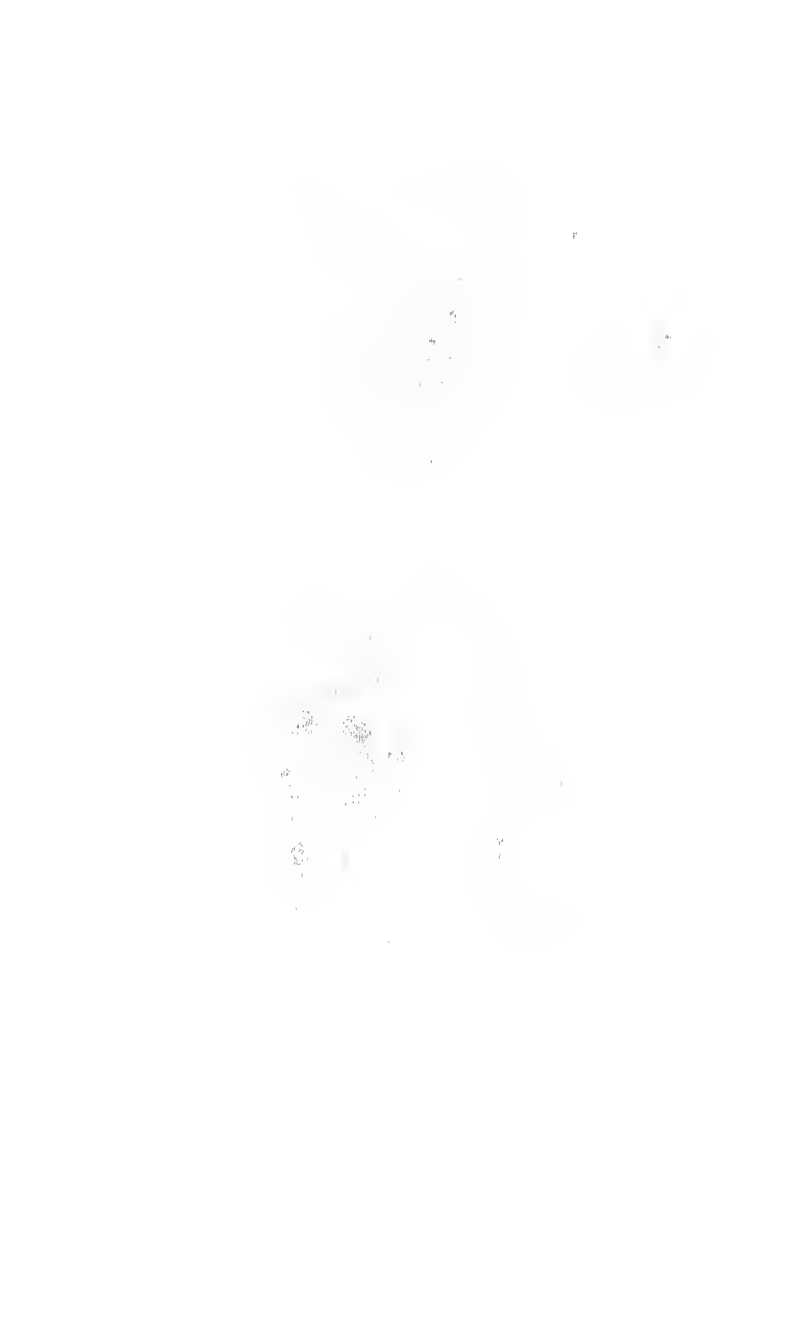
end of the repast he saw the toasts go merrily round, he knew he was sure of his man till next day. Then taking him aside, with the permission of the company, he made a false statement in order to disguise real treachery, telling him, after having sworn him several times to secrecy, that he had at last prevailed upon the little Saint-Germain to grant him an interview that night; for which reason he would take his leave, under pretence of going to play at Court. He requested him to impress upon the company that he left them merely for that purpose, the Piedmontese being naturally mistrustful. Matta promised he would manage this point with discretion; adding that he would make apologies for him, so that there was no occasion for his personally taking leave. Then, after embracing the Chevalier by way of congratulating him upon the happy posture of his affairs, he sent him away with all possible expedition and secrecy; so great was his fear lest his friend should lose the present opportunity.

Matta then returned to the company, delighted with the confidence which had been placed in him, and with the share he had in the success of this adventure. He exerted himself in playing the wag so as to put his guests on the wrong scent; he railed at those, whose passion for gaming was so great that they gave up every other diversion to spend their nights at play; he loudly ridiculed the folly of the Chevalier in this respect, and secretly laughed at the credulity of the Piedmontese, whom he deceived with so much ingenuity.

It was late at night before the company broke up, and Matta went to bed, very well satisfied with what he had

done for his friend ; and, if we may credit appearances, this friend enjoyed the fruit of his perfidy. The amorous marchioness received him attired like one who wishes to enhance the value of the favour she bestows. Her charms were far from being neglected ; and if there are occasions when one may detest the traitor, while profiting by the treason, this was certainly not one of them. However discreet the Chevalier de Gramont was in his intrigues, it was not owing to him that the contrary was not believed ; be that as it may, he was convinced, that in love whatever is gained by address, is gained fairly ; and it does not appear that he ever showed the smallest degree of repentance for this trick. But it is now time for us to take him from the Court of Savoy, to see him shine at that of France.

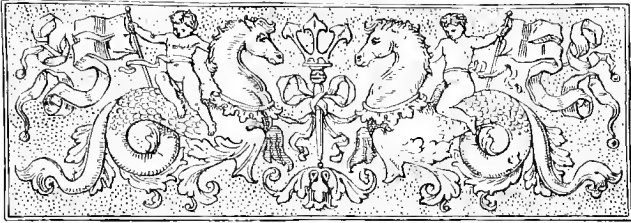






L'homme d'





CHAPTER IV.

The Chevalier's return to France—He makes his peace at Court—His luck at play with Cardinal Mazarin—He proceeds to Arras, and has an interview with the Prince de Condé—He cleverly eludes capture whilst conveying the news of Turenne's victory—Is embraced by the Queen in presence of the entire Court—He boldly speaks his mind to the Cardinal—Peace of the Pyrenees and death of Mazarin—Louis XIV. assumes power and pays his addresses to Mademoiselle de la Motte-Houdancourt—Rivalry between the King and the Chevalier de Gramont—Exile of the Chevalier, who resolves to visit England.



HE Chevalier de Gramont, upon his return to France, sustained, with the greatest success, the reputation he had acquired abroad. Alert at play, active and vigilant in love; sometimes successful, and always feared, in his intrigues; in war alike prepared for the events of good or ill fortune; possessing an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry in the former, and full of expedients and dexterity in the latter.

Attached to the Prince de Condé¹ from inclination,

¹ Louis de Bourbon, Duke d'Enghien, was born in 1620, and became Prince de Condé on the death of his father in 1646. He was a born general. At the age of twenty-two he gained the famous battle of

he witnessed, and, if we may be allowed to say it, shared the glory the prince had acquired at the celebrated battles of Lens, Nordlingen, and Fribourg; and the details the Chevalier so frequently gave of them were far from diminishing their lustre.

So long as he had only some scruples of conscience, and various interests to sacrifice, he quitted all to follow a man, whom strong motives and resentments, which in some measure appeared excusable, had withdrawn from the paths of rectitude. He adhered to him in his first disgrace, with a constancy of which there are few examples; but he could not submit to the injuries which he afterwards received, and which such an inviolable attachment so little merited. Therefore, without fearing any reproach for conduct which sufficiently justified itself, as he had formerly deviated from his duty to enter the service of the Prince de Condé, he thought he had a right to leave the latter to return to his duty again.

over the Spaniards, and afterwards, with Turenne serving under him, he defeated Mercy at Fribourg, where he is said to have thrown his cane into the enemy's trenches and recovered it sword in hand. In 1645 he gained the battle of Nordlingen, and three years afterwards that of Lens, which put an end to the Thirty Years' War. Condé took a leading part in the troubles of the Fronde, and afterwards, allying himself with the Spaniards, fought against his old companion in arms, Turenne. At the peace of the Pyrenees he was allowed to return to France, and in conjunction with Turenne commanded the French army in the Netherlands during 1672-4. Soon after the death of the latter, Condé retired to Chantilly, "from whence," says Voltaire, "he very rarely came to Versailles, to behold his glory eclipsed in a place where the courtier never regards anything but favour. He passed the remainder of his days, tormented with the gout, relieving the severity of his pains, and employing the leisure of his retreat, in the conversation of men of genius of all kinds, with which France then abounded. He was worthy of their conversation, as he was not unacquainted with any of those arts and sciences in which they shone. He continued to be admired even in his retreat; but at last the strength of his mind decaying with that of his body, there remained nothing of the Great Condé during the last two years of his life. He died in 1686."—*Age of Louis XIV.*, chap. 11.

His peace was soon made at Court, where many, far more culpable than himself, were received into favour, whenever they desired it ; for the queen,² still terrified at the dangers into which the civil wars had plunged the state at the commencement of her regency, endeavoured by lenient measures to conciliate the minds of the people. The policy of the minister³ was neither sanguinary nor revengeful. His favourite maxim was rather to appease the minds of the discontented by leniency, than to have recourse to violent measures ; to rest content with losing nothing by the war, without being at the expense of

² Anne of Austria, daughter of Philip III. of Spain, widow of Louis XIII., to whom she was married in 1615, and mother of Louis XIV. She died in 1666. Cardinal de Retz thus speaks of her :—"The queen had more, than anybody whom I ever knew, of that sort of wit which was necessary for her not to appear a fool to those who did not know her. She had in her more of harshness than haughtiness ; more of haughtiness than of greatness ; more of outward appearance than reality ; more regard for money than liberality ; more of liberality than of self-interest ; more of self-interest than disinterestedness ; she was more tied to persons by habit than by affection : she had more of insensibility than of cruelty ; she had a better memory for injuries than for benefits ; her intention towards piety was greater than her piety ; she had in her more of obstinacy than of firmness ; and more incapacity than of all the rest which I mentioned before."—*Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 247.

³ Giulio Mazarini, commonly known as Cardinal Mazarin, who, during a few of the latter years of his life, governed France. He was born at Piscina, in the south of Italy, in 1602, and became chief minister in France on the death of Cardinal de Richelieu. He is generally represented as a great miser, but he certainly spent large sums of money in forming a very remarkable library and collection of paintings, and in giving operatic performances by Italian musicians and vocalists. He also behaved generously towards men of letters, and presented the Abbé Quillet with the abbey of Doudeauville for his poem *La Callipadia*. One of the best sustained charges against Mazarin is that he was a sceptic, caring nothing whatever for religion, despite his high position in the Church. The cardinal's intrigue and subsequent marriage with Anne of Austria seem to be a matter of certainty. The Duchess de Nemours and Mesdames de Motteville and Talon deny the truth of the reports ; but Mazarin's own correspondence, the memoirs of Cardinal de Retz, those of Loménie de Brienne, and the letters of the Duchess of Orleans (Henrietta of England), all support the generally received opinion. The Duchess of Orleans adds that Mazarin had never been ordained a priest, so that he was at liberty to marry.

gaining any advantage from the enemy ; to suffer people to speak ill of him, provided he could amass great wealth, and to spin out the minority to the greatest possible extent.

His avidity to heap up riches was not confined to the thousand different means, with which he was furnished by the authority he exercised. His one pursuit was gain. He was naturally fond of gaming ; but he only played to enrich himself, and cheated as much as possible in view of winning.

The Chevalier de Gramont—whom the cardinal found very witty, and who, as he saw, possessed a great deal of money—proved to his liking, and soon became one of his set. The Chevalier speedily perceived the artfulness and dishonesty of the cardinal, and thought it was allowable for him to avail himself of those talents which he had received from nature, not only in his own defence, but even to attack the other whenever an opportunity offered.⁴ This would certainly be the place to mention

⁴ In the seventeenth century cheating at cards was not looked upon in the same light as it is now-a-days. Cardinal Mazarin, whom Gramont defrauded, was said to have been himself an adept at the practice, which, according to the memoirs of the Count de Brienne, he termed “turning his position to account.” St. Simon mentions numerous instances of cheating at the Court of Louis XIV., where there was no lack of card-sharpers ; and Madame de Sévigné, in a letter dated March 11, 1670, writes that a great lord has received orders from the king to withdraw from Versailles, “after winning five hundred thousand crowns with prepared cards, and ruining all who have played with him during the past two months.” On another occasion she writes to her daughter : “You think that everybody plays like you. Remember what happened lately at the Hôtel de la Vieuville. Do you recollect the thievery ?” Most of the sharpers who were exposed took their discomfiture philosophically, but such was not the case with an adventurer named Souscarrière, an illegitimate scion of the Bellegarde family, whom Tallemant des Réaux mentions in his *Historiettes* : “He was a cheat, and one day when he was playing at primero his adversary saw that he had made away with a primero which

his adventures in this respect ; but who can describe them with such ease and elegance, as may be expected by those who have heard his own relation of them ? Vainly would one endeavour to transcribe these entertaining anecdotes, their spirit seems to evaporate upon paper ; and in whatever way they are set forth, they lose all their vivacity.

It will suffice then to say, that upon all occasions when address was reciprocally employed, the Chevalier gained the advantage ; and that if he paid his court badly to the minister, he had the consolation to find, that those who suffered themselves to be cheated, gained in the end no great advantage from their complaisance ; they always continued in a state of abject submission, whereas the Chevalier de Gramont, on a thousand different occasions, never put himself under the least restraint ; of which the following is one instance.

The Spanish army, commanded by the Prince de Condé and the Archduke,⁵ was besieging Arras. The Court had advanced as far as Péronne.⁶ The enemy, by the capture of this place, would have procured a reputation for their army, of which they were in great need ; as the French, for a considerable time past, had obtained the advantage in every engagement.

The prince supported a tottering party, as far as their usual inactivity and irresolution permitted him to do ; but as in warfare it is necessary to act independently on

he had upon his knees. There was the devil of a stir. Souscarrière was 77 years old, and age and grief at this exposure killed him."

⁵ Leopold, brother of the Emperor Ferdinand III.

⁶ A little but strong town, standing among the marshes on the river Somme, in Picardy.

some occasions, which, if once suffered to escape, can never be retrieved, it frequently happened that his great abilities were of no avail. The Spanish infantry had never recovered since the battle of Rocroi;⁷ and he who had ruined them by that victory, by fighting against them, was the only man who now, by commanding their army, was capable of repairing the mischief he had done them. But the jealousy of the generals, and the distrust of the council, tied his hands.

Nevertheless the siege of Arras was vigorously carried on. The cardinal sufficiently realised how dishonourable it would be to suffer this place to be taken under his nose, and almost in sight of the king. On the other hand, it was very hazardous to attempt its relief, the Prince de Condé being a man who never neglected the slightest precaution for the security of his lines; and if lines are attacked, and not forced, the greatest danger threatens the assailants; for the more furious the assault, the greater is the disorder in the retreat; and no man in the world knew so well as the Prince de Condé how to make the best use of an advantage. The army, commanded by Monsieur de Turenne, was considerably weaker than that of the enemy; still it was the only resource one had to depend upon. If this army were defeated, the loss of Arras would not be the only misfortune to be dreaded.

The cardinal, whose genius was adapted to such occasions when deceitful negotiations could extricate him out of difficulties, was filled with terror at the

⁷ This famous battle was fought and won May 19, 1643, five days after the death of Louis XIII.

prospect of imminent danger, or a decisive event. He was in favour of laying siege to some other place, the capture of which might prove a compensation for the loss of Arras ; but Monsieur de Turenne, who was altogether of a different opinion from the cardinal, resolved to march upon the enemy, and did not acquaint him with his intentions until he was upon the road. The courier arrived in the midst of the cardinal's distress, and redoubled his alarm ; but the matter could no longer be remedied.

The marshal, whose great reputation had gained him the confidence of the troops,⁸ had determined upon his measures before an express order from the Court could prevent him. This was one of those occasions in which

⁸ Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne, Viscount de Turenne, marshal-general of the camps and armies of the king, was born in 1611. As is well known, he greatly contributed to the victories which brought about the end of the Thirty Years' War ; he figured prominently in the troubles of the Fronde, and by gaining the battle of the Dunes over Condé and the Spaniards in 1658, induced Philip IV. to sign the treaty of the Pyrenees. Following the statements made by Sandras de Courtilz in his *Vie du Vicomte de Turenne* (1685), historians have frequently reproached the marshal for devastating the Palatinate in 1674. Voltaire, however, writing to Collini in October, 1767, pointed out various errors of fact in this accusation ; and according to M. de Griemoard's *Histoire des dernières Campagnes de Turenne* (1782, vol. ii., p. 117), the marshal on this occasion displayed fitting moderation. He states that it was in 1689, during the expedition of Marshal de Duras and General Mélac, that the towns of the Palatinate were fired. Dangeau, writing in his Journal at that period, says (vol. ii., p. 406) : "Spire, Worms, Oppenheim, have been burnt to prevent the enemy from establishing themselves in those towns and deriving help from them." The Princess Palatine, in one of her letters, casts all the blame upon Louvois, and remarks : "When I think of all that M. Louvois has had burnt in the Palatinate, I believe he will burn terribly in the other world."

Turenne had then been dead for fourteen years, having been killed at Salzbach in 1675, while defending Alsace against the Imperialists. It is stated in the memoirs of the Count de Rochefort that his death was due to the imprudence of M. de Saint-Hilaire, lieutenant-general of artillery, whom Turenne had taken with him to select a position for a battery. Saint-Hilaire went forth wearing a scarlet cloak, which made it apparent to the enemy that they were officers. Fire was therefore opened upon them, and the same ball that killed the marshal took off one of the

the difficulties you encounter heighten the glory of success. Though the general's capacity, in some measure, afforded comfort to the Court, one was upon the eve of an event, which in one way or other must bring hopes and fears alike to an issue. While the rest of the courtiers were giving various opinions concerning what would happen, the Chevalier de Gramont determined to be an eye-witness of it; a resolution which greatly surprised the Court; for those, who had seen as many actions as he had, seemed to be exempted from such eagerness; but it was in vain that his friends opposed his resolutions.

The king was pleased with his intention; and the queen appeared no less satisfied. He assured her that he would bring her good news; and she promised to embrace him, if he kept his word. The cardinal made the same promise. To the latter, however, he did not pay much attention; yet he believed it sincere, because the keeping of it would cost the cardinal nothing.

arms of Saint-Hilaire, whose son burst into tears at the sight. The latter records in his memoirs that his father said to him, "You should not weep for me, but for the death of that great man"—alluding to Turenne.

According to Saint-Hilaire, Count Hamilton was present at the death of Turenne. Monsieur de Boze had twice sent to beg Turenne to come to the place where the battery was to be erected, but he, as if by presentiment, declined. Count Hamilton brought the third anxious request from De Boze; and in riding to the place where he was, Turenne received his death-blow. The horse of Montecuculi, the opposite general, was, in the course of the same day, killed by a cannon-shot.

"Turenne," says Voltaire, "had not always been successful in his wars; he had been defeated at Mariendal, Retel, and Cambrai; he had also committed errors, and was himself so great a man as to confess them. He never made celebrated conquests, nor ever gained those great and important victories by which nations are subjected; but having always repaired his defeats, and done very much with very little, he was regarded as the first general in Europe, at a time when the art of war was more studied and better understood than ever."—*Age of Louis XIV.*, ch. II.



J. Menceret. del

. Anne of . Austria

He set out in the dusk of the evening with Caseau, whom Monsieur de Turenne had sent express to their majesties. The Duke of York⁹ and the Marquis d'Humières¹⁰ commanded under the marshal. The latter was upon duty when the Chevalier arrived, it being scarcely daylight. The Duke of York did not at first recognise him; but the Marquis d'Humières, running to him with open arms, said :

"I thought if any man came from Court to pay us a visit upon such an occasion as this, it would be the Chevalier de Gramont. Well," continued he, "what are they doing at Péronne?"

"They are in great consternation," replied the Chevalier.

"And what do they think of us?"

"They think," said he, "that if you beat the prince, you will do no more than your duty; but if you are beaten, they will think you fools and madmen, thus to have risked everything, without considering the consequences."

⁹ Priorato, in his memoirs of Cardinal Mazarin, mentions other Englishmen besides the Duke of York who were present, as Lords Gerard, Barclay, and Jermyn, with others.—*Memoirs*, 1673, vol. i., p. 365.

¹⁰ Louis de Crévant, Marquis, and afterwards Duke d'Humières, Marshal of France and Grand Master of the Artillery, born in 1628. Saint-Simon describes him as being of the most amiable disposition and most agreeable manners, but says he showed no ability whatever as a general. Voltaire remarks that he was the first who, at the siege of Arras in 1658, was served in silver in the trenches, and had ragouts and entremets served at his table. He appears to have been fond of combining love with warfare, and was accused of neglecting his duties to occupy himself with his mistresses. A song composed in 1689 charges him with having lost the battle of Walcourt because his mind was occupied with an actress of the opera named Barbareau. Again, in 1691—the marshal was then sixty-three years of age—he is made to say in another song that as long as Sylvia responds to the fires of his heart he will in no wise dread the fire of artillery. He died in 1694.

“Truly,” said the marquis, “you bring us very comfortable news. Will you now come to Monsieur de Turenne’s quarters, to acquaint him with it; or do you prefer to rest in mine? for you have been riding post all last night, and perhaps did not enjoy much repose during the preceding one.”

“Where have you heard that the Chevalier de Gramont needed sleep?” replied he; “only order me a horse, that I may have the honour to attend the Duke of York; for, since he is in the field so early, he is most likely going to visit some posts.”

The advanced guard was only at cannon-shot from that of the enemy. As soon as they arrived there, “I should like,” said the Chevalier de Gramont, “to advance as far as the sentry which is posted on that eminence; I have some friends and acquaintances in their army, whom I wish to inquire after; I hope the Duke of York will give me permission.”

At these words he advanced. The sentry, seeing him come forward towards his post, stood upon his guard, and the Chevalier stopped as soon as he was within shot of him. The sentry answered the sign which was made to him, and made another to an officer, who had begun to advance the moment he had seen the Chevalier come forward, and who soon reached him. Seeing the Chevalier de Gramont alone, he made no difficulty about letting him approach. The Chevalier desired leave of this officer to inquire after some relations he had in the army, and at the same time asked if the Duke d’Arscot was at the siege.

“Sir,” said the officer, “there he is, he has just alighted

under those trees, which you see on the left of our main guard; it is hardly a minute since he was here with the Prince d'Aremberg, his brother, the Baron de Limbec, and Louvigny."

"May I see them upon parole?" asked the Chevalier

"Sir," replied the officer, "if I were allowed to quit my post, I would do myself the honour of accompanying you thither; but I will send to acquaint them that the Chevalier de Gramont desires to speak to them." And, after having despatched one of his troopers towards them, he returned.

"Sir," said the Chevalier de Gramont, "may I take the liberty to inquire how I came to be known to you?"

"Is it possible," replied the other, "that the Chevalier de Gramont should not recognise La Motte, who had the honour to serve so long in his regiment?"

"What! is it you, my poor La Motte? Truly, I was to blame for not remembering you, though you are dressed very differently to what you were, when I first saw you at Brussels, when you taught the Duchess de Guise to dance the 'triolet.' I am afraid your affairs are not in so flourishing a condition as they were during the campaign after I had given you the company you mention."

They were talking in this manner, when the Duke d'Arscot, followed by the gentlemen above mentioned, came up at full gallop. The Chevalier de Gramont was embraced by the whole company before he could say a word. Soon after arrived an immense number of other acquaintances, with many people, out of curiosity, on both sides, who, seeing him upon the height, assembled together with such eagerness that the two armies, without

design, truce, or treacherous intention, were going to join in conversation, if, by chance, Monsieur de Turenne had not perceived it at a distance. The sight surprised him. He hastened that way; and the Marquis d'Humières acquainted him with the arrival of the Chevalier de Gramont, who had wished to speak to the sentry before going to the head-quarters. He added, that he could not comprehend how the devil he had managed to assemble both armies around him, for it was hardly a minute since he had left him.

"Truly," said Monsieur de Turenne, "he is a very extraordinary man; but it is only reasonable that he should now let us have a little of his company, since he has paid his first visit to the enemy."

At these words he despatched an aide-de-camp, to recall the officers of his army, and to acquaint the Chevalier de Gramont with his impatience to see him.

This order arrived at the same time as one of the same nature, to the enemy's officers. The Prince de Condé, being informed of this peaceable interview, was not the least surprised at it, when he heard that it was occasioned by the arrival of the Chevalier de Gramont. He only gave Lussan orders to recall the officers, and to request the Chevalier to meet him at the same place the next day; which the Chevalier promised to do, provided Monsieur de Turenne should approve of it, as he made no doubt he would.

His reception in the king's army was as agreeable as that which he had experienced from the enemy. Monsieur de Turenne esteemed him no less for his frankness than for his wit. He took it very kindly

that he was the only courtier who had come to see him at so critical a time as the present ; the questions which he asked him about the Court, were not so much for information, as to divert himself with his manner of relating the different apprehensions and alarms. The Chevalier de Gramont advised him to beat the enemy, if he did not desire to be answerable for an enterprise which he had undertaken without consulting the cardinal. Monsieur de Turenne promised him he would exert himself to the utmost to follow his advice, and assured him, that if he succeeded, he would make the queen keep her word with him. He concluded by saying, that he was not sorry the Prince de Condé had expressed a desire to see the Chevalier. His measures were taken for an attack upon the lines : on this subject he discoursed in private with the Chevalier de Gramont, and concealed nothing from him except the time of execution ; but his secrecy in this last respect was to no purpose, for the Chevalier had seen too much, not to judge, from his own knowledge, and the observations he had made, that in the situation of the army, the attack could be no longer deferred.

He set out the next day for his rendezvous, attended by a trumpeter, and found the prince at the place which Monsieur de Lussan had described to him the evening before. As soon as he alighted,

“ Is it possible,” said the prince, embracing him, “ that this can be the Chevalier de Gramont, and that I should see him in the contrary party ? ”

“ It is you, my lord, whom I see there,” replied the Chevalier, “ and I refer it to yourself, whether it be the

fault of the Chevalier de Gramont, or your own, that we now embrace different interests."

"I must confess," said the prince, "that if there are some who have abandoned me like base, ungrateful wretches, you left me, as I myself left, like a man of honour, who thinks himself in the right. But let us forget all cause of resentment, and tell me what was your motive for coming here, you, whom I thought at Péronne with the Court."

"Must I tell you?" said the Chevalier; "why, faith then, I came to save your life. I know that you cannot help being in the midst of the enemy in a day of battle; it is only necessary for your horse to be shot under you, and for you to be taken in arms, to meet with the same treatment from this cardinal, as your uncle Montmorency¹¹ did from the other. I come, therefore, to hold a horse in readiness for you, in case of a similar misfortune, that you may not lose your head."

"It would not be the first occasion," observed the prince, smiling, "that you have rendered me this service, though the being taken prisoner at that time could not have been so dangerous to me as now."

From this conversation, they passed to more entertaining subjects. The prince asked him many questions concerning the Court, the ladies, play, and his amours; and the Chevalier, returning insensibly to the present situation of affairs, having inquired after some officers of his acquaintance, who had remained with the prince,

¹¹ Henry, Duke de Montmorency, who was taken prisoner Sept. 1, 1632, and had his head struck off at Toulouse in the month of November following. See the note upon the lovers of Anne of Austria, p. 109, *post*.

the latter told him that if he chose, he might go to the lines, where he would have an opportunity of seeing not only those whom he inquired after, but likewise the disposition of the quarters and entrenchments. To this the Chevalier consented, and the prince, having shewn him all the works, and attended him back to their rendezvous, said :

“ Well, Chevalier, when do you think we shall see you again ? ”

“ Upon my word,” replied he, “ you have used me so handsomely, that I shall conceal nothing from you. Hold yourself in readiness at an hour before daybreak ; for, you may depend upon it, we shall attack you to-morrow morning. I would not have acquainted you with this, perhaps, had I been intrusted with the secret : but, nevertheless, in the present case you may believe me.”

“ You are still the same man,” said the prince, again embracing him.

The Chevalier returned to Monsieur de Turenne’s camp towards night : every preparation was then being made for the attack of the lines, and it was no longer a secret among the troops.

“ Well, Monsieur le Chevalier, were they all very glad to see you ? ” said Monsieur de Turenne : “ the prince, no doubt, received you with the greatest kindness, and asked a great number of questions.”

“ He shewed me all the civility imaginable,” replied the Chevalier, “ and, to convince me that he did not take me for a spy, he led me round the lines and entrenchments, and shewed me the preparations he had made for your reception.”

“And what is his opinion?” asked the marshal.

“He is persuaded that you will attack him to-night, or to-morrow just before daybreak; for you great captains,” continued the Chevalier, “see through each other’s designs in a wonderful manner.”

Monsieur de Turenne received with pleasure this commendation from a man who was not accustomed to bestow praise indiscriminately. He communicated to him the disposition of the attack; and at the same time informed him, he was very happy that a man who had seen so many actions was to be present at this one, and esteemed it no small advantage to have the benefit of his advice. However, as the marshal believed that the remaining part of the night would hardly suffice for the Chevalier’s repose, since he had passed the preceding one without sleep, he left him with the Marquis d’Humières, who provided him with a supper and a lodging.

The next day the lines of Arras were attacked, wherein Monsieur de Turenne, being victorious, added additional lustre to his former glory; while the Prince de Condé, although vanquished, lost nothing of the reputation he had acquired elsewhere.

There are so many accounts of this celebrated battle, that to speak of it here would be altogether superfluous.¹²

¹² Voltaire observes, that it was the fortune of Turenne and Condé to be always victorious when they fought at the head of the French, and to be vanquished when they commanded the Spaniards. This was Condé’s fate before Arras, Aug. 25, 1654, when he and the archduke besieged that city. Turenne attacked them in their camp, and forced their lines; the troops of the archduke were cut to pieces, and Condé, with two regiments of French and Lorrainers, alone sustained the efforts of Turenne’s army. While the archduke was flying, Condé defeated the Marshal de Hocquincourt, repulsed the Marshal de la Ferté, and retreated victoriously himself, by covering the retreat of the vanquished Spaniards. The King

The Chevalier de Gramont, who, as a volunteer, was permitted to go everywhere, has given a better description of it than any other person. The royal army reaped great advantages from the activity which never forsook the Chevalier either in peace or war, and from the presence of mind which enabled him to carry orders, as coming from the general, so very à-propos, that Monsieur de Turenne, otherwise most particular in such matters, thanked him, when the battle was over, in the presence of all his officers, and commissioned him to convey the first news of his success to Court.

All that is generally necessary in these expeditions is to be accustomed to hard riding, and to be well provided with fresh horses: but the Chevalier had many other obstacles to surmount. In the first place, parties of the enemy were dispersed over all the country, and obstructed his passage. Then he had to prepare against greedy and officious courtiers, who, on such occasions, post themselves on the roads, in order to cheat the poor courier out of his news. However, his address preserved him from the one, and deceived the others.

He had taken eight or ten troopers, commanded by an officer of his acquaintance, to escort him half-way to Bapaume; ¹³ being persuaded that the greatest danger would lie between the camp and the first stage. He had not proceeded a league before he was convinced of

of Spain's letter to him after this engagement, had these words: "I have been informed that everything was lost, and that you have recovered everything."

¹³ A fortified town in Artois, situated in a barren district devoid both of rivers and springs, and having an old palace, which gave rise to the town, with a particular governor of its own, and a royal and a forest court. In 1641 the French took it from the Spaniards.

the truth of what he suspected, and turning to the officer, who followed him closely, "If you are not well mounted," said he, "I would advise you to return to the camp; for my part I shall set spurs to my horse, and make the best of my way."

"Sir," replied the officer, "I hope I shall be able to keep you company, at whatever rate you go, until you are out of all danger."

"I doubt that," remarked the Chevalier, "for those gentlemen whom I observe there seem prepared to pay us a visit."

"Don't you see," said the officer, "that they are some of our own people who are grazing their horses?"

"No," said the Chevalier; "I see very well that they are some of the enemy's Cravates."¹⁴

Upon which, observing to the officer that they were mounting, he ordered the horsemen that escorted him to disperse so as to make a diversion, and he himself set off at full speed towards Bapaume. He was mounted upon a very swift English horse; but having entangled himself in a hollow way where the ground was soft and miry, he soon had the Cravates at his heels, for suspecting him to be some officer of rank, they had not been deceived, but had continued to pursue him without paying any attention to the others. The best mounted of the party began to draw near him; for English horses, swift as the wind on even ground, proceed but very indifferently on bad

¹⁴ *i.e.*, Croats, light cavalry who were badly disciplined and very eager for pillage. In the eighteenth century the French army still comprised a regiment called the "Royal Cravates." According to some authorities, we have derived our modern word "cravat" from the neckcloths worn by these soldiers.



Choquet del. 1819

roads. The Cravate presented his carbine, and cried out to him, at some distance—

“Good quarter!”

The Chevalier de Gramont, who perceived that they were gaining upon him, and that whatever efforts his horse made in such heavy ground, he must be overtaken at last, immediately quitted the road to Bapaume, and took a causeway to the left, which led in quite a different direction. As soon as he had gained it, he drew up, as if to listen to the proposal of the Cravate, which afforded his horse an opportunity of recovering himself; while his enemy, mistaking his intention, and thinking that he only waited to surrender, immediately exerted every effort, almost killing his horse, so that he might take him before the arrival of his companions, who were following one after the other.

One minute's reflection made the Chevalier consider what a disagreeable adventure it would be, thus coming from so glorious a victory, and the dangers of a battle so warmly disputed, to be taken by a set of scoundrels who had not been in it, and, instead of being received in triumph, and embraced by a great queen for the important news with which he was charged, to see himself stripped by the vanquished.

During this short meditation, the Cravate who followed him had arrived within shot, and still presenting his carbine, offered him good quarter: but the Chevalier de Gramont, to whom this offer, and the manner in which it was made, were equally displeasing, made a sign to him to lower his piece; and perceiving his horse to be in wind, he lowered his hand, rode off like lightning, and

left the Cravate in such astonishment that he even forgot to fire at him.

As soon as he arrived at Bapaume, he changed horses: the commander of the fortress here showed him the greatest respect, assuring him that nobody had yet passed; that he would keep the secret, and detain all who followed him, except the couriers of Monsieur de Turenne.

The Chevalier now had only to guard against those who would be watching for him in the neighbourhood of Peronne, to return as soon as they saw him, and carry his news to Court, without even knowing what it was. He was very well aware that Marshal du Plessis, Marshal de Villeroy and Gaboury, had boasted of this to the cardinal before his departure. Accordingly, to elude this snare, he took two well-mounted horsemen at Bapaume, and as soon as he had got a league from that place, after giving them each two louis d'or, to secure their fidelity, he ordered them to ride on before, to appear very terrified, and to tell all those who might ask them any questions, "That all was lost; that the Chevalier de Gramont had stopped at Bapaume, having no great inclination to be the messenger of ill news; and that as for themselves, they had been pursued by the enemy's troopers, who were spread over the whole country since the defeat."

Everything succeeded to his wish: the horsemen were intercepted by Gaboury, who in his eagerness had outstripped the two marshals; but whatever questions were asked them, they acted their parts so well, that Péronne was already in consternation, and rumours of a defeat



were being whispered among the courtiers, when the Chevalier de Gramont arrived.

Nothing so much enhances the value of good news as a previous false alarm of bad tidings; yet, although the Chevalier's news was accompanied by this advantage, none but their majesties received it with the transports of joy it deserved.

The queen kept her promise to him in the most gracious manner: she embraced him before the whole Court¹⁵; the king appeared no less delighted; but the cardinal, whether with the view of lessening the merit of an action which deserved a handsome reward, or whether from a return of that insolence which always

¹⁵ Anne of Austria, who conferred so unusual a mark of favour upon the Chevalier de Gramont, is credited with having had a troop of lovers. Henry II., Duke de Montmorency, declared himself her knight, and when he was captured at Castelnaudary, after his rebellion, the queen's portrait was found upon him. Louis XIII., says Vittorio Siri (*Memorie Recondite*, vol. vii.), was so enraged at this that he proved inflexible when petitioned to spare the duke's life. The memoirs and pamphlets of the time number also René, Marquis de Jarzay, René d'Esguilly-Vassé, and Roger, Duke de Bellegarde, among the queen's lovers. M. de Bellegarde employed Malherbe to write verses to express his passion—a proceeding which Voiture satirised. In one of his couplets Voiture mentions that "Roger's star no longer shines at the Louvre; it is said to have been eclipsed by that of a shepherd who has arrived from Dover." The shepherd here alluded to was George Villiers, the first Duke of Buckingham of that name, who had come to France to fetch the Princess Henrietta Maria, then engaged to Charles I. On this occasion Buckingham paid such great attention to Anne of Austria, that Cardinal de Richelieu did his utmost to hasten his return. The queen, however, accompanied him and the princess on their journey to the coast. The great scandal, says Tallemant des Réaux in his *Historiettes*, occurred at Amiens, "where Buckingham remained alone with the queen in a garden; at least, the only person with them was a Madame du Vernet, lady-in-waiting to the queen, and sister of the late M. de Luynes, and she was in the plot, and kept at some distance. The duke threw the queen down and scratched her thighs with his embroidered hose; however, it was all in vain."

Anne of Austria's pet vice was gluttony: she took four heavy meals every day, and the corpulence which resulted from these excesses destroyed most of her beauty. Madame de Motteville says, however, that in her old age she still had a delicate complexion, fine arms and hands, and a plentiful head of hair.

accompanied him in prosperity, appeared at first not to pay any attention to what he said, and being afterwards informed that the lines had been forced, that the Spanish army was beaten, and Arras relieved, he enquired,

“Is the Prince de Condé taken?”

“No,” replied the Chevalier de Gramont.

“He is dead, then, I suppose?” said the cardinal.

“By no means,” answered the Chevalier.

“Fine news indeed!” exclaimed the cardinal, with an air of contempt; and at these words he went into the queen’s cabinet with their majesties.

This was fortunate for the Chevalier, who without doubt would have given him some violent reply,¹⁶ in resentment for those two fine questions, and the conclusion he had drawn from them.

The Court was filled with his eminence’s spies: the Chevalier, as is usual upon such an occasion, was surrounded by a crowd of courtiers and inquisitive people, and he was very glad to say, within hearing of the cardinal’s creatures, a part of what he had upon his mind, the same which he would perhaps have told Mazarin to his face.

“Faith, gentlemen,” said he, with a sneer, “there is nothing like being zealous and eager in the service of kings and great princes; you saw what a gracious reception his majesty gave me; you likewise witnessed

¹⁶ This spirit does not seem always to have actuated Gramont in his relations with the cardinal, as we learn from a letter of Madame de Maintenon that on the king’s entry into Paris in 1660, “the Chevalier de Gramont, with Rouville, Bellefonds, and other courtiers, attended in the cardinal’s suite, a degree of flattery which astonished everybody who knew him. I was informed that the chevalier wore a very rich orange-coloured dress on the occasion.”

in what an obliging manner the queen kept her promise with me ; but as for the cardinal, he received my news as if he gained no more by it than he did by the death of Peter Mazarin.”¹⁷

This was sufficient to terrify all those who were sincerely attached to him ; and the best-established fortune would have been ruined at another period by a far less cutting jest : for it was made in the presence of witnesses, who were only desirous of having an opportunity of representing it in its utmost malignancy, to make a merit of their vigilance with a powerful and absolute minister. Of this the Chevalier de Gramont was thoroughly convinced ; yet whatever detriment he foresaw might arise from it, he could not help being pleased with what he said.

The tale-bearers very faithfully discharged their duty, but the affair took a very different turn from what they had expected. The next day, when the Chevalier de Gramont was present while their majesties were at dinner, the cardinal came in, and approached him, every body making way for him out of respect.

“Chevalier,” said he, “the news which you have brought is very good, their majesties are very well satisfied with it ; and to convince you that in my belief I gain more by it than I gained by the death of Peter Mazarin, if you will come and dine with me we will have some play together ; for the queen will give us something to play for, over and above her first promise.”

¹⁷ Peter Mazarin was the cardinal's father. He was a native of Palermo in Sicily, which place he left in order to settle at Rome, where he died in great poverty in 1654, shortly before the events here referred to, and years after his famous son had secured both power and wealth.

In this manner did the Chevalier de Gramont dare to provoke so powerful a minister, and this was all the resentment which the least vindictive of all statesmen expressed on the occasion. There was really something grand in so young a man only reverencing the authority of ministers provided that they themselves were respectable by their merit : for this, he praised himself and was praised by the whole Court ; and he allowed himself to be agreeably flattered as being the only man who durst preserve the least shadow of liberty, in a general state of servitude. But it was perhaps owing to the impunity that attended this insult to the cardinal, that he afterwards drew upon himself some worries, by other rash expressions less fortunately risked.

However, the Court returned. The cardinal, who was sensible that he could no longer keep his master in a state of tutelage—being himself worn out with cares and sickness, having amassed treasures he knew not what to do with, and being sufficiently loaded with the weight of public odium—turned all his thoughts towards terminating, as advantageously as was possible for France, a ministry which had so cruelly convulsed the kingdom. Thus, while he was earnestly laying the foundations of an ardently desired peace, pleasure and plenty began to reign at Court.

The Chevalier de Gramont experienced for a long time a variety of fortune in love and gaming. Esteemed by the courtiers, sought after by beauties whom he neglected, a formidable suitor to those whom he courted, more successful in play than in his amours, but the former compensating him for any want of success in the latter

he was always full of life and spirits, and, in all transactions of importance, invariably a man of honour.

It is a pity that it should be necessary here to interrupt the course of his history, by an interval of some years, as has been already done at the commencement of these memoirs: occasion for regret is furnished by any blank in a life of which the slightest circumstances have always been singular and diverting; but whether he did not think them worthy of holding a place among his other adventures, or only preserved a confused idea of them, we must pass to the parts of these fragments which are better ascertained, that we may arrive at the subject of his journey to England.

The peace of the Pyrenees,¹⁸ the king's marriage,¹⁹ the return of the Prince de Condé, and the death of the cardinal, gave a new face to the state.²⁰ The eyes

¹⁸ This treaty was concluded Nov. 7, 1659.

¹⁹ Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa of Austria, who was born Sept. 20, 1638, married June 1, 1660, and entered Paris on Aug. 26 following. It is related of the Chevalier de Gramont's step-brother, Duke Anthony III., that he was charged by Louis XIV. with the commission of asking Philip IV. of Spain for the hand of his daughter, Maria Theresa. The duke started off post haste, and on reaching Madrid rode at once to the palace, and although dusty, booted and spurred, demanded to enter the king's presence. Philip, greatly struck by the duke's eagerness, received him forthwith, and gave his consent to his daughter's marriage with the French king.

²⁰ Cardinal Mazarin died at Vincennes on March 9, 1661, aged fifty-nine years. On his death, Louis XIV. and the Court appeared in mourning—an uncommon honour, shown, however, by Henry IV. to the memory of Gabrielle d'Estrées. Mazarin's insatiable cupidity is well known: the fortune he left behind him was enormous. He at first offered his entire property to the king, but the latter refusing it, it mainly went at his death to M. de La Meilleraye, the husband of Hortensia Mancini, Mazarin's niece. La Meilleraye, who was created Duke Mazarin, although well read, and a man of the brightest wit, was a fanatic in religious matters and a lunatic in other respects. He caused the finest statues to be mutilated, and had the fairest pictures bedaubed, and even forbade the women on his estates to milk cows for fear of such an employment suggesting bad thoughts. He squandered much of the inheritance derived from the

of the whole nation were fixed upon the king, who, for nobleness of mien, and gracefulness of person, had no equal; but it was not then known that he was possessed of those superior abilities, which, filling his subjects with admiration, in the end made him so formidable to Europe. Love and ambition, the invisible springs of the intrigues and cabals of all Courts, attentively observed his first steps: pleasure promised herself an absolute empire over a prince who had been kept in ignorance of the necessary rules of government, and ambition had no hopes of reigning at Court except in the minds of those who were able to dispute the management of affairs. However, men were surprised to see the king suddenly display brilliant abilities, which prudence, in some measure necessary, had so long induced him to conceal.

An application, inimical to the pleasures which generally offer themselves at that age, and which unlimited power very seldom refuses, attached him solely to the cares of government. All admired this wonderful change, but all did not find their account in it: the great became small in presence of an absolute master; and it was with reverential awe that the courtiers approached

cardinal on monks, bigots, and hypocrites, and in connection with his particular religious ideas. He is known to have received in money, land, and reversions of benefices and state offices, a fortune of sixteen millions of livres, which may be regarded as equivalent to upwards of a million and a half sterling at the present day. The Abbé de Choisy states that Cardinal Mazarin left in addition, from fifteen to twenty millions of livres deposited in the various fortresses of which he had the command; and Fouquet, in his Memoirs (Paris, 1696, vol. v., p. 18), estimates the cardinal's entire fortune at between forty and fifty millions of livres. Mazarin was the better able to accumulate such vast wealth, as he was in receipt of the revenues of thirty of the richest abbeys in France. His will and the codicils appended to it are given in the *Œuvres de Louis XIV.*, vol. vi., p. 292.

the sole object of their respect, and the sole master of their fortunes. Those who had formerly conducted themselves like petty tyrants in their provinces, and in the frontier fortresses, were now no more than governors: favours, according to the king's pleasure, were sometimes conferred for merit, and sometimes for services; but to importune, or to menace the Court, was no longer the method to obtain them.

The Chevalier de Gramont regarded his master's attention to affairs of state as a prodigy: he could not conceive how the king could submit, at his age, to the rules he prescribed for himself, or that he should give up so many hours of pleasure, to devote them to the wearisome duties, and fatiguing functions of government; but he blessed the Lord that henceforward no more homage had to be paid, no more court to be made, but to him, to whom they were justly due. Disdaining as he did the servile adoration usually paid to a minister, he had never crouched before the power of the two cardinals who succeeded each other; he had neither worshipped the arbitrary power of the one, nor given his approbation to the artifices of the other; on the other hand, he had never received any thing from Cardinal de Richelieu but an abbey, which, on account of his rank, could not be refused him; and he had never acquired anything from Mazarin but what he won of him at play.

By many years' experience under an able general he had acquired a talent for war; but of this, during a general peace, there could be no question: he therefore thought that, in the midst of a Court flourishing in beauties, and abounding in wealth, he ought only to

employ himself in endeavouring to gain the good opinion of his master, in making the best use of those advantages which nature had given him for play, and in putting in practice new stratagems in love.

He succeeded very well in the two first of these projects, and as he had from that time laid it down as the rule of his conduct, to attach himself solely to the king in all his views of preferment, to have no regard for favour unless it was supported by merit, to make himself beloved by the courtiers, and feared by the ministers, to dare to undertake any thing in order to render a service, and to engage in nothing at the expense of innocence, he soon became a participator in the king's pleasures, without exciting the envy of the courtiers. In play he was successful, in love unfortunate; or, to speak more properly, his restlessness and jealousy overcame his natural prudence, on an occasion when he had most need of it.

La Motte Houdancourt was one of the maids of honour to the queen-dowager, and, although no conspicuous beauty, she had drawn away lovers from the celebrated Méneville.²¹ It was sufficient in those days

²¹ Catherine de Méneville, one of the queen-mother's maids of honour, was a great beauty. François-Christophe de Levis, Count de Brion and Duke de Damville, had given her in 1657 a written promise of marriage, which he did not keep owing to the opposition of his mother, the Duchess de Ventadour, although he was fifty years old at the time. Meanwhile, Mademoiselle de Méneville secretly bestowed her favours on Fouquet, the financier, who promised her fifty thousand crowns. The duke, having a suspicion of this intrigue, then offered Mademoiselle de Méneville a pecuniary indemnity in lieu of marriage—a proposal which did not suit the lady, as she aspired to become a duchess. Before anything was settled, however, M. de Damville died (in 1661), and shortly afterwards Fouquet was disgraced and imprisoned. Mademoiselle de Méneville thus lost both the husband she coveted and the financier's promised gift, and became the laughing-stock of all who knew her. Madame de la Fayette even

for the king to cast his eye upon a young lady of the Court to inspire her with hopes, and often with tender sentiments ; but if he spoke to her more than once, the courtiers took it for granted, and those who had either pretensions to, or love for her, humbly withdrew both the one and the other, and only paid her respect. However, the Chevalier de Gramont thought fit to act otherwise, perhaps to preserve a singularity of character, which upon the present occasion was quite out of place.

He had never before thought of her ; but as soon as he found that she was honoured with the king's attention, he was of opinion that she was likewise deserving of his own, and having put himself forward, he soon became very troublesome, without convincing her that he was deeply in love. She grew weary of his persecutions ; but neither her ill-treatment, nor her threats, made him desist. This conduct of his at first made no great stir, because she was in hopes that he would change his behaviour ; but finding him rashly persist in it, she complained of him : and then it was he perceived that if love renders all conditions equal, it is

asserts that La Méneville was forbidden to come to Court, and retired to a convent, where she took the veil.

Conrart's manuscripts contain a copy of the duke's promise of marriage, and also some love letters written by Mademoiselle de Méneville to Fouquet. In one of these she says, "I am easily consoled for the fact that you did not visit me privately before you went to Brest, for I think such a visit might have been hurtful to your health ; and I even fear that the great violence which carried you away the last time contributed to your illness." Several scandalous songs of the period refer to Mademoiselle de Méneville, and one of them severely criticises certain of her charms. Her amours with the Duke de Damville are alluded to in a well-known hymn, which Bussy, Vivonue, and others are said to have improvised during a drunken orgy, one verse stating that any child she might give birth to would never be the duke's son.

not so between rivals.²² He was banished the Court, and not finding any place in France which could console him for what he most regretted, the presence and sight of his master, after having made some slight reflections upon his disgrace, and bestowed a few imprecations upon her who was the cause of it, he at last formed the resolution of visiting England.

²² The lady who was the cause of the Chevalier's banishment, Anne Lucy de la Motte, or Mothe-Houdancourt, niece of the marshal of that name, is often confounded with Mademoiselle de la Mothe-Argencourt, mistress of the Marquis de Richelieu. Both ladies attracted the attention of Louis XIV. whilst he was young; and subsequently the cabal of the Countess de Soissons sought to influence the king in favour of Mademoiselle de la Motte-Houdancourt, when his attentions were divided between her and Mademoiselle de la Vallière. Madame de Motteville says: "It was at the beginning of 1662 that the king began to show an inclination for Mademoiselle de la Motte-Houdancourt, one of the queen's maids. I do not know whether in his heart he placed her below Mademoiselle de la Vallière, but I do know that she caused many changes at Court, rather by her intriguing than her beauty, though she was beautiful enough to inspire a great passion."

At St. Germain-en-Laye the king was not allowed to enter the apartments of the maids of honour, says M. P. Boiteau, in his notes to the *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, and in order to chat with Mademoiselle de la Motte he passed by way of the chimneys, whereupon the Duchess de Navailles, mistress of the maids, had a grating placed, intercepting the passage, and thus drew upon herself the king's resentment and brought about her own dismissal. Whilst the favoured beauty was resisting the king's advances, Mademoiselle de la Vallière gave way, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier relates in her memoirs that one day, on the king presenting Mademoiselle de la Motte with a pair of diamond earrings, she flung them in his face, saying, "I neither care for you nor for your earrings, since you will not quit La Vallière."

The Marquis de Sourches (*Memoires*, vol. i., p. 233) describes Mademoiselle de la Motte-Houdancourt as a perfect beauty, and says that the Duke de la Feuillade arranged the marriage between her and the Marquis de la Vieuville, whose father was *chevalier d'honneur* to the queen and governor of Poitou. By this marriage the son obtained the reversion of both these offices.





CHAPTER V.

The Chevalier's visits to London under the Commonwealth and at the Restoration—Marriage of Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza—The King and the Duke of York—The heroes and the beauties of the English Court—Queen Catherine and her Portuguese suite—The Chevalier's reception in England—Saint-Evremond gives him advice—Gramont lays siege to Mrs. Middleton and Miss Warmester—Rivalry between Miss Stewart and Lady Castlemaine—The latter's intrigue with Jacob Hall—Lady Shrewsbury and her lovers—Duel between Henry Jermyn and Thomas Howard—The Chevalier falls in love with Miss Hamilton.



CURIOSITY to see a man equally famous for his crimes and his elevation, had already once before induced the Chevalier de Gramont to visit England. Reasons of state assume great privileges: whatever appears advantageous is lawful; and everything that is necessary is honourable in politics. While the King of England sought the protection of Spain in the Low Countries, and that of the States-general in Holland, other powers sent splendid embassies to Cromwell.

This man, whose ambition had opened him a way to

sovereign power by great crimes, maintained himself in it by accomplishments the brilliancy of which seemed to render him worthy of it. The least submissive nation of all Europe patiently bore a yoke which did not even leave her the shadow of the liberty of which she is so jealous; and Cromwell, master of the commonwealth, under the title of Protector, feared at home, but yet more dreaded abroad, was at his highest pitch of glory when the Chevalier de Gramont saw him; however, the Chevalier did not see any appearance of a Court. One part of the nobility was proscribed, the other removed from employment; there was an affected purity of manners, instead of the luxury which the pomp of Courts displays, and thus only sad and serious sights were offered by the finest city in the world. The Chevalier acquired nothing by this journey, but the idea of a scoundrel's merits, together with a feeling of admiration for some hidden beauties whom he had found a means to discover.

Matters were very different on the occasion of his second voyage. Joy for the restoration of the royal family was still manifest everywhere: the nation, fond of change and novelty, tasted the pleasure of having a natural government, and seemed to breathe again after a long oppression. In short, the same people, who, by a solemn abjuration, had excluded even the posterity of their lawful sovereign, exhausted themselves in festivals and rejoicings for his return.¹

¹ Burnet confirms Hamilton's statement:—"With the restoration of the king," says he, "a spirit of extravagant joy spread over the nation, that brought on with it the throwing off the very professions of virtue and piety. All ended in entertainments and drunkenness, which overran the

The Chevalier de Gramont arrived about two years after the Restoration:² the reception he met with in this Court soon made him forget the other; and the engagements he eventually contracted in England, lessened the regret he had felt in leaving France.

This was a desirable retreat for an exile of his disposition: everything flattered his taste; and if the adventures he had in this country were not the most considerable, they were doubtless the most agreeable of his life. But before we relate them, it will not be improper to give some account of the English Court, as it was at that period.

The necessity of affairs had exposed Charles II. from his earliest youth, to the toils and perils of a bloody war; the fate of the king, his father, had left him for inheritance nothing but his misfortunes and disgraces: they overtook him everywhere; but it was not until he had struggled with his ill-fortune to the last extremity, that he submitted to the decrees of Providence.

three kingdoms to such a degree that it very much corrupted all their morals. Under the colour of drinking the king's health, there were great disorders and much riot everywhere."—*History of his own Times*, vol. i., p. 127.

² The exact date of the Chevalier's arrival is determined by the following letter addressed to his government by the Count de Cominges, who was French ambassador in London during 1663-4-5. Lord Clarendon describes Cominges as "somewhat capricious in his nature, which made him hard to treat with, and not always vacant at the hours himself assigned, being hypochondriac, and seldom sleeping without opium."

"The Chevalier de Gramont arrived yesterday, very well pleased with his journey. He was received here in the pleasantest fashion possible. He is invited to all the king's card parties, and already commands at Lady Castlemaine's.

"London, 5-15 January, 1662-3."

It will be remembered that until the year 1752, the old style as regards dates was observed in England, and that the civil, ecclesiastical, and legal year did not commence until March 25.

All those who were great either on account of their birth or their loyalty, had followed him into exile; and all the young persons of the greatest distinction, having afterwards joined him, composed a Court worthy of a better fortune.

Plenty and prosperity, which only tend to corrupt manners, so it is asserted, found nothing to spoil in an indigent and wandering Court. Necessity, on the contrary, which conduces to a thousand advantages whether we will or no, served them for education; and nothing was to be seen among them but emulation in glory, politeness, and virtue.

Surrounded by this little Court, so well provided with merit, the King of England returned, two years prior to the period we mention, to ascend a throne, which he would to all appearances fill as worthily as the most glorious of his predecessors. The magnificence displayed on this occasion was renewed at his coronation.³ The death of the Duke of Gloucester,⁴ and of the princess royal,⁵ which

³ The coronation of Charles II. was celebrated on April 22 and 23, 1661, with uncommon magnificence; the whole show being, as Clarendon observes, the most glorious, in the order and expense, that had ever been seen in England. The procession began from the Tower, and continued so long, that they who rode first were in Fleet Street when the king issued from the Tower.

⁴ This occurred on Sept. 3, 1660. The duke died of the small-pox, Pepys says, "by the great negligence of his doctors." He is described as a prince of the greatest hopes, undaunted courage, admirable parts, and a clear understanding. He had a particular talent for languages. Besides Latin, he was master of French, Spanish, Italian, and Low Dutch.

⁵ Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I., born Nov. 4, 1631, and married to the Prince of Orange May 2, 1641, was the mother of William III. She died of the small-pox Dec. 24, 1660, and, according to Bishop Burnet, "not much lamented. She had lived," says he, "in her widowhood for some years with great reputation, kept a decent Court, and supported her brothers very liberally, and lived within bounds; but her mother, who had the art of making herself believe anything she had a mind to, upon a conversation with the queen-mother of France, fancied the King of





A. Kneller pinx.

Charles II

followed soon after, had interrupted the course of this splendour, by a tedious mourning, which the Court quitted at last to prepare for the reception of the Infanta of Portugal.⁶

It was in the height of the rejoicings they were making for this new queen, in all the splendour of a brilliant Court, that the Chevalier de Gramont arrived to contribute to its magnificence and diversions.

Accustomed as he was to the grandeur of the Court of France, he was surprised at the politeness and splendour of that of England. The king was inferior to none either in figure or attire ; his wit was pleasant ; his disposition easy and affable ; his soul, susceptible of opposite impressions, was compassionate to the unhappy, inflexible to the wicked, and tender even to excess ; he shewed great abilities in urgent affairs, but was incapable of application to any that were not so : his heart was often the dupe, but more frequently the slave, of his engagements.⁷

The character of the Duke of York was entirely

France might be inclined to marry her. So she writ to her to come to Paris. In order to that, she made an equipage far above what she could support. So she ran herself into debt, sold all her jewels, and some estates that were in her power as her son's guardian ; andw as not only disappointed of that vain expectation, but fell into some misfortunes that lessened the reputation she had formerly lived in."—*History of his own Times*, vol. i., p. 238.

⁶ Catherine of Braganza arrived in England on May 14, 1662. For particulars of this event and of her marriage to Charles II., see Appendix to the volume, note A.

⁷ By way of contrast to the Chevalier's favourable estimate of the character of Charles II., some contemporary satires by Andrew Marvel, the Earl of Rochester, and the Duke of Buckingham are subjoined :

“ Of a tall stature and of sable hue ;	Twelve years complete he suffered in exile
Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew :	And kept his father's asses all the while.

different : he had the reputation of undaunted courage, inviolable attachment for his word, great economy in his affairs, haughtiness, application, pride, each in their

At length, by wonderful impulse of fate,	In a slashed doublet then he came ashore,
The people call him home to help the State ;	And dubbed poor Palmer's wife his royal whore ;
And what is more, they send him money too,	Bishops and deans, peers, pimps, and knights he made,
And clothe him all from head to foot anew.	Things highly fitting for a monarch's trade.
Nor did he such small favours then disdain,	With women, wine, and viands of delight,
But in his thirtieth year began his reign.	His jolly vassals feast him day and night."

An Historical Poem, by A. Marvel.—*State Poems*, vol. i., p. 97.

Palmer's wife referred to above was the notorious Countess of Castlemaine, her husband having been created Earl of Castlemaine in Ireland by Charles II. in 1661.

Rochester thus ironically extols the king :—

" In all affairs of Church or State,	· · · · ·
He very zealous is and able,	Makes young men judges of the bench,
Devout at prayers, and sits up late	And bishops those that love a wench."
At the cabal and council table.	· · · · ·
His very dog at council board	· · · · ·
Sits grave and wise as any lord.	· · · · ·

The Restoration ; or, the History of Insipids, by John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

The last line of the above quotation has reference to Charles creating Crew, Bishop of Durham and Prideaux, Bishop of Chichester, at the request of his favourite mistress. Pepys, moreover, notes that, "My Lady Castlemaine hath made a bishop lately, namely, her uncle, Dr. Glenham, who I think they say is Bishop of Carlisle, a drunken, swearing rascal, and a scandal to the Church, and do now pretend to be Bishop of Lincoln."

Buckingham's satire is the most scathing of all :—

" Nay, he could sail a yacht both nigh and large,	Could this dull blockhead ever get by heart.
Knew how to trim a boat or steer a barge,	Look over all the universal frame,
Could say his compass to the nation's joy,	There's not a thing the will of man can name
And swear as well as any cabin boy.	In which this ugly perjured rogue delights,
But not one lesson of the ruling art	But ducks and loitering, buttered buns and whites."

The Cabin Boy, by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

fitting place. A scrupulous observer of the rules of duty and the laws of justice, he was accounted a faithful friend, and an implacable enemy.⁸

His sense of morality and justice, after struggling for some time with ideas of decorum, had at last triumphed over the latter, by his acknowledging for his wife Miss Hyde, maid of honour to the princess royal, whom he had secretly married in Holland.⁹ Her father, then already a minister of England, being supported by this new interest, soon rose to the head of affairs, and almost

⁸ James, Duke of York, was born Oct. 15, 1633; succeeded his brother Feb. 6, 1684-5; abdicated in 1688; and died Sept. 6, 1701. Bishop Burnet says of him: "He was very brave in his youth; and so much magnified by Monsieur Turenne that, till his marriage lessened him, he really clouded the king, and passed for the superior genius. He was naturally candid and sincere, and a firm friend, till affairs and his religion wore out all his first principles and inclinations. He had a great desire to understand affairs; and in order to that he kept a constant journal of all that passed, of which he showed me a great deal. The Duke of Buckingham gave me once a short but severe character of the two brothers. It was the more severe, because it was true. The king (he said) could see things if he would; and the duke would see things if he could. . . . He was bred with high notions of kingly authority, and laid it down for a maxim that all who opposed the king were rebels in their hearts. He was perpetually in one amour or other, without being very nice in his choice; upon which the king once said, he believed his brother had his mistresses given him by his priests for penance."—*History of his own Times*.

⁹ James II. in his diary refers to his marriage with Miss Hyde as follows: "When his sister, the princess royal, came to Paris to see the queen mother, the Duke of York fell in love with Mistress Anne Hyde, one of her maids of honour. Besides her person, she had all the qualities proper to inflame a heart less apt to take fire than his, and managed so well as to bring his passion to such an height, that, between the time he first saw her and the winter before the king's restoration, he resolved to marry none but her; and promised her to do it: and though, at first, when the duke asked the king his brother for his leave, he refused, and dissuaded him from it, yet at last he opposed it no more, and the duke married her privately." (*Macpherson's State Papers*, vol. i.) James mentions that many of his friends and servants opposed the marriage, and observes that Miss Hyde's "want of birth was made up by endowments; and her marriage afterwards became her acquired dignity." According to *Kennel's Register*, Miss Hyde was contracted to the duke at Breda on Nov. 24, 1659; the marriage, however, did not take place till more than nine months afterwards, when there were urgent reasons for its being no longer delayed. For further particulars respecting this marriage, see notes, pp. 3, 8, *et seq.*, vol. ii.

ruined them : not that he wanted capacity, but he had far more self-sufficiency.¹⁰

The Duke of Ormond possessed the confidence and esteem of his master : the greatness of his services, the splendour of his merit and his birth, and the fortune he had abandoned to follow the fortunes of Charles II., rendered him worthy of it : nor durst the courtiers even murmur at seeing him grand steward of the household, first lord of the bedchamber, and lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He exactly resembled the Marshal de Gramont, in the turn of his wit and the nobleness of his manners, and like him was the honour of his master's Court.¹¹

¹⁰ Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, "styled," says Horace Walpole, "for his comprehensive knowledge of mankind, the chancellor of human nature." Macaulay speaks of him in the following terms : "He pined for the decorous tyranny of the old Whitehall, for the days of that sainted king who deprived his people of their money and their ears but let their wives and daughters alone ; and could scarcely reconcile himself to a Court with a seraglio and without a Star-chamber. By taking this course he made himself every day more odious, both to the sovereign, who loved pleasure much more than prerogative, and to the people who dreaded royal prerogatives much more than royal pleasures ; and thus he was at last more detested by the Court than by any chief of the Opposition, and more detested by the Parliament than any pandar of the Court."—*Essays*, vol. iii. p. 27.

¹¹ James Butler, Duke of Ormond, born Oct. 19, 1610, and died July 21, 1688. Lord Clarendon says that "he frankly engaged his person and his fortune in the king's (Charles I.) service, from the first hour of the troubles . . . and when he could make no longer defence, he refused all the conditions which Cromwell offered, who would have given him all his vast estate if he would have been contented to live quietly in some of his own houses, without further concerning himself in the quarrel ; and transported himself, without so much as accepting a pass from his authority, in a little weak vessel into France, where he found the king, from whom he never parted till he returned with him into England. Having thus merited as much as a subject can do from a prince, he had much more credit and esteem with the king than any other man."—*Continuation of Life*, p. 4.

Bishop Burnet describes Ormond as "a man every way fitted for a Court ; of a graceful appearance, a lively wit, and a cheerful temper ; a man of great expense ; decent even in his vices, for he always kept up the form of religion."—*History of his own Times*, vol. i. p. 137.

The Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of St. Albans were the same in England as they appeared in France : the one, full of wit and vivacity, dissipated, in no brilliant way, an immense estate upon which he had just entered ;¹² the other, a man of no great genius, had from nothing attained to a considerable fortune, and by losing at play, and keeping a great table, made it appear still greater than it was.¹³

Sir George Berkeley, afterwards Earl of Falmouth, was the confidant and favourite of the king : he com-

¹² "The Duke of Buckingham is again one hundred and forty thousand pounds in debt ; and by this prorogation his creditors have time to tear all his lands to pieces."—(Andrew Marvel's *Works*, vol. i. p. 406.) George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, born Jan. 30, 1627, is here referred to. Bishop Burnet speaks of him as "a man of noble presence, with a great liveliness of wit, and a peculiar faculty of turning all things into ridicule with bold figures, and natural descriptions. He had no sort of literature, but he was drawn into chymistry ; and for some years he thought he was very near the finding the philosopher's stone, which had the effect that attends on all such men as he was, when they are drawn in, to lay out for it. He had no principles of religion, virtue, or friendship ; pleasure, frolic, or extravagant diversion was all that he laid to heart. He was true to nothing ; for he was not true to himself. He had no steadiness or conduct ; he could keep no secret, nor execute any design without spoiling it. He could never fix his thoughts, nor govern his estate, though then the greatest in England. He was bred about the king, and for many years he had a great ascendant over him ; but he spoke of him to all persons with that contempt, that at last he drew a lasting disgrace upon himself."—*History of his own Times*, vol. i. p. 137.

¹³ Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, and Baron of St. Edmund's Bury. He was master of the horse to Queen Henrietta, and one of the privy-council to Charles II. In 1660, he was sent ambassador to the Court of France, and, in 1671, he was made lord-chamberlain of his majesty's household. He died in 1683. Sir John Reresby asserts, that he was married to Queen Henrietta. "The abbess of an English college in Paris, whither the queen used to retire, would tell me," says Sir John, "that Lord Jermyn, since St. Albans, had the queen greatly in awe of him ; and indeed it was obvious that he had great interest with her concerns ; but that he was married to her, or had children by her, as some have reported, I did not then believe, though the thing was certainly so."—*Memoirs*, p. 4.

Pepys in his *Diary* (Feb. 22, 1663-4) says that after the suppression of the rising in Ireland, Lord Antrim, "the head of the rebels, hath obliged himself upon the clearing of his estate to settle it upon a daughter of the queen mother (by my Lord Jermyn, I suppose) in marriage, be it to whom the queen pleases, which is a sad story."

manded the Duke of York's regiment of guards, and governed the duke himself. He had nothing very remarkable either in his wit, or his person; but his sentiments were worthy of the fortune which awaited him, when, on the very point of his elevation, he was killed at sea. Never did disinterestedness so perfectly characterize the greatness of a soul: he had no views but what tended to the glory of his master: his credit was never employed but in advising him to reward services, or to confer favours on merit: so polished in conversation, that the greater his power, the greater was his humility; and so sincere in all his proceedings, that he would never have been taken for a courtier.¹⁴

¹⁴ The Sir *George Berkeley*, incorrectly so-called above, was really *Charles Berkeley*, second son of Sir — Berkeley, of Bruton, Gloucestershire, and was the principal favourite and companion of the Duke of York in his campaigns. He was created Baron Berkeley of Rathdown, and Viscount Fitzharding in Ireland, and Baron Bottetort and Earl of Falmouth in England, 1664. He had the address to secure himself in the affections equally of the king and his brother at the same time. Lord Clarendon, who conceived with reason, a prejudice against him (see note, p. 8, vol. ii), calls him "a fellow of great wickedness," and says, "he was one in whom few other men (except the king) had ever observed any virtue or quality, which they did not wish their best friends without. He was young, and of an insatiable ambition; and a little more experience might have taught him all things which his weak parts were capable of."—*Life*, pp. 34, 267.

Pepys mentions that he was told Sir Charles's greatness arose from the circumstance of his "being pimp to the king and to my Lady Castlemaine," and he records that Mr., afterwards Sir Christopher Wren, informed him "of the basest thing of my Lord Berkeley that ever was heard of any man" — which was his swindling the Duke of York out of £700 a year for many years in connection with the duke's wine licences. Lord Berkeley lost his life in the action at Southwold Bay, June 2, 1665, by a shot, which also killed Lord Muskerry and Mr. Boyle, as they were standing on the quarter-deck, near the Duke of York, who was covered with their blood.

"An untaught bullet, in its wanton scope,
Dashes him all to pieces, and his hope;
Such was his rise, such was his fall unpraised,—
A chance shot sooner took him than chance raised;
His shattered head the fearless duke disdains,
And gave the last first proof that he had brains."

Marvel's *Advice to a Painter*, p. 1.

The Duke of Ormond's son and his nephews had been at the king's Court during his exile, and were far from diminishing its lustre after his return. The Earl of Arran possessed singular address in all kinds of exercises, played well at tennis and on the guitar, and was pretty successful in gallantry.¹⁵ There was less brilliancy about his elder brother, the Earl of Ossory, but the latter displayed a high mind, and great probity.¹⁶

The elder of the Hamiltons,¹⁷ their cousin, was the man who of all the Court dressed best : he was well made

¹⁵ Richard Butler, Earl of Arran, fifth son of James Butler, first Duke of Ormond, was born in 1639. As he grew up, he evinced a brave disposition, which determined him to a military life. When the duke, his father, was first made lord-lieutenant of Ireland, after the Restoration, the king created Lord Richard, Baron Butler of Cloghgrenan, Viscount Tullogh, and Earl of Arran. He married Lady Mary Stuart, daughter of James, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, in 1664, but his wife died less than three years afterwards. He distinguished himself in reducing the mutineers at Carrick-Fergus, and behaved with great courage in the famous sea-fight with the Dutch, in 1673. In June of that year, he married Dorothy, daughter of John Ferrars, Esq., of Tamworth Castle, Warwickshire, and in the following August was created Baron Butler of Weston, in the county of Huntingdon. In 1682, he was constituted lord-deputy of Ireland, upon his father's going over to England, and held that office until Aug. 1684, when the duke returned. He died in 1686.

¹⁶ Thomas, Earl of Ossory, eldest son of the first Duke of Ormond, was born in 1634. Sir Robert Southwell drew the following character of him at the time he attained his majority:—"He is a young man with a very handsome face; a good head of hair; well set; very good-natured; rides the great horse very well; is a very good tennis-player, fencer, and dancer; understands music, and plays on the guitar and lute; speaks French elegantly; reads Italian fluently; is a good historian; and so well versed in romances, that if a gallery be full of pictures and hangings, he will tell the stories of all that are there described. He shuts up his door at eight o'clock in the evening, and studies till midnight: he is temperate, courteous, and excellent in all his behaviour." Lord Ossory died in 1680.

¹⁷ The Hamilton here referred to is James, the eldest son of Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of the Earl of Abercorn, by Mary Butler, sister to James, the first Duke of Ormond. James Hamilton was a great favourite with Charles II., who made him a groom of his bed-chamber, colonel of a regiment of foot, and ranger of Hyde Park. In an engagement with the Dutch, he had one of his legs taken off by a cannon-ball, of which wound he died, June 6, 1673, soon after he was brought home, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

in his person, and possessed those happy talents which lead to fortune, and procure success in love : he was a most assiduous courtier, had the most lively wit, the most polished manners, and the most punctual attention to his master imaginable. No person danced better, nor was any one a more general lover : a merit of some account in a Court entirely devoted to love and gallantry. It is not at all surprising, that with these qualities he succeeded Lord Falmouth in the king's favour ; but it is very extraordinary that he should have experienced the same destiny, as if this sort of war had been declared against merit only, and as if this sort of combat was fatal only to such as had certain hopes of a splendid fortune. This, however, did not happen till some years afterwards.

The beau Sidney, less dangerous than he appeared to be, had not sufficient vivacity to support the sensation which his figure caused ;¹⁸ but little Jermyn was on all sides successful in his intrigues. The old Earl of Saint Albans, his uncle, had long previously adopted him, though he was the youngest of all his nephews. It is well known what a table the old man kept at Paris, while the king his master was starving at Brussels, and the queen-dowager, his mistress, lived not over well in France.¹⁹

¹⁸ Henry Sydney, brother of the famous Algernon Sydney, and afterwards created Earl of Romney. Burnet says, "he was a graceful man, and had lived long in the Court, where he had some adventures that became very public. He was a man of sweet and caressing temper, had no malice in his heart, but too great a love of pleasure."

¹⁹ To what a miserable state the queen dowager was reduced may be seen by the following extract from the memoirs of Cardinal de Retz :— "Four or five days before the king removed from Paris, I went to visit the Queen of England, whom I found in the chamber of her daughter, who hath

Jermyn, supported by his uncle's wealth, found it no difficult matter to make a considerable figure upon his arrival at the Court of the Princess of Orange : the poor courtiers of the king her brother could not possibly vie with him in point of equipage and magnificence ; and these two articles often produce as much success in love as real merit. There is no necessity for any other example than the present ; for although Jermyn was brave, and certainly a gentleman, yet he had neither brilliant actions, nor distinguished rank, to set him off ; and as for his figure, there was nothing advantageous in it. He was little ; his head was large, and his legs small ; his features were not disagreeable, but he was affected in his carriage and behaviour. All his wit

since become Duchess of Orleans. At my coming in she said, ' You see I am come to keep Henrietta company. The poor child could not rise to-day for want of a fire.' The truth is, that the cardinal (Mazarin) for six months together had not ordered her any money towards her pension ; that no tradespeople would trust her for anything ; and that there was not one single billet at her lodgings in the Louvre. You will do me the justice to suppose, that the Princess of England did not keep her bed the next day for want of a faggot. . . I strongly represented the shame of abandoning her in that manner, which caused the parliament to send 40,000 livres to her majesty. Posterity will hardly believe that a princess of England, grand-daughter of Henry the Great, had wanted a faggot, in the month of January, to get out of bed in the Louvre, and in the eyes of a French Court." (*Memoirs*, vol i. p. 261.) The mother of the Regent, Philip, Duke of Orleans, in one of her letters, says :—" Charles I.'s widow made a clandestine marriage with her *chevalier d'honneur*, Lord St. Albans, who treated her extremely ill, so that, whilst she had not a faggot to warm herself, he had in his apartment a good fire and a sumptuous table. He never gave the queen a kind word, and when she spoke to him he used to say, *Que me veut cette femme ?*" Clarendon tells us that the " Marquis of Ormond was compelled to put himself in prison, with other gentlemen, at a pistole a week for his diet, and to walk the streets a-foot, which was no honourable custom in Paris, whilst Lord Jermyn (St. Albans) kept an excellent table for those who courted him, and had a coach of his own, and all other accommodations incident to the most full fortune : and if the king had the most urgent occasion for the use but of twenty pistoles, as sometimes he had, he could not find credit to borrow it, which he often had experiment of."—*History of the Rebellion*, vol. iii. p. 2.

consisted of expressions learnt by rote, which he employed either in raillery or in love-making, as occasion offered. This was the whole foundation of the merit of a man so formidable in amours.²⁰

The princess royal was the first who was taken in by him :²¹ Miss Hyde seemed to be following in the steps of her mistress : and this it was that first brought him into credit. His reputation was established in England before his arrival there. Prepossession in the minds of women is sufficient to enable one to gain access to their hearts : Jermyn found them so favourably disposed towards himself, that he had nothing to do but to speak.

It was in vain they perceived that his reputation, so lightly established, was still more weakly sustained : they continued obstinate. The Countess of Castlemaine, a lively and discerning woman, followed the delusive shadow which had taken her fancy ; and though undeceived as to a reputation which promised so much, and justified itself so little, she could not in her obstinacy admit her mistake : she persevered, indeed, until she was upon the point of embroiling herself with the king ; so great was this first instance of her constancy.²²

²⁰ Henry Jermyn, younger son of Thomas, elder brother of the Earl of St. Albans. He was created Baron Dover in 1685, and died without children, at Cheveley, in Cambridgeshire, in 1708.

²¹ It was suspected of this princess that she had a similar intrigue with the Duke of Buckingham as the queen had with Lord Jermyn, and that this was the reason why she would not see the duke on his second voyage to Holland, in 1652.

²² Barbara, Countess of Castlemaine, was daughter and heir of William Villiers, Lord Viscount Grandison, of the kingdom of Ireland, who died in 1642, in consequence of wounds received at the battle of Edge-hill. She was married, just before the Restoration, to Roger Palmer, Esq., then a



no. 2. Let's pin

Countess of Castlemaine.

Such were the heroes of the Court. As for the beauties, you could not turn anywhere without seeing some of them : those of the greatest reputation were this same Countess of Castlemaine, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, Lady Chesterfield, Lady Shrewsbury, the Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Middleton, the Miss Brooks, and a hundred others, who also shone at the Court ; but Miss Hamilton and Miss Stewart were its chief ornaments.

student in the Temple, and heir to a considerable fortune. In the 13th year of Charles II. he was created Earl of Castlemaine in the kingdom of Ireland. She had a daughter, born in Feb. 1661, while she cohabited with her husband ; but shortly after she became the avowed mistress of the king, Lady Castlemaine's particular style of beauty has been thus described :—“ If her nose was slightly turned up the result was to impart to her a sauciness that was certainly piquant. Her figure was tall, and of a fine harmonious outline. Her eyes and hair were dark, and her skin glazed with health and life. Her lips were cherry-red, and her bust—which, in the fashion of the day, her loose and falling upper garments and thin smock failed to hide—was white as snow. Her eyes, if not large, were lively and bright. They spared none of their artillery to conquer, and promised everything to retain the captive.” Forneron's *Louise de Keroualle*, Eng. trans., p. 18.

Pepys, under date May 21, 1662, has the following gossip about the reigning favourite :—“ My wife and I to my lord's lodging ; where she and I stayed, walking in Whitehall garden. And in the Privy garden saw the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's, with rich lace at the bottom, that ever I saw ; and did me good to look at them. Sarah told me how the king dined at my Lady Castlemaine's, and supped every day and night the last week ; and that the night the bonfires were made for joy of the queen's arrival, the king was there ; but there was no fire at her door, though at all the rest of the doors almost in the street ; which was much observed ; and that the king and she did send for a pair of scales and weighed one another ; and she, being with child, was said to be heaviest.” A month or two afterwards, Pepys hears that Lady Castlemaine has fallen out with her husband, and gone away from him to Richmond, with all her plate, jewels, and other best things, as much as every dish and cloth and servant but the porter ; the quarrel being about the christening of a child which he had had done by a priest, and she afterwards by a minister with the king, Lord Oxford, and the Duchess of Suffolk as witnesses. Pepys also learns that the “ queen did put Lady Castlemaine's name out of the list presented her by the king, desiring that she (the queen) might have that favour done her, or that he would send her whence she came, and that the king was angry and the queen discontented a whole day and night upon it.” *Diary*, (July 16 and 26.)

It was about this time that the Countess of Castlemaine secured for Dryden the acceptance of his comedy, *The Wild Gallant*, at the king's

The new queen imparted but little additional brilliancy to the Court, either by her person, or her retinue, which was then composed of the Countess de Panétra, who came over with her in the capacity of lady of the bed-chamber; six frights, who called themselves maids of honour, and another monster, a duenna, who took the title of governess to these extraordinary beauties.²³

Among the men were Francisco de Melo, brother to the Countess de Panétra; one Taurauvèdez, who called himself Don Pedro Francisco Correo de Silva, extremely handsome, but more foolish than all the Portuguese put together. He was far more vain of his names than of his person; but the Duke of Buckingham, a still greater fool than he, though more addicted to raillery, gave him the additional name of Peter of the Wood. He was so enraged at this, that, after many fruitless complaints and ineffectual menaces, poor Correo de Silva was obliged to leave England, while the happy duke kept possession of a Portuguese nymph more hideous than the queen's

house, and moreover, persuaded Charles to honour the performance with his presence, when, as Pepys records, "he did not seem pleased at all, nor anybody else; but my Lady Castlemaine was well worth seeing." Dryden thanked the lady in some wretched lines in which she was compared to Cato!—

"Once Cato's virtues did the Gods oppose,
While they the victor, he the vanquished chose:
But you have done what Cato could not do."

Rochester afterwards ridiculed the whole affair—comedy, verses, and countess,—in his "Session of the Poets."

"Dryden, who one would have thought had more wit,
The censure of every man did disdain;
Pleading some pitiful lines he had writ
In praise of the Countess of Castlemaine."

²³ These Portuguese importations, who with "their monstrous fardingales, their olivarder complexions, and disagreeable manners," formed such a contrast to the native beauties at Whitehall, were sent back to their own country after having been only a short time in England.



in Peter del Pons

Catherine of Braganza

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. It highlights the need for consistent data collection procedures and the use of advanced analytical techniques to derive meaningful insights from the data.

3. The final part of the document provides a summary of the key findings and conclusions drawn from the data analysis. It discusses the implications of these findings for the organization's strategic planning and decision-making processes.

maids of honour, whom he had taken from him, as well as two of his names. Besides these, there were six chaplains, four bakers, a Jew perfumer, and a certain officer, apparently without an office, who called himself the Infanta's barber.²⁴ Catharine of Braganza was far from appearing with splendour in the charming Court where she came to reign; however, in the end she was successful.²⁵ The Chevalier de Gramont, who had been long known to the royal family, and to most of the gentlemen of the Court, had only to get acquainted with the ladies; and for this he needed no interpreter: they all spoke French enough to explain themselves, and they all understood it sufficiently to comprehend what he had to say to them.

The queen's Court was always very numerous; that of the duchess was less so, but more select. The princess²⁶ had a majestic air, a fairly good shape, not much beauty,

²⁴ See the last paragraph of note A in the Appendix to the present volume.

²⁵ "Though she was of years enough to have had more experience of the world, and of as much wit as could be wished, and of a humour very agreeable at some seasons, yet, she had been bred, according to the mode and discipline of her country, in a monastery, where she had only seen the women who attended her, and conversed with the religious who resided there; and, without doubt, in her inclinations, was enough disposed to have been one of that number. From this restraint she was called out to be a great queen, and to a free conversation in a Court that was to be upon the matter new formed, and reduced from the manners of a licentious age to the old rules and limits which had been observed in better times; to which regular and decent conformity the present disposition of men or women was not enough inclined to submit, nor the king enough disposed to exact."—Clarendon: *Continuation of Life*, p. 167.

²⁶ "The Duchess of York was a very extraordinary woman. She had great knowledge, and a lively sense of things. She soon understood what belonged to a princess, and took state on her rather too much. She writ well, and had begun the duke's life, of which she shewed me a volume. It was all drawn from his journal; and he intended to have employed me in carrying it on. She was bred in great strictness in religion, and practised secret confession. Morley told me he was her confessor. She began at twelve years old, and continued under his direction till, upon her father's

a great deal of wit, and so just a discernment of merit, that, whoever of either sex were possessed of it, were sure to be distinguished by her. An air of grandeur in all her actions made one look upon her as if she had been born in the rank which placed her so near the throne. The queen dowager had returned after the marriage of the princess royal, and it was in her Court that the two others met.²⁷

The Chevalier de Gramont was soon liked by all parties: those who had not known him before were

disgrace, he was put from the Court. She was generous and friendly, but was too severe an enemy."—Burnet's *Own Times*, vol. i. p. 237.

The duchess is thus satirized by Marvel in his "Last Instructions to a Painter":—

"Paint, then, again her highness
to the life,
Philosopher beyond Newcastle's
wife,
She naked can Archimedes' self
put down;
For an experiment upon the crown,
She perfected that engine oft es-
sayed,
How after child-birth to renew a
maid.
And proved how royal heirs may be
matured
In fewer months than mothers once
endured.

Hence Crowder made the rare in-
ventress free
Of 's highness's royal society.
(Happiest of women if she were but
able
To make her glassen Duke once
malleable.)
Paint her with oyster-lip and breath
of Fame—
Wide mouth that 'sparagus' may well
proclaim;
With chancellor's belly and so large
a rump,
There (not behind the coach) her
pages jump."

Poems on State Affairs, 1703, vol. i.

²⁷ Queen Henrietta Maria arrived at Whitehall, Nov. 2, 1660, after nineteen years' absence. She was received with acclamations; and bon-fires were lighted on the occasion, both in London and Westminster. She returned to France with her daughter, the Princess Henrietta, Jan. 2, 1660-1, and arrived in England again, July 28, 1662.

Andrew Marvel thus lampoons her:—

"Bold James survives, no dangers
make him flinch,
He marries Signor Falmouth's preg-
nant wench.
The pious mother Queen hearing
her son
Was thus enamoured of a buttered
bun,

And that the fleet was gone in pomp
and state,
To fetch for Charles, the flowery
Lisbon Kate.
She chants *Te Deum* and so comes
away,
To wish her hopeful issue timely
joy.

surprised to see a Frenchman of his disposition. The king's restoration had drawn a great number of foreigners from all countries to the Court, and the French were rather in disgrace; for, instead of any persons of distinction having appeared among the first who came over, one had only seen some insignificant giddy sparks, each striving to outdo the other in folly and extravagance, despising everything which was not like themselves, and thinking that they introduced the *bel air*, by treating the English as foreigners in their own country.

The Chevalier de Gramont, on the contrary, was familiar with everybody: he accommodated himself to their customs, eat of everything, praised everything, and easily habituated himself to manners which he looked upon as neither vulgar nor barbarous; and as he shewed a natural complaisance, instead of the impertinent affectation of the others, all the nation was charmed with a man, who agreeably indemnified them for what they had suffered from the ridiculous conduct of the former.

He first of all made his court to the king, and was admitted to share his diversions. He played high, and lost but seldom. He found so little difference in the manners and conversation of those with whom he chiefly associated, that he could scarcely believe he was out of

<p>Her most uxorious mate she ruled of old, Why not with easy youngsters make as bold? From the French Court she haughty topics brings, Deludes their pliant nature with vain things;</p>	<p>Her mischief-breeding breast did so prevail, The new-got Flemish town was set to sale; For these and Germain's sins she founds a church, So slips away and leaves us in the lurch."</p>
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The "new-got Flemish town" is Dunkirk, and "Germain" is the queen's husband, or lover, Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans.

his own country. Every thing, which could agreeably engage a man of his disposition, presented itself to his different humours, as if the pleasures of the Court of France had quitted it to accompany him in his exile.

He was every day invited to some repast ; and those who wished to regale him in their turn, were at last obliged to take their measures betimes, and to invite him eight or ten days beforehand. These eager civilities became tiresome in the long run ; but as they seemed indispensable to a man of his disposition, and as it was the most respectable people of the Court who loaded him with them, he submitted with a good grace ; however, he always reserved to himself the liberty of supping at home.

His supper-hour, to tell the truth, depended upon play, and was indeed very uncertain ; but the repast was of a refined character, thanks to the assistance of one or two servants, who understood how to provide good fare, who attended fairly well, and robbed their master still better.

The company, at these little entertainments, was not numerous, but it was select : the first people of the Court were commonly of the party ; but the man, who of all others was best suited to these occasions, never failed to attend : this was the celebrated Saint-Evremond, who with accuracy, but undue freedom, had written the history of the treaty of the Pyrenees :²⁸ an exile like the Chevalier, though for very different reasons. Happily

²⁸ What Hamilton terms a "history" was in reality a letter written by Saint Evremond to Marshal de Créquy, and found among the papers of the latter at a perquisition made at the time of the *fermier-général*, Fouquet's disgrace.

for them both, fortune, some time before the arrival of the Chevalier de Gramont, had brought Saint-Evremond to England, after he had had leisure to repent in Holland of the beauties of his famous satire.

The Chevalier was from that time his hero : they had each of them acquired all the advantages which a knowledge of the world, and the society of gentlefolks, could add to good natural talents. Saint-Evremond, less engaged in frivolous pursuits, occasionally gave little lectures to the Chevalier, and by making observations upon the past, endeavoured to set him right for the present, or to instruct him for the future.

“You are now,” said he, “in the most agreeable way of life that a man of your temper could wish for : you are the delight of a youthful, sprightly, and gallant Court : the king never has a party of pleasure to which you are not admitted. You play from morning to night, or, to speak more properly, from night to morning, without knowing what it is to lose. Far from losing the money you brought here, as you have done in other places, you have doubled it, trebled it, multiplied it almost beyond your wishes, notwithstanding the excessive expenses you are imperceptibly led into. This, without doubt, is the most desirable situation in the world : abide by it, Chevalier, and do not ruin your affairs, by returning to your old sins. Avoid love, by pursuing other pleasures : love has never yet been favourable to you. You are aware how much gallantry has cost you ; every person here is not so well acquainted with that matter as yourself. Play boldly : delight the Court with your graces : divert the king by your wit

and entertaining stories ; but avoid all engagements which can deprive you of this merit, and make you forget that you are a foreigner and an exile in this delightful country.

“ Fortune may grow weary of befriending you at play. What would have become of you, if your last misfortune had befallen you, at a time when your purse was as low as I have known it to be ? Attend carefully, then, to this necessary deity, and renounce the other. You will be missed at the Court of France, before you grow weary of this one ; but be that as it may, lay up a good store of money : when a man is rich, he consoles himself for his banishment. I know you well, my dear Chevalier : if you take it into your head to seduce a lady, or to supplant a lover, your gains at play will by no means suffice for presents and for bribes : no, let play be as favourable to you as it can be, you will never gain so much by it, as you will lose by love, if you yield to it.

“ You are in possession of a thousand splendid qualifications which distinguish you here : generous, obliging, elegant, and polite ; and for your engaging wit, inimitable. Upon a strict examination, perhaps, all this would not be found literally true ; but these are brilliant parts ; and since it is granted that you possess them, do not shew yourself here in any other light : for in love, if your manner of paying your addresses can be so denominated, you do not in the least resemble the picture I have just now drawn.”

“ My little philosophising rascal,” said the Chevalier de Gramont, “ you talk as if you were the Cato of Normandy.”

“Do I say any thing untrue?” replied Saint-Evremond: “is it not a fact, that as soon as a woman pleases you, your first care is to find out whether she has any other lover, and your second how to plague her; for the gaining of her affection is the last thing in your thoughts. You seldom engage in intrigues, but to disturb the happiness of others: a mistress who had no lovers, would have no charms for you, and if she had, she would be invaluable. Do not all the places through which you have passed furnish me with a thousand examples? Shall I mention your first venture at Turin? the trick you played at Fontainebleau, where you robbed the Princess Palatine’s courier upon the highway? And for what purpose was this fine exploit, but to place you in possession of some proofs of her affection for another, in order to give her uneasiness and confusion by reproaches and menaces, which you had no right to address to her?”

“Who but yourself ever took it into his head to place himself in ambush upon the stairs, to disturb a man engaged in an intrigue, and to pull him back by the leg when he was half way up to his mistress’s chamber? Yet did not you use your friend the Duke of Buckingham in this manner, when he was stealing at night to — although you were not in the least his rival? How many spies did not you send out after D’Olonne?²⁹

²⁹ The frail beauty here referred to is Catherine Henrietta d’Angennes, daughter of Charles d’Angennes, Lord of La Loupe and Baron d’Amberville. The Cardinal de Retz who courted her, but without success, mentions her in his *Memoirs* (vol. iii. p. 95), and Guy Joly, writing in 1652, calls her one of the most beautiful women in France. According to Bussy-Rabutin, she had a pretty face and fine arms and hands, but her figure was somewhat massive. Having married Louis de la Trémoille,

How many tricks, frauds, and persecutions did you not practise on the Countess de Fiesque, who might perhaps have been constant to you, if you had not yourself forced her to be otherwise? ³⁰ But, to conclude, for the enume-

Count d'Olonne, in 1652, she eventually became so notorious for her immoral conduct that Madame de Sevigné wrote:—"It is too difficult to purify the name of Olonne." Among her lovers were the Marquis Francis de Beuvron, the Abbé de Villarceaux, the Prince de Marsillac (afterwards Duke de la Rochefoucauld), and the second Duke of Candale, who was the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the French Court. "When the duke died," says Saint-Evremont, who also has been classed among Madame d'Olonne's lovers, "the countess made herself famous by the excess of her affliction, and had, in my opinion, been happy if she had kept it on to the last. One amour is creditable to a lady, and I know not whether it be not more advantageous to her reputation than never to have been in love."

The Chevalier de Gramont began to court Madame d'Olonne at the time when she was the mistress of the Prince de Marsillac; and as the lady refused to listen to him, he kept a number of spies constantly watching her and her lover, in view of worrying them; whilst to console himself for her indifference, he paid his addresses to Mazarin's niece, the Duchess de Merceur, Madame de Villars, and Madame de Fiesque. At this juncture, according to the *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, Gramont's nephew, the Count de Guiche, also began to court Madame d'Olonne, who listened favourably to him, but as at the decisive moment he failed to conduct himself like a man, the intrigue came to an abrupt conclusion, though the count subsequently tried to procure Madame d'Olonne for his patron, the timid Duke of Orleans, father of the regent.

The countess's sister Magdalen, married to the Marshal de la Ferté-Senneterre, led an even more dissolute life. Seventy-two noblemen and Court personages are comprised among her favoured lovers. In their old age these decayed beauties appear to have quarrelled for the possession of the young Marquis de Fervaques, who was very wealthy and very simple. Madame d'Olonne was the first to ensnare him, but as she acquired a habit of beating him with the fire-irons, he left her for her sister. The Countess d'Olonne is the heroine of a scurrilous little play, the *Comédie Galante de Monsieur D. B.*, first published at Cologne and reissued with the *Lettres Philosophiques de M. de Voltaire*, London, 1776 and 1781, &c.

³⁰ This Countess de Fiesque was Gilonne d'Harcourt, married first to the Marquis de Piennes, and secondly to Charles Louis, Count de Fiesque. Like the latter's mother, she played a somewhat prominent part in the Fronde. The Countess Gilonne figures under the name of Félicie in Somaize's *Dictionnaire des Précieuses* in which she is described as being persecuted by the Chevalier de Galerius (Gramont). Saint-Simon says that she spent her life in frivolous society, whilst Madame de Sevigné speaks highly of her wit. She was certainly very talkative, for it was in reference to her that Madame Cornuel coined the well-known term, *moulin à paroles* (word-mill). When Queen Christina of Sweden and Don John of Austria came to Paris they both declared that they did not find the countess handsome, and expressed their surprise that Gramont should have loved her for

ration of your iniquities would be endless, give me leave to ask you, how you came here? Are not we obliged to that same evil genius of yours, which rashly inspired you to meddle even in the gallantries of your prince? Shew some discretion then on this point, here; all the beauties of the Court are already engaged; and however docile the English may be with respect to their wives, they are not the men to put up with the inconstancy of their mistresses, or to patiently suffer the advantages of

many years, as was reported. Bussy-Rabutin says:—"Although the Chevalier de Gramont loved far and near, he had such a great weakness for the countess, that whatever engagement he might have elsewhere, he left everything to return to her as soon as he learnt that anybody was frequenting her in an unusual degree. He did right, for the countess was a loveable woman: she had brilliant blue eyes, a well shaped nose, an agreeable and charmingly coloured mouth, a clear white complexion, and a long oval face: she was the only person in the world whom a pointed chin ever embellished. She had light hair and was always gallantly attired, but her appearance owed more to her artistic sense than to the magnificence of her garments. Her wit was free and natural, and her disposition cannot be described: with the modesty of her sex she was always of the same humour as those with whom she found herself."

L'Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules, contains a long account of the countess's amours, both with Gramont and his nephew, the Count de Guiche. She was so persecuted by their rivalry that she eventually dismissed them both. From a letter written by Abbé Henry Arnauld to President Barillon, this would appear to have occurred in January, 1643, when Gramont was some twenty-two years of age, and was known as the Abbé d'Andoins. Imagining that he owed his dismissal to the advice of one of the lady's relatives, M. de Chabot, afterwards Duke de Rohan, he challenged the latter to fight. "Chalot," says Tallemant des Reaux (*Historiettes*, vol. iii. p. 454), "went to the appointed spot, but as it was freezing, the abbé (*i.e.*, Gramont) told him that he felt very cold and would not fight. Marshal de Gramont, his brother, in a rage on hearing of this, declared that he would have him sent to his father by the carrier in a valise, so that he might be made a monk." Gramont was accused of cowardice on all sides, and the affair was well remembered; for many years later, when he had become an old man, the Abbé d'Aumont, whom he had offended in a vaudeville, replied to him in the following terms:—

"Is your's the age when one should write
Such ditties, Gramont, my dear knight?
Despite your wig of flaxen curls
You show your wrinkles to the girls,
And your heels in the fight."

a rival. Leave them, therefore, in peace, and do not gain their ill-will for no purpose.

“You will certainly meet with no success among such as are unmarried: honourable views, and good landed property, are required here; and you possess as little of the one as the other. Every country has its customs; in Holland, unmarried ladies are of easy access, and of tender dispositions; but as soon as they are married, they become so many Lucretias: in France, the women are coquettes before marriage, and still more so afterwards; but here it is a miracle if a young lady yields to any proposal but that of matrimony; and I do not believe you yet so destitute of grace as to think of that.”

Such were Saint-Evremond's lectures; but they were all to no purpose: the Chevalier de Gramont only attended to them for his amusement; and though he was sensible of the truth they contained, he paid little regard to their advice: in fact, being weary of the favours of fortune, he had just at that very time begun to pursue those of love.

Mrs. Middleton was the first whom he attacked: she was one of the handsomest women in town, though then little known at Court:³¹ sufficiently a coquette as to discourage no one; and so desirous of appearing magni-

³¹ Mrs. Jane Middleton, daughter of Sir Robert Needham, a relative of Evelyn's, was a woman of small fortune, but great beauty, and one moreover who preserved her good looks until long past middle age. Courtin, Louis XIV.'s ambassador, writing to the French foreign secretary, thirteen years after Gramont's arrival in England, speaks of Mrs. Middleton as “the English queen of beauty,” and says that of all the English beauties, she is the one he feels the most pleasure in seeing,—“but what a number of watch-dogs surround her!” In another of his gossiping dispatches—this time to Louvois—he writes: “I am going to call on Mrs. Middleton, whom I more than ever regard as the most beautiful and amiable woman



W. P. Pinx

Mrs. Middleton

ficently, that she wished to vie with those of the greatest fortunes, though unable to support the expense. All this suited the Chevalier de Gramont; so, without trifling away his time in formalities, he applied to her porter for admittance, and chose one of her lovers for his confidant.

This lover, who was as witty as many another, was at that time a Mr. Jones, afterwards Earl of Ranelagh.³² What engaged him to serve the Chevalier de Gramont, was to traverse the designs of a most dangerous rival, and to relieve himself from an expense which was beginning to lie too heavy upon him. In both respects the Chevalier answered his purpose.

Spies were soon afield, letters and presents flew about: he was listened to as much as he wished: he was permitted to ogle: he was even ogled in return; but that was all: he found that the fair one was very willing to accept, but made only slight returns.³³ This induced

at Court; I would give her all your money, if she would listen to overtures from me," which causes Louvois in his reply to remark, "I have so often heard of the charms of Mrs. Middleton from De Gramont that I should be glad to have her portrait." Courtin, on his part, seems unable to refrain from extolling the lady's charms. "I still hold to the opinion," observes he, "that Mrs. Middleton is the sweetest woman I ever came across in any foreign country. She's beautiful, has an air of high breeding, is full of talent [she not only shone in conversation, but painted cleverly in oils], and yet is modest and unassuming. Were I no older than you, I should be madly in love with her, but I am forty-nine." Forneron's *Louise de Keroualle*, Eng. trans., pp. 154, 163.

Evelyn, whom Mrs. Middleton visited in 1683, in company with Colonel William Russell, a former admirer of hers, spoke of her even at that time as the "famous and indeed incomparable beauty."—*Diary*.

³² Richard, the first Earl of Ranelagh, was member of the English House of Commons, and vice-treasurer of Ireland, 1674. He held several offices under both William and Anne, and died Jan. 5, 1711. Burnet says, "Lord Ranelagh was a young man of great parts, and as great vices: he had a pleasantness in his conversation that took much with the king (Charles II.); and had a great dexterity in business."—*History of his own Times*, vol. i. p. 373.

³³ This does not accord with what the French ambassador wrote to Lou-

him, without giving up his pretensions to her, to seek his fortune elsewhere.

Among the queen's maids of honour, there was one called Warmester;³⁴ she was a beauty very different from the other. Mrs. Middleton was well made, fair, and delicate; but had something finical and affected in her behaviour and discourse. The indolent languishing airs she gave herself did not please everybody: people grew weary of certain sentiments of delicacy, which she endeavoured to explain without understanding them herself; and in trying to shine she became wearisome. By dint of worrying herself in this last respect she worried everybody else, and her ambition to pass for a wit, only procured for her the reputation of being tiresome, which lasted much longer than her beauty.

Miss Warmester was dark: she had no figure, and still less air; but she had a very bright complexion, very sparkling eyes, tempting looks, which spared no effort that might engage a lover, and promised everything calculated to retain him. In the end, it very plainly appeared that her consent accompanied the promises of her eyes to the last degree of indiscretion.

vois:—"Mrs. Middleton is not at all mercenary; she once refused a purse containing fifteen hundred golden angels, which Gramont offered her."

³⁴ A MS. note by Sir Wm. Musgrave, in a copy of Gramont's Memoirs, gives Warmestrey as the correct spelling of this name, which Hamilton himself writes Warmestré. The family is said to have belonged to Worcester, and Thomas Warmestrey, Dean of Worcester, who died in 1665, and several other persons of the name, are interred in the cathedral. Warmester, or Warmestrey, is not, however, believed to have been the real name of the lady of whom Hamilton speaks. The last Earl of Arran, who lived a short time after the period referred to, asserted that the maid of honour alluded to was Miss Mary Kirk (sister of the Countess of Oxford), who, three years after she was driven from Court, married Sir Thomas Vernon, under the supposed character of a widow. It is conjectured that she may then have assumed the name of Warmester or Warmestrey.



Miss Stewart

It was between these two goddesses that the inclinations of the Chevalier de Gramont wavered, and between them that his presents were divided. Perfumed gloves, pocket looking-glasses, elegant boxes, apricot paste, essences, and other small wares of love, arrived every week from Paris, with some new suit for himself; but, with regard to more solid presents, such as earrings, diamonds, brilliants, and bright guineas, all these were to be met with of the best sort in London, and the ladies were as well pleased with them as if they had come from abroad.

Miss Stewart's beauty began at this time to create a stir. The Countess of Castlemaine perceived that the king paid attention to her;³⁵ but, instead of being alarmed at it, she favoured, as far as she was able, this

³⁵ Frances, daughter of Walter Stewart, son of Walter, Baron of Blantyre. Rothier, engineer to the royal mint, executed a medal of her, extolled as exhibiting "the finest face that perhaps was ever seen." Miss Stewart served, too, as model for the figure of Britannia on the copper coins, and thus her face and form became more widely known than those of any other beauty that ever lived. Pepys was charmed with Miss Stewart, and says of her (July 13th, 1663): "With her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*, Mrs. Stewart is now the greatest beauty I ever saw I think in my life; and if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine: nor do I wonder if the king changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine." Again, on Nov. 6, 1663, he notes, on the authority of the Earl of Sandwich, that the Earl of Arlington, the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, and Mr. Edward Montagu, were of "a committee with somebody else for the getting of Mrs. Stewart for the king, but that she proves a cunning slut." Pepys tells us, however, that it was reported at the time that Mrs. Stewart was "now a common mistress to the king, as my Lady Castlemaine is," which Pepys thinks "a great pity." If Miss Stewart had not much to say for herself, she had, according to Lord Clarendon, this great merit—"She was never known," he says, "to speak ill of anyone."

With reference to Pepys bestowing on Miss Stewart the prefix of "Mrs.," it may be remarked that it was then the invariable practice to give this title to all unmarried ladies, the term "Miss" being at that time applied only to notoriously frail members of the sex.

new inclination, whether by an imprudence common to all those who think themselves superior to others, or whether she designed, by this pastime, to divert the king's attention from the commerce which she held with Jermyn. She was not satisfied with showing no uneasiness as to a preference which all the Court began to remark : she even affected to make Miss Stewart her favourite, invited her to all the suppers she gave to the king, and, confident in her own charms, carried temerity to its utmost limit by often keeping her to sleep. The king, who seldom neglected to visit the countess before she rose, in a like manner seldom failed to find Miss Stewart in bed with her.³⁶ The most indifferent objects have charms in a new attachment ; however, the imprudent countess was not jealous of this rival appearing with her in such a situation, being confident that, whenever she thought fit, she could triumph over all the advantages which these opportunities might afford Miss Stewart. Matters turned out very differently, however.

The Chevalier de Gramont took notice of this conduct, without being able to comprehend it ; but, as he was attentive to the inclinations of the king, he began to make his court to him by enhancing the merit of this new mistress. Her person was more showy than engaging : it was hardly possible for a woman to have less

³⁶ This was quite in keeping with the customs of the times. In France, for instance, Madame de Maintenon slept with Ninon de l'Enclos, and Tallemant des Réaux describes Madame de Langey taking Madame Lecocq's daughter to bed with her. (*Historiettes*, 1840, vol. x., p. 197.) The husband or lover, as the case might be, was by no means driven away by this arrangement. A much stranger practice was that of Louis XIII., who after Mademoiselle de Montbazou had married the handsome Constable de Luynes frequently came and shared their bed with them. See M. P. Boiteau's notes to the *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*.



Par P. LeClerc. pinx.

M^{rs} Hyde.



wit, or more beauty. All her features were fine and regular, but such was not the case with her figure. Still she was slender, straight enough, and taller than the generality of women; she was graceful, danced well,³⁷ and spoke French better than her mother tongue; she was well bred, and possessed, in perfection, that art of displaying her toilette to advantage, which is so much admired, and which cannot be attained, unless it be acquired when young, in France. While her charms were gaining ground in the king's heart, the Countess of Castlemaine amused herself with the gratification of all her caprices.

Mrs. Hyde³⁸ figured prominently among the beauties who were prejudiced with a blind prepossession in favour of Jermyn: she had just married a man whom she had loved, and by this marriage she became sister-in-law to the duchess. Although she shone by her natural lustre, and was full of qualities and wit, she was of opinion that so long as she was not talked of on account of Jermyn, all her other advantages would avail nothing for her glory; it was, therefore, to add this finishing stroke, that she resolved to throw herself into his arms.

She was of a middle size, had a skin of dazzling whiteness, fine hands, and a foot surprisingly beautiful, even in England: long custom had given such a languishing

³⁷ Pepys speaking of a ball at Court says, "It was indeed a glorious sight to see Mrs. Stewart in black and white lace, and her head and shoulders dressed with diamonds. . . . She danced mighty finely, and many French dances, especially one the king called the new dance, which was very pretty. . . . Methought her the beautifullest creature that I ever 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 Lady Castlemaine, at least now."

³⁸ Theodosia, daughter of Arthur, Lord Capel, first wife of Henry Hyde, the second Earl of Clarendon, and sister-in-law of the Duchess of York.

tenderness to her looks, that she never opened her eyes but like a Chinese ; and, when she ogled, one would have thought she was doing something else as well.

Jermyn accepted of her at first ; but, being soon puzzled what to do with her, he thought fit to sacrifice her to Lady Castlemaine. The sacrifice was far from being displeasing to the latter : it was much to her glory to have carried off Jermyn from so many competitors ; but it proved of no consequence in the end.

Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer, was at that time in vogue in London : his strength and disposition charmed Lady Castlemaine in public, even to a wish to know what he was in private ; for he appeared, in his tumbling dress, to be quite of a different make, and to have very different legs to the fortunate Jermyn. The tumbler did not deceive Lady Castlemaine in her surmises, if those of the public may be believed, and as was intimated in many a song, far more to the honour of the rope-dancer than of the countess ; but she despised all these rumours, and only appeared still more handsome.³⁹

While satire thus found employment at her cost, there were continual contests for the favours of another

³⁹ "There was a symmetry and elegance, as well as strength and agility, in the person of Jacob Hall, which was much admired by the ladies, who regarded him as a due composition of Hercules and Adonis. The open-hearted Castlemaine was said to have been in love with this rope-dancer and Goodman the player at the same time. The former received a salary from her."—*Granger*, vol. ii. part ii. p. 461.

Pepys, writing under date Sep. 21, 1668, mentions visiting Southwark fair, and witnessing "Jacob Hall's dancing on the ropes, where I saw such action as I never saw before, and mightily worth seeing ; and here took acquaintance with a fellow who carried me to a tavern whither came the music of this booth, and by and bye Jacob Hall himself, with whom I had a mind to speak, to hear whether he had ever any mischief by falls in his time.

beauty, who was not much more niggardly in that way than herself: this was the Countess of Shrewsbury.

The Earl of Arran, who had been one of her first admirers, was not one of the last to desert her. This beauty, less famous for her conquests, than for the misfortunes she occasioned, placed her greatest merits in being more frisky than any other. As no person could boast of having been the only one in her favour, so none could complain of having been ill received by her.⁴⁰

Jermyn was displeas'd that she had made no advances to him, without considering that she had had no leisure to do so; his pride was offended, but the attempt which he made to take her from her other lovers was very ill advised.

Thomas Howard,⁴¹ brother to the Earl of Carlisle, was one of them: there was not a braver, nor a better built man, in England; and though he was of a cold demeanour, and his manners appeared gentle and pacific, no person was more spirited, or more passionate.

He told me, 'Yes, many, but never to the breaking of a limb.' He seems a mighty strong man."—*Diary*.

The salacious countess's connection with the Herculean rope-dancer is thus mentioned in Pope's "Sober advice from Horace":—

"What pushed poor E——s on the imperial whore
'Twas but to be where Charles has been before.
The fatal steel unjustly was applied,
When not his lust offended, but his pride:
Too hard a penance for defeated sin—
Himself shut out and Jacob Hall let in."

⁴⁰ Anna Maria, daughter of Robert, Earl of Cardigan, and wife of Francis, Earl of Shrewsbury. After engaging in numerous amours, she became notorious as the mistress of the Duke of Buckingham, for the upshot of her intrigue with whom, see vol. ii., p. 196.

⁴¹ Fourth son of Sir William Howard. He married Mary, Duchess of Richmond, daughter of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and died in 1678. In Collins's *Peerage*, the name of the brother of the Earl of Carlisle is stated to have been Charles.

When Lady Shrewsbury inconsiderately returned the first ogles of the invincible Jermyn, Howard was by no means pleased. That, however, she paid little attention to; still, as she designed to keep fair with him, she consented to accept an entertainment which he had so often proposed that she durst no longer refuse it. A place called Spring Garden¹² was fixed upon for the scene of this entertainment.

As soon as the party was settled, Jermyn was privately informed of it. Howard had a company in the regiment of guards, and one of the soldiers of his company played pretty well on the bagpipes. This soldier was at the entertainment. Jermyn came to the garden, as by chance, and, puffed up with his former successes, he assumed his victorious air to complete this last conquest :

¹² Spring Garden, the scene of intrigue in many of the comedies of this period, is referred to as follows by a contemporary writer: "The manner is, as the company returns (from Hyde Park), to alight at the Spring Garden, so called in order to the park, as our Tuilleries is to the course: the inclosure not disagreeable, for the solemnness of the grove, the warbling of the birds, and as it opens into the spacious walks at St. James's; but the company walk in it at such a rate, you would think all the ladies were so many Atalantas contending with their wooers; and, my lord, there was no appearance that I should prove Hippomenes, who could with much ado keep pace with them: but fast as they run, they stay there so long as if they wanted not time to finish the race; for it is usual here to find some of the young company till midnight; and the thickets of the garden seem to be contrived to all advantages of gallantry, after they have refreshed with the collation, which is here seldom omitted, at a certain cabaret, in the middle of this paradise, where the forbidden fruits are certain trifling tarts, neat's tongues, salicious meats, and bad Rhenish, for which the gallants pay sauce, as indeed they do at all such houses throughout England; for they think it a piece of frugality beneath them to bargain or account for what they eat in any place, however unreasonably imposed upon."—*A Character of England as it was presented to a Nobleman of France*, 1659, p. 56.

Pepys notes (July 27, 1668): "So over the water to Spring Garden, and there eat and walked; and observe how rude some of the young gallants of the town are become, to go into people's arbours, when there are not men, and almost force the women."—*Diary*.



Mr Peter Lely pinx

Countess of Throesbury

no sooner had he appeared in the walks, than Lady Shrewsbury showed herself upon the balcony.

I know not how she found her hero ; but Howard did not fancy him. This did not prevent his coming upstairs, upon the first sign she made to him ; and not content with acting the petty tyrant, at an entertainment which was not given for himself, he had no sooner gained the soft looks of the fair one, than he exhausted all his commonplace, and low irony, in railing at the repast, and ridiculing the music.

Howard possessed but little raillery, and still less patience, so that three times the banquet was on the point of being stained with blood ; three times however did he suppress his natural impetuosity, in order to satisfy his resentment elsewhere with greater freedom. Jermyn, without paying the least attention to his ill-humour, pursued his point, continued talking to Lady Shrewsbury, and did not leave her until the repast was ended.

He went to bed, proud of this triumph, and was awakened next morning by a challenge : he took, for his second, Giles Rawlings, a man of intrigue, and a deep player. Howard took Dillon, who was dexterous and brave, much of a gentleman, and, unfortunately, an intimate friend to Rawlings.

In this duel fortune did not side with the favourites of love : poor Rawlings was left stone dead ; and Jermyn, having received three bad thrusts, was carried to his uncle's, giving very slight signs of life.⁴³

⁴³ Pepys has the following note upon this duel, under date Sept. 19, 1662 : " Mr. Coventry did tell us of the duel between Mr. Jermyn, nephew to my Lord St. Albans, and Colonel Giles Rawlins, the latter of whom is killed, and the first mortally wounded as it is thought. They

While the report of this event engaged the courtiers according to their several interests, the Chevalier de Gramont was informed by Jones, his friend, confidant, and rival, that another gentleman was shewing himself very attentive to Mrs. Middleton. This was Montagu,⁴⁴ no very dangerous rival on account of his person, but very much to be feared for his assiduity, the acuteness of his wit, and other talents, which are of importance, when a man is permitted to display them.

Not half so much was needed to arouse all the Chevalier's vivacity, in reference to competition: anxiety awakened in him whatever expedients the desire of revenge, malice, and experience could suggest, for troubling the designs of a rival, and distressing a mistress. His first intention was to return her letters,

fought against Captain Thomas Howard, my Lord Carlisle's brother, and another unknown [Dillon], who they say had armour on that they could not be hurt, so that one of their swords went up to the hilt against it. They had horses ready and are fled. But what is most strange, Howard sent one challenge before, but they could not meet till yesterday at the old Pall Mall at St. James's, and he would not to the last tell Jermyn what the quarrel was; nor do anybody know. The Court is much concerned in this fray, and I am glad of it; hoping that it will cause some good laws against it."

⁴⁴ Ralph, second son of Edward, Lord Montagu. He succeeded his elder brother in the post of master of the horse to the queen, and, in 1669, was sent ambassador extraordinary to France; on his return whence, in Jan. 1672, he was sworn of the privy-council. He afterwards became master of the great wardrobe, and was sent a second time to France. Here he fell in love with the beautiful widowed Countess of Northumberland, sister of Lady Rachel Russell, and married her after a brief courtship. Having returned to England he took a very decided part in the prosecution of the popish plot, in 1678; and subsequently entered into a secret engagement with Barrillon, the French Ambassador, to procure, within a given time, for a bribe of a hundred thousand crowns, the overthrow of Lord Treasurer Danby, who had turned against Louis XIV.'s interests. Montagu being in the confidence of the Duke of Monmouth, it was considered politic to go on bribing him until the death of his friend, Lord Russell, when he retired to Montpellier for the rest of Charles's reign. He was active again at the Revolution, and soon afterwards was created Viscount Monthermer, and Earl of Montagu. In 1705, he became Marquis of Monthermer, and Duke of Montagu. He died in 1709.

and demand his presents, before he began to torment her ; but, rejecting this project, as too petty a revenge for the injustice done him, he was upon the point of conspiring the destruction of poor Mrs. Middleton, when, by accident, he met with Miss Hamilton. From this moment all his resentment against Mrs. Middleton, and all his attachment to Miss Warmester, ended : he no longer was inconstant, his desires no longer fluctuated : this object fixed them all ; and, of all his former habits, none remained, except uneasiness and jealousy.

Here his first care was to please ; but he very plainly saw, that to succeed, he must act in quite a different manner to that which he had been accustomed to.

The family of the Hamiltons, which was somewhat numerous, lived in a large and commodious house near the Court : the Duke of Ormond's family was continually with them ; persons of the greatest distinction in London met here every day, and the Chevalier de Gramont was received here in a manner agreeable to his merits and rank. He felt astonished that he had spent so much time in other places ; and, after having made this acquaintance, he sought no other.

Everybody agreed, that Miss Hamilton was worthy of the most sincere and honourable affection : nobody could boast a nobler birth, and nothing was more charming than her person.⁴⁵

⁴⁵ Elizabeth, sister of the author of these Memoirs (whose senior she was by five years), and daughter of Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of James, the first Earl of Abercorn, by Mary, daughter of Thomas, Viscount Thurles, eldest son of Walter, eleventh Earl of Ormond, and sister to James, the first Duke of Ormond. Miss Hamilton had numerous aspirants to her hand, among others the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Arundel, "the invincible Jermyn," the Earl of Falmouth, John Russell, son of the Duke of Bedford, William Russell, nephew of John, and finally the Chevalier de Gramont.



CHAPTER VI.

Miss Hamilton's beauty and wit—She plans a practical joke upon Lady Muskerry and Miss Blague—Masquerade at Court—Loss of the Chevalier's coat in a quicksand—Lady Muskerry as the Princess of Babylon—Rivalry between Miss Blague and Miss Price—Saint-Evremond lectures his hero—The Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington pay court to Miss Stewart—Intrigue between James Hamilton and Lady Chesterfield—Illness of the Queen—Promenade of Court beauties—The Chevalier declines the offer of a pension, and presents the king with an elegant coach.



HE Chevalier de Gramont, little satisfied with his amours, as he found he was favoured without being loved, became jealous without having an attachment.

Mrs. Middleton, as we have said, was about to experience what methods he could invent to torment, after having experienced his powers of pleasing.

He went in search of her to the queen's, where there was a ball: there she was; but fortunately for her, Miss Hamilton was there also. Chance had so willed it, that of all the beautiful women at Court, this was the lady whom he had least seen, and whom he had heard most commended. He now had a close view of her for the



Mr. P. Leys pinx

Miss Hamilton.

first time, and soon found that he had seen nothing at Court before that moment. He spoke to her, and she replied to him : as long as she was dancing, his eyes were fixed upon her ; and from that time he no longer resented Mrs. Middleton's conduct. Miss Hamilton was at the happy age when the charms of the fair sex begin to bloom ; she had the finest shape, the loveliest neck and shoulders, and most beautiful arms in the world ; she was tall, and graceful in all her movements ; and she was the original whom all the ladies copied in the style of their dress, and the arrangement of their hair. Her forehead was open, white, and smooth : her hair was well set, and fell with ease into that natural order which it is so difficult to imitate. Her complexion was possessed of a certain freshness, not to be equalled by borrowed colours ; her eyes were not large, but they were lively, and capable of expressing whatever she pleased. Her mouth was full of graces, the outline of her face was perfect, and her small, delicate tip-tilted nose was not the least ornament of her amiable countenance. In fine, by her air, her carriage, and the innumerable graces dispersed over her whole person, the Chevalier de Gramont did not doubt, but that she was possessed of every other qualification.

Her mind was fitted to her form ; she did not endeavour to shine in conversation by those sprightly sallies which only dazzle one ; and with still greater care she avoided that affected solemnity of discourse which makes one drowsy ; without any eagerness to talk, she said just what was suitable, and no more. She was endowed with marvellous discernment in distinguishing

between solid and false wit ; and far from making an ostentatious display of her abilities, she was reserved, though very just in her decisions. Her sentiments were always noble, and full of pride, when there was occasion ; still she was less prepossessed in favour of her own merit than is usually the case with those who are gifted with so much. Formed, as we have described, she could not fail to command love ; but far from courting it, she was scrupulously nice with respect to the merit of those who might form any pretensions to her.

The more the Chevalier de Gramont was convinced of these truths, the more did he endeavour to please and engage her in his turn. His entertaining wit, his light and lively conversation, always distinguished by novelty, gained him attention ; but he was embarrassed to find that presents, which had so easily made their way in his former style of courtship, were not suited to the method which, for the future, he was obliged to pursue.

He had an old *valet-de-chambre*, named Termes, a bold thief, and a still more impudent liar : he used to send this man from London every week, on the commissions we have before mentioned. However, since the disgrace of Mrs. Middleton, and the adventure with Miss Warmester, Monsieur Termes was only employed in bringing the clothes which his master procured from Paris, and he did not always faithfully acquit himself in that employment, as will appear hereafter.

The queen was a woman of sense, and used all her endeavours to please the king, by that kind obliging behaviour which her affection made natural to her : she was particularly attentive in promoting every sort of

pleasure and amusement, especially such as she could be present at herself.¹

She had contrived, for this purpose, a gallant masquerade, at which those, whom she appointed to dance, were to represent different nations. She allowed some time for preparations, during which, as may be believed, the tailors, mantua-makers, and embroiderers were not idle. Nor were the beauties, who were to be present, less anxiously employed; however, Miss Hamilton found time enough to invent two or three little tricks, the juncture being so favourable for turning the more presuming ladies of the Court into ridicule. There were two who were exceedingly presuming: the one was Lady Muskerry, who had married her cousin-german; and the other a maid of honour to the duchess, named Blague.

The first,² whose husband most assuredly never married her for her beauty, was made like the generality of rich heiresses, to whom just Nature seems sparing of her gifts, in proportion as they are loaded with those of Fortune. She had the shape of a woman big with child, without being so; however, she had a very good reason

¹ "The king and queen were merry, and he would have the queen mother believe his queen was with child, and said that she said so. And the young queen answered, 'You lie,' which was the first English word I ever heard her say, which made the king good sport, and he would have made her say in English, 'confess and be hanged.'"—*Pepys* (Sept. 7, 1662). Later on *Pepys* remarks: "The queen begins to be brisk and play like other ladies, and is quite another woman from what she was. It may be it may make the king like her better, and forsake his two mistresses, my Lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Stewart."

² Lady Margaret, only child of Ulick, fifth Earl of Clanricarde, by Lady Anne Compton, daughter of William, Earl of Northampton. Spite of her deformities she was three times married:—First to Charles, Viscount Muskerry; secondly, 1676, to Robert Villiers, called Viscount Purbeck, who died in 1685; and thirdly to Robert Fielding, Esq. She died in August, 1698, in great distress.

for limping, for of two legs, which were uncommonly short, one was much shorter than the other. A face in keeping with all this completed the defects of her figure.

Miss Blague was of another species of ridiculous creature: her figure was neither good nor bad, her countenance was extremely insipid, and her complexion was the same all over; with two little sunken eyes, adorned with light eye-lashes, as long as one's finger.³ With these attractions she placed herself in ambush to surprise unwary hearts; but she might have done so in vain, had it not been for the arrival of the Marquis de Brisacier. Heaven seemed to have made them for each other: he had in his person and manners every requisite to dazzle a creature of her character: he talked eternally, without saying anything, and surpassed the most extravagant fashions in his dress. Miss Blague believed that all this finery was on her account; and the marquis believed that her long eyelashes had never taken aim at any but himself. Their inclination for each other was noticed; but they had only conversed by mute interpreters, when Miss Hamilton took it into her head to meddle in their affairs.

³ Chamberlayne's *Anglic Notitia*, 1669, gives the list of the duchess's maids of honour at that time, as follows:—Mrs. Arabella Churchill, Mrs. Dorothy Howard, Mrs. Anne Ogle, Mrs. Mary Blague. Hamilton does not, however, refer to the last named lady. It was her sister, Henrietta Maria, who had the flirtation with William, Marquis de Brisacier, at one time secretary to Maria Theresa of Spain, queen of Louis XIV., and who afterwards became the wife of Sir Thomas Yarborough, of Snaith, in Yorkshire. Another sister, Margaret, whose life was written by Evelyn, married Mr. Sydney Godolphin, and died shortly afterwards. She had been maid of honour to both the Duchess of York and Queen Catherine, and performed the part of Diana, in Crowne's *Calisto*, when this was acted at Court in 1675. The Miss Blagues were daughters of Colonel Blague, groom of the bedchamber to Charles I., and a devoted adherent to Charles II. He died six months after the Restoration.

She wished to do every thing in proper order, and therefore began with her cousin Muskerry, on account of her rank. The latter's two foibles were dress and dancing. Magnificence of dress was not sustainable with her figure; but although her dancing was still more insupportable, she never missed a ball at Court: the queen showing so much complaisance for the public, as always to make her dance. However, it was impossible to give Lady Muskerry a part in so important and splendid an entertainment as this masquerade, although she was dying with impatience for the orders that she expected.

Whilst she was in this state of anxiety, Miss Hamilton was apprized of it, and formed the design of diverting herself at the expense of this silly woman. The queen sent notes to those whom she appointed to be present, and described the manner in which they were to be dressed. Miss Hamilton had a note of the very same style written to Lady Muskerry, with directions for her to dress in the Babylonian fashion.

She assembled her council to advise about the means of sending the note, this council being composed of one of her brothers and a sister, who were always glad to divert themselves at the expense of those who deserved it. After consulting together for some time, they at last succeeded in delivering the note into her ladyship's own hands. Lord Muskerry¹ had just gone out when she

¹ Eldest son of the Earl of Clancarty; and according to Lord Clarendon, "a young man of extraordinary courage and expectation;" he had served with distinction in Flanders, under the Duke of York as colonel of an infantry regiment, and was esteemed an excellent officer. He was one of the gentlemen of the duke's bedchamber.

received it: he was a man of honour, rather serious, very severe, and a mortal enemy to ridicule. His wife's ugliness was not so intolerable to him as the ridiculous figure she made upon all occasions. He thought that he was safe in the present case, not believing that the queen would spoil her masquerade by naming Lady Muskerri as one of the dancers; nevertheless, as he was acquainted with the passion his wife had for exhibiting herself in public, by her dress and dancing, he had just been seriously advising her to content herself with being a spectator of this entertainment, even though the queen should have the cruelty to engage her in it. He then took the liberty to shew her what little similarity there was between her figure and that of persons to whom dancing and magnificence in dress are allowable. His sermon concluded at last, by an express prohibition to solicit a place at this entertainment, which the queen had no thoughts of giving her.

However, far from taking his advice in good part, she imagined that he was the only person who had prevented the queen from doing her an honour she so ardently desired; and as soon as he had gone out, she was minded to go and throw herself at her majesty's feet to demand justice. Whilst she was in this very disposition she received the billet; three times did she kiss it, and without regarding her husband's injunctions, she immediately got into her coach in order to make inquiries of the merchants who traded in the Levant, as to the manner in which ladies of quality dressed at Babylon.

The plot laid for Miss Blague was of a different kind: she had such faith in her charms, and was so confident

of their effects, that she could be made to believe anything. Brisacier, whom she looked upon as desperately smitten, had his wit set off with commonplace talk and little songs; he sang out of tune most methodically, and was continually exerting one or other of his happy talents. The Duke of Buckingham did all he could to spoil him, by the praises he bestowed upon both his voice and his wit.

Miss Blague, who hardly understood a word of French, regulated herself upon the duke's authority, in admiring the one and the other. It was remarked, that all the words which he sang to her were in praise of fair women, and that always taking this to herself, she cast down her eyes in humble acknowledgment and modesty. It was upon these observations that they resolved to make a jest of her at the first opportunity.

While these little projects were forming, the king, who was always desirous of affording pleasure to the Chevalier de Gramont, asked him if he would make one at the masquerade, on condition of being Miss Hamilton's partner? The Chevalier did not consider that he danced sufficiently well for such an occasion as this; still he took care not to refuse the offer.

"Sire," said he, "of all the favours you have been pleased to shew me, since my arrival, I feel this more sensibly than any other; and to convince you of my gratitude, I promise you all the good offices in my power with Miss Stewart."

He said this, because she had just been given an apartment separate from the rest of the maids of honour, and because the courtiers were beginning to pay respect

to her. The king was very well pleased at this pleasantry, and having thanked him for so necessary an offer :

“ Monsieur le Chevalier,” said he, “ in what style do you intend to dress for the ball? I leave you the choice of country.”

“ If that be the case,” said the Chevalier, “ I will dress after the French manner, in order to disguise myself; for they already do me the honour to take me for an Englishman in your city of London. Had it not been for this, I should have had some wish to appear as a Roman; but for fear of embroiling myself with Prince Rupert,⁵ who so warmly espouses the interests of Alexander against Lord Thanet,⁶ who declares himself for Cæsar, I no longer dare think of assuming the hero. On the other hand, though I may dance awkwardly, yet, by observing the tune, and with a little alertness, I hope to come off pretty well; besides, Miss Hamilton will take care that too much attention shall not be paid to me. As for my dress, I shall send Termes off to-morrow morning; and if at his return I do not shew you the most splendid coat you have ever seen, look upon mine as the most disgraced nation in your masquerade.”

Termes set out with repeated instructions on the subject of his journey; and his master, with his impatience redoubling on an occasion like the present,

⁵ Son of Frederick, Elector-Palatine, and Elizabeth, daughter of James I. His actions during the civil wars are well known. Lord Clarendon says that “ he was rough and passionate, and loved not debate; liked what was proposed, as he liked the persons who proposed it.” He was born in 1619, and died in 1682.

⁶ This was either John Tufton, second Earl of Thanet, who died in 1664, or his eldest son, Nicholas Tufton. Both of them suffered much for their loyalty.

began before the courier could be landed, to count the minutes in expectation of his return. Thus was he employed, until the day before the ball; which was the day that Miss Hamilton and her little circle had fixed for the execution of their project.

Martial's gloves were then very much in fashion,⁷ and she had by chance a few pairs of them: she sent one pair to Miss Blague, accompanied with four ells of yellow riband, the palest she could find, to which she added this note:—

“You were the other day more charming than all the fair women in the world; you looked yesterday still fairer than you did the day before; if you go on, what will become of my heart? But it is a long time since it has become the prey of your *young wild boar's eyes*.⁸ Shall you be at the masquerade to-morrow? But can there be any charms at an entertainment at which you are not present? No matter. I shall know you in whatever disguise you may be: but I shall be better informed as to my fate by the present I send you; you will wear bows of this riband in your hair; and these gloves will kiss the most beautiful hands in the universe.”

This billet, with the present, was delivered to Miss Blague, with the same success as the other note had been conveyed to Lady Muskerly. Miss Hamilton had just received an account of the latter affair when her lady-

⁷ Martial was the fashionable Paris glove-maker of the time. “Does Martial make epigrams as well as he makes gloves?” asks Molière's Countess d'Escarbagnas, in allusion to the glove-maker's Latin namesake.

⁸ This phrase is a literal rendering of the French, *l'os yeux marcassins*, which signifies little, though roguish eyes; or, as we say, pig's eyes.

ship came to pay her a visit : something seemed to possess her thoughts very much, and she was growing impatient, when her cousin desired her to walk into her cabinet. As soon as they were there, Lady Muskerry said :

“ I desire your secrecy for what I am going to tell you. Do you not wonder what strange creatures men are? Do not trust to them, my dear cousin. Lord Muskerry, who, before our marriage, could have passed whole days and nights in seeing me dance, now thinks proper to forbid me dancing, and says it does not become me. That is not all: he has so often dined in my ears the subject of this masquerade, that I am obliged to hide from him the honour the queen has done me, in inviting me to it. However, I am surprised I am not informed who is to be my partner ; but if you only knew what a plague it is, to find, in this cursed town, what one needs to dress as a woman of Babylon, you would pity me for what I have suffered since the time I was selected. Besides, the cost which it puts me to is beyond all imagination.”

At this point Miss Hamilton's inclination to laugh, which had increased in proportion as she endeavoured to suppress it, finally overcame her, and broke out in an immoderate fit. Lady Muskerry was pleased, not doubting but that she was laughing at the fantastical conduct of her husband. Miss Hamilton told her that all husbands were much the same, and that one ought not to be concerned at their whims ; that she did not know who was to be her partner at the masquerade ; but that, as she was named, the gentleman named with her would certainly not fail to attend her ; although she

could not comprehend why he had not yet declared himself, unless he likewise had some fantastical spouse, who had forbidden him to dance.

This conversation being finished, Lady Muskerry went away in great haste, to endeavour to obtain some news of her partner. Those who were accomplices in the plot were laughing very heartily at this visit, when Lord Muskerry paid them one in his turn, and taking Miss Hamilton aside, inquired :

“Do you know whether there is to be any ball in the city to-morrow?”

“No,” replied she ; “but why do you ask?”

“Because,” said he, “I am informed that my wife is making great preparations of dress. I know very well that she is not to be at the masquerade : that I have taken care of ; but as she has the devil in her for dancing, I am very much afraid that she will be affording some fresh subject for ridicule, despite all my precautions : however, if it was amongst the citizens, at some retired place, I should not much mind it.”

They reassured him as well as they could, and having dismissed him, under pretence of a thousand things they had to prepare for the morrow, Miss Hamilton thought herself at liberty for the rest of the day, when in came Miss Price, one of the maids of honour to the duchess.⁹ This was just what she was wishing for : this

⁹ Miss Henrietta Maria Price was maid of honour to the queen and not to the Duchess of York ; her name appears in the list, given in Chamberlayne's *Anglicæ Notitia*. It is said that after being obliged to resign her position near Catherine (see vol. ii., p. 88), she became bedchamber woman to Lady Castlemaine. It should be mentioned that Pepys speaks of a Mrs. Price, who was the Duke of York's mistress, and who went up and down the privy-stairs instead of being acknowledged publicly. Granger also says

lady and Miss Blague had been at variance for some time, on account of Dongan,¹⁰ whom Miss Price had drawn away from the other; and hatred still subsisted between these two divinities.

Although the maids of honour had not been nominated for the masquerade, they were to assist at it, and consequently neglected nothing to set themselves off to advantage. Miss Hamilton had still another pair of gloves of the same sort as those she had sent to Miss Blague, and made a present of them to her rival, with a few knots of the same riband, which appeared to have been made on purpose for her, dark as she was. Miss Price returned her a thousand thanks, and promised to do herself the honour of wearing them at the ball.

“You will oblige me if you do,” said Miss Hamilton, “but if you mention that such a trifle as this comes from me, I shall never forgive you. Moreover,” continued she, “do not go and rob poor Miss Blague of the Marquis de Brisacier, as you already have of Dongan: I know very well that it is wholly in your power; you are witty, you speak French, and were he once to converse with you, the other could have no pretensions to him.”

“there was a Lady Price, a fine woman, daughter of Sir Edmund Warcup, who had the vanity to think that Charles II. would marry her, though he had then a queen. There were letters of Warcup’s wherein he mentioned, that “his daughter was one night and t’other with the king, and very graciously received by him.”—*Granger*, vol. iv. p. 338.

¹⁰ Lord Orford mentions that the Dongans were ancient Earls of Limerick. In reference to the individual mentioned above, Sir Richard Fanshaw writes to Lord Arlington, June 4, 1664:—“I ought not, in justice to an honourable person, to conclude before I acquaint your honour, that I have this day seen a letter, whereby it is certified, from my Lord Dongan (now at Xeres), that, if there were any ship in Cadiz bound for Tangier, he would go over in her, to do his majesty what service he could in that garrison; which, he saith, he fears wants good officers very much.”—*Letters*, vol. i. p. 104.

This was enough ; Miss Blague was only ridiculous and coquettish, Miss Price was ridiculous, coquettish, and something else besides.

The day being come, the Court, more brilliant than ever, exhibited all its magnificence at this masquerade. The company were all met except the Chevalier de Gramont : everybody was astonished that he should be one of the last on such an occasion, as his readiness was so remarkable in trifling matters ; but they were still more surprised, to see him at length appear in an ordinary coat, which he had worn before. The thing was preposterous on such an occasion, and unprecedented as regards himself : in vain did he wear the finest point-lace, with the largest and best powdered peruke imaginable ; his dress, although magnificent, was not at all proper for this entertainment.

The king immediately took notice of it : “Chevalier de Gramont,” said he, “Termes has not arrived then ?”

“Excuse me, Sire,” said the Chevalier, “God be thanked !”

“Why God be thanked ?” asked the king ; “has anything happened to him on the road ?”

“Sire,” said the Chevalier de Gramont, “this is the history of my dress, and of Termes, my messenger.”

At these words the ball, ready to begin, was suspended, the dancers making a circle around the Chevalier de Gramont, who continued his story in the following manner :

“It is now two days since this fellow ought to have been here, according to my orders and his oaths : you may judge of my impatience all to-day, finding that he

did not come. At last, after I had heartily cursed him, about an hour ago he arrived, splashed all over from head to foot, booted up to the waist, looking in fact as if he had been excommunicated."

"'Well, Mr. Scoundrel,' said I, 'so this is your behaviour; you must be waited for to the very last minute and it is a miracle that you have arrived at all.'

"'Yes, faith,' said he, 'it is a miracle. You are always grumbling. I had the finest coat in the world made for you, which the Duke de Guise himself was at the trouble of ordering.'

"'Give it me, then, scoundrel,' said I.

"'Sir,' he replied, 'if I did not employ a dozen embroiderers upon it, who did nothing but work at it day and night, consider me to be a rascal; I never left them one moment.'

"'And where is it, traitor?' said I: 'do not stand here prating, whilst I should be dressing.'

"'I had packed it up,' continued he, 'made it tight, and folded it in such a manner that all the rain in the world would never have been able to reach it; and I rode post, day and night, knowing your impatience, and that you were not to be trifled with.'

"'But where,' said I, 'is this coat which you packed up so well?'

"'Lost, sir,' he replied, clasping his hands.

"'How! lost,' said I, in surprise.

"'Yes, lost, perished, swallowed up: what can I say more?'

"'What, was the packet-boat cast away then?' I inquired.

“‘Oh! indeed, sir, it was a great deal worse, as you shall see,’ answered he: ‘I was within half a league of Calais yesterday morning, and resolved to go along the shore, to make greater haste; but, indeed they say very true, that there is nothing like the highway; for I got into a quicksand, and sunk in it up to the chin.’

“‘A quicksand!’ said I, ‘near Calais?’

“‘Yes, sir,’ said he, ‘and such a quicksand too, that, the devil take me, if they saw anything but the top of my head when they pulled me out: as for my horse, fifteen men could scarce get him out, but the port-manteau, in which I had unfortunately put your coat, could never be found; it must be at least a league underground.’

“This, Sire,” continued the Chevalier de Gramont, “is the adventure, and the account which this honest fellow gave me of it. I should certainly have killed him, had I not been afraid of making Miss Hamilton wait, and desirous of giving your majesty immediate advice of the quicksand, so that your couriers may take care to avoid it.”

The king was ready to split his sides with laughter, when the Chevalier thus resumed the discourse:

“Apropos, Sire,” said he, “I had forgotten to tell you, that to increase my ill-humour, I was stopped, as I was getting out of my chair, by the devil of a phantom in masquerade dress, who wished by all means to persuade me that the queen had commanded me to dance with her; and, as I excused myself with the least rudeness possible, she charged me to inquire here who was to be her partner, and desired me to send him to her im-

mediately. Your majesty will therefore do well to give orders about it; for she has placed herself in ambush in a coach, to seize upon all who pass through Whitehall. Moreover, I must tell you, that her dress is a sight worth seeing; for she must have at least sixty ells of gauze and silver tissue about her, not to mention a sort of pyramid upon her head, adorned with a hundred thousand baubles."

This last account surprised the whole assembly, excepting those who had a share in the plot. The queen declared that all she had appointed for the ball were present; and the king, after reflecting for some minutes, said:

"I bet it is the Duchess of Newcastle."¹¹

¹¹ Margaret, youngest daughter of Sir Charles Lucas. She had been one of the maids of honour to Charles I.'s queen, whom she attended when the latter was forced to leave England. At Paris she married the Duke of Newcastle, and continued in exile with him until the Restoration. After her return to England, she lived entirely devoted to letters, and published many volumes of plays, poems, &c. She died in 1673. Lord Orford says, "there is a whole length of this duchess at Welbeck, in a theatric dress, which, tradition says, she generally wore. She had always a maid of honour in waiting during the night, who was often called up to register the duchess's conceptions. These were all of a literary kind; for her grace left no children."

Pepys, in his *Diary* (April 11, 1667), has this note about the duchess:—"To Whitehall, thinking there to have seen the Duchess of Newcastle coming this night to Court to make a visit to the queen, the king having been with her yesterday to make her a visit since her coming to town. The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in an antique dress, as they say; and was the other day at her own play, *The Humorous Lovers*, the most ridiculous thing that ever was wrote, but yet she and her lord mightily pleased with it; and she at the end made her respects to the players from her box, and did give them thanks. There is as much expectation of her coming to Court, that people may come to see her, as if it were the Queen of Sweden; but I lost my labour, for she did not come this night."

Pepys was gratified, however, by seeing the duchess a few days later with "her velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches because of pimples about her mouth, naked-necked without anything about it, and a black *just-a-corps*." He also caught sight of her in the park, "she being followed and crowded upon by coaches all the way she went, that nobody could come near her; only I could see she was in a large black coach



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“And I,” said Lord Muskerry, coming up to Miss Hamilton, “will bet it is another fool; for I am very much mistaken if it is not my wife.”

The king desired that someone should go and find out who it was, and bring her in. Lord Muskerry offered himself for this service, on account of the presentiment already mentioned; and it was very well he did so. Miss Hamilton was not sorry for this, knowing very well that he was not mistaken in his conjecture: the jest would have gone much farther than she had intended, if the princess of Babylon had appeared in all her glory.

So long as they danced but serious dances, the ball was not very well executed, if one may be allowed the expression; and yet there were as good dancers, and as beautiful women in this assembly, as were to be found in the whole world; but as their number was not great, the French dances were left on one side, and country-dances proceeded with. When those ladies who were in masquerade costumes had danced some time, the king thought fit to introduce his auxiliaries, to give the others a little respite: so the gentlemen of the masquerade led the queen's and the duchess's maids of honour to the dance.¹²

Then it was that the plotters were at leisure to take

adorned with silver instead of gold, and so white curtains, and everything black and white, and herself in her cap.”

¹² Pepys has the following allusion to this masquerade, under date Feb. 3, 1664-5:—“Mrs. Pickering did at my Lady Sandwich's command tell me the manner of a masquerade before the king and Court the other day. Where six women (my Lady Castlemaine and Duchess of Monmouth being two of them), and six men (the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Avon, and Monsieur Blanfort, being three of them), in vizards, but most rich and antique dresses, did dance admirably and most gloriously.” The M. Blanfort here spoken of was Louis de Duras, afterwards Earl of Faversham.

notice of Miss Blague, and they found that the billet which had been conveyed to her on the part of Brisacier had had its effect: she was more yellow than saffron: her light hair was stuffed with the citron-coloured riband, which she had put there out of complaisance; and, to inform Brisacier of his fate, she often raised to her head her victorious hands, adorned with the gloves we have before mentioned. However, if the others were surprised to see her in a head-dress that made her look more wan than ever, she herself was far more surprised to see Miss Price share Brisacier's present with her in every particular. Her surprise soon turned to jealousy; for her rival had not failed to join in conversation with him, on account of what had been insinuated to her the evening before; nor did Brisacier fail to return her first advances, without paying the least attention to the fair Blague, nor to the signs which, exerting herself to desperation, she made him, to inform him of his happy destiny.

Miss Price was short and dumpy, and consequently no dancer. The Duke of Buckingham, who brought Brisacier forward as often as he could, came to request him, on the king's behalf, to dance with Miss Blague, without knowing what was then passing in that nymph's heart. Brisacier excused himself, on account of the contempt that he had for country-dancees. Miss Blague thought that it was herself that he despised; and, seeing that he was engaged in conversation with her mortal enemy, she began to dance, without knowing what she was doing. Though her indignation and jealousy were sufficiently evident to divert the whole Court, none but Miss Hamilton and her accomplices who understood

the joke, enjoyed complete pleasure. Their satisfaction was perfect, for Lord Muskerry soon returned, confounded at the vision which the Chevalier de Gramont had described: he acquainted Miss Hamilton, that it was Lady Muskerry in person, a thousand times more ridiculous than she had ever been before, and that he had had all the trouble in the world to get her home, and place a sentry at her chamber door.

The reader may think, perhaps, that we have dwelt too long on these trifling incidents; perhaps he may be right: we will, therefore, pass to others.

Everything favoured the Chevalier de Gramont in the new passion which he entertained. He was not without rivals; but, what is more extraordinary, he was without uneasiness. He was acquainted with their minds, and with Miss Hamilton's also.

Her most considerable, though least openly declared lover, was the Duke of York; but it was in vain for him to conceal it, the Court was too well acquainted with his character to doubt of his inclinations for her. He did not think it appropriate to declare sentiments which were not fit for Miss Hamilton to hear; but he talked to her as much as he could, and ogled her assiduously. Hunting, which was his favourite diversion, employed him during part of the day, and generally he came home somewhat fatigued; but Miss Hamilton's presence revived him, when he found her either with the queen or the duchess. There it was that, not daring to tell her of what lay heavy on his heart, he entertained her with what he had in his head; telling her marvellous things about the cunning of foxes and the mettle

of horses ; giving her accounts of broken legs and arms, dislocated shoulders, and other curious and entertaining adventures ; after which, his eyes told her the rest, till such time as sleep interrupted their conversation ; for these tender interpreters could not sometimes help closing in the very midst of their ogling.

The duchess was not alarmed at a passion which her rival was far from thinking sincere, and with which she used to divert herself, as far as respect would allow her : on the contrary, as her highness had a liking and esteem for Miss Hamilton, she never treated her more graciously than at this period.

The two Russells, uncle and nephew, were two of the Chevalier de Gramont's other rivals. The uncle¹³ was full sixty, and had distinguished himself by his courage and fidelity in the civil wars. His passion and intentions, with regard to Miss Hamilton, appeared both at once ; but his magnificence only appeared by halves in those gallantries which love inspires. Not long before, people had discarded the ridiculous fashion of high-crowned pointed hats to fall into the other extreme, and old Russell, amazed at so terrible a change, resolved to preserve a medium, which rendered him remarkable : he was still more so, by his constancy for slashed doublets, which he adhered to for a long time after they had been universally suppressed ; but, what was most surprising about him, was a certain mixture of avarice and liberality, which had been constantly at war with

¹³ John Russell, third son of Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford, and colonel of the first regiment of foot guards. Spite of his age he was an inveterate dancer, and is described by Pepys as figuring at a Court ball on the occasion of the queen's birthday, in 1668. He died unmarried in 1681.

each other, ever since he had entered the lists with love.

His nephew¹⁴ was only of a younger brother's family, but was considered to be his heir; however, although this nephew was dependent on his uncle for an establishment, and should have humoured him, in order to get his estate, he could not avoid his fate. Mrs. Middleton shewed him sufficient preference; but her favours could not secure him from the charms of Miss Hamilton. His person would have had nothing disagreeable in it, if he had only left it to nature; but he was formal in all his actions, and taciturn enough to give one the vapours; though he proved even more tiresome when he did speak.

The Chevalier de Gramont, quite at his ease as to all these competitors, became more and more deeply engaged, without, however, forming other designs, or conceiving other hopes, than of rendering himself agreeable. Although his passion was openly declared, nobody at Court regarded it otherwise than as gallantry, which goes no farther than to render justice to merit.

His philosopher, Saint-Evremond,¹⁵ was of quite a

¹⁴ William, eldest son of Edward Russell, the younger brother of the John Russell just spoken of.

¹⁵ Saint-Evremond drew his own character in a letter to Gramont in the following terms:—"He was a philosopher equally removed from superstition and impiety; a voluptuary who had no less aversion from debauchery than inclination for pleasure, a man who had never felt the pressure of indigence, and who had never been in possession of affluence. . . . He was well pleased with nature, and did not complain of fortune. He hated vice, was indulgent to frailties, and lamented misfortunes. He sought not after the failings of men with a design to expose them; he only found what was ridiculous in them for his own amusement. . . . Life, in his opinion, was too short to read all sorts of books, and to burden one's memory with a multitude of things, at the expense of one's judgment. He did not apply himself to the most learned writings, in order to acquire knowledge, but to

different opinion on finding that, besides an immense increase of magnificence and assiduity, he regretted the hours which he bestowed on play; that he no longer sought after those long and agreeable conversations they had been used to have together; and that this new attachment no longer left him master of himself.

“Monsieur le Chevalier,” said he, “methinks that for some time past you have left the town beauties and their lovers in perfect repose: Mrs. Middleton makes fresh conquests with impunity, and wears your presents, under your nose, without your taking the smallest notice; poor Miss Warmester has been quietly brought to bed in the midst of the Court, without your having even said a word about it. I foresaw it well enough, Monsieur le Chevalier, you have got acquainted with Miss Hamilton, and—what had never before happened to you—you are now really in love. But let us consider a little what may be the consequence. In the first place, I do not believe that you have the least intention of seducing her: such is her birth and merit, that if you were in possession of the estates and titles of your family, it might be excusable for you to come forward with serious intentions, however ridiculous marriage may be in general; for, if you only wish for wit, discretion, and the treasures of beauty, you could not pay your addresses to a more proper person. But as you only possess a very moderate share of the treasures of fortune, you

the most rational, to fortify his reason; he sometimes chose the most delicate, to give delicacy to his own taste, and sometimes the most agreeable, to give the same to his own genius. . . . In friendship he was more constant than a philosopher, and more sincere than a young man of good nature without experience. With regard to religion, his piety consisted more in justice and charity than in penance or mortification.”

cannot pay your addresses more improperly ; for your brother Toulongeon,¹⁶ whose disposition I am acquainted with, will not have the complaisance to die, in order to favour your pretensions.

“ But suppose you had a competent fortune for both of you, and that is supposing a good deal, are you acquainted with this beauty’s delicacy, not to say capriciousness, in reference to such an engagement ? Do you know that she has had the choice of the best matches in England ? The Duke of Richmond was one of the first to pay his addresses to her ; but although he was in love with her, he was also mercenary : whereupon the king, observing that want of fortune was the only impediment to the match, took that article upon himself, out of regard alike for the Duke of Ormond, for the merit and birth of Miss Hamilton, and for her father’s services. Miss Hamilton, however, shocked that a man who pretended to be in love should haggle and bargain, and reflecting also upon his character in society, did not think it of such high importance for her to become Duchess of Richmond at the risk of the danger that was to be feared from a brute and a debauchee.

“ Did not little Jermyn, notwithstanding his uncle’s great estate, and his own brilliant reputation, also fail in his suit to her ? And has she ever so much as vouchsafed to look at Henry Howard,¹⁷ who is upon

¹⁶ Count de Toulongeon was elder brother to the Chevalier de Gramont, who, by his death, in 1679, became, according to Saint-Evremond, one of the richest noblemen at Court.—Saint-Evremond’s *Works*, vol. ii. p. 237.

¹⁷ Brother to Thomas, Earl of Arundel, who, by a special Act of Parliament passed in 1664, was restored to the honours of the family, forfeited by the attainder of his ancestor, in the time of Elizabeth. Pepys mentions that Henry Howard, who only appeared stupid in the eyes of Hamilton,

the point of being the first duke in England, and is already actually in possession of all the estates of the house of Norfolk? I confess that he is a clown; but what other lady in all England would not put up with his stupidity and disagreeable person to become the first duchess in the kingdom, with twenty-five thousand a year?

“To conclude: Lord Falmouth himself has told me that he has always looked upon her as the only acquisition wanting to complete his happiness; but that, even at the height of his fortune, he had never dared to declare his sentiments to her; that he either felt in himself too much weakness, or too much pride, to be satisfied with obtaining her solely by the consent of her relations; and that, although the first refusals of the fair on such occasions are not taken into account, yet he knew with what an air she received the addresses of those whom she did not like. After this, Monsieur le Chevalier, consider in what way you intend to achieve success; for you are in love, and your passion will go on increasing, and the greater your attachment the less capable will you be of reflecting, as you might do now.”

“My poor philosopher,” answered the Chevalier de Gramont, “you know Latin very well, you can write verses, you understand the course, and are acquainted with the nature of the stars in the firmament; but, as for the luminaries of the earth, you know nothing whatever about them. You have told me nothing concern-

presented his grandfather's library to the Royal Society; and allowed the Society to meet at Arundel House when Gresham College was no longer at its service. On the death of his brother, in 1677, Henry Howard became Duke of Norfolk, and died Jan. 1683-4, aged 55.

ing Miss Hamilton, but what the king told me three days ago. That she refused the Ostrogoths you have mentioned is all in her favour ; if she had cared to take them, I should not care to have her, although I love her to distraction. Attend now to what I am going to say ; I am resolved to marry her, and I will have my tutor Saint Evremond the first to commend me for doing so. As for an establishment, I will make my peace with the king, and beg him to make her one of the ladies-in-waiting, which he will grant me. Toulangeon will die, without assistance or hindrance on my part ; and Miss Hamilton will have Sémécac,¹⁸ with the Chevalier de Gramont, as compensation for the Norfolks and Richmonds. Now, have you anything to advance against this project ? For I will bet you a hundred louis, that everything will happen as I say."

It was about this time that the king's attachment to Miss Stewart became so evident, that, as could be easily seen, had she only been possessed of artifice, she might have become as absolutely the mistress of his mind as she was of his heart.¹⁹ This was a fine opportunity for

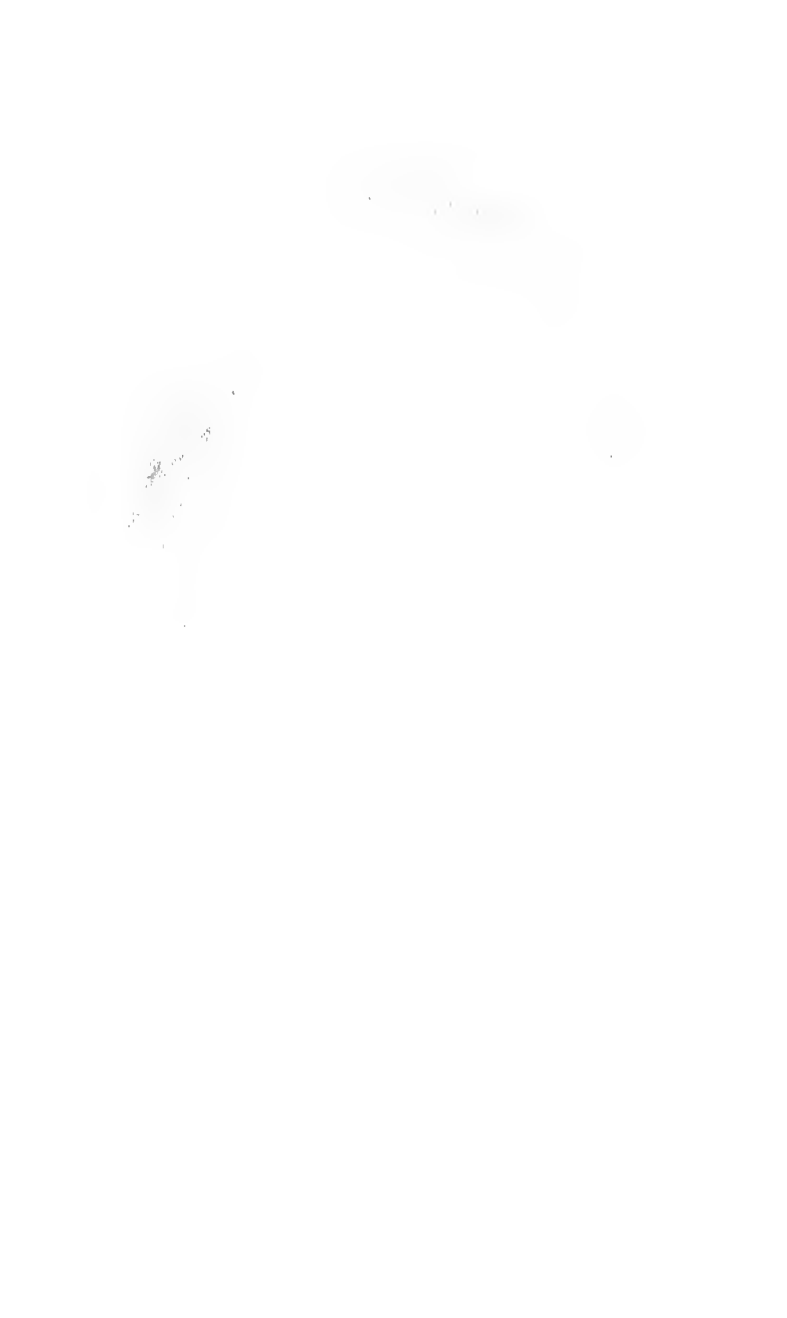
¹⁸ See *ante*, p. xxxii.

¹⁹ Under date Jan. 1663-4, Pepys notes that Mr. Pierce (surgeon to the Duke of York), "tells me that the king do doat upon Mrs. Stewart only, and that to the leaving of all business in the world, and to the open slighting of the queen, 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 sentries observe his going in and out." Subsequently Pepys hears from the same source, "how the king is now become besotted upon Mrs. Stewart, that he gets into corners, and will be with her half an hour together, refusing her to the observation of all the world ; and now she stays by herself and expects it." Pepys further notes (Feb. 8), that "the good queen will of herself stop before she goes sometimes into her dressing-room, till she knows whether the king be there, for fear he should be, as she has sometimes taken him with Mrs. Stewart." Five months later (July 17), Pepys makes a visit to Whitehall, where "in one of the galleries

those who had experience and ambition. The Duke of Buckingham formed the design of governing her in order to ingratiate himself with the king; God knows what a governor he would have been, and what a head he was possessed of, to guide another! However, he was the most suitable man in the world to insinuate himself with a woman of such a mind as Miss Stewart; there was something childish in her disposition—she laughed at everything, and her taste for frivolous amusements, though unaffected, seemed only allowable in a girl until about twelve or thirteen years of age. A child, however, she was, in every respect, except playing with a doll. Blind-man's buff was one of her most favourite amusements. She would build castles of cards, while the deepest play went on in her apartments, where you saw courtiers press round her, handing her the cards, or other architects, endeavouring to imitate her.

She had, however, a passion for music, and some taste for singing. The Duke of Buckingham, who built the finest edifices of cards imaginable, had an agreeable voice. She had no aversion to scandal; and the duke was both the father and the mother of scandal. He wrote songs, and invented old women's stories, with which she was delighted; but his particular talent consisted in seizing hold of whatever was ridiculous in other people's speech and person, and in taking them off, even

there comes out of the chair room Mrs. Stewart in a most lovely form with her hair all about her ears, having her picture taken there. There was the king, and twenty, I think, standing by all the while; and a lovely creature she in the dress seemed to be." A few days before Pepys speaks of her as "very fine and pretty, but far beneath my Lady Castlemaine," who was evidently the queen of beauty in the Secretary to the Admiralty's eyes.





Duke of Buckingham

in their presence, without their perceiving it. In short, he knew how to mimic all sorts of persons with so much grace and pleasantry, that it was difficult to do without him, when he had a mind to make himself agreeable. Thus he had made himself so necessary to Miss Stewart's amusement, that she sent everywhere to seek for him, when he did not attend the king to her apartments.²⁰

He was very good looking, and thought himself still more so than he really was. Although he had a deal of discernment, his vanity made him mistake some civilities, which were only bestowed on his wit and drollery, as intended for his person. In short, led away by too good an opinion of his own merit, he forgot his first project and his Portuguese mistress, in order to pursue a fancy as to which he was mistaken; for he no sooner began to act a serious part with Miss Stewart, than he met with so severe a repulse, that he at once abandoned all

²⁰ Everyone will remember Dryden's portrait of the duke, in his *Absalom and Achitophel*:—

<p>“ A man so various that he seemed to be Not one, but all mankind's epitome : Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong ; Was everything by starts, and nothing long, But, in the course of one revolving moon, Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ; Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking, Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking. Blest madman, who could every hour employ</p>	<p>With something new to wish or to enjoy ! Railing and praising were his usual themes, And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes ; So over violent, or over civil, That every man with him was god or devil. In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ; Nothing went unrewarded but desert. Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late ; He had his jest, and they had his estate.”</p>
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See Appendix, note B., for the less familiar but equally powerful sketch of the duke's character by the author of *Hudibras*.

his designs upon her. However, it may be said that the familiarity she had procured him with the king opened a way to the favour to which he subsequently rose.

Lord Arlington²¹ took up the project which the Duke of Buckingham had abandoned, and strove to gain possession of the mind of the mistress, in order to govern the master. A man of greater merit and higher birth than himself might, however, have been satisfied with the fortune he had already acquired. His first negotiations had been in connection with the treaty of the Pyrenees; and though he had not been successful as

²¹ Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, principal secretary of state and lord chamberlain to Charles II., whom he outlived only a few months, dying in July, 1685. He was one of the members of the notorious Cabal, another member of which has thus sketched his portrait:—

<p>“ First draw an arrant fop from tip to toe, Whose very looks at first dost show him so ; Give him a mean proud garb, a dapper face, A pert dull grin, a black patch 'cross his face, Two goggle eyes, so clear, though very dead,</p>	<p>That one may see through them quite through his head. Let every nod of his and subtle wink Declare the fool would talk but cannot think. Let him all other fools so far sur- pass That fools themselves point at him for an ass.”</p>
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Advice to a painter to draw my Lord A—ton. By the Duke of Buckingham.

Rochester also had his fling at Arlington:—

“ Clarendon had law and sense,
Clifford was fierce and brave ;
Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
And Danby's matchless impudence
Helped to support the knave.”

“ Arlington,” says Macaulay, “ had two aspects, a busy and serious one for the public, whom he wished to awe into respect, and a gay one for Charles, who thought that the greatest service which could be rendered to a prince was to amuse him.”—*Essays*, vol. iii. p. 29.

“ Arlington is fond of luxury and amusement,” wrote one French ambassador; “ no member of the English aristocracy has so many carriages in his mews,” wrote another; while a third informed the Court of Versailles that “ Arlington would sell his soul to the devil to worst an enemy.”—*M.S. Affaires Etrangères : Angleterre.*

regards his master's interests he had not altogether lost his time ; he had outwardly acquired the serious air and profound gravity of the Spaniards, and fairly imitated their dilatory habits in business. He had a scar across his nose, which was covered by a long patch, or, rather, by a small lozenge-shaped plaster. Scars in the face commonly give a man a certain fierce and martial air, which is not unbecoming ; but it was quite the contrary with him, for this remarkable plaster had so adapted itself to his mysterious look, that it seemingly added to it an air of importance and capacity.

Arlington, under the mask of this compound countenance, the covetous look of which passed for love of work, whilst its expression of impenetrable stupidity was supposed to indicate reticence, had given himself out as a great politician ; and no one having leisure to examine him, he had been taken at his word, and made minister and secretary of state, upon the credit of his appearance.

Being too ambitious to content himself with this station, after providing himself with a number of fine maxims, and some historical anecdotes, he obtained an audience of Miss Stewart, in order to display them ; at the same time offering her his most humble services and best advice, to assist her in conducting herself in the situation to which it had pleased God, and her virtue, to raise her. But he was only in the preface of his speech, when she recollected that he was at the head of those whom the Duke of Buckingham was used to mimic ; and as his presence and his language answered exactly to the ridiculous ideas that had been given her of him, she could not forbear from bursting into a fit of laughter,

which was the more violent as she had long struggled to suppress it.

The minister was enraged ; his pride became his post, and his punctilious behaviour merited all the ridicule which could be attached to it. He quitted her abruptly, with all the fine advice he had prepared for her, and was almost tempted to carry it to Lady Castlemaine, and to join her interests ; or else to quit the Court party, and declaim in parliament against the wrongs done to the State, and particularly to propose an act to forbid the keeping of mistresses. However, his prudence got the better of his resentment ; and, no longer thinking of aught save how to enjoy the blessings of fortune in an agreeable way, he sent to Holland for a wife, in order to complete his felicity.²²

Hamilton²³ was, of all the courtiers, the best qualified to succeed in an enterprise in which the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington had failed. He had thought of it ; but his natural coquetry traversed his intentions,

²² The lady here referred to is Isabella, daughter of Louis of Nassau, Lord of Beverwaert, son to Maurice, Prince of Orange, and Count of Nassau. By her, Lord Arlington had an only daughter, named Isabella, who married, Aug. 1, 1672, Henry, Earl of Euston, son of Charles II., by the Countess of Castlemaine, and afterwards created Duke of Grafton. *Apropos* of Arlington's luxurious tastes we find the countess begging Madame Colbert to send her "from Paris enough of the finest Venice brocatelle to make hangings for an anteroom, with covers for twelve chairs ;" and damask curtains and coverings for another set of furniture. The ambassador notified this request to Louis XIV., and added, "If the king thinks it for the good of his service to make the present, it would, I fancy, much gratify the lady." It was Lady Arlington who got up the mock marriage at Euston between Charles II. and Louise de Keroualle, which resulted in the birth of a son, created Duke of Richmond, and the raising of the mother to the dignity of Duchess of Portsmouth."—Forneron's *Louise de Keroualle*, Eng. trans., pp. 55 and 72.

²³ James Hamilton, the elder brother of the author of the Memoirs, is the person here intended. Lord Orford erroneously ascribes the adventure to their brother George.



Sc. P. Lely pinx.

Countess of Chesterfield

and made him neglect the most advantageous project in the world, in order to reply, quite in waste, to the advances and allurements with which the Countess of Chesterfield took it into her head to favour him. This was one of the most agreeable women in the world: she had a most exquisite shape, though she was not very tall. She was fair, with all the glow and whiteness of a blonde, and all the animation and piquancy of a brunette. She had large blue eyes, which were very alluring; her manners were engaging, her wit lively and amusing; but her heart, ever open to tender sentiments, was neither scrupulous in point of constancy, nor nice in point of sincerity. She was daughter to the Duke of Ormond,²⁴ and, Hamilton being her cousin-german, they saw each other as much as they pleased quite harmlessly; but as soon as her eyes gave him some encouragement, he no longer thought of aught save how to please her, without considering her fickleness, or the obstacles that lay in his way. His intention of establishing himself in the confidence of Miss Stewart no longer occupied his thoughts; besides, she was soon in a position to dispense with the counsel which others had thought of giving her as to her conduct. She had done all that was necessary to increase the king's passion, without injuring her virtue by granting the last favours; but the eagerness of a passionate lover, blessed with favourable opportunities, is difficult to withstand, and still more difficult to

²⁴ She was the Earl of Chesterfield's second wife, and survived the adventures here related only a very short time, dying in July, 1665, at the age of twenty-five years. Her death was found recorded in the earl's memorandum book, unaccompanied by a single remark or expression of regret.

vanquish ; and Miss Stewart's virtue was almost exhausted, when the queen was attacked with a violent fever, which soon placed her in extreme danger.

Then it was that Miss Stewart was greatly pleased with herself for the resistance which had cost her no little effort : a thousand hopes of greatness and glory filled her heart, and the additional respect that was universally paid her contributed to increase them.

The queen was given over by her physicians. The few Portuguese women, that had not been sent back to their own country, filled the Court with doleful cries ; and the good nature of the king was much affected with the situation in which he saw a princess, whom he certainly did not love, but whom he greatly esteemed. She loved him tenderly, and thinking it was the last time she would ever speak to him, she told him, that the concern he shewed for her death was enough to make her quit life with regret ; however, as she did not possess sufficient charms to merit his tenderness, she at least had the consolation in dying of giving place to a consort, who might be more worthy of it, and to whom heaven, perhaps, would grant a blessing that had been refused to her. At these words, she bathed his hands with tears, which he thought would be her last ; he mingled his own with hers, and without imagining that she would take him at his word, he conjured her to live for his sake. She had never yet disobeyed him ; and, however dangerous sudden emotions may be when one is between life and death, this transport of joy, which might have proved fatal to her, saved her, and the king's wonderful tenderness had an effect for

which everybody did not thank heaven in the same degree.²⁵

Jermyn had some time previously recovered from his wounds ; however, Lady Castlemaine, finding his health in as deplorable a condition as ever, resolved to regain the king's heart, but in vain : for notwithstanding the softness of her tears, and the violence of her passions, Miss Stewart wholly possessed it. During this period the Court was variously entertained : occasionally there were promenades on horseback, when the Court beauties vied in charms and graces, sometimes successfully, sometimes otherwise, but always to the best of their abilities ;²⁶ at

²⁵ Pepys describes the queen's illness as the spotted fever, "she being as full of spots as a leopard" ; and under date Oct. 19, 1663, he notes that, "She was so ill as to be shaved, and pigeons put to her feet, and to have the extreme unction given her by the priests, who were so long about: that the doctors were angry. The king, they say, is most fondly disconsolate for her, and weeps by her, which makes her weep . . . but for all that," Pepys goes on to say, "he hath not missed one night since she was sick of supping with my Lady Castlemaine." The following letters from the French ambassador to his government corroborate both Pepys' account and Hamilton's narrative :—

"Oct. 15, 1663. During the night of Friday to Saturday, the queen thought she would die ; she took the *viaticum*, made her will, and had her hair cut. The king threw himself on his knees, bursting into tears ; she consoled him with a deal of calmness and gentleness. She said she rejoiced that he would soon be in a position to marry again, with a princess of greater merit, who would be able to contribute to his satisfaction and that of the State."

"Oct. 25, 1663. The queen is in such a condition, that in the judgment of the doctors, there is little ground for hope. She received the extreme unction this morning. The king seems to me greatly distressed ; however, he supped at Lady Castlemaine's, and had his usual conversation with Miss Stewart, with whom he is very much in love."

²⁶ "Hearing that the king and queen are rode abroad with the ladies of honour to the park, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also stayed, walking up and down. By and by the king and queen, who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*) mighty pretty ; and the king rode hand-in-hand with her. Here also my Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies, but the king took, methought, no notice of her ; nor when she alighted did anybody press (as she seemed to expect and stayed for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own

other times there were such shows on the river, as the city of London alone can afford.

The Thames washes the sides of the large, though not magnificent, palace of the kings of Great Britain.²⁷ By the stairs of this palace the Court descended to take water, in the summer evenings, when the heat and dust prevented their promenading in the park. An infinite number of open boats, filled with all the Court and city beauties, attended the barges, in which were the royal family. Collations, music, and fireworks completed the scene. The Chevalier de Gramont always made one of the company, and it was very seldom that he did not add something of his own invention, and agreeably surprise the company by some unexpected stroke of magnificence and gallantry. Sometimes he had complete concerts of vocal and instrumental music, privately sending to Paris

gentlemen. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome, yet very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauty and dress, that ever I did see in all my life."—*Diary* (July 13, 1663).

²⁷ "The palace of Whitehall occupied a large space of ground, having one front towards the Thames and another of a humbler character towards St. James's Park. . . There was a public thoroughfare through the palace from Charing Cross to Westminster, crossed by two gates, one known as Whitehall gate and the other as the King Street gate. . . It was in the Tudor style of architecture, with a succession of galleries and courts, a large hall, a chapel, tennis court, cockpit, orchard, and banqueting house. James I. intended to have rebuilt the whole palace, and Inigo Jones designed a new Whitehall for that king worthy of our nation and his own great name. But nothing was built beyond the banqueting house. Charles I. contemplated a similar reconstruction, but poverty at first prevented him, and the Civil War soon after was a more effectual prohibition." The tide rose periodically very high at Whitehall, and the king in a speech to the House of Commons at the time of the anticipated arrival of Catherine of Braganza, urged the house "to quickly pass such laws that she might not find Whitehall surrounded by water."—Cunningham's *London*.

for the performers, who struck up on a sudden in the midst of these water parties; sometimes he provided cold collations, which likewise came from France, and surpassed those of the king in the midst of London. These entertainments sometimes exceeded, at others fell short of his expectations, but they always cost him a large amount of money.

Lord Falmouth was one of those who had the greatest friendship and esteem for the Chevalier de Gramont. The latter's profusion gave him concern, and as he often used to go and sup with him without ceremony, one day finding only Saint-Evremond there, and supper laid for half a dozen guests, who had been invited in form:

"You must not," said he, addressing himself to the Chevalier de Gramont, "be obliged to me for this visit: I come from the king's *coucher*, where all the talk was about you; and I can assure you that the manner in which the king spoke of you could not afford you so much pleasure as I myself felt upon the occasion. You know very well, that he has long since offered you his good offices with the King of France; and for my own part," continued he, smiling, "you know very well that I would solicit him so to do, if I did not fear to lose you as soon as your peace is made; but thanks to Miss Hamilton, you are in no great haste. However, I am ordered by the king my master to acquaint you, that until you are restored to the favour of your sovereign, he presents you with a pension of fifteen hundred jacobuses.²⁸ This is a trifle, considering the figure the Chevalier de Gramont makes

²⁸ The jacobus was worth 25s.

among us," said he, embracing him; "but it will assist him to give us sometimes a supper."

The Chevalier de Gramont received, as was fitting, the offer of a favour which he did not think proper to accept.

"I recognise," said he, "the king's bounty in this proposal, and still better do I recognise Lord Falmouth's distinctive quality. I request him to assure his majesty of my perfect gratitude. The king my master will not suffer me to want, when he thinks fit to recall me; and meanwhile I will let you see that I have the wherewithal to give my English friends a supper now and then."

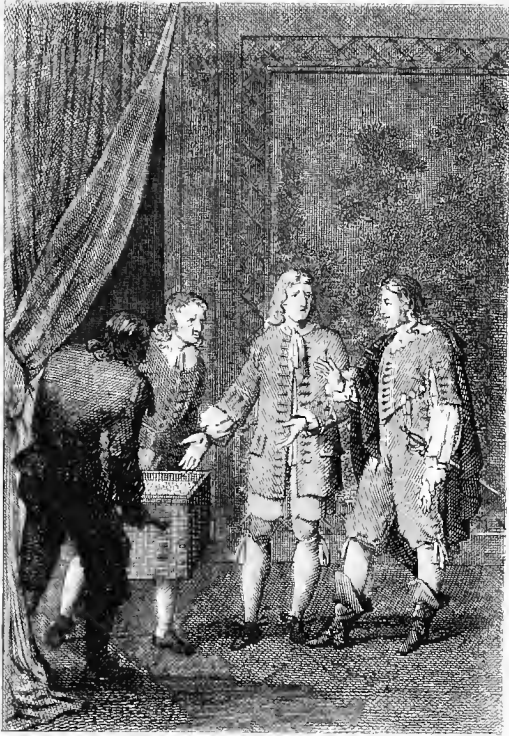
At these words, he called for his strong box, and shewed him seven or eight thousand guineas in fine gold. Lord Falmouth, wishing that the refusal of so advantageous an offer might turn to the Chevalier's advantage, gave Monsieur de Cominges, then ambassador in England, an account of it; and Monsieur de Cominges did not fail to represent the merit of such a refusal to the French Court.²⁹

Hyde Park, as everyone knows, is the promenade of London; nothing was so much in fashion, during the fine weather, as this promenade, which was then the rendezvous of magnificence and beauty. All who had either sparkling eyes, or splendid equipages, constantly

²⁹ The following extract from a letter, from the Count de Cominges to Louis XIV., appears to have some reference to this affair:—

"London, 10-20 Dec., 1663.

"The Chevalier de Gramont was delighted with the news I gave him, and repeated to me a thousand times that he preferred to serve your Majesty for nothing than all the kings in the world for all their treasures. He is preparing to take his leave of the sovereign of Great Britain, to whom he is doubtless under great obligations for the gracious manner in which he has been received and treated."



Choquet del. 1819.

repaired thither; and the king seemed pleased with the place.³⁰

As at that time coaches with glasses had not long been in use,³¹ the ladies disliked shutting themselves up in them. They infinitely preferred the pleasure of shewing almost their whole persons, to the conveniences of modern coaches. That which had been made for the king was not of very elegant appearance, and the Chevalier de Gramont being of opinion that something agreeable might be invented, which should partake of the ancient fashion, and likewise prove preferable to the

³⁰ "Of all parts of England Hyde Park hath the name
For coaches and horses and persons of fame."

Old Ballad: Roxburgh Collection.

"I did frequently, in the spring, accompany my Lord N—— into a field near the town, which they call Hyde Park; the place not unpleasant, and which they use as our course; but with nothing of that order, equipage, and splendour; being such an assembly of wretched jades, and hackney coaches, as, next a regiment of car-men, there is nothing approaches the resemblance. This park was (it seemes) used by the late king and nobility for the freshness of the air, and the goodly prospect; but it is that which now (besides all other excises) they pay for here, in England, though it be free in all the world besides; every coach and horse which enters buying his mouthful, and permission of the publican who has purchased it; for which the entrance is guarded with porters and long staves."—(*A Character of England, as it was lately presented to a Nobleman of France*, 12mo, 1659, p. 54.) Evelyn says in his Diary that the charge for every coach entering the park was a shilling, and for every horse sixpence.

³¹ "I could wish her (*i.e.* Mary Carleton's) coach (which she said my Lord Taff bought for her in England, and sent it over to her, made of the new fashion, with glasse, very stately; and her pages and lacquies were of the same livery), was come for me."—*The Ultimium Vale of John Carleton*, 4to, 1663, p. 23.

This Mary Carleton was a notorious impostor, who palmed herself off as a German princess. She subsequently became an actress, and after a course of robbery and fraud, was hanged at Tyburn for stealing a piece of plate from a tavern in Chancery Lane. Lord Taaffe, afterwards second Earl of Carlingford, who had presented Mary Carleton with her glass coach, had an intrigue with Miss Warmester, maid of honour to the queen. See vol. ii., p. 74.

Pepys tells a story of Lady Peterborough being in one of these newly introduced glass-coaches, the windows of which were up, and being desirous of saluting a lady whom she saw passing in a coach, she ran her head through the glass, the latter being so clear that she thought the window was down.

modern, sent Termes to Paris privately with all the necessary instructions. The Duke of Guise³² was likewise charged with this commission; and in a month's time the courier, having by the favour of Providence escaped the quicksand on this occasion, brought safely over to England the most elegant and magnificent calash that had ever been seen.

The Chevalier de Gramont had given orders, that fifteen hundred louis should be expended upon it; but the Duke of Guise, who was his friend, to oblige him, laid out two thousand. All the Court was in admiration at the magnificence of the present; and the king, charmed with the Chevalier's attention to everything which could afford him pleasure, did not cease to thank him. He would, however, only accept a present of so much value, upon condition that the Chevalier should not refuse another from him.

The queen, imagining that this splendid affair might bring her good luck, wished to appear in it the first, with the Duchess of York. Lady Castlemaine, who had seen them in it, took it into her head that a woman looked handsomer in this coach than in another, and begged the king to lend her this wonderful chariot that she might appear in it on the first fine day in Hyde Park. Miss Stewart had the same wish, and asked to

³² Henry de Lorraine, Duke de Guise, Count d'Eu, Prince de Joinville, peer and high chamberlain of France. Born in 1614, he first took holy orders and became Archbishop of Reims; but on his brother's death, in 1639, he relinquished his see and entered the army. He was at the siege of Gavelines in 1644, and at Naples in 1647; and having been taken prisoner by the Spaniards in 1648, was not released till 1652. Two years later he commanded the fleet sent to Naples, and captured Castellamare. He died in Paris in June, 1664. Tallemant des Réaux asserts that he was of an unusually amorous disposition.—*Historiettes*, vol. v. p. 111.

have the coach on the same day. As it was impossible to reconcile these two goddesses, whose former union was turned into mortal hatred, the king was very much perplexed. Each of them wished to have the coach first.

Lady Castlemaine was with child, and threatened to miscarry, if her rival were preferred. Miss Stewart threatened that she never would be got with child, if her request were not granted. This menace prevailed over the other one, and Lady Castlemaine's rage was so great, that she almost kept her word; and it was believed that this triumph cost her rival some of her innocence.

The queen-dowager, who, though she had no share in these broils, was none the less partial to them, designed as was her wont to divert herself with this circumstance. She took occasion to joke with the Chevalier de Gramont, for having thrown this bone of contention among such competitors; and did not fail, in presence of the whole Court, to give him the praise which so magnificent a present deserved.

"But how comes it," said she, "that you have no equipage yourself, although you indulge in such great expense? for I am told that you do not keep even a footman, and that a street urchin lights you home with one of those pitch torches which make the whole town stink."

"Madam," said he, "the Chevalier de Gramont does not like pomp: my link-boy, of whom you speak, is faithful to my service; and besides, he is one of the bravest fellows in the world. Your majesty is unac-

quainted with the nation of link-boys : it is a charming one, I can assure you : a man cannot step out in the night without being surrounded by a dozen of them. The first time I became acquainted with them, I retained all that offered me their services ; so that when I arrived at Whitehall, I had at least two hundred about my chair. The sight was new ; for those who had seen me pass with this illumination, asked whose funeral it was. These gentlemen, however, did not fail to fight over a few dozen shillings which I had thrown among them ; and he whom your majesty mentions having beaten three or four of his companions, I retained him for his valour. As for the parade of coaches and footmen, I hold it of no account, madam : I have sometimes had five or six *valets-de-chambre* at once, without having a single servant in livery, except my chaplain Poussatin."

"How !" said the queen, bursting out into a laugh, "a chaplain in your livery ! Apparently he was not a priest ?"

"Pardon me, madam," said the Chevalier, "he was, and the first priest in the world for the Biscayan dance."


"Chevalier," said the king, "I wish you to tell us the story of your chaplain Poussatin at once."





CHAPTER VII.

The Chevalier gives the King an account of the siege of Lerida—Condé's violins, and Don Gregorio Brice's cannonade—How the Chevalier came to appoint a dancing priest to be his chaplain, and dressed him in livery—The elder Russell's declaration to Miss Hamilton—The Chevalier learns from the King that he is freed from another rival—Ceremonious and jealous Lord Chesterfield—Coquetry of Lady Chesterfield with James Hamilton and the Duke of York.

“ IRE,” said the Chevalier de Gramont, “the Prince de Condé was besieging Lerida;¹ the fortress in itself was nothing; but Don Gregorio Brice, who defended it, was something. He was one of those Spaniards of the old stamp, as valiant as the Cid, as proud as all the Guzmans put together, and more gallant than all the Abencerrages of Grenada. He allowed us to make our first approaches to his fortress without the least molestation. The Marshal de Gramont—whose maxim it was, that a governor who at first

¹ This was in 1647. Voltaire says “Condé was accused, upon this occasion, in certain books, of a bravado, in having opened the trenches to the music of violins; but these writers were ignorant that this was the custom of Spain”—*Age of Louis XIV.*, chap. 2.

The inhabitants of Lerida celebrate the raising of this siege on St. Cecilia's day (Nov. 22), possibly by way of allusion to Condé's violins.

makes a great blustering, and burns his suburbs in order to make a noble defence, generally makes a very bad one—looked upon Gregorio de Brice's politeness as no good omen for us; but the prince, covered with glory, and elated with the campaigns of Rocroi, Nordlingen, and Fribourg, in view of insulting both the fortress and the governor, had the first trench cut in the daytime by his own regiment, at the head of which marched four-and-twenty fiddlers, as if it had been to a wedding.

“At night time we were all in high spirits: our violins were playing soft airs, and there was good cheer on all sides: God knows how we were joking about the poor governor and his frase, both of which we promised ourselves we would take in four-and-twenty hours. This was going on in the trenches, when we heard an ominous cry from the ramparts, repeated two or three times, ‘Alert on the walls!’ This cry was followed by a discharge of cannon and musketry, and this discharge by a vigorous sally, which, after emptying the trenches, despatched us in hot haste back to our main guard.

“The next day, Gregorio Brice sent a trumpeter with a present of ice and fruit to the Prince de Condé, humbly beseeching his highness to excuse his not having any fiddlers to return the serenade with which he had been pleased to favour him; however, if the music of the previous night had not been disagreeable to him, he would endeavour to make it last as long as the prince did him the honour to remain before the fortress. The brute was as good as his word; and as soon as we heard ‘Alert on the walls,’ we were sure of a sally, that cleared our trenches, destroyed our works, and killed the best of

our officers and soldiers. The prince was so piqued at it, that, contrary to the opinion of the general officers, he obstinately persisted in carrying on this siege, which seemed likely to ruin his army, and which he was at last forced to raise, somewhat abruptly.

“As our troops were retiring, Don Gregorio, far from giving himself any of those airs which governors generally assume on such occasions, made no other sally than to send a very respectful compliment to the prince. Sometime afterwards Señor Brice set out for Madrid, to give an account of his conduct, and to receive a recompense. Your majesty will perhaps be well pleased to know how poor Brice was treated after performing the most brilliant action that the Spaniards could boast of in all the war—he was sent before the Inquisition.”

“What!” said the queen dowager, “sent before the Inquisition for his services!”

“Not quite for his services,” replied the Chevalier; “but, without any regard to his services. He was treated in the manner, I have mentioned, for a little affair of gallantry, which I shall relate to the king presently.

“The campaign of Catalonia having in this wise come to an end, we were returning home, but scantily laden with laurels; however, as the Prince de Condé had laid up a large store on former occasions, and as he had great projects in his head, he soon forgot this trifling misfortune. We did nothing but joke with one another during the march, and the prince was the first to ridicule the siege: we composed some verses of those *Leridas* so widely sung, in order to prevent worse ones from being written. However, we gained nothing by it, for

although we treated ourselves freely in our own ballads, others were composed in Paris, in which we were still more severely handled. At last we arrived at Perpignan upon a holiday. A party of Catalans, who were dancing in the middle of the street, came out of respect to the prince to dance under his windows ; Monsieur Poussatin, in a short cassock, danced in the middle of this company as if he were really mad, and I first recognized our country dance by his skips and bounds.² The prince was charmed with his humour and activity, and after the dance, I sent for him, and inquired who he was.

“ ‘A poor priest, at your service, my lord,’ said he : ‘my name is Poussatin, and I belong to Bearn : I was going into Catalonia to serve as chaplain in the infantry, for, God be praised, I can march very well ; but, since the war is happily concluded, if your lordship were pleased to take me into your service, I would follow you everywhere, and serve you faithfully.’

“ ‘Monsieur Poussatin,’ said I, ‘my lordship has no great occasion for a chaplain ; but since you seem so well disposed towards me, I will take you into my own service.’

“ The Prince de Condé, who was present at this conversation, was overjoyed at my having a chaplain. Poor Poussatin was in a very tattered condition, and I had no time to provide him with a proper outfit at Perpignan ;

² The Basques have always been extremely fond of dancing, and a writer of the XVIIth century, named Le Pays, says that in this part of France “the priests take part in the dances like other people, and I have observed that at the weddings it is always the priest who leads the dance.” In 1715, Don Pedro Aguado, Bishop of Pampeluna, issued an edict forbidding the priests of his diocese to dance, either by day or night, and in public or in private.—Francisque Michel’s *Pays Basque*, Paris, 1857, p. 94.

but giving him a spare livery of one of the Marshal de Gramont's servants, I made him get up behind the prince's coach, who half killed himself with laughing every time he noticed the uncanonical appearance of little Poussatin in a yellow livery.

"As soon as we arrived at Paris, the story was told to the queen, who at first expressed some surprise at it: this, however, did not prevent her from wishing to see my chaplain dance; for in Spain it is not altogether so strange to see ecclesiastics dance, as to see them in livery.

"Poussatin performed wonders before the queen; but as he danced with great spirit, she could not bear the odour which his violent motion diffused about her room. The ladies began to pray for quarter; for he had got the better of all the perfumes and essences with which they were provided. Poussatin, nevertheless, retired with a deal of applause, and a few louis d'or.

"Some time afterwards I procured a small benefice in the country for my chaplain, and I have since been informed that Poussatin preaches in his village in the same sprightly way as he dances at the weddings of his parishioners."

The king was exceedingly diverted at Poussatin's history; and the queen no longer thought it so wrong that he had been put in livery. The treatment of Gregorio Brice offended her far more; and being desirous of justifying the Court of Spain, with respect to so cruel a proceeding, she said:

"Chevalier de Gramont, what heresy did the governor you spoke of wish to introduce into the State? What

crime against religion was he charged with, that he was sent before the Inquisition ? ”

“ Madam,” replied Gramont, “ the story is not very proper to be related before your majesty : it was a little amorous frolic, ill-timed, indeed, but poor Brice meant no harm. His crime would not have warranted a whipping in the most severe college in France, as it was only giving some proof of his affection to a little Spanish damsel who fixed her eyes upon him on a solemn occasion.”

The king desired to know the particulars of the adventure ; and the Chevalier de Gramont gratified his curiosity, as soon as the queen and the rest of the Court were out of hearing. It was very entertaining to hear him tell a story ; but it was very disagreeable to differ with him, either in competition, or in raillery. It is true that at that time there were few persons at the English Court who had merited his indignation : Russell alone was sometimes the subject of his ridicule, but even then the Chevalier treated him very tenderly in comparison with his custom in regard to a rival.

This Russell was one of the great dancers of England, I mean, for country dances. He had a collection of two or three hundred in print, all of which he danced at sight ; and to prove that he was not an old man, he sometimes danced until he was exhausted. His mode of dancing was like that of his clothes, for they both had been out of fashion fully twenty years.

The Chevalier de Gramont plainly realised that Russell was very much in love, and although he also saw very well that it only rendered him the more ridiculous, he felt some concern at the information he

received, of his intention of demanding Miss Hamilton in marriage ; of this concern, however, he was soon relieved.

Russell, on the point of setting out upon a journey, thought it proper to acquaint his mistress with his intentions before his departure. The Chevalier de Gramont was a great obstacle to any interview with her ; but as he was one day sent for, to go and play at Lady Castlemaine's, Russell seized the opportunity, and addressing himself to Miss Hamilton, with less embarrassment than is usual on such occasions, made his declaration to her in the following manner :

“ I am brother to the Earl of Bedford : I command the regiment of guards ; I have three thousand jacobuses a year, and fifteen thousand in ready money ; all which, madam, I come to present to you, together with my person. One present, I agree, is not worth much without the other, and therefore I put them together. I am advised to go to a watering place for a little asthma, which, in all probability, cannot continue much longer, as I have had it these last twenty years. If you consider me worthy of the happiness of belonging to you, I will make the proposal to your father, to whom I did not think it right to apply, before I was acquainted with your sentiments ; my nephew William is at present entirely ignorant of my intentions ; but although he will thereby see himself deprived of a pretty considerable estate, I do not think he will resent it, for he has great affection for me, and besides, he takes pleasure in paying his respects to you since he has perceived my attachment. I am very much pleased that he should make

his court to me, by the attention he pays to you ; for he did nothing but squander his money whilst he was with that coquette Middleton, whereas at present he is at no expense, though he frequents the best company in England."

Miss Hamilton had experienced some difficulty in restraining her laughter during this harangue ; however, she told him, that she thought herself much honoured by his intentions towards her, and still more obliged to him for consulting her, before he made any overtures to her relations ;

"It will be time enough," said she, "to speak to them upon the subject on your return from the waters ; for I do not think it at all probable that they will dispose of me before then. In any case, should I be urgently pressed, your nephew William will take care to acquaint you with it ; so you may set out whenever you think proper ; but be careful not to neglect your health for the sake of an early return."

The Chevalier de Gramont, having heard the particulars of this conversation, endeavoured as well as he could to divert himself with it ; though there were certain circumstances in the declaration, which, despite the absurdity of others, did not fail to make him uneasy. Upon the whole, he was not sorry for Russell's departure ; and, again assuming an air of pleasantry, he went to tell the king of the favour that heaven had granted him, by delivering him from so dangerous a rival.

"He is gone, then, Chevalier ?" said the king.

"Certainly, Sire," replied he ; "I had the honour to see him embark in a coach, with his asthma, and country

equipage, his *perruque à calotte*, neatly tied with a yellow riband, and his peculiar hat covered with oil-skin, which becomes him uncommonly well. So I shall only have to contend with William Russell, whom he leaves as his resident with Miss Hamilton; and, as for him, I neither fear him upon his own account, nor upon his uncle's. He is too much in love himself, to promote the interests of another; and he has but one method of promoting his own, which is by sacrificing the portrait, or some love-letters of Mrs. Middleton's. However, I possess so many favours of the kind, that I could easily surpass him in that respect, though I confess it would cost me something so to act."

"Since your affairs proceed so prosperously as regards the Russells," said the king, "I will acquaint you that you are freed from another rival, who would be much more dangerous, if he were not already married. My brother has lately fallen in love with Lady Chesterfield."

"How many blessings at once!" exclaimed the Chevalier de Gramont; "I am so grateful to him for this inconstancy, that I would willingly serve him in his new amour, if Hamilton were not his rival: nor will your majesty take it ill, if I promote the interests of my mistress's brother, rather than those of your own."

"Hamilton, however," said the king, "does not stand so much in need of assistance, in affairs of this nature, as the Duke of York does; but I know Lord Chesterfield to be of such a disposition, that he will not as patiently allow men to fight for his wife, as the complaisant Shrewsbury has done, although he deserves much the same fate."

Here is a description of this Lord Chesterfield.³ He had a very agreeable face, a fine head of hair, an indifferent shape, and a worse air; he was not, however, deficient in wit. A long residence in Italy had made him ceremonious in his commerce with men, and jealous in his connection with women. He had been much hated by the king, because he had been greatly loved by Lady Castlemaine. It was commonly reported that he had been in her good graces prior to her marriage; and as neither of them denied it, it was readily believed.

He had paid court to the eldest daughter of the Duke of Ormond, whilst his heart was still taken up with his first passion. The king's love for Lady Castlemaine, and the advancement he expected from such an alliance, made him press the match with as much ardour as if he had been passionately in love. He had thus married Lady Chesterfield without loving her, and had lived for some time with her, treating her with such coldness as to leave her no room to doubt of his indifference. She was shrewd and sensitive as regards contempt; and at first she was much affected by her husband's behaviour, and afterwards enraged at it; then, when he began to shew her that he loved her, she had the pleasure of shewing him that she no longer cared for him.

They were upon this footing, when she resolved to cure Hamilton, as she had lately done her husband, of

³ Philip, the second Earl of Chesterfield. He was appointed, in 1662, lord-chamberlain to the queen. Pepys alludes to a dispute between him and Mr. Edward Montague, the queen's master of the horse, as to "who should have precedence in taking the queen's upperhand, abroad out of the house, which was given to Lord Chesterfield." On the accession of James II., the Earl of Chesterfield resigned all his preferments: he lived to be upwards of 80, and died in 1713.



Sir P. Levesque

Earl of Chesterfield.

all his remaining tenderness for Lady Castlemaine. For her this was no difficult undertaking. Intercourse with Lady Castlemaine was disagreeable, from the unpoliteness of her manners, her ill-timed pride, her uneven temper, and extravagant humours. Lady Chesterfield, on the contrary, knew how to heighten her charms, by all the bewitching attractions of the mind in the power of a woman who wishes to please.

Besides all this, she had greater opportunities of making advances to him, than to any other: she lived with the Duke of Ormond, at Whitehall, where Hamilton, as we have said before, had free admittance at all hours. Her extreme coldness, or rather the disgust which she shewed for the returning affection of her husband, awakened the latter's natural inclination to jealousy: he suspected that she could not have so very suddenly passed from anxiety to indifference concerning him, without some secret object of a new attachment; and, according to the maxims of all jealous husbands, he immediately put in practice all his experience and industry, in view of making a discovery, which would destroy his own happiness.

Hamilton, who knew his disposition, was, on the other hand, upon his guard, and the more he advanced in his intrigue, the more attentive he was to remove the slightest suspicion from the earl's mind. He made him the finest but most insincere confidences as to his passion for Lady Castlemaine:⁴ he complained of her

⁴ Pepys heard from Pierce, the Duke of York's surgeon, that both Hamilton and his brother intrigued with Lady Castlemaine. *Diary*, Jan. 20, 1663-4.

tempers, and most earnestly desired his advice how to succeed with a person whose affections he alone had entirely possessed.

Chesterfield, who was flattered with this discourse, promised him his protection with greater sincerity than it had been demanded. Hamilton, therefore, was no longer embarrassed save as regards the conduct of Lady Chesterfield, who manifested her graciousness rather too openly, to please him. However, whilst he was discreetly employed in regulating the inclination she expressed for him, and in conjuring her to restrain her glances within bounds, she was receiving those of the Duke of York; and, what is more, made them favourable returns.

Hamilton, like everyone else, thought that he perceived this; but he also thought that everyone else was deceived like himself. How could he trust his own eyes, as to what those of Lady Chesterfield betrayed for this new rival? He could not think it likely, that a woman of her disposition could have a fancy for a man, whose manners had a thousand times been the subject of their private ridicule; but what he judged still more improbable was, that she should begin another intrigue before she had given the finishing stroke to the one in which her own advances had engaged her. However, he began to observe her more closely, and discovered by dint of observation, that if she was not deceiving him, she at least was very desirous of doing so. He took the liberty of saying a few words to her on the subject; but she answered him in so high a strain, and treated him so much like a visionary, that he appeared confused without being convinced. All the

satisfaction she would give him was to tell him in a haughty manner, that such senseless reproaches as his ought to have had a better foundation.

Lord Chesterfield had taken the same alarm; and being convinced, from the observations he had made on his own side, that he had found out the happy lover who had gained possession of his wife's heart, he accepted it as a fact; and without worrying her with unnecessary reproaches, only waited for an opportunity to confound her, before taking his measures.

After all, how can we account for Lady Chesterfield's conduct, unless we attribute it to the disease incident to most coquettes, who, charmed with shining, put every art in practice to rob another of her conquest, and spare nothing to retain it.

But before we enter into the particulars of this adventure, let us take a glance at the amours of his royal highness, prior to the declaration of his marriage, and particularly of what immediately preceded this declaration. It is allowable sometimes to drop the thread of a narrative, when real facts, not generally known, give such a variety to the digression as to render it excusable. Let us see then what will befall this one.



APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

NOTE A.

CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA landed at Portsmouth on May 14, 1662. Pepys says, "At night, all the bells in the town [London] rung, and bonfires made for the joy of the queen's arrival, who landed at Portsmouth last night. But I do not see much true joy, but only an indifferent one, in the hearts of people, who are much discontented at the pride and luxury of the Court, and running in debt."

Evelyn tells us, that "the queen arrived with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingals or guard-infantas, their complexions olivader, and sufficiently unagreeable. Her majesty in 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; for the rest lovely enough." The women accompanying Catherine of Braganza were, according to Clarendon, "for the most part, old, and ugly, and proud, incapable of any conversation with persons of quality and a liberal education; and they desired, and indeed had conspired so far to possess the queen themselves, that she should neither learn the English language, nor use their habit, nor depart from the manners and fashions of her own country in any particulars; which resolution would be, they told her, for the dignity of Portugal, and would quickly induce the English ladies to conform to her majesty's practice. And this imagination had made that impression, that the tailor who had been sent into Portugal to make her clothes could never be admitted to see her, or receive any employment. Nor when she came to Portsmouth, and found there several ladies of honour and prime quality to attend her in the places to which they were assigned by the king, did she receive any of them till the king himself came; nor then with any grace, or the liberty that belonged to their places and

offices. She could not be persuaded to be dressed out of the wardrobe that the king had sent to her, but would wear the clothes which she had brought, until she found that the king was displeased, and would be obeyed; whereupon she conformed, against the advice of her women."—*Continuation of Life*, p. 168.

Reresby, in his *Memoirs*, says: "On May 19, 1662, the king went to receive the infanta at Portsmouth, attended by the greatest Court I ever saw in my progress. But though upon this occasion everything was gay and splendid, and profusely joyful, it was easy to discern that the king was not excessively charmed with his new bride, who was a very little woman, with a pretty tolerable face; she neither in person nor manners had any one article to stand in competition with the charms of the Countess of Castlemaine [Charles's then mistress], the finest woman of her age." On the other hand, Lord Clarendon asserts that, "the queen had beauty and wit enough to make herself agreeable to the king; and it is very certain, that, at their first meeting, and for some time after, the king had very good satisfaction in her."

This first meeting of the king with his bride, of which Clarendon speaks, is thus described by Charles himself in a letter to the chancellor:—

"Portsmouth, May 21, eight in the morning.

"I arrived here yesterday about two in the morning [evidently the afternoon is intended], and as soon as I had shifted myself I went to my wife's chamber, who I found in bed by reason of a little cough, and some inclination to a fever, which was caused, as we physicians say, by having certain things stopped at sea, which ought to have carried away those humours. But now all is in their due course, and I believe she will find herself very well this morning as soon as she wakes. It was happy for the honour of the nation that I was not put to the consummation of the marriage last night. I was so sleepy by having slept but two hours on my journey, that I am afraid matters would have gone very sleepily. I can now only give you an account of what I have seen abed. Her face is not so exact as to be called a beauty, though her eyes are excellent good, and not anything in her face that can in the least degree shock one. On the contrary, she has as much agreeableness in her looks as ever I 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. Her conversation, as much as I can perceive, is very good, for she has wit enough, and a most agreeable

voice. In a word, I think myself very happy ; but I am confident our two humours will agree very well together. I have not time to say any more, &c.”—From “The Life of James II., written by himself” (year 1662), in *Original Papers, containing the Secret History of Great Britain, &c.*, by James Macpherson, vol. i.

The royal pair were married privately on May 21, “by Lord Aubigny, a secular priest, and almoner to the queen, according to the rites of Rome, in the queen’s chamber ; none present but the Portuguese ambassador, three more Portuguese of quality, and two or three Portuguese women. What made this necessary was, that the Earl of Sandwich did not marry her by proxy, as usual, before she came away. How this happened, the duke knows not, nor did the chancellor know of this private marriage. The queen would not be bedded, till pronounced man and wife by Sheldon, Bishop of London.”—From James II.’s Journal. Macpherson’s *Original Papers, &c.*, vol. i.

On the 29th the bridegroom and bride arrived at Hampton Court ; and on June 2 the lord mayor and aldermen made their addresses to the queen at Whitehall, and “did present her,” says Pepys, “with a gold cup, £1000 in gold therein.”

Secretary Nicholas, in a letter to Lord Rutherford, says of the queen : “She is a very fine lady, and her countenance promises abundance of goodness. The king is exceedingly pleased with her person and conversation, and they are both very happy in each other.” (*State Papers: domestic* : June 1, 1662.) Pepys, corroborating the foregoing, uses much the same words : “All people speak of the queen as a very fine and handsome lady, and very discreet, and that the king is pleased enough with her, which I fear will put Madam Castlemaine’s nose out of joint.”

In 1644, when Catherine of Braganza was only seven years old, her father had made overtures to Charles I. in view of her marrying the Prince of Wales ; but the proposals were not then entertained, on account of her being a Roman Catholic. When the negotiations were renewed after the accession of Charles II., Clarendon favoured the marriage, which Catherine’s dowry rendered acceptable to the king. She was to have brought half a million sterling in ready money ; the territory of Tangiers ; the island of Bombay, with free trade in Brazil and the East Indies. The Earl of Sandwich took possession of Tangiers, and then proceeded to Portugal to conduct Catherine to England. The queen-mother,

however, declared herself unable to pay more than the half of her daughter's dowry, but pledged herself to make up the residue within the year. The ambassador eventually consented to accept the moiety, and then had the mortification of discovering that instead of being paid in cash, he was to receive the equivalent in bags of sugar, spices, and other merchandize. Finally, he agreed to ship the goods on board the vessels of his fleet as a consignment to some merchant in London, who was to be empowered by the queen regent to take them in bulk, and pay the king the stipulated amount, whilst a bond was to be given by the Portuguese crown for the remainder of the dowry. These negotiations lasting a long time, there was necessarily considerable delay in Catherine's coming to England.

M. Barrière, in *La Cour et la Ville* (p. 379), quotes, from a work published at Amsterdam in 1715, another and singular reason why the departure of the Infanta from Portugal was delayed. It is asserted in this work that the princess, following in common with the rest of her countrywomen a custom derived from the Moors, was clean shaven in a particular part, and that she had to wait until the hair had grown again, in order that the king might not be shocked at the condition in which he found his bride. In a note by Lord Orford to the Strawberry Hill edition of Gramont's Memoirs there is a similar suggestion. He says: "It was imagined that some change in the person of the princess had to be brought about, and that the delay was needed so that things might return to their natural state. Sir William Davenant referred to the incident one day, at the play, in the king's presence. At that time there were no actresses, and men performed the women's parts. The king becoming impatient at the performance not beginning, Sir W. Davenant said to him: "The queen is being shaved, your majesty."

The king was anxious to include Lady Castlemaine among the queen's new attendants, but Pepys heard that Catherine pricked the name out of the list which the king presented to her, "desiring that she might have that favour done her, or that he would send her whence she had come; and that the king was angry and the queen discontented a whole day and night upon it." The chancellor (Lord Clarendon) had not concealed his disapproval of the king's action with regard to Lady Castlemaine, whereupon Charles wrote him the following very determined note:—

"I wish I may be unhappy in this world and in the world to

come if I fail in the least degree of what I have resolved, which is of making my Lady Castlemaine of my wife's bed-chamber ; and whosoever I find use any endeavours to hinder this resolution of mine, except it be only to myself, I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life. You know how true a friend I have been to you. If you will oblige me eternally, make this business as easy to me as you can, what opinion soever you are of ; for I am resolved to go through this matter, let what will come on it, which again I swear before Almighty God : therefore if you desire to have the continuance of my friendship, meddle no more with this business except it be to beat down all false and scandalous reports, and to facilitate what I am sure my honour is so much concerned in ; and whosoever I find to be my Lady Castlemaine's enemy in the matter, I do promise upon my word to be his enemy as long as I live."

Clarendon, on the receipt of this missive, sought an interview with Catherine upon this exceedingly delicate subject, but failed completely in inducing her to comply with the king's demands, she declaring with vehemence that rather than submit, she would embark for Lisbon "in any little vessel." The poor young bride was speedily forced to yield, however ; and on September 7 Pepys saw the king and her, and my Lady Castlemaine, and young Crofts, "the king's bastard," [the Duke of Monmouth] seated together in the same coach, and a fortnight afterwards he notes that, "what pleased me best was to see my dear Lady Castlemaine, who though a Protestant, did wait upon the queen to chapel."

NOTE B.

"The Duke of Bucks is one that has studied the whole body of vice. His parts are disproportionate to the whole, and like a monster he has more of some, and less of others than he should have. He has pulled down all that nature raised in him, and built himself up again after a model of his own. He has damned up all those lights that nature made into the noblest prospects of the world, and opened other little blind loop-holes backward, by turning day into night, and night into day. His appetite to his pleasures is diseased and crazy, like the pica in a woman, that longs to eat that which was never made for food, or a girl in the green sickness, that eats chalk and mortar. Perpetual surfeits of pleasure have filled his mind with bad and vicious humours (as

