BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN HISTORY & ART

By
Mrs. STEUART
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GEORGE BELL & SONS

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The whole of the plates have been engraved by Hallett Hyatt, at The Rembrandt Studio, 70, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W.

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Hallett Hyatt, Sc.

Lady Hamilton as "Nature"
after the painting by Romney

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MARGARET ERSKINE

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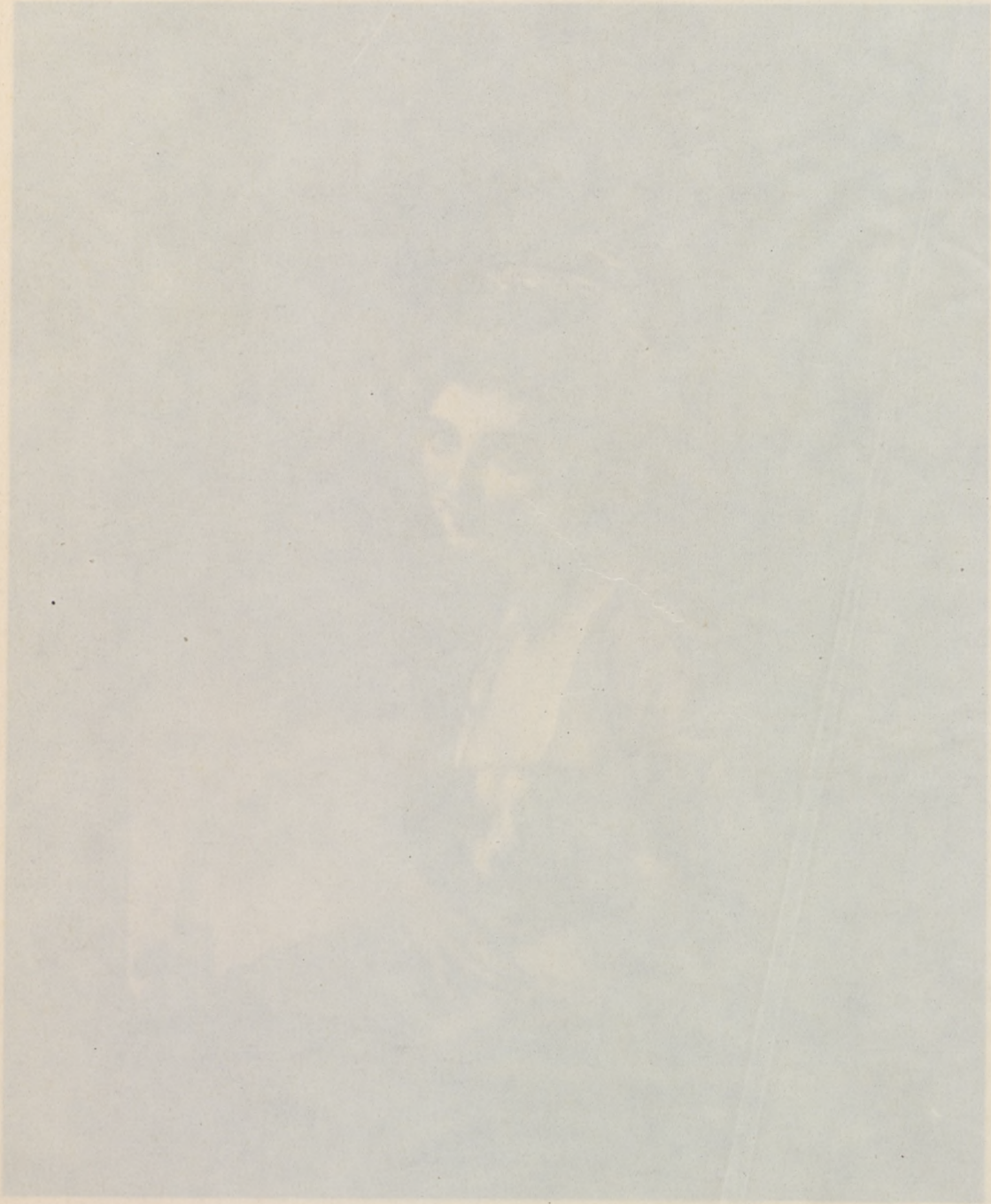

Lady Hamilton as Nature
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LONDON, 1905

PREFACE

A PREFACE can be easily ignored by the reader; it is generally irresistible to the writer. In the present case its insertion may be justified by the necessity for an apology.

The original scheme of the book exceeded the limits imposed; the desire to treat the theme in a cosmopolitan spirit increased the difficulty of selection. The selection is perhaps arbitrary, and the omissions are often much to be regretted, but it must be remembered that the field is a wide one. There has been no attempt to give portraits of all the beautiful women who distinguished themselves at a certain period, but rather to take an example here and there, always striving to keep up some thread of historical continuity. These silhouettes of women, seen against a background of history, give plenty of food for reflection; if necessarily sketchy and incomplete, they may serve to present some sort of mental image of the characters and lives of the originals of the many beautiful portraits here given. In compiling these short memoirs, which deal with many different countries and with many different periods, a mass of authorities, both ancient and modern, have been consulted, which it is not thought necessary to give in detail.

I cannot conclude without acknowledging the debt I owe to Mr. J. Hallett Hyatt, to whose artistic knowledge and skill the beautiful and dainty illustrations are due.

BEATRICE ERSKINE.

November 1st, 1905.

CONTENTS

CONTENTS

LIST OF PLATES

LIST OF PLATES

LIST OF PLATES

LIST OF PLATES

CHAPTER I.—THE COURT OF HENRY VIII. MARGARET TUDOR, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND; MARY TUDOR, QUEEN OF FRANCE; KATHARINE OF ARAGON, ANNE BOLEYN, JANE SEYMOUR, & KATHARINE HOWARD, QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

AT the christening of the lovely princess who is the heroine of all really well-attested fairy stories, the bad fairy invariably arrives on a broomstick at the psychological moment and adds her mite of evil to the general chorus of good-will. In the case of the beautiful women whose lives we are about to consider, this gift, added at the last moment by the bad fairy, seems to consist of a grain of fatality which in after times often yields no inconsiderable harvest of misery.

A prolonged study of their lives leads to the conclusion that the misery was very often undeserved; the heroine of the moment being frequently the sport of circumstance or the victim of intrigue. Among the many women who rose to eminence on account of their beauty, or among the still greater number whose beauty was noted on account of their position, there were of course some who were stupid, unamiable, selfish, cruel and even criminal; but for the most part they seem to have been endowed with distinguished qualities

"one John Stuart." Her flirtations with the Regent Albany were common gossip. She died on November 3, 1541, aged fifty-two, and expressed repentance on her death-bed for her conduct to Angus, recommending Lady Margaret Douglas to the care of the King.

In her youth she was very beautiful, tall and fair, with long amber hair and a complexion of lilies and roses. In after life her appearance suffered from that scourge of the middle ages, the smallpox.

MARY TUDOR (1496-1533) was even more beautiful than her sister, and a great deal more amiable. She was kind-hearted and straightforward. The history of her romantic marriage with the Duke of Suffolk was the theme of many a ballad of the day, and Suffolk himself is supposed to have written these lines on their union:

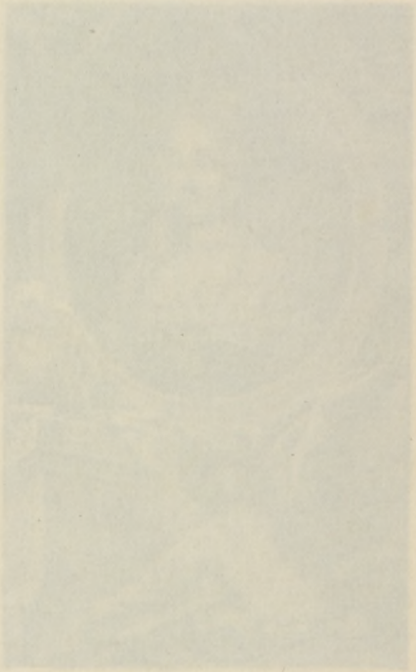
> Cloth of gold do not despise,
> Though thou be matched with cloth of frize,
> Cloth of frize be not too bold,
> Though thou be matched with cloth of gold.

Mary was betrothed as a child to Charles V, and was always called "The Princess of Castile." When she grew up she fell in love with the brilliant Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and as the marriage treaty with Castile was in abeyance owing to the reluctance of the Spaniards to fulfil their engagements, Mary begged Henry to break it off altogether. At this juncture the French King, Louis XII, proposed for her hand; he was old and infirm, and had before proposed to her sister Margaret. Mary's consent, though unwilling, was deliberate. She told Henry that if she sacrificed herself for his ambition, she should marry a second time to please herself. The King was more than three times her age; she had hopes of a more alluring future.

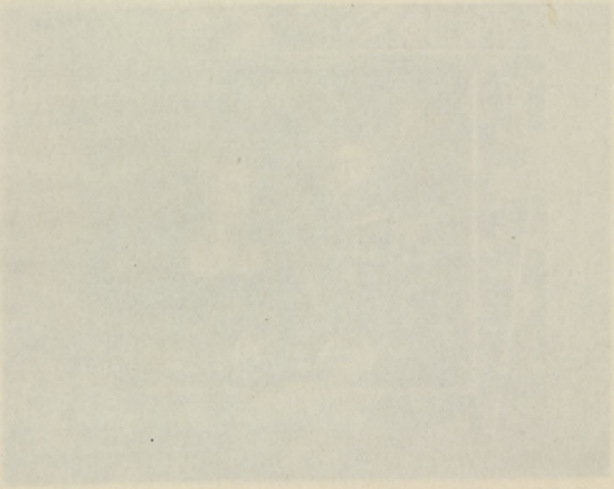
In the autumn of 1514 Mary set out for France where she was received with great rejoicings. Louis first saw his bride as she rode in the procession on her way to Paris. She had regular features and a dazzling complexion; the long tresses of her golden hair lay on the cloth of gold of her dress. Over her head a canopy of white satin

Queen Mary of Scotland

Katherine of Aragon



Anne Boleyn



Mary Tudor Duke of Suffolk's Duchess & Queen Dowager of France

From engravings after contemporary portraits

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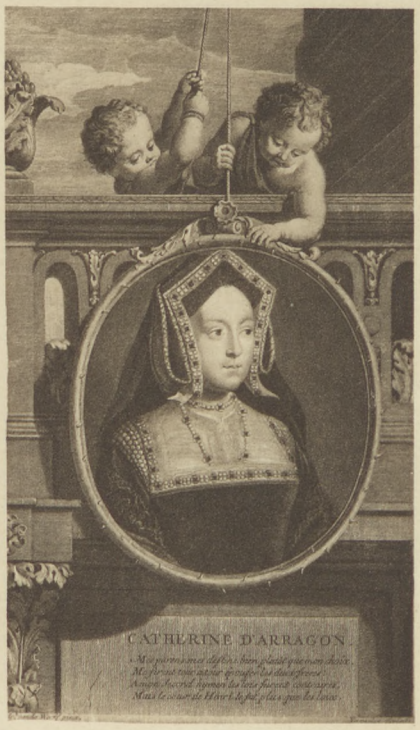
Margaret Tudor Queen of Scotland



Katherine of Aragon

Jane Seymour

Mary Tudor Queen of France & Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk

From engravings after contemporary portraits

was carried; before and behind her the archers of England, her numerous attendants and the French escort, made a moving mass of colour. According to all accounts he fell much in love with his young wife, of whom he speaks in a letter to Henry as "the greatest jewel that ever one prince had of another." He certainly shortened his life in his endeavours "to act the gallant companion to his wife," for he only kept himself alive by early hours, strict diet, and absence of excitement.

After the death of Louis on New Year's Day, 1515, Mary was in a dilemma. Henry, in spite of his formal promise, was arranging a marriage for her with Charles V; Francis, determined that this alliance should not be formed, arranged one for her with Charles, Duke of Savoy. Charles V offered his help to Henry in case his sister had to be removed by force.

Henry however sent Suffolk to congratulate the new King, and to escort Mary home. Mary saw her chance. She took Francis into her confidence, and gained his warm support. The little drama was speedily acted, Francis being one of the few people present at the marriage in the Oratory Chapel of the Hotel de Clugny.

Suffolk, who had promised not to take advantage of Mary's widowed condition to press his suit, wrote to Wolsey: "She would never let me have no rest till I had granted her to be married; and so to be plain with you, I have married her heartily." Having thrown the blame on Eve, he waited events. Henry's anger was short-lived. He soon allowed the newly-married couple to return, gave a tourney in their honour, after which he and the bridegroom raced on great Flemish war-horses.

Mary's second marriage was a happy one. Suffolk was constant to "The French Queen's Grace," as he calls her in his letters, although his past history had not been uneventful. They had two daughters, the elder of whom was the mother of Lady Jane Grey. In 1520, when Mary's beauty was at its zenith, Charles V arrived on a visit to England, and she had the satisfaction of captivating him at a ball given in his honour by Henry. He is said to have wandered moodily about with his eyes fixed on her bright figure as she moved about in the stately figures of the dance, and to have repented his

former conduct towards her. She died in 1533, universally regretted, for her influence had always been used to benefit the distressed.

KATHARINE OF ARAGON (1485-1536) was a daughter of those great sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella of Aragon and Castile. As a child she sometimes accompanied her mother in the camp during the long struggles against the Moors and she entered Granada with the victorious troops in 1491. After this date Katharine's home appears to have been in this former stronghold of the Moslem and here she received an excellent education. It was probably the happiest time of her life, and she must often have looked back to those bygone days and have seen again in her mind's vision the red domes and towers of the Alhambra and the long range of the Sierra Nevada, with its crown of eternal snow.

Katharine looked very beautiful when she entered London in state, with her dark hair streaming over her shoulders from under a wide-brimmed scarlet hat, tied under the chin with gold lace. She rode a white mule after the fashion of her country. On her wedding day it was observed that her gown of white satin, embroidered with gold and studded with jewels, was held out by hoops of steel. In a very short time all the Court ladies were swaying and swinging their skirts about, and that most inconvenient fashion of the farthingale was introduced into England.

Six months after the wedding, Arthur, Prince of Wales, died at Ludlow. Ferdinand and Isabella immediately sent a special envoy, the Duque de Estrada, to condole with Henry, to demand back the first instalment of Katharine's dowry and to beg that she might be sent back at once to her parents. His secret instructions were to arrange for her marriage with the King's second son, Henry, now become Prince of Wales and on no account to allow her to return to Spain. With this came a letter from Isabella, written by her own hand, to say that she longed to clasp her daughter in her arms and to console her in her grief.

Poor Katharine, disinclined to marry again, protested; but stated that she would obey her parents.

After this she lived for seven weary years at the Court of her

father-in-law. During this time she was considered to be affianced to Henry, a papal bull having been obtained to sanction the marriage. But many circumstances conspired to put it off. Henry VII had lost his wife and the brilliant idea occurred to him that he might marry Katharine himself. Later on he thought of marrying her sister, Juana La Loca, the mad princess, who was mother to Charles V. So many marriages in one family would scarcely be considered right, so he employed Katharine to write love-letters for him to her sister; and he made Henry write a formal protest against marrying his deceased brother's wife.

When Henry VIII came to the throne in 1509 he declared that his greatest wish was to be married to Katharine. The wedding took place on 11th June and the coronation on 12th June.

For a time their married life was happy. Katharine was learned and pious, but as both of these qualities were in vogue at that date, and Henry himself heard Mass as many as five times a day, that can scarcely be brought against her. In 1512, during his absence in the wars in France, Katharine was Regent and Captain of all the King's forces, with power to raise loans for the defence of the Kingdom. She showed herself a true daughter of Isabella on this occasion, for not only did she actively superintend preparations for the war against the Scots—"I am horrible busy with making standards, banners and badges," she writes—but she put herself at the head of the troops and rode to the north. Intelligence of the victory of Flodden met her at Woburn, so she had no chance of leading her troops into battle, but she sent a piece of the King of Scotland's coat to her husband in France "for a banner." When Henry returned he was jealous of her military success, and preoccupied with an amour with the wife of Sir Gilbert Tailbois by whom he had a son, afterwards acknowledged and created Duke of Richmond.

As time went on and Katharine's sons died, she became more and more devout. She kept conventual hours, rising to pray many times in the night, and she wore the habit of St. Francis of the third order under her gown. This austerity did not please Henry, and he became more and more anxious to get rid of her, especially

as she did not present him with an heir, her daughter Mary, born 1516, being her only living child. She led an exemplary life. Sir Thomas More, who used to enjoy little supper parties *en intime* with Henry and Katharine, said that her house was rather like a seat of the Muses than a Palace. The only breath of scandal which ever touched her was caused by her too great partiality for her confessor, an affair which caused some misgiving at the Court of Castile.

Henry was determined on a divorce when Anne Boleyn arrived at Court in 1522. Rumours of "the King's secret affair" were rife; efforts were made to convince Katharine that their marriage had been a deadly sin, with a suggestion thrown in that she was more fitted to end her days in a cloister than on a throne. To all this Katharine lent a deaf ear. They had been married after receiving the necessary dispensation; she had not wished for the marriage, but it was legal. In 1529 the two Legates, Cardinals Campeggio and Wolsey, opened their Court of Enquiry in the Great Hall at Blackfriars. The scene, immortalized by Shakespeare in his Henry VIII, easily rises before us. The King under his canopy, the cardinals in their scarlet, Katharine with her dignified eloquence—with what a sudden gleam of personal interest the page of history is illumined!

There was really no case on the King's side, and even if Rome had not been too much in awe of Spain to annul the marriage, it is difficult to see how the dispensation could have been put aside. It was Cranmer who at last found a solution to the difficulty. Henry separated the Church of England from Rome, constituted himself its Head and achieved his purpose. It is quite outside the province of this sketch even to touch upon the great question of the Reformation or of Henry's real convictions on the subject. The immediate effect of it on Katharine's life was that she was completely shelved; her public life was ended. She was treated with a certain amount of respect and called "the King's dearest sister the Princess Dowager," a title which she refused to accept, drawing her pen through the written words when they confronted her in some document. For the rest she spent her time in prayer and needlework. In 1535 she was very ill and Chapuis, the Spanish Ambassador, suspected poison.

She must have felt terribly lonely at the end of her life, for she told Chapuis that she was glad to see him and not to die alone "like a beast." He went, however, before the end; but one of her Spanish maids of honour, Lady Willoughby, rode up in the middle of the night, forced her way in without a permit and was with her when she died. She was buried with much pomp in Kimbolton Abbey, which Henry left standing when he overthrew the monasteries, as a monument to her memory.

On the Sunday after her death, Henry and Anne dressed in yellow from head to foot, and there were great rejoicings at Court, "I am grieved," said Anne, "not that she is dead, but for the vaunting of the good end she has made."

ANNE BOLEYN (1502-1536), the speaker of these amiable words, imagined that she would be in a safer and more unassailable position after the death of Katharine; but events proved the contrary. As long as Henry had only the alternative of taking back Katharine or of keeping Anne with him, he preferred the lesser evil. He was tired of Anne and longing for a change. But, although he had given her frequent cause for jealousy, this does not seem to have occurred to her. "Now I am indeed Queen!" she cried exultingly.

Anne Boleyn has a great deal of individuality. Even at this distance of time she rises before us as a living, breathing woman of flesh and blood. She was witty, passionate, vivacious and moody in turns; she was essentially variable and *journalière*. After her elevation to the throne she became vindictive and cruel; but she had many charming qualities. A French contemporary describes her as a second Orpheus, who could charm even bears and wolves with her lyre; as harping better than King David, dancing to perfection, inventing dances and fashions which were adopted at the French Court.

In appearance she was slim and olive-skinned with glossy black hair and magnificent dark eyes. She had a curious malformation on the little finger of one hand, a second nail, which her tact in concealing, according to her admirer the poet Wyatt, converted into an

extra charm. To hide this defect, she invented the long sleeves which became one of the fashions of the day.

Anne came of a family which, originally in trade, had gained importance by successive marriages. Her mother was a daughter of the Earl of Surrey, afterwards Duke of Norfolk; after her death her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, married a woman of low birth, who made her a kind step-mother and to whom she was sincerely attached. Anne was well educated. She went to France, either in Mary Tudor's train or with her father about the same date and she was maid of honour to Queen Claude. After her return to England she met Henry walking in the gardens at Hever. Henry afterwards said to Wolsey that she had the wit of an angel and was worthy of a Crown. Wolsey replied dryly that the King's love was enough.

Anne was soon appointed maid of honour to Queen Katharine and here she engaged herself to Lord Percy, eldest son of the Duke of Northumberland. Henry, devoured by jealousy, ordered Wolsey to put an end to this, and Wolsey told Percy not to think any more of a "foolish girl yonder in the Court, Anne Bullen," who was not worthy of so great a match.

Anne was dismissed and went home vowing vengeance on the Cardinal. In 1527 she reappeared at Court and Henry loaded her with presents and advanced her father to fresh honours. At last he declared his love. "You have a queen already; your mistress I will not be," said Anne loftily. Many were the love-letters he wrote to her with his own hand, but she remained firm. It is a nice question whether Anne's attitude would have been equally firm, if there had been no glittering prospect of supplanting Katharine; whether she and her successors would have joined the ranks of royal favourites or would have remained in the path of virtue. However that may be, she succeeded in keeping the King waiting on her pleasure until matters were well in train for the divorce, although it is conceded that she lived with him before their secret marriage in a garret at Whitehall on or about 25th January, 1533. She had been created Marchioness of Pembroke in 1532, and had accompanied Henry to France in that year, appearing in a masque at Calais before Francis I. "God alone can abate his madness," said the French Ambassador

piously, speaking of the King's infatuation. Anne's elevation to the throne was not popular. The conservative people despised "Nan Bullen," and received her in silence when she was borne through the streets of London from the Tower to Westminster. Anne, clad in tissue of silver with a circlet of rubies in her dark hair, lay back in her litter among the draperies of cloth of gold and surveyed the scene with bright restless eyes. The fountains ran white wine and red; allegorical figures presented addresses; there was the semblance of a popular festival at her Coronation, but the spirit was wanting.

On 7th September, 1533, Anne was safely delivered of a daughter. In 1534 the Bishop of Rochester and Sir Thomas More were executed for refusing to sign the Statute of Succession. Henry, sitting at table with Anne, suddenly gloomed on her. "Thou art the cause of this man's death," he said, and he got up and left the room.

Anne could perceive by many tokens that Henry was tired of her. She became serious and made shirts for the poor, she patronized manufactories and industries; she exerted herself to help the reformers. But she was not happy and she can never have felt secure. She became hysterical and would burst out laughing when she saw Henry speaking to one of her rivals.

Henry began to perceive that he would be doing a popular act when he got rid of Anne. The year 1535 was unlucky. Trade was bad, money was scarce, the harvest had failed. The people said that it was Anne's fault that trade with the Low Countries was bad, owing to the influence of Charles V. Henry began to look about for a pretext, influenced, no doubt by his growing passion for Jane Seymour and by his wish for a male heir. It was not hard to find. Anne had the habits of coquetry, although it does not appear that anything was proved against her. The signal was given by her dropping her handkerchief to Norreys at a tourney. Henry left the pavilion in a rage and ordered Norreys to be arrested at the barrier. To him were added Mark Smeaton, a musician, Sir Francis Winton, William Brereton and her own brother, Lord Rochford. She herself was arrested. Terror seized on her. She asked to see Henry, but was denied. When she arrived at the Tower she sank down on her knees and proclaimed her innocence. "Do I go to a dungeon?" she

asked. "No madam," said the Lieutenant of the Tower, "to your own lodging, where you lay at your Coronation." Anne burst into a passion of tears and then into a fit of hysterical laughter. "It is too good for me. Jesus have mercy on me!" she said. She asked if she should have justice, and was given the evasive answer that the poorest subject of the King had that. She laughed again incredulously.

In her confinement Anne was watched day and night by ladies who were unfriendly to her, and who reported everything she said to her enemies. She was wretched and merry in turns; sometimes imitating her uncle Norfolk who had conducted her to the Tower with his head-shakings and his "Tut, tut, tut," sometimes calling for supper directly after dinner; sometimes deep in her devotions. It is the same Anne to the last; high-spirited, unreasonable, with highly-strung nerves and a good deal of courage at the back of her tendency to be hysterical.

While in prison she wrote a long letter to Henry. She perceived that her hour had struck. She knew that she was supplanted; that Henry wished for her death and therefore that it would be consummated. She speaks of her rival "for whose sake I am as I am," and proceeds: "But if you have already determined of me and that not only my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you the joying of your desired happiness, then I desire God that he will pardon your great sin herein." She prays for his mercy for the unfortunate gentlemen accused with her and asks to suffer alone. "From my doleful prison in the Tower the 6th of May."

On the 10th May she was indicted for High Treason. Mark Smeaton, the musician, who was said to have confessed his guilt under torture, was quickly hanged before he could recant; Henry Norreys, Groom of the Stole, Sir Francis Winton and William Brereton, gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, were executed, although they pleaded not guilty. Lord Rochford was tried before the Duke of Norfolk, the Lord High Steward and twenty-six "Lords Triers," chosen among those whose fidelity to the King would assure the verdict he required. After Rochford was condemned, Anne was brought before the Peers. She was cool and calm, mistress of her-

self and of the situation. She spoke in her own defence with great eloquence. But it was a waste of words. She was condemned to be burnt or beheaded according to the King's pleasure.

The death warrant was signed on 15th May. On the 17th she went to Lambeth to answer certain questions as to the validity of her marriage with the King. She was interviewed in the chapel in the crypt of Cranmer's house, and is supposed to have been let off the severe sentence of being burnt by her submission on this occasion.

After her condemnation Anne is said to have composed these verses.

Oh death, rock me asleep,
Bring on my quiet rest,
Let pass my very guiltless ghost
  Out of my careful breast.
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let its sound my death tell;
    For I must die,
    There is no remedy,
    For now I die!

My pains who can express,
Alas! they are so strong!
My dolour will not suffer strength
  My life for to prolong
Alone in prison strange!
    I wail my destiny;
    Woe worth this cruel hap, that I
    Should taste this misery

Farewell my pleasant past
  Welcome my present pain
I feel my torments so increase
  That life cannot remain.
Sound now the passing bell,
Ring in my doleful knell,
For its sound my death doth tell.
    Death doth draw nigh,
    Sound the knell dolefully,
    For now I die!

The chief thing that weighed on her soul was her conduct to her step-daughter Mary. She made Lady Kingston sit in her chair

of State and she herself, on her knees, heartily begged her pardon. This performance Lady Kingston was to repeat to Mary after her execution.

On 19th May, 1536, Anne went out on to Tower Hill to meet her death. She was the first woman to be beheaded in England, and the King had sent for an expert from Calais, as the English were not experienced in that line. "I have heard say the executioner is very good," said Anne, "and I have a lyttel neck," clasping her hands round it and laughing heartily. "Commend me to His Majesty," she added, "and tell him he hath been ever constant in his care of advancing me; from a private gentlewoman he made me a Marchioness, from a Marchioness a Queen, and now he hath left no higher degree of honour, he gives my innocency the crown of martyrdom."

Anne never looked handsomer than she did on the day of her execution. Dressed in black, excitement had given her pale cheeks an unusual carnation; her great eyes glistened. She made no long harangues, sensibly remarking that she had come to die and not to accuse others. She praises the King, leaves the judgment of her case to the bystanders' mercy and craves their prayers.

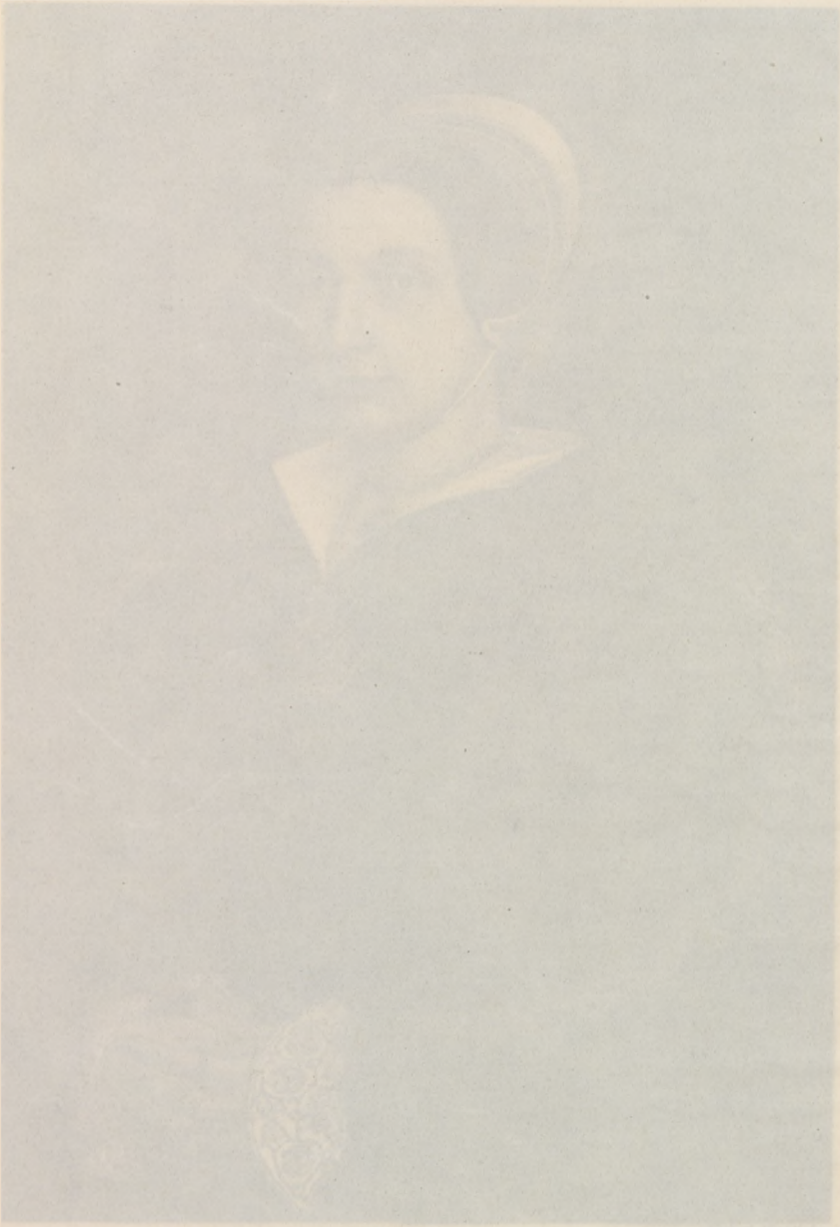
She takes off her hood and white cape. "Alas! poor head, in a very brief space thou wilt roll in the dust on the scaffold; and as in life thou didst not merit to wear the crown of a Queen, so in death thou deservest no better doom than this." A few words to her weeping ladies, and then she kneels: "Oh, Lord, have pity on my soul." She rose to her feet and the Calais expert severed her head from her little neck with one blow of a sword.

So passed the soul of Anne Boleyn, whom Henry confessed on his death-bed to have executed on a false accusation. Whatever particle of truth may have mingled with the falsehood, we may well follow her advice and let "Mercy season Justice."

JANE SEYMOUR (1502-1537.) "The deed is done! uncouple the hounds and away!" These words are said to have been uttered by Henry when he heard the sullen sound of Anne Boleyn's death-knell. He then rode off to Wolf Hall in Wiltshire,

Hallett Hyatt Sc.

Catherine Howard.
National Portrait Gallery Collection.



Catherine Howard
National Portrait Gallery Collection

the seat of Jane's father, Sir John Seymour, where the wedding feast was already being prepared. On the following day they were married. This haste seems to testify to the cold heart and lack of any sense of decency of the demure coquette who was to take Anne's place on the throne of England, but very likely she had not much choice in the matter.

Not much is known of Jane's life. She is supposed to have been a maid of honour to Louis XII's Queen and also to Queen Claude. She has been called "the fairest, the discreetest and the most meritorious of all Henry VIII's wives." She certainly steered her course, short as it was, with great discretion and judgment. She offended nobody. There was no more sharp talk, or pointed epigrams at someone else's expense; the genius and the brilliance of Anne had departed. No word of Jane's, good or evil, has come down to posterity. It is to her credit that she tried to reconcile Henry to his daughter Mary and that she never appears to have encouraged the intrigues and dissensions too common in those days. But she remains an unknown quantity to us; a sketch, a faint silhouette, an evasive shadow. When she lay dangerously ill before her confinement, the King was asked whether he wished the life of the mother or the child to be spared. His reply was characteristic. "The child by all means, for other wives can easily be found!"

But Jane survived the birth of her son a fortnight and would probably have recovered altogether if the extraordinary pomp and ceremony of the royal christening had not over-excited her. She died in October, 1537, and was buried with great magnificence in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Henry professed great grief at her loss and the Court wore mourning for her until 2nd February. He announced that he wished to be buried by her side, which was afterwards done.

KATHARINE HOWARD (1521-1542) was the fifth wife of Henry VIII. He had quickly disposed of his fourth wife, plain and unattractive Anne of Cleves. More pliant than Katharine of Aragon, or perhaps frightened by the fate of Anne Boleyn, she preferred to be discarded by the King than to expose

herself to a worse fate. The marriage was annulled and she accepted the position of the King's "dearest sister" with alacrity. But Bluebeard could not support existence without a wife and his choice fell on Katharine, who, curiously enough, was a niece of the Duke of Norfolk and cousin of Anne Boleyn. A descendant of Charlemagne and of Edward I, Katharine was almost the King's equal as to family. Her father was knighted on the field of Flodden; her mother died while she was in infancy and he married again. At an early age she went to the house of the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, who, under pretence of educating her, neglected her culpably. Katharine lived with the ladies of the Duchess, whose morals were of the easiest; she slept with them in a great room where there appears to have been little privacy. It was here that she made the acquaintance of Henry Manor, a player on the virginals, in the service of the Duchess. Beautiful, vain, devoted to music, the neglected girl wandered with him in the orchards of her aunt's house at Lambeth, and fell an easy prey to his blandishments. Then Francis Derham appeared on the scene. He was a distant relation and hanger-on of the Howards, and he soon became "contracted" to Katharine. In those days a solemn engagement was a serious thing; quite enough to upset a marriage if discovered afterwards. Derham gave her jewels and French hoods; he kissed her frequently in public and called her his wife, while she always spoke of him as her husband. She was once beaten by the Duchess, with a sudden sense of the duties of a guardian, when she was found romping with Derham. Katharine is supposed to have captivated Henry at a banquet given by the Bishop of Winchester; her chief charm in his eyes being her maidenly modesty. She was pretty rather than beautiful, being described by contemporaries as tiny in figure and exceedingly graceful. The French Ambassador spoke of her as "a young lady of moderate beauty but superlative grace. In stature she is small and slender. Her countenance is very delightful, of which the King is so much enamoured, that he knows not how to make sufficient demonstrations of his affection for her, and very far exceeds the caresses he ever bestowed on the others."

Katharine was fair, blue-eyed, had a slightly retroussé nose and full red lips. Round her arm she wore these words on a ribbon: "Non aultre volonté que le sienne."

It was evidently a real shock to Henry when this paragon's early history was revealed to him, with the added indiscretions of her married life. On 30th October he was preparing to keep the feast of All Saints at Hampton Court, and had, when kneeling before the altar, thanked God that "after so many strange accidents" he had found such a treasure of a wife. He ordered a public thanksgiving for this mercy. Next day a paper was placed in his hand with convincing details of his Queen's behaviour. Unluckily, in her case, it was easily proved, although she began by denying her guilt. She had been indiscreet. Derham had returned from Ireland, where he had been amusing himself as an amateur pirate, and had become a member of her household; she had had a long interview with her cousin, Thomas Culpepper, in her private rooms at eleven o'clock at night. In these rash doings she had been aided and abetted by Lady Rochester, the infamous wife whose evidence had helped to condemn her husband in 1536. Derham and Culpepper were tortured, but refused to confess. At last they were executed. Culpepper was beheaded and Derham hanged, drawn and quartered; their heads were placed on London Bridge. The Duke of Norfolk, who had turned his back on Anne in her trouble, was no better friend to Katharine, who was executed 13th February, 1542, without having been heard in trial. She confessed her guilt before her marriage with the King, but denied the later charges. She met her death with courage and after her head was struck off, Lady Rochester, who was condemned with her, said that she supposed God had permitted her to suffer this shameful doom as a punishment for having contributed to her husband's death by her false accusation of Queen Anne Boleyn.

Mary Queen of Scots receiving her death warrant

CHAPTER II.—MARY STUART AND SOME OF HER CONTEMPORARIES. MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND; LADY JANE GREY; MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE; PENELOPE, LADY RICH; ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY; MARGARET, DAUGHTER OF SIR HUGH BRAWN.

MARY STUART (1542-1587). We have now before us the most fascinating, the most bewildering and the most contradictory of all the characters which we have to consider. It has been painted for us in every shade from black to purest white; yet it evades us. Mary remains an enigma and possibly it is well that the veil which shrouds her inner self be not altogether withdrawn. As a mystery she has come down to us and as a mystery, in spite of modern research, we are likely to hand her down to posterity. Perhaps this is a part of that almost poignant charm which surrounds her very name with an aroma of mysterious sweetness. An angel, a devil, a neurotic; she appears to be each in turn and yet keeps her own peculiar individuality. The real woman, the strange mixture of good and evil who may and may not have done evil deeds and who certainly did some good ones, escapes us and yet she fascinates.

Her beauty is almost as much a disputed point as her character. The portraits which are considered authentic are not often beautiful and yet the world rang with her charms. Her powers of fascination are undisputed; it is almost the only point on which her biographers agree.

Her father, James V, was a poet and a litterateur with a taste for playing the part of Haroun el Raschid and wandering about among his subjects in disguise. Though possessed of many good qualities, he was unstable and vagrant in his affections. His intrigue with the "Lady of Loch Leven" brought misfortune on Scotland, for her three sons were recognized by him and the eldest, afterwards Earl of Moray, was the cause of endless trouble in later days. James had a large heart and his domestic life was happy. He loved his first wife, lovely Magdalen of France, whose early tomb was hung with poems; he adored his second wife, Mary of Lorraine, widow of the Duke of Longueville and sister of the Duke of Guise. This beautiful woman had distinguished qualities of heart and mind and a certain power of fascination which she handed on to her daughter. She was tall and well built, with a small head set proudly on rather a long neck; she had regular features with a very short upper lip, fair hair and blue eyes. She had been sought in marriage by Henry VIII in a lucid interval and that monarch was very wrath that she preferred his nephew to him. James, "the poor man's King," developed a sort of melancholia towards the end of his life and he quarrelled with his nobles, who deserted him at Solway Moss and fled disgracefully before the English. After this he practically turned his face to the wall and prepared to die. The advent of a daughter just before his death caused him no joy. "The Kingdom came with a lass and will go with a lass," he is reported to have said. He died in 1542, aged thirty, after a reign of twenty-nine years.

Mary of Lorraine, Queen Dowager and later Queen Regent, has been described by Mr. Andrew Lang as "an amiable lady in an impossible position": a phrase which cannot be bettered. The Scotland of her day was wild and undisciplined; the religious troubles were beginning to be a matter of political importance.

Mary tried to manage her unruly subjects with tact and sweetness and was strangely lenient to the Reformers for a member of the House of Guise. "My joys, my hearts, what ails you? Me means no evil to you nor to your preachers," she wrote on one occasion. But it was not the time for sugary words; the Reformers wrote in sledge-hammer style and addressed a letter "to the Generation of Anti-Christ, the pestilent prelates and the shavelings within Scotland."

From the moment of Mary's birth, questions of her marriage arose. Henry VIII demanded her for his son Edward, and asked that she should be sent at once to England to be educated. When this was refused, he sent an army to Scotland. The Queen Dowager fled for safety to Stirling, protected by Lennox and Bothwell at the head of 10,000 men, and here, at the age of seven months Mary was crowned, crying bitterly through the ceremony. She had as guardians the Lords Marischal, Montrose, Ruthven, Lindsay, Livingston, Seton and Erskine. To the care of the latter, whose family enjoyed the privilege of guarding the heir to the crown and who was hereditary keeper of the royal fortress of Stirling, she was specially confided. Mary's childhood was spent at Stirling and among the chestnut trees of Inchmahome, an island in the lake of Mentieth, where she had as companions her three base-brothers and her four Maries, little girls of her own age, chosen to be her playfellows. Their names were Mary Seton, Mary Beton, Mary Livingston and Mary Fleming. Here she learnt Latin and French and played about to her heart's content, dressed in a silk frock and a tartan scarf and with her golden hair confined in a rose-coloured snood.

When Mary was five she was betrothed to the Dauphin and was sent to France to be educated, a step which was taken by her harassed mother, hoping that it would put a stop to the perpetual Border Wars. She herself had no easy game to play. She was resolved to do her best for her daughter's Kingdom and to refrain from a second marriage, no easy matter when her hand was sought by many. She got rid of Bothwell, "fair and whitely and something hanging shouldered," and she disgusted Lennox by her persistent

refusal to such a degree that he went off to the English Court and married Lady Margaret Douglas. She was always on good terms with Cardinal Beton, and she chose for the important post of private secretary a crafty individual named Maitland of Lethington, who afterwards betrayed her.

Mary charmed all hearts in France. Her future father-in-law adored her; Catherine de' Medici was very kind to her, though, as usual, Diane de Poitiers intruded herself and did her best to alienate her, and the child herself imprudently alluded to the Queen as a "fille de marchands." But that was later. "The Queen your daughter has so much beauty, intelligence and goodness, that it is impossible to have more," Catherine wrote to the Queen Regent of Scotland and Lord Erskine wrote: "The Queen's Grace, your dearest daughter, my Sovereign, is at a very good point and is as wise and able a princess as is in the world for her years." "La petite Reinette d'Ecosse" had only to smile and she turned all heads. She was educated with the royal children at St. Germain-en-Laye and learnt Greek and Latin, French and Italian literature, studied poetry with Ronsard, became proficient in the arts of music and dancing. At the age of thirteen she recited a Latin ode of her own composition before a delighted Court in the Great Hall in the Louvre. Brantôme says that she spoke well, and that when he incited Antoine Fochain to address her in French on Rhetoric, she replied impromptu with ease and facility. Mary early showed a love of horses and horsemanship and a fearlessness which delighted her uncle, the great Duke of Guise. "My niece," said the Balafré, "there is one trait in which above all others I recognize my own blood in you. You are as brave as my bravest men-at-arms. If women went into battle now, as they did in ancient times, I think you would know how to die well."

This was a happy time in Mary's life. The Dauphin, a pale, heavy boy, was devoted to her and, apparently, in their brief married life, the affection was mutual. The marriage took place on 21st April, 1558. The bride, who had slept the preceding night at the Episcopal Palace, walked down a raised platform to a great open Pavilion erected in front of Notre-Dame. The hangings of

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beyond her brother Lord James and Lord Argyll. Once arrived at Holyrood, however, her subjects began to flock there and on the night of her arrival Knox's "most honest men," described by Brantôme as "five or six hundred ragamuffins," serenaded her by singing psalms under her windows. Life began to move quickly and soon the old palace of Holyrood showed signs of the change. Carpets were to be seen on the floors instead of rushes, arras of cloth of gold hung on the walls; French horloges and crystal jars stood on Venetian cabinets, chess tables of ebony and mother-of-pearl were there and silver lamps hung from the rafters. In Mary's private rooms, books in many languages, musical instruments and embroidery frames, testified to her tastes.

Mary began her reign with every good intention. Daily she sat in the Council with her needlework and in all that she did she showed intelligence, toleration and a desire to promote the welfare of her subjects and to advance civilization. Her charm of manner, her easy familiarity with her courtiers and her abundance of high spirits, won her the hearts of the youthful element and her court soon became a centre of gaiety. But with one section of the community she was always wrong. If she danced it was out of season; if she were merry she should have been sad; if she handed a bible presented to her to the Captain of the Guard, Arthur Erskine, hereditary shield-bearer to the Sovereigns of Scotland, it was because he was "the most pestilent papist in the realm." When she opened parliament in State, John Knox, whose book "The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women," was making some stir, said: "Such stinking pride of women as was seen at that Parliament was never before seen in Scotland." Unconscious of criticism, Mary on this occasion, charmed the assembly by a fluent speech in her pretty broken Scots. But in the gaiety of her rapidly increasing Court, this note of John Knox, stern and disapproving, is heard persistently, like the burden of a Greek chorus.

The great religious movement which had given so much trouble to Mary of Lorraine in her Regency, had reached its climax just before her death, which occurred in 1559. Prompted by the intolerant

Mary Queen of Scots
from the painting in the Pepysian Library

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Hollett Hyatt Sc.

Cardinal of Guise, the Queen Dowager had issued a proclamation enforcing uniformity of worship. The reply to this was an insurrection which began in Perth. "Pull down the nests that the crows may not build again," said John Knox, and on that very afternoon carved work and ornaments were torn down from the Cathedral and in two days the religious houses of Greyfriars and Blackfriars and the Carthusian Church were destroyed and the royal tombs were desecrated. One of the first acts of Mary's reign was an interview with John Knox, who afterwards spoke of her as of one who had "a proud mind, a crafty wit, ane indurate heart." She, on her side, having tried her mother's old trick of pleasing in vain, spoke of him as the man who made her "greet"; but whether she wept from sorrow or from irritation does not appear.

Difficulties with England arose from the first, which were complicated by the question of Mary's marriage. To the demand for the ratification of the treaty of Edinburgh, Mary returned that it should be done if she were acknowledged heiress of the crown of England. The question of the marriage was more involved. Among her suitors were the Kings of Sweden and Denmark, the Archduke Charles of Austria, the Prince of Spain and various Italian princelets, besides the sons of her cousins the Duke of Châtelherault and the Earl of Lennox. Elizabeth announced that she disapproved of a foreign prince and would prefer a subject of her own. Mary made no objection to this, merely asking for a suggestion. But when Elizabeth proposed Lord Robert Dudley, her blood boiled. Was she to discard her kings and princes in order to marry Elizabeth's minion?

The attitude of Elizabeth to Mary has been often and justly censured. But there were circumstances which must not be overlooked and which, without furnishing an excuse for the former, yet explains, to a certain extent, her crooked policy. Elizabeth's title to the crown had been disputed; in her youth she had been imprisoned by her sister Mary and the Roman Catholic party, and this party was a constant source of danger to her now. Like all minorities it was dangerous; ready to burst out on the slightest excuse in the hope of gaining the ascendency. The martyrs who suffered on

both sides of the great religious dissensions were often political victims, executed on purely political grounds. When Elizabeth ascended the throne, the country was torn by internal conflicts, the army was disorganized, the fleet practically non-existent. The French King had "one foot in Calais and the other in Scotland," and the alliance of France and Scotland was one of her dangers. By her prudence and her patience, by her wise choice of Ministers and her Fabian policy of waiting on events, she had built up the country in a wonderfully short time. But she felt insecure, and her rival and possible supplanter was Mary of Scotland. She therefore set about in the first place to know all that passed in her Court, and in the second either to induce her to make a marriage which would lower her position in the world, or to make a cat's-paw of her favourite, Dudley, to keep off better men. She created him Earl of Leicester with a view to making him less unequal in rank to his proposed bride. Melville, who was on a diplomatic mission to England and assisted at this ceremony, was not enthusiastic. "I believe you like better yonder long lad," said Elizabeth, pointing to Darnley who was carrying the sword of state.

Meantime, in Scotland, the materials for Mary's tragedy were massing together. The influence of Lord James Stuart, whom she created Earl of Mar in 1562, was paramount at first. Accompanied by him and by a large company of nobles and their retainers, she made a progress to the North. Lord Huntley, head of the Roman Catholic party with the Duke of Châtelherault, the enemy and rival of Mar, prepared to meet her and invited her to his castle of Strathbogy. There were two reasons which prevented Mary from accepting this invitation. The most powerful one was that Mar had determined to wrest the Earldom of Moray from Lord Huntley and to accomplish the disgrace and downfall of his family; the other that Lord Gordon, his eldest son, being in prison for an assault, had escaped and had put himself at the head of an armed force. Mary refused on the plea that she could not visit the father of a rebel and she pushed on to Inverness. Here she found the gates closed against her and the Captain who held the castle refused to open unless by order of Lord Gordon. He was soon brought to

reason, however, and hanged for his pains and Mary, at the head of three thousand men, crossed the swollen Spey and finally came to Aberdeen without having seen the enemy. But it was war to the knife and she was determined to be revenged. The old spirit, which used to delight the Balafré, was in the ascendant. She regretted that she was not a man "to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields, or to walk upon the causeway with a jack and knapsack, a Glasgow buckler and a broadsword." As it was, she rode tireless all day and sometimes slept in the open, and she was not satisfied until Lord Huntley's ambitious plans had been silenced for ever and his son, Sir John Gordon, who had designed to marry her, had been executed.

Soon after her return occurred the tragedy of Chastelar. The poet, who had come over in her train from France, had been treated by her with familiarity and his head had been turned. She capped verses with him, danced with him, gazed up into his eyes; but there did not appear to have been anything beyond an indiscreet flirtation. The manners of the sixteenth century were extremely free and easy and it is useless to try to criticise them through twentieth century spectacles. Chastelar, in a moment of madness, hid himself one night in Mary's bedchamber; after which he was exiled from Court. He followed her and repeated the act. He acknowledged that he had designs on her honour, although it has been suggested that he was armed with sword and dagger, and that, being a Huguenot, he might have had designs against her life. After the second offence he was executed and mounted the scaffold with gaiety and indifference, reciting Ronsard's Hymn to Death.

In December of this year, at the Requiem Mass for Francis II celebrated in her Oratory Chapel, Mary first heard a tenor voice of penetrating sweetness. Singers were fleeing before the thunders of Knox and it was not surprising that Mary begged his master, the Ambassador of the Duke of Savoy, to allow him to sing in the choir. David Riccio, a deformed little man with a lean face lengthened by a pointed black beard and lit by enormous dark eyes, soon passed from being a singer in her choir to a more confidential position. He became, in time, private secretary and favourite in chief, and his

influence was immense. Just as she had been too familiar with the poet, she was too familiar with the singer, who naturally was very unpopular at Court.

In 1564-65, Darnley arrived in Scotland. "Lusty, beardless and ladyfaced," the tall stripling of eighteen captivated his cousin at once. She fell deeply in love with him and made up her mind on the spot, announcing her intention to her dearest sister Elizabeth, or rather asking her advice. Elizabeth was furious. She had allowed Darnley to go to Scotland, it is true, but she had not intended the marriage and still talked of Leicester. Mary replied that she had taken Elizabeth's advice in choosing a subject of her own, and that Darnley being of the blood royal and her cousin was in every way suitable.

Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, was the eldest surviving son of the Earl of Lennox and of his wife Lady Margaret Douglas, the daughter of the Earl of Arran and of Margaret Tudor, Queen-Dowager of Scotland. His mother, a noted beauty in her day of the blue-eyed golden-haired type, was an ambitious woman, who had educated him with a view to filling a high position. She had herself experienced many ups and downs in her life. She was born in a Border castle when her mother was a fugitive from Scotland; at three years old her father, who was divorced from her mother, stole the child and kept her with him while he was engaged in Border warfare. Margaret loved her father and detested her mother, who certainly did not seem to take any interest in her, but her aunt, the Queen-Dowager of France, received her into her house in London and got an appointment for her in the household of Princess Elizabeth. She was imprisoned for a love affair by Henry VIII, who thought her too near to the succession to be allowed to marry; but after the birth of his son, he arranged a marriage for her with Lord Lennox. She was treated with great kindness by Mary during her reign, but was not always on good terms with Elizabeth, who promptly imprisoned her in the Tower when she heard of the engagement of her son to Mary.

Lady Lennox had given her son a very good education, but it was only on the surface and does not seem to have refined his mind

or touched his heart. He was very tall, good-looking in an effeminate way, an excellent horseman, a good scholar and a fool. He had, moreover, a violent temper and was already greatly inclined to drink.

Mary and Darnley were married privately in the teeth of the opposition of the Protestant party of Scotland and of Elizabeth of England. The public marriage took place at Holyrood Chapel on 29th July, 1565.

Darnley did not long retain Mary's affection. His bad temper and his petulance, his ungraciousness, and above all his propensity to drink, disgusted her. He had been preferred before his superiors and had married the most sought after woman in Europe, he was saluted by the title of King; but he had not been given the Crown Matrimonial and this rankled. Mary soon tired of him. She was placed in a very difficult position and she wanted someone on whom to rely, not a fretful boy to create new anxieties. Moray and Lethington were pensioners of Elizabeth; she was surrounded by spies and traitors. In these circumstances she was attracted by the strong personality of Bothwell. At any rate he was a man. Bothwell, "glorious, boastful, rash and hazardous" is an individual whom it is easy to conjure from the shades, but there is always a danger of caricature. He was ugly, it is true, vain, ambitious, absolutely unscrupulous and selfish; but he had also refined tastes, had travelled much and was a man of the world. With regard to women, his reputation was of the worst. He had carried off a Danish lady and deserted her, and he had actually married Jane Beton and left her, before Mary arranged a marriage for him with Jean Gordon, daughter of the murdered Lord Huntley, whose family she had now taken into favour. His relations with Mary herself are not very clear. He had been accused by Arran of a conspiracy to murder Moray, to gain possession of Mary's person and so acquire supreme power, and had been exiled for this offence. Arran lost his wits and possibly Mary did not believe the story, but at any rate she wanted a strong man and a soldier and Bothwell was very powerful in his own country and with the reformed party. His marriage with Jean Gordon, a Roman Catholic and the sister of one of the most powerful nobles of the North, should have been a good political

move on the part of Mary, if after events had not made it an unfortunate one. We are already on debatable ground, for the usual version of the story is that Mary recalled Bothwell because she was in love with him and married him to Jean in a fit of pique. As she married Darnley for love, the two versions seem incompatible.

We now come to the murder of David Riccio. David was regarded with jealousy and hatred by the nobles who resented his preferment and were envious of his influential position. They did not scruple to say that he enjoyed the too great favour of the Queen and they proposed to kill him in her presence, probably with a wish to give colour to the accusation they brought against her. He was to be killed by a justly incensed husband; the said husband being chiefly annoyed because he believed that Riccio had opposed him in his efforts to gain the Crown Matrimonial. The scene was tragic enough, whatever the motives. Darnley came into the closet where Mary sat at supper with Riccio and Lady Argyll, closely followed by Ruthven, clad in armour, who pushed aside the tapestry and gazed round with wild eyes. "No harm to your Grace, but to yonder poltroon David," he said. "What hath he done?" cried Mary. "Ask the King, your husband, Madam." Mary ordered him from her presence, Keith and Arthur Erskine tried to put him out, but a number of armed men crowded into the little room. Mary attempted to protect the trembling man who clung to her, crying out, "Save my life, Madam, save my life for God's dear sake," but a dagger thrust over her shoulder began the work and Ruthven, with scant ceremony, thrust her into Darnley's arms, who disengaged the dying clasp of the Secretary's fingers from her gown. "Oh poor David, my good and faithful servant, may the Lord have mercy on your soul," said she. "This is the blow of the King," cried Douglas, taking Darnley's dagger and giving Riccio the *coup de grâce.*

Mary seemed to have calmed down after this terrible scene very quickly. She made a temporary reconciliation with Darnley, who, a mere tool in the hands of the conspirators, was in as bad a case as she was herself; they were both prisoners. During the night they managed to escape, and Mary is said to have made a cryptic remark

as she passed by Riccio's dead body in the royal Chapel; a "fatter than he" was soon to lie by his side, meaning, presumably, Darnley. Darnley fled on in front, giving her no assistance on this occasion and Mary rode on a pillion behind Arthur Erskine. At Dunbar, Bothwell, Huntley and Atholl came to her aid with a large body of armed men.

On 19th June, 1566, Mary's son was born. "Forget and forgive," murmured Darnley, when he was admitted to see the mother and child. "I have forgiven all, but I shall never forget," said Mary coldly. He did not appear at the christening, because Elizabeth, who was godmother to the baby and had sent a silver-gilt enamelled font as a present, ordered her envoy not to recognize him as King.

The first occasion with which scandal was busy with the names of Bothwell and of Mary, was in the following September when she was occupied with the finances of the country and transacted much business in the Exchequer House in Edinburgh. Behind the Exchequer House was a "large and pleasant garden" into which Mary's private room looked, and here Buchanan, writing in the light of after days, says that her intrigue with Bothwell began. But we have only his word for it, the word of a man who wrote in strains of adulation about his Queen until he was paid by the Lennox family to strike another note.

The position of Darnley is not easy to define. Father of the heir to the Crown, husband of the Queen who appears to have treated him with consideration, to have given him constant presents and to have left him many valuables when she thought herself dying at Jedburgh, he was yet in the position of an outsider. He was so generally hated that a "Band" was almost universally signed with the avowed object of getting rid of him. He sulked and fumed and threatened to leave the country; then he fell ill of small-pox. When he was convalescent Mary, who had created a scandal by visiting Bothwell's sick-room at the Hermitage, offered to visit him at Glasgow. Darnley is reported to have said that if he had been Bothwell, she would have done so long ago. In any case she went to Glasgow where he was safe among his friends, and took him to

a suburb outside Edinburgh, Kirk-o'-Field, where she deposited him in a solitary house standing in a garden. Here she used to visit him every day and they were apparently on better terms than they had been for some time. Mary reserved a room for herself which was just under the room where Darnley slept, in case she wished to remain there for the night. On Sunday evening, 10th February, 1567, she stayed unusually late by her husband's bedside and then went back to Holyrood to be present at the conclusion of the wedding festivity of her maid Margaret Carwood. After she left, a train of powder which had been placed in her room by Bothwell's page, Nicholas Hubert, known as "French Paris," was fired. There was a terrific explosion and when the smoke cleared away, Darnley's body was found in the garden, by the side of his page. He was apparently uninjured and even the manner of his death is not known. He may have been strangled, but there were no marks of violence on his body.

Mary's conduct after the murder was much criticised, especially by Elizabeth who accused her of "looking through her fingers" and of allowing the murderers to escape. The nobles implicated had certainly made a compact to rid their country of Darnley, both on account of his scheming ambition and his bad behaviour to the Queen, but it is not proved that Mary knew of their intention. She spoke vaguely of some way of getting out of her misery at the Conference of Craigmillar, where she was often heard to say that she wished she were dead. Public opinion, however, accused her at once of this crime, and placards were posted up in the dead of night at Edinburgh naming Bothwell as one of the murderers. He was tried at Lord Lennox's desire and was acquitted by his friends, most of whom were in the "Band" themselves. Bothwell then gave a supper at Ainslie's Tavern where a very large number of the nobles signed a document in which they declared that he was innocent of Darnley's death, and stated that they would do all in their power to advance his marriage with Mary. Among the names was that of Moray, although that crafty person, who had absented himself on the occasion of Riccio's murder, had also managed to be abroad at this crisis.

Mary went to Stirling to see her child, and on her way back was intercepted by Bothwell and a large force of armed men. Bothwell turned the head of Mary's horse and took the whole party off to Dunbar where they remained for twelve days. The citizens of Edinburgh, rising in a body to go to her succour, were silenced by the provost who assured them that she was a willing prisoner, and that she was "more familiar with the Earl of Bothwell than stood to her honour."

Bothwell brought Mary to Edinburgh on the 6th of May, and she announced publicly that although he had offended her she had forgiven him. She created him Duke of Orkney and the banns were put up in the Church of St. Giles. Here they were married on the 14th May, by the Bishop of Orkney; Mary's confessor strongly objected to the union and she was never married in her own church. Soon after the wedding she was found weeping and crying out for a knife to put an end to her misery. There is no doubt that she was profoundly unhappy, and that even if at first she had been moved by an irresistible passion, she very soon tasted the bitterness of disillusion. If, on the other hand, she was Bothwell's victim and had been forced by circumstances into the fatal step of a marriage with her seducer, she is even more to be pitied. Bothwell had obtained a divorce from his wife, Jean Gordon, but he never really separated from her and seems to have preferred her to Mary.

The people were seething with rage and discontent and very little was wanting to set the whole country ablaze, when the confederate Lords—many of whom had signed "Ainslie's Band"—resolved to deliver Mary from Bothwell's clutches. Mary and Bothwell with their forces were on Carberry Hill, when Du Croc, the French Ambassador, came to see what could be done in the way of mediation. He found Mary dressed in a short red petticoat, "sleeves tied with points, a velvet hat and muffler." He told her that if she would give up Bothwell the confederate Lords would be loyal to her and much bloodshed would be saved. Mary replied that they had recommended her to marry Bothwell and that she had acted on their advice. After some time spent in talking, it was agreed that the issue of battle should be decided by

single combat; but, in the end, Mary decided to go over to her faithful subjects and to let Bothwell depart. Bothwell, who saw that the game was up, was allowed to escape; Mary surrendered to Kirkaldy of Grange, and was led on horseback into the opposite camp, followed by Mary Seton. She spoke a few words to the leaders of the insurrection saying that she trusted in their word and that she acted as she did, not from fear of the issue of battle, but to save bloodshed. She was treated with respect, but she caught sight of a white banner on which was represented the corpse of Darnley and she heard distant growls of "Burn the murderess!" which must have made her blood run cold as it was the punishment allotted to women who killed their husbands.

Mary was now hurried away to Edinburgh and taken to the Provost's House, where she was left alone all night without food or change of raiment. In the morning crowds gathered outside the house and she showed herself at the window wild, half clothed, in a frenzy of despair. Afterwards she rode to Holyrood through shrieking masses and the words "Burn the murderess!" were dinned into her ears. She was then taken to Loch Leven and imprisoned in the Castle in the middle of the island, in charge of her enemies of the Douglas clan. There is no doubt that her death was contemplated and that her accusers, themselves guilty of Darnley's murder and advisers of her marriage with Bothwell, were anxious to hide their guilt at her expense. It was at this juncture that the "Casket" letters were produced as evidence of her complicity in the plot against Darnley and in her own abduction by Bothwell. Round these letters, which were said to be discovered in a casket and were, with the sonnets, addressed to Bothwell, a perfect storm of discussion has arisen, into which want of space prevents our entering here. Whether they were forgeries pure and simple, or authentic letters arranged by the hand of the forger, or really the letters and sonnets which Mary wrote, is a question which must be left to higher authority than that of the present writer.

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Hallett Hyatt, Sc

Margaret Laton.
Daughter of Sir Hugh Brawn.
In the possession of Colonel John Headlam.

A bastard of the Douglas family, a boy of sixteen known as Foundling Willie, found means to steal the keys of the Castle from Sir William Douglas as he sat at dinner in state surrounded by his retainers. The guard was relaxed at this hour and he managed to guide Mary downstairs and out at the postern gate where a boat was waiting. They rowed away stealthily being followed by Jean Kennedy who jumped into the lake and swam after them. Half way across, Mary rose and waved her white veil as a signal to Willie's brother, George Douglas and her friends on shore; before long she was in safety.

Mary was in her element. Received with enthusiasm by the faithful, she rode sixty miles in a day, lived on oatmeal and sour milk, spent three nights "with the owls." She had soon a considerable force with her and, in spite of the defeat of Langside, would probably have had the game in her hands, if she had not made the most fatal of all the many mistakes of her life. She sent a diamond ring that Elizabeth had given her back to the donor, reminding her of a promise of assistance she had made when she had sent the gift; in spite of all remonstrance, she set sail for England, arriving in a village in Cumberland on 16th May, 1568.

Mary, impulsive and generous to a degree was amazed at the want of these qualities in Elizabeth, who replied coldly that she could not see her until she was cleared of the charge of murder. She sent a parcel containing "two torn shifts, two pieces of black velvet, two pair of shoes and nothing else" on being informed that her once dreaded rival was destitute.

The story of Mary's eighteen years' imprisonment is one of ever increasing ill-health, of perpetually disappointed hopes, of a network of intrigue in which she was herself caught in the end. For fifteen years she was a state prisoner in the various country houses of Lord Shrewsbury by whom she was treated with such consideration that it roused the jealousy of his wife, the formidable "Bess of Hardwick." The jealousy seems to have been unfounded and Lady Shrewsbury afterwards withdrew her charges; she was herself generally on good terms with her prisoner, who stood godmother to two of her grandchildren. The chief event of this phase of Mary's career

was her engagement to the Duke of Norfolk, who was afterwards beheaded. Don John of Austria had also a romantic devotion to her cause and she might perhaps have managed to escape with the assistance of his agents, if she had not felt herself bound to Norfolk. His early death put an end to this project, and as the years rolled on their slow course, Mary must have felt very desolate, in spite of the devotion of the little band of followers who still clung to her. Three of her Maries had married, but Mary Seton was with her for many years before she retired, broken in health and spirits, to a convent at Rheims. Jean Kennedy, Elizabeth Curle and Sir Arthur Melville were with her to the end with her doctor Bourgoigne, her surgeon Gorion, her apothecary Gervais. Her two secretaries, Nau and Curle, deserted her cause and gave evidence against her in London on the occasion of the inquiry in the Star Chamber. One consolation she had in her reconciliation with her mother-in-law, Lady Lennox, who acknowledged that she had accused her unjustly of conspiring against the life of her son, and she sent her a touching present from her prison in the Tower in the shape of "un petit quarré fait à point tresse," a little piece of "hair point" lace made with the threads of her own silver hair. Lady Lennox, who was in prison on account of the marriage of her younger son Charles with Lady Shrewsbury's daughter, plaintively remarked that it was the third time she had suffered imprisonment on account of affairs of the heart. She corresponded regularly with Mary for some years before her death.

Mary's character mellowed in captivity and gained infinitely in depth and strength. If she intrigued for her own rescue, it is hardly to be wondered at, though she might have conducted it more discreetly and should certainly have steered clear of all attempts on the life of Elizabeth. She suffered very much from gout and rheumatism, from the old chronic pain in her side and from swelled legs which made her terribly lame. Her active life was over and her character, naturally, grew sadder and more sober. The high-spirited girl who had masqueraded as a man, or as a "bourgeoise housewife" at St. Andrews, where she told Randolph that if he wanted to see the Queen he must wait till he got to Edinburgh,

calling him "more names than ever he had in his christendom," was no more. The woman who had looked with indifferent eyes at the massacre of the Huguenots and on the scaffold of Chastelar, had, through her own misfortunes, learnt to be tender-hearted. She was infinitely grateful to those who remained true to her, and did everything she could to help them within her limited power. To the outside world, she remained an agreeable woman of the world, with literary tastes.

Mr. White in a letter to Sir William Cecil, described an interview with her at Tutbury in which she gave him a "pretty disputable comparison" between painting and needlework, after asking him to excuse her "ill English." She had, he says, "an alluring grace, a pretty Scottish speech, a searching wit, clouded with mildness." Her hair is black, but she wears "heare" of various colours.

Mary's life was monotonous enough, passed chiefly in prayer and in needlework. Many were the pieces of carnation satin embroidered with silver thread which she sent to Elizabeth in the vain hope of touching her heart; many were the letters she wrote to her imploring to be brought to her presence and to have a fair trial. "The vilest criminals now in your jails are admitted to be tried for their justification" she urged, but Elizabeth turned a deaf ear. Knox "with his one foot in the grave" had clamoured for her death; many plans had been mooted with a view to getting rid of the inconvenient prisoner, before she fell into a trap which was carefully prepared for her. Babington, an English Roman Catholic, and five other gentlemen had a plan to assassinate Elizabeth and to put Mary in her place. It is uncertain whether Mary really received and answered their letters as her secretaries stated, being given facilities of correspondence by those anxious for her downfall, or whether, as she herself said, she was ignorant of the plot. The useful art of the forger was so generally employed in those times, that innocent letters were easily made to appear guilty, and when she asked to see her original letters only copies were shown.

On 25th September, 1586, Mary was brought to Fotheringay, and on the 14th October she appeared before the commissioners in the Great Hall. Supported by Melville and Bourgoigne and followed

by her maids of honour, she had walked slowly and painfully all the way from her private rooms between a double row of halberdiers. "My place should be there," she said haughtily, pointing to the canopy for absent Elizabeth, but it was only a flash of the old spirit. "Alas, how many learned councillors are here and yet not one for me!" she said, looking round on the assembly which numbered the most brilliant luminaries of the law, including the Lord Chancellor Burleigh. She bowed and seated herself; Burleigh announced that Elizabeth had at last resolved to bring her to trial "for conspiring the destruction of her person, that of the realm of England and the subversion of religion."

Mary rose. She had come to England to crave the aid that had been promised her; contrary to all law and justice she had been detained in prison ever since. She was a free sovereign and protested against the authority of the Council, desiring to be heard at Westminster before Elizabeth. But she came of her own free will to protest her innocence. Why had she not been confronted with Babington? Why had not her own letters been given to her instead of copies? She disclaimed all knowledge of a conspiracy against Elizabeth's life; she asked for an advocate. In all that she said she was clear, concise and reasonable. But it was a foregone conclusion. She was condemned, and Elizabeth, who had said that she could not "put to death the bird that had fled to her from the hawk," signed her death-warrant and ordered the great seal to be affixed. She afterwards said that she had only done this in case of emergency, and that the execution had been hurried on without her sanction. But no one believed her, least of all James, to whom she wrote bewailing the "lamentable accident" of her secretary, who was made the scape-goat, and confined in the Tower for obeying orders.

On 21st November Mary wrote: "They are now at work in my hall, making, I think, the scaffold on which the last act of my tragedy is to be performed," but it was not until 7th February that her death-warrant was read to her. She crossed herself and said: "In the name of God these tidings are welcome, and I bless and praise Him that the end of all my bitter sufferings is at hand." On being told that she was to die at eight o'clock the next morning, she

ordered supper to be served earlier that she might have a longer evening for her last arrangements; afterwards she pledged her household, giving the cup to each, and begging forgiveness for any wrong she had done. They received the pledge on their knees, weeping bitterly, and asking for her blessing. She made her will, divided her few remaining possessions, and retired to bed, asking Jean Kennedy to read to her. Jean and Elizabeth Curle watched her all night, suppressing their sobs as best they could. She lay quite still with closed eyes, but her lips often moved, as if in prayer. At six she rose saying that she had only two hours to live and that she wished to be dressed as for a festival. They arrayed her in crimson velvet, with a body and train of black velvet spangled with gold and her pointed widow's cap, from which the long white lawn veil fell. Underneath she wore a tartan camisole, hastily run up during the night, which covered her completely when she took off her bodice on the scaffold.

Mary now entered her oratory alone and administered to herself the sacred wafer sent her by the Pope in case she were denied the offices of a priest. It was a solemn act at a solemn moment, and one on which it does not seem probable that a woman steeped in crime would have ventured. After this she seated herself by her bedroom fire and talked to her ladies. She spoke of human happiness and of earthly glories, and quoted the saying of the Balafré that she would know how to die well. Bourgoigne brought her some wine and toasted bread. "Now I have finished with the world," she said and returned to her prayers.

The Castle clock struck eight; the High Sheriff knocked at the door with his wand of office. There was a heartrending scene between Mary and those of her attendants who were not allowed to accompany her further; their weeping could be heard through the closed door in the silence of the Great Hall. At last, followed by Melville, Bourgoigne, Gorion, Gervais, Jean Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, she set out on her slow and painful progress. In the hall a platform had been erected at one end covered with black cloth, which was strongly guarded by soldiers; at the other end about a hundred gentlemen were present behind a barrier.

The death-warrant was read, the Dean of Peterborough pronounced his discourse; Mary prayed in Latin, in French, in English. At last she disrobed, and clad in her crimson skirt and tartan camisole, with a handkerchief tied over her eyes, she was led to the block. She had comforted weeping Jean Kennedy, and had pardoned the executioner; nothing remained to be done but to give the signal, which Shrewsbury did with streaming eyes and averted face. An ineffectual blow was given, then another—on the skull this time—then the head was severed from the body and held up by the executioner, who cried: "God save Queen Elizabeth." "So let all her enemies perish," said the Dean. "Amen," said Kent; but he spoke alone. A thrill of horror swept through the assembly and nothing was heard but sobs and groans.

Jean Kennedy begged in vain for her mistress's body, which was left to be despoiled by the executioners, and Mary's little skye terrier, found shivering and moaning between the head and the body, was carried away and washed for fear its blood-stained coat might be preserved as a relic. The head was shown on a black velvet cushion to the curious gathered in the courtyard, and her remains were afterwards buried with much pomp in Peterborough Cathedral, from whence they were removed by James to Westminster Abbey.

Mary Stuart can claim to be the most celebrated example of the beautiful women known to history, and her story is so full of adventure and so complex, that no excuse is offered for giving it at greater length than can be accorded to most of the sketches here presented.

Those of her contemporaries who are included in this chapter, less interesting and, with one exception, less unfortunate than she, can be dismissed with a few words.

LADY JANE GREY (1537-1553-4) was the eldest daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, created Duke of Suffolk after his marriage with Lady Frances Brandon, daughter and co-heiress of the Duke of Suffolk and the Queen-Dowager of France. There are no puzzles or ambiguities in Jane Grey's short life. She was sweet and simple, learned without being a prig, a modest involuntary

usurper, a martyr to the ambition of others. From a child she loved learning and acquired some proficiency in French, Italian, Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Arabic. She was deeply interested in the religious questions of the day and a staunch upholder of the Reformed Church as it was known in England. It was this zeal for the Reformation and its doctrines that attached Edward VI to Jane and made him willing to be prevailed on to pass over his sisters and to settle the succession on her and her heirs. The Duke of Northumberland instigated him to this move, declaring that both Mary and Elizabeth had been declared illegitimate by their father and that he had a right to do as he pleased in the interests of religion and of the country. The Duke then married his son Lord Guildford Dudley to the heir to the Crown and awaited events.

Jane's girlhood had been passed in study. When Ascham visited her at Broadgate in Leicestershire, he found her reading Plato's "Phaedron" in Greek, and asked her why she was not hunting in the park with her relations. She answered smiling that all their sport was but a shadow to the delight she took in her reading. Ascham asked her how it was that she enjoyed learned pursuits, and she answered, naïvely enough, that she had had a kind tutor and stern parents. With the latter, whatever she did was wrong, with the former, the gates of Paradise opened. She welcomed her lesson-time, not only as a time of profit and pleasure, but as a means of escape from her scolding elders, who used to taunt, threaten, pinch and nip her and who were never satisfied.

After Edward's death and in consequence of his will, the Crown was offered to her; she refused at first, but was over-ruled by her father and her father-in-law. She protested that the Crown was not hers by right. It was to mock God and deride justice, to scruple at the stealing of a shilling and not at the usurpation of a crown. But her protests were not regarded and she was taken in state to the Tower, where she lived during her nine days' reign and where she was imprisoned directly Mary's rights were acknowledged. While imprisoned she had a long polemical discussion with Feckenham, the last Abbot of Westminster, and frequently gave that dignitary some trouble with her pertinent remarks. He told her he was sorry

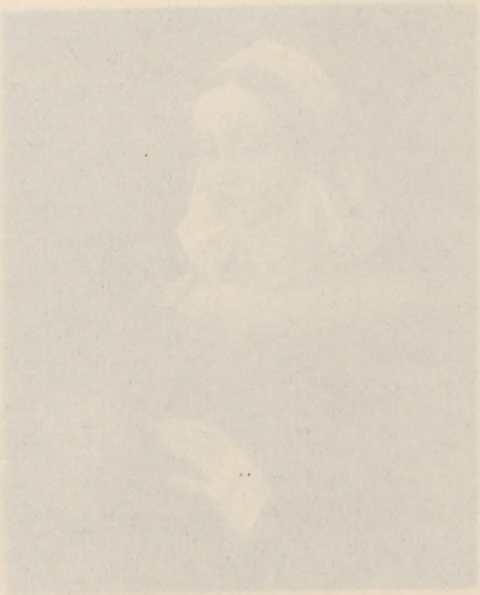
for her, and that he was sure they would never meet. "Never," said Jane, "unless God turns your heart." She dismissed her would-be converter with a recommendation to repentance.

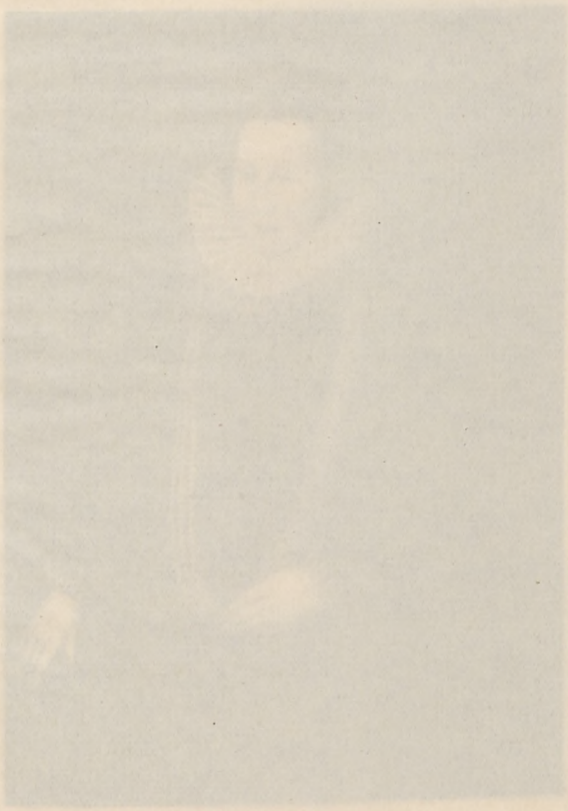
Jane met her end with perfect composure. She refused to see her husband, who was to die on the same morning, saying that the parting was so short and that a last meeting would only turn their minds from the calm of approaching death. Self-reliant and philosophic as she was she must have felt a bitter pang when she saw his dead body being carried away in a cart; but she appears to have shown little emotion. She wrote a letter in Greek on the fly-leaf of her Greek testament to her sister Catherine and she ascended the steps of the scaffold with the calm dignity of one who had learnt to live without happiness in this world and who had hopes of a brighter issue in the next.

MARY SIDNEY (*circa* 1550-1621), daughter of Sir Henry Sidney and sister of the more celebrated Sir Philip, married Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, in 1577. She was a typical woman of the Renaissance. A scholar and a book-worm, without ceasing to discharge her social duties, she was also a poetess and the inspirer of poets, as well as the collaborator and *confidante* of her brother in his literary work.

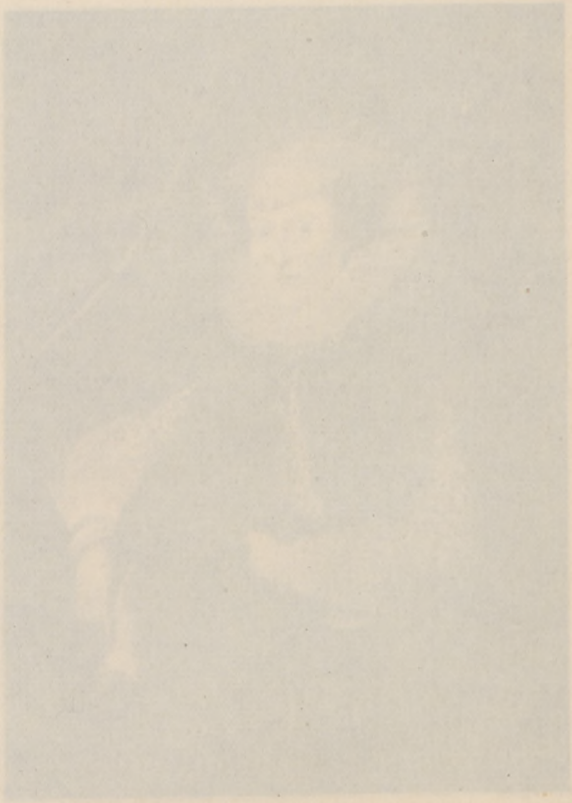
It is this friendship with her poetic brother, a friendship of the mind as well as of the heart, which has handed down her name to us with a certain serene charm of its own. For two years brother and sister were at Court together at a time when that brilliant Court was steeped in the pride and colour of life, in the love of learning, in the joy of the dawning light of new worlds. Sir Philip was one of the most romantic figures on that crowded stage, and his sister's passionate attachment to him was perhaps the strongest impulse of her life.

After her marriage Lady Pembroke left Court and devoted herself to literature at Wilton, not forgetting the duties of a hospitable hostess. Wilton became the centre of much that was interesting; the nursery of aspiring talent. Here Sir Philip came, during a temporary eclipse at Court, and wrote his "Countess of Pembroke's





Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury



Mary Countess of Pembroke

Thomas Howard Collection

for her, and that he was sure they would never meet. "Never," said Jane, "unless God turns your heart." She dismissed her would-be converter with a recommendation to repentance.

Jane met her end with perfect composure. She refused to see her husband, who was to die on the same morning, saying that the parting was so short and that a last meeting would only turn their minds from the calm of approaching death. Self-reliant and philosophic as she was she must have felt a bitter pang when she saw his dead body being carried away in a cart; but she appears to have shown little emotion. She wrote a letter in Greek on the fly-leaf of her Greek testament to her sister Catherine and she ascended the steps of the scaffold with the calm dignity of one who had learnt to live without happiness in this world and who had hopes of a brighter issue in the next.

MARY SIDNEY (*circa* 1550-1621), daughter of Sir Henry Sidney and sister of the more celebrated Sir Philip, married Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, in 1577. She was a typical woman of the Renaissance. A scholar and a book-worm, without ceasing to discharge her social duties, she was also a poetess and the inspirer of poets, as well as the collaborator and *confidante* of her brother in his literary work.

It is this friendship with her poetic brother, a friendship of the mind as well as of the heart, which has handed down her name to us with a certain serene charm of its own. For two years brother and sister were at Court together at a time when that brilliant Court was steeped in the pride and colour of life, in the love of learning, in the joy of the dawning light of new worlds. Sir Philip was one of the most romantic figures on that crowded stage, and his sister's passionate attachment to him was perhaps the strongest impulse of her life.

After her marriage Lady Pembroke left Court and devoted herself to literature at Wilton, not forgetting the duties of a hospitable hostess. Wilton became the centre of much that was interesting; the nursery of aspiring talent. Here Sir Philip came, during a temporary eclipse at Court, and wrote his "Countess of Pembroke's

Lady Jane Grey
From the original portrait at Madresfield Court by Lucas van Heere

Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury

Mary Countess of Pembroke

National Portrait Collection

Arcadia," and here they translated the Psalms together from the Hebrew.

Of original work Lady Pembroke has left very little, and that little is not of a high order. Her dialogue of two shepherds "in praise of Astrea," a fulsome panegyric on Queen Elizabeth, was written to be recited at an expected visit of the Queen to Wilton, and is a fair specimen of its kind. Her "Doleful Lay of Clorinda," written after her brother's death, is full of feeling.

> Great losse to all that ever him did see,
> Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee!

she says truthfully enough. After that date she spent much time in editing his works. She also translated from the French "A Discourse of Life and Death" and the "Tragedie of Antonie."

Lady Pembroke had two sons, the elder of whom was a distinguished patron of literature and it is supposed that Shakespeare alluded to her in his dedication of his sonnets to "Mr. W. H.," who might very well have been her son William Herbert.

> Thou art thy Mother's glass, and she in thee
> Gives back the lovely April of her prime.

Spenser and Dryden both sang her praises, and her epitaph is well known:

> Underneath this sable hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
> Death! ere thou kill'st such another,
> Fair, and wise, and learn'd as she,
> Time will throw a dart at thee.
>
> Marble piles let no man raise
> To her name; for after days,
> Some kind woman, born as she,
> Reading this, like Niobe,
> Shall turn marble and become
> Both her mourner and her tomb.

LADY PENELOPE DEVEREUX (1562 (?)-1607), daughter of the first Earl of Essex and sister of Queen Elizabeth's favourite, was a beautiful woman. Her skin was surpassingly fair, her hair golden, her eyes black. She early attracted the admiring attention of Sir Philip Sidney, but when he might have married

her, and it was her father's dying wish that the union should be accomplished, he hung back and thought only of ambition. Love had its revenge, for once lovely Penelope was married to the dissipated Lord Rich much against her will, Sir Philip longed for the unattainable.

> Stella, the onely planet of my light,
> Light of my life, and life of my desire,

he writes in one of the many poems addressed to her in which he sets forth her coldness and his own devotion. This note is always present: Stella's charms, his hopeless passion and her chastely correct behaviour. Whether or no the real Penelope was at all like the lady of his dreams does not appear; the sonnet sequence dealing with the loves of Astrophel and Stella is among the gems of English literature. Spenser wrote of Sidney,

> To her he vowed the service of his days,
> On her he spent the riches of his wit,—
> For her he made hymns of immortal praise
> Of only her he sang, he thought, he writ.

The history of their lives a little disturbs the poetic vision. Astrophel married, but continued to write sonnets to Stella, while Stella became the mistress of Charles Blount afterwards Lord Mountjoy, by whom she had several children and whom she at last married, being divorced by Lord Rich after the death of her brother Lord Essex. She was created Countess of Essex in her own right by James I at whose Court she was a great favourite until she married Lord Mountjoy, a tardy reparation which offended the morals of the Court.

ELIZABETH, daughter and heiress of John Hardwick of Hardwick (1518-1607) bears a character more famed for virile strength of mind and avarice than for those softer qualities which should, by right, adorn a beautiful woman. Yet beautiful she was, with flaxen hair and a transparent skin, hazel eyes under arched eyebrows and a thin scarlet line of compressed lip which suggested ill-temper. She was remarkable for her building propensities and for the number of her marriages; even in a day when life was cheaper

and more precarious and violence not unknown, this latter peculiarity was noticeable. At fourteen she married a sickly youth who died soon after, leaving her his estate; her next husband was Sir William Cavendish who owned much property in Suffolk which he sold to settle in Derbyshire where he began, at his wife's instigation, to build Chatsworth. Sir William left her a rich widow with three properties and six children; after his death she married Sir William St. Lo, Captain of the Guard to Queen Elizabeth. St. Lo made a will in favour of his wife and of her Cavendish children to the exclusion of his own daughters by a former marriage and his other relations; he then died and the widow, richer than ever, married George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, while her daughter Mary married his son Gilbert Talbot and his daughter Grace married her son Henry Cavendish.

All this prosperity was marred by the arrival of Mary Stuart as a State prisoner. Not only did Lord and Lady Shrewsbury become, in some sort, prisoners in their own country houses, but the expenses of the Queen were hardly ever paid by Elizabeth. Then "Bess of Hardwick" became jealous and complained to Elizabeth that her husband was too attentive to Mary. She afterwards took back all her accusations and there appears to have been no truth in them. She was on the best of terms with Mary for many years and doubtless wished to be well with her in case she were ever restored. In 1574 she and Lady Lennox arranged a hasty marriage between her daughter Elizabeth Cavendish and Charles Stuart, younger brother of Darnley, now Lord Lennox, and were both imprisoned in the Tower for some time. Bess was restored to favour and became devoted to her grandchild Arabella Stuart, her "little jewell Arbela" whom she hoped Elizabeth would adopt as her heir. She quarrelled with her husband and set his own son, husband of her daughter, against him. He accused her of slander and tried to get a divorce; ultimately they made it up and the Bishop of Lichfield congratulated him on his behaviour. Bess, he said, was "a visitation of God and to be endured as such, lest worse come." He comforted him with the philosophical reflection that many other people were in the same case: "There is but one Shrew in all the world and every man hath

her." The reconciliation did not last very long as they were again involved in law-suits, but Bess soon became a widow for the fourth time in which happy state she remained for seventeen years. She died at Hardwick in 1607, having built Hardwick Hall, finished Chatsworth, built or added to, Oldcoates, Worksop and Bolsover.

MARGARET, daughter of Sir Hugh Brawn, Knight, of Newington Butts, married Francis Laton of Rawdon and Westminster, second son of Francis Laton of West Laton. This portrait is introduced in the interests of beauty, for although Margaret and her husband were at the Court of Elizabeth and the latter held the office of Keeper of the Jewels to James I, history is silent as to her doings. Her face, beautiful in feature and in expression, will serve for her passport; her characteristic Elizabethan costume which is still in the possession of her descendants, is interesting in itself.

Hallett Hyatt Sc

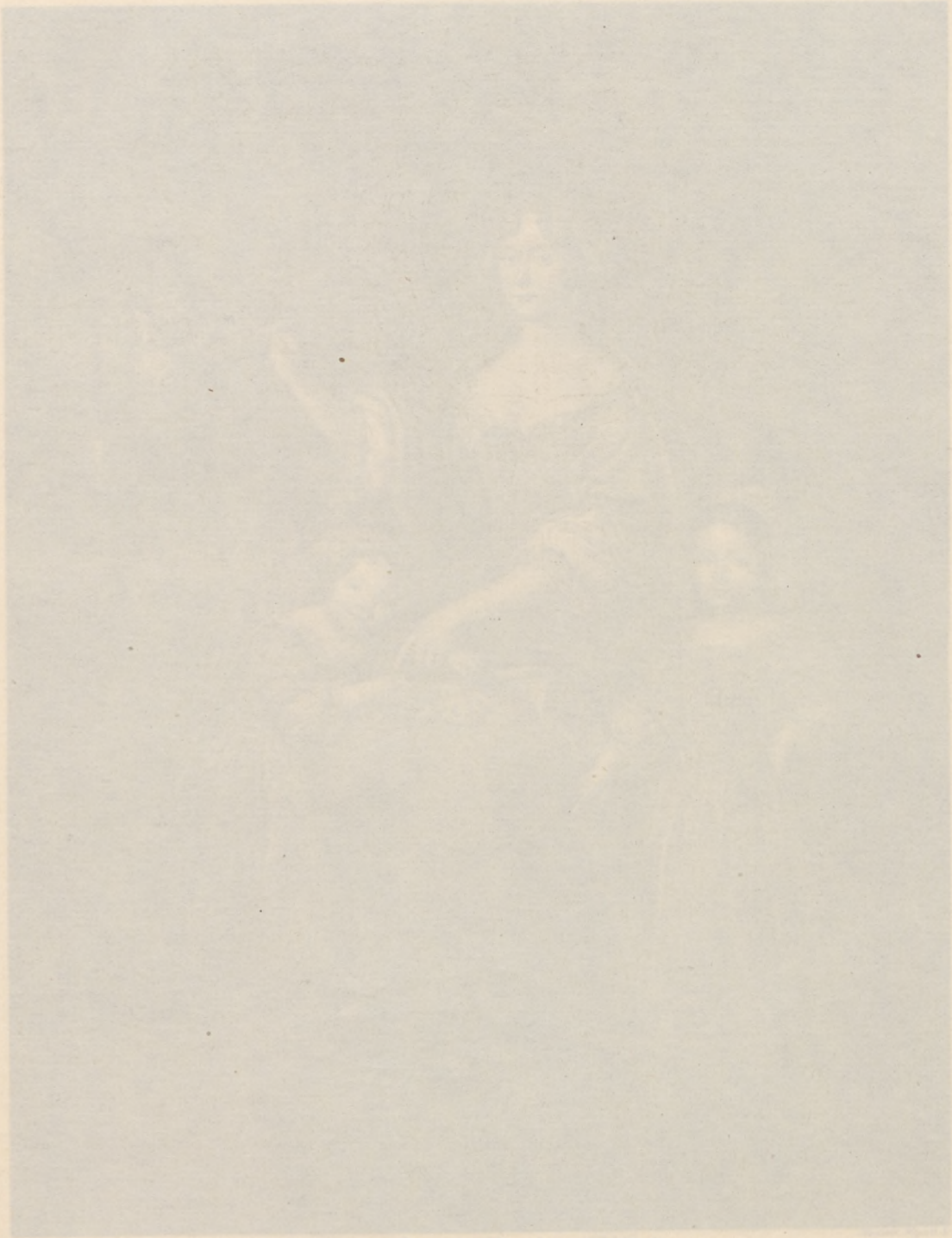
Henrietta Stuart Duchess D'Orleans

Engraved from the painting by Pierre Mignard at Windsor Castle

CHAPTER III.—THE LUCK OF THE STUARTS. LADY ARABELLA STUART; ELIZABETH STUART, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA; HENRIETTA MARIA OF FRANCE, QUEEN OF ENGLAND; HENRIETTA STUART, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

LADY ARABELLA STUART (1575-1615) bears the unenviable reputation of being a singularly unfortunate member of her fated race; she had also claims to real beauty. Her history is tragic and misfortune dogged her footsteps from the cradle.

The marriage of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, younger brother of Lord Darnley, to Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of "Bess of Hardwick," aroused the anger of Queen Elizabeth. She disliked any marriage and she regarded that of an individual who was a possible heir to the Crown as a State offence. Arabella lost both father and mother in her infancy, and was left a dependant on the bounty of her relations. She was kindly treated by Bess, who hoped that her "little jewell Arbela" might one day be adopted by Elizabeth, who did indeed make a pretence of doing so when she wished to alarm James, who had ventured [illegible] against his mother's execution. She refused to bestow [illegible] Countess of Lennox on Arabella, or to restore her confiscated [illegible], that she



Henrietta Stuart Duchess D'Orleans
Engraved from the painting by Pierre Mignard
at Panshanger Castle

Henrietta Maria, Queen of England

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allowed her to dine at her own table, and she dropped mysterious hints to foreign ambassadors as to her possible importance in the future.

Arabella grew up handsome, witty and merry. In appearance she was tall and slim, with an oval face framed in waving fair hair, regular features, blue eyes under arched eyebrows, and a white skin. She had, moreover, a "marvellous faire white hand." In disposition she was studious as well as gay; she loved to spend quiet hours with her books as much as she enjoyed the Court functions which she described in her letters to her uncle, Lord Shrewsbury, in a certain racy style of her own which is not without its charm.

Suitors for her hand thronged round her cradle, including that "noble imp," the eldest son of Lord Leicester, who died at the age of three. As she grew up she became the centre of the intrigues of the Roman Catholic Party, who, although she did not belong to their church, had hopes of restoring its influence by marrying her to one of their number. But both Elizabeth and James decided that she should remain unmarried. The hero of poor Arabella's love-story was, unluckily, also in the succession to the Crown, being the grandson of the Lord Hertford who had secretly married Lady Catherine Grey and who therefore was descended from the Queen of France, who was sister to Margaret Tudor, Arabella's great grandmother. If it had not been for this fact it is possible that the union might have been tolerated; as it was it suggested to the suspicious mind of James a whole line of pretenders who might dispute the kingdom with his own descendants.

William Seymour, educated at Magdalen College, "loved his book above all other exercise," and he had many tastes in common with Arabella. Before the death of Elizabeth their engagement was suspected and Arabella was imprisoned. On the accession of James she was set free and was one of the ladies who went to meet Anne of Denmark as she journeyed from Scotland. Treated with great kindness by the King and Queen, appointed State governess to Princess Elizabeth, a perfectly nominal office, she seems to have led a happy life for some time. She was always in debt, in spite of the King's liberality, and found great difficulty at Christmas time in

selecting a "daft toy" for the Queen, or a purse for the King, which would lie within her means.

In 1603 Sir Walter Raleigh was implicated with Lord Cobham and Lord Brooke in a plot to place Arabella on the throne, to restore the Roman Catholic religion and to form an alliance between England, Spain and Austria. Arabella herself was never suspected of being privy to this conspiracy and she was specially declared innocent at the trial; but it probably did her no good, especially as Father Parsons' pamphlet on the Succession had attracted the attention of Europe to her claims.

As time went on and her suitors were rejected one after another, Arabella obtained a vague promise from James that she might marry one of his subjects; she evidently did not dare name Seymour. The King of Poland, "the Polack," had been dismissed with a son of the Prince of Parma and Cardinal Farnese, who was to have been released from his vows if she had accepted him. Anne of Denmark's brother, "my little Dutchkin" Arabella pleasantly calls him, had admired her; Henry IV of France is said to have thought of her as a second wife. Arabella, totally without ambition, only wanted to be happy in her own way. In 1610 her engagement was again spoken of and she and Seymour were called before the Privy Council but dismissed with a warning. Restored to favour, Arabella appeared for the last time in a Court pageant on the occasion of the celebration of Prince Henry's creation as Prince of Wales. The costumes were designed by Inigo Jones, and the Queen looked gorgeous as Tethys, the Empress of Streams; while Princess Elizabeth as the Thames, and "Babie Charles," as Zephyr, in a short green satin tunic embroidered with gold, silver wings on his shoulders, and an aureole of fine lawn on his head, excited universal admiration. Arabella must have looked her best as the Trent, in a "long skirt wrought with lace waved about like a river, and on the banks sedge and seaweeds in gold," an over-skirt of "sky-coloured taffetas, embroidered with maritime inventions," and a head-dress composed of a great shell from which a long veil hung.

Soon after this it was reported to the King that Arabella was not only engaged to Seymour, but that they had been privately

married. The unfortunate lovers had evidently seen no way of obtaining the royal consent and had trusted that once it was found to be irrevocable their union would be permitted. But James was inexorable. He sent Seymour to the Tower, where his grandfather had languished so long, and where his wife had died of a broken heart; and he placed Arabella under the care of Sir Thomas Parry at Lambeth. Finding that husband and wife had stolen meetings he then ordered the Bishop of Durham to take her as a State prisoner to Durham Castle. Arabella was in despair; she was also ill, nervous, over-wrought. Her highly-strung nerves seem, at the outset of her troubles, to have given way. She remained for a month at Highgate, quite unable to move. At last the King ordered her to go to Durham without more delay, and Arabella's aunt, the sister of her dead mother and the wife of Gilbert, Lord Shrewsbury, resolved to make one effort for her freedom before it was too late. She therefore communicated with Seymour and provided Arabella with money. Seymour sent Arabella a disguise which she boldly assumed and walked unmolested out of her prison, with only one attendant. It consisted of a pair of French hose, which she drew on over her petticoats, russet boots with red tops, a doublet, a great black cloak, and a black hat and peruke. In this strange costume she walked a mile and a half to a "sorrie inn" where she mounted a horse which was waiting for her. Her strength was already nearly exhausted. "That gentleman will hardly reach London," said the ostler who held her stirrup. Accompanied by two servants she rode to Blackwall, where they waited long for Seymour who was to have joined her there. As he did not come she was persuaded to enter a rowing-boat, in which she at last reached the French ship which was to convey them over the Channel. Here they made another long pause, fatal to Arabella, before the captain insisted on weighing anchor. It was too late; the ship was overtaken by her pursuers. Arabella surrendered herself quietly, expressing herself thankful that her husband was not on board.

Seymour, meanwhile, had left the Tower in disguise, had rowed to sea with his friend Rodney and had then taken a sailing-vessel to pursue a ship which he took for the French schooner. It turned out to be a Newcastle collier, which, after some argument, was hired

to take them to Calais. Driven back to England by a tempest, they eventually reached Ostend in safety.

Arabella was imprisoned in the Tower and her aunt, Lady Shrewsbury, was imprisoned with her. For some time she endeavoured, by every means she could think of, to obtain a hearing for her case to be tried openly in court; to have a personal interview with the King. It was all in vain and, little by little, her mind became unhinged. She accused her aunt, she wrote strange mad letters; it was at last a recognized fact. Lady Shrewsbury was ultimately released, but Arabella spent four miserable years in prison before a merciful death put an end to her sufferings. She died insane, on 25th September, 1615, and her body was taken to Westminster by night and placed under the leaden chest which contained the remains of her aunt, Mary Queen of Scots.

ELIZABETH STUART, Queen of Bohemia (1596-1661), was born on 19th August, at the Palace of Falkland. She was the daughter of James VI of Scotland and of his wife Anne of Denmark and she was only seven years old when her father ascended the throne of England as James I.

James went off at once to his new kingdom and was followed in due time by the Queen and Prince Henry and by Princess Elizabeth and her suite. An amusing account of the journey is to be found in the Memoirs relating to the Queen of Bohemia, by one of her ladies, which was edited in 1753 by Lady Frances Erskine, and which is supposed to have been written by a member of that family who was the early playmate and afterwards the maid of honour of the Princess. She describes Elizabeth's grief at parting from Lady Livingstone, her governess: "Oh, Madam, nothing can ever make me forget one I so tenderly loved." The journey along the great north road, the pageants which were devised to welcome the royal party, the devotion of the child to her father, and the quantity of toys he had prepared for her when she arrived at Windsor are all set before us. She gives also a delightful account of her new guardians, Lord and Lady Harington and of her life at Combe Abbey under their care.

The instructions of James, that much-abused monarch, seem to have been sensible enough with regard to Elizabeth's bringing up; he said that he did not wish her to be a learned pedant, but to have an education which would fit her to take her place in life. These instructions were ably carried out by Lord Harington, who seems to have been very well chosen for the post. He was a philosopher who had managed to keep his faith; he was an historian, a naturalist, an astronomer, a scientist. With all these varied acquirements he set to work to teach Elizabeth and the six little girls who were her companions on what we should call now the kindergarten method, by means of picture cards and drawings. Combe Abbey was a paradise for children. Elizabeth had a passion for animals and she was allowed to have a fairy farm stocked with tiny Highland cattle and Shetland ponies, as well as a menagerie and an aviary on a great piece of waste land which she considered her own property. She showed herself intelligent, kind-hearted, generous to a fault and already extravagant. Her deepest affection was for her brother Henry, to whom some of her well-expressed little letters still remain. Her earliest excitement was probably caused by the Gunpowder Plot, which, if successful, would have placed her on the throne. "What a queen should I have been by this means, I had rather have been with my Royal Father in the Parliament House than wear his crown on such condition," she is reported to have said.

In 1608 she came to London and was given her own establishment at the Cockpit; but she was still under the care of Lord Harington, for she was only twelve years old. She spent much of her time with Prince Henry and rode with him almost daily. He used to make her Queen of the Barrier when there was a tourney, an honour she well deserved, for she already showed signs of great beauty. She was tall and well made, with the long oval face, aquiline nose and almond-shaped brown eyes of the Stuarts and with an abundance of fine black hair and an ivory skin which she inherited from her mother.

Every unmarried prince in Europe proposed for Elizabeth. James was at first tempted to make a great match for her, especially as Anne was ambitious for her only daughter; but in the end his

principles conquered and he decided for a Protestant alliance, which narrowed his choice considerably. Gustavus Adolphus was, unfortunately, out of the question, as his country was at war with Denmark; at length it was decided to accept the offer of Frederic V, Elector Palatine of the Rhine and head of the League of Protestant Princes, and he arrived to claim his bride in the autumn of 1612. Anne was scornful, and called her daughter "Good-wife Palsgrave." "I would rather espouse a Protestant prince than a Catholic emperor," was the spirited reply; but the gibe rankled and bore ill fruit in after days.

When Frederic was escorted into the great banqueting hall at Whitehall he was received kindly by the King and Prince Henry and coldly by the Queen; he then stooped to kiss the hem of Elizabeth's robe. Elizabeth, curtseying low, prevented this act of humility and gave him an opportunity, "which he took," says the news-letter, of kissing her. Their acquaintance soon ripened into love on both sides. The Prince had eyes for no one but his Princess. He visited her at the Cockpit, where her servants performed a play to entertain him and she doubtless introduced him to all her monkeys and birds. All went well until Prince Henry suddenly caught a chill, sickened and died.

This domestic calamity brought Frederic very near to his future wife, to whom he was all tenderness and sympathy. She was in a terrible state of grief and depression, especially as she had not been allowed to visit her brother for fear of infection. "Where is my dear sister?" he had cried repeatedly. And twice she had tried to force an entrance in disguise, but had been recognized and refused admittance.

The deferred marriage took place on 14th February, 1613. Elizabeth seems to have recovered her spirits, for she did nothing but laugh during the ceremony, in spite of the remonstrances of Lady Harington. She was dressed in cloth of silver, strings of jewels were twisted in the long plaits of her dark hair and a crown of diamonds and pearls was on her head. The festivities lasted for over a week and in the end became so tiresome that James declared he had "no edge to it," and sent the gentlemen of

Gray's Inn home without hearing their masque. The royal exchequer was empty and so were the Elector Palatine's pockets by the time they at last set out from England towards the end of April.

Prince Maurice of Orange, uncle of the Elector, received them most kindly in Holland and entertained them sumptuously. From thence they set out towards Heidelberg and Elizabeth made a triumphal progress up the Rhine, the accounts of which read like a fairy story. When she arrived at the great red sandstone castle which stands in a magnificent position overlooking the Neckar, she received a regular ovation from the whole populace, including the rector, professors and students of the University of Heidelberg.

Elizabeth passed six happy years at Heidelberg; the happiest in her troubled life. She was devoted to her husband, who built a new wing to the castle for her use and who planned an English garden for her delight. She hunted apparently in season and out and was known as the "Diana of the Rhine"; she had her pets as usual and her favourite monkeys used to play on her bed in the morning with the babies, who began to arrive with great regularity. She quarrelled with her mother-in-law, it is true; she mismanaged her household and was always in debt, and she suffered endless annoyance from the fact that James had insisted on her having precedence, as Princess of Great Britain, over her husband, his mother and all the princes and princesses in Germany. Another, and more serious trouble was the morbid state of mind into which Frederic fell as the years went on. "Mon cher unique cœur," as Elizabeth calls him in her letters, was a charming individual in a private capacity, but he was not meant to struggle with the great issues of life. He was overburdened with the sense of his growing responsibilities, with which he must have known he was unable to deal. Germany was at this time torn with religious differences and on the eve of the great Thirty Years' War. The Emperor Matthias, old and childless, had adopted as his heir Ferdinand of Austria, whom he had caused to be accepted by Hungary and Bohemia as their nominal King during his own lifetime. He himself had only acquired the two crowns by election, but he was anxious to make them hereditary. Ferdinand, a bigot and a tyrant, persecuted the Protestants and made himself

so hated in a short time that both countries rose against him. The Emperor summoned the Princes of the League to mediate, but he died before anything was arranged. In this crisis Ferdinand was elected Emperor, but lost Bohemia and Hungary, the latter country electing Bethlem Gabor, Prince of Transylvania, as King, and the former offering its crown to Frederic.

Frederic was unwilling to accept this offer, but urged on by unwise or interested counsels and by the ambition of Elizabeth, he gave way. He sent a messenger to ask the advice of James, but before the answer could come he was obliged to make a decision. When the letter came from England it was strongly against the proposal and did not offer Frederic the help he had expected.

Elizabeth left her two younger children with the Electress Juliana, her mother-in-law and only took the eldest with her to her new kingdom. She wept as she left Heidelberg and the future must have seemed dark to her in spite of gratified ambition. But her usual high spirits were conspicuous when she entered Prague in State, sitting in her gorgeous coach and surrounded by her servants in violet and silver. Outside the city they were met by the Taborites, a set of reformers, who were members of a half savage tribe, who had rebelled against the custom of refusing the Sacramental cup to the laity. They wore wooden bowls slung round their necks in which they daily received the Sacrament, and these bowls they clashed over their heads like cymbals, uttering strange cries. Frederic spoke a few words to them, but Elizabeth could not conceal her mirth at their strange appearance and she was, unluckily, quite without tact in her treatment of her new subjects.

The "Winter King and Queen," as they were called after the temporary royalties of Yuletide, for from the first it did not appear as if their reign would be a lasting one, were crowned in great state at Prague early in November, 1619. Elizabeth was unpopular from the first. She took no pains to conciliate the native ladies and refused to allow any language to be spoken in her presence except English and French. The birth of Prince Rupert, 6th December, caused a great deal of interest and his christening was celebrated with much pomp; but it did not alter her position. She was, in

truth, so busy trying to form a Court according to the usual European pattern, that she altogether missed the key of the situation. But if she failed to win the love of the Bohemians, she remained the idol of her fellow-countrymen and the well-known poem of Sir Henry Wotton, written at this date, gives a beautiful vision of her in the prime of her life and at the summit of her earthly ambition.

Ye meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light,
Ye common people of the skies,
What are ye, when the sun shall rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
By your pure purple blossoms known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own,—
What are ye, when the Rose is blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak numbers,—what 's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

Meanwhile affairs in Bohemia went from bad to worse, and at last the whole nation rose as one man—Roman Catholic, Lutheran and Taborite united for once—when Frederic, not content with knocking down the images of saints in the Cathedral, began to throw the statues of the Bohemian patron saints, which adorned the principal bridge over the Moldau, into the river. These statues, sacred by tradition and patriotism as well as by their antiquity, were among the most cherished possessions of the Bohemians. Frederic, seeing his danger at last, began to fish up the statues and

to attempt to restore them to their places. But it was too late and, encouraged by the internal discord, the forces of the Imperialists were advancing on Prague with a view to restoring Bohemia to the Emperor.

Elizabeth was very anxious about her husband when he set out at the head of a discontented army to oppose Ferdinand, and he was fatally anxious for her safety and returned to see her at a time he should have been at his post. Urged to return to the army, which had been driven by the Imperialists into the neighbourhood of Prague, he sat down tranquilly to dinner with his wife and the peace envoys from England. Half way through dinner came the news that a battle had begun. Frederic dashed off at the head of five hundred horse only to meet the routed and panic-stricken Bohemians pouring helter-skelter into Prague. The streets were a scene of indescribable confusion. Frederic returned to the Palace and wasted some time in fruitless discussion. Elizabeth rose to the occasion. She had refused to leave Frederic in the hour of danger and now that the crisis had come she was quiet and composed. Her eldest son had been sent to Holland some time ago; she took the baby Rupert and entered her coach prepared for flight. During the journey, which she performed partly in her carriage and partly on a pillion behind Ralph Hopton, her courage and her cheerfulness never failed her. The "incomparable lady," as Nethersole calls her, excited the chivalrous love and admiration of all who were with her in this troubled time, and it has been well said that as her reign of Queen of Bohemia ended her empire as "Queen of Hearts," the title by which she was universally known, began. The outlook was not encouraging. The Palatinate was over-run by the Spaniards, Heidelberg was sacked; former friends showed little kindness. Worst of all, James held aloof. Only the Prince of Orange offered the fugitives a hearty welcome. *En route* for Holland, Elizabeth took refuge in the dismantled Castle of Cüstrin, where her fifth child was born and called Maurice after his great-uncle, for "he will have to be a fighter," said his mother. Elizabeth then visited Berlin where the Electress of Brandenburgh, her sister-in-law, received her kindly and took charge of Maurice, who was too young to travel far, and in

April, 1621, she reached the Hague with her husband and Prince Rupert. Here they were allotted a handsome house and a pension by the States, and little by little the ex-King and Queen gathered a ghostly Court around them and began life afresh.

James has been much abused for his lukewarmness in espousing the cause of his son-in-law, but it is difficult to see what he could have done. He strongly advised Frederic to refuse the crown of Bohemia; he was not responsible for the mistakes he made in his government. Moreover he himself said that he was not in a position to challenge Europe with a few poor German princes as his allies. He was generous to Elizabeth and sent her many large sums of money, besides adding to her original jointure, and Prince Charles frequently sent her presents of money which she squandered with her habitual prodigality. In the Spanish marriage treaty the restoration of the Palatinate was the great stumbling-block, for neither side would give in. James and Charles maintained a firm attitude, the former saying: "I like not to marry my son with a portion of my daughter's tears." In England there was a regular cult for the cause of Elizabeth, who received much help from private sources and to whose aid came many volunteers.

Her most devoted adherents were Christian of Brunswick—the lay Bishop of Halberstadt, whose motto was "for God and for Her," and who raised an army in her cause—and Lord Craven, her life-long friend and admirer, her generous helper in money matters, her councillor in chief on all occasions. Through all her afflictions she kept up the high spirits of her youth, and her correspondence with her friends shows a "wild humour to be as merrie as I can in spite of fortune." Her expressions are familiar, sometimes a little coarse: "Thou ugly, filthy camel's face," she writes pleasantly to Carlisle; while Sir Harry Vane is the "fat fellow," and Sir Thomas Roe, "Honest Thom." She enjoyed life in spite of its anxieties, and spent much of her time on horseback.

The war between England and Spain roused her hopes, but when peace was concluded the Palatinate was not mentioned; Count Mansfeldt, Christian of Brunswick and Maurice of Orange died and their places were hard to fill. In 1629 she lost her eldest son, a

promising boy of fifteen, miserably drowned under his father's eyes, who never afterwards forgot that haunting cry of "Father, save me!" or forgave himself for his inability to do so. In 1631 the heroic Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden came to their rescue and determined to restore the Palatinate. This last flicker of hope was short-lived, for Gustavus was left dead on the field of Lützen in 1632, and Frederic himself soon after died of fever.

It was a terrible and unexpected blow to Elizabeth, and for a long time she appeared to be quite crushed. Charles I begged her to make her home in England, but she decided to stay in Holland and to work for the restoration of the Palatinate. When that happy event took place it was embittered for her by the mean and ungracious character of her eldest surviving son, Charles Louis. Her children, handsome and clever as they were, were little consolation to her and she does not seem to have given them any great measure of affection. Of the thirteen born to her there were only nine left after the death of her eldest son. Charles Louis, the Elector, was a perpetual thorn in her side; Rupert and Maurice, gallant cavaliers as they were, were not successful in life, and Maurice was eventually lost at sea; while Edward became a Roman Catholic and fled to Paris; and Philip mortally offended her by attacking a Frenchman, M. d'Epinay, whose favour with his mother he considered too great, and who afterwards died of his wounds. She quarrelled with her eldest daughter Elizabeth, the friend and correspondent of Descartes, who was reputed to be the most learned woman in Europe, and Elizabeth retired to a sisterhood, of which in time she became abbess. By her intolerance she drove Louise, the beautiful and accomplished pupil of Honthorst, herself a good artist, into the Roman Catholic Church, and she ended her days as Abbess of Maubuisson. Henrietta married and died young; Sophia, in spite of sundry quarrels, appears to have been some consolation to her in her latter days, and she married and was afterwards the "great Electress" of Hanover, whose son ascended the throne of England as George I.

The life of the widowed "Queen of Hearts" was sad enough, though it was brightened towards the close by the Restoration of

Charles II. She immediately prepared to leave for England, having now nothing to keep her at the Hague. For many years she had kept up a semblance of royalty, suffering all the time the most abject poverty and being at the mercy of her many creditors. Charles I had allowed her £60,000 a year until his troubles came, but since then she had found herself in the unpleasant position of a perpetual beggar. But a brighter day dawned and she bid farewell to her friends with a comparatively light heart. As she was on the point of embarking she received a letter from her nephew, begging her to defer her visit. Deeply wounded, she was indeed in a dilemma, as she could hardly go back without discredit; she therefore gladly accepted Lord Craven's suggestion that she should go to England in a private capacity as his guest. She in this way avoided the expense of a public entry, which Charles dreaded at that time, and she returned to her native land to spend there the last months of her life.

These months seem to have been happy ones. Charles received his aunt with great kindness and she was frequently with him both on State occasions and in private. Her son Rupert was with her as the guest of Lord Craven, at whose house in Drury Lane she spent the first part of her time, afterwards renting one belonging to Lord Leicester in Leicester Fields. She had hardly arrived in her new abode before she was taken suddenly ill with hemorrhage from the lungs. From the first the symptoms were bad, and little hope was entertained. She sent for her two nephews and made Charles promise that her creditors at the Hague should be paid after her death. She then made her will, leaving a token to each of her children and some portraits and papers to Lord Craven; and finally received the Holy Eucharist with every appearance of faith and devotion.

She died on 15th February, 1661, sitting up in her chair, with her faculties clear to the end. On the 17th she was buried by night with Rupert, the only one of her children who was with her, as chief mourner. "That night was buried at Westminster Abbey the Queene of Bohemia," says Evelyn in his Diary, "after all her sorrows and afflictions, being come to die in the arms of her nephew the King: also this night and the next day fell such a storm of hail,

thunder and lightning, as never was seene the like in any man's memorie." So, amid storm and tempest, the mortal remains of Elizabeth of Bohemia went to their last resting-place, and the most faithful of her friends retired to Combe Abbey, the scene of her girlhood, and lived there in the aroma of her memory. There seems to be no truth in the tradition that Elizabeth married Lord Craven. She was a woman who inspired romantic devotion, and it is surely more fitting to leave him in the ranks of her adorers, with Christian of Brunswick and how many others, than to raise him to a position he seems only to have occupied in the imagination of posterity.

HENRIETTA MARIA OF FRANCE (1609-1669), sixth child of Henri IV and of his second wife Marie de' Medici, was engaged to Charles I of England when she was barely sixteen. Pope Urban VIII, when he granted the necessary dispensation, told her that she had a mission to fulfil. She was to be the Esther of an oppressed people who was to reinstate the English Roman Catholics in their rights and to bring the nation generally, including the King, back into the fold. Henrietta took this mission only too seriously. She had all the will and strength of character of her father without his common-sense and a devout piety which inspired her to risk everything in such a cause. She went to England with a large following of her own religion to form her household and with thirty-six chaplains, headed by her confessor, Père Berulle.

Charles I, who had just succeeded his father James I, was a man of a charming and affectionate nature, but he, too, had very strongly rooted religious opinions of his own which were contrary to those of his wife. He had only seen her once before he welcomed her to England and on that occasion he had not noticed her particularly, but had pronounced her sister-in-law, the Queen of France, to be the handsomest woman at Court. But as on that occasion his mind was preoccupied with visions of the Infanta whose hand he was going in person to claim, he was probably not in an observant mood.

The pencil of Van Dyck has immortalized the beauty of

Henrietta Maria, and it is difficult to form a mental picture of her without clothing her image in pearl-white satin and point lace, and without giving her the exquisite hands with tapering fingers which the painter loved to bestow on his fortunate sitters. But the face itself has a charm of its own, and the features never vary in their pale perfection, lit up by great full-lidded brown eyes and framed with a mass of snaky little brown curls, arranged according to the fashion of the day.

The happiness of their union, which at first was conspicuous, was soon clouded. The Queen's religion was unpopular with the increasing ranks of the Puritans, and it was not much more grateful to the King. Charles believed that the Anglican Church came nearest to the doctrines taught by the Apostles; that it was, in fact, the original Catholic Church, relieved of some errors which had accrued to it in the course of ages. He was out of sympathy both with the Roman Church and with the many sects which had flooded the country since the Reformation. Buckingham, whose mad passion for the Queen of France had the effect of making him wish to drag England into a war with that country, was also jealous of the Queen's possible influence with his master. He did everything he could to keep up friction, in which he was aided and abetted by the French colony which had sprung up round about the palace. It was here that the chief danger lay. The colony consisted of some four hundred people whose motto was "the Queen and Hers," and whose business it was to be in constant communication with France and to surround the Queen with a barrier which it was not easy even for Charles himself to pass. At last he lost patience and resolved to expel the whole party. In this arbitrary act he only followed the example of many another sorely tried King, whose consort's countrymen—and women—formed a cabal at Court which was often not only irritating but dangerous. Louis XII, perhaps taught by experience, for she was his second wife, sent nearly all Mary Tudor's ladies back to their native land the day after they arrived. Henry VII, wise before the event and with the discretion of an epicure, advised that Katharine of Aragon's damsels should be few but good-looking.

Charles endured the Queen's household for a year; then he

ordered "Steenie" to send them all off to France, "and the devil goe with them." When the Queen, hearing sounds of woe, approached a window, Charles tried to draw her back, but she passionately thrust her head through the glass, calling on her ladies by name. It was a heartrending episode, which, in the end did much good. When Charles had a freer intercourse with Henrietta and had no longer to "manage" an interview through the good graces of her household, he grew to love his vivacious, high-spirited wife, who soon acquired unbounded influence over him. She, on her side, capricious and hard to please in the beginning, was a faithful and devoted companion to him through all his misfortunes, working in his cause with the self-forgetfulness inspired by a great love. Their mutual understanding was complete after the assassination of Buckingham.

For some years life ran smoothly enough. Their home life was an ideal one, especially in a time when the lives of the great were not always conspicuous for their domestic harmony. The Court was one of the most brilliant in Europe; its tone was pure, but frivolous. Henrietta was able to indulge her passion for masques and at the same time she had the consolation of welcoming the Capuchin monks to England and of enjoying to the full the free exercise of her religion. The people growled at her as a "Papist," and Master Prynne had his ears cut off for criticising "female actors," but she paid little heed. She was charitable to her co-religionists all over the three kingdoms, but she made the mistake of thinking always of religion and never of patriotism. It was because she never understood the strong patriotism of England that she tried in later time to get foreign aid to subdue warring parties; an act for which she was never forgiven.

The struggle between Charles and his Parliaments is too great a subject to deal with in a personal narrative. As that struggle progressed and grew more bitter, the Queen was more and more the object of popular hatred. Everything she did served to increase this unfortunate feeling. She joined with Charles in persuading Strafford to come to London, and during the eighteen days of his trial at Westminster she worked feverishly in his cause. She gained over some peers to her side it is true, but she wasted much money in

useless bribery, and her plan for buying the service of the army of the north was betrayed by the very man in whom she had trusted. At night the cries of the people demanding the blood of Strafford could be plainly heard in the palace and Charles must have known that next to Laud and Strafford the haughty daughter of Henri IV was the most unpopular person in his realm. It was not until he was really alarmed for her safety and for that of her children, that he delivered up his faithful servant to the tender mercies of Parliament.

Again the Queen was most urgent in the matter of the arrest of the five members and plainly told Charles that she would never speak to him again if he did not assert himself. Pym, the writer of the "Grand Remonstrance," which was practically an indictment of the whole reign and government of the King, had been also the man who had impeached Strafford for High Treason at the Bar of the House. He and his four supporters were at the head of a great party, every day rising in importance. The King saw the possible danger of such an unconstitutional proceeding as the one advocated by Henrietta, but he was over-persuaded and set out for the House with an armed following to arrest the five members in person. "Rejoice with me," cried Henrietta to Lady Carlisle, unable to contain her exultation, "for at this hour the King is, as I hope, master of his realm; Pym and his associates are arrested." Lady Carlisle, the great feminine schemer of her age, left the room hurriedly and sent off a messenger post haste to Pym in the House. The five members escaped to the City, and when Charles arrived he found, in his own words, that "the birds were flown." The following day he went, almost unattended, to Parliament, and the people in the street followed him yelling, "Privilege of Parliament!" and "To your tents, O Israel!" an ominous war-cry of the Puritans. On 16th June, 1641, the King and Queen with their children left Whitehall for Hampton Court; on the following day the five members were brought in triumph from the City to Westminster, escorted by the trained bands of London and the militia. They received a regular popular ovation. Day by day, deputations waited on the King with demands growing more peremptory as men became more intoxicated with their first taste of power. The Queen was, from the first, an

object of their attack. She had already been threatened with the removal of her children from her care; she was now to be called on to take a solemn oath before both Houses of Parliament that she would never again attempt to exert her influence in public affairs.

Charles was really alarmed for her safety and even the intrepid Henrietta felt some natural fear. A plan for her escape to France having been frustrated, it was arranged that she should take her eldest daughter to Holland, she having been married in the preceding year to the Prince of Orange.

In February, 1642, Henrietta arrived at the Hague, and was kindly received there. She soon set to work to collect arms and ammunition for Charles, pawning and selling her own jewels and those belonging to the Crown for this object. In February, 1643, having left her daughter Mary in the care of her mother-in-law, the Princess Dowager, she set sail for England with eleven ships laden with material of war. But her ill-luck—for she seemed to have a peculiar strain of misfortune, quite independent of the evil destiny of the Stuarts—pursued her as usual. For nine days the little fleet was tossed about in a tempest, and when it at last made for a small harbour near La Haye two of the ships were lost. Henrietta had been lashed in her berth during the storm, with some of her ladies; she had been cool and courageous in the presence of almost certain death, and she and her ladies had confessed their sins out loud to the Capuchins who accompanied them. When they landed near La Haye they were in such a filthy and bedraggled condition that the frightened peasants took them for pirates. After a fortnight's rest, the intrepid Queen set sail again and arrived safely in Bridlington Bay, on the coast of Yorkshire. Here she landed and took refuge in a house on the quay. She was wakened in the morning by the sound of cannon, and so closely was her house bombarded that the shot entered into her bedroom. She left hastily, but returned half-way through the village to fetch an ugly black dog to whom she was attached. At length she hid behind a bank, where she remained, covered with earth displaced by the shot, until the besieging force retired and some of the King's troops arrived.

The Queen now placed herself at the head of this regiment,

collecting levies as she went and arming her recruits with the stores brought from Holland. She was adored by the soldiers with whom she lived on terms of equality, sharing their rough fare and their dangers. The King's joy when he at last met his gallant and devoted wife was inexpressible. They were together for about a year before they parted, never to meet again.

The troubles grew worse as time went on; the cause of the Royalists became more hopeless. The Queen was at Oxford, expecting her confinement, when news of a probable siege frightened her away to Exeter, where her daughter Henrietta was born. A fortnight afterwards she fled to France, leaving the baby in the charge of Lady Dalkeith.

Madame de Motteville, who gives such an interesting account of these adventures, as they were related to her by the Queen herself, presented a melancholy picture of Henrietta as she appeared at the French Court. The dangers and difficulties, the anxiety and mental anguish through which she had passed, had aged her indescribably. She was thin and, as it were, diminished in stature; her face was so thin that her mouth, never a good one, appeared too large, and her expression of natural vivacity was gone. In its place a haunting look of sadness was in the fine eyes which had shed so many tears; she was indeed, as she herself said, "la reine malheureuse." In spite of her lost beauty, misfortune had given to Henrietta a noble melancholy and an air of greatness, making her infinitely more attractive than she had been in her thoughtless youth. But, though chastened, she still kept up some spirit. In her letters to Charles the same spirit always breathed. She urges him to immediate action, to prompt initiative, to decision and to courage. Through all her devotion, and it is unmistakable, the irritation she feels at his constant indecision, is evident. Charles, on the verge of a precipice, in a position for which there was no precedent, was sometimes annoyed by her lively expressions, and then she is in despair. She writes that the feeling of his affection is the only thing which makes life endurable. Her own life was hard enough. Although very kindly treated by the Queen of France and by her nephew Louis XIV, the misfortune of the Fronde soon rendered her position a precarious

one. Her jewels were all sold, her credit gone, when on a cold day in January she was discovered sitting without a fire in the Louvre by the bedside of her youngest child, who had been brought over to join her by Lady Dalkeith. There was no fuel in the house, she explained, and she kept the child in bed because of the cold.

News from England was of the worst. The battle of Marston Moor was fought in 1644, that of Naseby in 1645; the loss of Montrose was followed by the fatal step taken by Charles when he delivered himself to the Scots. In 1649 she learnt the appalling news of the King's execution. The touching accounts of his last moments must have reached her in time, with the message which he gave to his little daughter Elizabeth, and which she did not live to give to her mother in person. "He bid me tell my mother," wrote the child, "that his thoughts never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last." Poor little sensitive Elizabeth never got over the tragedy of her father's death, and died in Carisbrook Castle in 1650, still in captivity. Her companion in misfortune, the little Duke of Gloucester, eventually came to his mother in Paris, but his strong religious views caused a good deal of unpleasantness between them. Mary remained in Holland and was a great help to the exiled family, while Charles and the Duke of York were sometimes with her and sometimes in Paris. In the education of her youngest child, whom she brought up as a Roman Catholic, Henrietta found some consolation, and some pleasure in her marriage with the Duke of Orleans; but her chief refuge was in religion. After the crushing blow which deprived her of her last hope, she lived practically the life of a nun. After the Restoration she lived for two years in England, in a style approaching her former magnificence. Happy as she was in the restored fortune of her family, she must have had many bitter memories. In spite of the sympathy felt for her by the upper classes she was not popular with the people, in whose retentive memory she figured as a scheming Papist, and it is probable that these things influenced her more than the reported ill-health of the Duchess of Orleans, when she resolved to take up her abode in France.

After this date Henrietta seems to have been absorbed in her

religious duties, although the tragedies through which she had passed were never long absent from her mind. She told a friend that the reason that Charles had perished was because he had never known the truth; that she had always urged him not to irritate his people unless he were sure of being able to subdue them.

She died in 1669, her end being hastened by an overdose of opium and she was buried at Saint Denis with great pomp, her funeral oration being pronounced by Bossuet, the popular preacher of the day.

HENRIETTA STUART (1644-1670), youngest child of Charles I and of Henrietta Maria of France, is better known to us as the Duchesse d'Orleans or "Madame," her title after her marriage with the younger brother of Louis XIV. Her short life—she was but twenty-six when she died—began and ended in tragic circumstances. Born at Exeter in one of the darkest periods of the Civil War, she was left in charge of her governess, Lady Dalkeith, when her mother was forced to fly to France only a fortnight after her birth. Exeter was taken by storm in 1645, and in the following year Lady Dalkeith, finding that she was to be separated from her charge by order of Parliament, resolved on flight. She disguised herself as a poor woman and dressed the baby in rags, telling her that for the present she was to be called Pierre. This name, which was supposed to resemble Henrietta's attempts to say Princesse, aroused her childish anger. "Not Pierre, P'incesse," she explained loudly, but luckily no one listened to her prattle and the couple, escorted by a French servant, arrived safely in France to the joy of the exiled Queen. Lady Dalkeith had a nervous breakdown after her anxieties were over and when she rose from a sick bed she found herself the heroine of the moment.

Henrietta was brought up as a Roman Catholic; she was well-educated and lived a very quiet life chiefly in the Convent of Chaillot, where her mother had taken refuge. Anne of Austria, the widowed Queen of France, was very kind to her niece and formed a project of marriage for her with young King Louis, who, however, did not admire his cousin and was much in love with Mademoiselle

Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin, so the project was not realized.

The restoration in 1660, brought prosperity and happiness to Henrietta. Charles was a most devoted brother, as his many letters to his "deare deare sister" testify, and he was most anxious that she and the Queen should come to him in London. Before leaving France, a marriage was arranged for her with Monsieur, the King's brother, who had always admired her and was now most anxious to secure her consent. The Emperor, the King of Portugal and the Duke of Savoy were among her suitors, but they were too late in the field.

In London Henrietta was much admired. Poets celebrated her beauty, courtiers were unanimous in her praise; the Duke of Buckingham fell so violently in love with her that he followed her to France and was with difficulty sent back to his native land.

This happy re-union was marred by the sudden deaths by small-pox of the Princess of Orange and the Duke of Gloucester, and by Henrietta's attack of the same disease. After her recovery she proceeded with her mother to Pontoise, where she was met by the King and his bride Marie Thérèse, and Monsieur. The wedding took place on 31st March, 1661.

The Duc d'Orléans was not an ideal husband. He had been educated to be a butterfly in order that he might not interfere with affairs of State as his uncle had done before him. He was good-looking, vain, effeminate, vicious. His chief delight lay in admiring himself and his clothes, or in dressing up as a woman and playing about with his mother's ladies. The love which he appeared to feel for his wife soon vanished, leaving nothing behind but an inordinate jealousy.

Madame burst on the French Court and its King in a new light. The graceful child who had danced at Court functions on rare occasions and whose pathetic fate as an exile had lent something touching to her undoubted beauty, now appeared as a woman of sparkling wit, endowed with high spirits and a gaiety of heart which endeared her to all. She became the rage.

"Madame, que les siècles entiers auront peine à remplacer, et

pour la beauté, et pour la belle jeunesse, et pour la danse" as Madame de Sevigné writes of her, is not an easy subject to describe in a few set words. She was not tall and she was very slight; she was willowy and graceful and yet she had a slight curvature of the spine which she successfully concealed. She had good features, an oval face, sapphire blue eyes, and hair which was either "blond cendré" or bright auburn. Her manner was infinitely charming, almost caressing. She was brilliant, witty, cultivated and sympathetic. She had the gift of personal magnetism. It seemed as if she demanded affection, as if nothing less than the heart would content her. And it was seldom withheld. All men loved and most women adored her.

The King passed from surprise to admiration, from admiration to something more tender. They became inseparable. No *fête* could be planned without her, no spectacle was thought of unless she could take a principal part; she was Queen of the Revels. Life was a perpetual round of pleasures and its chief business lay in finding something to do for the idle throng of the unemployed who formed the Court of the Grand Monarque. This seems chiefly to have resolved itself into rehearsing ballets and theatricals; but there were other occupations. In the morning Madame would drive out with her ladies to bathe; later on they would return escorted by the King and Court on horseback. After supper they would all drive out, accompanied by Lulli's violins, to watch the moonlight on the water and to talk moonshine to their loves. The scene suggests a *fête galante* by Watteau.

But this Arcadian state of affairs was not destined to continue. Monsieur, at first charmed with his wife's success, became jealous. The Queen-Mother was furious, the neglected young Queen sulked at home, bound hand and foot by the rigorous Spanish etiquette. At last the position could no longer be ignored and Louis and his sister-in-law arranged that he should pretend to fall in love with one of the ladies of the Court. Their choice fell on Louise de la Vallière and what was begun in sport ended in earnest.

There is no doubt that Madame was to blame in this case, but she acted on impulse and had no idea that serious consequences would follow on an apparently innocent practical joke. When she

found herself deserted by the King, she was not only unhappy, she was in a very dangerous position, of which the handsome Comte de Guiche at once took advantage. He declared his love, quarrelled with Monsieur and left the Court, after which Madame was embarked in an intrigue which left her very much in the power of an unscrupulous but fascinating personage, the Marquis de Vardes.

There was no real harm in all this. Henrietta enjoyed her ascendency; she loved playing with fire and had probably no bias towards a real passion. She was romantic, headstrong and a born flirt. The key to her character lies in the little book written by her friend Madame de Lafayette at her own suggestion and which was partly dictated by her. We see in these pages that she delighted in having captured the King because he had once scorned her; it was a pretty revenge. She was flattered by the mad deeds de Guiche dared for her sake; she was amused by the admiration of de Vardes.

In his preface to this "Histoire d'Henriette d'Angleterre," M. Anatole France points out that we must not take the language of the seventeenth century too seriously. The word "gallantry," for instance, bears a stronger meaning now than it did then, when it merely stood for the sign manual of the accomplished courtier. To be gallant, implied very little beyond the habit of speaking in polished language, of being as witty as circumstances allowed and of framing compliments in an attractive manner. Both Louis and Madame were inclined to gallantry according to Madame de Lafayette, but the Queen-Mother herself believed Madame to be perfectly innocent though indiscreet. Madame wished to keep the King in the dangerous borderland between love and friendship, in these very fields of gallantry; but Louis was now in the throes of an absorbing passion.

Madame de Lafayette's slim volume contains a network of gossip and intrigue. The Comtesse de Soissons, *née* Mancini, discarded by the King, took de Vardes for her lover. De Vardes fell in love with Madame, and while feigning to help his friend de Guiche and to act as confidant to Madame, he betrayed them both.

The devotion of de Guiche was inspired rather by vanity than by any real sentiment. He liked to play the part of the accepted

adorer and his *rôle* in life was that of a hero of romance. He wrote endless letters to Madame, he even effected an entrance to her sick-room disguised as a fortune-teller and he risked his life to bid her farewell, when, at the secret instigation of de Vardes, he was sent off to join the troops before Namur. De Vardes had tried to persuade him to refuse to go, hoping to embroil him with the King and he would have been successful if Madame had not opposed such a mad idea. De Vardes now had the field to himself, as he had got rid of another rival the Prince de Marsillac. He made mischief between the King and Madame which caused a good deal of passing unpleasantness; he was always playing a double game. He was now Madame's chief friend and confidant. He fanned the flame of a quarrel with the absent de Guiche by telling him that Madame had an intrigue with Marsillac, at the same time telling Madame that de Guiche believed it. He then openly declared his love and was treated with too great leniency; perhaps it was not taken very seriously. He was soon undeceived, however, if he had any hopes of gaining Madame's affections, for she showed a genuine emotion when the brilliant exploits of de Guiche in Poland were spoken of in her presence. She acknowledged to de Vardes that she cared for him more than she had imagined. This frank admission turned de Vardes' love into spite and hatred.

Madame de Soissons was the first to enlighten Madame as to his real character and soon after de Guiche returned from Poland. Madame had promised both the King and Monsieur that she would never write or speak to him again, and he was only permitted to return to Court on condition that he made no attempts to see her. De Vardes made a last effort to ruin his mistress and his friend. He persuaded the latter to write a letter which he took care to speak of to the King, and he begged Madame to see him once more that he might explain his conduct to her.

Madame gave him an audience, but refused to read the letter, and the King, who arrived a few minutes later, soon learnt the truth about the matter. After this de Vardes spoke insultingly of Madame and at last she succeeded in persuading the King to punish him by imprisonment and finally exile.

Her last meeting with de Guiche came about by chance. She went with Monsieur to a masked ball given by Madame de la Vieuville. As they entered the room disguised in dominoes, Monsieur suggested that they should each choose a partner from among a group of masks standing near the door. He led away a lady; Madame gave her hand to a cavalier, perceiving, as she did so, that the hand which held hers was mutilated.

De Guiche—for it was he—recognized her by the perfume of her hair. After the first natural emotion, he seized the opportunity of explaining many things to her, including some more perfidies of their false friend. All too soon Monsieur perceiving that the conversation was engrossing, left his partner and approached them. Madame hastily went to meet him, and seeing badly by reason of her mask, missed her footing on the stairs and fell down the short flight of steps, being caught by de Guiche at the bottom. It was the last time they ever spoke to each other, as de Guiche was hurried off to Holland by his father, where he again distinguished himself in the war. Before leaving he disguised himself in the livery of one of the servants of La Vallière, and stood in the street to see her litter pass. But he had only just got out of a bed of sickness, and when she approached he fainted and so lost his last opportunity.

Madame was now twenty, and after this date the tongue of scandal was silent. We have, so far, only considered one aspect of her character; we must now turn to that intellectual superiority which made her one of the most brilliant women of the day. If she may be considered as the idol of a Court she was also the muse of the writers and the patroness of artists. She was the friend and critic of Molière, Boileau and Racine, the friend of such men as Condé and Turenne. Men of genius and of intellect were her daily companions, and many have testified to the solidity of her knowledge, the keenness of her critical acumen, the unerring instinct which guided her in her judgements. Molière dedicated his "École des Femmes" to her, and Racine has told us that she first wept over one of his tragedies and then proceeded to criticise it. To Molière and Racine she gave the suggestion of a subject in the history of "Bérénice" which they both adopted. She was not only an admirer

of the past, she was in the movement of her times, and took a keen interest in literature in the making. Another, and even more absorbing intellectual interest took her into the domain of politics. Here she was moved also by affection for her brother and his kingdom and by an ardent desire to see a real union between England and France. Little by little Madame became the only medium of communication between the two monarchs. Her time must have been pretty well filled up during the last years of her life, for her correspondence was voluminous and entailed many interviews with the King on matters of State. The friendship between them had steadied and matured; Louis trusted her absolutely and she was in great favour with him. But as her importance and usefulness increased, Monsieur's jealousy grew unbearable. The King was unable to trust him with secrets which he would at once divulge to his favourites, but Monsieur naturally did not see matters in that light. When Charles pressed his sister to come to England he refused to allow it. Much time was wasted before the necessary permission was extracted from him, and then he limited the visit to a few days. His conduct to his wife was exasperating; he was jealous even of her nephew, the young Duke of Monmouth, who came on a visit to her, yet he never cared about her himself. He was always a prey to some unworthy favourite, the most dangerous of these being the Chevalier de Lorraine who hated Madame to such a degree that he tried to persuade Monsieur to get a separation from her.

Life, in spite of its brilliance, had been far from a bed of roses to Madame. She had lost her little son, the Duc de Valois, and although she had two daughters, she never recovered from the blow. She had experienced nothing but unkindness at the hands of her husband, for whose character she had a great contempt. Her health was always bad and she had a decided tendency to consumption. She suffered a good deal of annoyance from a scurrilous pamphlet, "Les Amours du Palais Royale," which professed to give a true account of her affair with de Guiche; the whole of the edition was bought up by her friend the Bishop of Cosnac and burnt before her eyes. But the Chevalier de Lorraine was her worst enemy. Monsieur asked for the revenues of two abbeys for his favourite; the King flatly

refused, remarking that his insolence and his character generally were intolerable. He then ordered the arrest of the Chevalier. Monsieur fainted on hearing this news, and finding that his tears had no effect on Louis he took Madame off to the solitudes of Villers-Cotterets. The Court was in despair and so was the King, for he had many matters to arrange with Madame about her visit to England. At last the Chevalier was released and allowed to go to Italy and Monsieur returned.

In the spring of 1670 Madame set out on her visit to England. Nothing could exceed the tender affection Charles had for his "petite Minette," or the cordiality of her reception at Dover. Although the time was limited and there was much business to transact, she managed to see a good deal of her family and she thoroughly enjoyed the visit to her native country. The secret treaty of Dover was not creditable to Charles, who knew that it would be very badly received by most of his subjects and who was abjuring the Anglican Church, for the tenets of which his father had practically died. But to Madame the alliance with France, the war against Holland by the two monarchs, the public confession of the Roman Catholic religion by Charles, were so many bonds to unite the destinies of the two countries she loved.

After her return to France she was in high favour with the King, and acquired even more credit with the Court for her successful diplomatic mission. Only Monsieur was dissatisfied. He did not share in all this glory and he was still sulking about Lorraine. Madame brought back an offer of the friendship of Charles which he was anxious to possess, with a suggestion that Lorraine should go to England during his exile where he would be received at Court. But Monsieur said that his wife was all powerful with Louis and could arrange the recall of Lorraine to France if she wished. Having really tried to please him and to benefit a man who had done her much harm, she was disappointed that he was not satisfied and gave up the attempt.

On the 24th June she went to Saint Cloud with Monsieur and her children. She was in great spirits, but many noticed that she looked ill. On the 26th she spent the day at Versailles with the

King, Queen and Mademoiselle. The heat was very great that year and she was suffering from the effects of the excitement and fatigue of her visit to England. On Saturday she bathed in the Seine, against the advice of her doctor and on Sunday the 29th her short, sharp struggle with death began. The evening before she had sat out in the garden with her friend, Madame de Lafayette, until midnight, talking of one thing and another and watching the moonlight on the "grande cascade" from her favourite seat. She complained of feeling ill the next morning, of being out of temper and out of harmony with her surroundings. After dinner she lay down on some cushions spread on the floor and fell fast asleep, while Monsieur talked to her ladies. Madame de Lafayette noticed a curious change in her face, and even Monsieur observed how ill she looked. Later on she asked for a glass of iced chicory water, which she was accustomed to take. She had hardly drunk it before she cried out in intolerable pain: "Ah, what a pain! What shall I do? I must be poisoned," she said. Her ladies got her to bed, where she rolled about in agony. The doctors said that it was a "colic" and she was in no danger, but from the first Madame was not deceived. It was Death and the time was short. Beyond asking for an antidote to poison, she seemed to care very little for her body, but thought only of her soul. "Alas, Monsieur, you have long ceased to love me, but you have been unjust to me. I never wronged you," she said to her husband, and he appeared to be deeply affected.

A shadow seemed to have fallen on the beautiful palace and the stately gardens of St. Cloud, which had witnessed so many *fêtes*, and which were now the scene of such a tragedy. Weeping women and incompetent doctors surrounded the bed on which Madame lay in her death agony; then the King and Queen and Mademoiselle came and wept over her. "Kiss me Sire for the last time," she said to the King. "Ah Sire! do not weep for me, or you will make me weep too; you are losing a good servant, who has always feared the loss of your good graces more than death itself."

The bad news spread quickly, and many old friends came to bid her farewell, among them Condé, Turenne, and the witty Tréville. Then the church was represented by an austere Jansenist priest, who

reproved the sufferer for her life of carnal vanity and was surprised at the meekness of her answers. She confessed, received the Viaticum and extreme unction, and was rejoiced, in all her anguish, when Bossuet came in before the end and prayed for her passing soul with the eloquence which never failed him. Her last thoughts had been for her brother, to whom she sent many touching messages. But now all her failing powers were concentrated on spiritual matters. "Go on, go on; I am listening," she said to Bossuet when he paused, and she died with the crucifix at her lips which had rested on the breast of her dead mother.

Public grief was intense in France; in England it was mingled with rage, and there was great tension between the two countries for some time. Poison was openly spoken of in both Courts. Charles refused to see Monsieur's envoy or to read his letter, although he received the envoy of Louis, plainly showing on whom his suspicion rested. Ralph Montagu, who had seen Madame before she died, asked her if she suspected poison. Her confessor quickly advised her to accuse no one and she merely shrugged her shoulders. Madame de Lafayette believed it was poison, Monsieur's second wife spoke of it as an undoubted fact; the King himself believed it. The story told the King was that Lorraine had sent a poison from Rome, and that his confederate had rubbed the silver cup used by Madame with it. This has been thought unlikely, as no powder or any substance was found in the cup and the chicory water had been mixed by a faithful attendant who drank what remained to show that it was harmless; the upholders of the poison story say that she drank it from another cup. Saint Simon gives the story as a fact in his Memoirs and says that the servant who had charge of the chicory water confessed that it had been tampered with. Modern historians assert that she died from the effects of acute peritonitis, having caught a chill when bathing. By whatever means her end was compassed it was terribly sudden and tragic.

Louis was in despair. He loved Madame and delighted in her society, and he had found her a most useful coadjutor in his business with England. He gave her a royal and magnificent funeral and the last scene seems to have little to do with the bright existence

which was so suddenly cut short. The ceremony took place in the Chapel of St. Denis. Great canopies of black cloth had been erected to shut out the light of day, and the church was almost in darkness when the illustrious mourners filed in and silently took their appointed seats. The Queen of France, the King of Poland, the Duke of Buckingham and others were in a tribune, princes and princesses of the blood were chief mourners, all the great public bodies sent representatives, the Court attended in deepest mourning, the households of Monsieur and of Madame bore lighted torches.

In the centre of the choir a mausoleum stood on a raised platform, the steps of which were covered with black velvet. At the four corners were altars bearing great urns which exhaled perfumes; round about were life-sized statues to represent Youth, Poetry, Music, Nobility, Faith, Hope, Strength and Sweetness. The coffin rested on an altar tomb supported by four leopards; it was covered with a pall of cloth of gold bordered with ermine, which had a silver cross in the centre, and the arms of France and England in the four corners.

When the mourners had taken their places, hundreds of wax candles were lighted, and from the urns on the altars tongues of flame shot up suddenly and illumined the scene. The Mass was sung; the King's choir chanted to the exquisite accompaniment of Lulli's violins. Then the Herald of Burgundy went to summon Bossuet, and as he mounted the pulpit in his violet robes many noticed the emerald on his finger which had been given him by the dying princess.

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," was the preacher's text and he pointed the moral to those present as an awful warning. But it was not in moralizing, however eloquent, that he was to touch the hearts of his hearers; it was in his appreciation of Madame's character, in his relation of her last illness and her death, that he struck a sympathetic chord. When he described the emotion with which the news was received on that terrible night: "Madame se meurt! Madame est morte!" he broke down and wept and the whole of his audience wept with him. It was rarely indeed that such sounds were heard at State funerals, but the individuality of Madame was so

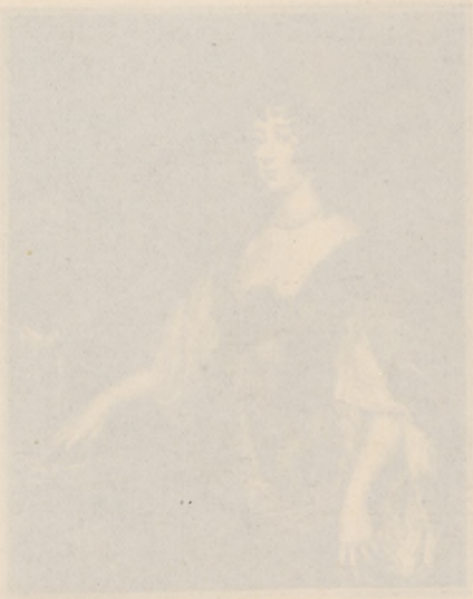
human and so affectionate that each felt as if he or she had lost a personal friend.

After the sermon the coffin was lowered to the vault and the officers of her household broke their rods of office. The ceremony was over, but the memory of that gay and sunny nature lingered for many a year. The Court lost much of its brilliance after her death and its tone was lowered. The *fêtes* were no longer animated by her wit and beautified by her inventive genius; gambling became the rage and the great intellects who had loved to frequent her salon held aloof from the Court. She is remembered even now as the incarnation of youth and beauty and as a woman who had some influence for good in a great period of French literature.

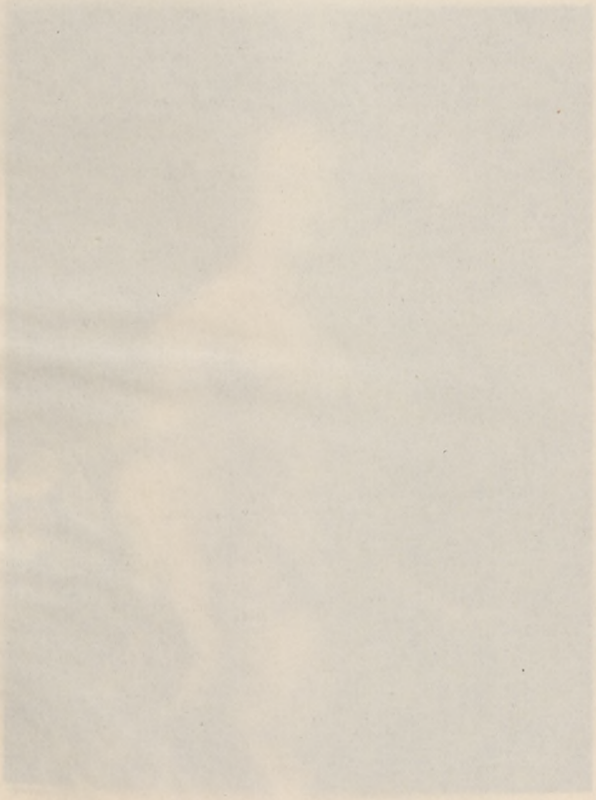
CHAPTER IV.—CAVALIER AND JACOBITE BEAUTIES. LUCY PERCY; RACHEL DE RUVIGNY; BARBARA VILLIERS; FRANCES STEWART; ELIZABETH HAMILTON; FLORA MACDONALD; LOUISE OF STOLBERG.

LADY LUCY PERCY (1599-1660), younger daughter of Henry, Earl of Northumberland and of his second wife, the widow of Sir Thomas Perrott, was a woman of brilliant qualities whose friendship with great men and whose talent for political intrigue overshadow, to a great degree, her reputation for beauty. But her good looks were celebrated in her own time and she shone at the Court of Charles I in the double capacity of a wit and a beauty.

Lord Northumberland was a prisoner in the Tower when he heard of his daughter's engagement to Lord Hay of Sauley and of an entertainment which that sumptuous person was to give in her honour. He sent immediately for Lucy to keep him company in his captivity, and deprived the feast of its chief ornament, saying that she should not "dance any Scottish jigs." Apart from his nationality, not always popular in England in the reign of James I, Lord Hay might be considered a good match. He was very rich and in great favour



Lady Percy Countess of Carlisle



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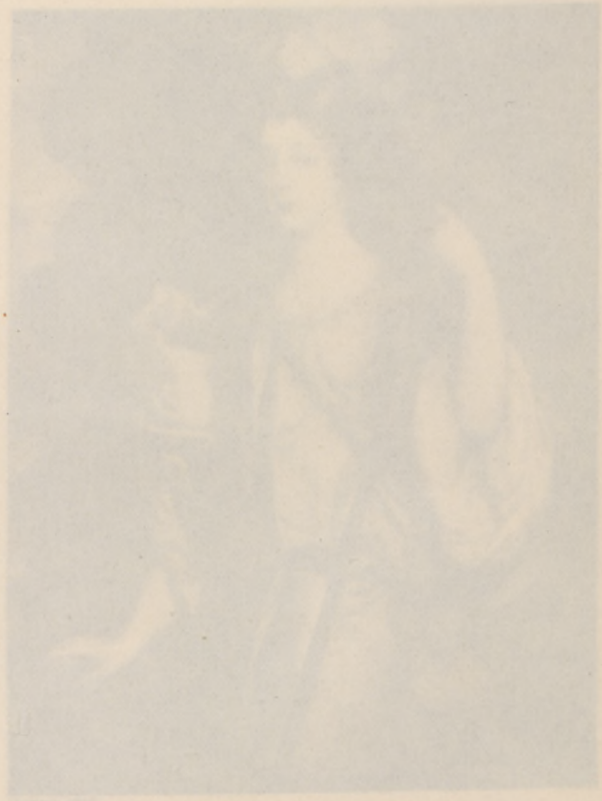

Barbara Villiers Duchess of Cleveland

From the paintings by Lely at Hampton Court

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Lucy Percy Countess of Carlisle

Spooner photo.

Frances Stewart Duchess of Richmond

Spooner photo

Barbara Villiers Duchess of Cleveland

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at Court; he was vain, it is true, but he was clever, well-bred and noted for a magnificence and prodigality quite in keeping with the taste of the day. The wilful couple were married with much pomp at Court in the presence of the King and Prince and were afterwards forgiven by Lord Northumberland who was not too proud to accept his pardon from the King at the hands of his unwelcome son-in-law. Lord Hay was created Earl of Carlisle in 1622; he conducted several negotiations for Charles I with such skill that he was known as the "King's Juggler." Lady Carlisle was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Henrietta Maria after the dismissal of her French household and she soon became a favourite with her royal mistress. Her chief delight, however, lay in the conversation of clever men; her chief interest in politics and affairs of State.

In 1636 Lord Carlisle died and his widow retired to Penshurst, the country home of her sister, Lady Leicester. Here she mourned for awhile in most becoming weeds, celebrated by Waller, the admirer of her niece Dorothy Sidney, in his poem "The Countess of Carlisle in Mourning." Too long to quote in its entirety, the opening lines give a good idea of the whole:

> When from black clouds no part of sky is clear,
> But just so much as let the sun appear,
> Heaven then would seem thy image and reflect
> Those sable garments and that bright aspect.
> As part of virtue by the deepest shade
> Of sad adversity is fairer made;
> Nor less advantage doth thy beauty get,
> A Venus rising from a sea of jet.

Lady Carlisle soon returned to her active life at Court and to those intrigues for which every year she developed a greater aptitude. She has been denounced as a spy and a traitor, as a rank opportunist who passed from one side to another as occasion served. It is impossible to clear Lady Carlisle of these charges, but something may be said for the motives which prompted her to act as she did, although no excuse can be offered for the manner in which she carried them out. Let us take the bare facts of the case. Her first friend was Buckingham, from whom she obtained a pension of £2,000 a year and a right, which she shared with the Duchess of Buckingham, to

farm the Irish Customs. After his murder she entered into an alliance with Strafford, who had been forced into the camp of Pym by his enmity to the deceased minister. When Strafford was gained over to the royal cause, where his sympathies had always been, he began his great career, in which Lady Carlisle took a consuming interest. Besides her political interest and her admiration of the great statesman in his official capacity, she became his most intimate friend. Of this intimacy, Strafford said: "a nobler or more disinterested friendship did I never meet with in my life." It seems clear that these alliances of Lady Carlisle were of the head rather than of the heart; the suggestion that her intimacy with Strafford was too familiar seems to be as baseless as the report that she was the mistress of Pym.

Lady Carlisle's acquaintance with Pym probably began at Holland House, the meeting-place of a group of discontented spirits, soon to make their mark. Here she appears to have laid bare the secrets of the Queen, of the King, possibly of Strafford, to their opponents. In her double dealing she may have been encouraged by her host, both by precept and example. Henry Rich, first Earl of Holland, son of the beautiful Penelope, had been to Paris to negotiate the marriage treaty of Charles and Henrietta. On his return he decorated the Gilt Room in Holland House in honour of the bride; the portraits of Charles I, Henrietta Maria, Henri IV, and Sully can still be seen in the medallions on the great chimney-pieces. In spite of this effusive loyalty, he twice deserted the royal cause. Secret meetings took place in Lady Carlisle's house also, between Lords Holland, Hollis and Essex and Sabran, a spy in the pay of the French government. Appearances are certainly against our heroine, called by D'Israeli the "great stateswoman, the ambiguous Countess of Carlisle." But all the same we must remember that Pym and his party were not rebels at the outset; they were reformers whose motto was "King and Parliament." Lady Carlisle, behind the scenes as she was, must have watched the storm gathering on the political horizon and may have hoped to avert a catastrophe by her dealings with the popular party. There is of course another view to be taken. Sir Philip Warwick, in his Memoirs, puts

it all down to personal influence. He says that the "busy states-woman" has changed her gallant from Strafford to Pym and has become such a "she saint" that she attends sermons and takes notes. The vision of Lady Carlisle taking notes of a sermon for political reasons is as disagreeable as that other vision of her hurrying up the great avenue to Holland House with her bag of secrets confided to her by those who trusted in her reticence. But the personal bias is surely unproved. The woman who replaced Buckingham by his enemy Strafford and Strafford by his denouncer Pym—the man who was above all others responsible for his death—cannot have possessed a heart at all.

The last affair of any importance in which Lady Carlisle took part before the crash came, was in the matter of the arrest of the five members. Charles had been persuaded against his will to go in person to arrest the offenders in the House of Commons. Henrietta, who was chiefly responsible for this *coup de théâtre*, marred its success at the last minute by exclaiming, as she sat with her watch in her hand counting the long minutes, that Charles was at last master in his own kingdom. Lady Carlisle, we feel sure, did not move a muscle of her face; she simply went out and despatched a messenger to Pym warning him of his danger. The five members escaped to the City, to return in triumph after Charles had retired to Hampton Court; Lady Carlisle had dealt her King a shrewd blow at a time when any false step might be fatal.

She seems to have been forgiven for her share in this transaction and she continued to scheme and to be in the secrets of both parties all through the troubled times of the Rebellion. Even Cromwell did not escape her. He accused Berkeley of having told her that he (Cromwell) was to be created Earl of Essex and Captain of the King's Guard: to which Berkeley replied that he had all along "avoided the springes and snares of that paragon of states-women, not to give umbrage to the army" and that it was only after frequent messages from Lady Newport that he at last consented to meet "the great Sempronia." There is probably some truth in the report that she tried to use her influence to attach Cromwell to the interests of the King and that she had some hand in the presentation of Mrs.

Cromwell and other Puritan ladies to Charles at Hampton Court. According to her lights she remained faithful to the cause of the Stuarts. She gave good counsel to Charles II when he was struggling to recover his kingdom and she pawned her pearl necklace for £1,500 to increase the funds raised to arm a force which her old friend and fellow turncoat, Lord Holland, was raising in Kent. In 1648 she was imprisoned by the Parliamentarians, but was subsequently released on condition that she would "no more play the stateswoman."

She was then fifty years old and her active days were over, but she continued to work for the Restoration and was one of the first of Henrietta Maria's ladies to welcome her when she came over in the autumn of 1660.

On Monday, November 5th, 1660, Lady Carlisle ate a hearty dinner and then ordered her chair to take her to Somerset House to attend the Queen-Mother. While cutting a piece of ribbon as she stood before a looking-glass, putting a finishing touch to her toilette, she suddenly fell down, stricken with apoplexy, and died without speaking a word.

RACHEL DE RUVIGNY, eldest daughter of Daniel de Massue, Seigneur de Ruvigny, "la belle et vertueuse Huguenotte," was married to Thomas Wriothesley, fourth Earl of Southampton, in August, 1634. Her husband, who was a son of the distinguished Lord Southampton, the friend and patron of Shakespeare, was a man of small stature, weak health and great courage. He was educated at Eton and Oxford and then proceeded to France and the Low Countries where he lived for nearly ten years and where he met his bride. Lord Southampton was a devoted adherent of Charles I and his counsels, which seem always to have been exercised in the interests of peace and reason, had great influence with his royal master. He tried in vain, however, to reconcile the King and the Parliament. He was visited by the King at his country house at Litchfield, when he was on his way to the Isle of Wight, whither he soon followed him. He was in London during his trial, visited him after his sentence and kept watch over his body as it

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Hallett Hyatt Sc.

Rachel de Ruvigny Countess of Southampton,
from the Mezzotint by Mr. Ardell after Vandyck.

lay in the great Banqueting Hall at Whitehall, the night before his burial. He afterwards declared that a figure wrapped in a cloak entered the Hall during the night and murmured "Stern necessity." He believed it to have been Cromwell, but the supposition has never been verified. Southampton followed the remains of the King to the grave on that bitter morning in January when the snow-flakes made a pall "the colour of innocency" on the black velvet which draped the coffin; he was appointed Lord High Treasurer by Charles II at the Restoration.

Of Rachel herself, beyond her reputation for beauty and her association with historical characters, little is to be said. She came of a distinguished Huguenot family, was the mother of five children, only two of whom lived to grow up, and died herself at an early age in 1640.

BARBARA VILLIERS (1640-1709), daughter of William Villiers, Viscount Grandison, began her reign on May 29th, 1660, when Charles II rode in state through London. With characteristic haste he sent for the beautiful Mrs. Palmer, as she then was, to grace his supper-table that very night; it was a strange home-coming.

Barbara had lost her father at the age of three and her mother had married again; in 1659 she had married Roger Palmer, second son of Sir James Palmer of Hayes. She was not faithful to him and contracted an intimacy with Lord Chesterfield, so that when she became the King's mistress it was probably not much of a shock to him. At any rate he accepted the title of Earl of Castlemaine and Baron Limerick in 1661.

When Catherine of Braganza arrived, it was suggested that "Lady Castlemaine's nose would be out of joint"; but although Charles felt a real if temporary interest in his wife, he continued to sup every night of his life with Barbara of the black hair and the violet-blue eyes.

Lady Castlemaine kept her ascendency over the King for many years and, up to his death, continued to reap a rich harvest. The secret of her ascendency seems to have rested in her effrontery. She was

imperious, extravagant, audacious. She attracted Charles by the absolute freedom of her conversation, which appears to have been as coarse as the time in which she lived. She gambled and she swore; she had "the temper of a fiend and the manners of a fishwife."

Although no politician, Barbara kept all the appointments worth having in her hands and sold them unblushingly. All petitions to the King passed through her hands; his ministers were forced to see him in her presence and little was done without her consent. It is small wonder that Barbara was able to buy town and country houses, to decorate them sumptuously and to clothe herself like the sun. At a masque she wore jewels valued at £40,000 and "far outshone the Queen."

The Queen at first refused to receive her. Charles took his favourite by the hand one day and led her unexpectedly into his wife's presence, whereupon she fainted and the Court broke up in confusion. Nothing daunted, he asked for the appointment of Lady of the Bedchamber for his *protégée* and the Queen, after protesting that she would rather go back to Portugal, gave in.

With an assured position at Court, Barbara pursued her reckless career with more extravagance than ever. Although she had many rivals she was insolently sure of the King's favour, long after he had ceased to give her any real signs of his affection. In 1670, after her reign was virtually at an end, she was created Duchess of Cleveland, and in 1672 she went abroad for some time. She was back again before the King's death in 1685, and Evelyn records in his diary a scene which struck him as having much "prophanenesse." It was Sunday evening; in the long gallery at Whitehall a ring of courtiers sat round a large round table playing at basset, with some £2,000 in gold heaped up before them. The King sat apart, "toying with Cleveland, Portsmouth and Mazarine," to the enervating strains of a love song trilled by a French boy. In less than a week "all was dust."

After the King's death Barbara married a man described by Swift as "one of the meanest figures in history," an unprincipled adventurer who went by the name of "Beau" Fielding. This was in 1706, when she was sixty-six and he fifty years old. Beau Fielding married her for money and he had not even the grace to repay

her for what she gave with decent behaviour. He spent her money, domineered over her, even beat her. In the end it turned out that he had a wife living whose "skull and nose" he had threatened to slit if she betrayed him; he was convicted of bigamy and retired into obscurity.

The Duchess of Cleveland had three sons acknowledged by the King, who all received Dukedoms, as well as several daughters who married well. She died, October 9th, 1709, of dropsy, aged sixty-nine.

FRANCES STEWART (1647-1702), daughter of Walter Stewart, a son of Lord Blantyre, was fifteen years old when she came to England in the train of Queen Henrietta Maria in 1662. Her father, a relation of the reigning Stuarts, had lost everything in their cause and had been forced to go into exile in France with his wife and daughters. Louis XIV admired "la belle Stewart," and wished her to remain in the French Court, but her parents preferred to take her with them to England. She was one of the maids of honour to Queen Catherine of Braganza and was very soon noticed by that connoisseur of beauty, the King. The English Court was famed for beautiful women in this reign; according to the Comte de Gramont you could hardly look around without seeing them. Of this charming company Frances was very soon acknowledged to be the chief attraction. Pepys, who admired her "sweet eye, little roman nose and excellent taille," thought her the greatest beauty he had ever seen and many people were of the same opinion. De Gramont says that it was scarcely possible for a woman to have less wit or more beauty. Truly Frances had no pretensions to wit. She was a high-spirited, romping tomboy; perfectly pure and cold and untouched by the vices of her companions. To quote de Gramont again: "A child however she was, in every other respect, except playing with a doll: blindman's-buff was her most favourite amusement: she was building castles of cards when the deepest play was going on in her apartments, where you saw her surrounded by eager courtiers who handed her the cards, or young architects, who endeavoured to imitate her."

The whole Court bowed down before the rising star of "la belle Stewart," who had a special set of apartments and a better income

than the other maids of honour. She was openly spoken of as the successor of Lady Castlemaine, and even received advice as to how she was to act when she arrived at that proud eminence. Frances burst out laughing in the face of her would-be instructor and continued to build houses of cards and to enjoy life in her own way.

Charles did everything in his power to tempt her. He offered to give up all his other ladies, to make her his *maîtresse en titre*, with a separate establishment and a title of her own. When the Queen was supposed to be dying it was generally believed that he would marry Frances if she did not recover. It is to be recorded in her honour that to all these proposals she gave a decided negative. She had no objection to the King's attentions, she was no prude, it is evident, or she would hardly have shared Lady Castlemaine's bed on many occasions, and received a visit in the morning from the King before she rose. The alliance between Lady Castlemaine and Frances Stewart is one of the many curious facts in the latter's life. It was evident that Lady Castlemaine was forced to ask her to her supper parties because the King refused to come unless he found her there; but it seems curious that Frances should have established an intimacy with a notoriously bad woman, who was not even faithful to the King, when she intended to preserve her own character intact. But she had a curious mixture of qualities in that character, of which a breezy and unashamed vanity was not the least remarkable.

Frances admired her own beauty as much as any of her admirers; she was, moreover, extremely ready to show off her perfections to anyone who wished to see them. It became one of the stock amusements at Court, and one of which most strangers availed themselves, to have a view of la belle Stewart's beautifully modelled limbs. She would raise her skirts in any society and display a leg which was generally bare and only adorned with a black velvet garter clasped with a diamond buckle, the better to show its perfections.

Frances Stewart had many adorers. The Duke of Buckingham was one and Francis Digby threw away his life for her sake; Philip Roettier, who modelled her head, fell in love with her, while his

brother took her for his model for the figure of Britannia on the coins. Waller's lines on the coin bearing the King's image on one side and hers on the other are well known:

> Our guard upon the royal side,
> On the reverse our beauty's pride.

The widowed Duke of Richmond, who had long loved her, was the only one of her admirers who had the courage to cross the King's path. Frances got into trouble on his account with the King and threw herself on the Queen's generosity. Catherine, with her accustomed sweetness, befriended her. To escape the King's attention and to achieve her purpose, she was obliged to fly from Court, from whence she rode off one stormy night and was married to the Duke by his chaplain. Both Duke and Duchess were banished from Court, but were afterwards forgiven and Frances was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen. The King always retained his interest in her, even after the small-pox had spoilt her beauty. The Duke died in 1672, while acting as ambassador at the Court of Denmark; Frances herself died in 1702, aged sixty-five. She assisted at the Coronation of Queen Anne and her effigy, clothed in the robes she wore on that occasion, may still be seen in Westminster Abbey.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON (1641-1708), daughter of Sir George Hamilton, the younger brother of James, Earl of Abercorn, and of his wife, a daughter of Lord Thurles and sister of the first Duke of Ormond, was born in Ireland in 1641. In the spring of 1651 the Hamiltons emigrated to France, living near Caen, in Normandy, with other members of the family. Later on they moved to Paris, but returned to England after the Restoration.

Elizabeth had four brothers, one of whom, Anthony, was a great friend of the Chevalier de Gramont. He accompanied that amusing individual to London, after he had got into a scrape at the French Court and succeeded in making his time of exile pass pleasantly enough. The record of this time is to be found in the Gramont Memoirs, which were no doubt partly dictated by the Chevalier, but which were strung together by Anthony and which form a vivid, if extremely indiscreet, picture of the Court of Charles II.

The Chevalier did not at first meet his friend's lovely sister. He was delighted with the magnificence of the English Court; he soon became a favourite with the King and the Court generally. He flirted with that affected would-be wit, Mrs. Middleton and with a pretty Miss Warmestre. But once he had set eyes on "la belle Hamilton" he thought of nothing else. She is thus described in the Memoirs: she had "the finest shape, the loveliest neck and the most beautiful arms in the world; she was majestic and graceful in all her movements, and she was the original after which all the ladies copied in their taste and air of dress. 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 and her contour uncommonly perfect: nor was her nose, which was small, delicate and turned up, the least ornament of so lovely a face."

Elizabeth was neither too silent nor too eager to shine in conversation, according to the Chevalier; she had self-respect and was capable of lofty sentiments. She was also capable of sentiments of a rather lower order, if we consider the ill-natured tricks she played on some ladies who were not so generously endowed by nature as herself; but in the main she was a good-hearted, straightforward girl, not without a sense of humour.

The Chevalier was warned that he had better pay his attentions to the married women; that the unmarried expected honourable intentions and a good rent-roll, neither of which he possessed. But he became a constant visitor at the Hamiltons' house and was indifferent to good advice. Philibert, Comte de Gramont, says his friend Anthony Hamilton, is a man whose "inimitable character casts a veil over those faults which I shall neither palliate nor disguise; a man distinguished by a mixture of virtues and vices so closely linked together as in appearance to form a necessary dependence, glowing with the greatest beauty when united, shining with the brightest lustre when opposed." This hero, invincible in love, war, and gambling, scintillated with a pleasant wit which made him beloved by all.

The King specially enjoyed his company, being of a witty cast of mind himself. De Gramont presented him with a coach with glass windows, which he had specially made in France at a cost of two thousand pounds. This magnificent gift caused great heartburning. The Queen wished to go out in it when it first appeared before the admiring gaze of London; Lady Castlemaine had the same desire, but it was Frances Stewart who, triumphant and unblushing, carried the day.

It was only natural that such a brilliant personage should have attracted Elizabeth Hamilton; but she had many other admirers. John Russell, third son of Lord Bedford, and his nephew William were among the most persistent. The uncle was old and asthmatic and somewhat ridiculous in appearance. His proposal was business-like. He called on her before going to the waters for his health and he said: "I am brother to the Earl of Bedford: I command the regiment of Guards: I have three thousand pounds a year and fifteen thousand in ready money: all of which, madam, I come to present to you, along with my person. One present, I agree, is not worth much without the other, and therefore I put them together."

But this admirer was dismissed with the others and in 1603 Elizabeth eventually married the Chevalier, who had received his pardon from his King. "The Chevalier de Gramont," say the Memoirs, "as the reward of a constancy he had never before known and which he never afterwards practised, found Hymen and Love united in his favour and was at last blessed with the possession of Miss Hamilton." It is a little sad to learn that he tried to make his escape from England without experiencing this crowning joy and was caught at Dover by Anthony Hamilton and his brother George, who insisted on the sacrifice.

De Gramont eventually succeeded to the family dignities, and he and his wife seem to have lived happily enough at the Court of France. Louis XIV gave Elizabeth a small but charming country house, which became such a favoured resort that de Gramont said, in his ironical way, that he should present the King with a list of the people he was obliged to entertain, as being more suited to his Majesty's purse than to his own. He lived until 1707 and preserved

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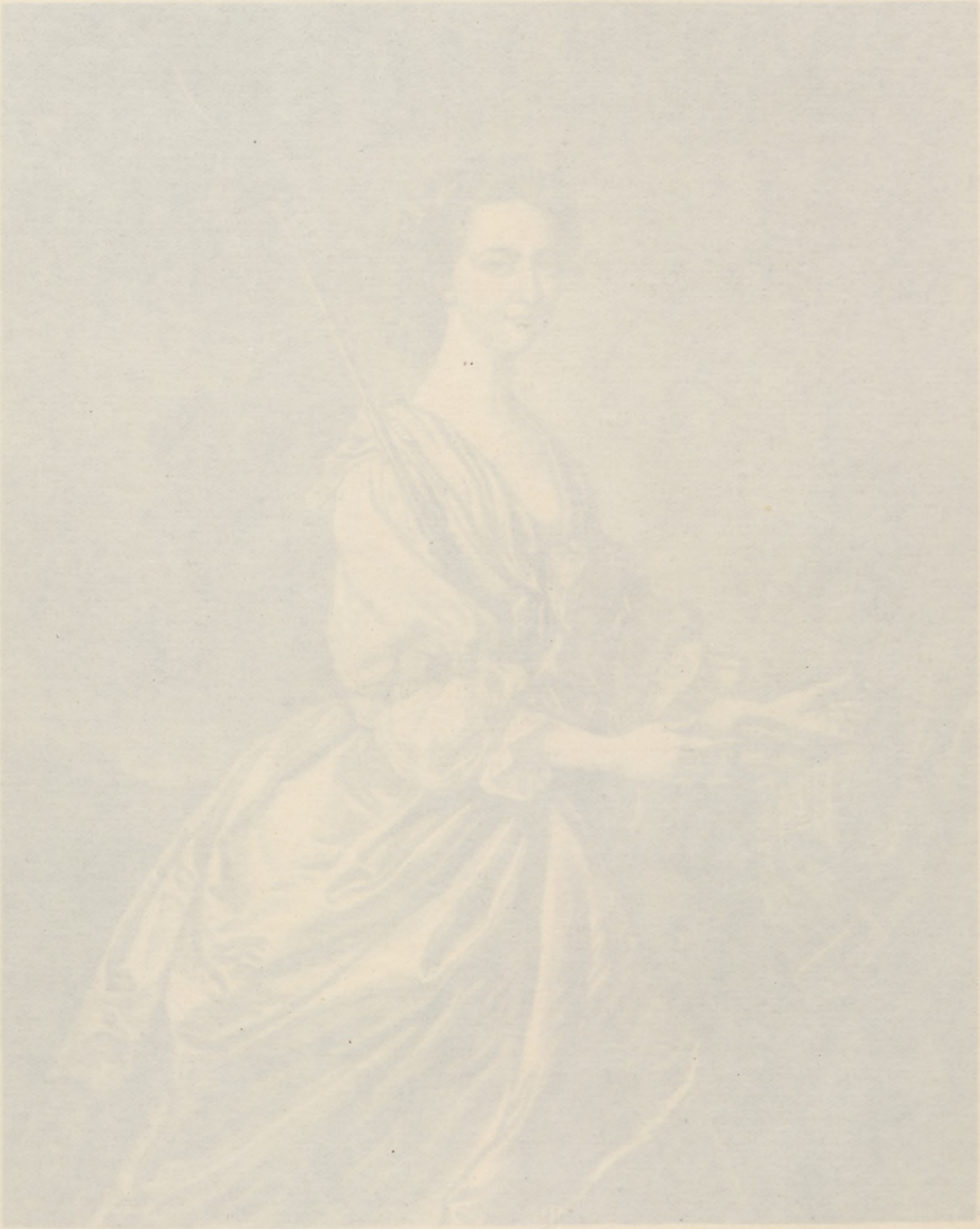
his wit and humour to the last. Elizabeth died in the following year, aged sixty-seven.

FLORA MACDONALD (1722-1790). A sprig of lavender after a bouquet of tuberose, a breath of mountain air after the scented atmosphere of a Court, some such impression is conveyed to us when we turn to the life of Flora MacDonald, after considering that of her predecessors in this chapter.

Flora was born and bred in the Hebrides, her first home being Miltoun in South Uist. After her mother's second marriage she lived at Armadale in Skye, and here she spent a happy and healthy youth, out in all weathers, at home with the driving mists and the salt spray, a daughter of the Western Highlands.

The circumstances of her mother's second marriage were sufficiently curious. Her mother, a handsome widow, had two admirers, one of whom she preferred to the other. The rejected suitor slipped up to the house one dark night, having left his boat at the landing-stage, overpowered the small household with a handful of men, and carried off the widow and two children. "Now you are mine," Flora heard him say, as he forced the half-fainting woman into the boat, "no other man on earth shall have you." The children screamed, the piper, brought for the purpose, piped lustily to drown all sounds of woe and the party arrived safely in Skye. This incident appears to have excited little surprise when it was known, the use of force where persuasion failed being far from uncommon.

Oddly enough, this masterful individual was extremely good-tempered and kind in everyday life; his wife, after the manner of the Sabine women, became devoted to him and he made a kind stepfather to her two children. His name was Hugh MacDonald, of Armadale and it may be well to note at the beginning of this history that nearly every person who figures in it belongs to the clan. The Scottish fashion of distinguishing a man by the name of his property becomes not only convenient but necessary. Flora's life was quiet, but she had plenty of fun in a small way. She was devoted to her brother Angus, with whom she spent much of her time in their favourite boat; the sounds of their laughter and snatches of High-



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land songs being often heard echoing on the water. With him she visited the neighbouring houses when any festivity was given and wherever she went she was a favourite. Her habits were simple. She rose early and took a walk before breakfast and was usually greeted by her stepfather with "Welcome Flory—and how is our Highland rose this morning?" In the day she had certain household duties, but her hours were chiefly spent with her pony, her dog, or in her boat.

When the rumours of the coming of Prince Charles Edward Stuart to claim his father's throne were first heard, there was much excitement in the islands. But, unfortunately for his cause, the loyalty for which the clans were so conspicuous had become tempered by a more or less grudging spirit of compromise. There was very little affection for "the Elector" or his government, but many people were convinced that they had come to stay, and were prepared to make the best of it.

The head of the clan of MacDonald was Sir Alexander, a resolute supporter of the House of Hanover, who was with the Duke of Cumberland's forces on the mainland; his wife, Lady Margaret, was an ardent Jacobite. Flora's stepfather, influenced by Sir Alexander against his convictions, commanded a company of Skye militia, raised to oppose the Prince, while her brother Angus was prevented from joining the Jacobite army for fear of going against the wishes of Sir Alexander and Armadale. Flora, for her part, used to go about indignantly murmuring

> Geordie sits in Charlie's chair,
> The de'il tak him for sitting there.

These differences of opinion in families are shown amusingly enough in the case of the Mackintosh, whose wife raised a troop for the Prince and took her husband prisoner. "Your servant, Captain," she said, when he was brought before her. "Your servant, Colonel," he replied laconically, for the intrepid lady commanded her own men and led them into action. It is not hard to see why the levies of troops, both in Scotland and in England, were so far short of what was expected, when every house was, as it were, divided against itself.

The summer of 1746 found Flora on a visit to her brother Angus at Miltoun in South Uist. South Uist and North Uist are the most western of the islands which form the group of the Hebrides, with the small island of Benbecula between them and the large island of Skye to eastward, between them and the mainland. The whole country was in a state of ferment; militia were posted at every ford, sloops of war patrolled the coasts, a passport was necessary to pass from one island to another. The reason of this vigilance was that a report had got about that the Prince was in hiding in one of the islands, having fled there after the crushing defeat of Culloden had deprived him of his last hope.

Flora, in some anxiety as to how she could return to her mother in Skye in all this turmoil, went to see her cousin, Mrs. MacDonald of Ormaclade, to ask her advice. Here she learnt that the Prince was in the neighbourhood and that her hostess was going to carry food to him that very night in the hut where he lay hidden. Flora's heart beat high with excitement and the mile which separated the house from the hut seemed like ten.

Captain O'Niel, a faithful friend, who had persuaded the Prince to come to the Hebrides in the hopes of being able to hire a ship to convey him to France, met them on the way. He much admired Flora, and had on several occasions expressed his sentiments, but naturally a MacDonald had been before him in securing her affections. To the Prince she was introduced as a young relation who might be of service to him. Flora was much surprised at these words, which conveyed no meaning to her mind. But she was soon enlightened, Mrs. MacDonald and O'Niel had concocted a plan for the Prince's escape in which she was to play a principal part. It was quite simple. She was to procure a passport for herself, a maid-servant and a man; the Prince was to be disguised as the maid and she was to convey him to Skye. At first Flora protested, She could not compromise Sir Alexander or her stepfather; moreover she was rather shy about being the only lady in the party. These rather unheroic scruples were soon silenced, O'Niel protesting that he would marry her himself if any breath of scandal touched her afterwards; even if it did not. Flora put aside this suggestion

coldly. Then the Prince came and joined his prayers to theirs and they all assured her that she was the only person who could help in this emergency. She went away, promising to think it over, but knowing in her heart that she would do it.

The next day she went to tell O'Niel that she agreed; on her return to Ormaclade she was arrested at a ford by a party of militia, who locked her up in the guard-room for the night and brought her before her stepfather in the morning. Armadale was much astonished to meet his "bonnie Flora" in such a plight; he gave her the required passport and wrote a letter to his wife, recommending an Irish girl, Betty Burke, who would accompany Flora, as a good spinner of flax. He asked no inconvenient questions about "Betty," and Flora saw that he understood and did not disapprove.

The next question was, where to take him? A day was lost, owing to an unworthy member of the clan refusing to give him shelter; eventually, a six-oared boat was hired to take Flora to Skye as previously arranged. Then a disguise was arranged for the Prince, consisting of a light-coloured cotton quilted petticoat, with a design of little purple flowers on it, which was reproduced later for the Jacobite ladies to wear; a large cap with a flapping border, an apron, and a cloak of dun-coloured camlet with a hood, completed the costume. That day Mrs. MacDonald and Flora went to the hut and found the Prince roasting the heart, liver and kidneys of a sheep on a wooden spit, before a smoky fire. He begged them to share this repast, and placed Flora on his right hand with much ceremony. He was then disguised as Betty Burke and the handsome young man, whose distinguished air had struck Flora when she had first seen him in his threadbare tartan, now appeared as a great lanky girl, whose aspect convulsed them with laughter. Charles himself treated the whole affair as an immense joke; but there was a serious undercurrent, for they knew that their heads would be answerable if the joke were not successful.

In the evening they met him again by the sea-shore, but Mrs. MacDonald had to hurry home again, as she heard that the militia were in her house. Flora and her "maid" and a man named MacEachan then bade farewell to O'Niel, and embarked in the boat.

It was thought advisable to tell the boatmen of the identity of the Prince, as they were evidently talking of his strange appearance. They were quite willing to convey the fugitive and never gave a thought to the large sum obtainable by giving him up to his enemies. So all was well; except the weather.

The rain came down in torrents, the wind blew a hurricane; the prospect of spending the night in an open boat in these conditions, with the element of danger added, appalled our poor heroine. But with danger and discomfort, the Prince's spirits rose. He exerted himself to amuse his "fair preserver," as he called Flora and he told her many amusing stories and then sang Highland ballads with great charm of voice and manner. In the end she fell asleep, in spite of the tempest which raged around them; when she awoke, she found herself lying snugly at the bottom of the boat, with the Prince bending over her to protect her from contact with one of the sailors, who was shifting the sail.

The dawn broke at last, showing the coast of Skye and the still angry sea in a gray monotone; as the light increased they were greeted by some shots from the shore. The boatmen rowed for their lives and Flora, with much difficulty, persuaded the Prince to crouch down while the shots whistled round them. Out of danger, they tried to land in a creek, but a neighbouring village showed signs of hostility, so they pressed on. The men were wet through and weary, but they rowed on, kept in good temper by the Prince's unfailing cheerfulness. He gave Flora some wine which Mrs. MacDonald had given him and which he had saved for her; he made her as comfortable as he could on an old sail: nothing could exceed his kindness and consideration.

At last the haven was reached and they landed on the property of Sir Alexander MacDonald. Here Flora left "Betty" with the boatmen, and proceeded to the house, where, to her horror, she found Lady Margaret entertaining young MacLeod, a militia officer, whose men had so nearly put an abrupt end to her journey that very morning.

Taking Lady Margaret aside, Flora explained the situation. It was clearly impossible to bring the Prince into the company of the

young militia officer who was looking for him; Lady Margaret sent for Captain Roy MacDonald and for MacDonald of Kingsburgh, who happened to be in the house. It was arranged at last that the Prince should be taken to Kingsburgh and the master of that hospitable house, who was later Flora's father-in-law, went down to the shore to find him. The whole of the day was passed in making this plan and Flora was consumed with anxiety, which was not made less by her being obliged to dine in company with MacLeod, who appeared to her "next door to a fool." It was evening when she was at length able to escape, taking with her a Mrs. MacDonald, who was staying in the house and her two servants, with whom she proposed to travel till their roads parted. The ladies were riding and they soon overtook the Prince and Kingsburgh, who were on foot; the appearance of the latter excited the curiosity of the maidservant, who expressed her opinion with freedom. She could not think who the "bold, brazen-faced huzzy" was who was walking with Kingsburgh. "Irish, indeed! I'd say she 's a man in woman's claise. Lawk! what strides the jade taks and drags up her petticoats in an unco' strange way." Flora was relieved when their ways parted, but she was in continual anxiety, caused by the amount of attention poor Betty attracted. To see her cross a ford was a sight! Being scolded for holding her petticoats too high, she dragged them in the water on the next occasion. "They do call your Highness a Pretender," said Kingsburgh, laughing; "if you are one, all I say is, that you are the worst of your trade that ever was seen."

Flora was the first to arrive at Kingsburgh House. The mistress was going to bed; she sent her love to Flora and the keys of the cupboards, hoping that she would help herself. Soon after a child, staying in the house, ran into her room crying out that Kingsburgh had arrived and had brought "the strangest, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife she had ever beheld, and had taken her into the large hall, too." She was followed by Kingsburgh, who begged her to come down. The poor lady dressed and went down to the hall, not, presumably, in the best of tempers; a gaunt figure rose up and saluted her in the Highland manner. The touch of Betty's unshaven chin filled her with dismay and she went to her husband to demand the key of the

riddle. When it was given her, she cried aloud that they would be all ruined, disgraced, hanged; nothing was too bad. Kingsburgh amiably suggested that one can only die once and she then complained that she had no food fit for royalty. Flora meanwhile had arranged poor starving royalty's supper, the most luxurious that he had tasted for many a long day and which he consumed with such pleasure, that it did the heart good to see him. It was followed by a pipe and two bowls of whisky toddy and then he was at last induced to go to bed.

Flora had insisted on his having the "company room," while she herself took the small room intended for "Miss Flora's gowk," as the Prince was politely called in the household. This was not without danger, but her loyalty could not endure any other course and in the morning she was wakened by thundering knocks at the door, meant to rouse Betty to her duties.

The Prince slept for ten hours and arose refreshed after the unwonted luxury of a bed. When he was dressed Mrs. MacDonald and Flora arrayed him in his feminine attire and the former whispered in Gaelic that she wished for a lock of his hair. Flora demurred: the Prince asked what they were talking about and when they told him, he laid his head in Flora's lap and told her to cut as much as she liked. She cut off a curl, which she afterwards shared with her cousin.

Flora left the house that morning, accompanied by her strange handmaid, by MacEachan, called in her autobiography a "humble relation," and by Kingsburgh. In a wood the Prince changed his attire and came out dressed in a "tartan short coat and waistcoat, philibeg and hose, a Highland scarf, bonnet and wig," looking again like a hero of romance. Flora's task was over, but she trotted off to Portree to see the last of him and to assure herself that he was really in safe hands. He was *en route* for the island of Raasey, between Skye and the mainland, where he was to be the guest of MacLeod of that ilk and was to be met at Portree by an escort and a boat.

When the time came for the parting both the Prince and his "preserver" were deeply moved. He took her by both hands and kissed her cheek and said: "Although at present my affairs are but

gloomy and unfavourable, yet the time may come, dear Miss MacDonald, when I shall feel proud to welcome my kind protectress at St. James's. Farewell now, and may Heaven reward you as you deserve." Flora always ridiculed the idea that he could have given her his miniature at parting; the hunted man, whose possessions were all in a coloured handkerchief slung on his shoulder, was not likely to have a collection of souvenirs to give away to his admirers. The parting in the miserable little inn was without any such tokens being given or received. The Prince went away in the storm to risk his life in the attempt to save it and Flora, after spending a miserable night in a garret, set off on her pony to meet her fate.

She was soon met by a boy with a message to the effect that MacLeod was on her tracks and that a Government sloop of war was pursuing her. The truth had leaked out, as she had feared, through the boatmen who had conveyed her to Skye. She then met her stepfather and soon after an officer rode up and arrested her. He spoke of her as a "rebel lady" and of the Prince as "the Pretender," and her eyes flashed with indignation. There was nothing for it but to go quietly to the "Bomb," the ship which was awaiting her not far off. She was weary and wet and had sat up all night in a chair; the cabin seemed a haven of refuge. When she was interviewed by General Campbell, he was so unexpectedly kind that she burst into tears.

Flora was afterwards allowed to go home to see her mother, who received her with tears and suggested that it was the last time she would ever look upon her face. She took with her a queer raw-boned, red-haired girl who could only speak Gaelic to act as a maid, and she resigned herself to captivity. That captivity was made much less hard to her by the unfailing kindness which she received. From the first she was treated as a heroine by her captors; whenever the ship was making any stay she was visited by crowds of people. She received many presents and innumerable kindnesses. Recommended by General Campbell as a "very pretty young rebel," to the Captain of Dunstaffnage Castle, both the Captain and his wife treated her with great consideration.

She was two months without any news of the Prince. She knew

that Kingsburgh was in prison; she met O'Niel, also a prisoner, and lightly slapping him on the cheek with the "loof" of her hand, she said, "to that black face I owe all my misfortunes." O'Niel said that her misfortune was her honour and glory, and he gave her some good advice as to how to act in London where she was going.

Arrived in London, Flora was imprisoned in the Tower. She felt a real sensation of fear and desolation as the gates closed on her; perhaps they would only open for her when she went to her death. The execution of Jacobites was proceeding with great energy; many of her friends had already perished. But evidently the charge against her was not considered serious, for from the first she was allowed alleviations. A celebrated portrait painter, too, obtained permission to paint her in the russet dress with which we are familiar, with a white rose in her hair. She was then released from the Tower and placed in a private family, where she received a visit from Frederick, Prince of Wales. The Prince was much pleased with her quiet, modest manners and with the way she answered his questions. He reminded her that what she had done was liable to be punished as high treason; she replied that she had acted in the interest of common humanity, and that if she had found him in the same situation she would have acted in the same way. He recommended her to mercy and she was soon afterwards pardoned and told that she could return to Scotland.

Before she left London she paid a visit to that enthusiastic Jacobite, Lady Primrose, in whose house she was a regular lion. The whole of London came to do homage to Flora and everyone was charmed with her good-humour and simplicity. She seemed never tired of living over again those wonderful three days and everything which happened suggested the subject nearest her heart. Even when pork was served at dinner it reminded her that the Prince always took off his hat to a pig, because his mother had called him her "pretty pig" as a child, owing to his admiration for a boar's head introduced in a State banquet to which he had been taken. She was always ready to sing Highland songs, but she refused to dance—until the King had "his ain again." Lady Primrose gave her some beautiful gowns, one of which she specially admired; it was so rich

that it could stand alone and was composed of pale rose-coloured striped silk, with alternate stripes of green shaded with brown.

When Flora got home again she found herself a great heroine. She had the joy of hearing of the safe arrival of the Prince, for whom she had risked so much; although she never heard of or from him again. It was rather a sore point, even in her old age, that he had never once troubled to inquire what had happened to his "fair Preserver."

Flora was married in 1750 to Allan MacDonald, the eldest son of Kingsburgh. She sang a song, the words and music of which she had composed, on her wedding-day, and she spent the money given her by the Jacobites in furnishing the house in which she lived until her husband inherited Kingsburgh House. Here she was visited by Dr. Johnson "and an intimate companion whom he called 'Bosey.'" Johnson slept in the room with tartan hangings which had sheltered the Prince and was much interested in his hostess. "The Preserver of Prince Charles Edward Stuart," he said, "will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour. She is a woman of middle stature, gentle manners and elegant presence."

In 1775 the failure of the crops and some unforeseen expenses determined the MacDonalds to seek their fortune in America, but they came in for the War of Independence in which Captain MacDonald fought and was taken prisoner and at the conclusion of the war they went back to Skye. On the way home their ship had an engagement with a French cruiser. Flora went on deck, encouraged the sailors to fight and had her arm broken in the scrimmage. She used to say that she had perilled her life for both the houses of Stuart and Brunswick and had gained nothing from either side.

To the end of her days, however, she remained a firm Jacobite, and once slapped her son John's face because he called "Soft Geordie of Hanover" "his Majesty." She died on 5th March, 1790, aged fifty-nine and was wrapped in one of the sheets which the Prince had used at Kingsburgh. This sheet, carefully put up in lavender, had gone with her to America, so anxious was she that no other shroud should be used. Three thousand people attended her funeral; the

tombstone which was afterwards erected over her grave disappeared entirely under the tourist's chisel and another one replaced it. There have been many greater deeds than the one achieved by Flora MacDonald, but posterity will always keep a green leaf in the chaplet of fame for the woman to whose courage and single-heartedness Prince Charles Edward Stuart owed his life.

LOUISE MARIE CAROLINE (1752-1824), eldest of the four daughters of Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Stolberg Goedern and of his wife, a daughter of Count Horn, was married in 1772 to Prince Charles Edward Stuart. The Prince of Stolberg died in the Austrian service and the widowed Princess was a pensioner of the Empress Maria Theresa, who also allowed Louise to become Canoness of Sainte Wandrin in Mons, a convent only open to those of noble birth. The Princess of Stolberg was anxious to settle her four daughters in life and she was apparently dazzled by the possibility of a crown, or she would never have ventured to take away her daughter from under the nose of the Abbess, the Princess of Lorraine, sister-in-law to the Empress, and to marry her without her sovereign's consent.

The secret marriage by proxy took place in Paris on 28th March, 1772; then mother and daughter proceeded to Italy, being met at Macerata by the Prince who conducted them to Ancona. Here they were married again on Good Friday, 17th April, in the Chapel of the Marefoschi Palace by the Bishop of Macerata. On Easter Sunday they left Ancona for Rome, where they made a semi State entry. The morning after their arrival the Cardinal of York called on the bride and presented her with a snuff-box set in diamonds which contained a large sum of money.

The Jacobites were jubilant; portraits of Louise were in great request, both in London and Edinburgh. In Rome a certain amount of interest was roused and Louise soon became very popular. She was lively and well-educated and from the first showed a leaning to literature and art and formed a little *salon.* Bonstettin describes her in the year following her marriage: "The Queen of Hearts as I knew her in Rome," he says, "was of medium height. She had

dark blue eyes, a slightly turned-up nose and the complexion of an English girl. Her expression was bright and piquant, and at the same time so sympathetic that she turned all heads." Her eyes must have been very dark blue, for they are elsewhere described as black, and formed a striking contrast to her hair which was of the colour of flax.

Charles was delighted with his wife and watched her with a jealous affection, never allowing her to go out without him; an attention which must have been irksome to a girl of twenty married to a man thirty-two years her senior, for whom she never had any love. It is no wonder that she found herself unable to care for one whose habits of intemperance disgusted her and who, in spite of the affection he professed to entertain for her, soon began to treat her very badly.

Since the days of Flora MacDonald and the Highland epic, the handsome and chivalrous prince, the idol of so many faithful hearts, had gone steadily downhill. The iron had entered into his soul after the '45; to the end of his days he could never bear to hear the Highlands mentioned, or could listen to "Lochaber no more" without tears. Adversity, which sweetens some natures, had embittered his, and the habit of hard drinking which he had contracted in his wanderings on the moors, without food and without a roof over his head, was continued when the privations which formed his excuse were no more. Perhaps it served to drown memory, to raise him from despondency, if only for a time. Of the high-couraged, unselfish, heroic Prince Charlie of old days nothing was left but a sodden, discontented, morose man, old before his time, fast sinking into a sort of lethargy. The only taste which never deserted him was his love of music.

The life which he had lived during the interval was not one calculated to elevate. Banished from France, he had spent a great part of his time in hiding in Paris, in the rooms of his cousin the Princesse de Talmond, who lived in a fashionable convent. He used to sit behind a screen and listen to the conversation of her guests, often hearing some reference to himself. When he emerged from his lair he lived with Clementina Walkinshaw, with whom he had

become acquainted in Scotland. He so ill-treated his mistress that after many years she ran away from him and took refuge in a convent with her child. He visited England at intervals, always under some alias; was present at the coronation of George III, and surprised Lady Primrose by being announced at her party as "Mr. Brown." But at the date of his marriage with Louise even these mild adventures had lost their savour.

In 1773 there was the rumour of the prospect of an heir, which was followed by the strange story of a doctor who declared that he had been taken blindfold to assist at a confinement. When his bandage was removed he found himself in a well-furnished drawing-room and a baby was produced, wrapped in silk and lace, he having arrived too late. He wrote a prescription for the mother and, as he dipped his pen in the ink, he noticed a miniature of Prince Charles Edward on the inkstand. He was taken away with the same show of secrecy, and some days later saw the same gentleman who had conducted him to the villa shipping off a nurse and baby for England. On this story rested the pretensions of the Sobieski Stuarts, but it has never been verified, and the Prince himself always said that he had no child except his daughter by Miss Walkinshaw.

The autumn of 1774 found the Comte and Comtesse d'Albany, as they were called, at Florence, where they were the guests of Prince Corsini until a house was taken in the Via San Sebastiano, near the church of the Santissima Annunziata, whose terraced garden looked towards Fiesole. In 1779 Count Vittorio Alfieri made his appearance and life held a new interest for Louise. His undoubted genius made an impression on her at once, in spite of certain absurdities of appearance and a vanity which prompted him to order an exact copy of the costume of Charles XII of Sweden, because she had admired it in a picture gallery. He was a tall thin man with a shock of red hair turned back off his pale face; he was usually dressed from head to foot in black, but he would wrap himself in a red cloak when driving in the Cascine.

Alfieri fell in love with Louise at first sight. He says in his life: "I found that I had at last met the woman for whom I had

been searching, who, instead of being like all the others I had known, an obstacle to literary fame, an impediment to useful occupations, and a detriment to all elevated thoughts, was an incentive and a noble example of every great work, and I, recognizing and appreciating such a rare treasure, gave myself up entirely to her."

Alfieri helped Louise with her studies; he became an intimate in the house and was always in attendance at the opera. He dedicated his "Maria Stuarda" to her: "To you, and to you only, do I dedicate the best part of my life." Charles, jealous as he was, had no anxiety about this admirer of his wife; he liked Alfieri and enjoyed his conversation.

But matters were fast becoming most serious with regard to the way in which he treated his wife. Mann wrote to Walpole in 1779 of the bad health of the Prince, adding: "his wife's beauty has greatly faded of late; she has paid dearly for the dregs of royalty." She had indeed, and she was not a woman to endure her fate meekly. After he had nearly strangled her in a fit of passion she resolved to leave him. As she was still not allowed to go out without him, it was rather difficult to escape. A plan was therefore hatched by Alfieri's fertile brain, which was worthy of a playwright. Madame Orlandini, a friend of theirs, was invited to breakfast and she was instructed to propose a drive to the convent of the Bianchette to inspect some work done by the nuns. The Prince assented and in due time they arrived at the convent, where a Mr. Geogehen, another confederate, met them at the door and engaged him in conversation. Louise and Madame Orlandini ran up the steps and closed the door behind them. When the Prince mounted in his turn, he was greeted with the astounding news, conveyed to him through a grating in the door by the Abbess, that his wife had taken refuge in the convent under the protection of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

They never met again, for Louise soon after fled to a convent in Rome, from which she moved to her brother-in-law's apartments in the Cancellería. The Cardinal, now Bishop of Frascati, where he was living in great magnificence, took her part and befriended her in every way he could. Louise opened a *salon* in Rome and soon collected a little band of friends, nearly all interested in literature

and art. "During her nine years' martyrdom," says Mann, "she has studied mathematics and read history and poetry, and has resisted the attractions of the renowned Count Alfieri, her master, without a blemish to her character." It is quite possible that this state of things might have continued if a climax had not been brought about by the Prince himself. Alfieri had followed her to Rome, it is true, but he was living in his rooms near the Baths of Diocletian, rising at dawn to sit by the fountain of Trevi, working hard all day, galloping in the Campagna at dusk, only devoting to Louise the hours in which she received her friends. But in 1783, Charles sent for the Cardinal, and persuaded him to make Alfieri leave Rome. "I cannot do without him," wrote Louise after he had gone, "and if there is not a change in this state of things before long, I must take a decided step and then I shall be the happiest woman in the world; the past will be forgotten, I should live exclusively in and for him. I do not care for a life of luxury; all worldly satisfactions are nothing to me, repose with him is all I ask." She hesitated long before she took the final step. The Prince's health was bad; his habits did not promise a long life. "How it sullies one's soul to feel that one's happiness depends on the death of another," she writes to a friend at this time. But his health improved and in the summer of 1783 she was with Alfieri at Baden and at Colmar. During the two months they were together, for they separated again for the winter, Alfieri, inspired by her presence and urged on by her enthusiasm, wrote three tragedies.

There can be no doubt that Louise found happiness in his society and that she exercised a beneficial influence on his life. Left master of himself at an early age, Alfieri's youth had been spent in dissipation, varied by bursts of hard work. He seemed now to pass to a higher state of development and to have delighted in a quiet and domestic life with the one woman who ever inspired in him a sincere passion. Louise, without any personal ambition, was devoted to study; she was intensely sympathetic and was always ready to be interested in his work. The following spring they met again and lived for some years in Paris, she in the Rue de Bourgogne and he in the Rue du Mont Parnasse. The Prince's death in 1788 set

Louise free, but she does not seem to have taken advantage of her freedom to legalize her relations with Alfieri.

In her *salon* in the Rue de Bourgogne she saw a great deal of many interesting people, including Necker, Marmontel, La Harpe, Malesherbes and Madame de Staël. She kept up a certain amount of state, strangely at variance with her rather Bohemian life; a chair under a canopy in her dining-room, the royal arms on her plate, and the servants addressing her as "your Majesty," reminded the bystander of the dignity which might have been hers in happier circumstances.

Alfieri detested Paris, but he did some good work there and revised his poems with the help of his friend Pindemonte. After the guests had dispersed, he would sit on one side of the fireplace sipping a cup of chocolate and talking to Pindemonte, who was provided with an omelette *soufflé* at the other side; then the two poets would also depart and the *soirée* would be finished. The day after the King and Queen had been brought from Versailles to Paris David the painter dined with Louise; he disgusted her by saying that he regretted that the Queen had not been murdered, to rid the world of a termagant. Alfieri, who had written a poem on Liberty when the Bastille fell, was far from sympathizing with the horrors of the Revolution. Paris was no longer safe and they fled to England.

Louise was presented at court when she arrived in London. "She was announced as Princess of Stolberg," writes Horace Walpole, "entered the presence beautifully dressed and not at all embarrassed." She afterwards dined with the Prince of Wales and Mrs. FitzHerbert. After some wanderings, they finally settled at Florence, in a house on the Lung' Arno, near the Ponte di San Trinità. Here they led the life of students, enlivened by the little society which the fame of Alfieri and the social talents of Louise never failed to attract. In the summer they retired to a villa outside Porta San Gallo, "both very much occupied with literature," says Alfieri. The painter, François Fabre, became very intimate with them during their *villeggiatura*. He was a congenial spirit and did not interfere with their reading, writing and contemplation. "The life I lead is

almost that of a nun," Louise writes, "only instead of chanting the praises of God I admire His works."

Alfieri's health was never very robust; in the year 1803 it began visibly to decline. He grew ill and out of sorts; people observed that the label with the legend "Count Alfieri is not at home" was more often affixed to the front door than was customary. As he himself began to foresee the end, he wrote to the Abbé de Caluso: "the person whom I have honoured and loved above all things in the world will tell you one day what I have suffered. I implore you to do your best to be with her and console her." He died on October 8th, leaving all he had to Louise, with the charge of editing, revising and publishing his posthumous works.

Louise fulfilled her task faithfully. She revised his autobiography with the Abbé de Caluso, she occupied herself ceaselessly with the task she had to fulfil; she employed Canova to execute the monument which now stands in Santa Croce. But she was terribly lonely. "I have lost everything," she wrote; "consolation, support, society, all have gone from me. We were twenty-six years together without a moment of grief coming between us, save the unavoidable annoyances that are the lot of all."

She tried to console herself by reading Cicero and Montaigne, and then accepted the more human consolation offered to her by François Fabre. It is impossible not to share Chateaubriand's regret that she should have so soon replaced Alfieri, and by a so much lesser man. It lessens our admiration for her character, it brings her down to a lower level. But on the whole it was a natural proceeding. Louise had never been a coquette and she was past the age of love. Fabre, although fourteen years younger than she, was a tried friend; he was associated with the past and he had a cult for the dead poet. He stood between her and that loneliness which she did not seem able to face.

Chateaubriand gives an unflattering account of Louise at this period. She was stout and uninteresting; if one of the florid women painted by Rubens could be imagined in old age, she would resemble the Comtesse d'Albany. With the image of the seductive Récamier in his mental vision, perhaps he was prejudiced. Marmontel,

who saw her at the same time, leaves a much more sympathetic picture. We see her before us a woman no longer young and one who, according to Alfieri's phrase, was losing the only charm which she did not owe to herself; but we are still delighted by the charm of her manners and the delights of her conversational powers. She was dressed in black with a white fichu and a big bow in her still blonde hair; she was quite without vanity and lived a very simple life. And she was still devoted to the memory of Alfieri, for she took Marmontel into his study, where he saw the table where he used to work, with the chair he sat in, with the very pen he last wrote with and the sheet of half-written MSS. he last touched, all just as he had left it. Afterwards she took him into her *salon*, where she seated herself by the fire with a table of books by her side and talked to the friends who dropped in one by one. The talk, he said, savoured more of a *séance* at an academy than of an evening party. He felt a growing enthusiasm for the literature of Italy and the picture of that group of enthusiasts with a vision of the moon reflected in the Arno, which he saw from the window, remained long in his mind.

In the summer of 1809 Louise was ordered to go to Paris in consequence of her *salon* being suspected by Napoleon. She went there accompanied by Fabre, had several interviews with Napoleon and renewed her acquaintance with some old friends. But she never reconciled herself to the Empire. She disliked and distrusted Napoleon, refused to pay her respects to his sister Elisa, married to the Prince of Lucca, when she held her court in the Pitti in 1808; she never lost an opportunity of expressing her opinions on current events. The return of the Grand Duke Ferdinand to Florence was hailed by her with great joy and her life seems to have run smoothly enough for the last few years, especially as a pension from the King of England made her more comfortable as to money matters. Her friendship with Ugo Foscolo was based on literature and common interests and was broken by political differences. They corresponded for some time.

The Comtesse d'Albany died on 29th January, 1824, aged seventy-one, leaving all she possessed to Fabre, "in recognition of

my gratitude, and for his attachment to me and his unvarying attention, whatever may have been my circumstances, for the period of twenty years."

François Fabre gave the interesting relics and manuscripts left to him to his native town of Montpélier, where he founded the "Fabre Museum."

Braun. photo. Hallett Hyatt. Sc.

Madame de Pompadour.
painted by La Tour.

CHAPTER V.—SOME BEAUTIFUL FRENCHWOMEN. MARGUERITE D'ANGOULÊME; DIANE DE POITIERS; MADAME DE POMPADOUR; MADAME DU BARRY; MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN.

MARGUERITE D'ANGOULÊME (1492-1549), Marguerite de Valois, or d'Angoulême as she is most generally called, was the daughter of Charles d'Orléans, Comte d'Angoulême and of his wife, Louise de Savoie. Left a widow at the early age of eighteen, Louise brought up her two children with great care and with a passionate affection which goes far to redeem her character, which was none of the best. She was ambitious, masterful, bad-tempered and dissipated; but she was an excellent mother. Brantôme has described the affection which existed between herself, her daughter and her brother François, as representing a perfect triangle. She has celebrated it in verse, after her wont:

> Ce colier qui lient de centre l'amour,
> Que Dieu a mis en notre trinité,
> Bénéficier nous devons mes frères pour tout temps
> Qui ne sais digne à m'en estimer satisfait!

She was the least in her own estimation, "un petit point de ce

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> Ce m'est tel bien de sentir l'amitié,
> Que Dieu a mise en notre trinité,
> Daignant aux deux me joindre pour trois nombre
> Qui ne suis digne à m'en estimer l'ombre!

She was the least in her own estimation, "un petit point de ce

parfait triangle," and, indeed, the triangle can hardly be considered geometrically, as mother and daughter gave the first place to François, whom they both adored.

Louise gave her daughter a solid education. She studied Greek, Latin, Hebrew, philosophy, theology, Italian, Spanish, poetry and music. She was not only an earnest student, she was endowed with a lively imagination and had a very pretty gift of expressing herself with facility. In appearance she must have been extremely taking. Her reputation for beauty is hardly carried out by her portraits, which show us a woman with a delicate, refined face, with a look of subtle sadness in her expression. She had a long face with the long nose of the Valois and rather a strong chin. Her mouth was sensitive and mobile, her brown eyes were half hidden by their heavy lids; her hair was golden brown.

Marguerite had a complex nature, as her many writings testify. It may surprise us at first to consider that she is the author of the gaily immoral stories of the *Heptaméron*, as well as of the mystical poem, *Le Miroir de l'Ame Pécheresse*. But in this she is surely a true daughter of the Renaissance, in whose lives such strange contrasts abounded. The great lady of the day would attend Mass in the morning and then ride out with a cavalcade of gay spirits more intent on flirtation than on sport, singing, as she went, a hymn of Clément Marot to the latest popular tune. She would tell stories which left little to the imagination, attend a sermon, criticise a picture, break the commandments and end her day, as it had begun, in devotion.

"La Marguerite des Marguerites," "la perle des Valois," had all the extraordinary versatility of her day, without the vices. From her earliest youth she was much beloved, although her mother was always extremely unpopular and greatly feared. There was much rivalry at Court between the pious Queen Anne de Bretagne and the gay Louise de Savoie. Louis XII wished for a marriage between his heir-apparent, François, and his only child, Claude, but the Queen opposed the union so strongly, that it only took place after her death. It was a loveless marriage, and poor Claude occupied a subordinate position in her own Court, not only giving place to her domineering

mother-in-law, but to her husband's mistress and to his brilliant sister.

Marguerite had several offers of marriage, including one from Henry VII of England, which was refused on account of the disparity of age. She was afterwards offered to Arthur, Prince of Wales, who preferred the Spanish Alliance and to Henry, who was pledged to marry his brother's widow. Charles of Austria proposed to her and it is not known for what reason he was refused, as the alliance would have been greatly beneficial to France. In the end, she was married to Charles, Duc d'Alençon, in order to make an amicable settlement of a lawsuit in which he and François were rivals. He had no attractions for Marguerite, who was devoted to the faithless Gaston de Foix, her early playmate, but she resigned herself to political expediency. The wedding was celebrated with much pomp and circumstance at Blois on December 1, 1509.

Marguerite lived chiefly at Alençon after her marriage. Her life was fully occupied, but she was not happy. "Pis que morte" she signed herself to her confessor and when he remonstrated, she altered it to "Pis que malade."

On January 1, 1515, François d'Angoulême ascended the throne of France. He was young, gay, brave and brilliant; he was saturated with the love of literature and art. He collected at his Court not only the usual throng of courtiers and the charming ladies who formed his "petite Bande," and by whom he was, unfortunately, too much governed, but also the thinkers and philosophers, the reformers and writers, the poets, painters and architects. As far as the arts were concerned, he came to the throne at the psychological moment. The great wave of enthusiasm for beauty which had swept over Italy, had, little by little, penetrated to France and was now to water the fertile soil which was to yield so rich a harvest. The King called to his Court the great painters and architects of Italy; he employed them to build and beautify palaces; he inspired the French artists to emulate the foreigners: he gave a great impetus to the French Renaissance. In the encouragement of art and letters, brother and sister went hand in hand; but in the strong bias towards philosophy and reform in religion Marguerite stood alone.

The study of religion was a passion with Marguerite. She gathered round her those eager and curious spirits who were so soon to suffer for their opinions and she found no greater pleasure than in discussing abstract questions with them. At the same time she was the intimate friend of young Clément Marot, her *valet-de-chambre*, and a charming and versatile poet. In this intercourse there is nothing of the condescension of a great lady towards her inferior; he was her adopted brother and the familiarity of their friendship can be judged by the "huitains" and "dizaines" they were wont to exchange.

In a charming little poem on their mutual tastes, Clément writes:

> Tous deux aymons la musique chanter,
> Tous deux aymons les livres fréquenter,
> Tous deux aymons à d'aulcun ne médire,
> Tous deux aymons un meilleur propos dire,
> Tous deux aymons gens pleins d'honnêteté.
> . . . . . .
> . . . . presqu'en toute chose
> Nous ressemblons, fors que j'ay plus d'esmoy,
> Et que tu as le cœur plus dur que moy!

In another poem he describes her epigrammatically: "Corps féminin, cœur d'homme et tête d'ange." Marot wrote love poems to his mistress, as did every other rhymester who addressed her; but there appears to be no truth in the legend that any warmer relation existed between them than that of common interests and tastes. The love affairs which have been attributed to Marguerite rest on a very frail foundation. The story of Bonnivet's infatuation and of her vigorous defence has been taken by the industry of the modern critic from the thinly veiled narrative in her own *Heptaméron*. Even if founded on fact, the heroine's honour remains intact and the incident had not much effect on her life. Marguerite was gay and loved laughter; she was accustomed to homage and lived in an age when great licence of speech and manners prevailed. But she preserved her character untarnished and was always greatly admired and respected. The Constable de Bourbon, reported to be her mother's lover, greatly admired Marguerite and was indiscreet enough to say so when he was informed that the King proposed to give him Louise to wife. He

flatly refused that honour, saying that he declined to marry the woman whose temper had made her the terror of Europe. "Not for all the riches of Christendom," said he.

After this ungallant speech he was persecuted by François, egged on by Louise; his goods were confiscated, he was almost forced into the arms of Charles V. He joined the Emperor's forces against his own country, the throne of which he was suspected of coveting; he was made a half promise of the hand of Eleonore of Portugal, sister of the Emperor.

François, before whose eyes the conquest of Italy always hovered, harassed by the aggressive behaviour of Charles and menaced by the traitor Bourbon, crossed the Alps in 1524.

The affection which Marguerite bore to her brother was the strongest impulse of her life; he was her hero, her Cæsar, her god. Torn with anxiety as to his fate, she was called to soothe the last hours of the dying Queen Claude and passed from her death-bed to that of her daughter Princess Charlotte. These domestic losses were followed by the news of the defeat before Pavia, where the King, the King of Navarre and many others, were taken prisoners and the flower of the French army killed or dispersed. The climax of misery was reached when she learned that her husband, the Duc d'Alençon, had deserted the King at the critical moment, retreating with the whole of the left wing. When the Duc returned to France she and her mother reproached him bitterly, but the animosity of Marguerite soon softened. Crushed in spirit, full of remorse, her husband died on 11th April, 1525, practically of a broken heart. He left her a childless widow of thirty-three, having been married sixteen years.

In the general confusion and dismay which followed the defeat of Pavia, Louise ruled the country with a strong hand. Unpopular herself, she restored the balance by adding the name of the Duchesse d'Alençon, who was associated with her in the government and who was present at the Council. The negotiations for peace and for the release of the King went on slowly. François, a State prisoner in Spain, begged Marguerite to come in person to conduct the negotiations. He said that an hour of her conversation would do more

towards hastening the conclusion of the treaty than months spent in diplomatic conferences.

Having procured a safe-conduct from Charles, Marguerite set out on her long journey, accompanied by the President of the Parliament, a bishop and a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen. When she arrived at Madrid she was received in person by the Emperor, but she was anxious to go at once to her brother, of whose health she heard alarming reports. He appeared, indeed, to be *in extremis*; but to the surprise of all he rallied and she had the joy of hastening his convalescence and of cheering him with her presence. François had got into a terrible state of depression and he had been deprived of fresh air and exercise. The presence of his much-loved sister gave him new courage; she cheered his solitude and he hoped everything from her intervention.

Marguerite made friends with the lively Eleonore, who had refused the Constable and who was to be married to François; with her brother, to whom there was at one time an idea that she should be united to cement the alliance of the two countries, her intercourse was less satisfactory. Their interviews lasted three and four hours, but at the end she seemed to have gained nothing. Perfectly polite, Charles always evaded the point at issue. In despair, Marguerite organized a plan for the King's escape, which was discovered. François began to be anxious about her and wished her to go to France before her safe-conduct expired. As a last resource he drew up and signed an act of abdication in favour of his son, thinking that when he was no longer a King he would be useless as a prisoner. With this document Marguerite set out for France. On the way she was warned to hasten her journey, as Charles had a copy of the act of abdication and she was being pursued. As her safe-conduct was only given on condition that she did not do anything contrary to the interests of the Emperor and as she believed he knew of her share in the plot for François' escape, she was really alarmed. She rode all day from dawn to dusk and reached the frontier just an hour before her safe-conduct expired.

Although Marguerite feared that she had done little good by her embassy, good results followed almost immediately. The interest

of Europe was aroused in the case of the French King; the Emperor, whose sister had gone through the ceremony of marriage with his prisoner, was in an ambiguous position. Terms were at last concluded which, if unsatisfactory in many ways, at least gave back her King to France.

François returned with all his old energy and with a thirst for amusement which had been accumulating during his captivity. His two sons were sent to Spain as hostages until the ransom should be paid, but, fond as he was of his children, this affected him little. Marguerite, meanwhile, had fallen in love with Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, a brilliant, clever man, who was also bad-tempered and sometimes brutal. François approved of the marriage, which took place in 1527; he promised to help the bridegroom to recover his kingdom, a promise which he never intended to keep.

Marguerite and her husband had many tastes in common, but after the first they do not seem to have been happy together. She was now thirty-five, while he was only twenty-four; the affection in the beginning seems to have been more on her side. The King, who was not faithful to his wife, was suspicious and jealous of her. There can be no doubt that he was disappointed in the promised aid of François, but he appears to have resigned himself to live in his possessions in Béarn. It was in the Castle of Pau that Marguerite generally held her court, and where she indulged her taste for building in the great wing in the Renaissance style, which she added to the Gothic castle. Here she planned an Italian garden, from whose terraces a magnificent view could be commanded of a smiling valley and the snow-capped Pyrenean mountains. Hither came scholars, exiles, persecuted free-thinkers, poets, painters, artists, and thinkers of all sorts; her court was called the "Parnasse Béarnais." It yielded in little save splendour to the Court of her brother and soon acquired a great reputation. Life was very fully occupied and presented, as usual, striking contrasts. Mass was celebrated in the Chapel, the Reformers held their services in the cellars; the time that was snatched from gallantry and the telling of piquant stories was given to a discussion on philosophy or to a discourse from a popular preacher. The correspondent of Erasmus and of Calvin, Marguerite

was also the patroness of Rabelais, who dedicated to her the third book of his famous history of Gargantua and Pantagruel:

> Esprit abstrait, ravi et extatic,
> Qui, fréquentant les cieux, ton origine
> As délaisé ton hoste et domestic,
> Voudrais-tu point faire quelque sortie
> De ton manoir divin, perpétuel,
> Et si bas voir une tierce partie
> Des faits joyeux du bon Pantagruel?

he sings invitingly. That Marguerite the witty would willingly make occasional sorties from her "manoir divin" to follow the adventures of Pantagruel who can doubt? The great interest of her life was still centred in religion, although she did much also for education. It was she who inspired François to institute the College of France, an institution in which she took the greatest interest; it was she who pensioned poor scholars, who pushed deserving men to the front, who rescued, when she could, the Reformers from the martyr's crown which, only too often, awaited them. François, humane at one time when under her influence, could be cruel at another when urged on by his mother to extinguish heresy in the flames of the Inquisition. The Sorbonne, the faculty of theology at Paris, had long watched Marguerite with no friendly eye. When her *Miroir de l'Ame Pécheresse* appeared they denounced her for a heretic, and the students of the theological college acted a farce in which she was represented as a fury. François was extremely indignant and made the Sorbonne recant; he would also have punished the students severely if Marguerite had not interceded for them. All the same he made her understand that her heretical tendencies were dangerous and disagreeable to him and he persecuted the heretics with such zeal that she became alarmed. It is a moot point how far Marguerite sympathized with the Reformers. She was extremely tolerant and very open-minded; she eagerly listened to any doctrine which appealed to her, to any reform which seemed to be needed. But it is certain that she died in the faith in which she was born and that although she protected her friends to the utmost of her power, she never really committed herself to their doctrines.

A real grief to Marguerite lay in the death of her infant son, for whom she wore mourning to the end of her days and of the little sympathy which existed between her and her daughter Jeanne, afterwards to be mother to Henri IV. François, too, behaved very badly about Jeanne. On pretence that he suspected her parents of marrying her to Philip of Spain, which would have annexed Navarre to the crown of Spain for good, he took her away as a child, shut her up in the Castle of Plessis-les-Tours and did not allow her to see her parents. He married her, much against her will, to the Duke of Cleves when she was only twelve years old; so strong was her objection that she had to be carried to church, as she refused to walk. Marguerite disapproved of the marriage, but she carried her servility to the King's will to the point of ordering the State governess to whip her daughter every day until she gave in. This marriage was annulled before it was consummated, for the Duke went over to the side of the Emperor and Jeanne was married for a second time to Antoine de Bourbon when she arrived at years of discretion. The happiest days of Marguerite's life were still spent with her brother and it is pleasant to read of them inspecting together his great works at Chambord, Saint Germain, Chenonceaux and Fontainebleau. It is pleasant to picture them visiting the studio of Benvenuto Cellini, studying the frescoes of Primaticcio, standing patiently in the little workshop where Robert Etienne had his printing press until the master had corrected a proof, before they addressed him in Latin. They would still have their old discussions too on life, philosophy, poetry. On one occasion, when Marguerite upheld the superiority of women, François scratched these words with his diamond ring on the window pane:

> Souvent femme varie,
> Bien fol est qui s'y fie.

On 31st March, 1547, Marguerite had the great grief of losing her brother. She was in a convent at Tusson in Anjou when she heard of his illness. She sent to Paris for news, and she twice dreamed that she saw him, weak and pale, crying out, "ma sœur, ma sœur!" When they at last ventured to tell her the truth she

found that he had died on the night of her first dream. Her own end seems also to have been foreshadowed by a dream. She saw before her a beautiful woman clothed in white, who held out a crown of flowers and disappeared, saying, "A bientôt." She died 21st December, 1549, at the age of fifty-seven.

Her death was deeply felt by a great number of people and she was universally mourned. She bears the reputation in our days more of a charming and intelligent woman than of an author, although her *Heptaméron* delighted several generations after her own time. The truth is that her talent was too wide, her interests too various; the expression of her ideas came to her with too fatal a facility. She would jot down her stories as she lay in her litter; she would dictate to two secretaries at the same time. This composition after the manner of Cæsar appeared to answer very well for the business part of her dictation; but, with regard to the poetical, it naturally suffered. Her verse is poor and has little charm; everything that she touched bears trace of carelessness, of haste, of want of knowledge of technique.

Her best epitaph comes from the pen of Ronsard, from which we quote some well-known lines:

Icy la Reine sommeille,
Des Reines la nonpareille,
Qui si doucement chanta;
C'est la Reine Marguerite,
La plus belle fleur d'élite
Qu' oncques l' Aurore enfanta.

DIANE DE POITIERS (1500-1566) was the daughter of Jean de Poitiers, Seigneur de Saint Vallier and of his wife Jeanne de Batarnay. She was brought up in an old castle on the banks of the Rhône, which she left at the age of sixteen to marry Louis le Brézé, Comte de Maulevrier, Grand Sénéchal de Normandie, whose mother was the daughter of Charles VIII and the beautiful Agnes Sorel. When the Grande Sénéchale, as she was generally called in after days, was presented at Court she created a great sensation, although reports of her beauty had preceded her

arrival. In 1531 she lost her husband and retired to the country, where she lived in the greatest seclusion for two years. At the age of thirty she reappeared at Court, a beautiful and inconsolable widow, who erected a monument in memory of her late husband and announced her intention of mourning for him to the end of her days.

La Grande Sénéchale now looked about her. The aspect of affairs at Court was not encouraging. François I was governed by the Duchesse d'Etampes; the melancholy Dauphin had also his lady-love; the sister of the King she did not like. At last she made up her mind to captivate the King's second son, a handsome fellow and a good sportsman, but very rough and uncultivated. It has been said that the King himself selected her with a view to his son's education, thinking that he required a little of that polish and knowledge of the world which can be so tactfully administered by a woman to a young man considerably her junior. However that may be, Diane laid her toils and quickly ensnared the young Prince; the inconsolable widow became the mistress of a youth who adopted the livery of woe of white and black, which she had assumed for life, and used them as his colours. The irony of this did not fail to impress the Court and was quite the excitement of the hour.

Diane's influence, once acquired, was never relaxed. Fate seemed to play into her hands. The Dauphin died and Prince Henri became heir to the crown. When his father died, she exclaimed, exultingly: "Now I am Queen at last!" And Queen she was, for the King's wife, Catherine de' Medici, kept in the position which seems to have been usually dealt out to queens in the good old times.

Diane had a very strong character. She was a capable, level-headed woman of business. She managed Henri's affairs for him, she superintended the education of his children; he was incapable of taking the smallest step without her advice. It was she who, in league with her friends the Duke and Cardinal of Guise, persuaded Henri to make a treaty with the Pope against the Emperor; she persuaded him, in concert for once with Catherine, to break the treaty of Vaucelles. When her ally, the Cardinal de Guise, permitted himself to make sarcastic remarks about her character, she made friends

with the Constable de Montmorenci, and arranged for his return from exile. She was all-powerful. She played the usual part of patron of arts and letters; she was an intolerant bigot who loved to be present when heretics were tortured and who made of their sufferings a festival for the Court.

In appearance she was said to be extraordinarily beautiful, with a beauty which increased as the years went on. She was supposed to have preserved her youth and her complexion of roses and lilies to old age. It is rather a shock to learn that a writer of the time speaks of her as wrinkled and aged and that the King was laughed at for adoring an old woman who had lost her looks—if she had ever had any! Let us hope that the usual account is correct and that this woman, whose very name is a synonym for beauty, was really all our fancy has painted her.

The King's weakness for Diane gave rise to many sarcastic verses, of which the following are a fair sample:

> Sire, si vous laissez comme Charles desire,
> Comme Diane veut, pas trop vous gouverner,
> Fondre, pétrir, mollir, refondre, retourner,
> Sire, vous n'êtes plus, vous n'êtes plus que çire.

But Diane cared little for popular discontent. The King's servants wore her livery, her initials were twined with his in the decorations at Chambord, at Fontainebleau and at St. Germain. Her château of Anet was a miracle of splendour and beauty. Designed by Philibert Delorme, decorated by the genius of Cousin and Jean Goujon, it was hung with Flemish tapestries and Spanish leather; the furniture was composed of ebony and ivory: the very locks on the doors were works of art. Oriental carpets lay on the floors, Venetian glasses hung on the walls, the ware of Bernard Palissy and the bronzes of Benvenuto Cellini delighted the eye.

In the midst of her enjoyment of life and its luxuries, in the height of her power, Diane was stopped short by the finger of Fate. Henri II, wounded mortally by a lance-thrust over the eye in a tourney, died quite suddenly in 1559. He was wearing her colours at the time; he was in the prime of life.

Catherine de' Medici, who had for long scarcely controlled her

hatred, ordered her out of her presence and sent for the jewels of the crown almost before Henri was dead. Diane's reign was over. She retired to Anet, where she lived a life of piety, from which she only once emerged, when called on to pay considerable sums of money which she had mulcted from the tax-collectors.

JEANNE ANTOINETTE POISSON (1721-1764), daughter of Madame Poisson, a woman of notoriously bad character and of a M. Lenormant de Tournehem, a rich *fermier-général*, was the reputed daughter of a M. Poisson, an employé in the bank of the brothers Pâris. When Antoinette was five years old, M. Poisson was obliged to fly the country owing to some shady concern in which he was implicated and he was only allowed to return after fifteen years, at the entreaty of his wife, who had some influence in high places. That lady had managed to exist very comfortably in the interval, thanks to the generosity of M. Lenormant, who had also given her daughter an excellent education.

Antoinette Poisson grew up a lovely girl with abundant fair hair and hazel eyes, perfect features and a dazzling complexion. She rode well, sang well, danced well, had studied music and elocution. At the age of nineteen she married M. Lenormant d'Etioles, a nephew of her benefactor, who settled half his fortune on her at her marriage. This was in 1741. M. d'Etioles was well off and Antoinette had her house in town and a charming place on the borders of the forest of Sénart, where she entertained the world of commerce. She had a little theatre in her country house in which she and her friends used to perform comedies; she had a *salon* in which Voltaire, Montesquieu, and other literary lights, were wont to mingle with the financial element and with a few members of the Court who had been attracted there by the beauty and talent of the hostess. Madame de Mailly, then in great favour with the King, spoke of her talent for music at Court.

But all this success in life was not enough for Antoinette, whose unnatural mother had brought her up to believe that she was destined to play a conspicuous, if not too honourable, part in higher circles. The cold-blooded way in which mother and daughter set about

achieving this object is all the more repulsive when it is considered that the good-natured d'Etioles was so far from suspecting any harm.

Antoinette now made it her business to cross the King's path in the forest of Sénart, and to follow his hunting parties at a discreet distance. On horseback or driving herself in her wonderful phaeton, she was always to be seen. The jealous Duchesse de Châteauroux at last ordered her to keep out of the way, but as she died soon after and left the coast clear for Antoinette, this rebuff was not serious. Antoinette then attired herself as Diana and attended a masked ball given at the Hotel de Ville in honour of the marriage of the Dauphin. The King left the royal box to take a stroll in the ball-room, where he was confronted by a vision in white who playfully aimed a golden arrow at his heart. He entered into conversation with her and begged her to unmask. She removed her mask and then slipped away, dropping her handkerchief as she went. The King stooped to pick it up and, not being able to follow her through the crowd, threw it after her. "He has thrown the handkerchief," murmured the bystanders.

Having shot her golden arrow with good effect Antoinette awaited events. She was very soon summoned to Versailles by a relation of her mother, who held a small post at Court; during the absence of her husband she even took up her abode in the royal palace. Louis was so charmed with her that when she represented that she was ruined and that her husband would never take her back, he quickly arranged for a separation and dispatched M. d'Etioles to be *sous-férmier* in Provence. M. d'Etioles fainted when he heard of his wife's desertion; he threatened to go to Versailles to avenge his honour; he entreated Antoinette to come back. When he found the case was desperate he had an attack of brain fever, from which he appears to have risen in a more philosophic frame of mind.

Antoinette was established as *maitresse en titre*; was created Marquise de Pompadour and was formally presented at Court, where she was received with some embarrassment by the King, with great kindness by the Queen and with unconcealed disgust by the Dauphin. Her position was by no means an easy one. Her predecessors had always belonged to the ruling caste and not only the Court but the people were disgusted at the exaltation of a "robine." M. Poisson's

drinking bouts, her mother's well-known character, her connection with the tax collectors and financiers who were hated by the lower orders and despised by the upper, were all brought up against her. Her way of speaking was ridiculed at Court; every fresh favour she received provoked lampoons, which received the name of "poissonades" from the frequency of the parodies on her name.

The King's family consisted of his only son, who detested her, and of his four daughters, Adelaïde, Victoire, Louise and Sophie. Louise was a Carmelite nun, who attempted to govern France from her cell; the other three were called "Graille, Chiffe and Coche" by their father who delighted in nicknames. The youngest, Sophie, was extremely handsome; in after life she became very shy and reserved and never played much part in the world. Madame de Pompadour never succeeded in securing their good graces, but she ingratiated herself with the Queen, who always showed herself kindly disposed towards her.

Clever woman as she was, Madame de Pompadour became adored by the King, feared by her enemies; a recognized power in Europe. The means by which she secured the vagrant affections of Louis, were by dissipating the black melancholy which assailed him so often, by hurrying him from one place to another to cheat his weariness of the spirit; by inventing a hundred diversions. The most successful of these was the *Théâtre des petits appartements*, an idea which arose from some sacred concerts which took place during Lent in the year 1746. Madame de Pompadour, whose voice had been much admired, remembered her little theatre at Etioles, and determined to try the experiment at Versailles. Accordingly a gallery was transformed into a theatre and she proceeded to get her company together and to draw up a code of rules. There were to be no beginners; each one was to adopt a special line of character from which he or she was not to deviate without the consent of the whole company. The actresses were to select the plays, to arrange dates of rehearsals and performances; fines were to be exacted for non appearance at either rehearsal or performance. She had her stage-manager, assistant stage-manager, secretary, prompter and two actresses from the Comédie Française to instruct the players. The orchestra was

partly amateur, partly professional and the chorus was taken from the choir in the royal chapel, while a troupe of children were trained for ballet by a professional. Perrot painted the scenery, Perronet designed the costumes; the tickets of admission were charmingly decorated by the facile pencil of Cochin. On 17th January, 1747, the theatre opened with a performance of "Tartuffe."

The success of this enterprise was great. It not only amused the King, it reconciled to her reign those who still held aloof from the favourite. There was great competition among the ladies and gentlemen of the Court to be included in the cast and bribes were given openly to secure the honour of "walking on" for one evening. But Madame de Pompadour was very strict and only admitted the Duc de Chartres, eldest son of the Duc d'Orléans into the company under great pressure, he being more or less a novice. The Duc, whose wife was a noted beauty of the day, had been originally destined by his father for Madame Henriette. Failing to secure her, he proposed for the second daughter of the Emperor, and finally married Louise Henriette de Bourbon Conti, of whom we give a portrait. The various stages of their loves and quarrels are to be found in d'Argenson's Memoirs. They were so much together at first that it was considered bad form; they made up for it afterwards by never meeting except at stated times. "Le petit Melfort," for so many years the lover of the Duchesse de Chartres, was another member of the company and distinguished himself by his solo dances.

In 1748 a larger theatre was erected in the cage of the Ambassadors' Staircase, where performances were given regularly for about two years. There had been many disturbances during the course of its eventful career, but on the whole it had answered the purpose admirably. It was given up in 1750, chiefly owing to the enormous expense it entailed. The originator of the plan tried to revive the enthusiasm once excited by erecting a small theatre in her own Château de Belle Vue, which was inaugurated with a performance of Rousseau's "Divin du Village." The author arrived on this occasion with an uncombed wig and an unshaven chin and refused to appear before the King.

Rousseau was one of the lions who refused to feed from Madame

de Pompadour's hand. His pride was hardly justified, for her patronage was discriminate and very generous. Her *salon* in early days had been a home for literary men and in her prosperity she did not forget them. In an age when patrons seldom paid for works of art and when books were in turn stolen and confiscated, she paid generously for all she had with the money which came to her so easily. She helped to get deserving talent out of the Bastille, she supported Voltaire's candidature to the Academy; she saved Crébillon from destitution and she was the first to recognize the talent of Marmontel. She protected Diderot and D'Alembert and recognized the great work they were achieving by means of their "Encyclopédie." She had a fine library and she adorned her houses with pictures and works of art. Boucher was an intimate friend of hers as well as her favourite painter and from him she learned the art of etching.

But the great debt which art owes to Madame de Pompadour is to be found in the manufactory of porcelain which she started at Vincennes and which was afterwards removed to Sèvres. The idea arose from a patriotic regret that the best porcelain should come to France from China and Dresden. In imitation of the latter she started her industry and the results are too well known to be dwelt on.

The favourite had a passion for building and decorating, for designing and laying out gardens. When her house appeared to her to be perfect, she ceased to take any interest in it and began to build again. No sooner was her château at Créçy in perfect beauty than she summoned the King and Court to enjoy its many charms, and invented the green and gold uniform of Créçy. At another time it was the bijou La Celle, which engrossed her thoughts; later on it was the Hermitage in the Park at Versailles. Then she rebuilt and decorated a house in Paris, now the Palace of the Elysée; lastly she built the sumptuous Château de Belle Vue, between Sèvres and Meudon in 1748. An officer of the Guards, who paid for the indulgence of his wit by twenty years' imprisonment and exile for life, wrote a "poissonade" on the subject.

Fille d'une sang-sue et sang-sue elle-même
Poisson d'une arrogance extrême,

Etale en ce château sans crainte et sans effroi,
La substance du peuple et la honte du roi.

He was not the only one who suffered. Maurépas, a favourite with the King, received a *lettre de cachet*, because he was supposed to have inspired a "poissonade;" d'Argenson and Machault both owed their dismissal to her enmity.

In 1757 an attempt was made to assassinate the King. He received a very slight wound, but he retired to bed in great alarm, developed a conscience and saw no one outside his own family. The Jesuits then persuaded him that he ought to dismiss Madame de Pompadour and d'Argenson was ordered to give her the unwelcome royal command. D'Argenson excused himself and passed it on to Machault, the Minister of Marine and Keeper of the Seals. Madame de Pompadour received the bad news with great show of sorrow and resignation; she had, indeed, been expecting it for some time. She began to pack her silks and satins; the house was half dismantled and full of packing-cases. Then a friend arrived and advised her not to be in too great a hurry and she therefore remained for some time in a state of suspense. Events proved the wisdom of the advice received, for Louis soon recovered his health and returned to his usual pleasures.

Machault was dismissed from office soon after and his dismissal was followed by that of d'Argenson. This appears to be the greatest offence which the favourite committed against the interests of France, for she deprived the country of the services of the Ministers of War and Marine just at the moment of the commencement of the Seven Years' War which she herself had brought on by the Austrian alliance.

As a politician Madame de Pompadour played her part, and she made her influence felt, but she appears to have been too much influenced by her personal ambitions, by her likes and dislikes, by a wish to reward friends and pay off grudges, to have achieved anything at all approaching greatness. Flattered by the Empress Maria Theresa, she fostered the Austrian alliance; rebuffed by Frederick the Great, she dreamed of dividing up his dominions with Austria and, sitting in her summer-house at Belle Vue with

a couple of diplomatists, she gaily arranged for a re-partition of Europe. There is no doubt that she hoped to crown herself with glory as well as to benefit France by a war which brought nothing but poverty and disappointment in its train. At the end of the seven years, Louis was weary of her and the people hated her more than ever.

One of the best traits of her character was her affection for her family. She grieved deeply over the death of her mother and over that of her little daughter Antoinette d'Étioles; she was devoted to drunken old M. Poisson, and advanced the interests of her brother Abel with sisterly care. She received with great kindness anyone who could claim relationship with her and was never for a moment ashamed of the class from which she sprang. Her relationship with the King changed in character with time and became more platonic. She was always lenient to his infidelities and tolerated his little establishment in the Parc-aux-Cerfs, where he masqueraded as a Polish count. Since 1756 she had been nominally a lady-in-waiting to the Queen. This post had not been obtained without some difficulty. For months Madame de Pompadour had been, whether in reality or in appearance, tormented by religious scruples; she consulted the clergy, who declined to give her absolution unless she were reunited to her husband. Madame de Pompadour wrote a letter to d'Étioles, asking if he would be willing to receive her back, at the same time telling the Prince de Soubise to call on him and to make him understand that he would incur the displeasure of the King if he accepted the offer. D'Étioles was far from willing to take back his wife at the eleventh hour and he wrote a letter to her firmly but politely declining the honour. The Jesuits had now no excuse to withhold absolution from a penitent soul whose husband refused to live with her and the Queen had no excuse to refuse the appointment, as the only condition she had made was that she should be reconciled to the Church.

In April, 1764, Madame de Pompadour's health, never robust, suddenly failed. She had grown thin, had had frequent recurrences of the palpitations of the heart from which she had always suffered and she grew alarmingly weak. The King visited her every day up

to the end, which occurred quite suddenly on 15th April, 1764. She was sitting up in her chair, rouged and powdered, when the *curé* chanced to call to see her. She had just discussed business affairs with the Intendant of the Post Office with a perfectly clear head and she received the priest with her usual urbanity. When he rose to go she detained him.

"One moment, Monsieur le Curé, we will take our departure together," she said. A few minutes later she breathed her last.

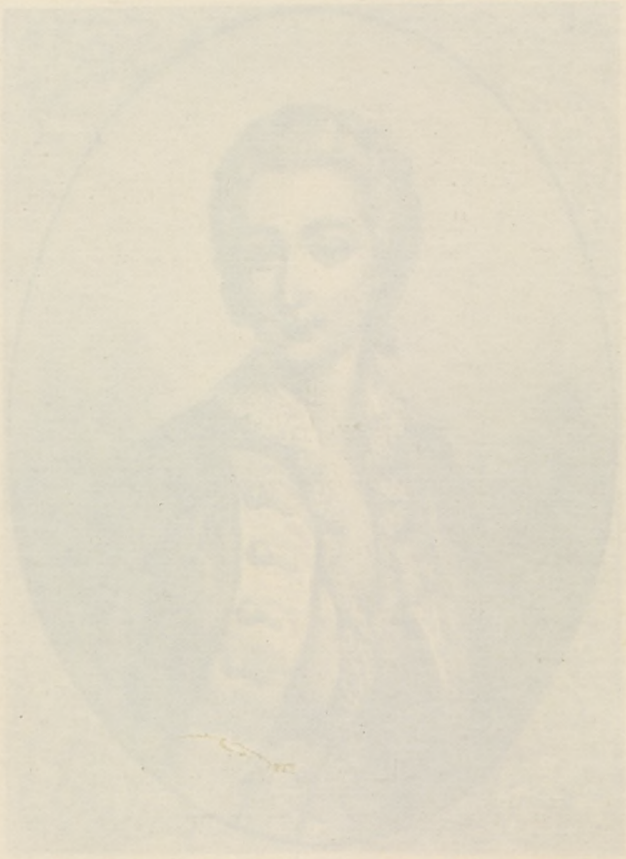
JEANNE, natural daughter of Anne Bécu (1743-1793) came to Paris with her mother when she was a child. They were in great want and misery until a philanthropic M. Dumonçeau, who knew something of Anne Bécu in the village from whence she came, recommended her to his mistress, the celebrated Mademoiselle Frédéric, in the capacity of cook. Jeanne grew up so dangerously pretty that Mademoiselle, who was extremely jealous, insisted on her being sent to a convent to be educated. The change of atmosphere from the house of the courtesan to that of the nuns was extremely trying to Jeanne. The nuns after patiently trying to alter her character and to fit her into a new mould, sent her back to La Frédéric in despair. She was prettier than ever and as a scandal broke out concerning her mother, the two were turned out to seek their fortune on the pavements of Paris.

Jeanne was only fifteen when she began to hawk about a little tray of false pearls and useless trifles to tempt the passer-by. She had curling blonde hair, blue eyes veiled by dark lashes, a manner of speaking which was attractively childish. At one time she was taken by a Madame La Garde in service, but an incipient romance with one of the sons of her mistress was followed by her abrupt dismissal. The next event in her life was the marriage of her mother to a man named Rançon, after which Jeanne obtained employment at a *marchand de modes* as Mademoiselle Rançon.

She now lived a gay life, taking one admirer after another until she absolutely ruined a coiffeur, who fled the country and left her in want. Her mother came to her rescue and placed her in a gambling saloon, which was kept by a friend of hers, Madame

The Empress Josephine

Diane de Poitiers



Madame du Barry

to the end, which occurred quite suddenly on 15th April, 1764. She was sitting up in her chair, rouged and powdered, when the *curé* chanced to call to see her. She had just discussed business affairs with the Intendant of the Post Office with a perfectly clear head and she received the priest with her usual urbanity. When he rose to go she detained him.

"One moment, Monsieur le Curé, we will take our departure together," she said. A few minutes later she breathed her last.

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Madame du Barry

Duquesnoy. It was here that she met and captivated the Comte du Barry. He was a cynic and a *roué*; he kept her for some time as his mistress and then deliberately threw her in the path of Louis XV. The King had appeared to be very little affected by the death of Madame de Pompadour, but he had missed her terribly and her place was hard to fill. He was suffering from his old enemy, a fit of deep depression; he had no one to help him out. When Jeanne was introduced to him, her beauty and her youth, her high spirits and her irresponsibility charmed him. She appears to have been endowed with some higher title than she possessed, for when Louis showed an inclination to install her at Versailles, there was some consternation and a confession was made to the effect that she had no right to the name given her for the occasion. The King sent an order to du Barry to marry the lady and to bring her to Court.

Jean du Barry had no intention of obeying this command, but he sent for an impecunious younger brother and the marriage was arranged. Jeanne became Comtesse Guillaume du Barry; her husband returned the same day to Toulouse, where he lived with his mother. In the settlements, where the bride is always called de Vaubernier, a name she seems to have adopted, it is expressly stated that their properties and goods were to be separate.

Madame du Barry was now established at Versailles, much to the horror of the Court. If Madame de Pompadour had been ridiculed for being a *bourgeoise*, Madame du Barry was looked on as something far lower, not only in rank, but in character. To do her justice, she never made the smallest pretence of having any claim to respectability. With her innocent air and her lisping speech, she would say the most surprising things; while the blue eyes, which were never quite open, would give the languishing glance of the practised coquette, veiled by their long dark lashes.

La du Barry took no real interest in politics. She was lazy and luxurious and wished to enjoy life. She was, however, passionately devoted to art and was a worthy successor of Madame de Pompadour in that particular. Her home at Luciennes was decorated by the greatest artists of the day and is even now easy to picture to the mind. The fairy palace with its marble porticoes rises before us;

we see the celebrated *salon ovale* with its painted ceiling and its looking-glasses, the exquisitely decorative paintings of Fragonard, the gilded bronze of Gouthière, the masses of Sèvres china in which she delighted. We can picture the evening when the King, in a gay humour, made her little black page, Zamore, Superintendent of the Palace, with a pension for life.

That was the environment which was really suited to the character of Madame du Barry. She was, however, forced into the greater world of public affairs. Protected by Richelieu and Maupeou, she opposed Choiseul and sent the Duchesse de Gramont into exile. D'Aiguillon, supposed to have been also her lover, made her his tool; she accomplished his ambitions and the downfall of his enemies. After Choiseul's dismissal and the appointment of d'Aiguillon to his vacant post, she gave a great dinner at Luciennes to celebrate the event.

Madame du Barry's chief grief at Court was the behaviour of the Dauphine, Marie Antoinette, who proudly refused to speak to her. When she was at last prevailed on to promise to speak to her on one occasion, she was frustrated by one of the "Mesdames Tantes," who conspicuously diverted her attention. La du Barry feared and hated the Dauphine and did not look forward to the new reign.

After the death of Louis XV, she was ordered to leave Versailles and took refuge in a convent; from thence she went to a house belonging to d'Aiguillon, who was himself in exile; at last she was allowed to return to her own house at Luciennes.

Here she remained until 1789, when the disturbances began, living a life of ease, enjoyment and charity. She was extremely good to the poor and was much beloved by the neighbours. When Marie Antoinette sent her a message to thank her for succouring some of the Royal Guard who had been wounded, she replied by a noble letter offering her services to the woman who had despised her. She said that she had received all she had from the Crown, and was quite willing to put it all at the Queen's disposal.

Madame du Barry was prevented from emigrating by her love of her possessions, of the corner of earth she could call her own, and of the masses of treasure which she had accumulated. She was

also tied to France by her intimacy with the Duc de Brissac, a distinguished soldier of the old school, who was devoted to her. After he was arrested and taken to prison at Orléans, she wrote him many letters, regardless of the danger. He was executed, and his head was thrown on the table in one of the rooms of Luciennes. This was a real shock to her and she began to be alarmed for her own safety. During 1791 and 1792 she made four journeys to London with the hope of recovering some valuable diamonds which had been stolen and taken over the Channel. This tiresome process not only took up much time, but was one of the crimes which were brought up against her at her trial. She was not only a royalist, she was a secret agent who had been employed on a political mission.

In London she heard of the execution of the King and Queen; she wore mourning and attended the requiem mass. She was warned not to go back to France, but she persisted in the attempt and was arrested soon after her arrival. It appeared the faithless Zamore had pored over Rousseau's works, had joined a Jacobin Club and had betrayed her to one Grième, a fanatic who was president of the club. She was soon after set free by means of a petition signed by all the neighbours.

Grième, inspired by Zamore, then wrote a pamphlet against her. She sent away the latter, she hid her treasures in the grounds and in the cellars; she led a miserable existence, cheered perhaps by the friendship of the Prince de Rohan Rochfort.

On the 22nd September, Grième appeared at Luciennes with two gendarmes, the Mayor and others, and arrested her. In prison an Irish priest managed to see her and offered to save her. She asked if he could save two people, and he replied in the negative. She then begged him to save her friend the Duchesse de Montémart, daughter of d'Aiguillon, who was hiding in Calais, and gave him a note to her banker to help him to do so. The priest went to Calais, disguised the Duchesse as a peasant, offered her his arm, and walked boldly through the streets, saying that he was an emancipated priest who had taken a wife. He conveyed her safely to England, and she was saved by the generosity of Madame du Barry, who might have been in her place.

Madame du Barry meanwhile was taken to the Conciergerie, where she occupied the room once slept in by Marie Antoinette. She was interrogated privately and then tried publicly on 6th December, 1793. To the last she seems to have had some inexplicable hope of pardon. When she was condemned she turned deadly pale, and had to be carried back to prison. She was in mortal fear. The next morning she begged to make a statement. She then confessed to hiding all her possessions, stating the places where they were concealed, implicating honest servants in her agony of mind, hoping against hope that the Republic would be satisfied with her riches and leave her life.

When she was later taken to execution on the tumbril, she showed signs of the most agonizing fear. She is the only woman in all the long list of the martyrs of liberty who showed the smallest symptom of dismay. One by one they had passed to the scaffold, sternly and proudly resolved to die with dignity and courage. Both Madame Le Brun and Mrs. Elliott state in their memoirs that the impression of pity aroused by her screams and tears was visible even in that brutalized mob, so indifferent to the flowing of blood, so impervious to any humane sentiment. It is suggested by both of these writers that if resistance and fear had been more freely shown, the numbers of executions would have been far less. The procession of those about to die moved on to the scaffold with the imperturbability of living statues; Madame du Barry went to her death struggling with the executioner and his assistants in the tumbril, giving vent, as she passed the old house of the *marchand de modes*, where she used to work and where the work-girls crowded on to the balcony to see her pass, to shriek after shriek which echoed down the long Rue Saint Honoré. "Life, life!" she cried, through her tears, "if life is left to me I will give all I have to the Nation." Even on the scaffold she was begging for mercy and her last words, cut short suddenly by the descent of the axe, were "A moi, à moi!"

Madame Vigée Le Brun
painted by François Dumont

Hallet Hyatt Sc

MADAME LE BRUN

LOUISE ÉLISABETH VIGÉE (1755-1842), "de l'Académie Royale de Paris, de Rouen, de Saint-Luc de Rome et l'Arcadie, de Parme et de Bologne, de Saint Pétersbourg, de Berlin, de Genève et Avignon," to quote from the title-page of her Memoirs, was a woman whose talent is undisputed and whose beauty is best set before us by the well-known portraits from her own hand.

Daughter of a mediocre pastellist, who fostered her young talent and taught her to adore her art, she grew up in the atmosphere of a studio. She had lessons from Briard in the antique and later from Vernet, who advised her to study nature and to avoid mannerism. Her chief delight lay in visits to public and private collections, where she studied the old masters; at home her pencil was never idle.

Madame Vigée herself was a very pretty woman, and when she and her daughter walked in the Tuileries on Sundays they attracted a great deal of admiration. She, unfortunately, after the death of her husband, married a rapacious jeweller, whose one idea was to get hold of the money which Louise was already earning. Louise detested her stepfather, who added to his other enormities by wearing her father's old clothes without having them altered to suit his figure.

But she had not much time to regret the past, even when the present grotesquely kept the wound open, for she was in great request. The Duchesse de Chartres sat to her and afterwards obtained other commissions for her; everyone was interested in the clever girl whose facile and precocious talent seemed already mature. Among the number of her sitters were certain gallants who came in the hope of making her better acquaintance. Louise used to paint these aspirants *profil perdu*, or fix their eyes in some particular place away from her easel. When they tried to turn them in her direction, she cried out hastily, "J'en suis aux yeux," to the great amusement of her mother. She was wholly devoted to her art, although she went out a little in the evening. On one occasion she fell down in front of a half-finished picture when she was dressed to go out, and on rising found that she had sat on her palette, which did not improve the appearance of a white satin gown.

The mistake of her life lay in her marriage with M. Le Brun.

Madame Vigée Le Brun
painted by Themselves

MADAME LE BRUN

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a picture dealer, who began by lending her pictures to copy and ended by proposing for her hand. The marriage was approved by her mother, who believed him to be a rich man and it took place in spite of the indecision of the bride, who was debating with herself, even on the road to church, whether she should say yes or no. M. Le Brun was a selfish, idle man, who took every penny his wife made and kept it himself, pretending to invest it in his business. He insisted on her starting a class which wasted a good deal of her time and which ended in her joining her pupils in a frolic with a swing which they had erected in the studio. After this lapse from discipline, she dismissed them and went on with her own work.

Louise tasted the fruits of popularity very early. At a *séance* at the Academy, La Harpe addressed her in most flattering strains before a large and appreciative audience; at the first night of a piece called "La Réunion des Arts," she was surprised to see a charming *tableau vivant* representing her as painting the Queen. The whole audience rose up and applauded and Louise had to make her acknowledgments from her box.

Madame Le Brun painted several portraits of the Queen, in one of which she was represented with her children. This picture was not hung in the Academy at first, being merely represented by its frame; the truth being that the unpopularity of the Queen, and the growing troubles which ended in the Revolution, made the committee hesitate. "Voilà le défecit," said a wit, pointing to the empty frame. It was afterwards exhibited and was greatly admired. Madame Le Brun has much to say of the kindness of the Queen, of her tact and her courtesy. They used to sing together during the rests, in which they would be joined by Monsieur, who sang very much out of tune. When he asked the painter her opinion on his singing, she replied with prudence: "Like a prince, Monseigneur." The story of the Queen stooping to pick up her paint-brushes for her one day when she did not feel well and of the King saying "Je ne me connais pas en peinture; mais vous me la faites aimer," are both instances of the sympathy always shown her by the royal family. She also painted Madame Élisabeth, Madame Royale, the Duc d'Orléans several times, and also his wife, the Princesse de

Lamballe and others. The famous Duchesse de Polignac and her daughter, the Duchesse de Guiche, were also among her sitters. In 1783 she was received into the Academy, being strongly supported by the Court party.

At the summit of her reputation Madame Le Brun, who was earning large sums of money, had never more than a few francs at her own disposal. Her husband took up the better part of the house for himself, under pretence of showing off the pictures he had for sale. His wife had to be content with a small bed-sitting room, in which she used to receive her friends in the evening. In spite of want of space these parties were most successful. Her talent for music brought famous composers and professional singers; she herself sang well, her sister-in-law had a magnificent voice. The space was limited, it is true, but marshals of France were willing to sit on the floor when chairs were lacking and the good humour and Bohemian flavour of the entertainment had its own attraction. The famous "Souper Grec," on which she was supposed to have spent 20,000 francs, was an impromptu which she arranged in a few hours with the help of some studio properties. She resolved to give two friends, de Vaudreuil and de Boutin, a surprise. When they arrived at the appointed hour for supper, they found a small party of men and women, clothed in the flowing draperies of ancient Greece, chanting a chorus of Glück, while Madame Le Brun's little daughter and another child, poured some old wine, given by one of the guests, out of antique vases. The effect was charming, but it was all arranged by the clever fingers of the artist, with a few cheap accessories. Madame Le Brun was always simply attired either in white linen or white muslin and she dressed her hair herself.

Le Brun, meanwhile, built a house which drew down much abuse and calumny on their heads at a time when the great crisis of the Revolution was drawing near. Madame Le Brun seems to have pursued her calling up to the last minute. In 1786 she painted Madame du Barry at Luciennes and has left a vivid picture of the beauty at the age of forty-five. She described her as still charming with her curly fair hair and the veiled glances of her dangerous blue eyes, but the affectation of her lisping speech annoyed her. She

was dressed, summer and winter alike, in a peignoir of white cotton or muslin, in which she walked out every day, whatever the weather. She was much beloved by the peasants, to whom she was exceedingly kind. But it was a melancholy existence, although she had the Duc de Brissac for a human interest. She sat among her art treasures and the departed glories of Luciennes; she talked of the Court of Louis XV and of her life, but with reserve. They dined in the room with the musicians' gallery, where she was used to entertain the King and she gave her guest a scarf presented to her by the Ambassadors of Tippoo Sahib, who had penetrated into the retreat of a dethroned favourite. The beginning of the Revolution filled Madame Le Brun with alarm; she resolved to leave the country with her only child, a daughter born to her in 1779. She obtained a passport and started off by diligence on October 5th, the very day on which the King and Queen were taken from Versailles to Paris.

Madame Le Brun appears to have taken with her the sum of one hundred francs which she had just earned, and which she saved from the clutches of her husband, who preferred to remain in Paris. With this slender sum she started off for Rome, visiting Correggio's Parma, revelling in pictures at Bologna and Florence, being received with kindness and hospitality wherever she went. She had the true artist's feeling about Rome: "cette belle patrie des arts," as she called it. She had the traditional thrill of emotion when she first saw the dome of S. Peter's, the subsequent disillusion and disappointment, the ultimate joy in the everlasting beauties of the Eternal City.

Her first care was to paint her own portrait for the Florentine Gallery; she then looked about her for commissions, which she soon obtained. There was quite a little French colony, amongst whom were the Duchesse de Polignac and her daughter, whose company she avoided to escape odium. She dined with the Cardinal de Bernis and was greatly surprised when she was told, as she sat at her window the following morning, that the Cardinal's "family" had called to see her. Her surprise changed to amusement when five tall footmen walked in and demanded a "buona mano" for their

services on the preceding evening. She visited Naples and was engaged to paint the portrait of a beautiful indolent woman who lay on the sofa all day, the wife of the Russian Ambassador. Here she met Sir William Hamilton, who asked her to paint the celebrated Emma Hart, "une superbe femme." She painted her as a Bacchante lying on the sea-shore with a cup in her hand. It was painted for Sir William, but, according to his custom, he sold it again for a great deal more than he had given, verifying Talleyrand's reply to the man who said that Hamilton protected and patronized Art: "Dites plutôt, que les arts le protègent." Later Madame Le Brun painted Emma as a Sibyl for the Duc de Brissac. She made a copy of the head and gave it to Sir William, who immediately sold it.

The attitudes of Emma delighted Madame Le Brun and her animation charmed her; she saw her again in London after Sir William's death, when she considered her very much coarsened and diminished in beauty. Another interesting meeting with a celebrated woman of the day took place in Rome where she met Angelica Kauffmann. She described her as very delicate and very unhappy. They spoke long of painting, but the impression that Angelica left was of a cold nature, less inspired by enthusiasm than interesting by reason of study.

The years which Madame Le Brun spent in Italy were profitable and pleasant, in spite of her anxiety for friends in France and her horror of the atrocities of the Revolution. These latter were brought home to her vividly by a miserable procession of French refugees which she met at Turin, on her way to Vienna. She spent some time in Vienna, where she was very well received and where she executed many portraits. In 1795 she left for Prague *en route* for Russia. Arrived in St. Petersburg, she was taken by the French Ambassador to be presented to the Empress Catherine. The French Ambassadress was horrified at her costume, which consisted of her usual white muslin, but Madame Le Brun's spirits revived when she saw the lovely Elisabeth, wife of Alexander, cutting flowers in a white frock which vied in simplicity with her own. The Empress was gracious. She describes her as short and fat, with a handsome face crowned with white hair, good features and soft eyes. Catherine commissioned

her to paint the two Archduchesses, Alexandrine and Helene; she even, in the end, promised to sit herself, but she died suddenly of apoplexy in November, 1796.

During all her sojourn abroad, the companionship of her daughter had been a great solace to Madame Le Brun; all her affections were centred in her, all her interests were concentrated in her future. She was very pretty and graceful and extremely clever, being both musical and artistic. It was a great blow to her mother when she announced her intention of marrying a M. Nigris, a secretary of Count Czernicheff, a man who had no pretensions to good birth, talent, or position of any sort. After many protests she gave in, but it was with a sore heart that she ordered the beautiful trousseau, the jewels and other luxuries and necessities with which she presented her. After the marriage her interest in life seemed vanished; she knew that she would see her very seldom and, in a way, she felt as though she were dead. Her health was bad and she was advised to try the waters of Carlsbad. It was with great regret that she parted from her daughter and turned her face homewards, visiting the beautiful Queen of Prussia at Potsdam on the way.

When she at last arrived in Paris after all her wanderings, she was greeted by M. Le Brun, her brother and sister-in-law and their child, with great rejoicings. The house was filled with flowers, her bedroom was decorated with her favourite green—an attention which she owed to the kind thought of her husband, and for which she had the pleasure of paying. She found a new world, a world which greeted her with as much appreciation as the old society of her young days. She went everywhere and attended a ball for which she decorated her gown with poor Madame du Barry's scarf; she made friends with Madame Récamier, with her rival Madame Tallien, with Madame Campon, with Madame Murat. But it was all dust and ashes to her. She became restless and went to England without knowing a word of the language. In spite of certain reservations she liked her stay there, and met many interesting people and visited the Orléans princes at Twickenham. She delighted in the Isle of Wight and said that there were only two places which had tempted her to settle down in permanently: the Isle of Wight and the Isle of Ischia. She spent

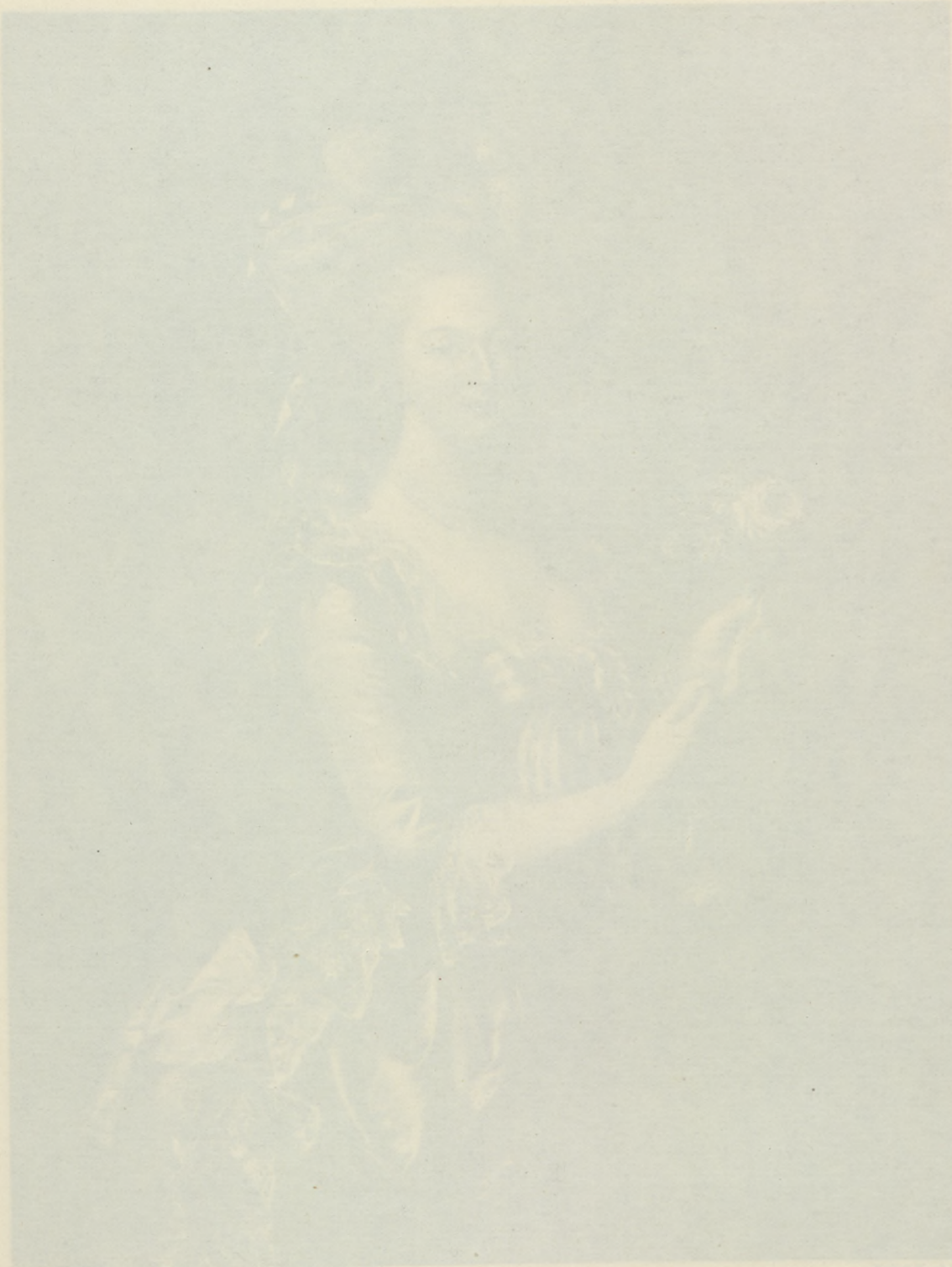
three years in England, where she executed a good many portraits and where she gave numerous concerts. After her return to France she journeyed to Coppet, where she spent a week with Madame de Staël and painted her as Corinne, in an antique costume with a lyre in her hand.

Madame Le Brun was in Paris when Louis XVIII entered in state and she noticed the sad expression of the Duchesse d'Angoulême as she bowed to the people, following the route which her mother had taken when she went to the scaffold. She saw the royal family's flight from Paris, the entry of Napoleon, the second Restoration; she died in 1842, when the nineteenth century was at its zenith, when the great wave of modern inventions was already making the world a very different place from what it had been in her youth. She is a link between two ages which are divided by the Great Revolution. When she ended her active and laborious life she was eighty-seven years old.

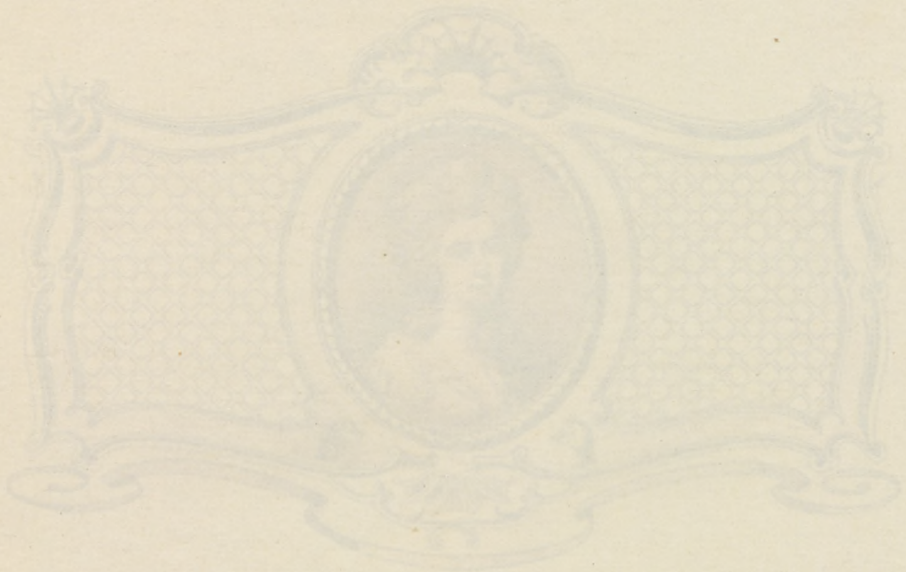
Grace Dalrymple Elliott

CHAPTER VI.—HEROINES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND EMPIRE. QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE; CHARLOTTE CORDAY; MARIE JEANNE ROLAND; JULIETTE RÉCAMIER; GRACE DALRYMPLE ELLIOTT; EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

MARIE ANTOINETTE (1755-1793), daughter of the Emperor Francis I of Austria and of the Empress Maria Theresa, was brought up to adorn the throne of France. She was taught to speak French, to declaim in French, to sing in French, to have French tastes and to patronize French fashions. When she was only fifteen years old she was brought over to marry a cold, unsympathetic youth and to pass her life in a Court which was corrupt and yet ceremoniously dull. Her time was chiefly spent with the royal family. After the tedious functions of rising and dressing were over, she attended mass; she dined, as a rule, alone with her husband; she spent the evening, more often than not, in the apartments of his aunts, where she slept on a sofa till eleven o'clock when the King usually came in. If he did not honour his family, she went to bed. The King was at first charmed with the youth, beauty and sprightliness of his new grand-daughter, but as



Marie Antoinette
painted by Madame Le Brun



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Marie Antoinette
painted by Madame Le Brun

the Dauphine refused to be civil to Madame du Barry, he was afterwards prejudiced against her by that lady. "Mesdames Tantes," his three unmarried daughters, were from the first inclined to dislike the match, and they never showed her any sympathy or real kindness. The Dauphin held aloof and saw as little of her as possible. Little more than a child, Marie Antoinette found her chief amusement in the society of her husband's sister and his brothers.

She made at first a very good impression on the people, by whom she was much admired. After the State entry into Paris, the market women were entertained at the Tuileries and the young couple moved about freely in the crowd, earning golden opinions. "How lucky we are to be able to buy popularity so cheaply!" she said afterwards and the Maréchal de Brissac told her that she had two hundred thousand lovers as she stood on the balcony looking down on the populace. On another occasion she appeared at a popular *fête* at Saint Cloud, mingling freely with the crowd. "What a revolution!" exclaimed the delighted townspeople.

Marie Antoinette was tall and fair; she carried her head proudly and walked with a rhythmical motion from her hips. Her features were good, her eyes blue, her hair pale gold. Burke has left a charming picture of her at this period of her life. "It is now sixteen or seventeen years," he writes, "since I saw the Queen of France, then Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy."

Marie Antoinette soon reconciled herself outwardly to the neglect of the Dauphin; although she was not really happy, she managed to be exceedingly gay. She loved dancing and amusing herself, she speedily attracted all the young and the brilliant members of society; her life shaped itself into a continual round of gaiety. But her popularity waned with the people, who looked on her as a frivolous butterfly; the division of Poland and other aggressive acts made Austria very unpopular in France and she began to be spoken of as "the Austrian" by her enemies.

Louis XV died in 1774, leaving the reins of government and the heritage of centuries of misrule to his grandson, who soon showed an amiable incapacity to fill the great position to which his destinies called him. Plain, quiet, unprepossessing, the new King preferred a locksmith's shop or a carpenter's bench to the task of governing his country; while the new Queen, with all her love of amusement, hated the pompous weariness of Court etiquette and longed for country life and for familiar intercourse with those she loved.

It was undoubtedly the wish of politicians and of courtiers alike to keep King and Queen apart, but after eight years they at last grew to understand each other. The King fell in love with his wife and she, on her part, became devoted to him. There seems to be no truth in the rumours circulated with regard to the Queen's excursions into the realm of romance. The Prince de Ligne sums up the case in a few words. "La prétendue galanterie de la Reine," he says, "ne fut jamais qu'un sentiment profond d'amitié pour une ou deux personnes, et une coquetterie de femme, de Reine, pour plaire à tout le monde." The chivalrous devotion of Count Fersen may perhaps have touched her heart, but it is more probable that she only felt for him that tender sentiment of friendship which real affection, and even its counterfeit, so freely inspired in her.

The Queen had four children: Madame Royale born in 1778; the Dauphin born in 1781, who died in childhood; the Duc de Normandie, born in 1785, who succeeded his brother as Dauphin and died miserably in the prison of the Temple, and a daughter who died in infancy. She was a devoted mother and passed much of her time in the society of her children. She was extremely charitable, too, and took great pleasure in alleviating any distress which was brought before her; but of the general condition of misery in which the overtaxed, downtrodden peasantry lay she had probably little idea.

Tired of the ceremonies attendant on life at Versailles, she begged the King to give her a country house in which she could unbend from the wearisome etiquette imposed on her in her daily life, in which she could, in short, play at being a private individual. Louis gave her the *petit Trianon*, a miniature palace with Corinthian

pillars which stood in the woods in the park of Trianon. This house was at first her toy; it became her great occupation, her chief delight, her real home. She began at once to build, to alter, to decorate, to plant and to plan. Very shortly a sort of Arcadian village arose, with tiny cottages for her chosen friends to occupy, with a mill-wheel which really turned, a cascade whose splashing waters made music in the summer air, a marble dairy in a paddock where she milked the cows with her own hands. There was a Temple to Love, too, and a miniature theatre surmounted by a statue of flying Love, bearing a lyre and a crown of laurel. On the highest part of her domain the Queen had erected an octagon pavilion, whose marble-lined interior carried out the rose and cream of the tangle of roses which surrounded it on three sides, leaving the front open for the sake of the view. This pavilion was her breakfast-room, where she would sit in a white linen gown and drink her chocolate, revelling in the beauty of the scene, revelling, above all, in her freedom. Ceremony was abolished from the first moment that she set her foot in her little kingdom. No one rose at her approach, she wandered about unattended; she had attained her own ideal of the simple life. There is something grimly pathetic in the picture of the Queen, so soon to be uncrowned, seeking to fly from her responsibilities and striving to live in a world of dreams.

Only a very few of the intimate friends of the Queen were allowed to enter these sacred precincts. This naturally caused great jealousy among the older and more important members of the Court. However much Louis XIV and Louis XV had neglected the people, they had at least kept up great state and had preserved the affections of the great nobles. Marie Antoinette, by diminishing the lustre of her Court, lost the affection of the upper classes and by her apparent carelessness of the misery of which she probably knew little, lost all the popularity which she had once enjoyed with the lower orders. Her indiscreet friendship and too great patronage of the Polignacs and the affair of the diamond necklace caused scandal to be busy with her name and her unpopularity to reach its apex. However, for a time, she certainly enjoyed her fairy domain. She here indulged in her passion for music, she gave performances in

the little theatre with its painted ceiling and its blue velvet seats; she played at being a peasant in the setting of an *opéra comique*. But the game of friendship was the one which she liked the best. The little band which disported itself at Trianon counted among its members several men and women of wit and ability. Bésanval, affectedly brusque and often really witty, was the first who had aroused in the Queen a desire to have some relaxation from royalty; Vaudreuil was an enthusiastic patron of arts, who owned a gallery of contemporary French paintings, where he held a weekly reception for artists; d'Adhémar, who was devoted to the amusement of the hour, was the master of the revels. Then there were the three Coigneys, the Duc de Guines, the Polignac faction. Diane de Polignac, brilliant, clever, grasping and ambitious, had a certain charm which made her plain face forgiven; her brother and sister-in-law were little more than her tools. This latter was the Queen's friend, for whose sake she heaped benefits on the whole family. The Duchesse Jules de Polignac was a lovely woman and her daughter, the Duchesse de Guiche, was an acknowledged beauty; the mother, however, was more attractive than the daughter, who was somewhat artificial in manner. The Duchesse Jules does not seem to have been ambitious herself; she was pushed on by the ambition of others. She gained a complete ascendency over the Queen, who used to visit her in her own *salon* in Versailles, where a few of the Trianon circle were admitted. "Here I am really myself," the Queen would say when she entered her friend's apartments.

Jealousies, political wire-pulling and other unideal elements of discord, soon troubled the Arcadian repose of Trianon. Ambitious courtiers looked on it as a stepping-stone to preferment; the Polignacs, exalted to the highest places, were guilty of so many arbitrary and unpopular acts that the Duc de Polignac was obliged to send in his resignation. A coolness arose and the Queen felt that she had been deceived in her friends, although she never really ceased to care for the Duchesse, to whom she wrote most affectionate letters even after she had been forced to leave France. The Trianon had lost its first charm; many new faces replaced the old ones, but it was not the same thing. Madame Élisabeth, it is true, was still

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Neurdein, photo. Hallett Hyatt, Sc.

Madame Sophie
painted by Nattier

her constant companion there and the Princesse de Lamballe, her earliest friend, whose light had been much eclipsed lately by that of Madame de Polignac, returned to take the first place in her affections.

The first time that the storm which was brewing seems to have been brought home to the Queen, was the occasion on which she visited Paris soon after the birth of the Duc de Normandie. "But what have I done to them?" she asked, when she was received everywhere in sullen silence. She began to reflect on her desire, expressed in the beginning of her husband's reign, to have a house in Paris in order to live more among the people and on his refusal to move from Versailles, influenced by the counsels of his aunt, Madame Adelaïde. Perhaps with a memory of that *fête* of long ago when she had sunned herself in the light of popularity, certainly with a desire to conciliate public opinion, she bought the Château de Saint Cloud. There was an outburst of indignation at her extravagance. But the greatest abuse heaped on her was on account of the affair of the diamond necklace. A jeweller in Paris had made a hideous great diamond necklace for Louis XV to give to Madame du Barry. After the death of Louis, he tried on various occasions to sell it to Marie Antoinette, who always refused it and recommended Louis to spend the money on a ship of war, which was much needed. The Cardinal de Rohan, who had incurred the displeasure of Maria Theresa when ambassador at her Court, had never been able to obtain any favours, or even forgiveness, at the Court of her daughter. The Cardinal never lost hope of being restored to favour, either by the magic of Cagliostro or the kind offices of his friends and he was completely taken in by an adventuress, one Madame de la Motte, who professed herself to be on terms of secret intimacy with the Queen. Madame de la Motte, wife of an officer in the gendarmerie, was a descendant of Henri II, who used to beg in the streets as a child, saying, "Pity a poor orphan of the blood of Valois." She had been adopted by a lady of his acquaintance, and he knew that she had a small pension from the royal family. De Rohan saw no reason to doubt the rest of her story. She produced forged letters from the Queen, authorizing him to buy the diamond neck-

lace for her, promising that she would pay for it in quarterly instalments; hinting that he would render her a service which would purchase his forgiveness. The Cardinal procured the necklace, making himself responsible for the payment and he gave it to a man who professed to be the Queen's servant. Madame de la Motte also obtained large sums of money from him for the Queen's charities, which she invested in her own name; the diamond necklace she cut up and dispersed. When the affair came out through a demand of the jeweller for the quarterly instalment, the Queen was aghast. The Cardinal was arrested in full pontificals just as he was going to celebrate mass and was sent to prison; the ingenious la Motte was publicly whipped and branded. Although the Queen's ignorance of the whole affair and the fact that the letters were signed "Marie Antoinette de France," which of course she would never have done, were convincing proofs of her innocence, the people, inflamed against the royal family and the Queen in particular, chose to take the opposite view. De Rohan was cheered on his way to prison and la Motte was looked on as a scapegoat. The little comedy which she had played when she had tricked the Cardinal into believing that the lady whom he met in the grove of Venus who murmured words of forgiveness and gave him a rose, and the hem of whose garment he had kissed, was the Queen, deceived the people as well. Of all the mud thrown at her daily some naturally stuck.

The King was never hated in the same way and he was never feared. When the storm of the Great Revolution burst at last, he bowed his head meekly, while the Queen, with a nobler courage, rose to face it. Without any wish to enter the domain of history or to consider the debt which it owes to the Revolution, it is surely not out of place to insist on the extraordinary influence it exerted on the character of the women who took part in it. The greatest heights were scaled, the lowest depths were sounded. In the courage of the victim on the scaffold, in the brutality of the women knitting as the heads fell under the axe, was the same element of greatness. To some it was fatal; Marie Antoinette came out of the ordeal ennobled and sanctified, and with a true dignity of character to which she would never have attained in the trivial round of ordinary life.

On the 5th October, 1789, the Queen went to Trianon, presumably in a saddened mood. In May the States-General had been convened for the first time since 1614, and the *Tiers-état* had asserted itself. Mirabeau had raised his famous protest, a National Assembly had been instituted, Necker had been dismissed and recalled, the Bastille had fallen. At the banquet to the officers of the Swiss guard, where she had been so enthusiastically received, the national cockade had been trampled under foot, arousing new wrath in the people. While at Trianon, where she may well have been pondering on some such matters, the Queen was disturbed by news that Paris was marching on Versailles. She left her little paradise, never to see it again and hurried to Versailles, where she found everything already in confusion. Before long a distant murmur announced the approach of the rabble. As it grew nearer shots were heard and shouts, in which she must have heard her own name. Lafayette, brought there against his will, succeeded in pacifying the multitude for the time and the Queen went to bed, where it appears she slept peacefully. In the small hours of the morning she was awakened by her ladies, who told her that the tumult had begun again. She dressed hurriedly and ran to the King's apartments, where she found Madame Élisabeth, Madame Royale and the Dauphin. They were soon joined by the King, who had been to her rooms by another way and had so missed her. Her life was saved by a soldier, who warned her ladies to bolt a door which was just going to be forced by the mob and who was killed himself for his brave action.

The King had promised to go to Paris at mid-day, but the frenzied mob was surging round the palace and had penetrated into the interior. When Lafayette had succeeded again in calming the storm, there were cries for the Queen to show herself. She went on to the balcony with the Dauphin and Madame Royale, but several voices cried out "No children!" After they were taken away, the daughter of Maria Theresa faced her assailants with a superb calm. An unexpected cry arose: "Brava! Vive la Reine!" Her courage and her dignity had conquered; but it was only for a time.

At mid-day the royal victims were conducted to Paris by a hooting, cursing, reviling mob, which deposited them at the palace of the

Tuileries, which had not been used during the last three reigns, and where there was hardly any furniture. Louis was a king now only in name, although for a time there was a pretence of keeping up some kind of a diminished Court. Marie Antoinette, of whom the Comte de la Marck said "There is only one man about the King and that is the Queen," did what she could to avert the dangers by which they were menaced. She wrote to her brother the Emperor that armed intervention would only bring a disastrous civil war on France; that their best chance lay in a protest from the great European powers. She plotted with Mirabeau, who died in 1791, saying: "I carry in my heart the death-dirge of the French monarchy"; with Barnave, who really had influence with the revolutionary party. But these proceedings alienated many of the faithful royalists, although they were unable themselves to afford her any assistance. She resigned herself to teaching the Dauphin his lessons and to playing tric-trac and piquet with the King. On one occasion she was persuaded to show herself at the theatre. As she sat in her box with the Dauphin on her knee and the tears she could not conceal pouring down her cheeks, one of the actresses turned to her and bowed when she recited some words which happened to come into her part, "How much I love my sovereign." Hardly were the words out of her mouth before some Jacobins jumped on the stage and would have killed her if her comrades had not hidden her. The royalists present cheered, the Jacobins hooted; the Queen left the theatre in great distress.

Life dragged on slowly. France declared war against the allied sovereigns, the Girondin ministry fell and was restored again after the invasion of the Tuileries by the terrible furies of the Revolution, who insulted the Queen with special venom. "Have I done you any harm?" she asked. "You have been deceived. I am French. . . . I was happy when you loved me." Her gentle words and manner disarmed them as she stood there patiently with her arms round the Dauphin and the red cap of liberty on her head. The clumsily arranged flight to Varennes was foredoomed to failure. The new Berline, with the whole royal family seated in its ample interior, was hardly likely to escape observation. The devoted Count Fersen had

acted as coachman the first part of the journey; he had scarcely left them before they were detected. If Louis would have fled without his wife he might have escaped; if Marie Antoinette would have left France at the beginning of the troubles, when by her unpopularity she much compromised him, she would easily have escaped. But neither would leave the other. The journey back was a terrible experience. The people hung on to the carriage, blocking out all light and every breath of air, insulting the wretched inmates in language too foul to bear repetition. After this event the Queen was guarded day and night by two guards, which greatly added to her misery.

The second invasion of the mob, on August 10th, was followed by the visit of the King and his family, much against the wishes of the Queen, to the Legislative Assembly. They were kept cooped up in a stifling little gallery for three days, spending the nights at the Convent of the Feuillants. The King was deposed and Louis Capet and his family, or Monsieur and Madame Veto, as they were called, were removed to the prison of the Temple.

The Temple consisted of two towers, in the smaller of which the prisoners were at first placed. The Queen accepted her lot without murmuring. She washed and dressed the Dauphin, heard him say his prayers, divided with the King the duty of teaching him his baby lessons.

The Princesse de Lamballe, whose constant kindness had so often cheered the Queen in her darkest hours, was the first to go. She was removed to the prison of La Force, put through a mock trial and ordered to say that she hated the King and Queen. She refused and was then told to go outside and cry "Vive la Nation." At the sight of the mob, which was waiting for her at the doors of the hall, she fainted. She was literally torn to pieces in the most brutal manner and her head was afterwards cut off and fixed on a pike. It was then taken to a barber's shop, where the long curls were elaborately dressed and powdered. "Antoinette will know her friend now," said the mob grimly and the ghastly burden was carried before the windows of the Temple.

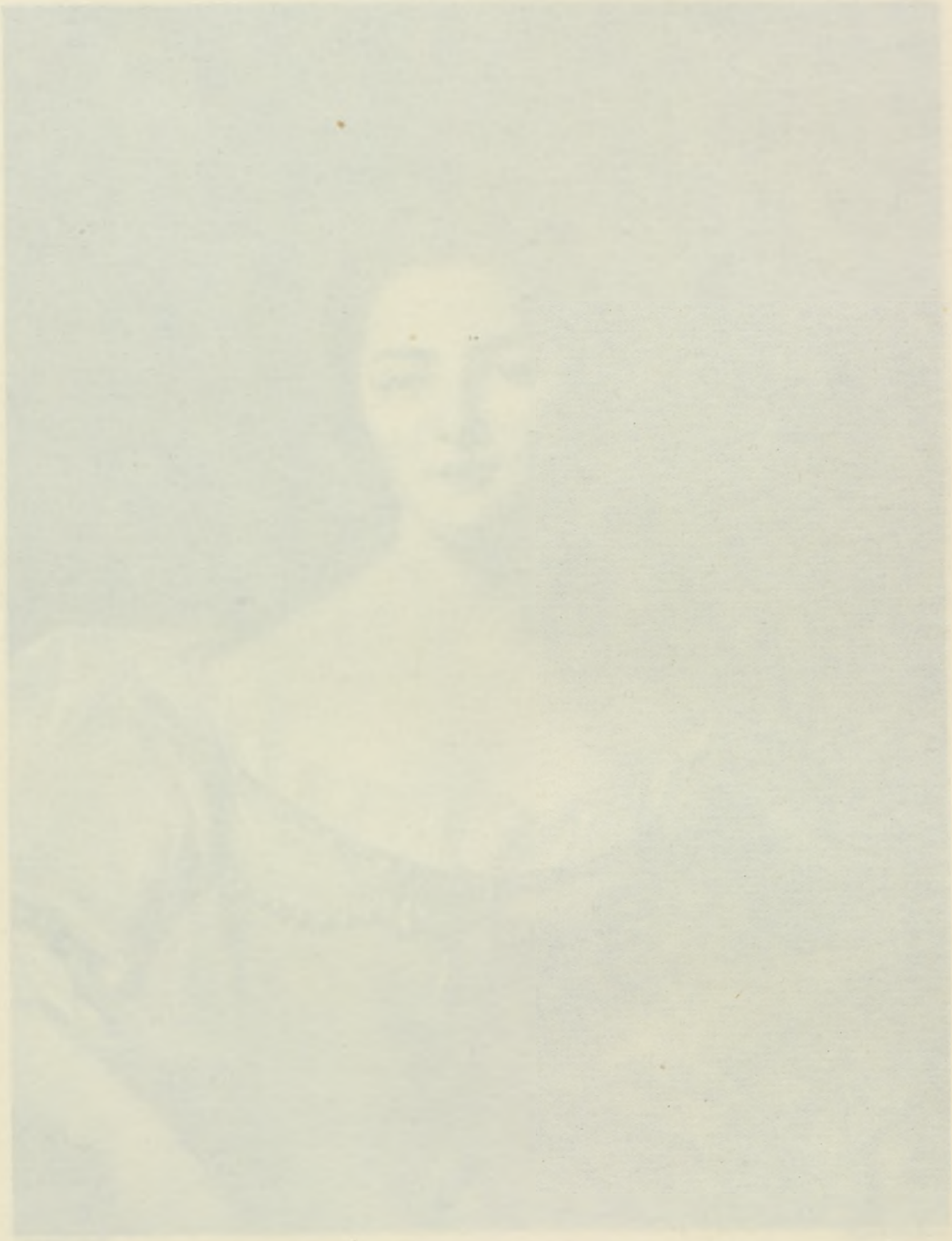
"What is the meaning of this terrible noise?" asked the Queen as she rose from dinner. The guard on duty rushed to the window

and drew the curtains, but a National Guard called out that the people wanted to show her Lamballe's head. The Queen sank down fainting, overcome by a terrible emotion.

Her life was now sadder than ever. When she walked in the Temple gardens with her children she was so bitterly insulted that she resolved not to go out again, until, urged by the pale face of the Dauphin, she nerved herself for another effort. She swept the floors sometimes, she continued the monotonous round of daily life, which was now rendered more insupportable by the loss of her friend and by her anxiety for the King. Royalty having been abolished, he was to be tried as an ordinary citizen. "The allied Kings threaten," said Danton, "as battle-gage we hurl at their feet the head of a king." After the way in which Louis had been treated, there was doubtless no other way of putting an end to his sufferings.

He was removed into the other tower in September, 1792, where he was separated from his family, but at the earnest entreaty of the Queen they were allowed to dine together. Three weeks later the Queen, the Princesses and the Dauphin were removed to the upper story of that tower and soon after the Dauphin was taken away from his mother and lodged with his father. This was a great grief to the Queen, who had for so long tended him with her own hands. Added to her distress at being parted from him, she missed the only occupation left to her which gave her any happiness.

Louis appeared before the bar of the Convention on December 11th, but it was not until January 15th that he was condemned to death. As he was not now allowed to see his family, the Queen only knew the truth by the newsvendors shouting under her window. On the evening of the 20th she went with Madame Élisabeth and the children to bid him farewell. A more heartrending scene it is difficult to imagine. For half an hour or more they wept, clinging to each other, incapable of speech; then the King exhorted them to forget insults, to cultivate charity, to honour religion. After an interview of two hours the Queen dragged herself away, having been assured that she should see him again in the morning. All that night Madame Royale felt her mother shaking with cold and misery; in the morning the roll of drums warned them that the King had



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Neurdein. photo. Hallett Hyatt. Sc.

Louise Henriette de Bourbon-Conti, Duchess D'Orleans
painted by Nattier

gone. He left the wedding-ring given him by the Queen and his last farewell with his faithful valet Cléry; he did not trust himself to see them again.

The white-haired, haggard woman who had once been the brilliant and light-hearted Queen of France, bore her grief as best she could. She asked for mourning and was given a black gown with a white fichu, a cap of the people and a long black veil. There were several attempts to rescue her, the most hopeful being one organized by the republican Toulon, but in the end she refused to leave her companions in misfortune. On July 3rd, the Dauphin, who had come back to her after his father's death, was finally removed from her care. He was confined in the same prison and she spent many hours at a peep-hole which had been discovered, and by means of which she could see him taking his lonely walks on the platform of the tower. On August 3rd she was removed to the Conciergerie, where she was detained while a case was got up against her. At her trial she behaved with grave dignity, although compared with Messalina and accused of every sort of immorality. She was only once roused to show emotion of any kind. It was when reference was made to a document which the poor little Dauphin had been made to sign in prison to testify to her depravity. She refused to discuss the question at all. "I appeal to all of you who are mothers," she said indignantly, glancing round at the many women who thronged the galleries. After her condemnation she walked quietly away without saying a word. She was taken to the cell of the condemned, where she wrote the letter to Madame Élisabeth which has been called her "Will"; the yellow paper, still showing where it was blurred with her tears and bearing the signature of Fouquier-Tinville and others, is still preserved in the archives of France. It was never delivered to her "true and well-loved sister," to whose loyalty she bears such touching tribute. The Queen slept for some hours that night. On the morning of 16th October, 1793, she was interviewed by a priest, but she refused his offices. She cut her hair with her own hands, submitted to having them tied behind her back and walked away with a firm step. She gave an exclamation of surprise when she saw a dirty mud-splashed cart, driven by a man

in a blouse, waiting for her, but she seated herself quietly on the plank. The executioner and his assistant stood in the cart uncovered. The Queen was dressed in white, with a white fichu with black ribbon bows and black high-heeled shoes.

All through that night thousands of people had been waiting in the streets of Paris to see her pass; every window was full of spectators, every coign of vantage was occupied. The Austrians were only forty miles from Paris and the route between the prison and the scaffold was lined with a double row of armed men, some thirty thousand in all, ready for any emergency. When the tumbril drawn by its white horse appeared, there was a regular roar from the multitudes assembled, but it trembled into silence at the sight of the worn woman who glanced at the crowd with indifferent gaze. During the two hours which were occupied with the slow progress to the scaffold, her expression only changed once, when a little child kissed its hand to her.

The Place de la Révolution reached, the Queen mounted the scaffold with alacrity, knelt for a moment to pray and met her fate without attempting to say a word.

MARIE ANNE CHARLOTTE DE CORDAY D'ARMONT (1768-1793) was the second daughter of François de Corday d'Armont, younger son of a good family, and of his wife Jaqueline Charlotte Marie de Gonthiers des Authiers. M. d'Armont was so poor that he was quite unable to support his five children and Charlotte was sent to her uncle the Abbé de Corday until she was eight years old, when she returned home to help her mother. Here she worked in the fields, for her father possessed a few poor acres in Normandy, spun flax for the family garments and took her share in the house-work. M. d'Armont had republican sympathies, born of an intimate acquaintance with the seamy side of life; he brought up his children to be hardy, independent and self-denying. On the death of her mother Charlotte went with her younger sister to the Abbaye aux Dames at Caen, being adopted by the Abbess. She was well educated by the nuns and lost much of her rusticity; she became refined, developed a taste for study and thought of taking

the veil. She was afterwards assailed by religious doubts and adopted the Agnostic attitude, but she never failed in attendance at church and was certainly not the Atheist she was afterwards supposed to be.

In 1790 the convents were closed and Charlotte sought refuge with an old cousin who lived in Caen, a Madame de Bretheville-Gonville, a widow, whose husband had been Treasurer of France. The poor old lady was at first much upset by the appearance of this pretty girl who had "dropped on her from the clouds," but she soon became so much attached to her that she offered her a permanent home at Le Grand Manoir.

Charlotte now had leisure to devote to study. She devoured Plutarch's Lives, which influenced her strongly; she studied the classics and she pored over the modern writers whose sentiments were so much in harmony with her own. She was full of enthusiasm for the republican idea; full of anger when she considered the debased state of the peasantry.

Charlotte—she was called Marie by her friends, but the other name is more generally used in history—was tall and slender. Her delicate face was framed in a mass of light brown curling hair and lit up by large gray eyes. She was kind-hearted, gentle, sympathetic. Her friends were those of her hostess and were all royalists, but in spite of her environments she kept her principles intact.

When the proscribed Girondins took up their headquarters in Caen, Charlotte called at the Hotel de Ville and had several interviews with Barbaroux. She was already deeply interested in their propaganda, which harmonized with her own ideas of a Utopian Republic. From their writings and other sources she developed a loathing of the very name of Marat, that monster steeped in vice, who was even now making Paris swim in blood. She believed, and she was not alone in her error, that if Marat were removed the horrors of the Mountain would be at an end and France would be saved. She paid little heed to Robespierre or Danton, concentrating all her attention on the man who was already, by a terrible disease, foredoomed to death. Her enthusiasm for the Republic had been quenched by the atrocities of the Jacobins. "These men who were

to have given us liberty have murdered it; they are but assassins!" she wrote after the death of the King.

When once it became fixed in her mind that Marat was the tyrant who was responsible for all the evils which beset her unhappy country she resolved to assassinate him. She had no great talent, this extraordinary girl; she was not capable of looking forward to see the probable effect of her crime. Having once concentrated her mind on the great deed which was to free France, she laid all her plans with the intensity and singleness of purpose which characterized her. She had no fear, as she had no doubt of the sanctity of her mission. She resolved to kill the monster at the very summit of his Mountain in the Convention, taking it for granted that she would herself be immediately sacrificed.

A friend, Mademoiselle de Forbin, was trying to obtain some tithes which were due to her in Paris. Charlotte volunteered to go to help her. She obtained a letter of introduction from Barbaroux to Duperret, a Girondin who had escaped proscription, who was to introduce her to the Minister of the Interior; she, on her part, promised to carry papers from Barbaroux to Duperret. Pétion passed through the room while they were talking and called her ironically "the pretty aristocrat who came to see the Republicans." "You judge me now without knowing me, citizen Pétion," she said; "some day you will know what I am."

Charlotte now burnt all papers which might be compromising to her family and she wrote to her father to say she was leaving the country, hoping that if her name were not known he might remain ignorant of her fate. She told her cousin that she was going to visit her father. Before leaving she went to say good-bye to an old friend whom she found tranquilly shelling peas. In the middle of the conversation she sprang up, embraced her and left hastily. On her way home she passed by a carpenter who was sitting near a window playing cards with his wife. "You can play cards while your country is dying!" she exclaimed, adding, "No, it shall never be said that a Marat reigned over France!" She hurried away, leaving the worthy couple aghast at her unaccustomed vehemence.

On Thursday, 11th June, 1793, Charlotte arrived in Paris and

went to the Hotel de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins. After being catechised as to her name, occupation, reasons for visiting Paris, she was allotted a room. She then heard that Marat was ill, which upset her original plan. That evening she saw Duperret, who took her next morning to the Minister of the Interior. The minister being out she made an appointment for the same evening, but was later warned by Duperret that as he was falling under the displeasure of the Mountain, his influence could do her little good. She begged him to go to his friends at Caen, perhaps foreseeing that his brief acquaintance with her would be fatal to him, but he replied that he should remain at his post.

That evening Charlotte wrote the famous "Address to the French." She accused the Mountain of despotism and cruelty, declared that the indignant Departments were marching on Paris and, assuming that the death of Marat was accomplished, she called on Frenchmen to annihilate the Mountain. Of Marat she says, "condemned by the whole world he stands outside the pale of the law." She offers her life to her country and concludes with these words: "Frenchmen! should I fail in my enterprise I have at least pointed the way: you know your enemies, arise, march, and strike!"

On the following morning she rose early and walked in the gardens of the Palais Royal until the shops opened, when she bought a kitchen knife with a dark wooden handle, enclosed in a shagreen sheath. After breakfast she hired a fly and drove to the Rue des Cordeliers, but she was unable to effect an entrance, being driven away by Simonne Evrard, Marat's mistress. She then wrote a letter and asked him to see her, as she had important news from Caen to communicate.

The next morning she dressed herself all in white and hid in the folds of her fichu the knife and the "Address to the French," placing on her curls the high Normandy cap she always wore. This time she was more fortunate. She found the cook and the *portière* folding the latest edition of "l'Ami du Peuple," and while she was asking them about her letter Simonne came out and consented to ask Marat to receive her. The answer was in the affirmative, and "l'ange de l'assassinat," as Lamartine calls her, went in.

Marat was sitting in a medicated bath, with a board before him on which he was feverishly writing out proscriptions. He was clothed in a sleeveless cotton gown; a dirty cloth was wound round his head. The room in which he was had a floor unevenly paved with brick; the walls were bare with the exception of a couple of pistols which hung under the laconic inscription "Death." With a shudder of disgust as she gazed for the first time at his repulsive features, Charlotte advanced and nerved herself for the task.

Marat questioned her minutely about the insurrection at Caen and the names of the Deputies who were concerned in it. He wrote down each on his list, muttering as he did so, "for the scaffold." At the end of her account he said, "Very good: in a few days I shall have them all guillotined in Paris." At these words Charlotte took the knife from her fichu and buried it deep in his breast.

With a smothered cry for help Marat died; he had passed away almost before Simonne and a man named Laurent Bas rushed in to the rescue. Charlotte stood calmly by and Bas, seeing that life was extinct, beat her brutally with a chair and would have killed her if the guard had not arrived. She stated all particulars, answered questions calmly, accepted the responsibility of her deed. She had resolved to sacrifice her life to save her country, she said. When she was searched, the sheath of the knife was found and the "Address to the French" pinned in her fichu. Legendre, Chabot, Maure and Drouet soon arrived on the scene and interrogated her. Chabot, an unfrocked Capuchin, was much attracted by her beauty and offended her by his attempted familiarity. She was taken to the room where Marat lay with the wound exposed and her self-possession deserted her when she heard the heartbroken sobs of Simonne. "Yes, I killed him," she said, with a sudden break in her voice.

When the news spread that little Marat, the people's darling, had been murdered, indignant crowds thronged the Rue des Cordeliers. They would certainly have lynched Charlotte if Drouet had not protected her and insisted on the law having its course. Charlotte fainted dead away when she saw the mass of human beings raging against her and did not recover consciousness until she was in the prison of the Abbaye.

Having confessed her guilt, she was allowed free intercourse with the other prisoners and was allowed to write to her friends. She spent much time in a long letter to Barbaroux, in which she related the whole story of her adventures, though she passed lightly over the actual tragedy, saying that he could read that in the papers. "Either nothing that is beautiful in the French Revolution will endure," wrote Louvet to Barbaroux, "or this letter will pass down the centuries." She wrote also to her father begging his forgiveness for having disposed of her life without his permission. She ended her letter with a quotation from Corneille: "The shame lies in the crime, not in the scaffold."

Meanwhile Robespierre and Danton were much relieved at the death of Marat, whom they feared; delighted also to throw the whole blame on the Gironde and to say that it was a Girondist conspiracy. A public funeral with all honours was decreed to Marat, whose body, with the wound exposed, was carried in a tawdry procession by torchlight through the streets.

At her trial Charlotte exhibited great firmness, declaring that Marat had instigated the September murders, had kept alive civil war, had deluged France in blood and had aimed at the Dictatorship. "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild beast to give repose to my country. I was a republican before the Revolution: I never wanted energy." It was suggested by Fouquier-Tinville that she must be steeped in crime to aim so true a blow. "The monster!" she said indignantly, "he thinks I am a common assassin!"

Chauveau de Lagarde, who had already been advocate to so many pre-condemned royalists and whose generosity was so well known, tried to say what he could for his client. He had been told to say that she was mad, so as to diminish sympathy. He merely stated that she had confessed her crime and that she was evidently a prey to political fanaticism. Her very calm showed that she was in an unnatural state. After her condemnation she thanked him for his defence and asked him to pay her prison debts, which he afterwards did. She sat for an hour and a half to a portrait painter named Jacques Hauer, cut off her luxuriant curls, one of which she

gave to the artist, and was arrayed in the scarlet robe of the condemned murderer. "This is the toilet of death," she said, as Sanson bound her wrists, "performed by rather rough hands, but it leads to immortality."

The scarlet dress enhanced her beauty to such an extraordinary degree that Hauer afterwards substituted it for the white one in which he had sketched her. The rain poured down on her as she made her slow progress to the scaffold; the scarlet gown clung to her in heavy clinging folds as she stood in the tumbril. "Do you not find the way very long?" asked Sanson, who was moved to pity the beautiful martyr. "Bah! we are sure to arrive all the same," she replied. When he tried to spare her the shock of seeing the scaffold when it first came in sight, she leaned forward, saying, that surely she might be allowed to be curious, as she had never seen one before.

The storm was rolling away as Charlotte mounted the scaffold and the sun broke through the clouds. She stood there in her scarlet robe with a sudden glory lighting up her beautiful face. Then she tried to address the crowd, but was prevented by the beating of the drums. In a moment it was all over and the executioner's assistant held up the head to the crowd, smiting the cheek several times with his hand. There was a flash of lightning and some distant thunder as the crowd dispersed almost in silence.

MARIE JEANNE PHLIPON (1754-1793) was the only surviving daughter of Gatien Phlipon, a chaser and worker in enamel and of his wife, Marguerite Bimont.

Manon, as she was called, was a precocious child. She learnt to read, without any regular teaching, before she was five years old; she early acquired an exhaustive amount of Biblical information. She was afterwards taught Latin, drawing, the rudiments of the art of graving, a little singing and music. But she loved reading best. Plutarch's Lives, borrowed from a studious apprentice, introduced her to republican virtue and heroism and exercised a lasting influence over her mind. She revelled in the adventures of Telemachus, became romantic with Tasso; she even

got hold of Voltaire's "Candide," which was taken away from her by a discriminating friend of the family. She was also deeply religious and retired for a whole year to a convent to prepare for her first Communion. At the convent she made friends with Henriette and Sophie Cannet, with the latter of whom she carried on a correspondence for many years. She then spent a year with her grandmother before returning home to her parents. Manon had grown up a beautiful girl, tall and strongly built, with a fully developed figure, a brilliant complexion, dark hair and fine eyes. Her life was monotonous; she studied a good deal, wrote long letters to Sophie Cannet, a little pedantic and self-conscious, but full of thought; she was assailed with religious doubts and consulted her confessor. She read the works which the priest lent to her, which upheld the Christian faith and denounced its opponents; she then resolved to study the books disapproved of by the theological authors. She now went through every phase of thought. She was in turns Jansenist, Stoic, Sceptic, Atheist, Deist, Agnostic.

Madame Phlipon died very suddenly in 1775. Manon was holding the candle to light the priest who was administering extreme unction, when she fainted dead away, dropping the candle as she fell. When she recovered her mother had passed away. It was her first great grief and she felt it the more acutely for having little sympathy with her father. It was after her mother's death that Manon first came in contact with Rousseau's works, which impressed her immensely. She became one of his most fervent disciples and even made an attempt to see him on some pretence; an attempt which was foiled by the vigilance of his faithful watch-dog. Manon's sympathy with the wrongs of the oppressed and over-taxed peasants made her an early convert to the doctrines of the Revolution.

Handsome as she was, Manon Phlipon had many admirers. The only one who touched her heart was Pahin de la Blancherie, a sympathetic young man with literary tastes, who was rejected by her father for his want of fortune. Sincerely attached to him, Manon was very unhappy picturing to herself the disappointment of the rejected lover, when she met him one day walking with a lady. He wore a feather in his hat and this adornment offended her

republican tastes almost as much as the presence of the lady cut her to the heart. "You cannot imagine," she wrote to Sophie, "how that cursed little feather has tormented me. I have turned and twisted in every direction to reconcile so futile an ornament with that high philosophy, that rigid simplicity of taste, that noble way of thinking, which have endeared him to me." The noble philosopher was engaged to the lady and, feather or no feather, the romance was over.

Manon's life at home had its trials. Her father neglected his business and developed a passion for gambling. When he was told that he ought to give Manon the share of the family fortune which was hers by right, he turned her out of the house. They were soon reconciled, however, but money difficulties increased. Manon kept the house going, mended the linen, wrote letters which were practically essays and the essays which have been since published under the title of "Mes Loisirs." In 1776 she met Roland de la Platière, an inspector of manufactures at Amiens who was a friend of the Cannets. Twenty years her senior, tall, sallow, rather bald, ill-dressed, with a rasping voice and an abrupt manner, he yet impressed her favourably. She saw that he was a man of high character, of a wide outlook on life. Roland went to Italy for two years, during which time he wrote the letters to Manon which have since been published, and which are considered a model of their kind. In 1779 he returned and proposed for her hand. Manon replied that she had now no dot and that she was too proud to enter his family as a pauper. He repeated the offer to her father, who refused him very curtly without consulting her. Manon, who was now twenty-five, resented this behaviour and left her father's house for the convent where she had already passed a year of her life and where she rented an attic. She was desperately poor and half starved, but she had great thoughts in her little garret near the stars and consoled herself with her favourite books. She visited her father once a week to mend his linen and look after his house, otherwise she never went out. The deliberate Roland let six months elapse before he followed her and repeated his offer, during which time Manon had had plenty of leisure to resent the delay.

They were married on 4th February, 1780. The first part of her married life was spent at Amiens, where she became private secretary to her husband, an occupation she ever afterwards retained. She read with him, wrote from his dictation, copied his manuscripts and at the same time inspired him with ideas. This congenial occupation, although it suited her tastes, was too laborious and the imperious temper of Roland alienated her affections. Her only child was born in 1781. Roland came of a good old family, who owned an estate called Le Clos de la Platière; it is curious to reflect that Madame Roland once went to Paris on a fruitless mission to try to obtain *lettres d'anoblissement* for lapsed titles, a proceeding which was afterwards brought up against her at her trial. After M. Roland's transference to Lyons, they lived a good deal at Le Clos, where Madame Roland learned much of the state of agriculture and the peasantry and was not above making jam and preserving fruit. She took an increasing interest in public affairs. She believed in Turgot, who tried to get rid of forced labour and she lamented his death as a national calamity. She followed with interest the careers of the three men who seemed, at one time or another, to be capable of directing the destinies of France: Necker, Lafayette, Mirabeau. "Who is the traitor," she cried, "who at this moment minds any business but that of the nation?" She was resigned to civil war if it would lead to emancipation, to the fall of the King and Queen's heads if necessary. Her revolutionary ardour was so burning that her letters were often published to inflame popular enthusiasm.

In the spring of 1790 M. Roland went to Paris in the capacity of a special envoy from the city of Lyons to set before the National Assembly the unsound financial state of that city. His wife, who had danced round the Tree of Liberty in Lyons, rushed off at once to the Assembly to listen to the debates and her modest apartment became a political meeting-place. She seems to have taken little or no part in the conversation, sitting apart working, or even writing while Robespierre, Pétion, Brissot and others debated on the burning questions of the day. She contributed, however, quantities of articles to the press and her pen was never idle. The Rolands re-

turned to Le Clos, but the monotony of country life was intolerable after the excitement of political life in Paris and they returned in December, 1791. In March, 1792, Roland became Minister of the Interior, the Girondins having come into office. His wife presided at the weekly dinner parties at which she was the only lady, doing the honours among the looking-glasses which had reflected the gay world in the time of Calonne. It was an incongruous setting for the austere patriot and his republican wife, who probably felt much more at home in their little flat on the third floor of the Rue Guénégaud.

Madame Roland was now the recognized centre of the Girondin party and she attracted the attention of Buzot, the only person to whom she really gave her heart. His brilliant personality, his disinterestedness, his good looks and his evident devotion to herself, made a deep impression on her. She saw a great deal of him during her husband's term of office, as she did of the energetic Brissot and of the beautiful Barbaroux. Robespierre was now divided from the Girondins by politics, but the Rolands went out one night to try to save him when he was reported to be in danger and Madame Roland begged Buzot to defend him in the Convention if attacked. Danton she could not tolerate and refused all his overtures of friendship, which made him bitter against her. He used to say that she did all Roland's work: "Everyone knows that Roland is not alone in office," he said sarcastically. If to Madame Roland the Minister owed much of his inspiration, he certainly owed his downfall and that of his colleagues to the letter which she wrote to the King. This letter was approved of by the whole party and was signed by Roland; in it she reminded the King that the Declaration of Rights had become a political gospel; the French Constitution a religion for which the people were ready to die. The next day the Ministry was dismissed, but it was brought back in triumph and the Girondin party, which represented the Idealists of the Revolution, became the popular idol. But the Commune was no place for men with any sort of moderation in their views and their influence was soon superseded by that of the Mountain. Madame Roland was horrified and amazed to see what terrible things were now done

in the name of liberty. After the September massacres, she wrote to Bancal: "You know my enthusiasm for the Revolution; well, I am ashamed of it. Scoundrels have defiled it! It is become hideous! To remain in power is degrading, yet we are not allowed to leave Paris."

The influence of the Gironde was at an end. Danton joined Robespierre and Hébert; the power of Marat over the people was immense. The Girondins protested against the September massacres and accused Marat of having instigated them. Roland and his wife had to appear and defend themselves of the charge of conspiring with one Viard in favour of the royalists. Madame Roland gave her evidence with clearness and concision and was applauded as she left the Convention. Threats of assassination, friendly warnings, flowed in daily. She slept with a loaded pistol by her side, prepared for any emergency.

Roland had resigned his portfolio the day after the King's execution. After some months spent in the Rue de la Harpe, a party of men called one night and attempted to arrest him. Roland refused to go, saying that he did not recognize their authority. After their departure the "grande citoyenne" went off by herself to the Convention, thinking that she might obtain a hearing and be enabled to demand justice. After spending an agitating hour in the Petitioners' Hall, she was warned that she had no chance of being admitted. She was within hearing of the excited voices of the Deputies, but there was no help for it, so she turned her steps homewards. Roland had fled; she was alone with her little girl and a few servants. That night there was another attempt to arrest Roland and in the morning the same men called again and asked to see her. Madame Roland knew that her time had come. The parting with her dearly-loved child, whom she had been unable to send away in safety, was her worst trial. "You have people there who love you," said one of the guards, looking at the weeping servants and the terrified child who clung to her mother. "I never had any about me who did not," was the reply.

When this revolutionary heroine appeared in the street, she found it blocked with a great crowd, chiefly women, who cried, "To

the guillotine!" with as much fervour as if she had been a royalist "Well, here I am in prison!" she said, curiously, when she had arrived at her destination. She was not unhappy; she seems on the contrary to have felt some relief in the cessation of her many duties, while the knowledge that the strain was over, that she had nothing to do but to accept the inevitable, was a distinct rest. "Happiness, in fact, belongs to a state of feeling," she wrote a little later, "and not to external circumstances." She was free from the domineering Roland and his importunities; she had practically sacrificed her life for his by staying at her post while he escaped and by refusing to answer questions as to his whereabouts. She wrote to Buzot: "I sacrifice myself to my husband by a captivity that gives me more to my friend, and I owe it to my persecutors to have reconciled duty and love; do not pity me." We recognize for the first time what an immense place this love had taken in her life; with what strength of character she had put it away from her, until she felt that she might consecrate the few remaining weeks of her existence to its demands. She spent much of her time in writing to Buzot and in compiling her own memoirs. She read the few favourite books she had brought with her: Thomson's "Seasons," Plutarch's "Lives," the "Annals of Tacitus," and Hume's "History of England." Madame Roland ate sparingly, so as to be able to help other prisoners; she made herself greatly beloved. She refused to try to escape, although both Roland and Buzot attempted to help her and it would not have been very difficult.

In June, 1793, she was set free. She rushed home to find out what had happened to her daughter, full of eagerness, in spite of her philosophy, and was re-arrested on her own doorstep. She went to the prison of Sainte Pélagie, where she was placed among the lowest convicts. Here she had frequent visits from Champagneux and Bosc, the latter of whom hid her memoirs in the hollow of a tree. It was Bosc who persuaded her not to kill herself, when, in a fit of depression, she was almost inclined to cheat the Mountain of the spectacle of her death. But as a rule she maintained her cheerfulness and was always ready to help others. Henriette Cannet, now Madame de Vouglans, a widow, visited her at this date and

offered to effect her escape by changing clothes with her. Much touched at her old friend's generosity, she naturally refused to endanger her life for her own safety.

Her summons came before long. The Girondins had gone to the scaffold singing the Marseillaise in ever-diminishing chorus as they stepped up to die. Roland was still in hiding, Buzot was wandering about, half starved and in misery. Madame Roland passed through the crowded prison on her way to her trial with the long train of her dress held up with one hand, while the other was abandoned to the kisses of the weeping women who followed her with lamentations. She was accused of wishing to pit the Departments against Paris, of federalism, of aiding her husband in his political work, of refusing to say where he was hidden. Madame Roland behaved with dignity and self-command. She had given her advocate a ring and had advised him not to plead for a lost cause. In spite of his wish to save her, he was not allowed to speak. When she was condemned she said that she was glad that she was considered worthy to die with the great men who had been assassinated.

On 9th October, 1793, the heroine of the Gironde mounted the tumbril and followed the well-worn way to the Place de la Révolution. She was dressed in white, was quite calm and composed. During the journey she tried to console an old man who sat beside her; she promised him that he should die first, as he dreaded seeing blood flow. Sanson demurred at her request, the etiquette of the scaffold demanding that the lady should mount first; but he relented when she said, "You cannot refuse the last request of a lady." Unluckily another request had been denied her. At the foot of the scaffold she had asked for pencil and paper to write down "the strange thoughts that were rising in her." She mounted the scaffold cheerfully, but the irony of her fate overcame her as her shining eyes rested on the statue of Liberty. "O Liberté, comme on t'a jouée!" she exclaimed bitterly. They were her last words.

After the death of his great wife M. Roland came out of his hiding-place and stabbed himself, leaving a paper to say that he quitted a land polluted with crime, in which he could not bear to live after the murder of his wife. Their daughter was saved and

eventually married the son of Champagneux and inherited the old family place Le Clos de la Platière.

JEANNE FRANÇOISE ADELAIDE BERNARD (1777-1849) was the daughter of a notary of Lyons and of his wife, a pretty blonde, whose character was not above suspicion. Doubts have been cast on her parentage, but as there does not seem to be any real evidence one way or the other, we may as well accept the usually credited version. Jeanne, who was always called Juliette, was educated at a convent, after which she joined her parents, who had removed to Paris on the appointment of M. Bernard as *receveur de finances*. Madame Bernard had a very agreeable house, where her daughter met many interesting people, La Harpe being one of her most constant visitors. Among others was M. Jacques Rose Récamier, a banker, who had begun life as a commercial traveller and had risen to a position of some importance. He was an old friend of the family and had given Juliette dolls and toys in her childhood; he proposed for her when he was forty-two and she fifteen years old. Juliette was charmed to marry the rich banker and the wedding took place on 24th April, 1793, on the day when Marat was carried in triumph through the streets.

There is a certain amount of mystery with regard to the reason of the platonic relations which always existed between Juliette and her husband; but there is no doubt that they did exist. M. Récamier surrounded her with every luxury, was always kind and indulgent, but he treated her more as a daughter than as a wife. Juliette, whose nature was both cold and frivolous, accepted the situation. When the Reign of Terror was over and society began to shape itself, she lived a life of constant gaiety. She appeared at balls and dinner parties in the financial world; she drove in the afternoon attired in a Greek costume of white and gold, with her sandalled feet resting on a tiger skin. She was present at the dances given by Barras, where she met Madame de Beauharnais and Madame Tallien, although in her later royalist days she drew a veil over these youthful follies.

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she admired immensely and M. Récamier bought the house in the Rue du Mont Blanc which had belonged to her father, M. Necker. This house he furnished sumptuously in the Empire style. Heavy gilding and innumerable looking-glasses were everywhere to be seen; in Juliette's bedroom, which was always shown to visitors, the bed with its gilded bronze swans with their encircling garlands stood on a raised platform, while floating gauze of delicate hue screened the inmate from the light of day.

Well off, amiable and beautiful, it was not wonderful that Juliette should soon collect a little society of her own. She very soon perceived that with all these advantages she was capable of playing a *rôle* in life. Lying on a sofa, very much as we may picture her after her portrait by David, her beautiful form clothed always in white, her shining curls massed on the top of her pretty head, with an irresistible smile in her golden-brown eyes, she received her favoured friends. These friends she attracted by her beauty, by her gracious manner, by her flattery and her sympathy; when the victims showed signs of being too much interested in her, she became cold and reserved. But she never let them go. She played with each in turn and in many cases succeeded in making friends out of would-be admirers, though, for the most part, she seemed to prefer to keep them in suspense. With the exception of Madame de Staël, her most intimate friends were men and usually men who were distinguished either for birth or for wit. It has been brought against Juliette that she was guilty of trying to force her way into a higher rank of society than that in which she had been born; that she was eager to attract to her *salon* those who would give it prestige rather than those who really interested her. Chance threw in her way M. Adrien de Montmorency, afterwards the Duc de Laval and his cousin M. Mathieu, afterwards Duc de Montmorency. These two, who were fervent royalists and who belonged to one of the oldest families in France, brought others with them to the *salon* of the aspiring banker's wife. La Harpe, an old friend of her mother's brought many literary people, while Récamier contributed the commercial element. At the time of the Consulate many Buonapartist generals and politicians were added, so that every shade of opinion

was represented. As the reputation of Madame Récamier's *salon* increased, nearly every stranger of importance who passed through Paris was received by her. To all alike she gave gracious words and a curved smile—the smile which made her mouth look like a Cupid's bow and which was so very becoming to her style of beauty.

The Montmorencys remained her intimate friends; with Lucien Buonaparte she had what threatened to be a serious love affair. Lucien became infatuated with her charms; he wrote her quantities of letters, in which he upbraided her for her coldness and her triviality and set forth his own passion: these productions were signed "Romeo." But the modern Juliet had no desire to compromise herself and it is certainly to her credit that she preserved her character in times which were celebrated for the laxity of morals displayed.

If Juliette had certain faults of character, it is but fair to give her credit for her virtues. She was a constant friend and she had a kind heart. The merit of the first virtue is perhaps lessened when we reflect that her friends were absolutely devoted to her, that she depended on them for the society which she could not do without, the daily visits which made up her life. Of her kindness there is ample proof. She was never so happy as when she could be working the oracle for her friends, never so eager as when she was straining every nerve to save some totally unknown individual from destruction. Of the many charities which she assisted there is less to be said, for her ambition pointed the way. Like many another woman climbing the social ladder, she was not above using her charities as stepping-stones to the acquaintance of the great ladies who were interested in them.

Juliette is said to have tried to fascinate Napoleon without success. Offended by his lack of enthusiasm and having quarrelled with Lucien, whom she had deliberately beguiled with a view to improving her acquaintance with his greater brother, she drifted into opposition. In this she was upheld by the Montmorency faction and by Moreau and Bernadotte, whom she tried to reconcile to the royalist party in order to oppose Napoleon. The exile of Madame de Staël in 1804, the arrest of M. Bernard about the same date,

embittered her more and more against the ruling powers. Her father was released, a fact which was chiefly owing to the exertions of Bernadotte, but Fouché, when he called on her to warn her that her *salon* was *suspect*, reminded her of Napoleon's clemency. He also proposed that she should accept the post of lady-in-waiting to the Empress Josephine and hinted that the Emperor was anxious to have her for a friend. He wanted a confidential friend, not a mistress; the position of Madame Récamier and her character would silence scandal. Juliette might well have been surprised at these overtures after her original repulse, but it was too late. She was given over body and soul to the royalists and she was not a woman to recant, especially when her real interest seemed to advise her to stand fast. She refused both these honours.

Juliette enjoyed life thoroughly. She used to dance all night at one time and would not rise till four o'clock in the afternoon. If a visitor chanced to call before that hour, the servant would say, "Il ne fait pas encore jour chez Madame." At another time she used to paint in the studio of Hubert Robert and became so much delighted with the pursuit of art that she borrowed an empty room from the artist, furnished it with a sofa and some chairs, a piano, rose-coloured blinds and her favourite books. In this retreat she used to look charming in a long furred robe; what work she did there has not transpired. She made a visit to England where the papers were full of her charms and where she made the acquaintance of the Duchess of Devonshire, the Margravine of Anspach, Lady Melbourne and others. After her return she received many English, to whom she had always shown great hospitality.

In 1806 the Récamier Bank failed. There is no doubt that the Bank of France would have helped it out of the difficulty if that had been permitted by the government, but, owing to Juliette's politics, it was forbidden by the Emperor. Juliette then left M. Récamier in Paris to mend his fortunes as best he could and went to stay with Madame de Staël at Coppet. Here she was made much of by Corinne, who had a sincere admiration for "la belle des belles," and here she fell in with Prince Augustus of Prussia, nephew of the great Frederick, who at once fell deeply in love with her. Prince Augustus, who was

a good-looking man, had been taken prisoner at Saalfeldt and was on his way home, having obtained his release. Juliette's heart really appears to have been touched, or perhaps it was only her ambition that moved her. However that may be, she wrote to M. Récamier, at the Prince's suggestion, asking for a dissolution of their marriage, in order that she might marry her new adorer. M. Récamier replied that if she really wished it he would not raise any objection, but he wished to meet her before the final arrangement. He reminded her of his unfailing affection for her and suggested that her position in Berlin might not be all her fancy painted it. This latter consideration seems to have had some weight with Juliette, who reluctantly gave up the idea. She temporized with the Prince and he went to Berlin without knowing her decision. She sent him her portrait and her refusal to marry him later on, while he sent her a portrait of Madame de Staël as Corinne, which she kept in her room till she died. Of her other friends we need only mention Benjamin Constant, who remained hopelessly in love with her for years, "ce bon Ballanche," the good-natured philosopher who practically devoted his life to her and the great Châteaubriand, whose friendship crowned all the latter part of her existence. Benjamin Constant, in his diary, declaims against her coquetry and her egotism; he resolves never to see her again after she fails him at four *rendezvous* in one day. But it is like the moth and the candle. Ballanche, a simple, unselfish child-like nature, becomes a necessity to her. Châteaubriand she adores and he becomes the god of her little *salon* in the Abbaye-aux-Bois, displacing Mathieu de Montmorency, so long considered the High Priest of her society. It is partly the celebrity of Châteaubriand that delights her, but her friendship with him is one of the best things of her life, even if she flattered his vanity as egregiously as some pretend. To see Juliette through the writings of Châteaubriand, is to see her through rose-coloured spectacles. We cannot help wishing to retain the image that he presents of a woman whose character is as charming as her face; we cannot help dwelling on the sketch of her retreat in the convent, which is washed in so skilfully in monochrome. It is Châteaubriand again who describes finding Madame de Genlis seeking inspiration for her portrait of Juliette in her novel which dealt

with the love-story of the Prussian prince. She was seated in an untidy room filled with an indescribable litter; she was dressed in black with her white hair hanging over the harp she held on her knees and her thin pale hands passing lightly over the wailing strings. "Of what was the ancient Sibyl singing?" asked the poet; "she was singing of Madame Récamier!" Another and less flattering portrait is said to be in the sketch of the character of that cold and selfish coquette, the Comtesse Fédora in the "Peau de Chagrin."

Juliette travelled in Italy where she was very well received and went several times to Switzerland. Châteaubriand describes, in his inimitable manner, some happy hours spent in her society on the Lake of Constance. The loss of her fortune did not make her unhappy; she hired two rooms in the convent, the Abbaye-aux-Bois, where her faithful little court followed her. M. Récamier took up his abode with a niece and her husband, but he visited the evergreen and charming Juliette with her other friends and dined with her most days. When he died in 1830 she seemed really grieved and said that she felt as if she had lost her father a second time. But we must not anticipate.

The Restoration had brought all Juliette's friends to the fore and she sunned herself in the rays of their prosperity. She was extremely well received by the royalists and was just as prominent a figure as she had been in the days of the Consulate and the Empire. The dominant personality of her society was Châteaubriand, whose ever-increasing depression she did her best to lighten. He has left a record of their friendship from the time when he saw her for a moment sitting in a white gown on a blue sofa, a vision which remained with him, to the time they met at Madame de Staël's death-bed twelve years later and onward through the years of their intimacy. He wrote to her when he was Ambassador in London and in Rome; she was his first thought when he returned home. After he resigned his appointment as Ambassador during the Polignac Ministry, he called on her regularly every day at three o'clock, when he enjoyed an hour's conversation with her before the little band of the faithful began to assemble. It is in this little nest overlooking the garden of the convent, so near and yet so far from the busy

hum of men, that the *salon* of Madame Récamier appears to us in its most attractive aspect. Châteaubriand reading his "Memoirs d'outre Tombe" to a select few, or assisting at the recital of his tragedy "Moïse" before a picked audience of the most distinguished men and women in Paris, is a most interesting figure; he even fascinates us when, a lion rather too large for his cage, he sulks in a corner and refuses to be beguiled until the versatile and irresponsible sallies of Mary Clarke, so well known later on as Madame Mohl, break through the mists of his despondency.

Châteaubriand and Madame Récamier continued to meet daily even after a stroke of paralysis had deprived him of the use of his limbs and she had completely lost her sight. When she was ill he was carried to her bedside for his hour's talk; when his health did not permit him to go out, she was led to his lodgings in the Rue du Bac. It is said that after the death of his wife, Châteaubriand proposed marriage to his blind friend, but she wisely refused. Towards the end his intellect was clouded; on the 4th July, 1848, he passed away. Juliette threw herself on his dead body, weeping bitterly. She did not long survive him, dying herself on the 11th May, 1849, of cholera, a disease of which she had always had a morbid fear. Her last thoughts were for some of her friends who were waiting to hear how she fared. The night before she died she sent for Ampère and one or two others to bid them a last farewell. After her death her beauty, which had completely vanished, came back with a strange intensity, leaving her calm and almost youthful looking; a fitting end for one whose *rôle* in life had been to exit beautifully.

GRACE DALRYMPLE (1756-1823?), was the youngest of the three daughters of Hew Dalrymple, an Edinburgh barrister, afterwards attorney-general to the Grenadas. Her mother was a woman of remarkable beauty, who was deserted by her husband just before the birth of her youngest child. Grace was educated in a convent in France and returned to England at the age of fifteen, when she went to the house of her father, who was still living apart from his wife. Here she met Sir John Elliott, a man

more than twice her age and one with whom she had not a taste in common. He proposed to her after a very short acquaintance and she accepted him with inconsiderate haste.

Grace was much admired in London. A glance at her portrait shows the beautiful oval of her face, the great dark eyes under marked eyebrows, the frame of loosely piled up powdered hair, the broad, low forehead which distinguished her. She was very tall and very slender and earned the nickname of "Dolly the Tall." It was in 1771 that she married Sir John; in 1774 she eloped with Lord Valentia and was then divorced from her husband. Her brother now intervened and despatched her, with what authority does not appear, to her convent in France, where he hoped she would be out of harm's way. She returned to London under the auspices of Lord Cholmondeley and soon after made the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales, who at once fell under her spell. In the brilliant society which surrounded the Prince she moved for some time and it was here that she met and captivated "Philippe Egalité," whose partiality for England and whose zeal for sport made him a favourite in this country.

Grace had one child by the Prince of Wales, a daughter, who was christened Georgiana Augusta Frederica Seymour and who married Lord Charles Bentinck in 1808. This child was left in charge of Lord and Lady Cholmondeley when her mother returned to France about the year 1786. It was doubtless at the invitation of the Duc d'Orléans that she took up her abode in the French capital, where she remained throughout the Revolution.

We have seen that the character of this beautiful woman was not of the best; but we must admit, as we turn over the pages of her graphic account of her adventures during the Reign of Terror, that she had many fine qualities. She was courageous, straightforward, loyal to her friends and to the cause of a falling monarchy, calm in the face of danger, patient in adversity. The narrative is written in simple unpretentious style; it is a great pity that it stops short of the most thrilling incident of the whole story, her own condemnation to death. This penalty she only escaped by the timely execution of Robespierre and she must have experienced many and strange sensations before she was set at liberty.

The story opens dramatically on the evening of the 12th July, 1789, when she arrived with the Duc d'Orléans and some others at the Porte Saint Martin, after spending the day at his Château of Raincy in the forest of Bondy. They had left Paris in perfect tranquillity that morning; they returned at eight o'clock, meaning to finish the evening at the Comédie Italienne. What was their surprise to learn that the theatres were shut, that Paris was in a state of uproar and that the busts of the Duc d'Orléans and of M. Necker had been carried through the streets escorted by shouting multitudes. Grace begged the Prince to enter her carriage instead of his own and he consented, asking to be put down at the Salon des Princes, a club he frequented. The club was closed and they were prevented from taking the direct route to Monceau, where he lived, by the fighting in the streets. They then passed through the Place Louis Quinze, where the guillotine was to be erected and where "Philippe Egalité" was to meet his fate in good time. It was filled with troops under arms and an awful silence reigned, which affected Grace painfully. They were stopped and asked to give their names; she gave hers and they proceeded, arriving at last at Monceau, where they found that the Prince had been sought for high and low. He appeared to be much surprised and distressed. Grace went out with Prince Louis d'Aremberg and mingled with the crowd, anxious to hear what was being said. She came back to find Madame de Boufflers, a woman whose influence was used to incite the Prince to act in opposition to the King. Grace begged him on her knees to go and offer his service to Louis and not to desert him in this time of trouble. He promised and she returned to her own house.

Driving through the streets the next day, the head of the murdered Foulan was thrust in at the window of the carriage and she was accused of being one of his friends who wished the people to live upon hay. A lady with her assured the people that she was an English patriot and she was allowed to proceed. She soon received a visit from the Prince, who reported that he had been to the King's *levée* and that while he was passing the shirt the King said to him: "I want nothing of *you*; return from whence you came."

She begged him all the same to be true to the royal cause and not to be led away by those who strove to inflame his ambition. He laughed at her for a "proud Scotch woman who loved nothing but kings and princes." Later on he asked her indignantly if she were "paid by his enemies to give him such advice?"

It was while she was at breakfast with the Prince that she heard the cannon which announced the fall of the Bastille; on that night she witnessed the drunken revels of the populace, who were throwing about heads and limbs in the streets, lit up by the flare of torches. She does not seem to have thought of flight, so deeply was she interested in the struggle. The Duc d'Orléans became more and more under the influence of the republican party, who adopted the red white and blue of the Orléans livery as the national colours. Grace always represents him as a kind and amiable man of pleasure, who had no talent for playing a great part and no special ambition of his own, but who was led away by bad counsels. In the spring of 1790 she went to Brussels, but returned to Paris again in July to find the Prince back from England, where he had been for some time. She witnessed the return of the royal family from the ill-starred flight to Varennes; she afterwards met Monsieur at Spa and wished the King could have been persuaded to have escaped alone, which could easily have been accomplished, but he feared that the mob would murder the Queen. For the Queen Grace had a great reverence, which increased as her misfortunes multiplied. She was honoured with a slight acquaintance with the much-slandered Marie Antoinette and received several messages of thanks for her loyalty during the evil times which had come on the French Monarchy. Grace never forgot that the Queen had admired her little daughter, who was on a visit to her in Paris and had kept her on her knee one day when she was dining in public. She used to see the poor Queen, so changed already, driving with her children and Madame Elisabeth and her heart bled for their troubles.

Finding affairs getting from bad to worse in Paris and the closed barriers not allowing her to go to a house at Meudon which she had lately bought, Grace escaped one night all alone, got through a hole in the walls of Paris which had been made by smugglers and

arrived with bleeding feet, having walked all the way. "My shoes were thin white silk and that road is very stony," she writes.

On the morning of the 2nd September, memorable and terrible day in the annals of history, she was summoned to Paris by a friend, Mrs. Meyler, who lived up four pair of stairs in a street behind the old opera-house. This lady sent her a passport for herself and servant, but begged her to come alone, adding that she might be of service to an unhappy person.

Grace went off at once. At the barrier of Vaugirard she was advised by the soldiers to go back. They told her of the prison massacres, of the streets running with blood; undeterred from her purpose, she assured them that her mother was dying and went on, much pitied by her good-natured advisers. On her way to Mrs. Meyler's flat she met the mob carrying the head and body of the Princesse de Lamballe; this terrible sight upset her very much, but she arrived safely and was greeted by her friend with the tidings that the Marquis de Chansenets, the Governor of the Tuileries, had taken refuge with her, and that she depended on her to take him to Meudon as her servant, hoping that he might escape from thence more easily. She found Chansenets in a state of nervous prostration. He had left the Tuileries when the King and Queen took refuge in the Assembly. Marie Antoinette, who went unwillingly, said to him at parting, "I fear we are doing wrong, but you know that I cannot persuade. Adieu! God knows if we shall ever meet again." He had hidden among dead bodies, had had many hairbreadth escapes. Grace waited till dark, hired a fly and drove with her *protégé* to the barrier; but the guard refused to let her pass out. No carriages were allowed in the streets after ten o'clock, when the domiciliary visits began and the pair were finally turned out by their coachman, who did not dare remain in the streets. Grace was at her wits' end and M. de Chansenets was so overcome with illness and fear that he could hardly stand. She dared not go to her own town house for fear of her Jacobin cook; she could not possibly get to Meudon that night. Chansenets proposed that they should take refuge in the Duc d'Orléans' garden, where no domiciliary visit would be paid; it was a last resource, as he was a political enemy of that prince, but it was

no time to be scrupulous. Grace hesitated, as d'Orléans had been lowering himself daily and she had kept away from him on account of their difference of opinions. Necessity, however, is a hard master and they agreed to make the attempt. On the way they passed by Grace's own house and she saw her servants in a group before the door, including the Jacobin cook. Chansenets hid himself in a house which was being built hard by; having been seen by the servants, Grace thought it better to go in and explain that she had returned to find out for herself how affairs stood and had been obliged to leave her carriage at the barrier. She sent the cook out to try to buy a chicken, as she was very hungry. As the cook went out she met Chansenets coming in. Grace screamed with pretended anger and surprise, told him to leave the house and sent the cook to make her purchase. After her departure, aided by a faithful *portier* and his wife, she hid Chansenets between the mattresses of her bed. Two of these mattresses were pulled out farther than the others, leaving a space next the wall for the fugitive. She then ordered the chandelier to be lit, festooned the curtains of the bed and placed herself inside. Here she remained; having asked the cook to sit with her on pretence of being frightened, she could only feed poor Chansenets with an occasional teaspoonful of warm negus when her back was turned. At 4.30 some forty men arrived, went all over the house inspecting everything, prodding mattresses with their bayonets, turning things upside down. They then came into her room. Daybreak was coming in at the open windows mingling weirdly with the paling yellow of the candles in the chandeliers; the men crowded round her bed and ordered her to get up. Grace professed herself quite ready to oblige them, but made such a good impression on them by her civility and by her suggestion that they must be tired and would be glad of some refreshment, that they excused her. They had not found anyone else so civil all night, they said, and they were sorry to have kept her awake expecting them so long. They stayed an hour in her room, but at last they went and she was able to release Chansenets, whom she found in a terrible state, with the perspiration pouring down his face. He was then removed to her boudoir, where she kept him for some days before she was able to take him to

Meudon and finally to start him off on a coach for Calais, whence he escaped to England. She had a visit from the Duc d'Orléans while in Paris and lectured him on his conduct. He replied impatiently that he was in the torrent and was no longer master of himself or of his name. Just before the King's death was put to the vote she begged him earnestly not to go to the Convention that day if he would not vote for his release. When she pressed the latter on him he replied, "Certainly; and for my own death." But he declared that he had no intention of going at all; it was, therefore, a great shock to her when, passing the evening with Biron, who was a republican, and some other friends, the names of those who voted for the King's death came in and among them that of the Duc d'Orléans. His aide-de-camp, who was present, tore off his uniform tunic and swore he would never serve him again. Grace went home and destroyed every present he had ever given her, resolving never to see him again. At Meudon she met a workman who had been employed at Versailles, carrying a handkerchief dipped in the King's blood. He had gone to the execution to aid in a rescue if one were attempted; he gave her a bit of the relic and soon afterwards died of grief, with the bloody handkerchief on his breast.

Soon after Grace was denounced at the Jacobin Club at Meudon for harbouring Chansenets and for aiding in an attempt to rescue the Queen from the Temple. She was not arrested, but went to Paris to visit the Duc d'Orléans, who begged her to do so. He was in mourning and she asked him if he mourned for the King; on being told that it was for his father-in-law, she said that she concluded his death had been hastened by that terrible event, or from the fact of the Prince having voted for the King's death. "I daresay that he died broken-hearted," she concluded, bursting into tears, "and so shall I; but you, Monseigneur, will die, like the poor King, on the scaffold."

Madame de Perigord now complicated matters by taking refuge with her at Meudon, accompanied by a boy and girl, whom she afterwards left in her charge when she fled to England. During her visit, Grace was arrested because of a letter found in her house, which had been sent her by a man she scarcely knew to forward to Fox. She

was left all night in a guard-room with drunken soldiers and taken through the muddy streets to the Mairie in the morning, where she found about two hundred people, many of whom she knew, waiting to be tried. The two duchesses, de Gramont and du Chatelet, were glad to have a chair which had been offered to her and she herself stood, with hardly any respite, from nine o'clock on Friday morning till twelve o'clock on Saturday, when her case came on. She was sent on to the Committee of Surveillance, her case being too grave to be dealt with at the Mairie. As she went in she met the Duc d'Orléans coming out. "Mon Dieu!" said he, "are you here? I am very sorry indeed." She was then taken before Vergniaud, Osselin, Chabot the ex-Capuchin and many others, seated round a table covered with green baize. They quarrelled among themselves as to the letter to Fox, some saying he was a patriot and she must be set free, some saying that she was guilty of other acts and must be punished. She then read the letter and translated it. Luckily it was in extravagant praise of the doings of the French nation at this crisis. Just as she was going they asked her if she knew Egalité and what had passed between them when they met in the doorway. She wept when they accused her of conspiring with the Duc d'Orléans. "We don't mind tears," said Chabot. "I wish that we had all those which have been shed in this room; they would supply all the houses in Paris with water." Grace told them that they had instigated d'Orléans to commit a dreadful sin. They were still fighting over her case when Robespierre came in and she was dismissed. The next day the Duc d'Orléans was arrested and Madame de Perigord left her children under her care. Grace loved these children and was reading to the girl some six weeks later when she was re-arrested and sent to the prison of Sainte Pélagie. Here she made new friends—in prison they were all intimate in a moment—among whom she numbered Madame du Barry, who would sit on her bed and talk of Louis XV and her life generally for hours. She was examined by Barrère, Robespierre and others and set free, only to be arrested again on the 7th September. The Section which arrested her told her that she would not escape this time, that she would make a good appearance in the Place Louis Quinze.

"We will all go and see you make your exit; it will be quite a fine sight," they said cheerfully. She was taken to the prison of the Récollets at Versailles. The first night she had to pass in the guard-room and the soldiers, pitying her lot, left her the room and sat themselves on the stairs. She slept the sleep of exhaustion until seven in the morning, when she was assigned a large room all to herself, which contained only a truckle bed, a table, two old chairs and a candlestick. There was, however, a fire, as the palings of the park were being burned and fuel was cheap. She talked through a grating to a prisoner condemned to death for murder; she was given a fellow lodger in the shape of an octogenarian Englishman, a Dr. Gem, an invasion to which she naturally objected. However, she resigned herself to fate and ended by becoming much attached to the old gentleman. She used to make his bed, wash his face, mend his stockings and, more wonderful than all, make him laugh. His health was bad and she was sometimes afraid that he would die during the night; she at last persuaded a Deputy who visited them, to remove him to his own house. She missed her old friend, who used to get up at four o'clock and light the fire, after which he read works of philosophy until seven, when he would awaken her. They used to talk of religion, he being an atheist and she a devout believer. They both wept when he was released and after her own deliverance he used to walk a mile every day to visit her. The food was awful. Soup made of horse-flesh—some said it was human!—raw pickled herrings, a bottle of water to last all day and serve every purpose. One day she went into the gaoler's room and found him talking to a smart, handsome young man. He asked her to sit down and have a glass of wine, saying, "You must make friends with this citizen; it is young Sanson, the executioner, and perhaps it may fall to his lot to behead you." Sanson took hold of her throat and said that her head would soon be off her neck, which was so long and small. "If I am to despatch you," said he, "it will be nothing but a squeeze."

Grace heard with sorrow of the execution of the Duc d'Orléans, of the Duc de Biron and of many of her friends; after a time she was removed and, after spending a night in the Queen's stables

now occupied by a crowd of prisoners covered with vermin, she was placed with others in a cart, pelted by the passers-by with dead cats, shoes and mud, and finally taken to the Carmes, still reeking with the blood spilt in the September massacres.

Here she made friends with Madame de Beauharnais, with Madame Custine and Madame Tallien. After eighteen months' imprisonment she was condemned to death. Her hair was cut; she had apparently arrived at the threshold of death. At the last moment the joyful news of Robespierre's overthrow reached her and she was saved.

Grace sold her town house to General Murat and took up her abode at Meudon. She went about a great deal during the Consulate and Empire and is said to have received a proposal from Napoleon himself. She paid a visit of some years to England, living at Twickenham, where the French refugees formed a regular colony and where she wrote her journal at the request of George III, he having heard stories of her adventures through their mutual doctor. The doctor used to take the sheets as they were written from Twickenham to Windsor and must have had the satisfaction of amusing his royal patient and of preserving a personal record which throws many a side-light on a time of absorbing interest.

In 1814 Grace returned to France. At the Restoration she had the pleasure of seeing M. de Chansenets reinstalled as Governor of the Tuileries and many of her old friends reappear on the surface. Her health was never good after all the privations she had suffered during the Revolution and she died at Ville d'Avray about the year 1823.

MARIE-JOSEPH-ROSE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE (1763-1814) was the eldest daughter of Joseph Gaspard Tascher de la Pagerie and of his wife Rose Claire des Vergers de Sannois. The youth of Josephine, as she was called, was passed in Martinique, where her father was a planter and the tropical climate in which she was born had some effect on her character. She grew up handsome, indolent, good-tempered and yet passionately jealous, generous to a fault and extremely superstitious. In appearance she

was of medium height with a lithe, supple figure, a face tanned by the sun, dark blue eyes fringed with black lashes and brown hair. She was educated at a convent, but passed most of her life running about wild in the beautiful country which surrounded her home. The life was simple, almost patriarchal. The big house having been wrecked by a hurricane, the planter and his family took refuge in the "Suçerie," a low stone building, in the ground floor of which the sugar-canes were stored and their juice extracted by machinery.

In the autumn of 1779 Josephine went to France with her father to stay with her aunt, Madame de Renaudin, who had arranged a marriage for her with her god-son Alexandre de Beauharnais, son of the Marquis de Beauharnais. This proposal had been made in the first place to a younger sister who died and to the youngest of all, aged eleven, who promptly declined; it had then been handed on to the eldest of the family, who, although she was only sixteen, had been considered too near the age of the future husband who was but two years her senior. The wedding took place in December, 1779. Josephine was now launched in a society of whose ways and manners she had little idea, a fact which Alexandre lost no time in pointing out to her. Although rather inclined to be in love with her at first, he soon began to taunt her with her colonial education and her rustic manner. He tired of her very soon and spent much of his time occupied with his military duties. A temporary reconciliation took place just before the birth of her son Eugène, born in 1780, but it did not last long. Josephine, meanwhile, who had naturally a very charming manner and who was very adaptive, had acquired polish in her new surroundings. She made many friends and had only too many admirers. Beauharnais, although he did not care for her, was jealous; she, on her part, had only too good cause to be jealous of him. In 1783 they were judicially separated. Josephine retained the care of her younger child Hortense born in that year and Eugène went to his father. In 1790 Beauharnais begged her to come back to him and she returned from Martinique, where she had been on a visit to her mother and lived with him in the Rue de l'Université.

Beauharnais had republican sympathies. He was one of the

first of the deputies to join the *Tiers-état*; he fought under the banner of the Republic and became General-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine. During his absence his wife, alarmed for the safety of their children during the Reign of Terror, sent them off to England with the Princess of Hohenzollern and her brother. Beauharnais, who dreaded the effect that this measure would have on the authorities, who already accused him of having been in sympathy with the Gironde, sent a messenger to order them to return. The Prince of Salm-Kirbourg lost his head on account of the delay caused by his sister bringing the Beauharnais children back to Paris. Beauharnais did much good work with the army, but he failed to relieve Metz and was arrested soon after his return. Some months later Josephine joined him in the prison of the Carmes, where, although they were at first separated they were afterwards allowed to share a cell. Although their last weeks together were rather disturbed by the volatile Beauharnais losing his heart to Madame Custine in the attempt to console her for her husband having lost his head, it was a terrible shock to Josephine when he was taken away to execution. When she herself was condemned to death, she affected to laugh and said that it was not possible, as she was going to be Queen of France, alluding to the prophecy of a witch in Martinique who had told her that she was to occupy the throne of France, but not for long, and that she was to marry the greatest man the world had ever seen. She turned to Madame d'Aiguillon and said: "I will appoint you my lady-in-waiting!"

Saved, like so many others, by the downfall of Robespierre, Josephine returned to life with an unimpaired faculty of enjoyment. Belonging to the *ancien régime* by her sympathies and her birth, she was connected with the Republic by her husband's career and had kept open house during the last four years in the Rue de l'Université. The tongue of scandal asserts that she was the mistress of Barras, at whose house she often took part in the entertainments with which he regaled the town. Whether or no there is any truth in this rumour, it is certain that she was much admired by him and by many others, including General Buonaparte, who was just beginning to attract public attention. Their acquaintance had come about by

Eugène calling on him one day and asking him if he might have his father's sword. When he received it he burst into tears and Napoleon, much moved, took a fancy to him which never afterwards changed. Soon after the widow called to thank him and it was not long before he became her devoted admirer. She hesitated for some time after he proposed to her, but finally was married to him before a magistrate, on 9th March, 1796. On the evening of that day Grace Elliott, with whom she had kept up the friendship contracted in prison, called on her and found her in the hands of her coiffeur, with a magnificent gown of blue and silver waiting to be donned. She told her that she was going to dine at the Directory and that she had that morning been married to General Buonaparte. "How could you marry a man with such a horrid name?" cried Grace, who, it is rumoured, had had a chance of making it her own. "Well," said Josephine, "I thought that he might be of service to my children."

Napoleon left twelve days later for his celebrated campaign in Italy, leaving her to pursue her usual life in the little house in the Rue Chantereine. He wrote her the most fervent love letters and soon began to chide her for her coldness and to beg her to come out to him. She evaded this request as long as she could, but at last set out for Milan, where she was received by the citizens with great honour and by Napoleon with rapture. It must always be remembered when sympathizing with Josephine in after days, that her indifference in the first place chilled and disappointed her husband. Poet and dreamer as he was in spite of his absorption in military and political schemes, she had the making or marring of their happiness in her own hands and she carelessly let it slip from her. "I have been in Virgil's village, on the lake shore, by moonlight," he writes, "and not a moment passed in which I did not dream of Josephine." In writing to her of his battles, for he was constantly away on active service, his letters are still full of ardent expressions of love and of longing to be with her. Josephine seldom answered these effusions from the man with whose fame Europe was already ringing; she allowed herself to be loved and was more pleased with the success of her son Eugène, now Napoleon's aide-de-camp, than

with the great events which were shaping so rapidly. She was very popular in Italy: "I win battles, Josephine wins me hearts," said Napoleon; but she was all the time longing for her little house in the Rue Chantereine and for the paving-stones of Paris. Eugène being sent on a mission to Rome, she went with him and so missed the glories of the homeward journey of Napoleon and his tremendous reception in Paris. Eight days later she joined him, but his devotion had already cooled.

The year 1798 brought the campaign of Egypt, with news of the battles of Alexandria, of the Pyramids, of the Nile. Josephine was prevented from joining her husband by a fall from a balcony and he proposed to her that she should buy a country place. She bought the property of Malmaison and began to beautify the house and lay out the gardens, displaying much interest and good taste. To Napoleon in Egypt came rumours of her indiscreet behaviour and he worked himself into a passion of jealousy, pronouncing for the first time the word "divorce," which was to be a nightmare to her for many years before it finally extinguished all her happiness.

As Napoleon's affection for his wife became more friendly and less exclusive, hers for him increased in inverse ratio. Her jealousy was frequently excited and she often treated him to tears and reproaches. She was miserable when he was absent, eager to follow, whenever she could, his meteor-like career about Europe. But now, instead of begging her to come, he ordered her to stay away, replying to her complaints with peremptory sentences such as, "Sois gaie et heureuse, c'est ma volonté," a prescription more easily given than carried out. At the same time he was gentle and affectionate with her when they were together and still felt that nameless charm which was one of her great attractions. He was deeply disappointed at having no heir; as his prosperity increased, as his ambitions opened out, this misfortune oppressed him more and more. He had a very strong sense of the ties which bind a family together. He honoured his mother and advanced the interests of his brothers and sisters; he did the same by Josephine's children, whom he adopted as his own. If Louis Buonaparte, afterwards King of Holland, who married Hortense de Beauharnais, had consented to allow his son

to be named Napoleon's heir, the divorce might have been avoided. But it was not to be.

Step by step the First Consul rose to new honours. They left the house in Rue Chantereine for the Luxembourg, the Luxembourg for the Tuileries. Insensibly Josephine adopted the position of a queen without the name; the substance of a court was there without the actual offices being named. She was beloved by all. She was charming, sympathetic, an excellent hostess. The *ancien régime* looked on her as one of themselves; with the new military order which had sprung up with the wars she was extremely popular. A great deal of ceremony arose even in the days of the consulate; the Citoyenne Buonaparte was spoken to as "Madame," her courtiers rose at her approach, stood while she sat and were dismissed when she was tired of them. At Malmaison, which was to her what the *petit Trianon* was to Marie Antoinette, there was much more freedom. The First Consul played childish games in the garden, Josephine tended her flowers, Hortense played parts formerly taken by Marie Antoinette in the little theatre which had been erected there, with Bourrienne and Lucien Buonaparte in the *rôles* once filled by de Vaudreuil and de Guiche.

Napoleon gradually restored order in Paris after the terrible disturbance of the Revolution; he also restored religion by the famous Concordat and celebrated it by a solemn Te Deum in the cathedral of Notre Dame. In December, 1804, he was crowned Emperor in great state, being anointed by Pope Pius VII, who came from Rome for the purpose and stayed for some months in the Tuileries. The presence of the Holy Father with his strange face which resembled a death mask and his white garments trailing behind him, excited great enthusiasm among a people who had recently abolished religion. Josephine, whose coronation had been undecided for some time, owing to the determination of Napoleon to procure a divorce, was finally triumphant. The First Consul not only agreed to have her crowned Empress of the French, but consented to a private religious marriage before the ceremony. Josephine had begged in vain for this favour and had always considered that her husband refused with a view to this ever-present idea of divorce;

she therefore begged the Pope to insist upon it and as he refused to anoint either of them if it did not take place, Napoleon had no choice.

On the great day of the Coronation Josephine looked the part to perfection. She wore a gown of silver embroidered with golden bees, cut in the Empire fashion, with a low neck and long tight sleeves; diamonds were sewn on the lace which veiled the bodice, a diamond crown was on her elaborately dressed curls. From her shoulders hung a crimson velvet train, also embroidered with golden bees, which was carried by her unwilling sister-in-law and her daughter Hortense. The ceremony was magnificent; the most picturesque incident being the placing of the crown on the head of the kneeling Empress by the newly-made Emperor.

Josephine was never happier than she was in the first days of the Empire, in spite of her unwillingness that Napoleon should ascend the throne of the Bourbons; she felt now secure of her position, feeling that her husband would not dishonour her in the eyes of Europe after having raised her to the highest pinnacle. The ceremony was followed by the coronation of Napoleon as King of Italy and by the appointment of Eugène as Viceroy.

Josephine's court now assumed a more imposing aspect, for by the wish of Napoleon she surrounded herself with as much pomp and luxury as possible. But in the years to come the absence of the Emperor at the seat of war deprived the court of its real lustre, while the Empress herself was often as near as she could be to the field of action, having now no regrets at leaving Paris and only wishing to be with Napoleon. Events succeeded each other rapidly. The year 1805 saw the surrender of Ulm, the defeat of the French fleet at Trafalgar, the decisive victory of Austerlitz, the treaty of Presburg. In this year Joseph Buonaparte was crowned King of Naples and Louis King of Holland. In 1806 came the famous battle of Jena and the entry into Berlin; in 1807 Eylau, Friedland, the peace of Tilsit; Jerome Buonaparte was crowned King of Westphalia and Joseph was ordered to give up Naples to Murat and to ascend the throne of Spain.

After the peace of Tilsit Napoleon came home full of visions of

his "destiny," which he was bound to follow. He was still truly attached to Josephine when she did not worry him too much, and that in spite of his serious love affair with the beautiful Polish Comtesse. But she interfered with the full accomplishment of his designs and his mind was too full of the gigantic schemes which occupied it to have much room for sentiment. He was influenced also by his family, who were almost all inimical to his wife. Josephine, who had never forgotten the old prophecy of the witch in Martinique, which had been so strangely fulfilled, always trembled for the end of it to be accomplished and was always consulting the cards as to her future. She was never quite candid with Napoleon, of whom she was really afraid. She concealed her debts from him, fearing his anger at her extravagance. She secretly introduced into her rooms a German fortune-teller whom he had expressly forbidden her to see and a dressmaker who, for some fault had been turned out of the Palace by his orders. Napoleon entered the room unexpectedly and found her with cards spread out, intent on her fate. She quickly put the blame on her mother-in-law, saying that both had been recommended by her. She then wrote to Madame Létitia begging her to support this story. Napoleon was disgusted at this undignified behaviour and this trivial incident hastened the catastrophe. Having once made up his mind, he was not long in bringing the affair to a conclusion. He obtained a decree of the Senate annulling the civil marriage and another from the religious authorities. On 15th December, 1809, the whole family was assembled in solemn council. Napoleon then read a paper setting forth the necessity for divorce and his own sorrow at being obliged to sacrifice himself to the interests of France. Josephine then read a paper declaring that she had no hope of giving an heir to the crown and that she was giving the greatest proof of devotion that had ever been given on this earth—here her voice broke and after trying to master her emotion in vain she handed the paper to d'Angély to finish. Napoleon was deeply affected, Hortense sobbed aloud, even the unsympathetic sisters of the Emperor were moved to tears. Eugène de Beauharnais fainted when the ceremony was concluded and Josephine went to the Emperor's rooms and wept

bitterly for the space of an hour, after which she regained her composure and left him.

The discarded Empress had Malmaison for a residence, the Château de Navarre near Evreux and the Palace of the Elysée. She was visited by all the members of the Imperial society and she had a court of her own and a large establishment. The Emperor visited her often, wrote to her constantly; she was to remain his friend even after his marriage with the Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria, which took place in 1810.

Josephine's life was monotonous, sad and ceremonious. She was hedged in by the etiquette of Court formalities and yet had none of the gaieties which make such an existence brilliant. She was desperately extravagant, still as devoted to dress as when she bought thirty-eight hats in one month, still incapable of refusing to order any jewel or picture which was offered to her, still giving away all her spare money and having none to pay her bills when the time of reckoning came. She spent large sums on beautifying Malmaison and Navarre; she endeavoured to keep up her interest in life, but it was more from habit than from real interest that she acted. At Malmaison she kept Napoleon's room, with his camp-bed, his maps, his books of history, just as he had left it and she spent many bitter hours there. Perhaps they were made harder by the fact that he would often come in and take her in his arms and tell her how much he still loved her.

Josephine followed the vanishing fortunes and the diminishing glory of her hero with agony of mind. She had always said that she had brought him luck and since he had repudiated her it seemed to have deserted him. Her one longing was to go and join him in captivity at Elba; a longing which was not shared by Marie Louise. She even wrote to him offering to share his exile, but naturally was not permitted to do so. When the allied sovereigns occupied Paris, Josephine was visited at Malmaison by the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia and his sons; she was ill, miserably weak, but she received them with her old charm of manner. In May she was taken ill with a quinzy; she grew feverish and was heard to murmur incoherently, "Buonaparte—Elba—Marie Louise. . . ." Hortense,

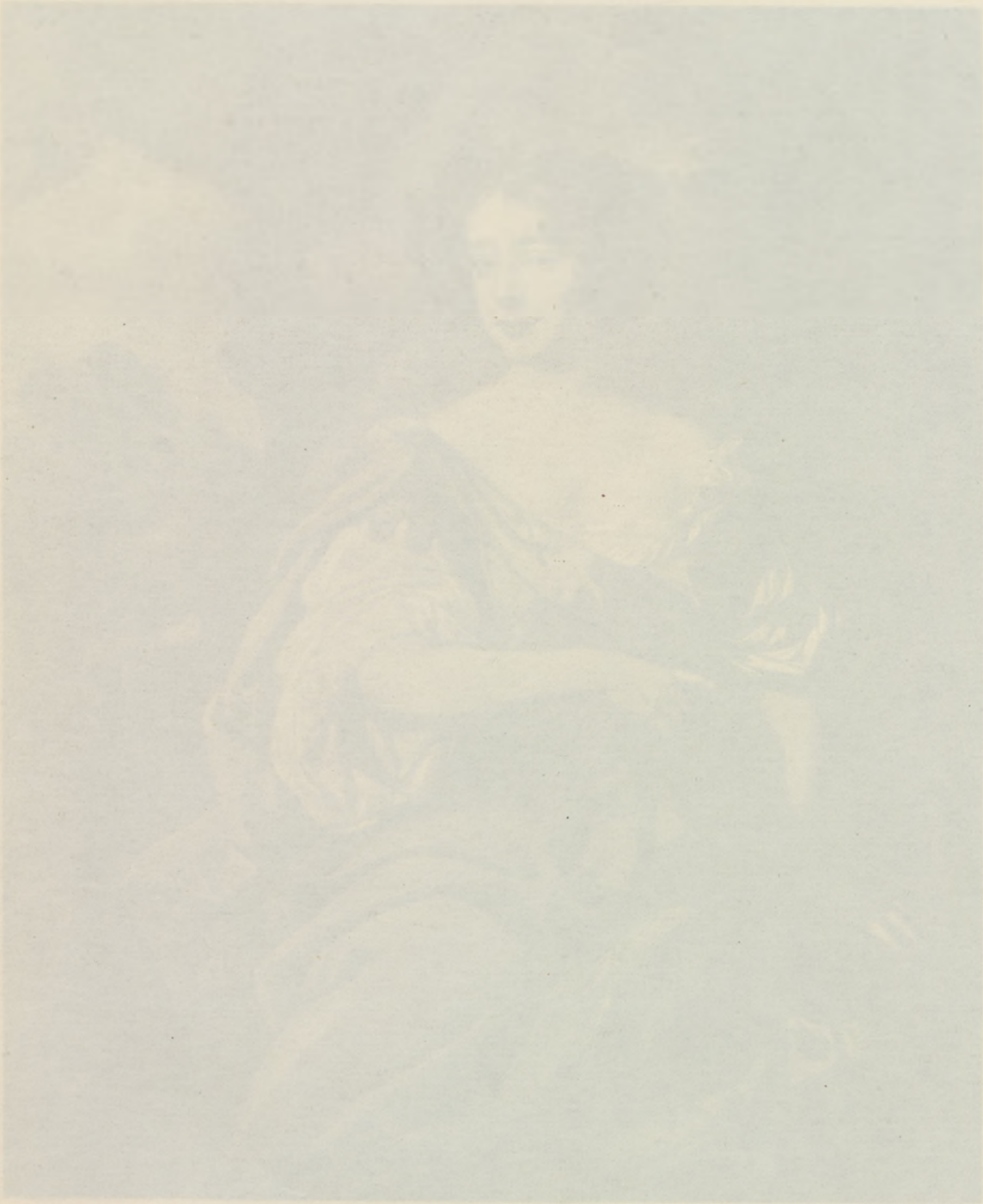
who was in constant attendance on her mother, was alarmed. She called Eugène, and Josephine soon after breathed her last. She was buried at Rueil, close to Malmaison, being followed to the grave by her devoted children, Eugène, ex-viceroy of Italy and Hortense, ex-Queen of Holland, with the two little sons of the latter, the elder of whom afterwards ascended the throne of France as Napoleon III.

Hallett Hyatt, Sc.

Nell Gwyn.
Painted by Sir Peter Lely.

CHAPTER VII.—BEAUTIFUL ACTRESSES. ELEANOR GWYNN; ANNE OLDFIELD; MARGARET WOFFINGTON; SARAH SIDDONS; MARY ROBINSON; ELIZABETH FARREN; DORA JORDAN.

ELEANOR GWYNN (1650-1687), was the child of poor parents, whose birthplace, according to her horoscope said to have been set by Lilley, was Oxford; it was formerly supposed to be either Hereford or London. She was in service with a widow living in London when she attracted the attention of a lawyer named Duncan or Dungan and was dismissed by her mistress whose admirer he was. Nell then took a lodging, studied gesture, and practised reciting; finally begged Betterton the actor to come and give her an opinion. He did so, but advised her to give it up. Her next step was to join the not very reputable ranks of the orange girls under the chaperonage of "Orange Moll." These girls stood in a row with their backs to the stage and their faces turned to their patrons in the pit, crying out: "Oranges! will you have any oranges?" It was not considered to be the right thing for gentlemen to haggle over the price of oranges and Nell very likely overcharged her customers. Besides



Nell Gwynn.
Painted by Sir Peter Lely

Fanny Kemble

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earning her livelihood she had an opportunity of studying the career which she still longed to follow, and she attracted considerable attention by her beauty and her wit.

It was owing to the help of her admirer Duncan, who reappeared on the scene, that she was enabled to achieve her purpose. In 1665 she made her first appearance on the stage in the character of Cydaria, in the "Indian Emperor" of Dryden, followed, in 1666 by that of Lady Wealthy, in "The English Monsieur." She was extremely successful in both parts and soon became a popular favourite.

Nell began her career at an interesting period of stage history. At the Restoration in 1660, Charles II, who passionately loved the theatre, had instituted a new order of things. Women's parts were taken by women for the first time and the King and the Court, instead of witnessing "command" performances at the Palace, went themselves to the theatres. The royal patronage did much for the prosperity of the theatres and the interest of the people was excited by long abstinence during the Commonwealth, when they had been closed. Arrangements for comfort were still primitive. At the King's Theatre, afterwards called Drury Lane, where Nell made her *début*, the pit was only partially covered over and the rain and wind sometimes caused great inconvenience to its occupants. The stage was dimly lighted by wax candles in brass sconces; the play began at three o'clock and ended in time to allow the audience, who had dined in the middle of the day, to finish the evening at Vauxhall or some other place of amusement.

Nell lived in a gabled casemented house in Drury Lane, from whence she could see the newly re-erected maypole in the Strand and where Pepys, to whom we owe several vivid pictures of her at this time, saw her standing in the doorway. He admired her immensely. He mentions going behind the scenes to congratulate her "I kissed her and so did my wife," he says, "and a mighty pretty soul she is." He specially admired her in boys' parts, saying: "She hath the motion and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have."

The Manager's Note-book describes her minutely. "She was low in stature, and what the French call *mignonne* and *piquante*,

well-formed, handsome, but red-haired and rather *embonpoint*; of the *enjoué* she was a complete mistress. Airy, fantastic and sprightly, she sang, danced, and was exactly made for acting light, showy characters, filling them up, as far as they went, most effectually. . . . She had remarkably lively eyes, but so small that they were almost invisible when she laughed; and a foot, the least of any in England."

Nell was admirable in comedy, but poor in a serious part, as even Pepys admits. She sang "My Lodging is on the Cold Ground" with so much charm that she captivated the heart of the King and her appearance in the enormous hat the size of a cart-wheel, in which she spoke an epilogue, put a finishing touch to her conquest. Nell was nothing if not straightforward. She called the monarch her "Charles the Third," alluding to her two former lovers, Charles Hart the actor and the fascinating Lord Buckhurst, with whom she had kept house for some time at Epsom.

Nell now left the stage, appearing for the last time as Almahide in "The Conquest of Granada" and took up her abode in Lincoln's Inn Fields. She afterwards removed to a house in Pall Mall, the garden of which ran down to the Mall, where she was constantly visited by the King. Evelyn, who scorned her as much as Pepys had admired her, describes "a familiar discourse between the King and Mrs. Nelly, as they call an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and the King standing on the green walk under it." The King did not only visit Nelly, he gave her an appointment at Court, where a rivalry sprang up between Louise de la Querouaïlle, now Duchess of Portsmouth, and the former orange-girl, which furnished many a topic for the lampoons of the day. The Duchess was hated by the people because she was a foreigner and a Roman Catholic and because of the immense sums lavished on her by the King. Nell, on the other hand, was loved for her wit and her talent and for her open-handed liberality. Public opinion was shown when a splendid service of plate destined for Louise was shown in a shop-window, it being openly said the service should either be melted and poured down Louise's throat or given to her rival Nell.

Nell lost no opportunity of casting ridicule on Louise, who used

to go in mourning for all the great people of the Court of France, saying that they were her relations; on one occasion when she donned her accustomed black on the occasion of the death of a prince of the blood, Nell also appeared in sable garments and announced that she was in mourning for the Cham of Tartary. "What is the Cham of Tartary to you?" asked a surprised courtier; and Nell replied loudly, "Exactly the same relation that the Prince of —— is to Mademoiselle de la Querouaïlle." Another elaborate practical joke was inspired by a better motive. Being extremely anxious to induce Charles to attend a council at which his presence was urgently demanded, she induced Killigrew to dress as if for a journey and to inform the King that he was going to Hell to fetch Oliver Cromwell, as he, at least, did attend to his business. The King took the hint, and went to the Council.

Nell certainly had a good influence over the King and she had the interest of the country at heart. "O Nell, what shall I do to please the people of England?" asked Charles one day; "they tear me to pieces." "Dismiss your ladies and mind your business," was the dry answer, "the people of England will soon be pleased." If he did not take her advice he enjoyed her plain speaking, while her readiness in repartee, even when directed against himself, delighted him. On one occasion, when neither he nor the Duke of York had any money to give to some musicians who performed at her house, "Oddsfish!" she said, adopting the favourite royal oath, "what company am I got into!"

Nell had two children by the King; the younger died in infancy, the elder was created Earl of Burford after his mother, who, resenting the titles given to the other illegitimate children of Charles, called him a "little bastard," in his father's presence. When Charles asked her why she called him by such a name, she replied because she had no better to give him. He was afterwards created Duke of St. Albans.

After the King's death Nell was in debt, from which James II, remembering his dying brother's injunction, "not to let Nelly starve," rescued her. She survived the King only two years, dying of apoplexy in November, 1687, aged thirty-seven.

ANNE OLDFIELD

The figure of Nell Gwynn, with her wit and her caustic sallies, her kind-heartedness and her sense of humour, has always been one of the most sympathetic in the history of dramatic art; the orange-girl of Old Drury, whose life brought her such varied experiences, will always be a popular heroine. She had a many-sided nature and the devout Dr. Tenison, who preached her funeral sermon, said "much in her praise."

ANNE OLDFIELD (1683-1730), was the daughter of a soldier in the Guards, who was said to be a gentleman who had run through all his money. She was apprenticed to a seamstress at an early age, where she spent all her leisure in reading plays. Later on she lived with her mother at the Mitre Tavern in St. James's Market, which was kept by her aunt. In the little back parlour behind the bar she used to recite passages from her favourite authors. Vanbrugh heard her declaim part of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Scornful Lady" in this retreat and was so charmed with her evident talent that he introduced her to the manager of Drury Lane, where she was engaged in 1692 at a salary of fifteen shillings a week.

Anne—or Nance, as she was more usually called—did not leap into fame with one bound. For five years she acted without making any very decided hit and the critics were doubtful if she would ever achieve any real success. In 1703 she began to rise in public favour and at last set the town in a blaze with her Lady Betty Modish in Cibber's "Careless Husband," a part which she created. After this she became the rage, her speciality being in "fine lady" parts, which she acted to perfection. Apart from Mrs. Siddons, she was said to be "the most beautiful woman that ever trod the British stage." Fielding, in his preface to "Love in Several Masques" says of her: "The ravishing perfections of this lady are so much the admiration of every eye and every ear, that they will remain fixed in the memory of many when these light scenes are forgotten." She was the "fine lady of the stage," according to Leigh Hunt; Lady Townley being one of her finest characterizations.

Nance could be irresistibly comic; she used to half-close her beautiful eyes in a way that gave her an appearance of great drollery.

At the same time she could feign "contemptuous indignity" so well that a gentleman in the pit once rose and hissed her. Nance interrupted her dialogue to remark "Poor Creature!" in tones of such withering contempt that the excitable "spark" collapsed and hid his diminished head. Nearly all her contemporaries speak highly of Nance and her "silver voice," but Swift mentions her in uncomplimentary terms when he writes of the rehearsal of "Cato." "The drab that acts Cato's daughter," he remarked, "kept on interrupting the action of the piece with 'What's next?'" addressed to the prompter. But, after all, this was only a rehearsal and she not only studied many parts, but was always eager for criticism and anxious to improve. Walpole says that she ought to have been what she appeared, "an agreeable, gay woman of quality, a little too conscious of her natural attractions." This was indeed her real *rôle*. She dined out daily, came to the theatre in her chair, attended by two footmen, was greatly sought after by society and had little intercourse with her fellow-actors. She had a love affair with Arthur Mainwaring by whom she had a son and is said to have married General Charles Churchill, the father of her second child.

Nance acted both at Drury Lane and the Haymarket, but was most faithful to the former, where she made her farewell to the stage in the part of Lady Brute, in the "Provoked Wife," in 1730. She suffered a great deal during the last years of her life and used frequently to cry out with pain while she was acting some gay and lively part. She died on 23rd October, 1730, in her house in Grosvenor Street, her last moments being given to anxious consideration of her appearance after death. She directed her maid to dress her in a "very fine Brussels lace head, a holland shift, and double ruffles of the same lace, a pair of new kid gloves, and the body wrapped in a winding sheet."

In this attire she lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber and was then buried in Westminster Abbey, between the graves of Congreve and Craggs. General Churchill wished to erect a monument to her, but was not permitted by the Dean. Pope's satire on her desire to appear beautiful after death is well known:

Anne Oldfield

Margaret Woffington

Dora Jordan

Hallett Hyatt Sc

PEG WOFFINGTON

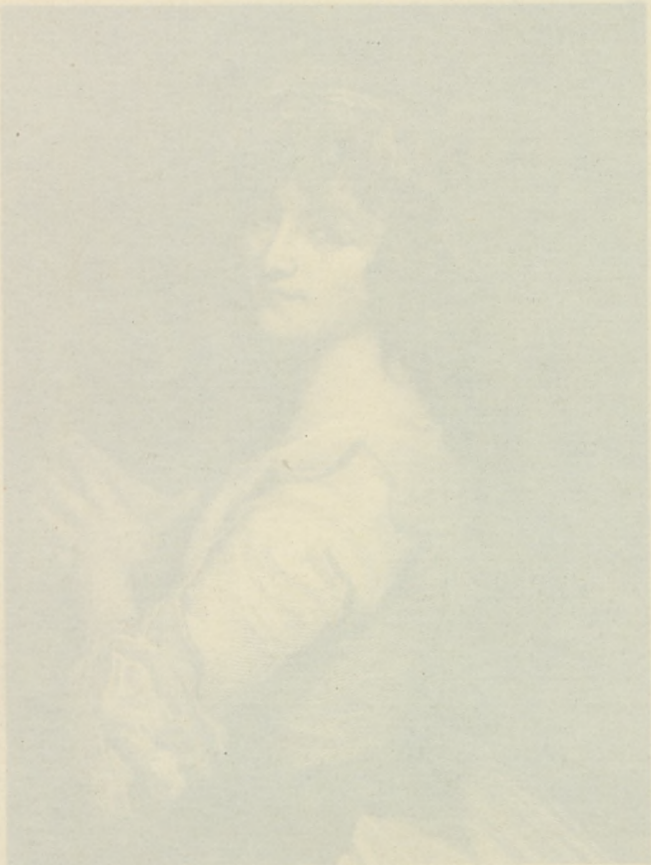
Odious! in woollen! 'Twould a saint provoke,
Were the last word that poor Narcissa spoke,
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face:
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead,
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.

MARGARET WOFFINGTON [illegible] bred in Dublin. Her father, a bricklayer, [illegible] was a child, her mother [illegible] and took in washing. Peg was [illegible] celebrated Madame Violante, who carried her [illegible] across the tight-rope, in her nightly performance [illegible] Madame Violante used to watch Peg, when she was a little girl, carrying pails of water from the Liffey to her mother's washtub. From this life she rescued her, taking her as an apprentice and teaching her elocution, singing and dancing. She was amply repaid for her pains; Peg was not only [illegible] willing, she had an indescribable charm which, even as a child, [illegible] her audience within the sphere of her personal magnetism.

Madame Violante introduced "The Beggar's Opera" to a Dublin audience, played by a juvenile company. Peg, aged twelve, had the part of Polly, in which she scored a distinct success. She afterwards played Nell in "The Devil to Pay" which gained her an engagement at the Aungier Street Theatre, where she danced between the acts. In February, 1737, she appeared in her first speaking part as Ophelia and charmed a large and kindly disposed house. Peg's youthful performances were remembered and her unmistakable beauty was much admired, but her strong point was not tragedy and it was not until she played the part of Sir Harry Wildair, in "The Constant Couple," that her real talent was recognizable. In comedy, Peg had no equal and in male parts she was peculiarly successful. After she had [illegible] her reputation by her performance of Sir Harry Wildair, that part was never again played by a male actor, although it had been a favourite one with several famous players. The winter of 1739-40 was one of the most severe on record. The Liffey was frozen, snow lay many feet

Anne Oldfield

Margaret Woffington



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PEG WOFFINGTON

Odious! in woollen! 'Twould a saint provoke,
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke;
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face;
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead,
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.

MARGARET WOFFINGTON (1714?-1760), was born and bred in Dublin. Her father, a bricklayer, died when she was a child; her mother hawked watercress about the streets and took in washing. Peg was borrowed when a baby by the celebrated Madame Violante, who carried her, suspended in a basket, across the tight-rope, in her nightly performance in her booth. This Madame Violante used to watch Peg, when she was a little older, carrying pails of water from the Liffey to her mother's wash-tub. From this life she rescued her, taking her as an apprentice and teaching her elocution, singing and dancing. She was amply repaid for her pains; Peg was not only intelligent and willing, she had an indescribable charm which, even as a child, brought her audience within the sphere of her personal magnetism.

Madame Violante introduced "The Beggar's Opera" to a Dublin audience, played by a juvenile company; Peg, aged twelve, had the part of Polly, in which she scored a distinct success. She afterwards played Nell in "The Devil to Pay," which gained her an engagement at the Aungier Street Theatre, where she danced between the acts. In February, 1737, she appeared in her first speaking part as Ophelia and charmed a large and kindly disposed house. Peg's youthful performances were remembered and her undeniable beauty was much admired, but her strong point was not tragedy and it was not until she played the part of Sir Harry Wildair, in "The Constant Couple," that her real talent was recognizable. In comedy Peg had no equal and in male parts she was peculiarly successful. After she had once established her reputation, by her performance of Sir Harry Wildair, that part was never again played by a male actor, although it had been a favourite one with several famous players. The winter of 1739-40, was one of the most severe on record. The Liffey was frozen; snow lay many feet

deep in the street; deaths from starvation were frequent and the distress of the poor was terrible. The Aungier Street Theatre closed its doors, but Smock Alley kept open for a time and put a "fire engine" in the pit to warm the house. Peg acted in the spring of this year, but this distress had greatly to do with her journey to London, although that was mainly prompted by her lover, young Taafe, who lured her on with promises of marriage, which he never fulfilled.

Peg Woffington arrived in London just two years after Dr. Johnson and Garrick had come to seek their fortunes in the great mart of the world. She lived in York Street, Covent Garden, visited the theatres and the places of amusement, was happy for a time and then, finding herself neglected, discovered the cause. The faithless Taafe had engaged himself to a young heiress, a Miss Dallaway, to whom he was shortly to be married. Peg's revenge was quick and cruel. She disguised herself in the costume in which she played Sir Harry Wildair, made acquaintance with the prospective bride at Vauxhall, danced a minuet with her and then proceeded to tell her of Taafe's perfidy, showing some letters to herself to corroborate the story. The poor girl fainted and Peggy, after restoring her to consciousness, led her back to her friends and returned to her lodging, where she found Taafe. She told him all she had done and he then left her for ever, saying that he was a ruined man and that she had spoilt his life.

Peggy had too much spirit to sit and weep over this unfortunate affair. She went to visit Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, to whose presence she was only admitted after having paid no less than nineteen visits. This, however, was owing to her having omitted to give her name, for as soon as he knew that Miss Woffington, whose success in Dublin had been so marked, was waiting to see him, he ordered the servant to introduce her at once. Peg found the eccentric manager sipping his tea, surrounded by seven-and-twenty cats. He engaged her for the following season at a salary of £9 a week, and fixed her *début* for November, when she was to appear as Sylvia in "The Recruiting Officer."

The house was crowded for the occasion. The Prince and

Princess of Wales sat in their box canopied with scarlet silk, the boxes were filled with ladies in powder and patches and with gallants in silk and satin; the pit was filled with men about town and students of the Inns of Court, while the "gods" sat up aloft. The stage at that period was almost as crowded with spectators as the house, but far from annoying the actors, they were considerably aggrieved when Garrick finally expelled them.

Peg's success was prodigious; "The Recruiting Officer" was followed by other plays and she appeared "by particular desire" as Sir Harry Wildair on November 21st. As Conway wrote to Walpole, "All the town is in love with her."

Peg's appearance has often been described. She was rather tall, with a perfectly proportioned figure; she had black hair, brilliant dark eyes under arched brows, a rather marked but finely modelled aquiline nose.

Peg left Covent Garden for Drury Lane, where Kitty Clive was the bright particular star and where she made friends with Macklin whose triumph as Shylock she was soon to witness and to applaud. During her first season she was often visited by a neat, spruce young man with a mobile face, named David Garrick, who had offended his family and was going to try his luck on the stage. He fell deeply in love with her and was horribly jealous of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams who wrote the verses called "Lovely Peggy" which were sung all over the town. After a short season at Ipswich, Garrick appeared in London as Richard III and very soon won popular favour. Peg was delighted to hear of her friend's reception, although Drury Lane was, for the time, half empty on account of his phenomenal success in the unfashionable little theatre in Goodman's Fields. "That young man never had his equal and he will never have a rival!" was Pope's verdict. In 1742 he made his first appearance at Drury Lane and at the close of the season accepted a three months' engagement to play in the Smock Alley Theatre in Dublin with Peg. The advent of these two stars caused quite a ferment in Dublin. Peg was remembered with affection as a child of their city, as a clever little actress in Madame Violante's booth, as a dancer at the Aungier Street Theatre; her reception was tremendous and Garrick, as he

stood in the wings waiting for her to come off, told her that she was the queen of all hearts. She made him a sad reply, for she was already utterly devoted to him and not very sure of the stability of his affections. They appeared together in "Hamlet," where Garrick's first representation of the great Dane caused much enthusiasm. He invested his characters with such vitality that the old school was rather scandalized and perhaps regretted the solemn stalk which was usually thought necessary for a hero of tragedy, but he carried his audience with him and the press was unanimous.

After their return to London Garrick and Peg lived together in Bow Street, paying the expenses on alternate months and receiving the pick of the society of London. This connection ended unhappily as Garrick, like her first love, refused marriage; Peg left him indignantly, giving back all his presents and demanding her own. He returned them all except a pair of diamond shoe-buckles which he wore to the end of his days. Peg then went to live at Teddington with a sister, for whose education she had paid and whom she hoped to establish on the stage. She, however, married Captain Cholmondely, and Peg was again left alone. She was deeply hurt at Garrick's conduct, for he had occupied a place in her heart to which no other had attained or could possibly attain. In 1749 he married a dancer, Mademoiselle Violette and Peg went, as soon as she could manage it, to Covent Garden, still under the management of Rich. In 1748 she went to Paris to study under the celebrated Mademoiselle Dumesnil, returning to London with renewed energy. She was noted for her good temper, her readiness to take inferior parts when desired, or to replace other actresses who fell ill or feigned indisposition. In 1751 she went to Dublin where she remained for three years under the management of Sheridan. She was much fêted and admired up to the time of the unfortunate riots, the outbreak of which caused her to return to Covent Garden, where she remained until she left the stage. These were caused in the beginning by Sheridan's Beefsteak Club, of which Peg was the president as well as the only lady member and in which she figured as a "gay and witty bottle-companion." The politics of most of the members of the club being inimical to the townspeople, they revenged themselves on Sheridan,

Hallett Hyatt, Sc.

Mrs. Siddons,
Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

whose constant efforts to obtain a high level in dramatic art had been exerted for their benefit for so long. Sheridan left at dawn after the theatre had been half wrecked and Peg did not care to stay on.

Peg's popularity with the London public never waned. She delighted the town up to the 19th May, 1757, when her health suddenly failed and she retired into private life. She was playing Rosalind on that fatal night for the benefit of one Mr. Allen and a French dancer; as the piece went on she felt dizzy, but, with her wonted courage, fought against the deadly faintness which threatened to overcome her. After the fifth act she staggered off the stage, but recovered enough to speak the epilogue. When she got to the words: "If I were among you, I would like as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I" . . . . . she paused, "and breaths that I" . . . . . "O God! O God!" she cried in real agony as she fainted and was carried away by her companions.

Peg lived for three years after that night, suffering from an incurable internal complaint. She was constantly attended by her sister, who owed so much to her kindness; her mother, that respectable old lady dressed in a short black velvet cape bordered with rich deep fringe, with her small agate snuff-box and her diminutive dog, who used to wander about from one chapel to another after Peg had removed her from the wash-tub, had been drowned in a Welsh river years back. Peg's life had abounded in contrasts. She had tasted poverty and riches, public adulation and the bitterness of disappointed love. Her memory is redolent of wit and humanity, with a touch of sadness which adds to the charm. She died at Paddington on 26th March, 1760, at the early age of forty-six.

SARAH KEMBLE, (1755-1831), eldest daughter of Roger Kemble and of his wife, Sarah Ward, both players, was born at the Shoulder of Mutton, an inn in Hereford. She appeared on the stage at such a tender age that the audience howled uncourteously and her mother told her to recite the "Hen and the Pippins" which changed their hooting into applause. Later on she used to knock a pair of snuffers against a candlestick to imitate the creaking of a windmill in a Harlequin piece and to make herself generally useful behind

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whose constant efforts to obtain a high level in dramatic art had been exerted for their benefit for so long. Sheridan left in disgust after the theatre had been half wrecked and Peg did not care to stay on.

Peg's popularity with the London public never varied. She delighted the town up to the 17th May, 1757, when her health suddenly failed and she retired into private life. She was playing Rosalind on that fatal night for the benefit of two minor actors and a French dancer; as the piece went on she felt desperately ill, but, with her wonted courage, fought against the deadly faintness which threatened to overcome her. After the fifth act she staggered off the stage, but recovered enough to speak the epilogue. When she got to the words: "If I were among you, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me," she paused, "and breaths that I" . . . "O God! O God!" she cried in real agony as she fainted and was carried away by her companions.

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SARAH KEMBLE, (1755-1831) eldest daughter of Roger Kemble and of his wife, Sarah Ward, both players, was born at the Shoulder of Mutton, an inn in Brecon. She appeared on the stage at such a tender age that the audience hissed indignantly and her mother told her to recite the "Boys and the Frogs," which changed their hooting into applause. Later on she used to knock a pair of snuffers against a candlestick to imitate the sound of a windmill in a Harlequin piece and to make herself generally useful behind

the scenes; at the age of twelve she acted in opera. It is not wonderful that dramatic ambition should have influenced all the Kemble family who were brought up in such surroundings; it is curious enough that their parents should have objected to the theatre as a career. Sarah fell in love at the age of fourteen with William Siddons, one of her father's company, after which she was despatched to Lady Mary Greathead, of Guy's Cliff, Warwick, in the capacity of ladies' maid. She remained there for two years, reciting plays in the servants' hall and to amuse her mistress, to whom she also read; she made a visit to Garrick whom she failed to persuade to engage her for Drury Lane.

When Sarah was seventeen her parents relented and withdrew their opposition to her marriage and to her stage career. "Sarah, you have not disobeyed me," said her father; "I told you never to marry an actor and you have married a man who neither is nor ever will be an actor!" She was married in 1773 and made her first appearance at Cheltenham, then a fashionable watering-place. Here she was so much admired that Garrick was persuaded to engage her for Drury Lane at a salary of £5 a week and she made her *début* in London as Portia in December, 1775. Mrs. Siddons acted all that season with varying success. She had tottered on to the stage on the night of her first appearance, half dead with fright and dressed in most unbecoming garments. The impression she created was that she had better return to the provinces, which she did at the end of a season which can only be considered a failure. After five years of hard work and after achieving the most brilliant successes, she was re-engaged for Drury Lane in the year 1782.

On October 10th she appeared to a packed house as Isabella in "The Fatal Marriage." Her magnificent acting of this part, which always remained one of her great achievements, caused a crescendo of enthusiasm with each succeeding act; the laugh with which she plunged the dagger into her heart at the end of the piece was so natural and yet so horrible that a dead silence reigned in the house for some minutes after the curtain went down, to be broken by a roar of applause. Her fame spread rapidly and she became the idol of London. In those days the public, instead of yawning through two

hours of a comic opera, was chiefly taken up with tragedy. Young men would breakfast near the theatre, in order to be in time to secure good places; the string of carriages and chairs which blocked the streets was endless; the audience wept freely, fainted and sometimes indulged in hysterics. In private life fine ladies jumped on to sofas and chairs just to see her pass in a drawing-room, while invitations of all sorts poured in on the great actress.

Mrs. Siddons is said to have possessed the best stage figure on record. She was tall, muscular, well-formed, she had classic features, brown hair and magnificent dark eyes. Her voice was deep and rich and very flexible and was one of her chief attractions. She had not much versatility and seldom succeeded outside the realms of tragedy, but she could sing a comic song with an intensely serious face to amuse her intimate friends. She did not shine in conversation, but would fix her interlocutor with a searching gaze which was apt to be rather trying. Her real joy, apart from her profession, was in her home, and she looked on social duties as a tiresome but sometimes unavoidable encroachment on her time.

Mrs. Siddons never liked playing with Garrick; she thought him jealous of public attention and said that he never allowed her to "shade the tip of his nose." Her chief triumphs in later years are connected with her brother Charles Kemble, with whom she acted constantly as she did with her other brother, who, however, never attained so much eminence. Henry Siddons, who could play anything from "Hamlet to Harlequin," was not a good actor and was not a man of a very interesting character. She never really quarrelled with him, but in later years they lived a good deal apart. Her children she adored and would often give up her society engagements to be with them.

It was not until 1785 that Mrs. Siddons performed her greatest part, Lady Macbeth, in London. She gave quite a new reading to the character, especially in the sleep-walking scene, where her wide-open fixed eyes gave the impression of somnambulism and where she put down the candle in order to have her hands free, an innovation much commented on at first. She imagined Lady Macbeth a fascinating woman as well as a terrible one and her rendering of the part

is followed to this day. In the character of Volumnia the part she played in the triumph of Coriolanus may be open to criticism. She swayed on to the stage intoxicated with her son's triumph, beating time to the roll of the drums, in a sort of ecstasy which fixed the attention of all present on her alone and left Coriolanus and his triumph unregarded. But in her day it was received with intense enthusiasm and, as usual, she dominated her audience.

Mrs. Siddons affected the actors as well as the audience. The performers in a farce given after her tragedy could not keep up their spirits; a man who acted with her was once so choked with emotion that he could not utter until she brought him to his senses with "Mr. Young, recollect yourself." Mrs. Siddons knew all London. She drank tea with Dr. Johnson and was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds and to the latter we owe a picture of the actual unstudied pose she assumed to suggest the Tragic Muse. "Ascend your undisputed throne and graciously bestow upon me some good idea of the Tragic Muse," the great artist said and she immediately assumed the well-known attitude, with hand uplifted, listening as if inspired. She carried her triumphs to Dublin and to Edinburgh; she repeated them each season in London; the only occasion when she experienced popular censure was once when she was hissed off the stage because it was reported that she had taken money for the benefit of an actor—a totally unfounded lie. She was not profuse like so many actors it is true and she had a desire to accumulate money for her children, but she was never mean to her associates. She was appointed reading preceptress to the Princesses and often read Shakespeare to the King and Queen, with whom she was immensely popular.

On 29th June, 1812, she gave a farewell performance of Lady Macbeth, the "grand fiendish part" as she called it. The house was crowded to suffocation and was naturally enthusiastic. After the sleep-walking scene the audience called for the curtain, so that nothing should disturb that exquisite impression. After the curtain Mrs. Siddons made her farewell in verse, during the recital of which she exhibited much emotion. She only returned to the stage after the death of her son Henry to benefit his children, performing in

Edinburgh for a limited time, but she gave readings in Shakespeare which were much sought after.

In her domestic life Mrs. Siddons was very unhappy, as her two daughters, to whom she was so much devoted, both died young of consumption. The strange story of these sisters and their mutual devotion to the painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence, has lately been told. Maria died in 1798, Sarah in 1803. Mrs. Siddons, who was touring in Ireland, was racked with anxiety as to her daughter's health; in spite of receiving reassuring messages from Siddons she felt a terrible presentiment and threw up her engagements. Even then she had a long journey to make and her daughter died before she could get to her. Mrs. Siddons suffered terribly during this anxious time and she never really recovered the loss of her two beautiful daughters. She lived a good deal latterly at Hampstead and at Westbourne Farm, an ideal spot, now occupied by Paddington Station; afterwards moving to Upper Baker Street. She died of erysipelas on 8th June, 1831, and was buried in Paddington Churchyard.

It is impossible to over-estimate the spell cast by Mrs. Siddons over her generation. She remains for us now as a symbol of all that is dignified and noble in the subtlest and most evasive of the fine arts—the art of acting.

MARY DARBY (1758-1800), daughter of the captain of a Bristol whaler who lost all his money in a scheme to establish whale-fisheries at Labrador, deserted his wife and fled to America. Mary, who was born at Bristol, was educated there in a school kept by the sister of Hannah More. After her mother moved to London she went to a school in Chelsea and afterwards to a "finishing" school in Marylebone. The dancing-master of this school was also ballet-master at Covent Garden and it was he who introduced Mary to Murphy and to Garrick. Garrick was immensely struck by her beauty and offered to bring her out as Cordelia to his Lear, but her marriage with Thomas Robinson, an articled clerk, postponed her appearance on the stage for some years. Robinson, who had represented himself as better off than he was, very soon got into difficulties and was thrown into a debtor's prison,

where he was joined by his wife. Mary wrote verses and the first collected volume of her poems appeared in 1775 and gained her the protection of the Duchess of Devonshire amongst others. After her husband was released from prison she applied to Garrick and reminded him of his promise. Garrick had retired, but he was still powerful, and he obtained her an engagement and chose Juliet for her *début*, which took place on 10th December, 1776. She scored a success in this part, partly no doubt owing to her youth and beauty; the house was full and friendly and Garrick applauded her from a seat in the orchestra. For the next two years she worked hard and played many parts, including those of Rosalind, Viola, Perdita and even Lady Macbeth. In 1778 the Prince of Wales fell in love with her after seeing her act the part of Perdita in "The Winter's Tale," and correspondence followed in which the Prince signed himself Florizel and she Perdita, a name by which she was afterwards known.

Perdita lived with the Prince for some time and left the stage at his instigation. When he grew tired of her she did not like to return and was in great want until Fox procured her a pension of £500 a year.

It was her beauty which made her reputation and as a beauty we think of her now. Driving up St. James's Street in a gorgeous cabriolet, she would one day dress as a rustic in a shepherdess hat, the next as a court lady in patches and powder, the day after as an Amazon in a cravated riding-coat. She was always got up to kill and hats would sweep the ground as she approached escorted by cavaliers on horseback, amongst whom her husband would often be found.

Perdita journeyed to Paris, resisted the attractions of the Duc d'Orléans and was called "la belle Anglaise" by Marie Antoinette, who gave her a purse netted with her own hands. After her return to England she was ruined by a man who pretended to admire her and she was suddenly struck by paralysis in her lower limbs when on a journey which she had undertaken for his sake. After this she resigned herself to a literary life; she wrote a farce which was hissed off the stage by the fine ladies whose gambling propensities it satirized and a tragedy which was never acted. She wrote much verse which

Hallett Hyatt Sc.

Eliza Farren, Countess of Derby
from the stipple print by Bartolozzi

was admired in its day, earning her the name of the "English Sappho."

Perdita never lost her love for the theatre and used to be carried there night after night by four footmen with white linen sleeves drawn over their liveries. She died, a complete cripple, at Englefield Cottage, Surrey, on 26th December, 1800.

ELIZABETH FARREN (1759?-1829), daughter of a surgeon-apothecary of Cork and of his wife, the daughter of a Liverpool publican named Wright, played in childish parts in the strolling company which her father and mother joined. In 1774 she acted with her mother and sisters at Wakefield; she appeared at Liverpool as Columbine and sang between the acts of a tragedy. At fifteen she played Rosetta in "Love in a Village," afterwards taking the part of Lady Townley.

Her first appearance in London was on 9th June, 1777, as Miss Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer." Eliza, as she was usually called, was fortunate in being able to take the place of Mrs. Abington, who retired in 1782; she was industrious and studied over a hundred parts, including Juliet, Hermione, Portia and Olivia. She however shone chiefly in contemporary comedy, taking the lead in fine ladies, which were her speciality.

Eliza Farren was a great favourite in society and a woman of unblemished character. She attracted the affections of Lord Derby who remained attached to her for many years, but who was unable to propose to her until his first wife, from whom he was separated, died in 1797. Fortune had always smiled on Eliza, whose professional career had been uniformly successful and whose one affair of the heart was happily reciprocal. All the same she had her moments of depression. "You happy girl," she said to Miss Mellon, whom she found singing and dancing all by herself in the green-room. "I would give worlds to be like you!" Miss Mellon exclaimed at the idea of the recipient of £48 a week and one, too, who was engaged to such an important personage as Lord Derby, envying *her*. "I cannot command such a light heart as prompted your little song," said Eliza sadly.

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She was sad, too, when it came to the moment of leaving the stage and burst into tears when she repeated the words, "She leaves off practice and kills characters no more," assigned to Lady Teazle, which seemed applicable to herself. She was married by special licence in Lord Derby's house in Grosvenor Square on 1st May, 1797, and afterwards took her place at Court and in society, dying in 1829 at Knowsley Park. She left a son and two daughters.

DORA BLAND (1762-1816) was the daughter of Grace Phillips, an actress, whose father was a Welsh parson. Grace married a gentleman of the name of Bland, whose family objected to the match and dissolved the marriage which was not legal, he being a minor. Bland stuck to his wife and child however and appears later on as a scene-shifter at the theatre in Dublin in which Dora came out as Phœbe in "As You Like It." The clever girl made a great hit in this part and added to her reputation by playing in "The Romp" at Cork, earning twenty shillings a week and the proceeds of her benefit. The benefit proving rather disappointing, some of her admirers procured her the privilege of having a second try and on that occasion filled the house to overflowing, so that the lucky actress earned about £40. Young Doyne, a lieutenant in a cavalry regiment, proposed to her at Waterford, where she was "on tour," but her mother, whose practised eye discerned her genius, dissuaded her from accepting him.

In 1782 Dora went to Leeds, where her mother took her to visit Tate Wilkinson the manager, with whom she had acted in her youth. When he asked her what was her line—tragedy, comedy, or opera, she replied boldly, "All three!" Wilkinson gave her a chance and on July 11th she made her first appearance in England as Calista, after which she quickly changed her dress and appeared behind the footlights to sing "The Greenwood Laddie," a song for which she afterwards became famous. Her really beautiful voice brought down the house and her success was undoubted. She used the names of Francis, Phillips, and Bland on the bills at different times, until a "fatal necessity" compelled her to adopt a more matronly title. When casting about for a name, Tate Wilkinson

suggested that as she had crossed the water, alluding to her having come over from Dublin, she should be called Jordan, and Mrs. Jordan she remained to the end of her life.

In 1785 Dora went to London and took the town by storm with her Peggy in "The Country Girl." Her chief charm lay in her youth, her vivacity, her delightful gaiety of heart and her natural manner. She ran on the stage as if it were her playground, she laughed from sheer lightness of heart, she was like a gleam of sunshine. So natural was her art that she was said to have no art at all; surely a doubtful compliment and yet one which argued that her art was so subtle that it escaped the ordinary gaze. However charmingly natural her manner was, both on and off the stage, Dora Jordan studied her methods assiduously and played a large number of different characters. She was never at her best as a fine lady and the parts which suited her genius were always those "hoydens," with which she built up her fame in the beginning. "Nature was her sole instructress," says Sir Josiah Barrington, in his memoirs, "youthful, joyous, animated and droll, her laugh bubbled up from her heart, and her tears welled out ingenuously from the deep spring of feeling."

After her conquest of London Dora visited Leeds, playing once there on her way to triumphs in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Her reputation was now established and her popularity steadily increased with all classes of playgoers. She played in the "School for Scandal," the "Belle's Stratagem," "The Devil to Pay," "The Romp," "The Country Girl," and many other comedies, and was very successful in some Shakespearean parts, Rosalind being one of her favourites and Viola being one of her most perfect *rôles*. Her charms attracted many admirers, but it was only after she had asked Mr. Ford, afterwards Sir Richard, who was the father of her two children, if he would legalize their union—an offer which he refused—that she listened to the overtures of the Duke of Clarence, the sailor son of the King. The attachment of the Prince proved lasting and she lived with him for twenty years, bearing him ten children, five sons and five daughters. They lived principally at Bushey House and Mrs. Jordan after some years left her profession.

When she finally separated from the Prince, in 1811, an ample provision was made for her, with special arrangements for her daughters, who were to return to their father's care if she went back to the stage. When she took this step she therefore lost some of the money allowed her, but she hoped to make a good provision for her old age and for their future comfort in doing so. Mrs. Jordan's return was not happy. She was abused on all sides for her conduct and the Prince himself was publicly accused in the papers. This annoyed her to such a point that she wrote a letter denying these charges. There is no doubt that these years were far from being happy ones. Devoted to the Prince, accustomed for so many years to a domestic life which was certainly harmonious, she could not begin afresh and take up the thread which she had dropped some twenty years ago. Although she had been on and off the stage, it had ceased to be her home or even the scene of her gratified ambition. She had reaped the fruits of success in her youth and the triumphs she had obtained then could never be surpassed when she had arrived at an age which was not suited to her favourite parts.

In 1815 she was called on to pay £2,000, a debt contracted to help a relation to whom she had frequently given blank paper with a signature affixed, not knowing for what sums she would be answerable. She had to pay for this lavish generosity and, not being able to avoid a debtor's prison in any other way, she fled to France, after making arrangements for the gradual payment of the sum required. Once in France it was impossible to return, as she could not find out for how much more than that sum she was answerable. Her last days were spent in a cottage at Boulogne and a gloomy apartment at Versailles, where she died very suddenly. She used to lie all day on a sofa, her landlady said, sighing deeply and looking often at a valuable ring which she always kept in spite of her poverty. She is supposed to have died on 3rd July, 1815 and to have been buried at St. Cloud. An intimate friend saw her distinctly after this date. She was deeply veiled and looking in at a bookseller's window in Piccadilly, using her glass to help her short sight in a manner peculiar to her; later on her daughter, whose attempt to go on the stage had caused her much worry before she left England, said that

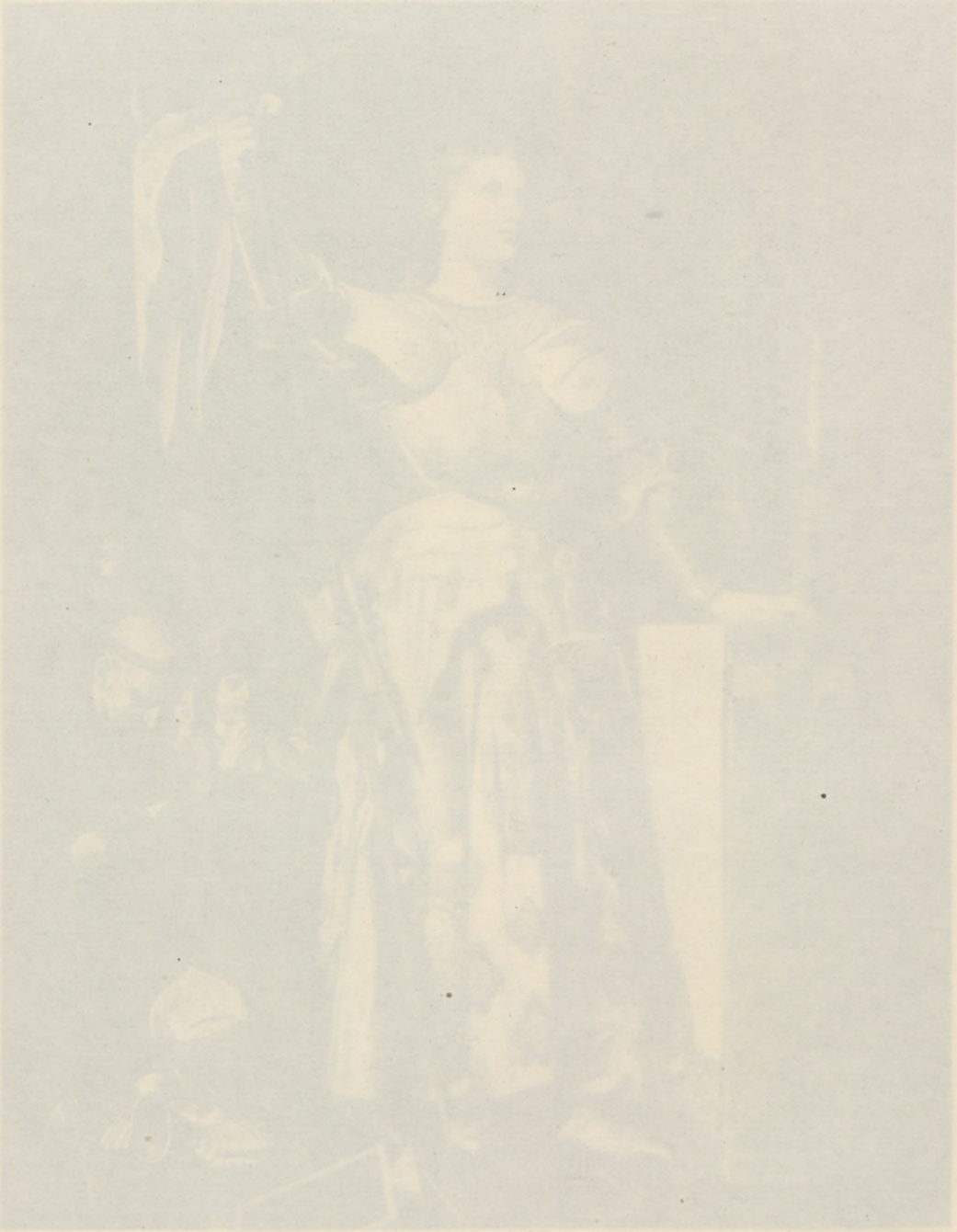
she met her in the Strand. Whether Dora Jordan feigned death in order to return unmolested to her native land, or whether her ghost was visiting the haunts she had loved when in the body, who shall say? It seems improbable that she should have really returned to London, as, from that day to this, no more has ever transpired.

The Maid of Saragossa

CHAPTER VIII.—ARTISTS' IDEALS. JEANNE DARC; VITTORIA COLONNA; LUCREZIA DEL SARTO; "LA BELLA DI TIZIANO"; THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA; LOUISE, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA; ANGELICA KAUFFMANN; GRÄFIN POTOCKA; EMMA HAMILTON.

JEANNE DARC (1412-1431), daughter of a peasant known as Jacques Darc (or D'Arc) and of his wife Ysabelle Romée, was born in the little hamlet of Domrémy on the banks of the Meuse. The writers and the painters who have made of the heroic warrior-saint an artists' ideal, have always represented her as tending her father's flocks in her youth, but she herself expressly stated that she was never employed in out-door work. Her three brothers helped her father to till the land and to mind the flocks and herds. Jeanne and her sisters spun and wove the family garments and occupied themselves with fine needlework, probably some sort of church embroidery.

Jacques Darc was a prosperous man with a great respect for public opinion; he held a good position in Domrémy and meant to maintain it. His wife taught her daughters their Ave and their



Jeanne D'Arc

from the painting by Bastien

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Braun, photo. Hallett Hyatt, Sc.

Jeanne D'Arc

from the painting by Ingres

Paternoster and the art of fine needlework; writing and reading were, of course, out of the question.

Jeanne was kind and good and extremely devout, passing much of her spare time in church, even bribing the bell-ringer with gifts of homespun and garden-stuff when he forgot to toll the Angelus. She was practical enough to lead a useful life and yet, from childhood, she was a dreamer.

One afternoon she was sitting in the garden dreaming over her needlework, when suddenly a mysterious radiance came between her eyes and the little church towards which, as usual, they were directed. "Jeanne, sois bonne et sage enfant; va souvent à l'église;" these words were impressed on her. She was but a child, being not quite thirteen years old, but, although she was frightened, she kept this strange experience to herself. She was rewarded by the appearance of a "vrai prud'homme," whom she always believed to be St. Michael, a shining vision which came to her often and spoke to her of the terrible condition of France and at last told her that she was to go to the rescue of the King and to gain back his kingdom. "Messire, I am only a poor girl; I cannot ride or lead armed men," said the astonished Maid. The saint replied that she was to go to de Baudricourt, Captain of Vaucouleurs, who would take her to the King, and that he would send St. Margaret and St. Catherine to help her. After this the saint of battles appeared less frequently and the two female saints were often with her. Their forms were not always distinct, but she could always hear the words which they spoke and she began to call her visions "mes voix."

Jeanne remained in secret communion with her visions for nearly five years before she set about to fulfil the mission which they imposed upon her. It was one which might well alarm an ignorant peasant girl, but when once she had grasped the desperate state of her country her mind was filled with "la pitié qui estoit au royaume de France." There was certainly need of a deliverer, for never had the fortunes of that country sunk to so low an ebb.

Ever since the marriage of Edward II with the daughter of Philip the Fair, their descendants had laid claim to the crown of France, in spite of the Salic law which excluded females from the

succession. The victories of Edward III and the Black Prince had not been followed up in the succeeding reign and of all the English possessions in France only Bordeaux, Bayonne and Calais remained when Henry V came to the throne. Henry gained the battle of Agincourt, returning two years later to ravage the country. He crowned his victories by the Treaty of Troyes which he concluded with the mad King, who acknowledged him as heir to the kingdom and regent during his lifetime, giving him, at the same time, his daughter to wife. When Henry died, leaving a little son of nine months old to succeed him, his brother John, Duke of Bedford, was made Regent of France. He was a distinguished man and a keen soldier, but was handicapped by the jealousy of his brother, the Protector of England and their uncle, the all-powerful and ambitious Bishop of Winchester. As it was, he was acknowledged as the lawful regent by a great part of France and was allied with the Duke of Burgundy, whose sister was his wife. Charles VII, whose legitimacy was so questionable that he was often called the "soi-disant Dauphin" in political documents, had not yet been crowned and the English made the mistake of not causing the infant Henry VI to be anointed King of France. Son of a French princess and head of a nation whose preponderance was acknowledged in France, if he had received the sanction of the Church the inhabitants would have been more likely to look on him as their lawful king. As it was, it was clearly to the interest of Charles to be first in the field. Into the vexed question of the probability or possibility of some divine revelation to the simple peasant girl we need not enter here. It is sufficient to notice that her inspirations were eminently practical. She was ordered to raise the siege of Orleans and to conduct the King without delay to his coronation at Rheims, thus following up a military success with an act of political necessity. The point of view is purely personal. Either the Maid was inspired to become a leader of men and an accomplished warrior, or she developed these talents sitting at her needlework under the shadow of the Church. In either case it is sufficiently wonderful.

The first person to whom Jeanne confided her plans was her uncle Durand Laxart. She went with him on a visit to her aunt,

who was ill and, as they walked through the lanes, related her strange experiences. Laxart, who lived near Vaucouleurs, does not seem to have doubted her word, for he went to de Baudricourt and told him of his niece's visions. The Captain advised him to send Jeanne back to her father, "bien souffletée," but when he interviewed her himself he appears to have changed his mind.

When Jeanne returned to her native village she was a marked woman. Her long reticence was over; she talked freely of her voices and the peasants were deeply impressed. Her father was furious. He saw nothing in the sacred mission but a wanton desire on the part of Jeanne to consort with the men-at-arms, whose life was notoriously bad and he said that if he believed her capable of going he would drown her with his own hands. An attempt was made to force her to marry a man who declared that she had always been promised to him; but she refused to listen and went back to Vaucouleurs. The puzzled Captain insisted on a priest exorcising the evil spirits; after which he seems to have been only half convinced. One day a young cavalier was so struck with her earnestness and with her repeated assurance that she was sent by God, that he vowed then and there to escort her to the King himself. Jeanne was getting very anxious, for she had been told to be with the King before mid-Lent and it was towards the end of February before she actually set out. She was dressed in a doublet and hose and cut her hair short; this dress being adopted for greater safety on the road and also because it was the only one suitable to her new career. The townspeople gave her a horse, de Baudricourt a sword; she was escorted by Jean de Metz and his friend de Poulengy and a small band of men. When asked if she were not afraid she replied that it was for this that she had been born.

Arrived at the Castle of Chinon, where Charles was losing his kingdom with the best possible grace, she was detained for two days before he consented to see her. She was then led into a great hall lit up by many torches and illumined by the mystic light which always came on great occasions. She saw a crowd of courtiers and soldiers and immediately knelt before the King, who had tried to deceive her by mixing in the crowd. After a few words they spoke

apart and she began her campaign by solemnly declaring that he was the legitimate and rightful heir to the kingdom, making him suddenly serious and undoubtedly causing him to believe in himself. It was a step in the right direction, but the indolent pleasure-loving youth was not capable of rising to any height. He left Jeanne to be interrogated by learned doctors and theologians; to eat her heart out in inactivity for the space of two months. It was only when Orléans sent messengers demanding the inspired Maid who was sent to her relief that she was at last allowed to set out. She was given a staff and a chaplain; she was dressed in white armour inlaid with silver and she carried a white banner spangled with fleur-de-lis which bore an image of the Saviour and the words "Jhesus Maria" embroidered at the base; the sword which she had caused to be dug up from behind the high altar of the church of Fierbois hung by her side.

Jeanne's influence over her soldiers was immense. A wave of enthusiasm swept over them, a wave of purifying emotion. Swearing and bad language ceased in her presence; the ranks of the camp followers were considerably reduced. With the leaders it was different. From the first, with some few exceptions, they were jealous of the exaltation of this ignorant girl and even preferred defeat to their arms to her individual glory. La Hire, the rough Gascon, who only swore by his "bâton" while under her influence, was most loyal to her and so was the great Dunois, who now came out to meet her from besieged Orléans. The Duc d'Alençon, too, was her faithful ally; but there were many who were opposed to her and Jeanne herself said, "I fear nothing except treachery."

Orléans was not completely invested, for there was still a gate by which communication with the rest of the world was possible; but it was surrounded by great towers which were manned by the enemy. The English, deserted by the Burgundians, numbered only some two or three thousand men and these were enfeebled by the long siege through the winter months. They made no attempt to prevent the entry of Jeanne and Dunois or even to harry the army which followed after a few days and was received by the Maid, who went out to meet it with a procession of priests.

Orléans hailed her deliverer with unanimous enthusiasm; crowds

followed the white figure on the great black charger, striving to kiss her mailed hands and multitudes followed her when she went to pray in the cathedral. Her first wish was to sally forth and attack the besiegers after having sent them a letter in which she exhorted them to go back to England. The very day of the entry of her troops into Orléans a sortie was made without her knowledge or that of Dunois, which was repulsed. Jeanne was asleep at the time, but she woke up in great alarm, crying out that her voices had warned her that French blood was flowing. She armed hastily, mounted her horse and clattered off to meet the fugitives as they returned. She was joined by Dunois and with the townspeople as well as the army they sallied forth and after a severe fight captured the bastille towards evening. Elated as she was at this first victory, Jeanne spent the following day in prayer; the captains spent it in council, consulting together how best to foil her plans.

The fort of Les Augustins fell on May 7th; Jeanne was then informed that it was decided to await further reinforcements. Undeterred by this message she announced her intention of setting forth at daybreak, adding that she herself would be wounded. The sun was rising as she left the city gates on the following morning, followed by enthusiastic troops, shouting her war-cries in her clear resonant voice, "De la part de Dieu!" she cried, "bon cœur, bonne espérance." "Sus, Sus!" Absolutely fearless, she exposed herself to danger, always in the van in attack and in the rear in retreat. When the fight languished she seized a ladder and planted it against the wall of "Les Tourelles," the most important of the enemy's fortifications and was about to mount when an arrow struck her over the breast; she fell and was carried away to safety. She dragged the arrow out herself and allowed a compress soaked in oil to be administered, after which she returned to the charge.

Her return struck terror. The conquerors of Agincourt, whom no man could subdue, shrank from the white witch and her enchantments with dismay. Either Heaven was fighting on the other side or the Devil; in either case it was disastrous. They clearly saw St. Michael mingling in the fray and a cloud of white butterflies was observed to hover over the white standard. In spite of these

appearances the opinion of the majority was in favour of black art and witchcraft. "Entrez, de la part de Dieu!" commanded the clear voice and the French troops, with a desperate sally, secured yet another tower.

The following day being Sunday, Jeanne caused an altar to be erected within sight of both armies. Friend and foe seem to have bowed the knee and soon afterwards the English beat a retreat.

With part of her mission gloriously accomplished, Jeanne went to the King to urge him to do his part. He only consented if the road to Rheims should be clear of the enemy and Jeanne accordingly raised the siege of Jargeau, gained the victories of Meung and Beaugency. On June 28th, accompanied by her two brothers and her staff, she at last set out to Rheims, receiving the submission of Troyes, Tours and Châlons on the way.

Jeanne rode into Rheims by the side of her King, dictated a letter to the Duke of Burgundy exhorting him to make peace with his cousin, interviewed her father and uncle who were entertained at the Zebra Inn at the expense of the City Council and was present at the Coronation. When her King was at last crowned and anointed and the people made the walls of the cathedral resound with their cries of "Noël! Noël!" Jeanne was overcome with emotion. She threw herself weeping at the King's feet and said that God's pleasure was accomplished and her mission fulfilled.

This is the culminating point of Jeanne's career. The voices, which had never deserted her before, became now more rare, or hinted at disaster. Bitten with the glory of war for which she had shown an undoubted genius, she wished now to clear the country of the enemy and to deliver the Duc d'Orléans from his prison in the Tower. She languished at Court where she was treated kindly, but without any special distinction. In spite of her voices which warned her that "before the St. Jean" she would be in the hands of her enemies, she prayed that she might once more confront them. But the old jealousies were rampant. Jeanne's prestige seemed, in some mysterious way, lessened. It was on July 25th that she had ridden away from Orléans and it was not until September 7th that she found herself under the walls of Paris. It is said that she did

not wish to attack Paris, but according to her own sayings she seems to have been eager to win it over to the King. Charles himself had been making truces with the Duke of Burgundy and still hoped for a peaceable settlement; the day after Jeanne made her spirited attack and captured the gate and tower of St. Honoré, he sent peremptory orders to her to raise the siege. She had been foremost in the attack, had stood on the *dos d'âne* which separated the two moats, crying on the besieged to surrender. "De par Dieu, rendez vous au roy de France" she cried as she tested the depth of the water with her lance. "Witch, devil, *ribaude*," shouted the men from the battlements. Then she had been wounded and had crept behind some stones, cheering on her troops all the same with undiminished cheerfulness. When she returned to Court she was restless and humiliated. She had done either too much or too little. As she had extended her campaign beyond the consecration at Rheims, she ought to be allowed to carry it on to a glorious conclusion. But great opportunities were not given her. The winter passed in inconclusive skirmishes and an unsuccessful siege; although the town of St. Pierre le Moustier was taken by assault, it was not of much importance. The Duc d'Alençon had gone to his own dominions. Dunois and La Hire had vanished; the Court was engrossed with a rival seeress, Catherine de la Rochelle and the star of Pucelle d'Orléans was already setting.

When Jeanne hurried to the relief of Compiègne there was still a month left before the "St. Jean," which her voices told her was to be a fatal date in her short career. She rode all night and arrived at daybreak on the 22nd May, 1430. She was busy all day with her preparations, sallied forth at evening to attack the enemy and was captured as she followed in the rear of her retreating troops after a desperate attack. It is uncertain whether she was delivered up to the enemy by the treachery of her own party; it is evident, however, that no attempt was made to rescue her. She was taken captive by a Picard archer or a Burgundian—for the English and the Burgundians had joined forces again—and was sold to Jean de Luxembourg who, in his turn, sold her to the English.

Jeanne still heard her voices; they exhorted her now to be

patient, but gave her no hope. One evening she threw herself from her tower and fell some sixty feet to the ground; she was taken up next morning stunned and bruised, but not seriously hurt. She may have done it in despair, or perhaps she trusted in the friendly gracious presences with which she held familiar intercourse. After the miraculous story of her accomplished mission, she may have fancied herself borne up to heaven by the pitying arms of St. Catherine and St. Margaret. But she had a rude awakening and was soon to be guarded night and day by three soldiers, an unnecessary and degrading proceeding which made her life intolerable to her. By day she was chained to a pillar, by night to her bed; long and weary hours were spent answering the same questions over and over again before she was at last brought to her trial.

The treatment of Jeanne in prison is a blot on the page of history; but, if much of the blame must be borne by England, the odium of her trial must fall principally on France. The English looked on her as a witch and believed sincerely in witchcraft. One hundred and fifty-nine years later a woman was burnt to death in Scotland for conspiring with the witches of Norway to raise a storm in order to drown Anne of Denmark when she came over to marry James VI. The witch confessed her crime and no protest was raised as to the justice of the sentence. The belief in magic was widespread. The French too, even those who had fought with Jeanne, were eager to attribute to her supernatural powers bestowed by the Evil One. She was tried by a number of learned men from the University of Paris, who would have mitigated her sentence if she would have denied her visions. But she remained true to herself. They then attacked her for having given her consent to the death of a Burgundian freebooter who had been taken prisoner of war and for having continued, in spite of repeated commands, to wear the dress of a man. Jeanne, who wore long hose and a tunic which fell in points to her knees, considered it a much more decent costume than that of a woman in her present circumstances and she obstinately refused to change it.

It is impossible to enter into the examinations and re-examinations which the Pucelle underwent, we can only glance at her story

of a crown which was presented by an angel to the Archbishop of Rheims in the presence of the King and which she declared to be now in the royal treasury. Whether she was goaded into extravagance, or whether she really believed that she had witnessed this scene, the relation of it did her cause much harm. She was at last condemned to death as an "excommunicated heretic, a liar, a seducer, pernicious, presumptuous, credulous, rash, superstitious, a pretender to divination, blasphemous towards God, towards the saints male and the saints female, contemptuous of God even in His Sacraments, distorter of the Divine law, of holy doctrine, of ecclesiastical sanctions, seditious, cruel, apostate, schismatic." She was brought to the public cemetery and harangued by a priest; the fear of the horrible death awaiting her overcame her and she recanted, signing a paper which was in readiness. After this she was thrown back into prison and resumed her woman's dress. But not for long. Her irons were not removed; she was not allowed to attend mass: she declared that if they would not keep their promise neither would she. She had only recanted when influenced by fear of the fire. She donned again her doublet and hose in token of the re-assertion of her will. Three months had been consumed in her trial; she was now condemned in two days. On the morning of her sacrifice she was allowed to confess and to receive the Sacrament. Dressed in a long white robe she was then led forth to the market-place where a last sermon was preached at her and where the stake was heaped up. She was not yet nineteen years old; her courage failed her and she wept. The accounts of her last words are not very authentic, but she is said to have fixed her dying eyes on a cross held up before her by Frère Isambard, and that the last word she was heard to utter was "Jesus."

VITTORIA COLONNA (1490-1547) was the eldest child and the only daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, Duca di Palliano and of his wife Agnese di Montefeltro, daughter of the Duca d'Urbino. When she was only four years old a marriage was arranged for her with Francesco d'Avalos, Marchese di Pescara, younger brother of Costanza d'Avalos, Duchessa di Francavilla, who

had been appointed governor of the island of Ischia after her heroic defence of the castle during the war. In the following year Vittoria was despatched to Ischia to be brought up with her future husband, a child of the same age as herself.

Fabrizio Colonna was at this time in league with the King of Naples, with whom he was about to make war on the French and it was at his request that this alliance was made with the d'Avalos, who were all powerful in Ischia.

Costanza d'Avalos was a remarkable woman. In her rock-bound island she had collected a little court of learned men and beautiful women, a court such as was only possible during the golden age of the Renaissance; she found time to study and time to play, time to attend to the affairs of the island and time to devote to the two children entrusted to her care, who grew up strong, healthy and beautiful, as well as carefully educated.

Vittoria was surrounded by romantic scenery from her birth in the Castle of Marino on the shores of Lake Albano—the very name suggests a landscape by Claude—up to her childhood and much of her womanhood passed among warm-toned ruins of Greek temples, olive groves and citron groves, volcanic mountains and the surrounding sea of lapis-lazuli streaked with violet, to the peaceful convent on Monte Cavallo in Rome, where she spent so many of her later years. Her life in Ischia was idyllic. She wandered about this enchanted region, full of an old-world peace, which must have suggested dryads in the woods and water-nymphs in the streams and gods and goddesses in the groves, which were, perhaps, once dedicated to their worship. But the old spirit of mythology, so potent in the time of the Renaissance, does not seem to have inspired the muse of Vittoria. All her earlier poems deal with her love for Pescara and with the apotheosis of military glory, while the later ones are inspired by a deep religious feeling which is, indeed, present in the earlier poems only in a lesser degree. We have visions of Vittoria in her youth, in her prime of life, in her declining years; she is always a great lady, always sweet and rather serious; she is stately and dignified and yet intensely sympathetic.

In 1509 Vittoria returned from Marino, where she had been

living with her parents for some little time and was married to Pescara. The young couple lived a good deal at Ischia with the "magnanima Costanza" and passed together what were destined to be the happiest years of Vittoria's life. In 1512 war broke out with France and Pescara went off with Fabrizio Colonna to fight for the King of Naples. The pride with which Vittoria saw her husband take up his important command was dashed by the news that he had been dangerously wounded and taken prisoner with her father. She expressed her grief in a letter in verse of thirty-seven stanzas, to which he replied by a Dialogue on Love, also in metre. Kindly treated by his captor, Pescara at last returned to his devoted wife, who admired his pallor and wrote sonnets on his wounds. But from this time onwards she had little of his company. He was always away at the wars which devastated Italy and in 1520 he was chosen to be ambassador to Charles V on the occasion of his coronation as Emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle, visiting England with him on his way to Germany. He then joined Vittoria, who was in Rome with her father, where she was greatly admired and was considered one of the ornaments of the Court of Leo X. Vittoria lost her father in that year and her mother two years later; she tried to console herself for being childless by adopting a young cousin of her husband, the Marchese del Vasto, whom she converted from a rough unmanageable youth into a paragon of knighthood; her days, if sometimes clouded by sorrow and sometimes dimmed by loneliness, were fully occupied. On 25th February, 1525, Pescara received three wounds at the battle of Pavia, after which he considered himself much aggrieved with the Imperial party for the way in which they had treated him and for the spiriting away of his royal prisoner to Spain. His discontent being known, he was approached by Morone, the Chancellor of the Duke of Milan, who proposed to him that he should join the league arranged between Milan, Venice and the Papal States to favour France and to eject the too powerful Emperor. Pescara either really entertained these proposals, which included the offer of the crown of Naples to himself and then betrayed the plot to his master the Emperor, or else he deliberately led Morone on with the intention of finding out the plans of the opposition. In either case he does not appear in a

favourable light and Vittoria was extremely unhappy. She wrote to him saying that she did not wish to be the wife of a king, but of a great general and begged him to be true to the cause he had adopted. Pescara sat in judgement on Morone and earned the appointment of generalissimo of the Imperial forces in Italy; then, quite unexpectedly, for his wounds were not considered dangerous, he fell into a sort of decline from which he never rallied. Vittoria went to him directly she heard that he was dangerously ill at Milan; but at Viterbo received the news that he was already dead. She was quite stunned by this shock; she retired to the nunnery of San Silvestro by the gardens of the Colonna Palace on Monte Cavallo at Rome, where she wished to take the veil, but was expressly forbidden by the Pope. She afterwards retired to Ischia, where she spent her time in weeping for the dead and in glorifying his memory in the sonnets which are so well known. Doubtless she mourned long and truly for Pescara and she certainly never again had even the suspicion of a love affair; but it is probable that she grew to write of him in her polished and rather unconvincing verse, rather as an abstraction than as an individual. As Dante built his visions round the figure of Beatrice, as Laura was a necessity to inspire Tasso's muse, so Pescara became to Vittoria the *raison d'être* of all her poems.

She herself inspired the praises of all the poets of her day; indeed, in spite of the fact that she was painted several times and was the inspirer of Michael Angelo, it is more in verse than in portraiture that she stands as a representative "artist's ideal." Her intercourse with the great Master is the most interesting feature of her life; if she did not actually sit to him for her portrait, she was none the less the inspirer of his art, an inspiration which he has often acknowledged in his sonnets.

Vittoria had paid many visits to Rome before the year 1536, when she appears to have made Michael Angelo's acquaintance. She had fled from it after the Colonna faction had been excommunicated by the Pope on account of the attack on Rome and the wrecking of the Vatican; she had returned after they were forgiven and their possessions restored. Since then the terrible sack of Rome had taken place and the temples and ruins had been devastated by

Bourbon's soldiers; in her frequent visits to the antiquities she must often have grieved over the harm they did so needlessly and which was so irreparable. "Happy they who lived in times so full of beauty," she said once and the courtly poet Monza wrote a sonnet in which he made the ancients declare that they were less happy than she imagined, because they had never known her.

Vittoria was now forty-six years old and still in great beauty. Her Roman cast of features suited middle age as well as youth; her golden hair, so often compared by Bernardo Tasso and the poets of the day to the sun, was wound in shining plaits round her classic head. As a woman of talent and a poetess she had an immense reputation over all Italy; her friends were such men as Bembo, Contarini and Pole, her chief adviser the saintly Fra Bernardino of Siena, who, with Peter Martyr Vermigli was bent on reforming the Church; of women we need only mention the well-known names of Marguerite d'Angoulême and Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara. Her sympathies, it will be seen, were with the Reformers, though, like Marguerite, she never left the Church in which she was born. Renée was the only one of the three who, after suffering great persecutions, went over to the Reformers; the other two were either unprepared or unconvinced, possibly afraid of the consequences of such an action.

"I have no friends; I need none, and wish for none," Michael Angelo wrote in early life, but after meeting Vittoria his note changed and he celebrated in verse the friendship which came to him in the autumn of his life. We have a delightful picture of their relations to each other in the record left by a miniature painter, d'Ollanda, who had been sent to Italy to study art by the King of Portugal. D'Ollanda called one Sunday afternoon on Tolomei, who had introduced him to Michael Angelo and to Vittoria. Tolomei had left a message that he was to follow him to the Church of San Silvestro, where he was going to hear an exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul, in company with the Marchesana di Pescara, "one of the noblest and most famous women in Italy and in the whole world," says the enthusiastic miniature painter. He found Vittoria, Tolomei and a monk, who appears to have been Ochino, sitting in the frescoed sacristy behind the chapel and was kindly received by them.

After the conclusion of the lecture, Vittoria suggested that d'Ollanda would rather hear Michael Angelo on art than Ochino on the Pauline epistles and, in spite of the artist's protest that he was quite equal to taking an interest in spiritual matters, she sent a message to the great man to ask him to come and waste a few hours in their society. The clever way that Vittoria drew Michael Angelo on to speak on the subjects which he generally declined to discuss when strangers were present, only introducing d'Ollanda when he was fairly launched, shows both her kindness of heart and her tact; the ingenious apology of the painter to the lesser artist, whom as a rule he ignored, showed where his heart was: "Pardon, Messer Francesco," he said, "I saw no one here but the Marchesa."

The monk took his leave, and Vittoria was left with Tolomei, Michael Angelo and d'Ollanda. She then began to unfold her plan of building a convent on the spot were Nero was supposed to have watched the burning city and asked Michael Angelo's advice as to the design. She congratulated him on having withdrawn himself from the world to give his whole life up to a great purpose, which called forth some interesting remarks on the peculiarities of painters, and the impossibility of serving both God and Mammon. Painters are said to be peculiar, he said, difficult of approach; "but how should an artist, absorbed in his work, take from it time and thought to drive away other people's *ennui*? . . . Why wish to make an artist take part in killing time? He needs quiet, and his mental work demands the whole man and doesn't leave the smallest part of his soul free to give away." He compares the art of Italy and that of the Netherlands, giving the palm to Italy, where the painting is "better than anywhere else in the world," but allowing the intense religious sentiment of Flemish art. It is not great, he says: they have not careful selection, nor inward symmetry, nor true greatness and they crowd their canvases too much. But he admits that their landscapes and drapery are "pretty." "True painting is only an image of the perfection of God, a shadow of the pencil with which he paints, a melody, a striving after harmony." He pays a tribute to the people of Italy, who hate mediocrity and foster greatness. The conversation drifted to the effect of art on a nation and, at last, Michael Angelo rose to go.

It was getting very dark in the little frescoed sacristy by the time the party broke up, and d'Ollanda was made happy by an invitation to return on the following Sunday. But when he climbed up to San Silvestro, after threading his way through the crowds of people assembled to witness the wedding festivities of the widow of Alessandro de' Medici and Ottavio Farnese, Vittoria was not there. She had probably gone to the wedding herself; in any case, the talk between Michael Angelo, Tolomei and d'Ollanda among the laurels of the convent garden was not so interesting as on the former occasion and does not concern us here.

The years which remained to Vittoria were partly spent at the Court of Ferrara, where she was welcomed by the University and sung by Ariosto and adored by the whole city, partly in a convent in Viterbo, where she lived for some years.

The quarrels of the Colonnas with the Pope occasioned her departure from Rome; perhaps her connection with Ochino and his party also influenced her. Ochino, summoned to Rome by the Inquisition, fled to the Lutherans in Switzerland; Contarini died. Cardinal Pole was the only one of her spiritual advisers left and he remained her devoted friend to the end, looking on her as a mother, as he said after her death, which left him quite desolate. It was by his advice that she sent the letter of Ochino, telling her of his flight, to Rome; it is certain that only her great position protected her from suspicion and that twenty years later a Florentine was burnt alive for having belonged to her circle. The greatest grief of her later years was occasioned by the death of the Marchese del Vasto, who took part with Charles V in the ill-fated expedition against Algiers. This severed the last link which bound her to the world and she spent the rest of her life in a convent, though without taking the veil. We have a picture of her at this date; tall, rather severe, dressed in black velvet with a long black veil hanging down her back. During this time she corresponded frequently with Michael Angelo; indeed, he wrote so often that she begged him to be more abstemious, saying that he could not get early to his work at St. Peter's if he wrote so much and that reading his letters interfered with her duties to the sisters. "Unico Maestro Michel Agnolo et mio singularissimo amico" she calls him in her letters.

The year 1547 found her back again in Rome, in the Convent of Santa Anna, from whence she was removed to the house of Giuliano Cesarini, husband of Giulia Colonna, to die. Michael Angelo was with her at the end.

"I am dying," she said to him, "help me to repeat my last prayer. I cannot now remember the words." He repeated the words and her lips moved until she suddenly turned to him with a smile and died.

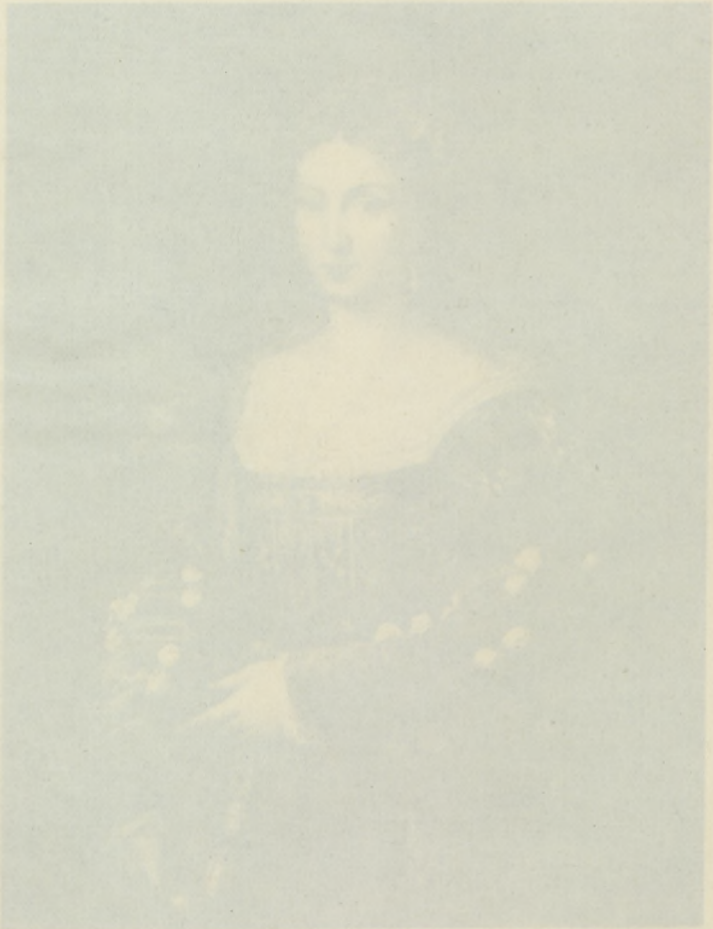
In the passion of his grief Michael Angelo is said to have almost lost his senses. His great regret was that when he had kissed her hand after death he had not ventured to kiss her lips; a sufficient testimony, if one be desired, of the purity of their relations, which has been questioned by a later generation.

LUCREZIA DI BACCIO DEL FEDE (1483-1570) the child of a "poor and vicious father," to quote Vasari, was the wife of Carlo Recanati, a cap-maker in the Via San Gallo in Florence. This beautiful, passionate, arrogant creature laid snares for the hearts of men while her husband made coverings for their heads and one of her victims was the painter Andrea del Sarto.

Andrea, in the pride of his youth and the springtime of his talent, was even then a gentle impressionable soul over whom it was only too easy to tyrannize. He heaped presents on the cap-maker's wife, neglected his work to enjoy her society and, when Recanati died about the year 1513, he married her without the knowledge of his family or friends. Such was the bad character which Lucrezia bore that this news created quite a stir in Florence when it was known; the painter's credit suffered, even the affection of his friends being turned to "contempt and disgust." Vasari, who was one of Andrea's pupils and who was treated to hard words and even blows by this lively lady, may have been prejudiced against her, but the fact remains that she blighted her husband's life. His peace of mind was disturbed, for he suffered much from jealousy; she had no high ambitions for his glory and only insisted on his working for money. Whether or no he could increase his fame by such and such a commission was an object of no interest to her; he must only think of

Vittoria Colonna

Lucrezia del Fiore



"La Bella di Tiziano"

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Vittoria Colonna

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"La Bella di Tiziano"

Hallett Hyatt, Sc

heaping up money for her to spend with both hands. She made him neglect his parents, whom he had supported for some time, in order to adopt her father and her sisters. Whatever she did Andrea continued, though sorely tried, to adore her. The woman who exercised so great an influence over his life naturally entered into his art. Vasari, referring to a composition he painted for the church of San Gallo, says: "Beneath this group are two figures kneeling, one of whom, a Magdalen with most beautiful draperies, is the portrait of Andrea's wife, indeed he rarely painted the countenance of a woman in any place that he did not avail himself of the features of his wife; and if at any time he took his model from any other face, there was always a resemblance to hers in the painting, not only because he had this woman constantly before him and depicted her so frequently, but also, and what is still more, because he had her lineaments engraven on his heart; it thus happens that all his female heads have a certain something which recalls that of his wife." The face that we know so well in the gracious Madonnas which adorn Andrea's pictures has nothing of holiness in it. It is of the earth; it is the face of a Florentine peasant. But at the same time it does not give us the idea of a shrew, or even of a woman with a strong character. It is probable that Andrea, like most artists, idealized his ideal. In the beautiful poem of Browning, which perhaps gives us the best picture which we can obtain of the painter and his wife, he makes Andrea say:

> Rafael did this, Andrea painted that;
> The Roman's is the better when you pray,
> But still the other's Virgin is his wife.
> Men will forgive me!

The great event of Andrea's life was the summons which came to him from François I. He spent a year at the Court of France, where the King received him with that affectionate interest which endeared him to the artists whom he patronized. He enjoyed the society of congenial spirits, he allowed his ambition full play; he was inspired to create masterpieces. In short he was the man he would have been but for the influence of Lucrezia and the atmosphere of domestic worries in which he lived.

Lucrezia had been well provided for in Florence, but she was not content. She therefore wrote to Andrea, representing herself as inconsolable in his absence and peremptorily recalling him. Andrea threw up his work and went to her at once, after promising the King, on his oath, to return and finish the painting on which he was engaged. The story that the King gave him a large sum of money to buy works of art is not now credited. The accounts of François were carefully kept and there is no mention of such a sum. We may therefore hope that the money which he lavished on Lucrezia and her family was honestly gained and that the worst fault which he committed was that of breaking his oath to the King. Lucrezia never allowed him to go back to France, though he is said to have often looked back to that "long festal year at Fontainebleau" with longing and regret.

Andrea's fame diminished as life went on. He was always occupied, but he did not hold the position in his native city which was clearly his due. In the year 1523 he went with his wife and her sister and one of his pupils to a convent at Camaldoli, where he was painting a picture for the nuns and remained there until the plague, which visited Florence at that time, was over. After the siege of Florence was raised in 1530 the same terrible disease entered with the Spanish soldiers and Andrea was one of the first victims. He lay down on his bed to die and Lucrezia fled to escape contagion, without even waiting to make any arrangements for his comfort. She lived to be eighty-seven and we have a glimpse of her in her old age looking over the shoulder of the painter Empoli as he was copying one of Andrea's frescoes in the Servite Church. She pointed out one of the figures as representing "the painter's wife" and then left him, a respectable old lady on her way to mass, little thinking of the inscription to be placed on the house where Andrea had died, "pieno di gloria e di domestici affanni."

Browning's poem, which we have already quoted, takes the form of a soliloquy by Andrea. The two are sitting together in the dark by the window, from which a view of Fiesole can be obtained. He is in a retrospective mood; he says that he will work all the better in the morning for the rest.

Don't count the time lost, neither; you must serve
For each of the five pictures we require:
It saves a model. So! keep looking so—
My serpentining beauty, rounds on rounds!
—How could you ever prick those perfect ears,
Even to put the pearl there! oh, so sweet—
My face, my moon, my everybody's moon,
Which everybody looks on and calls his,
And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,
While she looks—no one's: very dear, no less.
You smile? Why, there 's my picture ready made,
That 's what we painters call our harmony!
A common grayness silvers everything,—
All in a twilight, you and I alike
—You, at the point of your first pride in me
(That 's gone you know),—but I, at every point,
My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned down
To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole.

He goes on to speak of his art for which she does not care and admits that it is profitless to sigh,

Had there been two, another and myself,
Our head would have o'erlooked the world!

He speaks of his sojourn at Fontainebleau and of the gray tones of his life suddenly grown golden, of the "humane great monarch" and his Court.

A good time, was it not, my kingly days?
And had you not grown restless . . .
. . . . . .
You called me, and I came back to your heart.
The triumph was—to reach and stay there; since
I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?
Let my hands frame your face in your hair's gold,
You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!

"LA BELLA DI TIZIANO" is introduced as a typical Venetian beauty whose features are reproduced over and over again in the works of the great Master. Whether or no she were Violante, the daughter of Palma Vecchio, or his own wife Cecilia, does not surely signify very much; she suggests to the mind the golden-haired saints and goddesses whose skin glows with a warmth

of colour unknown to the fairer beauties of more northern climes. She represents not only the type of beauty which inspired Titian, but that which constituted the artist's ideal of a whole school.

AGUSTINA ZARAGOZA (1786——?) was a beautiful young woman of the lower class in the town of Saragossa, who rose suddenly to fame during the siege of that city by the French in 1808.

Spain, abandoned by the weak-minded Charles IV and by his son Ferdinand, was left to the mercy of Napoleon, who called his brother Joseph from Naples and imposed him on the unwilling country as King. Joseph himself was equally unwilling and realized from the first that he had been set an impossible task. In spite of the pusillanimity of King Charles, the chivalry of Spain was awakened and the people resolved to make a stand for independence. At Saragossa a small force was assembled composed of officers and soldiers who had come from all parts of Spain and here it was resolved to await the enemy. The French arrived and encamped on a rising ground outside the city, occupying a commanding position. The military and civilian defenders of Saragossa under Palafox, prepared to defend the city to the last extremity.

Saragossa is not a fortified town, "but this drawback is remedied by the bravery of the inhabitants," says Colmenar, truly enough. It was then a red-brick city, with some open spaces and many narrow twisting streets, surrounded by a brick wall from ten to twelve feet high, which was, in many cases, interrupted by houses. The Ebro washed the walls of the town, which stood in a vast plain which was then planted with olive groves and which is girdled by mountains. It was an ancient Roman settlement, as the name testifies, having been corrupted from Cæsarea-Augusta to Zaragoza.

The French thought that they had an easy task before them and on June 14th a party of cavalry galloped into the town, but were forced to retreat. The following day a fierce attack was made on the gate known as Portillo, which again resulted in favour of the defenders, who, however, were not able to pursue their advantage. The inhabitants now set to work with a will to defend the city. The

owners of olive groves and gardens dragged up their trees by the roots and built up barricades; priests and monks bore arms, women of all ranks formed themselves into companies to carry provisions to the soldiers and to succour the wounded. The lovely young Contessa Burita commanded a corps of Amazons; she was quite cool in danger and indefatigable in accomplishing her daily work.

On the night of June 28th an awful explosion suddenly aroused the garrison; it was a powder magazine which had been treacherously blown up by someone inside the gates. It was the signal for an attack and the soldiers were forced to leave the scene of the disaster, where they were trying to dig out those who were buried in the *débris*, to man the guns. The fight was fiercest round the gate Portillo and Agustina, who arrived with refreshments, going her usual rounds regardless of danger, found not one man alive. The guns were deserted; at a distance a group of men hesitated to throw themselves into the breach. Agustina picked up a match from the hand of a dead gunner and fired off a six-and-twenty pounder, vowing that she would not leave that gun until the end of the siege. Her example animated the hesitating group, who rushed to her side and renewed the fight, while two officers of artillery arrived just in time to direct them.

Many were the attacks directed against Portillo, always repulsed with terrible slaughter on both sides. Agustina remained at her post and indeed hers was in reality no isolated instance of feminine heroism, for the mortality of women was as great as that of men during this memorable siege, which lasted for fifty days. The French stormed and then set on fire the hospital and a convent which was full of wounded; they forced their way into the very centre of the city. The French commander now sent a brief despatch to the governor of Saragossa. "Head-quarters, Santa Engracia. Capitulation!" To which Palafox replied, "Head-quarters, Zaragoza. War to the knife!" "Guerra al cuchillo!" brave words for a commander whose unfortified city was partially in the hands of the enemy; but he carried them out. The Spaniards and the French now fought from street to street, from house to house, from room to room. The dead lay in masses by the barricades, the pestilence raged, but the

survivors fought on. At last some reinforcements arrived, brought by the brother of Palafox, which gave some heart to the worn-out defenders; the besiegers, discouraged by the news of the surrender of Dupont and the failure of Moncey, also by the news that an army was coming to relieve Saragossa, blew up the church of Santa Engracia, bombarded the town for a last time and retreated during the night of August 14th.

The heroic Agustina had a pension settled on her, which was afterwards given to her daughter and enjoyed the daily pay of an artilleryman for life. She also wore a small shield of honour embroidered on the sleeve of her gown, with the word "Zaragoza" embroidered on it.

The incident inspired Byron, who alludes to

> the flying Gaul,
> Foiled by a woman's hand before a battered wall,

in the first canto of "Childe Harold," where he sings so enthusiastically of the beauty of "Spain's dark-glancing daughters."

The verses which refer more particularly to the Maid of Saragossa may well be quoted here. After lamenting the fall of "the young, the proud, the brave," to swell the triumph of Napoleon, he says:

> Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
> Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
> And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,
> Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
> And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
> Appall'd, an owlet's 'larum chill'd with dread,
> Now views the column-scattering bayonet jar,
> The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
> Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might fear to tread.
>
> Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
> Oh! had ye known her in her softer hour,
> Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
> Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,
> Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
> Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
> Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
> Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
> Thin the closed ranks, and lead in glory's fearful chase.

LOUISA OF PRUSSIA

LOUISA AUGUSTA WILHELMINA AMALIA (1776-1810), daughter of Duke Charles of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and of his wife Princess Frederika of Hesse-Darmstadt, was born at Hanover on 11th March, 1776. After the early death of her mother she lived a good deal at Herrenhausen, but later came to Darmstadt, where she received a good education and was much with her grandmother, the widowed Landgravine. She then lived with a married sister and in 1792, she went with her sister Frederika to visit the King of Prussia, who was engaged in warfare with the French. The result of this visit was the arrangement of a double marriage between the Crown Prince and Louisa and between Prince Louis and Frederika.

On 15th December, 1793, the two Princesses set out for Berlin and were met at Potsdam by the bridegrooms, who escorted them in State into the capital. The marriage of the Crown Prince took place on Christmas Eve, that of his brother on 27th December. Goethe, speaking of the Crown Princess and her sister, says: "I can only compare them to two celestial beings, whose impression on my mind could never be effaced."

Louisa was tall and slight, with good features and beautiful eyes, but her chief charm lay in the expression of candour and intelligence which animated her countenance. She made herself beloved by the people not only on account of her many charities, but also because of her personal interest in any individual case which came to her knowledge. She disliked etiquette almost as much as her husband, who delighted in playing practical jokes on the excellent Gräfin von Vosz, whose efforts to make him conform to her notions of correct behaviour were so often foiled. Her first son was born in 1795, her second in the following year; in this year the King died and her husband succeeded to the throne as Frederick William III.

The new King was considered the handsomest man in Prussia; he was exceedingly kind and amiable and was devoted to his wife. Their happiest moments were spent with their children in the Peacock Island, where they could abstract themselves from affairs of State and Court routine. They were both essentially domestic and extremely religious and lived together in the greatest harmony up to the time

of the Queen's early death, a fact which conclusively proves the fallacy of Napoleon's theories of her coquettish character and of her *liaison* with the Emperor of Russia. The accusation that he brings against her of being the real instigator of the war between Prussia and France is equally unfounded. She had lost a child in the winter of 1806; she was sad and depressed and not at all well and was ordered to go to the waters of Pyrmont. When she returned to Berlin, war was already declared.

It was then that Louisa showed a new side to her character. She, who had hitherto avoided politics, became an ardent politician; she was naturally filled with a desire to see the arms of Prussia triumph over the forces of Napoleon and stop the carnage he occasioned all over Europe. There was no means to check his ambition but by force and the Queen of Prussia, stimulated by patriotism and by the general feeling of alarm at the encroachments of the French, used all her influence to encourage military ardour. She went with the King to head-quarters and used frequently to ride at the head of her regiment, wearing the tunic and helmet which distinguished it; wherever she went she excited the utmost enthusiasm, not only in her own regiment, but among all ranks of the army. She was present with her husband and the Emperor of Russia when the formal vow was taken at the tomb of the great Frederick; she was in the heart of the struggle.

Napoleon singled out the Queen of Prussia for his attacks; so much so, that Josephine wrote to remonstrate with him. His forces were everywhere victorious and the King fled from the battlefield of Jena a ruined man. Louisa herself went from Stettin to seek shelter at Küstrin, where she heard of the State entry into Berlin of the conqueror, who occupied her own suite of apartments in the palace. The King then sent to open negotiations for peace, but the terms offered affected his allies as well as himself and he was unable to accept. Napoleon now occupied Berlin and began to reorganize the whole country; during the French *régime* a paper called the "Telegraph" was issued, in which were frequent slanders against the Queen. She was specially accused of fanning the flames of war, it being said that she was a pretty woman, but without sense and was incapable of

comprehending the effect of her actions. She had used her ascendency over the King, an honest man who desired peace; she was to be pitied rather than blamed for she would repent bitterly at some future time. Napoleon heaped contempt and ridicule on her; he said that she was the author of all the evils which had fallen on the country.

On 28th December, 1806, the King of Prussia arrived at Tilsit, a King without a kingdom, to negotiate a peace with Napoleon and the Emperor of Russia. Frederick William was stiff and haughty and the Queen was sent for to smooth matters over. "What this costs me," she wrote in her journal, "my God alone knows, for if I do not positively hate this man, I look upon him as a man who has rendered the King and the whole nation miserable. His talents I certainly admire, but his character, which is manifestly deceitful and false, I cannot endure. To be courteous and complaisant to him will be most difficult for me; but this difficulty is required of me and I am already accustomed to make sacrifices."

Louisa would have been more than human if she had not added to her political and patriotic view of Napoleon's character her personal one of his want of chivalry to herself. She went, however, to Tilsit, where she was taken to the palace in a carriage of State drawn by eight horses and escorted by the French Dragoon Guards. Soon after her arrival, Napoleon paid her a ceremonious visit, during which he asked the King roughly how he had ventured to oppose him, to which the Queen replied with dignity: "Sire, it was permitted to the glory of the great Frederick to deceive us as to the extent of our powers; we were deceived; but it was so ordained." That evening she sat at the right hand of the Emperor at the banquet which he gave in her honour and succeeded in completely charming him. "I knew that I was to see the most beautiful queen in existence," he said afterwards to Talleyrand, "but I have found the most beautiful queen and at the same time the most interesting woman in the world." She obtained from him the restoration of Silesia, but she could not induce him to give up Magdeburg. It is said that she laughingly offered him a rose at the conclusion of dinner in exchange for Magdeburg, but that Napoleon kept both the flower and the fortress.

The peace of Tilsit was a disastrous one for Prussia, which was shorn of all the lands acquired since the time of the great Frederick, Silesia only excepted. Louisa was broken-hearted at the condition of the country, but she never deceived herself as to the false estimation of its powers which she and her husband had formed. She wrote later to her father: "We have slumbered on the laurels of Frederick the Great, who, as the hero of his age, created a new era. We have not progressed with it and it has preceded us. No one perceives this more clearly than the King. Just now I had a long conversation with him on this subject, and he said thoughtfully, 'This must be changed, we must alter things.'" She then goes on to give her estimate of the character of Napoleon, which is interesting as coming from the pen of a contemporary. "He neither deals fairly with mankind, nor purposes honest and legitimate ends; his inordinate ambition is directed solely to his personal aggrandizement. His character excites our astonishment more than our admiration. He is blinded by his good fortune, and believes he has the power to do everything he wills; therefore he is without moderation, and he who is without moderation must eventually lose his equilibrium and fall."

The life of the King and Queen of Prussia after this date was that of private individuals, living often in the greatest poverty. On one occasion a member of the sect of Mennonites presented the King with 300 Frederics d'or and his wife gave the Queen a basket of butter. Both gifts were accepted in the spirit they were offered and the Queen took a shawl from her shoulders and placed it on those of the honest woman, saying, in a voice full of emotion, "In memory of this moment." The lives of the King and Queen during these dark years endeared them to their subjects. They lived a quiet domestic life, happy in each other's society and in that of their children. The Crown Prince, afterwards Emperor of Germany, was a youth of great promise and was already a source of pleasure and of hope to the Queen, who trusted that, at any rate in his day, the wrongs of Prussia would be righted. She herself studied history, read much with her little daughters and was much interested in educational questions. One great event was the State visit to Russia, where they were sumptuously entertained by their old ally and returned loaded

with presents. In 1809 her youngest child was born and on the 23rd December of that year she and the King entered Berlin in State after their long absence. It was sixteen years to the day since she had entered it as a bride.

Affairs were far from being really settled, but the French had evacuated Prussia and the horizon appeared to be brightening. In the spring of the following year the Queen visited Paretz, the Peacock Island and Sans Souci; at the latter place she pointed out the likeness of Napoleon to some of the busts of Roman emperors which adorn the terrace. Her health was already failing when she went to pay a visit to her father at Strelitz in the summer of 1810. She was delighted to be among her own people for the first time since her marriage and enjoyed the society of her father, of the old Landgravine and of her sisters. Here she was joined by the King and the whole party went to Hohenzieritz. Everyone had remarked at a Court ceremony at Strelitz how sad and ill the Queen looked in spite of her real joy at the sight of so many old friends. When her pearls were admired she replied that she had sold all her other jewels, including her brilliants. "Pearls are more suitable for me, for they signify tears and I have shed so many," she said sadly. All the same she had scribbled on a piece of paper to her father after the arrival of the King, "Je suis heureuse aujourd'hui comme votre fille, et comme l'épouse du meilleur des époux."

Louisa arrived at Hohenzieritz with a feverish cold which she increased by coming down to dinner and by sitting out in the garden afterwards. The King was called back to Berlin and as her condition was not serious he went there, but soon afterwards returned to find her on her death-bed. "Tell him he must not be so agitated or I shall die immediately," said Louisa, when he left her to bring in their two eldest sons. She suffered terribly from difficulty in breathing. "There is no relief but in death," she murmured. Then she said, "Lord Jesus, shorten my sufferings," gave one sigh and was gone.

The King was inconsolable. He erected a mausoleum to her memory and a little temple in Peacock Island, where he would spend many hours of the day and sometimes of the night, gazing at a bust which he had caused to be placed there. Her memory is treasured

to-day in Germany where her domestic virtues and her heroism are equally admired.

MARIE ANNE ANGELICA CATHERINE KAUFFMANN, R.A. (1741-1807) was the only child of a Tyrolese peasant and of his wife Cleophas Luz. John Joseph Kauffmann was a decorative painter, whose chief work consisted in adorning the interior of churches. He painted some portraits which were exceedingly poor, but he loved his art, such as it was, and he was the master of his talented daughter, teaching her with great care from her earliest childhood. At an age when other children were playing with dolls, Angelica ran to her own corner in her father's studio and spent hours in making drawings from casts, which she afterwards copied in oils, or in poring over the fine collection of rare prints which Kauffmann possessed. She painted the portrait of the Bishop of Como when she was only eleven years old; she was distinctly an infant prodigy.

The Kauffmanns remained for two years at Como, where the beautiful and romantic scenery made a great impression on Angelica's mind. They then journeyed to Milan, where she copied in the galleries and attracted the attention of the governor. Strange as it seems in these days, a female art student was a *rara avis* in the eighteenth century. Angelica, being extremely pretty and taking, was made much of by the Duchess of Modena, who sat for her portrait and in whose Court she learnt that ease and assurance in society which afterwards distinguished her. In 1757 she lost her mother and afterwards went with her father to his native village of Schwartzenberg, where, for a time, she learnt to live "the simple life." In this picturesque spot, a hamlet nestling among green meadows at the foot of the mountains, she remained for some time, returning to Italy in 1762.

Angelica had a beautiful voice and great musical talent; she had decided to go on the operatic stage, influenced by a musician who was in love with her, but had been dissuaded by a priest, who represented to her father the dangers and difficulties of theatrical life. Having once made up her mind to remain true to her artistic

Angelica Kauffmann

In the character of Virgo Docens, in the Academy of Pesaro

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Angelica Kauffman

In the character of Design listening to the Inspiration of Poetry

vocation, she worked with a will. At Florence she had a room set apart for her in the Uffizi gallery, in order that she might copy without being disturbed; in Rome she was received with enthusiasm by the brilliant cosmopolitan society which was then to be found in the Eternal City. Here she met Lord and Lady Spencer and Lady Wentworth, afterwards her firm friends and patrons in England and here, introduced by her master, Rafael Mengs, she made acquaintance with Winckelmann, the great Greek scholar and art critic, who was to exercise such an influence over her imagination. Winckelmann sat to her for his portrait and lauded her talent to the skies; he also taught her much of Greek art and Greek mythology and, without doubt, determined the bent of her genius. The teachings of Winckelmann, the scenery of Como, the enthusiasm for the antique which was a craze of the times and which is so strong an influence in the Rome of to-day, all conspired to give a certain classical character to the compositions of this interesting painter. Her drawing is bad; the long-limbed women and the girls dressed up as boys—for she was incapable of drawing a man—scarcely seem to walk on their feet as they tiptoe along the classic meads, but she had the true decorative spirit of the eighteenth century and her paintings have a charm and beauty which many more academical productions are wholly without. Angelica was not only an artist and a musician, she was also a linguist; she spoke and expressed herself well in writing, in German, French, English and Italian. She had also the dangerous gift of fascination, which made her appear more beautiful than she was. In appearance she was tall and slender, with masses of red-brown hair and brown eyes. Count Bernsdorff, the Danish Prime Minister, describing her in later days in London, says that she is "by no means a beauty, nevertheless extremely attractive. The character of her face belongs to the type Domenichino loved to paint, the features are noble, the expression sweet. It would be impossible to pass such a face without looking at it, and once you have looked you must admire; and there are moments when she is absolutely beautiful, thus when she is seated at her harmonica singing Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* . . . At this moment she is a living Saint Cecilia." Angelica was extremely

religious, an excellent daughter, a hard worker; it is almost a relief to note that she was quite conscious of her undoubted attractions and that she was a consummate flirt.

In June, 1766, Angelica went to London in the train of her friend Lady Wentworth, while her father retired to Montegno to live for awhile with a married sister. She had as instant a success in London as she had had in Rome. Lady Wentworth introduced her to all her friends and went about praising the talent and charm of the young artist whom she was proud of having discovered and brought over. She became the rage, sharing, we are told her popularity with immense hoops, gigantic *toupées*, scarlet-heeled shoes and hideous china animals. At Lady Spencer's she met Sir Joshua Reynolds, who proved a kind friend and aided her in every way he could. He sat to her for his portrait and he painted her own; he was charmed with her intelligence and her beauty. But, apparently, it went no farther. Many of us take our view of the intercourse between Sir Joshua and Angelica from the charming pages of Miss Thackeray's novel "Miss Angel"; but we must remember that a novelist's licence is rather more elastic than that of a biographer. The novelist gives a delightful and probably faithful portrait of the character and individuality of Angelica, a portrait which makes us feel as if we had known the woman in the flesh. But of the devotion of Sir Joshua to the fascinating artist we have no proof.

In 1776 Angelica left Lady Wentworth and set up for herself. "I am in a private house with excellent people," she wrote to her father, "old acquaintances of my lady, who has had the goodness to recommend me to them as if I were her own daughter." She goes on to explain that she has a studio, a room for showing her pictures, a tiny bed-room and another in which she keeps her trunks, for the sum of two guineas weekly, also that she pays a guinea a week to her man-servant whom she has also to clothe. Her next move was to the house in Golden Square, Soho, which she took in 1767, where she received royalty and where the square was frequently blocked with the carriages of the people coming to admire her works and to offer her commissions. Her letters to her father are full of her success in life, of the praise and encouragement she received on all

sides, of the poems in the papers, "written in different languages, and all in praise of me." Old Kauffmann was enchanted and lost no time in coming over to join his clever daughter, bringing with him his niece Rosa Florini.

Angelica knew many interesting people. At the Mosers she met the distinguished young Swiss artist Fuseli, who proposed to her, much to the grief of the artist Mary Moser, who was devoted to him. She met Antonio and Joseph Zucchi, the elder an architectural painter, the younger an engraver; she was constantly with the Garricks and met many people at the house of Nollekens, the Dutch sculptor. Dance, whom she had captivated at Rome, was still devoted to her; Hone is said to have had something to do with the tragedy of her life, urged on by his disappointed love; but there is no proof of this. It was at Dr. Burney's house in St. Martin's Lane that she met the adventurer who passed himself off as Count Frederick de Horn. He was handsome and agreeable, he lived at Claridge's and kept a carriage and two footmen; he seems to have had no difficulty in taking in his victim. He was, in truth, a son of the Count de Horn he impersonated, his mother being a servant-girl at an inn; he had been brought up in his father's house, where he appears, at one time, to have acted as footman. He had an intimate knowledge of the family affairs and resembled the family of de Horn in his appearance. He induced Angelica to engage herself secretly to him and then told her an elaborate story of a conspiracy against him at the Court of Sweden, which, he said, was got up by his enemies, who had informed the King that he was plotting against his life. The Swedish ambassador had an order for his arrest; they must either part for ever or marry secretly and then trust to Angelica's influence at the Court of England to get him out of his difficulties.

On 22nd November, 1767, they were married at St. James's Church, Piccadilly and afterwards at a Roman Catholic Chapel. When the news became public, there was great consternation among Angelica's friends and very soon she began to learn unpleasant truths about her husband. He became violent and brutal, frightened away her friends and ordered her to pack up and follow him to the country. This she refused to do and he was finally turned out of the house

by Kauffmann. He then offered her her freedom for the sum of £500; after some discussion a separation was arranged and he was given £300 to keep him quiet. Angelica had learnt by this time that he had already a wife, but she shrank from the publicity of a lawsuit and preferred to treat the matter privately, even if she had to pay for it. "Never speak his name to me again" she said and she began to work feverishly.

Her life was as brilliant and successful as ever, but her heart was not in it. She was one of the original members of the Royal Academy, in whose exhibitions she displayed her work year by year. She had innumerable commissions and did a great deal of exquisite decorative work, of which a good deal remains to this day in London houses. She spent six months in Ireland, where she was busily employed; she was to have painted one of the frescoes in St. Paul's Cathedral if Sir Joshua Reynolds' scheme had been carried out and she executed four medallions to illustrate the subjects of Genius, Design, Composition and Painting for Somerset House. In 1780 the man whom she still regarded as her husband died and her father persuaded her to marry Antonio Zucchi. It was a marriage of convenience on both sides, but it seems to have turned out fairly well. They were married 14th July, 1781 and afterwards left for the continent. Angelica had been in London for sixteen years and her popularity was rather on the wane; her thoughts had often turned towards Rome, especially since her unfortunate marriage had made her less eager for society and more inclined to shut herself up. She now went with Zucchi and her father to the Tyrol and then on to Venice, where she met many of her husband's family; afterwards staying at Naples where she was received with the greatest kindness by the Queen, who wished to retain her at her Court. But Angelica longed for Rome and she soon went off, taking with her portraits of the King and Queen and of their seven children as studies for a large picture. Here she was in her element. Zucchi looked after household concerns; he was certainly kind, if rather grasping as to money and eager to make her work too quickly for her fame in order to fill his purse. The great event of this part of her life was her friendship with Goethe, who used to read his poems aloud in her

studio and take her advice on many important points. "She is so dear, so good to me," he says, "I go often to her, especially when I am in a thoughtful mood and have no one to whom I can open my mind. . . . You cannot conceive what real enjoyment there is in seeing pictures with her. Her eyes are so educated and her knowledge of the mechanism of art so great, her feeling of the beautiful so profound, and she is so inconceivably modest." Angelica grew to depend only too much on this friendship and was terribly sad when he returned to Weimar. Her letters to him are full of devotion; she speaks of her *sad life*, in italics, of resignation, of "those dear happy days" now gone by. Goethe's affection soon cooled and when he returned some years later to Italy he avoided Rome. Angelica had much the same sort of sentimentally platonic friendship with Herder, who came to Rome after Goethe left. So we hope that she was not inconsolable.

Angelica's success in Italy was great and she received commissions as well as honours and gold medals from various of the Courts of Europe. In 1796 Zucchi died, leaving nearly all his money to his brother and nephew and, as the French Revolution had cast a blight over all trade and the artistic profession suffered with the others, Angelica was very badly off towards the end of her life. In 1807 her health, which had been feeble for some time, began to decline visibly. As the autumn progressed she grew weaker. On November 5th a hymn for the dying was read to her instead of a hymn for the sick, for which she had asked. "I will not hear that," she said impatiently. While the hymn she required was being read she died.

On 7th November, 1807, a magnificent funeral procession passed slowly through the streets of Rome. The pall-bearers were Canova, Pazzetti, Le Thière and Rossi; all the distinguished men in Rome followed and two of her pictures were carried and placed one each side of the high altar during the service. A year later her bust was placed in the Pantheon.

APPOLLINE HÉLÈNE MASSALSKA (1763-1815) was the only daughter of Prince Massalski and of his wife, a Princess Radziwill. Her parents died young and she was adopted, with her brother Xavier, by her uncle, the Prince-Bishop of Vilna, who brought her to Paris in the year 1771.

The portrait we give has often been reproduced as a type of beauty; it represents a child-like creature, whose masses of hair are rolled back and confined by a ribbon and whose large dark eyes are turned a little from the spectator. The lips smile, but the eyes are serious; the whole expression is one of intensity.

The history of Hélène Massalska is a romance in real life and one which, if it were related in the form of a novel, would be considered most improbable. For the opening chapters we are indebted to her own diary, written between the ages of nine and fourteen; the remainder of her life is given in the interesting biography compiled by M. Perez from family records. At the age of eight, a shy little Polish maiden, who had forgotten most of her French on the journey, was brought to the convent school of L'Abbaye-aux-Bois by the Prince-Bishop and his friend Madame Geoffrin. For some time she pretended to be unable to speak French at all, but very soon she began to feel at her ease among her new companions. She gives an account of her reception into the "Blue" class, composed of the youngest girls, of their lessons, their play, their mistresses and themselves. The characters are touched in with a few words in a graphic style, which is delightful by reason of its simplicity. She does not spare herself. She tells us how fools' caps and red tongues were her constant decoration for stupidity and fibs; how she told tales out of school and what a drastic punishment she received at the hands of her fellow-pupils. She was once so soundly beaten by Mademoiselle de Sévrac, who was "d'une figure fort noble, mais sujette à des spasmes et un peu folle," that the Blue class rose in revolt against the senior or "Red" class to which that young lady belonged. Hélène came out of these ordeals a general favourite who, with her particular friend Mademoiselle de Choiseul, was at the head of every wickedness which it came into the heads of these young demons to devise. She headed an insurrection against an unpopular

Petrovich

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

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Hanfstaengl. Photo. Hallett Hyatt. Sc.

Gräfin Potocka.

mistress, when the pupils got possession of the kitchen and starved the convent authorities; she put ink in the holy water just before the service at two hours after midnight and enjoyed the strange appearance the nuns presented as daylight dawned. These escapades did not prevent her from being chosen as Abbess on St. Catherine's day, when the pupils were dressed in the nuns' habits and took their places in the ceremony in church in honour of that festival.

Hélène tells us of the marriages of Mademoiselle de Bourgogne and of Mademoiselle de Choiseul, the former to an old and disagreeable husband, the latter to her cousin. Both brides returned to school after the ceremony and were afterwards called "Madame;" one being twelve years old and the other fourteen. The immolation of poor Mademoiselle de Rastignac, who was forced to take the veil against her will, makes a more sombre picture and the diary closes with an account of the death of the beloved Madame de Rochechouart, the head of the school.

On 29th July, 1779, Hélène was married in the chapel of the Convent, to Prince Charles de Ligne. She had seen him once in the Parlour, on which occasion she had kept those beautiful liquid eyes fixed on the carpet and had described him accurately to her companions afterwards. It was a marriage of convenience, but it promised well. The de Ligne family was one of the most distinguished in Flanders, owning vast territories, innumerable titles, a considerable fortune. The Prince de Ligne was beloved by everybody, a favoured guest at Versailles and the Petit Trianon, he was a friend of Maria Theresa and of Catherine of Russia, as well as of the clever and learned and polished in all countries. His son was less amusing, but he was an excellent man and a very distinguished soldier.

The wedding caused a great excitement in the Convent, which had been Hélène's home for seven years. After the ceremony she changed her dress and then went to the chapel to pray at the tomb of her adored Madame de Rochechouart; she was still pale with emotion when she descended to the Parlour to bid farewell to her relations and to her Convent friends. She mounted the post-chaise with her husband; the rose and silver of the de Ligne liveries shone

in the sun, the postillion blew his horn, cracked his whip and they were off to Brussels. Hélène passed most of her early married life in the beautiful castle of Bel-Œil, where she lived with her father and mother-in-law. The latter was very severe and certainly the happiest portions of her existence were not passed when they were left alone together. Prince Charles was genuinely in love with her, although he afterwards formed another connection. He wished to spend all his leave in Brussels or Bel-Œil and only bought an hôtel in Paris to please Hélène, who delighted in the gay life there. She was immensely admired and took no notice of her husband, who then began to seek consolation elsewhere. In 1786 a daughter was born and christened Sidonie; in 1787 Hélène and the Princesse de Ligne joined their husbands in Vienna, frightened away from Bel-Œil by the insurrection in Flanders. When Prince Charles went off to fight for Austria in the war which that country and Russia were waging against the Turks, Hélène went on a visit to the Prince-Bishop at Warsaw, leaving Sidonie with her grandmother.

Warsaw was unusually gay when she arrived; the Diet was assembled, King Stanislas was holding his Court. The war against the Turks had diverted public attention from Poland and affairs began to prosper to a certain extent. Hélène furnished a house which she possessed with the greatest luxury and proceeded to enjoy herself. She was mistress of her house for the first time and free from the surveillance of the Princesse de Ligne. The society, which was Parisian with a picturesque dash of the East, pleased her very much.

In 1789 she made acquaintance with Count Vincent Potocki, Chamberlain to the King and fell in love at first sight and for the first time. He was thirty-eight years old and had already been twice married. He separated from his first wife on account of her being childless; she married again and became Countess Mniseck. Potocki's second wife Countess Anna Micielska, bore him two sons and was at that time with her babies in the Ukraine. Notwithstanding these facts, he made a declaration to Hélène, who replied that they were neither of them free. She then wrote him an impassioned letter which was returned unopened by his wife who had lately arrived in

town, with a few words to say that he had gone to Niemirow. Hélène, unable to contain herself, followed him there and obtained from him a promise that he would get a divorce, a matter easy enough to arrange in Poland.

Prince Charles came back from the wars covered with glory, to find his family re-installed at Bel-Œil and a letter from Hélène demanding a divorce. He refused indignantly and Countess Anna Potocka did the same. Soon after, Prince Charles ended his distinguished career before Mons, to the unconcealed delight of his widow who looked on the incident as providential. "Un boulet vient d'emporter le Prince Charles," she wrote to Potocki; "je suis libre, c'est la volonté divine! '*ce canon etait chargé depuis l'éternité.*'"

Potocki's younger child died soon after this event and he bought the consent of his wife to the divorce by the offer to send her the elder. Anna never ceased to love her husband and only consented with reluctance. Having obtained the support of the Prince-Bishop who found a priest willing to marry them before the required permission arrived from Rome, Hélène de Ligne and Vincent Potocki were married secretly. The ceremony took place at midnight and Hélène fancied that she saw three biers standing between herself and the altar; for a moment she was horrified, but soon composed herself and passed on.

The first few years of her life after her second marriage were passed in almost uninterrupted happiness. She was in the depths of the country, in a house which stood in a park in a wide valley; from a height the vast horizon of the corn-fields of the Ukraine could be seen, while beneath her the river curved among the tall trees. Hélène would lie on a sofa on the terrace, among the orange and lemon trees in pots, or she would descend the flight of stone steps to the formal garden which surrounded the house; on rainy days she would take refuge in the marble orangery. Her house was beautifully arranged, well mounted and organized; she felt nothing of the extreme loneliness of the country, she thought only of Vincent and of everything belonging to him. If he were absent she wrote him endless letters and sighed for his return; if he were present she asked for nothing more. The evenings were passed in reading aloud,

in declamation, in making music; sometimes the peasants would sing national songs under the windows.

But there were many clouds on the domestic horizon. Hélène was despotic, jealous, passionate; she expected perpetual devotion. Sometimes Potocki grew tired of playing the devout lover and wished for the calmer and less exacting affection of Anna.

Hélène was a devoted mother. She had left poor little Sidonie without a tear, but she now thought of nothing but her children. The girl, Hélène, died in infancy, but the two boys, Alexis and Vincent, grew and prospered.

The state of Poland was distracted and the Prince-Bishop, who had so often endangered his life by changing his politics, was imprisoned for supporting the Russians against Kosciusko and then dragged out of prison and hanged by the mob. This terrible news affected Hélène very much. He had been a weak-minded, easy-going man, a gambler who had got through fortunes, his character was hardly admirable; but he was the only relation she had after the death of her brother Xavier and it made her feel very much alone in the world. After his death Count Potocki was forced to take two journeys to Russia to obtain power over the property which the Bishop left Hélène in his will and to get the sanction of the Empress to his marriage in order to ensure the legitimacy of his sons, the sons having both been born after their marriage but before the divorce was actually pronounced. The Prince de Ligne, learning that Hélène had disinherited Sidonie by giving all she had to Potocki, pleaded the cause of his granddaughter to the Empress and it was a long time before the affair was finally settled in favour of Hélène, but with a clause to ensure a certain sum to Sidonie. The Empress also confirmed her marriage and so legitimatized the children.

The two years which followed were happy ones for Hélène, but her troubles soon began again. Vincent, her younger son, died very suddenly of an affection of the throat in 1798 and Alexis, the darling of her heart, followed him in 1799. Her agony at this last event was indescribable. She fell into a heavy sleep the night before he was to be buried, rose with sudden impulse early the next morning and,

half-dressed, followed the funeral *cortège.* When the coffin was lowered to the vault in the chapel where her other two children were buried, she cried aloud: "Trois, ils sont bien trois!"; alluding to the vision of the three biers which she had seen during her marriage service.

Potocki's behaviour caused her great grief and indeed he seems to have rewarded her devotion badly enough. At one time she left him and was brought back, curiously enough, by the influence of the Prince de Ligne, who happened to be in Poland at the time. He had felt his son's death and her own ungrateful conduct acutely, but he was without any animosity. He told her that her devotion to Potocki was her only excuse for the past and that if she wished to preserve her character she must remain with him. He spoke to her of Sidonie and awoke in her heart a tardy longing for her first child.

Hélène went to Russia with her husband and was there at the murder of the mad Paul I; she travelled in Germany and Holland and then took up her abode in a mournful country house at Brody in Galicia, where her husband owned much land. The desolation of this place and the havoc wrought by the wars, made it a most melancholy residence. It was at last possible for her to accomplish the dearest wish of her heart and to take up her abode in Paris, which she entered late one night after an absence of twenty years. The next morning she went out alone and on foot to visit well-remembered spots, now so changed. The traces of the Revolution were everywhere conspicuous. The Abbaye-aux-Bois was deserted; the streets had changed their names, the very houses their character. Coaches of *ci-devants* were in use as cabs, valuable pictures and well-bound books were to be found on book-stalls and in second-hand shops.

But if Paris was changed Hélène was happy in finding many of her old friends who had escaped the guillotine. She entertained much in her beautiful hotel, where she kept open house. But she secretly pined for Sidonie and repented that she had cheated her out of so much of her inheritance. A singular idea took possession of her mind: she resolved to put wrong right by arranging a marriage

between Sidonie and François, Count Potocki's only son. This plan was much opposed by the Princesse de Ligne and by Anna Potocka, but in the end Hélène, as usual, got her way and had the pleasure of welcoming her daughter in Paris soon after her marriage and of loading her with presents. The marriage turned out happily and mother and daughter were a good deal together during the absence of François at the wars.

Hélène remained very jealous of her husband, who had certainly given her sufficient cause; she even pursued him to Poland once in the dead of winter to find her fears were only too well justified. Potocki continued to write her affectionate letters, while she would reply at one time by a storm of abuse at another by a passionate love-letter. They were always quarrelling and being reconciled. In 1814 the Prince de Ligne died at the Congress of Vienna; alert and vigorous and witty to the last.

Hélène was in Paris when the Allies entered it and received Louis XVIII at her Château de Saint-Ouen, where he slept the night before his public entry. She died on 30th October, 1815, in the arms of Sidonie, hoping, up to the last, to see her husband again before she died.

"O grief! This letter is the last I received. She is dead and my happiness with her!" he wrote on her last letter. But his happiness revived and he re-married his second wife, Anna, who signed herself "your past and future wife," when she wrote to accept his proposal.

Hélène's body was buried temporarily at the Cemetery of Père Lachaise; on 21st March, 1840, it was removed to the "fosse commune," where it remained unclaimed.

EMMA LYON (1765-1815), daughter of Henry Lyon, a blacksmith, who died in the year of her birth, and of his wife Mary Kidd, had a very adventurous life. Her mother, known later in Naples as Mrs. Cadogan and "la Signora Madre dell' Ambasciatrice," a position she filled with great success, was in her earlier days a dressmaker and a cook. Emma herself entered the service of Mr. Thomas of Hawarden, in Flintshire, in the capacity of nursery-maid

when she was but thirteen years old. Two years later she went to London with her mother and was a servant in the house of Dr. Budd. She may or may not have served in a shop, she was probably on the stage for a short time and she was certainly employed by the charlatan Dr. Graham to pose as the Goddess of Health in the strange show which he arranged to attract possible patients.

Her remarkable beauty attracted general attention and brought her many admirers, amongst whom Sir Henry Featherstonehaugh was conspicuous. Her reign at Up Park was hilarious, but it did not last long and she soon wrote in despair to Charles Greville, whom she had met in some phase of her career: "For God's sake, G. write the minet you get this, and only tell me what is to become on me. O, G. what shall I dow, what shall I dow?" She signs this pathetic, ill-spelt effusion "Emly Hart," a name which she assumed and which she used until her marriage in 1791.

Greville offered to lead her back into the paths of respectability —as he understood the term. He brought her to his little suburban house in Edgware Row, overlooking Paddington Green; he treated her with great kindness for some four years and he provided for the child who was born soon after her dismissal from Up Park. He then coolly transferred her to his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, Ambassador at Naples. We have seen that Emma's life had been far from blameless, but she had been perfectly faithful to him since they had lived together and she was desperately unhappy when she found that she had been discarded for a second time.

Sir William was an archæologist, an excavator, a Greek scholar and an adorer of the antique. When he came to visit his nephew he was immensely struck with the girl he called "the fair tea-maker of Edgware Row." Her type was peculiarly Greek; her profile might have served as the model for one of the antique cameos dear to his heart. He admired her dark grey-blue eyes with their black lashes, her long auburn curls which fell far below her waist, the carnation and white of her brilliant complexion. He commissioned Romney to paint her as a Bacchante before he returned to Naples.

During the four years of her residence in Edgware Row, Emma had sat to Romney close on three hundred times. She

inspired the painter, as she was in later times to inspire Nelson. She was not only a beautiful woman, she was an enthusiast who had the gift of communicating her enthusiasm and of inspiring greatness. To the painter she was an invaluable model. She had a mobile countenance, capable of great expression; she had also a dramatic instinct which prompted her to adopt a pose which would carry out the required idea.

In 1786 Emma and her devoted mother arrived at the Embassy on a visit to Sir William. It was a long time before she understood that Greville was thinking of a rich marriage and was anxious to get rid of her and she does not seem to have reconciled herself to the idea of taking her host as his nephew's successor until she had become really attached to him. It was certainly not love, but it was a sentiment inspired by gratitude; with Emma, gratitude meant a great deal. With all her faults, she was a warm and faithful friend and her gratitude was boundless. She now found herself admired and received in a brilliant diplomatic society which did not know too much of her past life and which did not allow her present irregular position to stand in her way.

She learnt quickly to speak Italian, she studied drawing and music; she delighted her many admirers with her beautiful voice and with her celebrated Attitudes. Dressed in white and with a couple of shawls to vary her draperies, she would assume attitudes suggestive of grief and joy, of passion and calm, of surprise, anger or despair. She would pass from one emotion to another with the greatest rapidity; at one moment a Circe, with a twist of her shawl over her head and eyes cast devoutly upward, she became a Madonna. So convincing was her art, that a priest once threw himself on his knees and kissed her feet, declaring with tears that she must have been sent "for a purpose." To Sir William she was a delightful companion who studied botany and Etruscan urns in order to enter into his favourite pursuits and who made an admirable hostess to his many friends.

In 1789 the Duchess of Argyll, late Duchess of Hamilton, *née* Gunning, a cousin of Sir William's by marriage, came south for her health. She took a great fancy to Emma and persuaded Sir William

to marry her, which he did on 6th September, 1791, in Marylebone Church. He went to London to obtain the King's consent to his marriage, which was given with some reluctance, the Queen flatly refusing to receive the new Ambassadress. But society in general was gracious and Emma was radiant. She spoke to Romney of Sir William as "my dear, dear husband that has restored peace to my mind, that has given me honours, rank, and what is more, innocence and happiness." Sir William, who had "married his gallery of statues," according to Horace Walpole, was also radiant; what Greville thought of it all has not transpired.

After her return to Naples, Emma was presented at Court and was most kindly received by the Queen, a daughter of Maria Theresa, with whom she was soon to be on the most intimate terms. The friendship of the Queen of Naples became the great feature of Emma's life. Treated by her with unvarying kindness and affection, she became her most devoted admirer and faithful servant. And yet in the friendship between the daughter of the Empress-Queen and the daughter of the blacksmith, it was the latter's influence which was predominant.

Mr. Walter Sichel has surely written the last word about Lady Hamilton. His biography is not only more complete than those that preceded it, but it is compiled on the authority of letters recently brought to light, which settle definitely several vexed questions. It has often been denied that she rendered important services to her country; it is now possible for the first time to give a certain proof. By her intimate friendship with the Queen, Emma was brought to understand the difficulties which beset her path and with her accustomed vehemence and enthusiasm she set herself to preach the gospel of the English alliance as the only means of escape. The situation of Naples and the two Sicilies was indeed precarious. The French had overrun Italy; the Jacobins were even then busy in Naples, trying to undermine society and to prepare the way for a revolution. Spain was hovering between France and the Allies, with a tendency to the former; Austria held coldly aloof; Great Britain, in her position of mistress of the seas, was the only possible preserver of the integrity of the Kingdom of Naples.

King Ferdinand was a Bourbon; he was a lazy, self-indulgent man, who had a certain popularity with the lower orders and whose family ties made him in favour of Spain. Maria Carolina, seeing herself deserted by her own country and being bitterly anti-French on account of the sufferings of her sister Marie Antoinette and distrusting the interested motives of Spain, was already greatly in favour of an alliance with England. She was a clever woman who had much influence and who had sat in the Council since the birth of an heir to the throne. She attempted many reforms and was popular with the "illuminati" who flocked to her Court. There was therefore the King's party and the Queen's party.

Emma now became the life and soul of the Queen's party. She fanned the flame of the Queen's English sympathies, she worked ceaselessly for the English alliance; she even galvanized that amiable dilettante Sir William into a keen politician. It is easy to see that when Nelson came to Naples, in September, 1793, after the capitulation of Toulon, that he found an altar amply provided with incense and a High Priestess waiting to swing the censer. He was to Emma not only the hero who had already distinguished himself and who was panting to destroy the power of Napoleon by sea, he was the hero who was to deliver Naples and to justify her promise as to the benefits to accrue by reason of the English alliance.

Nelson was soon on intimate terms with the Hamiltons, whose guest he was. Both Sir William and Emma were charmed with his personality and corresponded with him regularly afterwards, although they did not meet again until 1798.

When Nelson anchored off Capri in the "Vanguard" in the year 1798, he was in search of the French fleet. One of his chief difficulties lay in the impossibility of watering and taking in provisions for the fleet in the Sicilian ports, as, by a treaty with France, the King could not allow more than four frigates to harbour in any port in his dominions. Nelson now sent Hardy and Troubridge to Naples to see if this difficulty could not be got over for a fleet which was fighting the battles of Naples and ready to protect her interests. The King hesitated and a sort of compromise was despatched; then Emma stepped in. She influenced the Queen to give Nelson *carte*

blanche and she forwarded the letter to him with an injunction to kiss it. Nelson replied that he had kissed the Queen's letter and hoped soon to kiss her hand. The letter was endorsed by Emma, "This letter I received after I had sent the Queen's letter for receiving our ships into their ports, for the Queen had decided to act in opposition to the King, who would not then break with France, and our fleet must have gone down to Gibraltar to have watered, and the battle of the Nile would not have been fought, for the French fleet would have got back to Toulon."

It is clearly evident that this service was of inestimable value, as it allowed Nelson the opportunity of gaining the great battle of the Nile, a battle not only of national but of European importance, for it first broke the power of Napoleon by sea. The moral effect of the victory was to encourage the adversaries of France and nowhere was the rejoicing more conspicuous than in Naples.

Nelson returned to Naples a hero, with an empty sleeve pinned to his coat; a popular idol who had come back crowned with laurel and who was to receive the ovation of a grateful King and country, relieved from the fears of the ravages of a French fleet. Nelson wrote an account of his arrival to his wife. Emma, more dead than alive, threw herself into his "arm" crying, "Oh God, is it possible?" She was up before the King, who followed her soon after and who took the conqueror's hand on board his ship the "Vanguard," calling him his preserver and his deliverer. But he is more occupied with Emma. "I hope some day to have the pleasure of introducing you to Lady Hamilton," he wrote, "she is one of the very best women in this world, she is an honour to her sex."

What Lady Nelson thought of this we can but conjecture. Nelson was heroic by nature, an enthusiastic patriot, a man who seems always to have been conscious of his great destiny. He found a sympathizer in Emma and a woman who was as keen for the honour of her country as many are for their own advancement. She kindled his enthusiasm and she had already rendered two conspicuous services to her country; the letter of the Queen, procured by her influence, which opened to the fleet the harbour of Syracuse and the copy of an important letter from the King of

Spain, announcing his alliance with France, which she forwarded to London.

Emma and the Queen were triumphant and the former wrote to Nelson during her stay at Caserta. "The Queen yesterday said to me, the more I think on it, the greater I find it, and I feel such gratitude to the warrior, the glorious Nelson, that my respect is such that I could fall at his honour'd feet and kiss them. You that know us booth, and how alike we are in many things, that is, I as Emma Hamilton, and she as Queen of Naples, imagine us booth speaking of you. We touch ourselves into terms of rapture, respect, and admiration and we conclude there is not such another in the world."

It will be seen that Emma's studies had not improved her spelling which always remained rudimentary. In a letter full of reference to Kings and Princes and garnished with French and Italian and even Latin quotations, we find stare spelt "stair," or has "as." She never became a fine lady in any sense; she was always an impulsive, clever child of nature.

Naples, being relieved from the fear of the French by sea, was now threatened by their forces on land and also by a revolution ready to break out. Nelson warned the King that he must either defy the French and fight them, or seek safety in flight. He preferred the latter and Nelson conveyed the royal family to Palermo, which was still faithful to them. Emma—for the Hamiltons were of the party—waited on the Queen and on a large party of children, one of whom, a little boy of six years old, died in her arms.

On 24th January, 1799, the Parthenopian Republic was proclaimed; in the summer of that year the monarchy was restored after the city had been occupied by the French and given over to the excesses of the Jacobins, who were still powerful in Naples. Carracciolo, a traitor who had fired on his own flagship, was hanged to its yard-arm, and then thrown into the sea; but this action, which has been brought up as an instance of Nelson's cruelty, was one rendered necessary by his own conduct. Lady Hamilton had nothing to do with it, though it doubtless made an impression on her and she and Nelson are said to have seen the body rise out of the sea and fix them with its glassy stare.

Nelson it was who was instrumental in replacing the King on his throne and he was rewarded for his services by the Dukedom of Bronte, and by a sword of honour and by many public rejoicings.

The Hamiltons were now to return to England, which they did in the company of Nelson; the Queen, who was escorted by them as far as Vienna, where she went on a visit, parted from her dear Emma with every expression of affection and of gratitude. The triumphal visits of Nelson and the Hamiltons to Vienna and Dresden naturally gave rise to much gossip, both at home and abroad. When they landed at Yarmouth, on November 6th, among the enthusiastic throng assembled to greet the hero of the Nile, Lady Nelson was conspicuous by her absence.

The Hamiltons installed themselves at 23, Piccadilly. Sir William was extremely badly off, owing to extravagance and to certain losses which he had sustained and he was glad enough when Nelson bought Merton Place, a house near Wimbledon, and begged him to make it his home. He still kept his town house, but he and Lady Hamilton lived chiefly at Merton and the tongue of scandal wagged more than ever. It is impossible to say what Sir William knew or suspected; the fact remains that he adored Nelson and that he appeared to consider the three-cornered friendship as one of perfect balance. He died in the arms of his wife and of their friend on 6th April, 1803.

After his death, Emma took her child Horatia, born in the year 1801, to Merton and she never afterwards left her. She had successfully concealed her birth and had registered her as Horatia, daughter of Johem and Morata Etnorb, an anagram of Horatio and Emma Bronte. Nelson was away at the time and they adopted the precaution of speaking of a certain Mrs. Thomson, the birth of whose child preoccupied them both very much. Nelson's letters to his "wife in the eye of God"—he was by this time separated from Lady Nelson—are passionate in the extreme and his delight at the birth of his child was great. "I believe dear Mrs. Thomson's friend will go mad with joy," he wrote. From thenceforth his thoughts ran always in the same channel: England, Emma, Horatia.

Emma was left very poor after Sir William's death, but she had Merton Place to live in and an allowance of £100 a month from Nelson. She was always in debt and she began to petition Government to reward her services, already so often mentioned by Nelson. But it was without success.

Nelson returned to Merton for a short time before he set out in the "Victory" on what proved his last voyage. It is useless to dwell on the well-known and glorious battle of Trafalgar, or on the equally well-known scene in the cock-pit, where he gasped out his life with the thunder of the guns in his ears. In the midst of his joy to hear of the victory gained he thought of the two so dear to him. Almost his last words were: "*Remember* that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter to my country."

But the country was unwilling to accept the legacy. Emma and Horatia sank deeper and deeper into debt and difficulties; the allowance left by Nelson to his daughter was paid very irregularly, that which he left to Emma was insufficient to one of her naturally extravagant character.

She went at last to Calais, where she remained on account of money difficulties and where she died on 30th June, 1814, in a miserable little room in the Rue Française. She was followed to the grave by a party of British naval officers who happened to be in Calais at the time and who, perhaps, erected the "wooden battledoor" tombstone with the inscription, "Emma Hamilton, England's Friend," which has long since disappeared.

However much she was to blame in giving way to her passion for Nelson, no one can deny that she always used her influence to increase his glory and that she never kept him from his duty. Perhaps the letter which he wrote to her just before the battle of Trafalgar is her best title to fame.

"My dearest beloved Emma," it runs, "the dear friend of my bosom, the signal has been made that the enemies' combined fleet is coming out of port. May the God of Battles crown my endeavours with success; at all events I will take care that my name shall ever be most dear to you and Horatia, both of whom I love as much as my own life; and as my last writing before the battle will be to you,

so I hope in God that I shall live to finish my letter after the battle. May Heaven bless you prays your Nelson and Bronte."

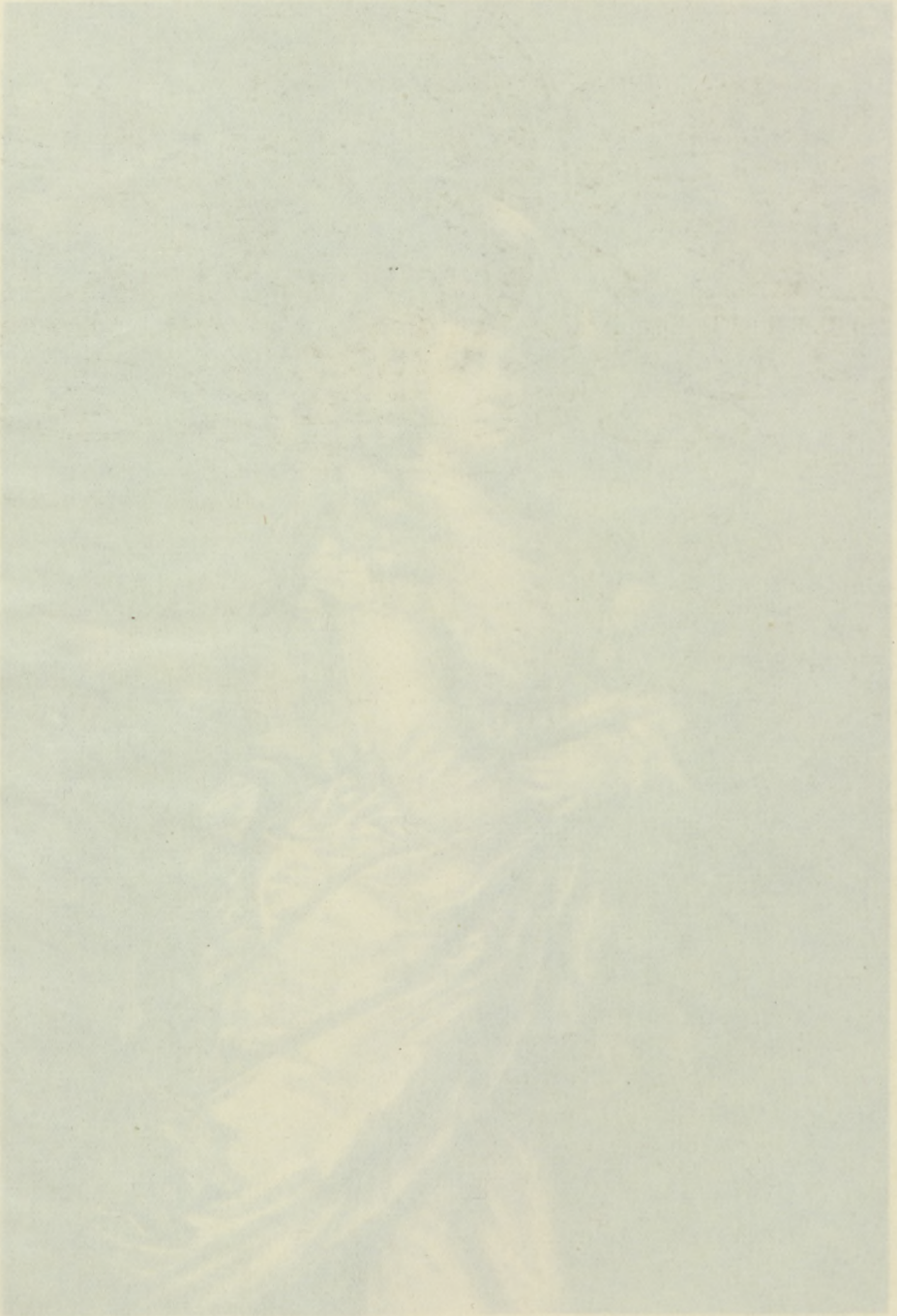
This letter, which was found lying open on his desk, was brought to Lady Hamilton by Captain Hardy. On it she has written in her rapid, scrawling hand: "Oh, miserable wretched Emma! Oh glorious and happy Nelson!"

Sarah Duchess of Marlborough

CHAPTER IX.—POWDER AND PATCHES. SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH; MARIA, COUNTESS OF COVENTRY; ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF HAMILTON; LEPEL, LADY MULGRAVE; GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE; THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE.

SARAH JENNINGS (1660-1744), daughter of Richard Jennings of Sandridge and of his wife, a daughter of Sir Gifford Thornhurst, was born on 29th May, 1660, the day on which Charles II made his triumphal entry into London.

Sarah had an elder sister, Frances, known at Court as La Belle Jennings, who was maid of honour to the first wife of James II, then Duke of York; she herself was appointed maid of honour to his second wife, Mary of Modena. She had made acquaintance with his daughters, Mary and Anne, in her childhood, having been chosen as a playmate for Anne when that princess was a shy, silent child of eight years old and she herself was a hot-tempered, clever, overbearing girl of twelve. She used to say in after days that this childish intercourse had opened the way for her familiarity with her mistress and her slave, Good Queen Anne.



Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire
Engraved from the painting by Gainsborough

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Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire

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While maid of honour to the Duchess of York, Sarah became acquainted with the handsome John Churchill, page of honour to the Duke and afterwards Master of the Robes. Sarah was the handsomest and the wittiest of all the women about the Court; Churchill was the handsomest and the most generally fascinating of the men. After many lovers' quarrels, provoked by Sarah's hot temper, they were married quietly at St. James's Palace in 1677, the bride receiving a dower from the Duchess of York.

They spent their early married life in Dorsetshire, after which Churchill was a good deal away on attendance on the Duke, who was absent on the continent and in Scotland. In 1683, Sarah was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess Anne, on her marriage with Prince George of Denmark; Churchill was created Baron Churchill of Eyemouth, in Scotland and was given a command of a troop of Horse Guards in the same year.

Sarah soon acquired a great influence over Anne, who was weak, pliable and extremely kind-hearted and whose husband was a good-humoured nonentity. Anne hated ceremony and begged her Lady of the Bedchamber to avoid all formality in their private intercourse, suggesting that they should drop all superfluous titles, and call each other by assumed names. The names she chose were Morley and Freeman and she offered the choice to Sarah. Sarah chose Freeman, as being suited to her independent temper and, being one of those people who take a mile if offered an inch, she quickly passed from the familiarity of friendship to the overbearing rudeness of despotism. Poor Morley took this very meekly and did her best to please her tyrant, to whom she was devotedly attached.

In 1685 Charles II died and the Duke of York succeeded as James II. The new King raised Churchill to the English peerage, and treated him with the greatest consideration; he also sent him to the Court of France as Ambassador. Churchill fought for James at the battle of Sedgemoor and it was a great deal owing to his military skill, as well as to the inefficiency of Monmouth's raw troops, that the Duke was conquered and finally captured. Churchill's life abounds in strange contrasts and it is curious to reflect that he

should have brought about the execution of a man whose life he had saved, at the peril of his own, during the siege of Maestricht; an act for which he had been publicly thanked.

Notwithstanding the many preferments and favours received from James, Churchill was one of the first of the generals to go over to the Prince of Orange. James, who had been advised to put him in the Tower, sent for him with two other generals and offered them a free pass if they wished to support his enemies. Churchill's indignant refusal won him a fresh appointment as Lieutenant-General, with the command of a brigade; that same night he fled to join William. Finding himself deserted, even by his son-in-law, George of Denmark, James escaped and joined his wife and her little son at St. Germain, where they were most kindly received by Louis XIV.

It was the birth of an heir to the throne which had precipitated the Dutch invasion. James had married his elder daughter, Mary, to the Prince of Orange, in deference to the religious views of the people of England and as a pledge that he would not try to impose the Roman Catholic religion on the country. In spite of this he had married a Roman Catholic and had aroused much jealousy by his laws in favour of that religion. The Protestant party was alarmed and opened negotiations with William, who had fostered the Monmouth rebellion and was only waiting for an opportunity of acting for himself. He landed at Torbay on 5th November, 1688, and soon after came to London.

Two days after the flight of James, Anne, who had gone to Nottingham to avoid any unpleasantness, returned to the Cockpit with Lady Churchill and her small Court and they all attended the theatre in State that very evening, displaying orange streamers. Before long Mary arrived from Holland and disgusted most people by her unconcealed delight in taking possession of her father's kingdom.

William of Orange insisted on having the kingdom for his life and the new Sovereigns were proclaimed as William and Mary; the reins of Government being in the King's hands. He was very much indebted to Churchill for his prompt help and for his moral support;

he created him Earl of Marlborough and appointed him Lieutenant-General with full powers to reconstruct the army. The charge brought against him of benefiting to an enormous extent by the sale of commissions has never been proved.

The two sisters, who had agreed together to depose their father, did not hit it off very well among themselves. Anne resented Mary's airs of grandeur; Mary resented Anne's motherhood and her prospect of giving an heir to the Crown. William was a good ruler in many ways, but in private life he was a disagreeable boor. Lady Marlborough has left us an example of his "worse than vulgar behaviour" when he snatched some succulent green peas from under the very nose of his sister-in-law and devoured them all himself!

When a son was born to Anne in 1689, the King and Queen rejoiced with the nation and jealousies were for the time forgotten; the little Duke of Gloucester, who lived to be eleven, was the only one of Anne's seventeen children who survived infancy. In spite of her position as mother of the future King and heiress presumptive to the throne, Anne had to apply to Parliament for proper maintenance, William being too mean to give her a suitable allowance. Finding that she was strongly supported by both Lord and Lady Marlborough, who were exerting all their influence to obtain her a grant, William and Mary took an aversion to them, which subsequent events only deepened. William then offered Anne £50,000 a year, being afraid of a larger grant from Parliament. The offer was accepted, but a great coolness arose between the sisters. Anne, ever grateful to those who showed her kindness, gave Lady Marlborough £1,000 a year out of her newly acquired income.

In 1690, Marlborough was fighting for William; he afterwards professed great sorrow and remorse and entered into negotiations with the Court of St. Germain. In 1792 great preparations had been made for the reinstatement of James in his kingdom; Marlborough was to secure the army, Admiral Russell the fleet, Anne herself was to be answerable for the Church. Marlborough, however, was suddenly dismissed from all his posts and forbidden the Court. Lady Marlborough insisted on accompanying the Princess to Kensington, after which Mary wrote to her sister that she was to be

dismissed. Anne refused and Mary then ordered Lady Marlborough to leave the Cockpit. The Cockpit being a portion of the Palace of Whitehall which had been given to Anne by Charles II, she resented this act of tyranny on the part of the Queen. Rather than part with her favourite she herself left the Cockpit and took refuge at Sion House which belonged to the Duke of Somerset. In April of that year Anne nearly died and Mary's only remark when she came to visit her was to the effect that she must dismiss Lady Marlborough as a return for her condescension. Anne turned as white as her sheets and Mary left her to reflect.

In May Lord Marlborough was arrested on a charge of high treason and imprisoned in the Tower. Anne was still faithful to her friends and refused to give in to the "Dutch Monster," or "Caliban," as she called the King. She took Berkeley House, which stood on the site of Devonshire House and kept Lady Marlborough in her service, although she constantly offered to retire. Marlborough was released from the Tower on bail; the conspiracy to replace James on the throne had failed and the French fleet which was to convey him to England had been beaten in the famous battle of La Hogue. Marlborough was now without office, although the charge on which he had been condemned had been disproved. Affairs were in this condition when Mary died of smallpox in 1694. Anne was now reconciled to the King and, after a time, Marlborough was restored to his seat in the Privy Council. There was a sudden rush to Berkeley House of time-serving people who did not fail to note that Anne was coming very near to the Crown; a fact which Lady Marlborough did not let go unnoticed.

After William's death in 1702 the accession of Anne brought great prosperity to her friends. Marlborough was made a Knight of the Garter, Captain-General of the English forces at home and abroad and Master of the Ordnance. Lady Marlborough was Groom of the Stole and Mistress of the Robes; her two daughters, Lady Rialton and Lady Sunderland, Ladies of the Bedchamber. The Rangership of Windsor Park was also given to "Mrs. Freeman" by her devoted Morley, with the Lodge in Little Windsor Park.

Sarah was now the most influential woman in the kingdom. Her

royal mistress obeyed her every word; her husband and her son-in-law, Lord Godolphin, were all-powerful. In 1704 Marlborough, who was fighting against France in the Low Countries in the War of the Spanish Succession, won the splendid victory of Blenheim in Bavaria. In 1706, 1708 and 1709 he won the battles of Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet. As the object of France was eventually to place James III on the throne of England, these victories meant a great deal to Anne and to the great majority of her subjects. The victorious general became Duke of Marlborough and a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire. He was given the beautiful manor of Woodstock, and a splendid palace was to be built at the expense of the Queen.

These successes completely turned the head of Sarah, now Duchess of Marlborough; she became more insolent and overbearing than ever. The great grief of her life had been occasioned by the death of her only son, which took place at Cambridge when he was only seventeen years old. She was seen after this sitting among the beggars in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey, dressed in rags and in the deepest dejection. After this strange expression of sorrow, or attempt to bribe Providence by penitence, whichever it was, she resumed her ordinary life. Her eldest daughter, Henrietta, was married to Lord Godolphin; Anne became Lady Sunderland; Elizabeth the Duchess of Bridgewater and Mary the Duchess of Montagu. The Queen gave handsome portions to the daughters when they married; she was always rewarding their father for his services and heaping benefits on their mother. In spite of this, the ever-increasing arrogance of Sarah was fast putting an end to their early friendship. She prided herself on her plain speaking and wrote scathing replies to the many affectionate letters written by "your poor forsaken Morley."

The Queen really suffered, but she would probably have endured her burden meekly if Robert Harley had not influenced Abigail Hill to undermine the authority of the Duchess at Court. Abigail was a cousin of the Duchess, her mother being one of her grandfather's twenty-two children and consequently her aunt. She had rescued Abigail from poverty and had obtained an appointment for her with the Queen. Gratitude was not Abigail's strong point, and

she resolved to supersede her patroness if she could. Pale, red-nosed, stealthy Abigail is not a fit subject for a book of beauty, but Anne wanted sympathy when she was smarting from Sarah's hard words and did not care about appearances. She soon obtained her entire confidence and the Duchess perceived that her influence was lessened. She then discovered that Abigail had been privately married in the Queen's presence, neither having dared to acquaint her with the fact, though the marriage was quite suitable. Mrs. Masham, as Abigail became, was given a good lecture by the irate Sarah and the Queen was then treated to such a scene that the pages of the backstairs heard the screams. The Queen was heartily sick of it all and wished never to see her more. She was severely tried more than once; on one occasion they had argued most of the way to St. Paul's, where they went in State to return thanks for the victory of Oudenarde, as to whether Anne ought or not to have worn the jewels that her Mistress of the Robes put ready for her. When they were in church Anne was suddenly ordered to be quiet by her haughty lady-in-waiting, a piece of presumption which even she resented. She became colder and more indifferent and, in spite of all Sarah's efforts, they never made it up again. She made an attempt to hand on her Court appointments to her daughters but without avail; after so often offering to retire herself she clung so desperately to her office of Groom of the Stole that she refused to give up the keys. When the Duke insisted she flung them at his head and said that he could give them up himself. She then tore off the locks from the doors of her apartments in St. James's Palace and removed the looking-glasses. The Queen retaliated by stopping the supplies allowed from her own purse for the building of Blenheim Palace. Altogether matters were a little strained between Mrs. Freeman and her faithful Morley. The Duchess's last fling at her royal mistress was a threat to publish the letters she had written in the days of their friendship; she also demanded the sum of £18,000, being the accumulated income of £2,000 a year which had been offered and refused nine years ago. The Queen immediately allowed it, but still forbade her the Court. It is true that the Duchess had forced her way in to the death-bed of Prince George in 1708, and had taken the Queen in her own

Lady Palmerston
Painted by Sir Thomas [illegible]
in the possession of [illegible]

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Lady Palmerston
Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence
in the possession of Lady Edith Ashley

carriage from Kensington to St. James's, but the incident had not been followed by any real reconciliation and it was now many years since she had enjoyed the royal favour. The Duke, too, in spite of his glorious military record, had been accused of prolonging the late war for his own interests and of peculation; he had also, with Godolphin and Sunderland, been dismissed from office to make way for Harley and St. John. The Queen was now wholly influenced by Jacobites and under the influence of Mrs. Masham and Harley, both ardently in favour of the "king across the water."

In 1712 the Duke and Duchess went abroad, the Duke being warned by Harley that if he did not go the Queen should be informed of his treachery on so many occasions and of his dealings with the Court of St. Germain. Marlborough now renewed the offer of his services to James III; but no reliance was placed on his offer. He then hastened to approach the Court of Hanover and in 1718 the death of Anne left him free to return to England. He was made Captain-General of the Forces and Master of the Ordnance by George I; Godolphin was Cofferer to the Court, Sunderland Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Fortune smiled once more. But the Duke's best days were over. We have glimpses of him at Blenheim, where Sarah was still superintending the erection of the huge house which had already cost a fortune; in Marlborough House, the substantial mansion which she had caused to be built on a site overlooking the Mall; or at the waters of Bath, where he gambled for sixpences and walked from the Pump Room to avoid paying for a chair. He was parsimonious to the last, a vice for which, with all her prodigality, Sarah had much sympathy. Horace Walpole always said that she did not dot her i's, to save the ink. In 1722 the great Duke, whose mind had been gone for some years, succumbed to a third paralytic stroke and died on the 16th June. After his death the Duchess found her own hair, which she had once cut off in a rage to spite him, carefully preserved among his treasures. She seems to have been really attached to him in her way and she refused to put anyone in his place when he was gone. She was left very well off and had Blenheim for her life; her daughter, Henrietta, who succeeded as Duchess in her own right, was an eccentric woman who posed as a patron of art and was

devoted to Congreve, to whom she erected a monument in Westminster Abbey. She died in 1733 and the son of the second daughter Lady Sunderland succeeded to the family honours. He had offended his grandmother by marrying a daughter of Lord Trevor, an enemy of the great Duke and he was never forgiven, his scapegrace brother Jack being always preferred to him. She had lent Charles Spencer the Lodge in Windsor Park at the time of his marriage and when she heard the news, she took a curious way of showing her anger. She went down to Windsor and caused all the trees and shrubs which he had planted to be uprooted and the whole place thrown into confusion. She then had a puppet-show made representing the new duchess and her Trevor cousins in the act of committing the extravagances she had just been guilty of herself and she painted the face of the picture of her niece, Lady Bateman, black, writing underneath: "She is blacker within," in allusion to the share she had taken in arranging the marriage.

Age seems to have changed the impetuous Sarah very little. She arranged a marriage between her beautiful niece Diana Spencer and Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II, promising him a dower of £100,000. The Prince, who was out of favour with his father, accepted eagerly and the marriage was only prevented at the last moment by Sir Robert Walpole. Over her nephew the Duke she exercised much control, as she had a great deal of money which she could dispose of as she pleased. She made him leave the army by pretending that she had left it in her will that he was only to inherit certain money if he took no service under the present government. She disputed his right to the diamond-hilted sword presented to her husband and defended the case in court in person, declaring that he would only take out the diamonds and pawn them.

Her later years were occupied with the famous account of her conduct, which she compiled in her defence and in arranging for a biography to be written of the great Duke and of Lord Godolphin. She had many enemies and few friends; among the latter the most conspicuous was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose affection for her remained unchanged. The Duchess declared that she had secured an excellent position in the next world, but she fought so hard to

retain her present situation that she put off the greater glory by sheer determination. On one occasion she was told that if she were not blistered, she would die. "I won't be blistered, and I won't die," she replied, promptly, and, sure enough, she recovered. She was eighty-four when she died at Marlborough House on the 18th October, 1744.

MARIA GUNNING (1732-1760) and her sister Elizabeth (1733-1790), are perhaps the two most celebrated beauties of the Georgian era. Separately, we are told, they might have been surpassed, but together they presented such an image of perfect beauty as to be unapproachable. They were the elder daughters of John Gunning, of Castlecoote in Ireland and of his wife Bridget, a daughter of Lord Mayo. They were both born in the old Manor House of Hemingford Grey in England and only moved to Ireland after the death of their grandfather in 1737.

The Gunnings were very poor, but in 1748 they managed to make some stay in Dublin, where the extraordinary loveliness of the two sisters made a great sensation. They were befriended by the actress, Miss Bellamy, when they were in great financial difficulties and were not too proud to borrow clothes to go to Court from good-natured Peg Woffington. Delighted with their success, Mrs. Gunning took them to London in 1750. They at once became the rage. Wraxall relates in his Memoirs that he was told by Lord Clermont that he and some other gentlemen were compelled to draw their swords to protect the Gunnings when walking with them in the Mall, so great was the curiosity of the public. There are many references to the Gunnings in contemporary memoirs and in the letters of Horace Walpole. Their ignorance and their vanity are often held up to ridicule; the infatuation of society in general is laughed at, good humouredly or otherwise, according to the disposition of the writer.

Maria, the elder sister, is generally considered the most beautiful; she was also the most foolish. It was she who said to the old King that she longed to see a Coronation, and it was she who, after her marriage, walked for two hours in the park escorted by two

sergeants of the guard with their halberts and followed by twelve soldiers. This guard had been given her by the King, when she complained of being mobbed; the remedy made her the laughing-stock of London. She married George William, sixth Earl of Coventry, on 5th March, 1752.

Maria was greatly admired by George Selwyn and she was hopelessly attached to the dissolute Lord Bolingbroke, the first husband of the beautiful Lady Di Beauclerk, of artistic memory. She was not, unfortunately, satisfied with the beauty which Nature had dealt out to her; she covered her face with a preparation of white lead, which had already proved fatal to several women of fashion and which certainly contributed to her early death in 1760. The ravages of consumption spoilt her beauty together with the white lead poisoning and her end was sad enough. She retired to bed and drew the curtains, only allowing as much light in the room as could be procured by means of a small spirit lamp and she allowed no one to look on her face. She left three children, a son and two daughters.

Elizabeth Gunning had a happier fate. She was married secretly to James, sixth Duke of Hamilton, on the 14th February, 1752, just three weeks before her sister married Lord Coventry. The wedding took place at midnight in Mayfair chapel; if we are to believe Horace Walpole, a curtain ring was used on the occasion, as no preparation had been made for such a hasty ceremony, which took place after a party at the Duchess of Bedford's house. Elizabeth had two sons, who were both Dukes of Hamilton and one daughter, who married Lord Derby.

After the death of the Duke in 1758, Elizabeth was engaged to the Duke of Bridgewater, but the engagement was broken off on account of her refusing to give up her sister, Lady Coventry, whose connection with Lord Bolingbroke was causing a good deal of gossip. On the 3rd March, 1759, she married John, Lord Lorne, afterwards Duke of Argyll.

Elizabeth was kind-hearted and amiable, though a little too conscious of her own dignity. She had three sons by her second marriage, two of whom were successively Dukes of Argyll, and two

T. Gainsborough. Pinx.

Lady Mulgrave.

daughters, one of whom, Lady Augusta Campbell, was much admired by the Prince of Wales. There is an amusing little dialogue in one of Horace Walpole's letters which is supposed to have taken place about the time of Lady Augusta's marriage. The Duchess went to Lady Tweeddale to hire a house she possessed on Twickenham Common for her brother, General Gunning, whose usual state was one verging on bankruptcy. The conversation which is supposed to have taken place is given in the form of a dialogue.

Marchioness. But will he pay me for it?

Duchess. Madam, my brother can afford to pay for it, and if he cannot, I can.

Marchioness. Oh! I am glad I shall have my money—well, my dear, but am I to wish you joy on Lady Augusta's marriage?

Duchess. No great joy Madam: there was no occasion for Lady Augusta Campbell to be married.

Marchioness. Lord, my dear, I wonder to hear you say so, who have been married twice.

General Gunning, his wife and his daughter are favourite butts of the volatile Horace, who was not very much disposed to admire any of the family. But the good qualities of the Duchess endeared her to many and the two sisters will always be remembered as having created the greatest sensation on record in the annals of beauty.

LEPEL, eldest daughter of Lord Hervey of Ickworth (d. 1782) was married in 1743 to Constantine Phipps, who was raised to the peerage of Ireland as Baron Mulgrave of New Cross, county Wexford, in 1767. Her mother was the charming "Molly Lepel," the life-long friend of Horace Walpole. It is easy to see by her portrait that she was the happy possessor of wit and gaiety as well as of beauty and there are many sympathetic references to her in contemporary literature. Her eldest son, a captain in the navy, distinguished himself by an effort to discover the north-west passage and was raised to the English peerage in 1790 and created Earl of Mulgrave in 1812. The title is now merged in that of the Marquis of Normanby.

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BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

LADY GEORGIANA SPENCER (1757-1806), elder daughter of John, first Earl Spencer and of his wife Margaret Georgiana Poyntz, is one of those women of whose appearance the most contradictory reports exist. We may read that her beauty was unsurpassable; the next moment we learn that it was her extreme charm of manner which was her chief attraction. However that may be she was considered by most people as a very beautiful woman and her charms were often celebrated in verse. Peter Pindar waxes quite eloquent in his "Petition to Time" in her favour. He writes:

> Hurt not the form that all admire—
> Oh, never with white hairs her temple wrinkle,
> Oh sacred be her cheek, her lip, her bloom,
> And do not, in a lovely dimple's room,
> Place a hard mortifying wrinkle!

Her charm did not consist in regularity of feature; in that respect she certainly could not compete with the Gunnings. Her irregular beauty was the despair of Gainsborough, who has left us the celebrated picture which was stolen from a London gallery some years back. He is said to have drawn a wet pencil across the mouth after he had painted it in, saying "Her Grace is too hard for me."

But whether endowed with classical beauty or no, Georgiana Spencer was universally admired and loved, for her disposition was as charming as her face. In 1774 she married William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, a man of a quiet and not very interesting character, but with whom she was always on excellent terms. The Duchess was a clever, impulsive woman. She had a passion for politics, a passion for gambling and a delight in art and literature; she was a good friend, an amusing companion, a devoted mother. Wraxall mentions her when, in the first bloom of her youth, she would hang on the words which fell from the lips of Doctor Johnson and would contend for the seat nearest to his chair. The moroseness and cynicism of the sage would vanish at the sight of her earnest face and she was always one of his favourites. Her devotion to politics was conspicuous in 1784, during Fox's election, when she and her sister, Lady Duncannon, drove about in the poorest part of

Westminster, canvassing the electors and even bringing them to the poll in their carriages. The famous story of the butcher who received a kiss from the Duchess in exchange for a vote, is generally credited and after the election many lampoons were directed against her. But she probably cared little for that. After the election a grand procession started from Westminster and proceeded to Devonshire House where it entered into the courtyard in front of the house. There was a banner inscribed "Sacred to Female Patriotism," which was carried by a horseman in honour of the Duchess. Fox harangued the mob, which dispersed with shouts and cheers. That evening the town was illuminated and various heads were broken in the general excitement. The Duchess was present at the garden party at Carlton House, given by the Prince of Wales in honour of the event and at the supper-party at the house of pretty Mrs. Crewe, who had taken an active part in the election. The gentlemen, on both these occasions, wore buff and blue, and in the evening the Prince raised his glass to his hostess and said: "True blue and Mrs. Crewe"; to which she replied with ready wit: "True blue and all of you!"

The Prince was a great admirer of the Duchess and she, on her part, supported his claim for a Regency and was always his great friend. Fox was also her ardent admirer, as were Sheridan and others of that period. Devonshire House was a great political meeting place, and its mistress was an "Empress of Fashion," whose reign was much longer than that often allotted to the sceptre of beauty. Her chief fault was the fault of her day—extravagance. She was extremely open-handed and her gambling propensities sometimes got her into great difficulties. One of the amusements of the day was to go to the Keepers of the Lottery and to bet with them on the lucky numbers which would turn up the next day. The Duchess would hurry off after the theatre, choose her numbers, on which she would lose £5 if unsuccessful and win £40 if successful; on one lucky evening she won no less than £900.

To her friends in difficulties she was always generous and her "heavenly behaviour" to Lady Elizabeth Foster, after she was separated from her first husband, is often spoken of by Lady Bristol in

her letters to her daughter. The Duchess took a great fancy to Lady Elizabeth and took her abroad with her several times: indeed she lived with her for some five-and-twenty years. Together they visited Gibbon in his retreat at Lausanne and together they spent many happy months in Rome and paid several visits to Paris. The long friendship of these two women was only broken by the death of the Duchess in 1806; it is curious to reflect that Lady Elizabeth stepped into her vacant place and became herself Duchess of Devonshire in 1809. Georgiana was very fond of writing verse, following the fashion of the day. She wrote several little poems to her successor, the best of which is written in French; not very correct French perhaps, but it has a certain charm.

PORTRAIT D'ELIZABETH.

A la beauté enchanteresse,
  Elle unit l'attrait de l'esprit;
Par un regard elle interesse,
  Par un sourire elle séduit
A la finesse du langage,
  Du gout parfait le rare don;
Elle réunit l'avantage.
  De la bonté et de la raison.
Mortels craintifs, fuyez ses charmes,
  Fuyez son pouvoir enchanteur;
La cruelle impose les peines,
  Au lieu de donner le bonheur.

She wrote a long poem, "The Passage of the Mountain of Saint Gothard" which was dedicated to her children. It was published in 1802 with a French translation by the Abbé de Lille and was afterwards translated into Italian by Polidori. She also wrote an elegy on Fox, which was inspired by the sight of his bust at Woburn, and poems on the deaths of Nelson and of James Hare. Her epigram on the Peerage is well known.

When a Peerage they give to some son of the earth,
  Yet he still is the same as before;
'Tis an honour if gained as the premium of worth,
  But exposes a blockhead the more.

Hallett Hyatt, Sc.

The Ladies Waldegrave

From the mezzotint by Valentine Green after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

The best of her effusions is a little ballad which has a certain simplicity of diction to recommend it.

LINES ON THE BATTLE OF ABOUKIR.

"Hush, forbear to tell the story
  Full of Horror, full of Fear,
Talk not to a wretch of Glory
  Or of hated Aboukir.

"Whilst I shrink from every morrow,
  Whilst kind death alone I claim,
Conquest cannot ease my sorrow,
  Nor Despair be soothed by Fame.

"I am wretched, past retrieving;
  He is lost and I'm undone;
All my life will pass in grieving
  For the battle we have won.

"Cease these cruel exultations,
  Cease this mockery and boast;
What 's to me the fate of Nations
  When to me my love is lost?"

Whilst poor Laura's frenzied ditty,
  Mingled with the sounds of glee,
Many a heart subdued to Pity,
  Altered said, I pity thee.

Gallant was thy Lover's story,
  Bravely did he Life resign,
Cheer thee, maid, he died for glory,
  But his latest sigh was thine.

LADY ELIZABETH LAURA WALDEGRAVE (1760-1816), Lady Charlotte Maria Waldegrave (1761-1808), and Lady Anne Horatia Waldegrave (1762-1814), were the daughters of James, second Earl Waldegrave and of his wife, a natural daughter of Sir Edward Walpole. Lady Waldegrave was said by her uncle, Horace Walpole, to be the most beautiful woman in London, after the death of Lady Coventry. In 1763 Lord Waldegrave died of

smallpox and she afterwards married H.R.H. William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, by whom she had two children.

Lady Waldegrave's daughters certainly inherited their mother's good looks and Horace Walpole, who was very proud as well as very fond of his great nieces, commissioned Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint a picture of them. He suggested that they should be represented as the three Graces adorning a bust of their mother, but "my ideas are not adopted," he remarks drily. He gave Sir Joshua eight hundred guineas for the beautiful picture of which we give a reproduction, a sum which he considered exorbitant.

The history of the three sisters was not very eventful. Lady Elizabeth, usually spoken of as Lady Betty, married her cousin George, Lord Waldegrave. She had five children and lost her husband in 1789. "He and my niece were the happiest and most domestic of couples," writes Walpole when he records this loss.

Lady Charlotte married Lord Euston, afterwards Duke of Grafton, a marriage which turned out happy, though there were some difficulties to be encountered in the beginning, owing to the objection of the Duke to the match. Walpole waxes indignant to Lady Ossory, to whom he writes: "if sense and sweetness of temper can constitute the chief felicity of a husband, Lord Euston will not be unhappy."

Lady Horatia married Lord Hugh Seymour, fifth son of the first Marquis of Hertford. He was an admiral and her eldest son, Sir George, whose son eventually succeeded to the title, was also a distinguished sailor.

The last portrait to be considered is that of Lady Palmerston, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. She represents a later date than that age of powder and patches with which we have been occupied and as this record is only intended to extend to the conclusion of the eighteenth century, we do not give her life in full. It is impossible to touch on the age which saw the gorgeous Lady Blessington and so many other beautiful and celebrated women, without enlarging the book beyond the proposed boundaries; we therefore offer this portrait and that of Fanny Kemble, by the same artist, as types of beauty

in the early nineteenth century. The history of Lady Palmerston is well known. It may be briefly noted that she was born in 1787, that she was a daughter of the first Lord Melbourne and married Lord Cowper in 1805, in the same year which saw the marriage of her brother with Lady Caroline Ponsonby. She afterwards married the third Lord Palmerston. She was a patroness of Almack's and a queen of society.

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