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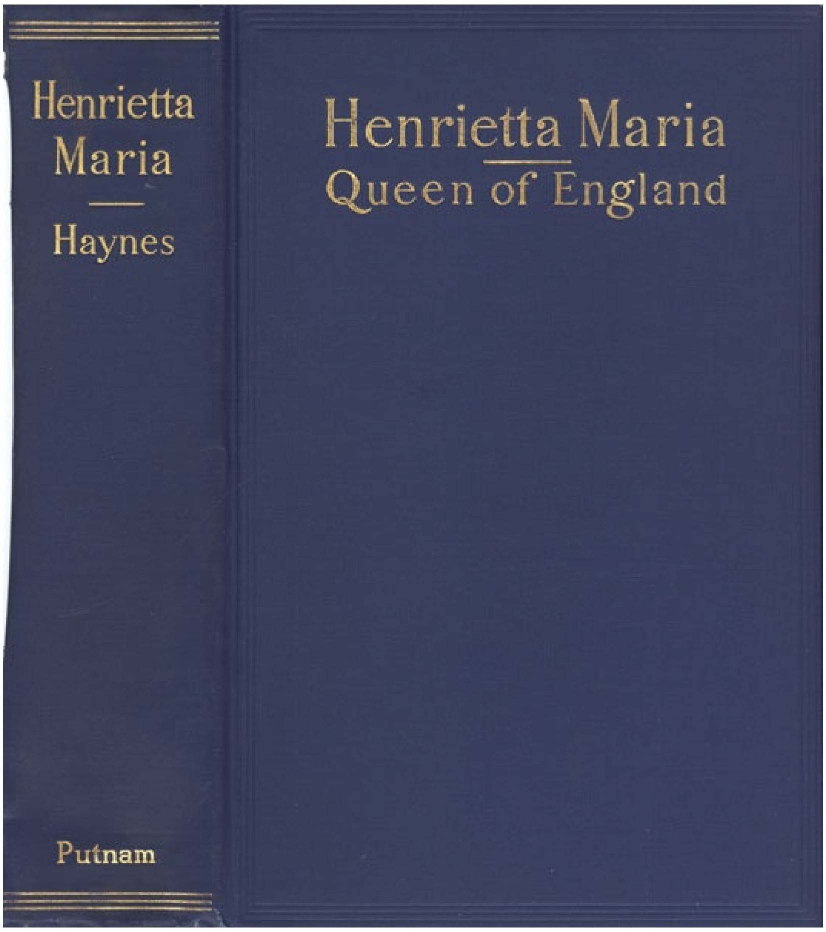

HENRIETTA MARIA
FROM THE PAINTING BY VAN DYCK AT WINDSOR

HENRIETTA

MARIA

BY
HENRIETTA HAYNES

WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

A bibliography of the sources from which this book has been written would extend to many pages: much information has been derived from the collections of MSS. preserved in Paris in the Bibliothèque Nationale, in the Archives Nationales, and in the Bibliothèque Mazarine; from the valuable series of Roman Transcripts in the Public Record Office, London; from the curious and interesting documents in the archives of the See of Westminster, and from the newspapers and pamphlets which form a branch of the literature of the Civil War.

I have to express my thanks to His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, who kindly permitted me to consult the archives of the See of Westminster and to print three of the documents in the Appendix; to Mr. Edward Armstrong, Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, and to the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J., who have given me much help and advice; to the nuns of the Convent of the Visitation, Harrow-on-the-Hill, who lent me the rare *Vie de la Ven. Mère Louise Eugénie de la Fontaine*; and, finally, to my friend, Miss H. M. Morris, who with unwearied kindness read through nearly the entire MS. of the book, and helped me much by her criticisms and suggestions.

ERRATA

Page	65,	line	7.	For "complimentary" read "complementary."
"	66,	"	24.	For "neither of whom" read "who, neither of them."
"	69,	"	14.	For "were" read "was."
"	72,	"	16.	For "new" read "own."
"	77,	"	7.	Omit "to" between "turns" and "a street."
"	77,	"	32.	For "imaginares" read "imaginaires."
"	110,	note	1.	For "Anglicans" read "Anglicanus."
"	138,	"	1.	For "Anglians" read "Anglicanus."
"	155,	line	28.	For "In" read "For."
"	155,	note	2.	For "Corznet" read "Coignet."
"	155,	"	2.	For "Bahn" read "Baker."
"	227,	"	1.	For "Magasin" read "Mazarine."
"	244,	"	2.	For "trois" read "train."
"	275,	"	2.	For "Lovel" read "Loret."

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INTRODUCTION

The woman to whose life and environment the following pages are dedicated was called upon to play her part in one of the most difficult and perplexing periods of our history: she lived just on the edge of the modern world, when the Middle Ages, with their splendid simplicity of all-embracing ideals, had passed away, and when even the ideals of nationality and religious freedom which the Renaissance and the Reformation had brought were becoming modified by the stirring of a new spirit of liberty. The two countries which Henrietta Maria knew were throughout her lifetime making their future destiny: the France which cherished her youth and sheltered her age was becoming the greedy France of Louis XIV, with its splendid Court, its attempts at territorial growth, its downtrodden, suffering people; the England of her happy married life was growing in political self-consciousness and in a stern and repellent godliness which was to mould the character of the nation, and to educate it to become in the next century the builder-up of the greatest empire which the world has ever seen.

Henrietta's life touches both England and France: by race, by education she was a Frenchwoman; by marriage she was an Englishwoman, and it is on English history that she has left the impress of her vivid personality; but the France which she never forgot coloured her thoughts throughout, and taught her in all probability those maxims of statecraft which she attempted to apply when the troubles of her life came upon her.

She was the daughter of Henry IV, the great restorer of the French monarchy, the champion of [Pg xii] an unified France, embracing in wide toleration Catholic and Protestant alike: her youth witnessed the beginning of Richelieu's continuance of her father's work; under the auspices of the great Cardinal she was married, and though later her regard for him turned to hatred, yet the impress which his genius had left upon her mind was not thereby destroyed.

But her marriage transported her to a very different scene. England, under the iron heel of the Tudor despotism, had been worn out by no wasting civil wars; even the Reformation had brought little disturbance, for Henry VIII, by his amazing force of character, had been able to carry through a religious revolution almost without the people being aware of it; but the long peace was teaching men to forget the horrors of war and division. By the time the crown of the great Elizabeth passed to her Scotch cousin, Englishmen had ceased to look to the monarchy as the centre of unity. There was no need of a Henry of Navarre to bind up the wounds of the country. The old factious nobility had for the most part been slain in the War of the Roses, and the peaceful generations which followed had allowed of the growth of a powerful upper and middle class, which, originally fostered by the Crown as a counterpoise to the decayed feudal nobility, was now aspiring to a large share in the ruling of the people.

Henrietta wished to see her husband great and powerful, and she could not appreciate that the day of despotism which in France was beginning, in England was ending. Charles had not in him the stuff of greatness, but it is doubtful if even a Henry IV or a Richelieu could have put back the hands of the clock and realized her ambition. The despotism which was building up on the other side of the Channel in this country was tottering to its fall by the development of the intellect and character of the people. Henrietta clung to the ideals of the past instead of stretching out to meet [Pg xiii] the ideals of the future, and so her work failed even as did that of Strafford, in spite of his greatness.

And this national development was connected with perhaps the most important aspect of the matter. The Civil War was, more fundamentally than anything else, a war of religion, another act in the great drama which had been played in France half a century earlier, and which was still being played in Germany. Henry VIII and Elizabeth seemed to have saved England from the common fate of Europe; but it was not so: they only delayed the strife and gave it a turn unknown elsewhere, adding to the disadvantages of the champion of tradition this last, that he was a renegade in the eyes of the party to which by the logic of history he belonged. To many of their enemies, perhaps to most of them in certain moods, Charles and Henrietta were not so much the hinderers of political freedom as the supporters of an alien and blasphemous system of religion. It was the peculiar fortune of England that it gained liberty by the lever of religion. But for the fear of Popery it is far from improbable that the nation would not have arisen to strike down thus violently the despotism of the Tudors. Rather, the monarchy might have been gradually transformed, and with a very different and more tardy result, by the character of the people. But Puritan England could not leave irresponsible power in the hands of a sovereign whose very Protestantism was not unimpeachable, and thus the victories which were won by sectarian enthusiasm resulted not in the advancement of a barren fanaticism, but in the sure laying of the foundations of the liberty of the people. In France, where, among many differences from England, there was this great one, that the people and the monarch were substantially agreed on religious matters, there was discontent, even rebellion, but there was no revolution, and the people was left for another century and a half to bear the accumulating load of its misery, until the burden [Pg xiv] became unbearable and was cast off with a shock from which Europe still trembles.

Henrietta Maria's life was a failure. She failed to commend either her person, her religion, or her political ideals, and she brought her husband a degree of unpopularity which without her he might have escaped. Her circumstances were hard. She could not help being a Catholic, nor the fact that under her womanly softness lay the absolutism which was in the Bourbon blood. Like Charles, she was called upon to weather a storm which she had not raised, and she had not inherited with her father's temperament and charm his unrivalled political sagacity. Moreover, she had to win her private happiness by humouring a despotic and difficult-tempered man, and she could hardly be expected to recognize that that man, in marrying her, had made, on public grounds, the greatest mistake of his life. James I, whose ideas were always too large for his circumstances, had dreamed of securing England's place in the comity of nations by marrying his son to the daughter of one of the great Catholic houses. The result was not increased honour abroad, but hatred at home, such hatred as Henrietta in her early life was unable even to suspect. Accustomed in her own land to see Catholic and Protestant dwelling at least outwardly in peace together, knowing that the Catholic faith was professed at most of the Courts and among most of the peoples of Europe, she could not appreciate the insularity of the English mind which saw in every Catholic a political assassin wearing the colours of the Pope and the King of Spain; nor was she aware of the historical facts, which if they did not justify, at least explained this point of view. And as she failed to understand England, so she failed to understand Europe. The outstanding fact of continental politics was the long duel which was going on between France and the House of Austria. France was eventually to be the victor, but it was to be a hard [Pg xv] struggle, and few were sharp-sighted enough to see in the splendid Spain of Philip IV the signs of a decadence which had already set in. But Henrietta's blindness was more than a dimness of sight, which she shared with Cromwell and others of the great ones of her age. It hid from her that which it was essential to her to know, namely, that this struggle underlay the whole policy of her native land. Thus she failed to understand the real causes of the enmity with which Richelieu came to regard her and her husband, and thus in later days she was unable to grasp the attitude of Mazarin, or to appreciate why it was impossible that he should give her the fullness of succour for which she asked.

Had she been a Protestant and a woman of profound sagacity, she might have saved her husband. As it was, by her reckless defiance of forces whose strength she was unable to appreciate, she hurried him to his doom. She lived at a great moment, and she had no greatness to meet it. Herein alone is her condemnation. She has received more than her fair share of blame, for she has been made the scapegoat of Charles' faults. The tragedy of her fate rivals that of Mary Stuart or of Marie Antoinette, but she missed the historical felicity of a violent death, so that she has failed to touch the popular imagination. Had she done so, the most charming queen who ever sat upon the English throne, the daughter of the man whom France still adores, would have been saved from a verdict at the tribunal of posterity which, if not altogether unjust, is totally inadequate.

HENRIETTA MARIA [Pg 1]

CHAPTER I
THE DAUGHTER OF FRANCE

In this more than kingly state
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love, nay, fill it up;
And mingled cast into the cup
Wit and mirth and noble fires,
Vigorous health and gay desires.
Abraham Cowley

On a May morning in the year of grace 1625, a young girl, watching in the Chàteau of the Louvre in the city of Paris, was awaiting the greatest event which had yet come to disturb the tenor of her life; for, before the sun had set, she, Henrietta Maria of France, would be the betrothed wife of Charles, King of England.

It was a brilliant match for the little Princess, the youngest child of Henry IV, King of France, and of his wife Mary de' Medici of the great Florentine House: she owed it in part to the far-reaching policy of the father she had never known, and in part to the exertions of her mother and of a new favourite of that lady, M. de Richelieu. As she was only fifteen years old[1] she was, perhaps, too young to enter into the political aspect of the matter, but she was fully alive to the social and ceremonial advantages to which it would entitle her: a few years before she had gazed with envy [Pg 2] at the honours prepared for her elder sister, Christine, the bride of Savoy: now she could afford to think of them almost with contempt, for, to her, the bride of proud England, far more splendid homage was about to be offered. Nor, though the bridegroom was absent and both betrothal and wedding would have to be by proxy, was he unknown. Henrietta had seen him when he was in Paris on the return journey of his romantic expedition to Spain, and she knew that he was a tall and proper man, handsome in face and royal in bearing, with a certain melancholy persuasiveness of address which not even a slight stammer could spoil. "I do not think he need have gone quite so far as Spain for a bride," she had said then, with the freedom of her tender years; even now, nearly a year later, she felt such an interest in her prospective bridegroom, that by the help of an old servant she borrowed his portrait from one of the English envoys who was accustomed to wear it round his neck, and, having carried it off to her private apartments, she gazed at it for the space of an hour, blushing the while at her own audacity.

Of Henrietta's childhood there is little to record; as one of her biographers sadly remarks, her troubles began before she could know them, for she was not a year old when her noble-hearted father perished by the knife of Ravaillac. Her early years were passed under the care of her mother, who, though she was solicitous for the child's health and education, and reared her with the state due to a daughter of France,[2] is said to have cared much less for her than for her elder sister Christine: a sister still older, the beautiful and high-minded Elizabeth, left her native country to become the unhappy wife of Philip IV of Spain, while Henrietta was still too young a child to retain much personal memory of her; but touching letters remain written from the [Pg 3] desolate grandeur of Madrid to show how fondly Elizabeth's heart clung to the pretty child she had left in Paris, for whose portrait she begs, and to whom she sends little gifts such as some toys for the toilet of her dolls, "so that when you play you may remember me."[3] The two sisters never met again, and the Spanish princess who came to France in Elizabeth's stead was a poor exchange for her, even if Henrietta, who was possessed of a sparkling and somewhat biting wit, had not been fond of exercising it upon her brother's demure wife, with whom her mother was never on good terms.

That Henrietta's childhood was, in the main, healthy and happy, cannot be doubted. In person she resembled her father more than did either of her sisters, and she had inherited also his gay disposition. Her days were passed in one beautiful chàteau or another, either the Louvre or the Luxembourg, or S. Germain-en-Laye, with its beautiful forest and its terrace overlooking the Seine. Her governess was the kind and faithful Madame de Montglas, who had tended not only her, but her brothers and sisters from their earliest years; and if she failed in some degree to win her mother's heart, with others she was more fortunate. Christine left her when her years numbered but ten, but so strong was the tie of the common childhood of the sisters, that they corresponded warmly to the end of their lives. Her relations with her brothers were very affectionate, and the King, in particular, cherished her as his favourite sister, probably on account of her ready wit, a quality which, like many people who are dull themselves, he greatly admired. Finally, her charms invited a suitor while she was still almost a child, in the person of the Count of Soissons, a scion of the royal house, who may well have been as much enamoured of the dark, sparkling eyes which were the little Princess's chief beauty, as of her position as a [Pg 4] daughter of France.

There is, however, one sentence in an old biography of Henrietta which shows her youth in another and a sadder aspect. Young as she was at the time of her marriage, it appears that already she had had to learn the difficult art of adjusting her conduct to the requirements of Court factions and family dissensions.[4] Her childhood was cast in the stormy times which followed the removal of the strong hand of Henry IV. Her mother, whose lead she followed in the main, was a foolish woman under the domination of unworthy favourites, until by good fortune she fell in with Richelieu. It would be impossible to give here even an outline of the history of the events which in 1617 drove Mary de Medici in disgrace from her son's Court. It must suffice to point out that until her return in triumph in 1621 her little daughter had some difficulty in reconciling the respective claims of her mother and her brother, and in preserving the favour of both.

It was not long after this return that negotiations for a matrimonial alliance with England were opened, and thereupon Henrietta became for the first time a person of political importance. Her mother learned to appreciate her wit and beauty, and Richelieu, whose reign was just beginning, looked upon her with interest as a co-operator in his schemes for the humiliation of the House of Austria and of the French Protestants, objects which he thought would be considerably furthered by the union of Henrietta with the heir of England.

In due time two envoys-extraordinary arrived from England to carry out the negotiations for the marriage. They were both very fine gentlemen, but the elder, the Earl of Carlisle, who was a [Pg 5] Scotchman and an able diplomatist, on whom most of the real work of the mission fell, was in social matters quite outshone by his junior, the Lord Kensington, shortly to become Earl of Holland,[5] who was the handsomest man of his time and accounted so fascinating that he was the despair of jealous husbands. He was a great connoisseur in female beauty, and was smiled upon by Madame de Chevreuse, the most brilliant woman of the French Court; but he was kind enough to approve of Henrietta, and he sent home to the bridegroom-elect such glowing accounts of her beauty as roused that rather cold person to a fever of expectation. She was, he wrote, "the sweetest creature in France. Her growth is very little short of her age, and her wisdom infinitely beyond it. I heard her discourse with her mother and the ladies about her with extraordinary discretion and quickness. She dances (the which I am a witness of) as well as ever I saw any creature. They say she sings very sweetly. I am sure she looks so."[6] To the Duke of Buckingham, who at this time entirely governed Charles' mind, he wrote an equally enthusiastic account, praising the Princess as a "lovely sweet young creature," who, if she was not tall in stature, was "perfect in shape."[7]

Marriage negotiations between royal persons are always lengthy, and in this case there was the [Pg 6] additional difficulty of the difference of religion between the contracting parties, which necessitated a dispensation from the Pope. But James of England eagerly desired the alliance, seeing in it a means of winning back the Palatinate for his daughter's husband, a hope which was encouraged by the diplomacy of Richelieu, who probably also worked upon the mind of Mary de' Medici, so that, in spite of her bigoted attachment to the Roman Catholic Church, the whole weight of her now powerful influence was thrown on the side of the marriage. Father Bérulle, the founder of the French Oratory, who was a great friend of hers, was sent to Rome to procure a dispensation from Urban VIII. Arrangements were made to secure Henrietta's religion and morals in the heretic country to which she was going, and it was provided that she should have the bringing up of her children until they reached the age of twelve years. Finally, secret articles[8] were inserted in the marriage treaty, in which James of England and his son promised that toleration should be granted to the English Catholics. Everything seemed settled, and all was rejoicing both in England and France, except for two malcontents: the Spanish Ambassador in Paris stood sullenly aloof, "who, without question, doth not well like that England and France should bee joyned together with such a firme alliance,"[9] and the Count of Soissons was so angry and disappointed at the loss of his bride that he refused to treat Lord Kensington with common [Pg 7] courtesy, savagely declaring that the negotiations went so near his heart that were the Englishman not the ambassador of so great a King, he would cut his throat.

Henrietta herself was well pleased, and her cheerful countenance reflected her content. She exchanged a number of quaint and rather formal love-letters with her future husband, who sometimes employed as his intermediary a young protégé of Buckingham, by name Walter Montagu, who was destined to a singular career and to a lifelong friendship with the Princess, whom he now saw for the first time. In March, 1625, he left Paris and returned to England carrying the good news that all was forward, and that the lady should be delivered in thirty days. He was able to supplement Holland's description of the charms of the Princess, for, like that nobleman, he was something of a connoisseur in such matters. "I have made the Prince in love with every hair on Madame's head,"[10] he wrote cheerfully to Carlisle. So eager was the bridegroom that he would not allow the match to be stayed for the final settlement of the details of the dispensation.

But just as everything was ready an event of another character occurred to retard matters again. On March 27th, 1625, King James died, and the question arose as to whether the wedding could be celebrated during the period of mourning. However, as Henrietta could hardly be expected to feel acutely the death of an unknown father-in-law which made her a queen, and as Charles' impatience for his bride overcame any scruples with regard to decorum, it was settled that the great event should take place in the ensuing May. The decision that the bridegroom should not be present in person at the ceremony was probably a disappointment to Henrietta. It had been suggested that he should come over to France, but the proposal had not met with approval on either side of the Channel, the English thinking it beneath their King's dignity to seek his bride in [Pg 8] a foreign land, and the French fearing, with good reason, the expense of such a guest. The selection of a proxy caused some difficulty. Charles wished that his great friend, the Duke of Buckingham, should impersonate him on this interesting occasion, but that nobleman, for private reasons which will be explained below, was not agreeable to the French Court. The choice finally fell upon the Duke of Chevreuse,[11] who was at once a high-born Frenchman and a relative of the King of England, being a prince of the House of Lorraine, and thus connected with Charles' great-grandmother, Mary of Guise. In spite of his high rank he was a person of sufficient obscurity, and chiefly remarkable as the husband of his brilliant wife.

The betrothal was solemnized on May 8th, which happened to be the Feast of the Ascension. The ceremony took place in the Louvre in the King's own room, which was elaborately fitted up for the occasion, and where, in the late afternoon, he appeared as (we are told) "a beautiful sun which shines above all others."[12] Lesser lights were present in the persons of his wife, his only brother Gaston, Duke of Orleans, and a crowd of noblemen, all of whom waited impatiently for the bride-elect, who at last appeared, attended by her mother and by Madame de Chevreuse. Henrietta entered the room with a dignity worthy of the occasion and of the great race from which she was sprung. Her magnificent dress, which perhaps a little eclipsed her girlish beauty, consisted of a robe of cloth of gold and silver thickly sprinkled with golden fleurs-de-lis and enriched by diamonds and other precious stones. This wonderful garment was further adorned by a long train carried by the little Mademoiselle de Bourbon, the Madame de Longueville of later [Pg 9] days, who at this time was so young that she could only nominally fulfil her office, while the long, heavy folds were really supported by Madame de Montglas' daughter, Madame S. Georges, who was to accompany the young Queen to England.

Henrietta's entry was followed by that of the two English Ambassadors and the proxy bridegroom. Then, after the signing and countersigning of the articles of marriage, the betrothal ceremony was solemnized according to the rites of the Church by Cardinal de Rochefoucault, Grand Almoner of the King of France. In the evening a ball was held in the Louvre, while outside the firing of cannon and the letting off of fireworks testified to the public rejoicing.

It was not until three days later, on May 11th, that the actual wedding took place. [13] The church chosen for the religious ceremony was the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, which was adorned with hangings of silk and tapestry and of cloth of gold, to hide as far as possible the lines of the Gothic architecture which was condemned by the taste of the day. Every detail of the ceremony[14] was arranged when an unfortunate difficulty arose which caused much ill-feeling and considerable trouble.

Jean François de Gondi, a member of one of those Italian families which had found fortune in France in the wake of a foreign Queen, now occupied the See of Paris. He was the first of the long line of bishops of the capital to receive the honours of archiepiscopal rank, and, as his character, which has been sketched for us by his candid nephew, Cardinal de Retz, was at once feeble and vainglorious, it is probable that his head was a little turned. His anger, therefore, may [Pg 10] be imagined when he discovered that he was not to officiate at a wedding which took place at his own cathedral, but was to be set aside for the Cardinal de Rochefoucault. Mingled with personal pique was the bitter feeling of the infringement of the rights of the episcopate. He summoned all the prelates who were then in Paris to a meeting, and they joined with him in presenting a petition on the subject to the King. But Louis and the Cardinal (who had provided himself with a brief from the Pope which, however, was not produced) stood firm; and the upshot of the affair was that the Archbishop, though he was forced to give way and was much blamed by his clergy for doing so, was nevertheless so angry that he went off to the country, refusing to have anything to do with the wedding, and leaving the nuptial mass to be said by his senior suffragan, the Bishop of Chartres.

But this was not the worst. The absence of the Archbishop might have been supported with philosophy, but the strike extended not only to the Chapter, but even to such indispensable people as the singing-men, who, at the last moment, had to be hurriedly replaced by singers from the King's cabinet and chapel.

The English alliance was very popular in Paris. It was remembered that if the bridegroom was King of England and a heretic, he was also a Scotchman born and the grandson of the much-loved Mary of Scotland, who, it was said, was doubtless praying in heaven for his conversion. Another side of the general satisfaction was expressed by poetic references to the union of the sister of Mars with Neptune, the King of the Waves, which, it was hoped, would bring about a happy state of things when

"toute la Terre
Soit aux François et Anglois."[15]

It is not surprising, therefore, that the early hours of the great day saw the *parvis* of Notre-Dame crowded with spectators waiting patiently under the rain of an inclement May morning. The concourse was so great that the neighbouring streets had to be secured by barriers and patrolled by the Swiss Guard to make free passage for the coaches of the nobility which were perpetually arriving at the doors of the cathedral to deposit their loads of gaily dressed ladies. [Pg 11]

Meanwhile, what of the bride for whom all this was prepared? She had spent the previous day at her mother's favourite convent, that of the Carmelite nuns whom Bérulle had "fetched out of Spain" to place in a house of the Faubourg S. Jacques. There her mother's friend, Mother Magdeleine of S. Joseph, gave her a great deal of advice, seasoned with much piety and some judgment. Thence she returned to pass the night at the Louvre, and to spend a quiet morning, until at about two o'clock on the afternoon of her wedding-day she set out for the Archbishop's palace, which that dignitary, in spite of his chagrin, had placed at the disposal of the wedding-party. There in the fine old house overlooking the Seine, which two hundred years later was to fall a victim to the fury of the Parisian mob,[16] Henrietta spent several hours in putting on the same magnificent dress which she had worn at her betrothal, so that five o'clock had already struck when her brother the King came to fetch her that he might conduct her to the cathedral.

The procession was drawn up. First came an officer known as the captain of the gate, behind whom walked a hundred men of the King's Swiss Guard, drums beating and banners flying. They were followed by the band, which was so effective that while the hautbois ravished the ears of those who heard them, the drums would have stirred the most faint-hearted to courage. As to the trumpets, they made the hearts of the listeners leap for joy within their bodies. [Pg 12]

At last, after heralds, marshals, peers, and dukes, after the proxy bridegroom and the Ambassadors from England, came the central figure of the procession, the bride herself, supported by her two brothers, one of whom was also her King.

The sickly, depressed Louis XIII, notwithstanding his magnificent dress of *cramoisi* velvet, so thickly covered with cloth of gold that the foundation hardly appeared, afforded a sad contrast to the splendid vitality of his little sister, whose dark curls were adorned by a crown of gold set with diamonds, and bearing in front an enormous pearl of inestimable value. The train of her royal mantle, which was of velvet and cloth of gold, embroidered with fleurs-de-lis, was carried by the Princesses of Condé and Conti and by the Countess of Soissons, the mother of the rejected lover, who had asked and obtained leave to absent himself from the ceremony. So heavy was it that to give the bride greater comfort an officer walked under it and supported it with his head and hands. Gaston of Orleans, who was at his sister's left hand, was not allowed to rival his sovereign in apparel, for a rule had been made that the King, the Duke of Chevreuse, and the Earls of Carlisle and Holland should be the only gentlemen to appear in cloth of gold. He had to content himself with silk. The rear was brought up by the two Queens, the elder plainly dressed in black, relieved by splendid jewels; the younger magnificent in cloth of gold and silver. A crowd of highly born ladies followed, among whom may be mentioned Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the rich heiress whom Gaston of Orleans was to wed reluctantly a year later, and Madame de Chevreuse, who, no doubt, cast admiring glances at the handsome face and figure of her lover, the Earl of Holland.

The wedding ceremony was not to take place in the church but, in accordance with the old ritual of matrimony, on a platform erected outside the west door,[17] which was connected with the archiepiscopal palace by a long wooden gallery upholstered in beautiful tapestry. On this platform, under a canopy of cloth of gold, Cardinal de Rochefoucault was waiting to receive the bride, while from the stands which had been put up round the *parvis*, and from the windows of the tall neighbouring houses, eager heads were thrust forward to catch a glimpse of the procession as it wound along in the sunshine which had succeeded the rainy morning. Henrietta, the Duke of Chevreuse, and the royal party ascended the platform. The short marriage ceremony [Pg 13] was gone through, and immediately on its conclusion an English gentleman who was present, by name George Goring,[18] set off to carry to the King of England, as quickly as relays of the swiftest horses would allow, the tidings of his own marriage.

The new Queen only lingered at the church door to receive the kneeling homage of the English Ambassadors. Then, accompanied by her mother, her brothers, and the rest of the wedding-party, she entered the great church.[19] There awaited her not only the nobility of France, but also such dignitaries as the provost of the merchants, the aldermen of the city of Paris, and the rector of the university, while "Messieurs du Parlement" had, with some difficulty, made good their claim to be present in a body. All eyes were turned upon the bride as she moved along another richly [Pg 14] decorated gallery, which conducted her to a dais in the chancel from which she was to hear the nuptial Mass. It was past seven o'clock before the offertory was reached, an almost unprecedented hour at which to say Mass, and many may have envied the heretic Ambassadors who were able to retire for a brief rest, owing to their unwillingness to be present at a popish service. The only consideration shown for Henrietta was that she was not required to communicate, as it was thought that to fast until that late hour and to undergo at the same time so much fatigue and excitement might prove injurious to her health.

But even when the Mass was over there was no rest to be had. That evening saw the Archbishop's palace turned into a scene of royal festivity. In the hall the banquet was spread. At the middle of the table sat the King, with his mother on his right hand and his sister, the queen of a day, on his left. The Duke of Chevreuse and the English Ambassadors were privileged to sit down with the royal party, which was waited on by "our lords the princes, dukes, peers, and marshals of France," who did not disdain to bring in the meats for the feast. Outside in the May darkness all Paris was *en fête*. Bonfires and fireworks were to be seen in every street, so that it seemed that never had there been such rejoicings as at the marriage of Princess Henrietta.

It might have been expected that the newly married Queen would have set off at once for her adopted country, but, on the contrary, there were considerable delays caused, it was believed, by the Pope's agents, who were annoyed that the marriage had taken place before the details of the dispensation had been settled.[20] When these difficulties had been overcome the King fell ill, and it seems probable that the departure would have been postponed even longer than was the case [Pg 15] had not an event occurred to hasten it, namely, the arrival in Paris of an unexpected and most unwelcome guest, George, Duke of Buckingham.

This extraordinary person, whose career reads like a fairy story, was at this time at the height of his fame. His handsome face and a certain careless magnificence of manner, which might almost have passed for magnanimity, were greatly admired, and if he showed at times the insolence of the parvenu, much was condoned, at least outwardly, in the man who was the acknowledged favourite of the King of England, and who was able to appear in almost regal splendour, decked out, it was even said, by the jewels of England. He was already well known in Paris, and in the few days he had spent there in 1624, between Madrid and London, he had made an ineffaceable impression upon at least one heart.

Few royal stories are sadder than that of Anne of Austria, the queen of Louis XIII. Married as a mere child to an apathetic boy, she neither knew how to win his love nor how to adapt herself to the requirements of her position. Neglected by her husband, bullied by her mother-in-law, and later by Richelieu, she may almost be forgiven for her treasonable correspondence with the enemies of France. Still less can she be blamed that her heart clung too fondly to the relatives she had left in Madrid. To the end of her days she remained a Spaniard, *dévote* and fanatical beyond the liking of the lively Parisians; a Spaniard also in her unconquerable coquetry. The ladies of her mother's Court, shut up in almost monastical seclusion, were accustomed to amuse themselves during the long hours which intervened between the various religious exercises by dwelling on and recounting in every detail their conquests of the men whom they seldom saw except in the silence of a church or among the crowds of a Court ceremony. Anne, coming from such a life, was unable to understand at once the greater liberty and the greater decorum of [Pg 16] French manners. She was beautiful, and she was gifted with a pair of soft, white, exquisitely modelled hands, so that she was able to command the flattery which she loved. Many a gallant worshipped at a distance, but none dared to pay her attentions which seriously compromised her until the English favourite crossed her path.

The true story of the loves of these two is not fully known. It died with them and with those in whom they confided; but it is probable that during Buckingham's first visit to Paris something was suspected, and that this was the real reason of the refusal to receive him as the proxy of the King of England. When it was known that he had arrived, uninvited, the wrath of his unwilling hosts was so great that it was only through the intervention of Madame de Chevreuse, the devoted friend of Queen Anne, and the representations of the English Ambassadors that he obtained a reception befitting his rank.

The Duke urged strongly the immediate departure of the bride; and though it was felt that such a desire for haste was indelicate, yet the French royal family, with one exception, was so anxious to see the last of him, that they were fain to comply. Henrietta, probably, was not consulted. She was a pawn in the political game, and she was still too young to assert herself.

Perhaps she was in no hurry to be gone. She clung to her home and her country, and the waiting time was made very pleasant by festivities in which, for the first time, she tasted the pleasures of her queenly rank. All were splendid; but probably the most magnificent was an entertainment offered by Richelieu to the three queens during the indisposition of the King. It took place at the Luxembourg, that monument of the Italian renaissance within Paris, which was built for Mary de' Medici in her widowhood to remind her of her own Florentine palace, whose beautiful gardens, [Pg 17] unchanged since her day, remain to witness to the taste of gardeners before Le Nôtre.[21] On this occasion the spacious rooms were magnificently decorated. The most skilful musicians which Paris could furnish had been procured, and the ears of the guests were delighted by choice music, both vocal and instrumental, while the courtly host employed all the grace and charm which he had ever at command to fascinate the three royal ladies, and particularly the young Queen of England, who was inclined to look upon him with favour as in some sort the author of her marriage. Finally, at the close of the entertainment all went out into the gardens to witness a display of fireworks, "the most superb and the most beautiful invention which had been seen for a long time."[22] The Cardinal, who had given the fête to mark his satisfaction at the issue of his diplomacy, had cause to congratulate himself upon its success. As Queen Henrietta said good-bye to him with grateful cordiality, he bent his keen glance upon her and saw in her another subservient tool of his ambition, as she saw in him her protector and her friend. Neither the statesman nor the Queen could read the secrets of the future, nor know that each would come to regard the other as an enemy.

At last, when May had passed into June, the day came which witnessed the Queen of England's departure from Paris. The King, who was still far from well, determined, nevertheless, to see his sister on her way as far as Compiègne, and apart from his royal presence she had goodly attendance. It included the Queen-Mother and her second son Gaston, both of whom intended to accompany the bride to the coast; the Queen Consort, who, against the advice of her best friends, could not tear herself from the fascinating company of Buckingham; the Duke of Chevreuse, and M. de Ville-aux-Clercs, who were commissioned by the King of France to deliver over his sister to [Pg 18] her royal husband. Finally, Madame de Chevreuse, who had asked and obtained permission to accompany the bride to her new home for a reason similar to that which actuated her friend Queen Anne—namely, the love which she bore to the Earl of Holland.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when Henrietta left the Louvre to set out on her journey to England. Her brother, who, perhaps to dazzle the more homely English, had spared no expense on her trousseau and equipment, had provided for her personal use a magnificent litter upholstered within and without in red *cramoisi* velvet, which was relieved by the gold embroidery of the cushions and curtains. It was drawn by two fine mules, gorgeous in their red velvet cloths, and with white aigrettes nodding merrily on their heads. They were led by a muleteer who was handsomely dressed, and who rode another richly caparisoned mule. The trappings of the rest of the party were also splendid in proportion to their rank. A brave escort saw on her way the daughter of Henry IV. Archers and guards turned out to do her honour, and by her side rode that great civic dignitary, "M. le prevost des Marchands." To the sound of martial music went the gay cavalcade, through the narrow streets of old Paris up to the Porte S. Denys, and so beyond the wall, which still guarded the city, into the suburbs. Working men and women, leaving their toil, lined the road, many of whom looking on the fair child who was leaving them, and having no expectation of seeing her again, could not restrain their weeping.

FROM AN ENGRAVING AFTER THE PICTURE BY FRANCIS POURBUS

Half-way to S. Denys the party halted. The provost of the merchants delivered a weary discourse, "full of matter," and then bidding Henrietta farewell he turned back to Paris with his escort. The rest pushed on. There was no time to wait at S. Denys, where the dust of Henrietta's father lay, [Pg 19] and whither her own dead body was to be carried nearly half a century later. The summer evening was drawing in, and it was thought wiser to go on to Stains, where a night's rest awaited the bride, who may well have been fatigued by the toils of this exciting day.

The first considerable town through which the royal party passed was Amiens. This great city, "the metropolis and key of all Picardy," was determined, notwithstanding its depressed financial position, to give the three Queens, no one of whom had ever before been within its walls, a splendid reception. This resolve was all the more loyal as the consideration of the King had only indicated a few simple tokens of respect, such as a reception by the aldermen, as obligatory on the occasion. It was late in the afternoon before the royal ladies and their train approached the city, for they were much delayed by the concourse of people who came out to see them. Not far from the city gates they were met by the Governor, the Duke of Chaulnes, who brought with him three hundred horsemen whose steeds, we are told, were of the same race as those sung by the poets—whose eyes and nostrils emitted flames and fire. Of the cavaliers each might have been taken for chief and leader, so splendid were they all. Accompanied by this dashing cavalcade the cortège swept on, to be met on its way by a troop of archers bearing an ensign with the device of a cupid, by the youth of the city drawn up in companies, and finally by six thousand of the mature citizens, whose martial discipline was the admiration of all. By a wise precaution no salvos were fired until the royal party was safely passed, for experience had shown that, though only two or three horses might be frightened, yet they were sufficient to cause unseemly disturbance.

After the formal greeting had been given to the guests at the gate of the city by the mayor and aldermen, a ceremony took place specially designed in compliment to the bride of the island [Pg 20] King. Fifty young girls, all pretty and some very beautiful, dressed up to represent the demi-goddesses of the sea, came to hail Henrietta as Thetis, queen of the waves, sitting upon the throne of her litter which had brought her from the banks of the Seine, and to whom, in token of humble submission, they presented the keys of the city. So great was the crush to see this sight that the gentleman to whom we owe the story of the details of the day[23] was unable to get near enough to hear the speeches of the marine goddesses. The crowds in the streets were great, and as there were neither archers nor Swiss, as at Paris, to range the people against the houses and to keep a clear passage, the confusion was considerable; but it was not allowed to interfere with the programme drawn up by the loyal people of Amiens. Henrietta saw not only triumphal arches and columns in abundance, but also curious allegorical ceremonies in the taste of the times. She beheld Jason, who, after fighting with fire-breathing bulls, bore off triumphant the golden fleece, and in whom she was to recognize an impersonation of her husband, Charles of England. She listened to the hymeneal god, who, attended by nymphs, stepped forward and, to the accompaniment of sweet music, sang a wedding-song specially composed for the occasion. The last three verses, notwithstanding their extravagance of compliment, are so fresh and charming as to be worthy of the pretty bride to whom they were addressed.

[Pg 21]

"Mais que fais je par ces carmes
Vous arrestant en ces lieux
C'est que je suis pris aux charmes
Que vous avez dans les yeux.

"Allez, j'ay peur que vous-mesme
Nous emportiez votre coeur;
Vous portez un diademe
Soubs un front toujours vainquer.

"Ne demeurez, ie vieux suyvre
Mon coeur ne sera rétif,
C'est glorieusement vivre
Que d'estre en vos mains captif."[24]

Henrietta looked and smiled and listened. She was new to such honours, and it was pleasant to be for the moment a greater person than her stern mother or her stately sister-in-law. But the rejoicings were long-drawn-out, and she must have been very weary before they culminated in a joyous *Te Deum* sung in the cathedral, which, like Notre-Dame in Paris, had been disfigured as much as possible with pictures and hangings. Nor even then were her toils over. Long and dreary speeches awaited her, to which she had to listen with some show of interest, before at last she could lie down to rest.

Henrietta's innocent dreams were perhaps of Jason and the goddesses of the sea; but there were those about her whose pillows were haunted by visions of a very different character.

Had all France been searched through it would have been difficult to find a more undesirable friend and adviser for a young married woman than Marie de Rohan, once Duchess of Luynes, and now by her second marriage Duchess of Chevreuse. Beautiful, unscrupulous, and gifted with a remarkable talent for diplomacy, which enabled her to give effect to her audacious schemes, she had little difficulty in recommending herself to Henrietta, into whose young mind she dropped seeds of distrust and of a love of crooked ways which were to bear fruit in the future. It was not her fault if other seeds failed to ripen there, and if the purity of the little bride's mind [Pg 22] was proof against the evil example of certain events which occurred during the few days of the halt at Amiens.

The city had no house large enough to accommodate the three Queens. The Queen-Mother, as befitted her age and dignity, was lodged in the episcopal palace, while Henrietta and her sister-in-law had to find apartments elsewhere. The bride's domicile is not known, but to Queen Anne and her attendants was allotted a fine house with gardens sloping down to the River Somme. In these gardens took place a famous scene destined to influence several lives, and among them that of Henrietta Maria.

Already at a ball given by the Duchess of Chaulnes the animation and brilliant looks of the Queen of France had been remarked, and ill-natured people were not lacking who saw in the English duke, who had danced on that evening with infinite grace, the magician able to rouse her from the listlessness which usually spoiled her undoubted beauty. Such public meetings were safe enough, but Buckingham was constantly at the Queen's lodgings. One evening, in company with Madame de Chevreuse and the Earl of Holland, he was paying his respects when Anne, who, remembering the soft, scented nights of her native land, loved to wander abroad after dusk, invited him to enjoy with her the cool beauty of the June twilight. Their companions, who were carrying on their own flirtation under the cloak of another's, followed, but, perhaps intentionally, they lagged behind, so that the royal lady found herself alone with her bold admirer in a dark, winding walk. Suddenly the silence of the evening was broken by a shrill cry. The Queen's equerry, who was in attendance at a discreet distance, rushed up to find his mistress in a state of trembling agitation, and the duke so red and confused that he was glad to make his escape as quickly as possible. There were, of course, explanations and excuses. The matter came to the [Pg 23] ears of the Queen-Mother, who, worn out by her exertions, was lying seriously ill; she helped to hush up the scandal, and both Anne and Buckingham seemed, for the moment, to escape easily; but it was felt that they must part at once, and the duke, with a tact which he sometimes displayed, began to talk of the King of England's impatience to see his bride, and to hint that it was not necessary to wait for the Queen-Mother's recovery.

Henrietta, the sport of others less innocent than herself, knelt to receive her mother's last blessing. That lady, touched by some real maternal feeling, bade her a tender farewell, pressing into her hand a letter which the girl found, when she came to read it, to be full of the most admirable sentiments of piety and virtue and of excellent advice as to her conduct in the married state. She probably knew Mary de' Medici too well to attribute this composition to her, and perhaps no one attempted to disguise the fact that its author was the pious Father Bérulle who was going with her to England in the capacity of confessor.[25]

Through Abbeville, with its soaring cathedral, through picturesque Montreuil, Henrietta came to Boulogne, whence she was to cross to England, as the plague was reigning at Calais. Though it was June, the weather was wild and stormy, and a further delay was inevitable. Buckingham, forgetful of all propriety, careless of the trust confided to him by his friend and King, took advantage of this delay to steal back, on a frivolous pretext, to Amiens, and to Anne. His audacity little availed him. After one brief agitated interview he had to tear himself from his idol, whom he never saw again. [Pg 24]

During the waiting time at Boulogne, Henrietta made acquaintance with some of her new subjects who had crossed the Channel to meet her, and who were greatly disappointed when they found her without her mother and sister-in-law, for, as one of them wrote, they had looked forward to seeing beauty not only in the future tense, but in the present and the preterperfect as well.[26] Buckingham, who up till now had been too occupied with Anne to pay much attention to the bride, and who was too much of a man of the world to care for the "future tense" of beauty, now, it seems, bethought him of winning the favour of the Queen of England. Certainly he secured a flattering reception for his mother, the Countess of Buckingham, who improved the occasion of her visit to France by reconciling herself to the Church of Rome. In later days Henrietta did not like the lady, but at this first introduction she received her "with strange courtesy and favour."[27] Nor was she alone in her kindness. Gaston of Orleans, who, in his mother's enforced detention at Amiens, had adhered to his plan of escorting his sister to the coast, paid the English lady the unusual compliment of visiting her, and the haughty and high-born Madame de Chevreuse actually waived her right of precedence in favour of the Buckinghams, whose family was of yesterday. It need hardly be said that such courtesy was greatly relished by the English visitors, who found no drawback to the happy intercourse with their new friends except in the Countess' ignorance of the French tongue. But even this difficulty was got over by the presence at Boulogne of Sir Tobie Matthew, who, though the son of a Protestant archbishop, was a Catholic and a citizen of the world whose linguistic talents, which were much admired in continental circles, were joined to a refined culture which rendered him a [Pg 25] fitting intermediary between these distinguished persons. Fortunately all his time was not taken up by such duties, and he employed his leisure very profitably in writing a long letter to a lady acquaintance, which contains the fullest account we possess of Henrietta in her early youth before the cares of married life had come upon her.

Sir Tobie's ready and subtle pen drew such a sketch of the young Queen as, interpreted by the future, shows him to have been a keen analyst of character. Henrietta had grown a good deal during the past year; and though she was still small, "she sits," he wrote, "upon the very skirts of womanhood." Her mind and character were as yet undeveloped; but in the mingled gentleness and wit of her conversation, in the sweet courtesy shown to her inferiors, in the faithful affection which clung to the mother she had left, finally, in the courage and enterprise which, to the despair of her attendants, tempted her to a sea-trip in an open boat with her brother Gaston, we recognize the woman of later days, as in the girl of fifteen we see the beautiful queen of Van Dyck's portraits. "Upon my faith," wrote the worthy knight, giving utterance to a prophecy which unfortunately was not completely fulfilled, "she is a most sweet, lively nature, and hath a countenance which opens a window into her heart, where a man may see all nobleness and goodness; and I dare venture my head (upon the little skill I have in physiognomy) that she will be extraordinarily beloved by our nation and deserve to be so, and that the actions of her life which are to be her owne will be excellent."[28]

At length, after nearly three weeks of waiting, during which Henrietta's health and spirits flagged a little, the twenty-second day of June dawned calm and fair, and it was decided that the voyage should be made. Heretofore the Queen of England had been her brother's guest, but now, on the [Pg 26] eve of embarking, she was delivered over to the care of the Duke of Buckingham, and the deed of consignation was signed by that nobleman and by the two French Ambassadors, to witness that the responsibility of the latter was ended. After the little ceremony the Queen was escorted to the quay by her brother. She went on board the beautiful ship, *The Prince*, which her husband had sent for her. The preparations for departure were quickly made. The moment came when she clung in a last embrace to Gaston. Then the sails were unfurled, and *The Prince* rode proudly out of Boulogne harbour. As Henrietta stood gazing upon the rapidly receding cliffs of France, did any foreboding of the future come over her, any presage of coming grief such as weighed upon the heart of her husband's grandmother, Mary of Scotland, on a similar occasion? Did any shadow of that day nearly twenty years later, when, a fugitive pursued by unrelenting foes, she would see again her native land, darken her spirit? We cannot tell. We only know that she had a moment's *serrement de coeur*, such as any girl might feel on leaving home, and that she was a little afraid of sea-sickness.

No inconvenience, however, arose. Charles' care had caused his bride's cabin to be so beautified that she might have imagined herself in her own Louvre rather than on the sea; and to complete the illusion a choice concert of delicate instruments and sweet voices was in readiness to amuse her. Moreover, no precaution was omitted which might ensure the safety of so precious a freight. *The Prince* and the vessels which formed her escort carried the most experienced pilots that could be obtained, whose work was so well done (though unfortunately it was never paid for) that in four-and-twenty hours the Channel was crossed. Dover harbour was safely made, and amidst a throng of interested spectators Henrietta Maria touched the soil of her new kingdom. It was [Pg 27] noticed that immediately on her arrival the wind rose again with its former violence, and that the sea was again troubled as if for her alone they had stilled their raging. It was now evening, and as the Queen, in spite of the pleasures of the little voyage which seemed to have restored her health and spirits, confessed to great fatigue, she was allowed to retire at once and to postpone until the next day the meeting with her husband. M. de Chevreuse and M. de Ville-aux-Clercs wrote a formal letter to their master, informing him of his sister's happy arrival, while the King of

England awaited, with as much patience as he could command, the morrow which was to give to his arms the bride who had tarried so long.

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[1] She was born on November 25th, 1609 (November 15th, O.S.).

[2] The elaborate ceremonies of her baptism are described in a pamphlet entitled *Discours sur le baptême de Monsieur frère du Roy et de la petite Madame*. 1614.

[3] Bib. Nat., Paris. MS. Français, 3818.

[4] After this marriage (of Christine) Her Majesty durst not follow her mother, to the displeasure of her brother, lest she might hinder her own, until June 21st, 1620, when the Queen-Mother and her son were reconciled.

The Life and Death of that matchless mirror of Magnanimity and Heroick Vertue, Henrietta Maria de Bourbon (1669), p. 5.

[5] He was created Earl of Holland September 15th, 1624.

[6] *Cabala* (1691), Pt. II, p. 287.

[7] *Ibid.*, p. 290. The following descriptions of Henrietta shortly after her marriage show the impression she made upon Englishmen: "We have now a most Noble new Queen of England who in true beuty is beyond the Long-Wood Infanta; for she was of a fading Flaxen-Hair, Big-Lipp'd and somewhat heavy Ey'd, but this Daughter of France, this youngest Branch of Bourbon ... is of a more lovely and lasting Complexion, a dark Brown, she hath Eyes that sparkle like stars and on her Physiognomy she may be said to be a mirrour of perfection."—J. Howell: *Epistolæ Ho-Eliamæ* (1645), sec. IV, p. 30. " ... I went to Whitehall purposlie to see the queene, which I did fullie all the time shee sate at dinner and perceived her to bee a most absolute delicate ladie, after I had exactly surveied all the features of her face, much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eye. Besides her deportment amongst her women was so sweete and humble, and her speech and lookes to her other servants soe milde and gracious, as I could not abstaine from divers deep-fetched sighes that she wanted the knowledge of the true religion."—*D'Ewes' Diary*: printed in *Bibliotheca Typographica Britannica* (1790), Vol. VI, p. 33.

[8] These articles were signed at Cambridge in December, 1624; see MS. Français, 3692: also the *Mémoirs du Comte de Brienne* (M. de Ville-aux-Clercs) (Petitot), 1824, p. 389, who was in England at the time negotiating the matter.

[9] *Continuation of Weekly News*, No. 43, 1624.

[10] Egerton MS., 2596, f. 49.

[11] The procuration of the King of England authorizing the Duke of Chevreuse to marry the Princess Henrietta in his name is dated April 11th, 1625.

[12] L'Ordre des cérémonies observés au mariage du roy de la Grande Britagne et de Madame soeur du roy. Paris, 1625.

[13] Many of the details of the marriage, departure from Paris, etc., are taken from the official account, MS. Français, 23,600.

[14] The ceremonies followed the precedent of those used at the marriage of Henrietta's father, Henry of Navarre, with Margaret of Valois.

[15] Part of the song with which Henrietta was greeted at Amiens on her wedding journey. See pp. 20, 21.

[16] Destroyed in February, 1831.

[17] Cf. Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*: Prologue.

> A good Wif was ther of byside Bath
> * * * * *
> Sche was a worthy womman al hire lyfe
> Housbondes atte chirche dore hadde sche fyfe.

[18] George Goring, Baron Goring, 1628, Earl of Norwich, 1644; d. 1663.

[19] At some point in the ceremony Henrietta Maria renounced all her rights to the throne and dominions of France, as had been stipulated in the marriage treaty.

[20] The dispensation is dated December, 1625.

[21] They are smaller, part of them having been built over.

[22] MS. Français, 23,600.

[23] L'Entrée superbe magnifique faite à la Royne de la grande Bretagne dans la Ville d'Amiens, le Samedy septisme de Juin, 1625. Sur les fideles relations d'un seigneur de qualité. A. Paris, MDCXXV.

[24] *Ibid.*

[25] On the question of the authorship of this letter see Avenal: *Lettres de Richelieu*, VIII., p. 27. There seems no doubt that it was written by Bérulle. Among the Bérulle papers (Archives Nationales, M. 232) is an authenticated copy, whose note of authentication

states that "ce discours à este composé par nostre très révérend père" (i.e. Bérulle), as the copyist was informed in 1660. Bérulle in 1627 wrote another letter for Mary de' Medici to send to her daughter. See chap. IV.

[26] Sir Tobie Matthew. Tanner MS., LXXII.

[27] *Ibid.*

[28] Tanner MS., LXXII, 40.

CHAPTER II
THE BRIDE OF ENGLAND

Parents lawes must beare no weight
When they happinesse prevent.
And our sea is not so streight,
But it room hath for content.
William Habington

Long years after the events occurred, when many happy years had softened the memory of their bitterness, Henrietta Maria confessed to her friend Madame de Motteville that her early married life had not been free from disappointment and vexation. Charles Stuart was not an easy man to live with, as all those who had much to do with him found out. He was moral, conscientious, in many respects admirable; but he was oppressed by a sense of his own importance, he was entirely without humour, and he was convinced that he was always, on all occasions, in the right. He did not, as many royal husbands, break his marriage vow, but he treated his girl-wife with a harshness which fell little short of unkindness, and that though she was ever anxious to do her duty and he was always sincerely a lover.

It is probable that the difficulties began almost immediately. Charles, on his arrival at Dover, did, indeed, greet his beautiful bride with delight, and when she would have knelt at his feet he prevented her by clasping her in his arms instead. But the French visitors soon showed that they were dissatisfied with the Queen's reception. They were ignorant of the more homely character of the English people and Court; and, contrasting the poverty of the festivities and welcome offered [Pg 29] by the King of England to his queen with the splendour which the King of France had freely displayed to do honour to his sister, they concluded a lack of respect and affection on the part of Charles which had no foundation in fact. Some of the difficulty was indeed wholly due to national misunderstanding, as, for instance, the ill-feeling caused by the gloomy splendours of Dover Castle, where the young Queen spent her first night in England, and, later, by an antique bed, dating from the reign of Elizabeth, in which she was invited to repose in London. How could the English know that these relics of a glorious past were in the eyes of these visitors, accustomed to the new-fashioned luxuries of the French Court, nothing but relics of barbarism? "None of us, however old, could remember ever having seen such a bed," wrote Tillières,[29] in deep indignation. Nor was the public welcome to London more successful, though the marriage was fairly popular, and there was much kindly feeling towards the bride. The plague was raging in the city, so that, for prudence'sake, festivities had to be curtailed; while, to make matters worse, the entry into the capital took place on one of those drenching summer days which are not of infrequent occurrence in these islands. To the French visitors used to Paris, which, if one of the dirtiest of cities, was, then as now, one of the most beautiful and magnificent, London, at the best, would have looked rather shabby,[30] in these circumstances it appeared ugly and squalid. [Pg 30] The English were little more pleased with their guests. "A poor lot, hardly worth looking at," was the comment of one Englishman on the brilliant train of French ladies who accompanied the Queen; and if he made an exception in favour of Madame de Chevreuse, who could hardly have been called plain, it was only to find fault with her for painting her face. It was perhaps not to be expected that this remarkable lady should find favour in Puritan eyes, for during her stay in England, where she remained over the birth of her daughter, the Mademoiselle de Chevreuse of later French history, she exhibited more than her usual eccentricity, indulging in such freaks as swimming across the Thames, an exploit which was celebrated in half-mocking verse by a Court poet.[31] But such petty national jealousies were annoyances of a trivial character. The more serious disagreements which arose between the royal pair may be traced, almost entirely, to two sources: the influence over the Queen of her French attendants, and the influence over the King of the Duke of Buckingham.

Among the articles of the marriage treaty was a stipulation that the Queen's household should be composed of those who were of her own faith and nation. This body consisted of more than a hundred persons, civil and religious, chosen by Mary de' Medici and Richelieu, ranging from such great nobles and ladies as Madame S. Georges, the principal lady-in-waiting, and the Count de Tillières, the lord chamberlain, to the humble servants of the royal kitchen and laundry. Certainly the presence of so many of her own countrymen about the person of the young Queen tended to prevent that assimilation of English ideas and habits which was so desirable. It is not surprising that Charles disliked his wife's French servants as standing between him and his bride, [Pg 31] particularly when it is remembered that they looked upon themselves as the servants of the King of France, who provided many of them with pensions.

The object of his special dislike was Madame S. Georges, who, as the daughter of Madame de Montglas, had great influence with Henrietta, and who, though she had had long experience in Courts,[32] was foolish enough to show herself aggrieved at not being permitted to ride in the same coach with the King of England and his bride. Madame de Tillières, who ranked next to her, was more discreet in her conduct, probably owing to her husband's intimate knowledge of England, where he had resided a while as ambassador.

But if the secular part of the Queen's household was objectionable, still more so was the ecclesiastical establishment, of which the leading spirits were her confessor, Father Bérulle, who had brought over with him twelve fathers of the French Oratory,[33] whose long habit, worn on all occasions, startled the eyes of sober Londoners, and her Grand Almoner, Daniel de la Motte du Plessis Houdancourt, who had under him four sub-almoners, one of whom was said to have openly defended at Court the doctrine of tyrannicide which Ravaillac put into practice. Bérulle, who lived to wear the Cardinal's purple, left behind him when he died a few years later the reputation almost of a saint.[34] He was also a very intellectual man, being one of the early admirers of the genius of Descartes; but he was not suited either in mind or character for the position which the partiality of Mary de' Medici had called him to fill; a man of stern and narrow piety, neither a Fénelon nor even a Bossuet, he knew not how to deal sympathetically with those whose religion and manners differed from his own; and the scorn which, as a Catholic [Pg 32]
ecclesiastic, he felt for "the ministers," at whom, in his letters, he loses no opportunity of sneering, as an abstemious Frenchman he felt no less for the gluttonous English. He recognized Charles' affection for his bride; but when the artistic King thought to please her by giving her a beautiful picture of the Nativity, all that the priest found to say on seeing it was that it was older than the religion of its donor. His very virtues were unfortunate. Though practised in Courts, he was too sincere to be a successful diplomat, and he showed a singular lack of enlightened self-interest, both in the just reproaches with which he overwhelmed Buckingham on the subject of the Catholics, and also in the friendship which he extended to Bishop Williams, whose sun was setting before that of the younger favourite. Nor was he altogether successful in his dealings with the Queen. He did indeed win Henrietta's respect, and to his teaching may be attributed, in some degree, the lifelong conduct which distinguishes her so honourably from others of her rank and day. But a Catholic Puritan himself—it is significant that the French Oratory a few years later was believed to be infected with Jansenism—and looking upon all Courts, specially Protestant ones, as chosen haunts of the devil, he was wont to rebuke his royal penitent for such natural sentiments as pleasure in her pretty dresses and jewels, and, forgetting that she was not a Carmelite nun in the Faubourg S. Jacques, he attempted to force upon her a strictness of manners and observance suited neither to her nature nor to her position. Charles' complaints of the cold and unloving conduct of the wife with whom, even by the testimony of his enemies, he was deeply in love; Buckingham's gibes at a queen who lived "en petite Mademoiselle," had their foundation in facts, facts for which Bérulle was largely responsible.

CARDINAL PIERRE DE BéRULLE
FROM AN ENGRAVING

The Bishop of Mende was a very different person from the austere Oratorian. A member of one of the noblest houses in France, high-spirited, cultured, and fascinating, he owed a position to which his twenty and odd years would not have entitled him to the fact that he was a relative and intimate friend of Richelieu. He knew how to win the affection of the Queen, who on one occasion warmly recommended him to the Pope,[35] and who, when he left her to pay a visit of a few weeks to his native land, wrote requesting his return, as she could not get on without him; but the King frankly detested him, and years later, when the Bishop was in his grave, remembered angrily the arrogance with which the latter was wont to enter his wife's private apartments at any hour that pleased him. That the charges of indiscretion brought against him by the English were not unfounded may be gathered not only from the amazing audacity of his proposal to place the crown on the Queen's head in Westminster Abbey—a proposal which led to her never being crowned at all[36]—but also from the reluctant admission of his friend Tillières that he was too young for his post, and from an admonitory letter addressed to him by his masters in Paris, urging him to moderate his zeal and to bridle his fiery tongue. [Pg 33]

But there were reasons other than personal, of which Charles and his subjects were certainly in some degree aware, for disliking and distrusting Henrietta's household.

One of the causes of the extraordinary success of Richelieu's policy is no doubt to be sought in the accuracy and range of the information at his command, which was furnished by persons in every country, who, though a prettier name might be given to them, were, to speak plainly, his spies. Some of them were French subjects abroad, others were subjects and often even servants [Pg 34] of the King in whose land they lived, who were persuaded by the powerful argument of a pension to engage in this traffic in news.[37] By this means the Cardinal found out most things that it was to his interest to know, and often, while he was professing goodwill and affection to some hapless wight who was in his power, he was, at the same time, collecting information to be used against him.

Richelieu's content at the English alliance has already been referred to. He was, at this time, at the height of his influence over the Queen-Mother, and he was rapidly building up the power which was to make him the strongest and most irresponsible minister that France has ever seen. Judging perhaps from the precedent of Queen Anne of Austria, he believed that Henrietta would be the instrument of France and consequently of himself in England. He was determined that she should have those about her in whom he could feel confidence; in other words, that the choice and highly born body of men and women who served the person of the Queen of England should be also the servants of an alien power. They played their part well. Even Bérulle, who was too good an ecclesiastic not to know the duties of the married state, summed up, in a letter to a private friend, the objects of his mission to England as being "to initiate the spirit of the Queen of England into the dispositions necessary," not only "for her soul," but also "for this country,"[38] i.e. France. The Bishop of Mende, by the testimony of Tillières, detailed everything that occurred to Richelieu, and abundance of letters written by his hand remain to prove the truth of this [Pg 35] statement. As for Tillières himself, his attitude both to England and France may be gathered from his own Memoirs, and from the reputation he earned in this island, where he was considered very "jesuited."

Such being the state of things, it would not perhaps be difficult, without seeking for further cause, to account for the irritation of a young and high-spirited King; but there is another factor to be taken into consideration.

If we are to believe the testimony of those who on the Queen's behalf watched the course of events, the real author of the King's harshness to his wife and of his dislike to her servants was his favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, whose power over his royal master was so unbounded that he had but to indicate a line of action for Charles to follow it. This, indeed, was the deliberate opinion of Henrietta, who years later told Madame de Motteville that the Duke had announced to her his intention of sowing dissension between her and her husband, and though it is probable, from letters of Charles which are still extant, that the French underrated his independent dislike of them, and consequently exaggerated the guilt of the favourite, yet the substantial truth of the accusation can hardly be doubted. Buckingham was acute enough to perceive the naturally uxorious bent of the King's mind, and also the rare gifts and graces of the young Queen; and as soon as he discovered that it was impossible to make a slave of the wife as he had of the husband, he began to regard her as an enemy. He may well have trembled for an influence which was threatened on another side by the rising indignation of the people, whose voice did not scruple to point him out as a public enemy, and even to accuse him of the death of the late King.

But there was another reason, equally in keeping with his haughty character, which the gossips of the time freely alleged for his persistent persecution of the Queen of England. Over in Paris [Pg 36] the Queen of France, with Madame de Chevreuse whispering temptation in her ear, was waiting for the man to whom she owed the brightest hours of her shadowed life. Unless, in this case, history lies in no ordinary manner, Henrietta's married happiness was put in jeopardy as much by the soft glances of Anne of Austria, as by the austerity of Bérulle or by the audacity of the Bishop of Mende. Was it not for the sake of this fair charmer that Buckingham, wishing to discredit her enemies, Mary de' Medici and Richelieu, tried to nullify the political effects of the match they had made? Was it not that he might return to France and to her that he stirred up strife between two great Kings? Was it not, finally, to revenge the smarts of his hindered love for her that he first persecuted and then expelled those who in the Court of England were living under the protection of that Court which refused to receive him as ambassador? To all these questions contemporaries have replied, and their answer comes with no uncertain sound.

Buckingham hated all the French, but his chief enemy was the Bishop of Mende. This young ecclesiastic possessed a stingingly sarcastic tongue, which the favourite, who, like most vain people, detested ridicule, both hated and feared. The former had, besides, a malicious habit of insisting with the most courtly grace upon long conversations in the French tongue, by which means the Englishman, who was not a perfect linguist, appeared, to his infinite chagrin, to disadvantage by the side of his nimble-tongued adversary. Nor did the Bishop confine himself to words. Secure in the favour of Richelieu he dared to oppose the Duke when that nobleman induced the King to appoint his wife, his sister,[39] and his niece *dames du lit* to the Queen. [Pg 37] Henrietta, though she pointed out that already she had three ladies in place of the two who had served her mother-in-law, yet weary of opposition, would have given in, and perhaps the French Ambassadors, who were still in England and to whom the matter was referred, might also have been won over by the soft speeches of Buckingham. But the watchful Bishop was not thus to be tricked. He represented so strongly the danger of placing "Huguenot" ladies near the person of the young Queen, and spoke so earnestly of the scandal which such a proceeding would occasion among the Catholics both of England and the Continent, that the favourite's ambitious intrigues were defeated. He was unused to such checks, and Tillières was probably right in seeing in this incident the cause of his hatred to the man who had thus foiled him.

Nevertheless, there was a moment when the Bishop of Mende hoped to win over the Duke to France and to Henrietta. In August, 1625, the first Parliament of Charles I met. It was in no amiable mood, for it was known that the King had lent ships to be used against the Protestants of Rochelle, and the concessions to the Catholics, though nominally secret, were more than suspected. Charles found himself embarrassed by a request to put in force the recusancy laws, while at the same time he was angered by an open attack upon his favourite. Now, in the opinion of the Bishop, was the moment to offer to Buckingham the French alliance, and in a long cipher dispatch to Richelieu he detailed his hopes. Spain had turned against the Duke, the English detested him. What course was open to him but to fling himself into the arms of the most Christian King? But Buckingham had other and opposite views. He believed that his best chance of political salvation lay in counselling his master to grant the petition of Parliament. Without abiding principle, careless which religious or political party he favoured so that it furthered his [Pg 38] own ends, he thought only of his personal safety. He had not overrated his hold on Charles' heart. The King of England, to save his unworthy favourite, bowed to the storm. He put in force the recusancy laws, thus breaking the solemn promise which he had made only a few months before to a brother-sovereign, and inflicting an almost unbearable insult upon his young wife.

It was little she could do. Earnestly as she strove to do her duty, Charles was never satisfied with her, and he not only resented unduly the small errors of taste and tact inevitable in a girl of her age, left without proper guidance in a land of which she did not even know the language, but he exposed her to the almost incredible rudeness of Buckingham, to whom he commented on her conduct[40] and who chided her like a child, and once even dared to tell her that if she did not behave better her husband would see order to her. It is not surprising that her temper sometimes failed her. Once, even in the opinion of Tillières, she spoke unbecomingly about Madame S. Georges' exclusion from the royal coach; and another time, in a fit of girlish anger, she marked her displeasure at the reading of Anglican prayers in the house where she was staying by attempting to drown the voice of the minister in loud and ostentatious talk with her ladies outside the room in which he was officiating. Thus her spirit sometimes rose, but in the main she was quite submissive, answering sadly and meekly the reproaches of her husband.

But this last insult was no private matter, and, urged by Bérulle and the Bishop, Henrietta pleaded for her co-religionists. Her prayers were unavailing, and only served to anger Charles further. "You are rather the ambassador of your brother the King of France than Queen of England,"[41] he said coldly, in reply to her entreaties. Even the diplomatic representations of [Pg 39] Tillières only procured a slight delay in the publication of the Proclamation putting in force the laws against the recusants.

The wrath of the French on both sides of the Channel knew no bounds. Not only was the breach of promise an insult to the Crown of France, which was thus set at naught to "pleasure the views of Parliament," but political interests were also at stake.[42] In the opinion of Tillières and the Bishop, what was needed was a vigorous ambassador to teach Charles his duty, and to cajole or threaten him into keeping his share of the marriage contract, "for," wrote the Grand Almoner, with his usual candour, to Ville-aux-clercs, "you know so well the humour of our English that it would be superfluous to tell you that one can expect nothing from them unless one acts with force and vigour." Such attributes were never wanting to Richelieu's government. Ville-aux-clercs, whom the exiles would gladly have welcomed, "if we were worthy that God should work for us the miracle of enabling you to be in two places at once,"[43] could not indeed be spared, but a substitute was found in the person of "M. le Marquis de Blainville," who before he left Paris had a long conversation with Bérulle; for that ecclesiastic, whose position had been of a temporary nature, had now returned to his native land, leaving to fill his office one of his trusted Oratorians, Father Sancy, a priest who, during a previous embassy to Constantinople, had acquired a profound knowledge of the world which it was supposed would enable him to advise judiciously the Queen of England.

She, meanwhile, worn by chagrin and unkindness, was losing the bloom and the high spirits she had brought with her from her native land. The England, which had been represented to her as a paradise, was a poor exchange for the home she had lost; and when she looked across the Channel for help, all that came to her was the advice, in conformity with the intrigues of the Bishop of Mende, to make friends with Buckingham, whose overbearing rudeness was hateful to her, and on whom it is probable she never looked with favour, except perhaps at the very beginning of her married life, when she thought he might help her to revisit, in the midst of her miseries, her home and her mother. Now she showed herself restive, and Richelieu, who was much set on the conciliation of the Duke, discussed her conduct in a note which contains some of the earliest evidence as to Henrietta's personal character. The Queen of England, he said, was a little firm in her opinions, and those about her thought that her mother, whose displeasure she feared, should write a letter to her, pointing out her duty in this matter. The trouble might have been spared, for Buckingham at the time seems to have been as little anxious as herself for a friendly understanding. [Pg 40]

Blainville arrived in the late autumn of 1625. He was received with the courtesy due to his position as Ambassador-Extraordinary—a title which he had been given at the instance of Richelieu to overawe the King of England—but from the first he had little hope of accomplishing the objects of his mission. The Queen, stung by the harshness of her husband, who sometimes did not speak to her for days, goaded by the insolence of Buckingham, and surrounded by those who taught her to despise the language, the manners, and the religion of her adopted country, seemed to be at the beginning of the unhappy married life which so many princesses have had to endure. She was, moreover, more melancholy than usual, owing to the recent departure of Bérulle, which she regretted so deeply that her attendants were able to count more than twenty sighs as she sat at the table on the day he left her. The members of her ecclesiastical household were correspondingly depressed, for the loss of the distinguished Oratorian exposed them to even worse treatment than they had experienced before. The Bishop of Mende himself, on whose young shoulders the burden of responsibility had descended, could not keep up his spirits. He retired to his room, where he sat alone brooding upon the hard fate which had brought him to a barbarous and heretical isle, and whence he refused to move except to perform his religious duties and to wait upon the Queen. [Pg 41]

The King of England was hardly in a happier mood. That he had legitimate cause of complaint cannot be denied, and a letter which about this time he wrote to Buckingham proves that he had almost made up his mind to the only real cure for his troubles. The extraordinarily violent tone of this epistle suggests that his dislike to his wife's foreign attendants required by this time no fostering from the Duke. It even seems as if the favourite were less hostile to them than his master.[44]

With such a state of feeling prevailing at Court, Blainville's position was not a comfortable one; but he remained there until an incident occurred which is believed to have occasioned his withdrawal and which deserves a detailed description, as it illustrates admirably the petty persecution to which the high-spirited Henrietta, the daughter of a hundred kings, was subjected.[45]

The second Parliament of the reign, whose short existence was to be ended by the impeachment of Buckingham, met in the early spring of 1626. Henrietta, who was anxious to see the opening procession, had made arrangements to witness it from a gallery situated in the Palace at Whitehall, and she was annoyed when on the very day of the ceremony her husband told her that he wished her to go to the house of the Countess of Buckingham, whence a particularly fine view of the proceedings could be obtained. Still, she was always compliant in trifles, and at this time she desired to conciliate Charles by prompt obedience in such commands as her sensitive conscience could approve. She therefore signified her assent without, however, considering the matter of grave consequence. [Pg 42]

It happened that just before the hour of the procession, when Henrietta was about to set out for the Countess' apartments, a heavy shower of rain came on. The young Queen, looking out on the unsheltered court which she would have to cross to reach her goal, shrank back, fearing for her elaborately dressed hair, which she did not wish to have done again for the evening festivities. She told her husband, who was with her, that she thought the weather too bad to go, and asked him to conduct her to the gallery which had been her first choice. To her great surprise he was much displeased, and it was only after a somewhat bitter altercation that he complied with her request, leading her to her place and taking leave of her with cold politeness.

Henrietta was sitting quietly, overcoming her vexation, when, to her surprise, the Duke of Buckingham, from whose bold eye and arrogant bearing she instinctively shrank, appeared. Rude he always was in his dealings with her, but on this occasion he surpassed himself, telling her roughly that the King was exceedingly displeased with her, and that it was surprising that for a little rain she should have refused to obey the commands of her husband. The proud young French Princess could not brook such language from one of her own subjects. Haughtily she made answer that in the Court of France she had been accustomed to see the Queen her mother and the Queen her sister use their own judgment in such trifles. Nevertheless (and in this her real sweetness and desire to please appeared), she mastered herself sufficiently to plead a woman's dread of bad weather, and to request Blainville, who was at her side, to lead her again [Pg 43] to her husband.

Charles was found to be in a less implacable mood than Buckingham had represented, and Henrietta went off to the Countess' apartments, hoping that the storm had blown over. She was soon undeceived. The Duke sought her again at his mother's house, and with unpardonable insolence again assured her that her husband was very angry with her, and that he did not wish her to remain in her present quarters. It was too much. Henrietta's wrath blazed forth. "I have sufficiently shown my obedience," she cried; "but unhappy me! obedience in England seems to be a crime." Buckingham, who was bent on making himself disagreeable all round, disregarding the Queen's protest, now turned to Blainville and remarked in a meaning way that he believed there were those who from motives of superstition had hindered her presence at a ceremony of the Knights of the Bath, and that he was surprised that her friends should be so injudicious. The French Ambassador, who knew well what was in the Duke's mind, and who had no wish to disclaim responsibility, replied with spirit that he would rather advise the Queen of England to absent herself from fifty ceremonies than counsel her to take part in one which was of doubtful permission for a Catholic. On receiving this answer the unwelcome visitor withdrew.

Henrietta had a brave spirit, but the conduct of Buckingham had cut her to the quick, since it humiliated her in sight of the Court. That night, in the privacy of her own apartments, she appealed to her husband, whose cold looks and manners informed her that she was not forgiven. She was, she said, the most unhappy creature in the world, seeing him thus keep up his anger against her for so long. She would die rather than give him just cause for offence, and anyhow, whatever his feelings, could he not treat her in public with more respect, as otherwise it would be thought that he did not care for her. Pleadingly the young wife looked at her husband, for even at the worst she had some faith in the goodness and kindness of his natural character apart from the influence of Buckingham. [Pg 44]

But Charles, with a heavy pomposity, which in happier circumstances would certainly have made Henrietta laugh, replied that he had grave cause of offence. The Queen had said that it was raining, and that if she went out in the rain she would soil her dress and disarrange her hair. "I did not know that such remarks were faults in England," was her sarcastic answer.

The King left his wife's apartments unappeased, and not all her entreaties, nor those of Madame de Tillières, whom he regarded with less disfavour than any other Frenchwoman, could induce him to return. He only sent a most unwelcome emissary, in the person of the Duke of Buckingham, who reiterated his assurances of the King's wrath, and informed Henrietta that if within two days she did not ask pardon her husband would treat her as a person unworthy to be his wife, and would drive away all the French, Madame S. Georges included, he thoughtfully added, knowing well that that lady held the first place in his auditor's affections.

Such words no woman of spirit, much less a Princess of one of the greatest houses of Europe, could tamely suffer; but the young Queen, though in a white heat of passion, seems to have kept her temper admirably. Calmly and contemptuously she wondered that the Duke undertook such a commission as he was fulfilling. As for her position, only one thing could make her unworthy of it, and that she was too well-born to think of doing. Nor was she to be frightened by his threat with regard to her servants. They would be retained, she felt sure, not for love of her, but on account of the pledge given to her brother the King of France. As for asking pardon, she could not do so for a fault she had never committed. Her conduct had been open and public, and all around her had praised rather than blamed her. No, she added, she would not ask pardon, unless at the express command of the King. Buckingham, whose loquacity for once found nothing to reply, returned to the King, who, it appears, must, on reflection, have appreciated in some degree the sorry part he had played, for no apology was exacted, and the matter was quietly allowed to drop. As for the poor young Queen, she was so overcome by chagrin and misery that she kept her bed, where she was visited by Blainville, who thought to cheer her by lending her some letters which he had recently received from Father Bérulle. [Pg 45]

The Ambassador felt that it was time to be gone. He had borne annoyances, such as the interception of his letters, and insults, such as the continued persecution of the Catholics, but this treatment offered to the sister of his royal master was the last straw. The English, on their side, were only too glad to get rid of him, for they considered that he meddled unduly in private matters between the King and Queen. It is even said that he was forbidden the Court. But still, he was not to depart without a final brush with the enemy, for on Sunday, February 26th, a number of English Catholics who, following their usual but quite illegal practice, had come to hear Mass at the French Ambassador's chapel in Durham House in the Strand, were unpleasantly surprised as they came out after the service to find waiting for them at the door the officers of the King. A free fight followed, which was only stopped by the appearance and authority of the Bishop of Durham. Blainville, who in his irritated condition was not likely to reflect that Charles, after all, was within his legal rights, was roused to fury at what he considered a violation of the majesty of France. "I wish," he said vindictively, "I wish that my servants had killed the King's officer." [Pg 46]

Thus angrily he departed from the country to bear to France the tidings of his ill-success.

After this matters went from bad to worse. Henrietta tried to please her husband, but she always found herself in the wrong, as when, for instance, she attempted to conciliate him by appointing to the offices created by a grant to her of houses and lands a preponderance of English Protestants. She found that her submission was entirely thrown away, because, injudiciously indeed, she had appointed to the office of Controller, which was only honorary, the Bishop of Mende. She was curtly informed that the post was required for the Earl of Carlisle, who was particularly odious to her on account of the indecent zeal which had prompted him within a few months of signing her marriage contract to urge the persecution of the Catholics. Goaded by such treatment, she claimed, with some warmth, the right to appoint her servants, and thus another cause of dispute arose between her and her husband, whose unkindness even extended to keeping her so short of money that she was reduced to borrowing from her own servants.[46]

So the summer of 1626 wore on amid misunderstandings and recriminations until, in the month of June,[47] an event occurred which probably precipitated the inevitable crisis. [Pg 47]

One afternoon the Queen and her principal attendants, among whom the courtly figure of her Grand Almoner was conspicuous, were walking in that which even then was known as Hyde Park. In their walk they turned aside, and, to the astonishment of those of the public who observed their movements, were seen directing their steps towards Tyburn, the place of public execution, which was near the present site of the Marble Arch. Arrived at this ill-omened spot, the royal lady and her suite fell upon their knees as upon holy ground, and so, indeed, in their eyes it was, for was not this spot, wet with the blood of malefactors, watered also by the blood of those whom a tyrannical and heretical Government had slain for the crime of confessing the true faith? The airing of the Court had become a pilgrimage to the unsightly shrine of the English martyrs.

It was an act of amazing imprudence such as would only have suggested itself to a man who, like the Bishop of Mende, never summoned discretion to his council but to eject it ignominiously. It is impossible to say how far the deed was of premeditation, but it is not unlikely that it was arranged by the Grand Almoner to give a demonstration to Protestants and to pro-Spanish Catholics of the devotion of a French Princess. It was even reported that the stern ecclesiastic had required the pilgrims—Henrietta included—to walk barefoot; but this, no doubt, was a sectarian exaggeration. Apart from such extravagances, that which had been done was in the eyes of the King—and not without justice—unpardonable. Not only had his wife, the Queen of England, been placed in an undignified position by those who had permitted her to appear among [Pg 48] the memorials of misery and crime, but a direct and most bitter insult had been offered to him, to his father, and to the great Queen on whose throne he sat. The Catholics who laid down their lives at Tyburn with a courage which forced the reluctant admiration even of their enemies, were indeed, from one point of view, martyrs of the purest type. From another, and that Charles', they were traitors executed for the crime of treason in the highest degree. "Neither Queen Elizabeth nor I ever put a man to death for religion," James had said on one occasion. This doctrine was one which, in its nice distinctions, a foreigner and a Catholic could hardly be expected to grasp, yet the hard fact remained that these victims of Tyburn, however innocent, suffered under the laws of the land and under the authority of the Crown.

Charles was wounded in his most sensitive feelings, and it speaks something for his forbearance that, as far as is known, he recognized the innocence of his girl-wife, and reserved his wrath for her advisers, particularly for the Bishop of Mende. "This action," he is reputed to have said, "can have no greater invective made against it than the bare relation. Were there nothing more than this I would presently remove these French from about my wife."

Their removal was indeed, as Charles had perceived eight months earlier, the only solution of the difficulty, and to it events were now rapidly tending. It was necessary to cajole the French Court. Buckingham, even before the departure of Blainville, had made fresh overtures to Henrietta, which the astute Ambassador had advised her to reject. After the failure of this ruse the adroit Walter Montagu was dispatched to Paris to speak fair words to Mary de' Medici, and so well did he succeed that cordial letters were interchanged between the Duke and the Queen-Mother, even while, at the same time, the young diplomatist was able to carry out the more secret task which [Pg 49] had been confided to him, which was nothing less than to discover whether the state of French domestic politics was such as to make it safe for the King of England to offer to the King of France so grave an insult as the expulsion of his sister's household. Montagu's report was encouraging. Owing to the great favour with which both Queen Anne and Madame de Chevreuse regarded him, he was able to pick up a good deal of information which would have escaped an ordinary envoy; he was thus, no doubt, able to trace in the ramifications of Chalais' plot, which at this time was agitating the French Court, and in which both the above-named ladies, as well as Henrietta's younger brother Gaston, were implicated, not only the general hatred of Richelieu, but even a positive desire on the part of some to see the Cardinal humiliated by such an affront to his policy as would be involved in the violation of the Queen of England's marriage treaty. And with such discontent at home, what vengeance could be taken? "The cards here," wrote Montagu in great glee, "are all mixed up, and Monsieur [Gaston of Orleans] is on the point of leaving the Court."

Charles' decision was taken, and when his mind was made up it was not easy to turn him from his purpose. He knew, also, that he had the feeling of the Court and the people with him. English insularity could not brook the permanent presence of a large body of foreigners in so prominent a position, and English Protestantism took alarm at a royal establishment avowedly Catholic, which was considered "a rendezvous for Jesuits and fugitives,"[48] and whose ecclesiastical head was believed to hold special powers from the Pope, and to be "a most dangerous instrument to work his ends here."[49] At the Court feeling ran equally high. Buckingham's intentions and hopes have [Pg 50] been sufficiently indicated, and there were others who, in a measure, shared them. Carlisle, whose anti-Catholic bitterness had been conspicuous throughout, and who had cynically remarked that the religious concessions made at the time of the marriage were only a blind to satisfy the Pope, and that the King of France had never expected them to be kept, was statesman enough to appreciate the real objections to the position in which he had helped to place Charles. There were endless broils at Court between the two nations, particularly among the ladies. Altogether Charles, taking into consideration the satisfactory disturbances across the Channel, was well justified, from the point of view of expediency, in choosing this moment to carry out that which had become—even setting aside the desires and influence of Buckingham—the wish of his heart. He was a man of monopolies, and he believed—and believed with justice—that the French stood between him and his bride.

He laid his plans with skill. Carleton, a diplomatist of great experience, was sent over to Paris, not only to assist in the stirring up of strife there, but also to complain of the conduct of the Queen's servants, and, if possible, to obtain Louis' consent to their dismission. In case of refusal he was to intimate, with such tact as he could, that they would be dismissed all the same. The vigilant Bishop of Mende, who probably knew a good deal of what was going on, himself proposed to hasten to the French Court, where his influence with Richelieu rendered him so effective, to represent matters in their true light. He was told, to his great wrath, that the King of England would not allow him to cross the sea, and he was exclaiming that such threats were the very way to confirm him in his purpose, and that he would start the next day, when the Duke of Buckingham sought him, and the two enemies had their last passage-of-arms.

"Do not run the risk of this journey," said the Duke with elaborate friendliness. "I am sorry for the bad impression that you have made on the King. I myself have tried to remove it without effect." [Pg 51]
"I thank you for your kindness," replied the Bishop satirically. "It is indeed unfortunate that your credit, which stands so high with the King in all other matters, fails in this. But I am not surprised, as I have noticed that it always falls short in anything which concerns the Queen of England and her household."

In the end Tillières went to France, though Buckingham, stung by the Bishop's biting words, really asked the King to grant him leave of absence. But the Grand Almoner now thought that his place was at his mistress' side, and he knew that it would be difficult to detain the Count, however much Buckingham and the rest might desire to do so, as there was an unanswerable pretext for his journey in the approaching wedding of Gaston of Orleans, who was to expiate his share in Chalais' plot by marrying Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

The danger, indeed, drew on apace. A few days after Tillières' departure Charles announced his intention to his Council, and any lingering hesitation he may have felt was swept away by the encouragement given by Buckingham and Carlisle, both of whom spoke in favour of the project. "The French," said the latter, "are too busy with their own affairs to make war on such a pretext."

The die was now cast, and it was necessary to inform the Queen. The Council had been held in the Palace of Whitehall, and the King, with Buckingham at his heels, had only to go to another part of the house to find his wife, who was sitting in her own room with two of her ladies. The King rather rudely desired her to come to his apartments, but she, not altogether ignorant of the state of affairs, replied coldly that she begged him to say his pleasure in the place in which they [Pg 52]
found themselves. "Then send your women out of the room," said the King. Henrietta complied with his request, and her heart sank as she saw her husband carefully lock the door behind them.

Then, without further preface, he curtly announced to his young wife the sentence of banishment. He could endure her French people and their meddling no longer, he said. He was going to send them all back to France, and she would have in their place those who would teach her to behave as the Queen of England.

Henrietta first of all looked incredulously at her husband, for she had never believed, protected as she was by her marriage treaty and by the Crown of France, that, however dissatisfied he might be, he would push matters to an extremity. Then, as she saw no relenting on his cold, handsome face, she burst into tears and wept unrestrainedly. It was long before she found voice to plead that if Madame S. Georges, whom she knew he disliked, was too obnoxious, yet that she might keep Madame de Tillières, against whom no complaints had been brought. But Charles was inflexible. All were to go. More piteous sobbing followed, until the poor girl—she was only sixteen—appreciated that her misery was making no impression upon her husband. Then she stayed her weeping to make a final request. Might she not see her friends once more, to bid them good-bye, for it had been intimated to her that sentence would take effect without a moment's unnecessary delay.

No, was the curt reply. She must see her friends no more.[50]

At this final outrage to her wounded feelings Henrietta's spirit—the spirit of the Bourbons—rose in revolt. Forgetful of her husband, forgetful of her queenly dignity, remembering only that those [Pg 53]
whom she loved were leaving her for ever, she rushed to the window, that thence she might obtain a farewell glimpse of her banished compatriots. Such was her eagerness that she broke the intercepting panes of glass. But even this poor comfort was denied her. The King pursued her and dragged her back with such ungentle force that her dress was torn, and her hands with which she clung to the bars of the windows were galled and grazed.

Elsewhere dismay and consternation reigned. Conway, the Secretary of State, announced their doom to the assembled French ladies, informing them that the King wished to have his wife to himself, and that he found it impossible to do so while she had so many of her own countrywomen about her. They were begged to retire to Somerset House, whence they would be sent to France. Madame S. Georges, acting as spokeswoman for the rest, said that they were the servants of the

King of France, they could not leave their royal mistress without the orders of the Bishop of Mende, who was their superior. That gentleman arriving, in obedience to a hasty summons, did indeed at first assert with his usual hauteur that neither he nor any of the household would depart without the commands of their own sovereign. But he was soon made to understand, by arguments which not even his spirit could resist, that no choice was left to him. That evening saw the French at Somerset House and Henrietta desolate at Whitehall. It was probably during the few days that had to elapse before her friends were deported to France that the Queen wrote the following note to the Bishop, which vividly reflects her loneliness and sorrow:—

"M. de Mandes,

"I hide myself as much as I can in order to write to you. I am treated as a prisoner, so that I cannot speak to any one, nor have I time to write my miseries nor to complain. Only, in the name [Pg 54] of God, have pity on a poor prisoner in despair, and do something to relieve my sorrow. I am the most afflicted creature in the world. Speak to the Queen my mother about my miseries, and tell her my troubles. I say good-bye to you and to all my poor officers, and I charge my friend S. Georges, the Countess, and all my women and girls, that they do not forget me, and I will never forget them, and bring some remedy to my sorrow, or I die.... Adieu, cruel adieu, which will kill me if God does not have pity on me.

"[Ask] Father Sancy to pray for me still, and tell Mamie that I shall love her always."[51]

Such a letter was not calculated to soothe the excitable Bishop of Mende, whose spirit had already been roused to fury by hearing the cries and protestations of the poor young mistress whom he was not permitted to see. But it was little he could do. His captivity at Somerset House was broken in upon by the King of England himself, who, with the unfortunate desire for explanation which was always his, was anxious to point out with his own mouth to those whom it most concerned the reasons of his action. According to the Bishop, who occupied his leisure in writing angry letters to the King of France and the Queen-Mother, Charles acknowledged that he had no personal fault to find with his wife's servants, but said that it was necessary, to content his people and for the good of his affairs, that they should be expelled. This admission, which, if it ever existed outside the mind of the Bishop, was intended as a courteous softening of unpleasant truths, did not prevent the King from adding a command (which was obeyed) that all the French were to be gone within four-and-twenty hours.[52] It was perhaps some solace to them that before [Pg 55] their departure a considerable sum of money and costly jewels were distributed among them.

It remained to bring Henrietta, who was still weeping angrily in her apartments, to a state of calm more befitting the Queen of England. Charles was not cruel, and when the first flush of anger was over he could feel for his wife's grief. At first he had determined that all the French, whether lay or ecclesiastic, should go. "The Queen has been left neither confessor nor doctor, and I believe that her life and her religion are in very grave peril,"[53] wrote the Bishop. But Charles, though he was not to be moved by such innuendoes, relented in some degree. In the end one of Henrietta's ladies, Madame de Vantelet, was permitted to remain with her, and two of the priests of the Oratory were granted like indulgence; one of whom was the pious and sagacious Scotchman, Father Robert Philip, who continued the Queen's confessor until his death, years later, in the days of the exile.[54]

The French were gone, and on the whole, in spite of the Bishop's protest, quietly; but Charles and Buckingham knew well that they had to face the wrath of France for this the audacious violation of the Queen's marriage treaty. Henrietta naturally looked to her own family to right her wrongs, and she wrote piteous letters to her brother asking for his help, which show the sad condition to which sorrow and unkindness had reduced the bright Princess who had left France little more [Pg 56] than a year earlier. "I have no hope but in you. Have pity on me.... No creature in the world can be more miserable than I."[55] Mary de' Medici could not turn a deaf ear to such appeals nor to the complaints of the exiles who were pursued into France by aspersions on their characters not calculated to soothe their feelings, such as a charge of taking bribes, which charge their royal mistress, with characteristic justice and generosity, was at pains, even in the midst of her misery, to confute.[56] The Queen-Mother's remonstrances to her son-in-law were, indeed, quite unavailing, but they were dignified and expressed a surprise at his conduct which probably she did not feel, since, as the English took care to point out, it was not long since similar measure had been meted out to the Spanish attendants of Queen Anne. With her daughter she felt the warmest sympathy. "If your grief could be assuaged by that which I feel at the news of the expulsion of your servants and of the ill-treatment to which you are subjected, it would soon be diminished,"[57] she wrote, and she added, perhaps sincerely, that never had she felt such grief since the assassination of her husband, Henrietta's father. As for her son, his indignation was such that he would leave nothing undone that might procure for his sister redress and contentment. It is probable that Richelieu, with the Bishop of Mende at his elbow, shared these sentiments. Nevertheless, Carlisle was right. France had too much on her hands to pick a quarrel with England, even though her daughter had been insulted and her authority set at naught. All [Pg 57] that could be done was to send another embassy, and this, it seems, was only decided upon at the instance of the Pope.

Two persons were joined in the embassy, the Count of Tillières, whom the English were believed greatly to fear, and his brother-in-law, the Marshal de Bassompierre, an elderly diplomat of great experience, whose old-fashioned elegance of manner was already making him a little ridiculous in the eyes of younger men who despised the Italian grace of the days of Catherine de' Medici. In the end this exquisite person had to go alone, for it was intimated that the King of England would not receive his colleague; he was rather unwilling to undertake the embassy, and his dissatisfaction was not decreased by the coolness of his reception in London, which coolness, as he reminded himself, it was clearly a duty to resent as an insult to the Crown of France.

He found matters in bad case. The King was inflexible in his refusal to come to terms, and the Queen, though she was still depressed and bitterly angry with Buckingham, showed herself, since the cession which permitted her to retain Madame de Vantelet and her old nurse, more reconciled to the change. About her spiritual welfare the Ambassador expressed himself much concerned, for she was surrounded by heretics, and in place of the irreproachable ecclesiastics appointed by her brother she had been forced to receive two English priests, by name Godfrey and Potter, who belonged to a school of thought which in his eyes, and in those of the Bishop of Mende, was little less than heretical, for they had both taken the oath of allegiance, and they had both assured the Earl of Carlisle that they did not belong to the Church of Rome, but to that which was Catholic, Gallican, and "Sorbonique," an assertion which particularly enraged Bassompierre, who saw in it an insult to the French Church and nation. He was probably little [Pg 58] more moved by the accusation brought against one of them by the Bishop of bracketing together "the three Impostors, Mahomet, Jesus Christ, and Moses."[58] Only one person showed any cordiality to the unfortunate Ambassador. Buckingham, thinking on the Queen of France in Paris, felt that he had gone too far, and decided that it would be well to conciliate Henrietta. With this purpose he came secretly, through the darkness of the night and attended only by his young friend Montagu, to wait on Bassompierre. He complained bitterly of the hatred of which he was the victim, and inquired plaintively whether M. de Mende were saying as many disagreeable things about him on the other side of the Channel as he had been wont to do in England. To the last question the polite Frenchman must have found it difficult to frame an answer at once courteous and true, but he promised to use his influence as intermediary with Henrietta, and he was so far successful that the young Queen was induced to regard the Duke, at any rate outwardly, with greater favour.

But the situation, as regarded its real objects, was foredoomed to failure. Madame S. Georges, the Bishop of Mende, and the Fathers of the Oratory had so prejudiced Charles' mind that he refused to receive Frenchmen, bishop or religious, at the Court of his Queen. There was a deadlock, and Bassompierre, who had made matters worse by his grave indiscretion in bringing as his chaplain the Queen's late confessor, Father Sancy, with all his diplomacy could do no more. He was indeed anxious to be gone. The account of his embassy in England, which he included in his memoirs, is penned in no flattering spirit towards this island, but the full irritation of his feelings can only be gathered from the private letters which, during his sojourn in London, [Pg 59] he dispatched to the Bishop of Mende, who was with Richelieu at Pontoise, watching the course of events.

"I have found," wrote the enraged diplomatist in one of these epistles, "humility among the Spaniards and courtesy among the Swiss during the embassies which I have carried on there on behalf of the King, but the English have abated nothing of their natural pride and arrogance."[59]

The Bishop sent a sympathetic answer, commenting on our national character in a manner which is worth quoting, as it serves to explain the unpopularity of that fascinating person in English society.

"I am not surprised," so ran the letter, "that you have found more courtesy and satisfaction among the Spaniards and the Swiss than in the island on the shores of which the tempest has thrown you. I myself have always considered the English less reasonable than the Swiss, and at the same time less faithful, while I think they are just as vainglorious as the Spaniards, without possessing anything of their real merit."

This was not all. A report was about that the Bishop wished to return to England, and he thoughtfully seized the opportunity to set everybody's mind at rest on the subject. The English were to have no uneasiness, he was only too willing to fall in with their wishes. "They will not have much difficulty in carrying into effect the resolution which they have taken to prevent my return," he wrote, "for both parties are quite of one opinion on that matter, my humour (setting aside the interests of my mistress) being rather to fly from than to invite another sojourn in England. It would need a very definite command to induce me to live there again, while to [Pg 60] persuade myself to remain here I have only to consult my own inclination."[60]

So Bassompierre departed, taking with him, as a slight compensation for his trouble, some English priests who had been released from prison in compliment to the King of France. And thus ended the last stage of this sordid struggle which came near to wrecking the happiness of what was to prove one of the most loving of royal marriages.

It is hard in such a matter to apportion blame. Charles cannot be acquitted of harshness and of a certain degree of subservience to Buckingham, while the act of expulsion was a flagrant breach of the faith plighted only a year before to a brother-sovereign. But it must be remembered that most of the information comes from French, and consequently hostile, sources. After all, the King of England's real fault was that, by his marriage contract, he had allowed himself to be placed in an impossible position, from which only violence could extricate him. On their own showing it is difficult to see how any self-respecting husband, let alone a great king, could have endured the Bishop of Mende, Madame S. Georges, or even Father Bérulle. They, for their part, had much to complain of, and they saw in every approximation of their mistress to English customs and ways of thought a menace, not only to the interests of France, but to the immortal soul placed in their charge. As for Henrietta herself, she can hardly be blamed. She was but a child, and it is not surprising that she followed the counsel of those whom her mother had set over her. The severest thing that can justly be said of her is that, at the age of sixteen, she had not completely learned the lesson of a wife, and, above all, of a royal wife, "to forget her own people and her father's house."

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[29] The *Mémoires inédits du Comte Leveneur de Tillières*, published in 1862, are one of the principal authorities for Henrietta Maria's early married life: they are very full and vivid, but are coloured by the writer's dislike to the English, and especially to Buckingham.

[30] Cf. the following description of Paris in a humorous poem of the day:

"We came to Paris, on the Seyn,
'Tis wondrous faire but nothing clean,
'Tis Europes greatest Town.
How strong it is, I need not tell it,
For any man may easily smell it,
That walkes it up and down."

Musarum Deliciæ, by Sir J. M. and Ja. S. (1655), p. 19.

[31] *Musarum Deliciæ*, by Sir J. M. and Ja. S. (1655), p. 49.

[32] She had been in Turin with Henrietta's sister, Christine.

[33] The French Oratory was quite distinct from the better known Roman Oratory founded by S. Philip Neri.

[34] See the list of miracles attributed to his intercession in *La Vie du Cardinal Bérulle*. Par Germain Habert, Abbé de Cerisy (1646). Liv. III, chaps. XIV., XV.

[35] P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[36] The English Catholics were anxious lest she should allow herself to be crowned by a heretic: Fr. Leander de S. Martino, an English Benedictine, wrote a long letter to Bérulle on the subject in June, 1625, expressing his anxiety. Archives Nationales, M. 232.

[37] As, for instance, Sir Lewis Lewknor, an official charged with the reception of ambassadors: he received £2000 per annum from Richelieu, and he was particularly useful to the French, whom he did not openly favour, because, being a Catholic, he received the confidences of the Spaniards and the Flemings.

[38] Bérulle to P. Bertin, Superior of French Oratory at Rome. Arch. Nat., M. 232.

[39] La Hermana y Mujer [of Buckingham] son Eresas muy perniciosas. Spanish news-letter, P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[40] "My Wyfe beginnes to mend her maners."—Harleian MS., 6988, f. 5.

[41] *Verissima relacion en que se da cuenta en el estado en que estan los Catholicos de Inglaterra, ete Sevilla* (1626).

[42] See chapter IV.

[43] Bishop of Mende to Ville-aux-clercs. MS. Français, 3693.

[44] "Seeing daylie the malitiusness of the Monsers by making and fomenting discontentments in my Wyfe I could tarie no longer from adverticing of you that I meane to seeke for no other grounds to casier my Monsers,"—Harleian MS., 6988, f. I.

[45] Arch. Nat., M. 232, from which the account in the text is taken: perhaps an account written by Charles or Buckingham would have been somewhat different: it is printed in an article entitled "L'Ambassade de M. de Blainville," published in *Revue des Questions Historiques*, 1878, t. 23.

[46] Bishop of Mende to (apparently) Richelieu, June 24th, 1626. "La Royne ma maitresse est reduite de fouiller dans nos bourses, si ces choses dureront sa maison durera fort peu."—Affaires Etrangères Ang., t. 41, f. 133.

[47] The date is not certain, it was probably at the time of the Jubilee, June, 1626: in February Henrietta had written to the Pope asking that she, her household, and the Catholics of England might share in the privileges of the Jubilee.—P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[48] Archives of See of Westminster. See Appendix, Doc. I.

[49] *Court and Times of Charles I*, I, 119.

[50] Such petty malice was part of Charles' character: cf. his refusal to allow Sir John Eliot to be buried at his home in Cornwall.

[51] Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 41: it is endorsed "copie," and is perhaps a rough draft; it is apparently in Henrietta's handwriting. "Mamie" is Madame S. Georges.

[52] Charles wrote a violent note to Buckingham, commanding him to see to the departure of the French. "If you can by faire meanes (but stike not longe in disputing) otherways force them away, dryving away so manie wild beasts untill you have shipped them and so the Devill go with them." The French landed at Calais, August 3/13, 1626.

[53] Bishop of Mende to Mary de' Medici. Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 41.

[54] The second Oratorian who remained was Father Viette, who became the Queen's confessor on Father Philip's death. She was allowed to keep also a few inferior French servants, and Maurice Aubert, who appears in a list of her servants made at the time of her marriage, continued with her; he was the companion of Windbank's flight to France in 1641.

[55] Baillon: *Henriette Marie de France, reine d'Angleterre* (1877), p. 348.

[56] She said, probably with truth, that the money they had received was in part payment of the debts incurred by her to them: her statement is confirmed by the fact that Charles requested the French Government to pay the debts owing to his wife's servants out of the half of her *dot*, which had not yet been paid.—Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 41.

[57] Mary de' Medici to Henrietta Maria, August 22nd, 1626. MS. Français, 3692. She wrote on the same day to Charles.

[58] Bishop of Mende to King of France, August 12th, 1626. Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 41.

[59] Bassompierre to Bishop of Mende, October 17th. MS. Français, 3692.

[60] Bishop of Mende to Bassompierre, October 29th, 1626. MS. Français, 3692.

[Pg 61]

CHAPTER III
THE QUEEN OF THE COURTIERS

Let's now take our time
While w'are in our prime,
And old, old Age is a-farre off:
For the evill, evill dayes
Will come on apace
Before we can be aware of.
Robert Herrick

"I was," Henrietta Maria[61] was accustomed to say in the days of her sorrow, "I was the happiest and most fortunate of Queens. Not only had I every pleasure which heart could desire, but, above all, I had the love of my husband, who adored me." The expulsion of her French attendants was the foundation of the Queen's married happiness. Away from the insinuations of Madame S. Georges and the gibes of the Bishop of Mende, she began, in an amazingly short time, to appreciate the good qualities of her husband, to which indeed she had never been totally blind; and, in the words of Madame de Motteville, to "make her pleasure of her duty." "The incomparable virtues of the King," wrote Holland at this time, "are working upon the generosity and goodness of the Queen, so that his Majesty should soon have the best wife in the world."[62] [Pg 62] And somewhat later an exceptionally well-qualified witness[63] was able to say that the royal couple lived together with the satisfaction which all their loyal subjects ought to desire.

But still one thing was lacking to her full content. Her husband's nature was such that his full confidence and affection could only be bestowed upon one person at the time, and she knew well who held the first place in his heart and counsels. But she had not long to wait. On August 23rd, 1628, the knife of Felton ended, in a few moments, the dazzling career of the Duke of Buckingham. Charles' grief was deep and lasting. He had loved his favourite like a brother, and he never had another personal friend. But to Henrietta the news, though shocking in its suddenness, cannot have been unwelcome. She showed all due respect to his memory, but, as one of her friends wrote to Carlisle, her lamentations were rather "out of discretion than out of a true sensation of his death. I need not tell you she is glad of it, for you must imagine as much."[64]

Thenceforward there was nothing to check the growth of an affection which became the admiration of Europe. Charles' artistic eye had always dwelt with pleasure upon his wife's beautiful face, and her wit and readiness relieved his sombre nature much as Buckingham's bright audacity had, and now that the latter's hostile influence was removed, he was so completely captivated that the watchful courtiers soon perceived that the advent of another favourite was not to be feared, "for the King has made over all his affection to his wife."[65] The tokens of his love were innumerable. He delighted in making her gifts of jewels, of religious pictures, of anything which he thought would please her. He caused her portrait, painted by the hand of Van Dyck, to be hung in his bedroom, and as early as 1629 it was remarked that he wished always to be in her company. Nor was she behindhand in affection. It is pleasant to read [Pg 63] that when the King was away for a few days his wife lay awake at night sighing for his return, and that, on another occasion when she was at Tunbridge Wells drinking the waters which were just coming into fashion, she was so home-sick for her husband after a few days' separation that she cut short her visit and went home to him, arriving after a long journey quite unexpectedly. Such little incidents show that Charles was not exaggerating when, in 1630, he wrote to his mother-in-law that "the only dispute that now exists between us is that of conquering each other by affection, both esteeming ourselves victorious in following the will of the other";[66] and that the virtuous Habington, the poet of wedded love, was not paying one of the empty compliments of a courtier when he appealed to the example of his sovereign to enforce the lessons of virtue:

> "Princes' example is a law: then we
> If loyalle subjects must true lovers be."[67]

Of course the Queen's great wish was to give the King, her husband, an heir to his throne. But for several years no children appeared, and it was not until the early spring of 1629 that Henrietta retired to Greenwich for her first confinement, and even then her hopes were disappointed, for the boy who was born only lived long enough to receive his father's name. She herself was very ill; but she showed the brave spirit which never deserted her in suffering, and her physician was able to report that she was "full of strength and courage."[68]

But the next year she was more fortunate, perhaps because, owing to her mother's representations, she had been induced to take great care of herself and to avoid exertion. This time she chose to remain at St. James's Palace, which was considered a very suitable place as being near London, and yet quiet and retired; and there, on May 29th, 1630, the boy was born [Pg 64] who was afterwards Charles II. The delight of the parents and of the Court may be imagined, while the people at large, who had not been very anxious for the birth of an heir to the Popish Queen, now remembering that the baby was the first native-born prince since the children of Henry VIII, entered with zest into the public rejoicings, which took the usual form of bell-ringing, bonfires, and fireworks, and which were increased by a general pardon and release of prisoners. The christening, though it was a private ceremony, was worthy of the rank of the child who was the first prince to be born heir, not only of England, but of Scotland also. It took place in the chapel of St. James's Palace, in the middle of which a dais was erected bearing the silver font which the loyalty of the Lord Mayor of London had provided. The chapel and every room through which the christening procession had to pass were hung with choice tapestry, while the greatness of the occasion was marked by the munificent gift of £1000 which was offered to the nurse.

It was a happy day for Henrietta, but marred by one disappointment, and that a great one. It was the King of England's wish that, against the spirit of the stipulations of his marriage treaty,[69] his heir's christening should follow the rites of the Established Church. Nevertheless, two of the baby's sponsors, the King of France and the Queen-Mother, were Catholics. These and the second godfather, the Prince Palatine, were represented by three noble Scots, the Duke of Lennox—a member of a family that the Queen particularly disliked—the Duke of Hamilton, and the Duchess of Richmond; and the King, with characteristic unwisdom, desired to pay yet another compliment to his native land by appointing another Scotchwoman, Lady Roxburgh, to the office of governess [Pg 65] to his infant son. But this lady, who was a Catholic and who, as lady of the bedchamber to the consort of James, was supposed to have exercised a baleful religious influence over her mistress, discreetly refused the offered dignity, which was passed on to the Countess of Dorset, whose husband was to fill the complementary position of governor to the royal child.

The baby inherited neither the stately beauty of his father nor the vivacious prettiness of his mother, though he was rather like his grandfather, Henry IV, whom Henrietta so greatly resembled. But his size and forwardness atoned for his lack of beauty. "He is so fat and so tall," wrote the happy mother to her old friend Madame S. Georges, "that he is taken for a year old, and he is only four months. His teeth are already beginning to come. I will send you his portrait as soon as he is a little fairer, for at present he is so dark that I am quite ashamed of him."[70] And again, somewhat later, her humorous delight in her baby comes out in another letter to the same correspondent. "I wish you could see the gentleman, for he has no ordinary mien. He is so serious in all he does, that I cannot help fancying him far wiser than myself."[71]

Henrietta's happiness was crowned by the birth of her son, which was followed as the years went on by that of other sons and daughters.[72] But apart from these domestic joys, in which she delighted with all the strength of her healthy nature, her life was a very happy one. To the pleasures of love she added those of friendship, and she had the art, all too rare among the great, of treating her friends with openness and confidence without losing her royal dignity. No sooner [Pg 66] were her French ladies gone than she turned to those of her new country to fill their place, and perhaps her principal choice was not altogether a happy one.

No woman of that time was more brilliant than Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, whose romantic friendship with the great Strafford, which the imagination of a modern poet has immortalized, is only one of her claims to remembrance. A member of the border House of Percy, she incurred, by her marriage with a Scotch nobleman, the serious displeasure of her father, who, as he said, could not bear that his daughter should dance Scotch jigs. But her union with the distinguished Lord Carlisle, whom Henrietta speedily forgave for his share in her early troubles, was to her advantage at Court, where, in virtue of her ten years' seniority over the young Queen, she wielded the influence which often belongs to a married woman, who, though still in the bloom of her beauty, has had time to acquire a knowledge of life. That she was beautiful her portraits remain to testify; that in the mingled arts of coquetry and diplomacy she was so proficient as to challenge comparison with Madame de Chevreuse herself there is ample evidence in the fascination which she exercised, first over Strafford and then over Pym, who, neither of them were men to be caught by mediocre ability or charm; that she was cowardly, false, treacherous to her heart's core Henrietta's simple and affectionate nature had as yet no means of discovering.

[73]

There was another man of less intellectual distinction whom she had once been able to lead captive by her charms, but who had deserted her for a royal mistress across the Channel. The story of her frustrated revenge, though it rests upon the authority of gossiping memoirs,[74] is so characteristic of the lady herself and of others who played a part in Henrietta's life, that it carries with it some degree of conviction, and moreover has an illustrative value apart from its literal truth. [Pg 67]

Lady Carlisle was not a woman to forgive a faithless lover, even though that lover were the favourite of her King and had left her for the smiles of a foreign Queen. She determined to take a delicate revenge which should punish both the Duke of Buckingham and the Queen of France; and to compass this end she became one of the earliest of the English spies of Richelieu, who would be only too glad to welcome any proof of the levity of Anne of Austria.

The Countess laid her plans well. She noticed that Buckingham, after his return from France, was accustomed to wear some diamond studs which she had never seen before, and which she conjectured correctly to have been given to him by the Queen of France. She determined to gain possession of one of these jewels, that she might send it to Richelieu, who would be at no loss to draw his own conclusions. A Court ball gave her an opportunity, and before the evening was out she held in her hand the compromising ornament.

But she was to be outwitted after all by Buckingham, who, whatever his failings, was neither a tepid nor a dull-witted lover, and who was able to gauge, pretty correctly, the spite of the woman he knew so well. Taking advantage of his unbounded power with the King, he obtained the closure of all the ports of England for a certain time, during which interval he caused an exact replica of the stolen stud to be made, which, together with the remaining studs, he dispatched to Anne. The Queen of France was thus able to produce the jewels when her husband, their original donor, asked for them, and the accusing stud which the malice of her enemies sent to Paris was deprived of power to injure her. [Pg 68]

It is not surprising that there were people at the Court of England who disliked the young Queen's intimacy with Lady Carlisle. That lady, whose talk with those of her own sex was ever of dress and fashion, had already, it was rumoured, taught Henrietta to paint, and she would, no doubt, lead her on to other "debaucheries"; but her influence seemed established. By the royal favour she enjoyed a pension of £2000 a year, and Henrietta's affection was so great that even when the Countess had the smallpox she could hardly be kept from her side. The Queen was the convalescent's first visitor, and a little later she permitted her favourite to appear at Court in a black velvet mask, so that she might enjoy her society at an earlier date than otherwise would have been possible, for it was not to be expected that Lady Carlisle would show her face in the circles of which she was one of the brightest ornaments until its beauty was fully restored. Such a woman could not fail to arouse jealousy. Buckingham's relatives, who served the Queen, feared and distrusted her, and perhaps her most formidable rival in Henrietta's affection was the Duke's sister, the pious and cultured Lady Denbigh, who, distasteful at first, had won her mistress' heart, and whose long fidelity, which neither years nor exile could diminish, contrasts favourably with the self-seeking of the more brilliant Lady Carlisle.

OLD SOMERSET HOUSE
FROM AN ENGRAVING AFTER AN ANCIENT PAINTING IN DULWICH COLLEGE

But the society of friends of her own sex was only one among the many joys which were Henrietta's during the happy years which elapsed between the troubles of her youth and the storm of the Civil War. For a few months after the departure of the French her husband seems to have kept her short of money,[75] but in 1627 she enjoyed the income of £18,000, which was guaranteed to her by the terms of her marriage contract. Moreover, large grants of manors and lands were made to her. Thus came into her possession the park of East Greenwich, whither she [Pg 69] was wont to retire when she wished for country air and quiet, and yet could not be far from town; thus she acquired Oatlands in Surrey, the pleasant country-house of which nothing now remains, where she spent many happy days with her friends and children; thus she was able to call her own Somerset or Denmark House, her much-loved and beautiful London home which stood with other noblemen's houses facing the Strand, while behind lovely pleasure gardens sloped down to the still silver Thames. None of her other houses, probably, was as dear to her as this, where she kept an establishment befitting her rank as Queen-Consort, and where she frequently gave entertainments which reflected the taste and grace of their hostess, and to which she had the pleasure of inviting her husband, the King.

Henrietta was not a lady of literary tastes, and in spite of the fact that the Scotch poet, Sir Robert Ayton, was her private secretary, her patronage of general literature was confined to smiling on poets, such as Edmund Waller, who presented her with copies of complimentary verses, and to receiving the dedication of devotional works, usually translated from foreign originals. But to the drama she was devoted, and she specially liked the pretty and fashionable plays known as masques, of which the veteran laureate, Ben Jonson, wrote a number, and of which a younger poet, John Milton, produced in *Comus*, the most famous example. Henrietta was delighted with the great pageant and masque offered to their Majesties by the Inns of Court in 1633,[76] and even the grave Laud, when he entertained royalty at Oxford in 1638, provided a play, [Pg 70] Cartwright's *Royal Slave*, for the amusement of his guests. But the Queen's pleasure was not only as a spectator. As a child she had been accustomed to take her part in private theatricals acted in the spacious *salons* of the Luxembourg, where Rubens' voluptuous women looked down upon the royal actresses. She brought the taste for these amusements with her to England. The first Christmas after her marriage she and her ladies acted a French pastoral at Somerset House, in which she took the leading part. "It would have been thought a strange sight once,"[77] commented sourly her new subjects.

But she was not to be deterred from her pleasures. She was always too careless of public opinion, and, as an acute and sympathetic observer remarked somewhat later, she was a true Bourbon in her love of amusement. To a lady whose dancing was something quite unusual, and whose sweet voice and skill in touching the lute testified to real musical taste, dramatic representations were naturally attractive. Her second English Christmas was enlivened by a masque, in which, as her French attendants were gone by this time, she had the assistance of her English friends. Her own band of players was always ready, and played for her amusement, now at Hampton Court, now at Somerset House, and it was owing to her influence and patronage that theatres increased to such an extent in the capital that the Puritan feeling of the City was aroused, which produced an order in Council "for the restraint of the inordinate use and company of playhouse and players." The playgoers were to content themselves with two theatres, of which one was to be in Middlesex and the other across the river in Surrey, while no plays were to be acted on Sunday, in Lent, or in times of common infection.

But the merrymakings of the Court became more instead of less as the years went on. In 1631 [Pg 71] the Queen was so taken up with her Shrovetide play that she had no thoughts to spare for important news which came from France, and the next year she took the principal part in an elaborate play, *The Shepherd's Paradise*, which was written for her by Walter Montagu, who added to his fine manners and diplomatic skill some pretensions (if nothing more) to literature. This play, which is of the allegorical type so dear to the heart of the seventeenth century, is indeed a very poor one, and hardly contains a line which rises above the level of an indifferent verse-maker. It is, moreover, fatiguingly long, and the Queen must have found her part a great labour to learn, specially as, notwithstanding her seven years' residence in England, she was not yet perfect in the English tongue, and indeed was acting partly in order to improve herself in this necessary accomplishment.[78] Her companions in the play were her ladies, for not a man was admitted even to take the male parts. But in spite of difficulties, when the night of the representation came, everything went off merrily at Somerset House; all acted with great spirit, and the Queen was able to speak with playful conviction the oath of the new queendom to which she had been elected:—

"By beauty, Innocence, and all that's faire
I, Bellesa, as a Queen do sweare,
To keep the honour and the regall due
Without exacting anything that's new,
And to assume no more to me than must [Pg 72]
Give me the meanes and power to be just,
And but for charity and mercies cause
Reserve no power to suspend the Lawes.
This do I vow even as I hope to rise
From this into another Paradise."[79]

The author of these lines was in high favour, not only with the Queen, but with the King, who went out of his way to congratulate his father, the Earl of Manchester, on such a son. This approval more than compensated for the castigation of the pastoral by another poet, whose verses, unlike Montagu's, still retain power to charm:—

"Wat Montague now stood forth to his trial,
And did not so much as suspect a denial;

But witty Apollo ask'd him first of all
If he understood his own Pastoral.

"For if he could do it, 'twould plainly appear
He understood more than any man there,
And did merit the bayes above all the rest;
But the mounsieur was modest, and silence confest."[80]

There was another slight annoyance connected with the play which was, perhaps, even less felt than Suckling's wit, for what did it matter to Henrietta, to Montagu, or to any of the brilliant company, if a cross-grained puritanical lawyer such as William Prynne chose to insult the Queen by base and indiscriminate charges against actresses, thereby bringing upon himself the just punishment of the loss of his ears?

All disagreeable matters were, indeed, shut out from the brilliant drawing-rooms of Henrietta Maria, where the hostess set an example of free amiability at which strict persons looked a little askance. Those were most welcome who could most contribute by beauty, wit, or conversation to the entertainment of all. Lord Holland,[81] the most elegant dandy of the day, was often to be seen there chatting with the Queen about France or Madame de Chevreuse, to whom he was known to be devoted. Walter Montagu's ready wit and charming conversation always availed to win him a few smiles from his royal hostess. Henry Percy was welcomed as much, perhaps, for the sake of his sister, Lady Carlisle, as for any shining qualities of his own. Above all, Henry Jermyn, the Queen's greatest friend—and she was a woman of many men friends—was constantly to be seen at her side, building up a friendship which only death was to end. [Pg 73]

It is hard to account for Henrietta's affection for this man—an affection so great that from that day to this scandal has been busy with their names. Henry Jermyn was not particularly well born, and he was neither radiantly handsome like Holland, nor clever and witty like Montagu. His abilities, which were severely tested in the course of his life, did not rise above mediocrity; his religion, such of it as existed, was of a very nebulous character, and his morals were of a distinctly commonplace type; indeed, one of his early achievements at Court was to run off with a maid of honour. To set against all this we only know that he was a man of very soft and gentle manners, such as made him a fitting agent in delicate negotiations, and that when the day of trouble came he showed considerable fidelity to the interests of a losing cause. That Henrietta should have lavished on such a man an affection and a confidence which some of her best friends, both now and later, thought exaggerated, is surprising; but she was never a good judge of character, and it must be remembered that personal charm is one of the most evanescent of qualities which cannot be bottled for the use of the historian.

That in these happy days Henrietta was one of the brightest ornaments of her own Court cannot be doubted. Old men, who remembered the later years of Elizabeth, must have contrasted the forced compliments offered to her faded charms with the free devotion laid at the feet of this young and beautiful woman, [Pg 74]

"In whom th' extremes of power and beauty move,
The Queen of Britain and the Queen of Love."[82]

Her beauty soon reached its prime and soon faded a little, so that in later days she used to say with a touch of pique that no woman was handsome after two-and-twenty. Though she was not tall, her figure was good, and her sweet face with its animated expression attracted all beholders. Fastidious critics did, indeed, find fault with her mouth, which was rather large, but they had nothing but praise for her well-formed nose, her pretty complexion, and, above all, for her sparkling black eyes which, as in the days of her girlhood, were her most striking beauty; so lovely were they that the Puritan Sir Simonds d'Ewes was fain to lament that their owner should be in the thraldom of Popery.[83]

With such beauty to adorn, no woman, much less a Frenchwoman and a queen, could be indifferent to dress. Henrietta took a great interest in the subject, and loved to deck herself in the beautiful robes which were then in fashion and which we know so well from the portraits of Van Dyck. The trousseau which she had brought with her to England bore witness to her brother's generosity, and was so ample and magnificent[84] that it may well have lasted her life, as trousseaux did in those days. Four dozen embroidered nightgowns with a dozen night-caps to match, four dozen chemises with another "fort belle, toute pointe coupe" thrown in for special occasions, and five dozen handkerchiefs seem an ample allowance of linen even for a queen, while the five petticoats which were provided made up in splendour what they lacked in number. The dozen pairs of English silk stockings, to which was added a dainty pair of red velvet boots lined with fur, were a luxury to which few could have aspired. But it was in the matter of gowns that Henrietta was most fortunate. No less than thirteen did she possess, apart from her "royal robe," and all were very magnificent, four being of gold and silver cloth on a satin foundation, whether of black, crimson, green, or "jus de lin," those of the two last-named colours being provided with a court train and long hanging sleeves. As for the robe of state, which perhaps is the same as that which had already done duty at the wedding, it surpassed the rest in splendour, being of red velvet covered with fleur-de-lis. A heavy mantle of the same material and colour lined up with ermine was evidently intended to be worn with it on ceremonial occasions. [Pg 75]

Such toilettes would have been incomplete without magnificent jewels, of which the taste of the time allowed great display. With Mary de' Medici they were a passion, and her daughter, though she had no avarice in her nature and was to show herself capable of sacrificing jewels or any other material good for those she loved, yet was far from indifferent to the sparkle and colour of these beautiful ornaments. Many and valuable were the jewels which on her departure from France were handed over to the care of her *dame d'atours*, who must have found them an anxious charge. Fillets of pearls, chains of precious stones, diamond ear-rings, a magnificent diamond ring, all these were provided for the young Queen, besides such fine jewels as a cross of diamonds and pearls, an anchor studded with four diamonds, and a "bouquet" of five petals made of diamonds, together with a quantity of lesser trinkets, including several dozen diamond buttons to be used as trimmings for dresses. It may be safely conjectured that the Queen found plenty of use for a "grand mirror, silver-backed," which she brought over with her from Paris, and it is not surprising to learn that Father Bérulle thought her rather too fond of dress. [Pg 76]

A very girl Henrietta remained for several years after her marriage. Politics did not greatly interest her, and her trust in her husband was such that she turned aside from serious matters to employ herself in bright trifles, for, to the *joye de vivre*, which came to her from her father, she added a delight in all that was pretty, which recalls her descent from Florence and the Medici. She had, also, a taste for the grotesque which was common in her day, and she long kept at her Court a pugnacious dwarf, by name Geoffrey Hudson, who, later on, during the exile, caused her considerable embarrassment by killing a gentleman in a duel. There is ample evidence of her interest in dainty possessions and amusements. Now she is writing to Madame S. Georges for velvet petticoats from her Paris tailor, or "a dozen pairs of sweet chamois gloves and ... one of doe skin." Now she is receiving "rare and outlandish flowers," or asking her mother to send her fruit trees and plants for her gardens, whose "faire flowers" she so cherished as to merit the dedication by Parkinson the herbalist of his Paradisus Terrestris. Or, again, she is setting out with her lords and ladies to celebrate in good old English fashion the festival of May Day, and to witness all those pretty rights of country festivity over which the withering wind of the Civil War had not yet passed. [Pg 77]

"Marke
How each field turns a street: each street a Parke
Made green and trimm'd with trees: see how
Devotion gives each house a Bough
Or Branch: each Porch, each doore, ere this
An Arke a Tabernacle is
Made up of white thorn neatly enterwove
As if here were those cooler shades of love."[85]

Nor was the Queen merely an idle spectator. No sooner did the first snowy May bush catch her eye than, with all the zest of a village maiden, she leaped from her fine coach, and breaking off a bough placed it merrily in her hat.

In all the revels of the Court Henrietta's was the moving spirit, but her sweetness of temper prevented her energy from degenerating into domineering. She was never really popular with the people at large, on account of her race and her religion, and there were murmurs now and then at Court about her undue preference for the Scotch. But that in her own circle she was tenderly loved there can be no doubt. Innocent,[86] yet so sprightly that she sometimes gave scandal without suspecting it; gay, yet with moments of sadness which only solitude could relieve; open and talkative, yet faithful to conceal secrets, "for a queen should be as a confessor, hearing all yet telling nothing"; sympathetic with sorrow, yet chaffing unmercifully the *malades imaginaires* of a luxurious Court; delicate in consideration for the feelings of the meanest of her servants, yet gifted with a caustic tongue used at times rather unsparingly. Such was Henrietta Maria, Queen of England. [Pg 78]

But it is time to turn from the merely social and decorative aspect of Henrietta's married life to consider the interests and intrigues which, behind the brilliant show, were working and struggling.

One of the first questions which came up for settlement on the conclusion of peace between England and France in 1629 was that of the Queen's household, and the ambassador sent to London to arrange this matter turned out to be one of those fascinating but factious persons whom ill-fortune threw so often in Henrietta's path. To make things worse he found already in England another Frenchman more fascinating and more factious than himself, with whom he formed a close friendship. The Chevalier de Jars,[87] whose exile was the result of Anne of Austria's affection and of Richelieu's dislike, added to all his other charms a skill in the game of tennis, which commended him to the King of England, himself a proficient in the game.

Charles de l'Aubépine, Marquis of Chateauneuf, arrived in London in 1629. He was a finished gentleman, and he was able quickly to win the confidence of the Queen whose heart always turned kindly to those of her own nation. But the ambassador was not slow in discovering that instead of having to defend an ill-used and discontented wife, as perhaps he had expected, he must adapt his diplomacy to the requirements of a happy married couple. "I am not only the happiest princess, but the happiest woman in the world,"[88] said Henrietta to him triumphantly, while Charles was careful to show his affection for his beautiful wife by kissing her a hundred times in the course of an hour as Chateauneuf looked on. "You have not seen that in Piedmont," [Pg 79] said the King, turning to his foreign guest, "nor," he added, sinking his voice to a discreet whisper, "in France either."

Such news was gratifying to Mary de' Medici's maternal affection, and Chateauneuf dwelt in his dispatches upon the kindness of the King, on the pretty gifts of jewellery which he gave to his wife, and on the general happiness of the royal marriage. But the real objects of his mission, despite the personal favour with which he was regarded, were not advanced, for Henrietta had now no wish to receive a French establishment such as she had wept for so bitterly three years earlier.[89] She was now an English queen, and she was well content with the attendance which her husband provided for her. She confessed, however, that she should like to have a lady of the bedchamber to whom she could talk in her own language and who could come to church with her, "for the Countess of Buckingham and Madame Savage are often away, and the rest of my ladies are Protestants," she said.

She took a favourable opportunity of expressing her views to her brother's ambassador with the frankness she was accustomed to show towards those she liked. She invited him to stay with her at Nonsuch "as a private person serving the Queen," and one evening there, after supper, when Charles had ridden away to hunt, she requested her guest to walk with her in the park, to enjoy the coolness of the July evening. A long conversation followed. Chateauneuf spoke to the Queen of the great affection which her mother had for her, the daughter whom she had kept longest at her side, and whose marriage was her own work. Henrietta assented, and confessed that the [Pg 80] jealousy she had once felt of her sister Christine was unfounded, but she quickly went on to speak of the happiness of her married life and of the religious freedom which she enjoyed. "I do not want another governess," she declared at last. "I am no longer a child to allow myself to be ruled."[90]

There were indeed many difficulties to be smoothed if Mary de' Medici was to realize her hope of bringing her young daughter again into tutelage. Both Charles and Henrietta saw what the aim of the French Government was, and they quietly defeated it. The ecclesiastical question, which will be discussed elsewhere, was, indeed, settled by a compromise favourable to Catholic interests, but no *gouvernante* arrived to oust the Countess of Buckingham, who held the position formerly occupied by Madame S. Georges; and the doctor, "a Frenchman and a Catholic," who came to supplant the excellent Mayerne, a learned French Protestant who served Henrietta faithfully for many years, found his position at the English Court so intolerable that he begged to be recalled.

But there is another aspect of Chateauneuf's brief stay in England which requires careful consideration. The French ambassador was believed to be devoted to the interests of Richelieu, or else, assuredly, he had never set foot in the English Court; but even Richelieu was sometimes mistaken, and the man whom he had chosen to represent him was probably already jealous of his patron, and already falling under the influence of the bright eyes of Madame de Chevreuse, the friend of Queen Anne, the ally of Spain.

It is probable also that Henrietta was beginning to look coldly upon Richelieu even before she met Chateauneuf, for other influences were working against him in her mind. The day of Dupes was fast approaching, when her mother would leave for ever the Court of France. Gaston of [Pg 81] Orleans' persistent hostility to the Cardinal was not without its weight with his sister. Bérulle, whose memory she deeply revered, had died in 1628, summing up the experience of a lifetime in his dying words, "As for the Court it is but vanity"; it was well known that he was at enmity with the man who had raised him from the simple priesthood to the dignity of the cardinal's purple. Taking all these things into account, it is not surprising that the young Queen of England turned no unwilling ear to the insinuation of Chateauneuf and the hints of Jars, and the result was an intrigue which only became apparent when the ambassador had returned to France, leaving the fascinating Chevalier to carry on the work which he had begun.

The interaction of French and English politics now becomes of great importance. Charles never allowed another to occupy the place of Buckingham, either in his heart or in his counsels; but at this time his chief dependence was upon the Treasurer, Richard Weston, who became Earl of Portland in 1633; a dull, safe man, who could be trusted to prevent the disagreeable necessity of calling a Parliament. He was, certainly at the beginning of his career, rather pro-Spanish in his sympathies, and he died a Catholic; but his aversion from war so recommended him to Richelieu, who knew that while he held the reins of power England would not interfere in his continental designs, that an understanding and almost a friendship gradually grew up between them.

Henrietta never liked Weston. Perhaps she was jealous of her husband's regard, and saw in him a potential Buckingham; certainly she disliked his close-fisted ways, which curbed her extravagance, always considerable, in money matters. She allowed a cabal of discontented spirits to gather round her, whose double aim was the overthrow of the powerful minister in England [Pg 82] and of the far greater statesman across the Channel. That cabal, founded in French opinion by Chateauneuf,[91] included most of the Queen's personal friends. Holland,[92] who was jealous of Weston, and whose devotion to Madame de Chevreuse accounted for his attitude to Richelieu, without taking into account a warm friendship with Chateauneuf; Montagu, who laid such portion of his homage as he could spare from Queen Anne at the feet of the same seductive lady, and who had been and was "very well" with Monsieur the factious Duke of Orleans; Jermyn and Henry Percy—these are some of those[93] implicated in Henrietta's first attempt at the fascinating game of diplomatic chicanery. To them must be added Madame de Vantelet, whom Chateauneuf thought a little neglected, but who, as the only French lady of the royal household, had considerable influence over her mistress, and whose partisanship became so marked that the pension assigned to her by the King of France was taken away.

The difficulties began with the arrival of Chateauneuf's successor, the Marquis of Fontenay-Mareuil, who threw himself on the side of Weston, and who soon found that he had to reckon with a foe in the person of the Chevalier de Jars. He met with little less opposition from Madame de Vantelet and from Father Philip, who disliked the ecclesiastical policy of the ambassador, and who was himself disliked by the party of Richelieu, because as a subject of King Charles he was [Pg 83] quite independent of France and could not be persuaded to use the great influence over the Queen which his position gave him in the interests of a foreign Government.[94] The Queen proved even more intractable. She refused to dismiss Father Philip at her eldest brother's request, and it was an ominous sign that in 1631 an agent of Monsieur was in England, even though Charles took care that his presence should be reported to the French authorities. When the news arrived of the execution of the gallant Montmorency, Henrietta spoke with pity of his fate, while her husband, who had many of the instincts of absolutism, readily allowed that it was a painful necessity.

Her friendship for Jars continued unabated in spite of the open enmity which that worthy showed to Fontenay-Mareuil, whose position was only rendered tolerable by the kindness of the King, who had not yet fallen under the domination of his wife in affairs, however much he might kiss and caress her. As for Henrietta, she was openly rude to the hapless ambassador. She frankly told him that though she was obliged to receive him in his official capacity, out of respect for her brother, she would not discuss her private affairs with him, and wished to have as little to do with him personally as possible. It is not surprising that he was anxious to return to his own country.

Nor is it surprising that he took steps to clear himself from the name freely bestowed upon him. Apart from the clique of Chateauneuf's personal friends, of whom the chief perhaps were Holland and Montagu, he was fairly liked at Court, and he believed that, could he but unmask the [Pg 84] intrigues of the Chevalier and of his patron Chateauneuf, he might yet triumph over his enemies. With this object in view he descended to a trick hardly in keeping either with his rank or with his office. One evening when he knew that the Chevalier would be away from home, he caused two of his servants to enter the rooms of his rival, where they carried on a burglarious search, which ended in a small cabinet containing letters finding its way into the hands of the ambassador.

Jars, as was only to be expected, was exceedingly angry, but he believed that his influence with the King and the Queen would ensure his redress. They did indeed take up the matter with great zeal, and, for a few days, nothing else was talked of at Court. But when Charles came to question Fontenay-Mareuil, the affair assumed a different complexion. The ambassador did not attempt to deny the theft. He only said coolly that since Jars was a subject of the King of France, and since he had reason to believe that he was compromising his sovereign's interests, he was at liberty to take any steps which seemed good to him to discover the truth. The King of England was much struck by this reply, which fitted in well with his own theory and practice of statecraft. Moreover, much as he personally liked Jars, he distrusted the political party to which he belonged. He therefore determined to take no steps in the matter. He showed marked cordiality to Fontenay-Mareuil, and the Chevalier, to his infinite chagrin, had to submit to the loss of his papers, which were probably sent to Richelieu to help forward the disgrace of Chateauneuf.

For in the early spring of 1633 the Court of England was startled by the news of the arrest of that nobleman and of the Chevalier de Jars, who had returned to France after the above incident. In a moment the power of those who were the Queen of England's friends in her native land seemed [Pg 85] destroyed. Chateauneuf was sent into captivity at Angoulême. His fair charmer, Madame de Chevreuse, was forced into uncongenial retirement, which ended in her dramatic escape, dressed up as a man, across the Pyrenees into Spain. While for Jars was reserved a still harder lot. Two years of rigorous imprisonment in the Bastille were followed by a sentence of death, pronounced by one who was known as the "bourreau du Cardinal." It was only as the victim kneeled upon the scaffold awaiting the stroke of the executioner that he received, by the tardy mercy of Richelieu, a reprieve from death, a reprieve so sudden and startling that for many minutes he was too stunned to appreciate his good fortune, which, however, was none too great, for he was reconducted to his prison, whence all the efforts of his friends, headed by the Queen of England, were long unavailing to drag him.

It was not indeed likely that Richelieu would look favourably on a request proferred by Henrietta, for he was beginning to feel that distrust of her which never left him to the end of his life. Among the letters which the *affaire* Chateauneuf placed in his power were many written by English hands, those of Holland, of Montagu, of the Queen herself. He knew also that the royal lady had spoken slighting words of him, saying that Chateauneuf was no participant of the evil counsels of the Cardinal, and that after the death of the latter he would be able to fill his place much more worthily. This information, moreover, came from an unimpeachable source, none other than the Treasurer of England. Weston indeed watched with no ordinary interest the course of events in France, and it is not surprising that he did not scruple to report to the Cardinal the uncomplimentary remarks of the Queen of England. The enemies of Richelieu were his own, and their overthrow prepared the way for his victory, which, though on a smaller scale and of less [Pg 86] dramatic quality, was equally decisive.

In the spring of 1633, not long after the fall of Chateauneuf, Jerome Weston, the son of the Treasurer, was on his way home from Paris, whither he had been as ambassador. On the journey he happened to fall in with a letter which he thought to be written by the Earl of Holland, and remembering the hostility of that nobleman to his father, he took possession of it. On opening the packet he found within a letter addressed in the Queen's handwriting, which he did not presume to unfold; but on his arrival in London laid it, just as he had found it, in the hands of the King.

It appears that the letter was of trifling importance, being nothing more than one of the many which, at different times, Henrietta Maria wrote on behalf of the Chevalier de Jars to Cardinal Richelieu. But Holland, not unnaturally perhaps, felt that he had been insulted, and he probably thought that the King would see in Jerome Weston's conduct an affront to his wife. In a moment of imprudence he sent a challenge by the hands of Henry Jermyn to the Treasurer's son, asking for satisfaction. The latter, instead of sending an answer in the way usual in such cases, informed his father of what had occurred, and Portland without delay laid the matter before the King. This trifling incident thus became the touchstone of the respective influence of the Treasurer and of the cabal which was trying to ruin him. It was the former who came off victorious. Charles' trust in his minister was not to be shaken, while he was exceedingly angry with Holland. To his punctilious mind it seemed intolerable that a nobleman of his own council should send a challenge to one of his servants on account of an act performed in his official capacity. His orders were sharp and stern. Jermyn, as an accessory, was to be confined in a private house, while [Pg 87] Holland was ordered to retire to the beautiful mansion at Kensington, which he had acquired with his wealthy wife Isabel Cope, and there to remain during His Majesty's pleasure. All believed that the day of the brilliant Earl was over, and that his friends, particularly Montagu and Madame de Vantelet, would share in his fall. Holland House was indeed a gilded prison, but the prisoner was made to feel that the sentence had not been pronounced in play, for when he showed a disposition to amuse himself with his friends, Charles sent a stern rebuke, forbidding him to receive company. Everything pointed to a complete withdrawal of royal favour.

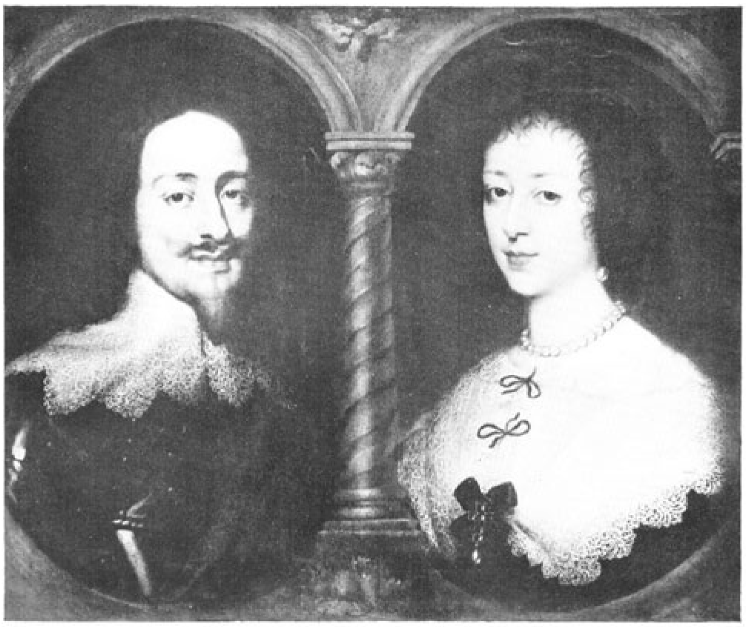
But Henrietta, as she proved in the case of Jars and of many others, was a good friend. She was truly attached to Holland, who was not only possessed of unrivalled grace of person and manner, but was connected in her mind with the happy memory of her marriage. Exerting all the strength of her growing influence over her husband—an influence which was increased by the fact that she was about again to become a mother[95]—she succeeded in winning the pardon of the now repentant Earl. Handsome and brilliant as ever, Holland reappeared in the drawing-rooms of the Queen, and his accomplices, Jermyn, Montagu, and Madame de Vantelet, seemed to be in as high favour at Court as before the occurrence of this untoward event.

But, nevertheless, Portland was the victor. Charles' eyes had been opened to see the machinations of the enemies of his minister who, notwithstanding the smothered hostility of the Queen and her circle, preserved his confidence until his death. Henrietta's first attempt to play the game of politics—an attempt into which she had been drawn by her friends with probably little volition or comprehension of her own—had ended on both sides of the Channel in sorry [Pg 88] failure. In France her friends were scattered and exiled, and the great Cardinal was stronger than ever; in England she had proved her power to touch her husband's heart, but not to rule his counsels.

But other days were coming. In March, 1635, Portland died. As Charles grew older his disposition to keep the direction of affairs in his own hands grew also, and as Buckingham had had no real successor so Portland had none. Instead, his heritage of influence and power was divided among several heirs, one of whom was the Queen of England. Hardly was the Treasurer in his grave when Henrietta Maria began to show an interest in political concerns which she had not previously displayed.

She was now twenty-five years of age, and her early marriage had brought with it an early development of character. She had outgrown the levity of extreme youth, and her acute and energetic mind was beginning to feel and respond to the stimulus of affairs. She had not lived for ten years with her husband without being aware of the difficulties of his sombre and obstinate character,[96] but she knew also his great love for her, and she was encouraged by the fact that her devoted servant the Earl of Holland had been restored to more than his former place in Charles' confidence. Perhaps the hostile influence which she most feared was that of Laud, for whom the King had a regard not only as an ecclesiastic after his own heart, but as a friend and protégé of Buckingham. There was also another and a stronger mind from which she instinctively shrank, but Wentworth was far away in Ireland, and, at the time, seldom came into personal relation with her. But though it is unquestionable that the disappearance of Portland marks a [Pg 89] change which came over the spirit of the Queen, yet that change may easily be exaggerated. It was, moreover, very gradual, and only became complete in the dark days which preceded the Civil War. For the present, though the instincts of intrigue inherent in the Medici blood were aroused, yet her chief interests remained those of the normal young married woman, her husband, her babies, her home. If she entered into political matters, as she had not done in earlier years, yet her efforts were intermittent, and two independent witnesses attest with regret the indifference of her attempts to win over the Ministers of State, and the slightness of the part which she played in public life.[97] Nevertheless, as the death of Buckingham gave her ascendancy over her husband's heart, so that of Portland paved the way for the ascendancy which she gradually acquired over his mind.

It was not to be expected that Henrietta's development of character, slight and gradual though it might be, would escape the vigilant eyes fixed upon her from across the Channel. Portland's death was a blow to Richelieu, who, with a European war about to begin, could not afford the hostility of England. He did not like Henrietta, but he was too acute not to appreciate that her character was of the feminine type, which is largely dependent upon personal influence, and he hoped that the removal of Chateauneuf and Jars would lead to a return on her part to such sentiments as he conceived to be fitting towards her native land, in other words, towards himself, for to the Cardinal even more than to Louis XIV "l'Etat c'est moi." When he heard how all the courtiers of England, and even the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, were trying to win her favour, he felt that he must take some pains to recapture her. His schemes—the details of which may be read in the dispatches which he wrote and received—were not quite unsuccessful. Henrietta, for a few years, did show a certain friendliness towards him, and perhaps, had he complied at once with her wishes in releasing Jars, he might have won her real friendship.[98] Her friends in England were not neglected. The unstable Montagu, who at this time had great influence over her, and who was attempting, quite unsuccessfully, to make Richelieu forget the part he had played in Chateauneuf's schemes, was rewarded for his shuffling by the offer of a pension, which, however, the Queen thought it prudent he should refuse.[99] Certainly grievances of her French servants were removed. Madame de Vantelet's pension was restored, while in 1637 Francis Windbank, one of the Secretaries of State, who was becoming involved in her schemes, was delicately asked to accept a present in lieu of the less respectable pension.[100] [Pg 90]



CHARLES I AND HENRIETTA MARIA
FROM THE PAINTING BY VAN DYCK IN THE GALLERIA PITTI, FLORENCE

But Richelieu, in spite of all his schemes, was by now aware of one fact, which redounds greatly to Henrietta's credit: he recognized that she would never be an Anne of Austria, an alien and spy in the Court of her husband, and that all he could hope for was to win her as a friendly ally who should counteract in some degree the pro-Spanish tendencies of the King. "The Queen of England," ran the instructions given to an ambassador who was starting for London, "shows herself always very well disposed towards France. But care must be taken, and she must not be required to act beyond that which she considers may contribute to the common good of the two crowns."[101] [Pg 91]

For as the years rolled on the union between Charles and Henrietta proved to be no passing affection born of youth and beauty, but the deep and increasing love of true marriage. It was as impossible for Henrietta as for any other good wife, whether princess or peasant, to consider a course of action apart from the interests of her husband, and those who had dealings with her had to learn, sometimes painfully, that her first consideration must always be he of whom she was accustomed to write, with pretty formality, as "le roi Monseigneur."

She is considered, and rightly, to be a Queen of Tragedy. But in any estimate of her life it must be remembered that she had at least twelve years of such happiness as seldom falls to the lot of a royal woman. If later she was to find out that

> "There is no worldly pleasure here below
> Which by experience doth not folly prove,"

now she was learning

> "But among all the follies that I know
> The sweetest folly in the world is love";[102]

and thus rank and riches, which to the unhappy are but an aggravation of their misery, could yield to her their truest pleasure. Moreover, she never had to learn, like poor Anne of Austria, how

> "Rich discontent's a glorious Hell."[103]

Sorrow, when it came, stripped her bare of the mocking accessories of joy.

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[61] In England Henrietta Maria was known as Queen Mary, but she always used the signature "Henriette Marie."

[62] *Cal. S.P. Dom.*, 1625-6, p. 415.

[63] Sir Theodore Mayerne.

[64] Henry Percy to Earl of Carlisle. *Cal. S.P. Dom.*, 1625-49, p. 292.

[65] *Cal. S.P. Dom.*, 1628-9, p. 412. (Dec., 1628.)

[66] Green: *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, p. 15.

[67] William Habington: "Castara."

[68] Sir Theodore Mayerne: *Cal. S.P. Dom.*, 1628-9, p. 548.

[69] See chapter IV.

[70] Green: *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, p. 17.

[71] *Ibid.*, p. 18.

[72] Mary, who married the Prince of Orange; James, afterwards King of England; Elizabeth; Henry, Duke of Gloucester; Henrietta Anne, Duchess of Orleans; Anne, who died as an infant, and another daughter, who also died in infancy.

[73] Her character is described at length in "The Character of the Most Excellent Lady Lucy of Carlisle," by Sir Tobie Matthews, prefixed to *A Collection of Letters made by Sir Tobie Matthews, K.C.* (1660).

[74] Those of Rochefoucault.

[75] In 1626 she was in debt to the amount of £6662 16s. 9d. to various tradesmen; it was her custom, as that of former Queen-Consorts, to employ chiefly foreign tradesmen and workmen.

[76] The Queen saw it twice; the music was written by Simon Ivy and Henry Lawes.

[77] *Cal. S.P. Dom.*, 1625-6, p. 273.

[78] In later days Henrietta Maria could say with Katharine of Aragon,

> "I am not such a truant since my coming
> As not to know the language I have liv'd in."

for her children grew up unable to speak French, and Mme de Motteville says that she had spoilt her French by talking English. Perhaps even now it was only the accent which was at fault. Probably she never wrote English with ease. Her first letter written in that language is to Lord Finch; the date is about 1641. Green: *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, p. 28.

[79] *The Shepherd's Paradise: a comedy* (1659).

[80] Sir John Suckling: "A Session of the Poets."

[81] He was the Queen's Lord Steward.

[82] Edmund Waller.

[83] The following description of the Queen is written by a Catholic hand: "Seremissima Maria Regina quinque ac viginti circiter annorum, figurà corporis parvà, sed venustissimà, crine cum suo Rege consimili [dark chestnut] constitutione corporis primà, de qua hac virtutum Epitome quod formosissima, quod in ætatis vere, quod Regina, in Aula deliciis, et voluptatibus affluente, atque etiam Religionibus dispari, nec vel lerissimam offensionem dederit."—Archives of the See of Westminster: Status Angliæ, 1635.

[84] The official list of the clothes, jewels, furniture, etc., which the Queen brought to England and from which the above account is taken, forms part of MS. Français, 23,600. Among the furniture are mentioned "trois tapis de velours" and "deux grands tapis de Turquie."

[85] Robert Herrick: "Corinna's going a-Maying."

[86] The evidence of Father Philip on this point is conclusive. See Con to Barberini: Add. MS., 15,389, f. 196.]

[87] He was in England at the time of Bassompierre's mission.

[88] Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 43.

[89] In a secret article of the treaty between France and England, made in 1629, it was recognized by the King of France that it was inadvisable that Henrietta should have a large French household. Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 43.]

[90] Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 43.]

[91] Fontenay-Mareuil to Richelieu (apparently). "Vos actions sont en telle veneration par tout le monde que le Roy de la Grande Bretagne animé d'un si bon exemple s'est enfin

resolu de ruiner la Cabale qui estoit en sa Cour dont il estime que le Roy ni vous Monsieur ne serez pas marris puis-qu'elle avoit esté fondée par M. de Chasteauneuf et sur les mesmes desseins que celle de France très préjudiciables aux deux royaumes.... 14 April, 1633."—Aff. Etran, Ang., t. 45.

[92] Richelieu thought that Mme. de Chevreuse, swayed by her love for Holland, induced Chateauneuf to act against Weston, whom Holland hoped to supplant.

[93] This clique was considered "Puritan" as against the "Protestantism" of Portland. See chap. IV.

[94] "Père Philippe qui possêde la conscience de la Reyne de la Grande Bretagne est subject du roy son Mary et establi par luy de sorte qu'il est impossible d'y prendre aucune confiance pour les interests de France à laquelle il ne se tient point oblige."—Letters of Fontenay-Mareuil, French Transcripts P.R.O.

[95] Her son James was born October 14th, 1633.

[96] "La Reyne de la Grande Bretagne ne fait que commencer aussy a se mesler des affaires laquelle bienque son Mary layme extremement il fault de l'humeur qu'il est quelle use de grandes maniers avec luy et quelle y aille très doucement."—Letters of French Ambassador (Senneterre). May 24th, 1635. MS. Français, 15,993.

[97] "J'ay beaucoup loué et remercié la Reyne de la Grande Bretagne de son election qui est un esprit qu'elle doive conserver à elle pour prendre plus de part dans les affaires quelle n'a fait iusques ici."—Letter of Senneterre, February, 1636. MS. Français, 15,993.

"Al futuro applica poco confidata tutta nel Re. Bisogna che prema più di guadagnare li ministri dello Stato de quali può essere Padrona volendo."—Con to Barberini, Aug. 25, 1636. Add. MS., 15,389, f. 196.

[98] "... La reyne d'Angletera qul prendra entierement Vostre party sy vous luy donnez la liberté du chevalier de Jars."—Fontenay-Mareuil to Richelieu. Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 45.

[99] MS. Français, 15,993.

[100] The Queen's Grand Almoner, Du Perron, was the intermediary in this matter. Windbank's name is not mentioned in Du Perron's letters, but there is little doubt he is intended. Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 46.

[101] Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 46]

[102] Sir Robert Ayton

[103] William Habington.

CHAPTER IV
THE QUEEN OF THE CATHOLICS

They knew not
That what I motioned was of God; I knew
From intimate impulse and therefore urged
The Marriage on, that by occasions hence,
I might begin Israel's deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely called.
John Milton

Among all the activities of Queen Henrietta Maria's life none deserves more careful study than those connected with her work for her co-religionists in England.

The French marriage of Charles I represented, in a measure, a compromise between the hopes of the English Catholics and the fears of the English Puritans. From the point of view of the latter an alliance with any Catholic Princess was a misfortune; but, nevertheless, Henrietta was regarded as a modified evil by those who had feared a Spanish Infanta. Spain was the old enemy, the land which had sent out the Great Armada, and which in every way had fostered the most militant and uncompromising elements of English Catholicism; France, if unfortunately it had not fulfilled the promise it had once given of becoming a Protestant country, was Catholic in another and a far less rigid sense, and it was remembered that Henrietta was the daughter of the man who had been at one time the hope of the Reformers, and who, if he had deserted his faith with a light-hearted cynicism not often to be paralleled, had found at the end that the Mass which gained [Pg 93] Paris for him could not save him from the knife of the man who was believed to be the pupil of the Jesuits. The qualified satisfaction which was general in England is well reflected in the following paragraph which appeared in a newsletter when it was known that the negotiations for the marriage were approaching completion:—

"The first tidings of this joyfull newes were welcome unto all except Jezuited English who have not so much hope to accomplish their ambitious projects, allwayes hurtfull to the good and tranquillity of this Kingdome by this Marriage of France, as they had by that of Spaine, since all men know who know any thing at all, how all true-hearted Frenchmen detest and hate this cruell king-killing Ignatian order since the death and murther of two Burbonian Henries kild by them and their accomplices."[104]

But, on the other hand, the substitution of a French for a Spanish Queen was a severe blow to the English Catholics. These heroic men who, hiding their heads "mid ignomy, death and tombs," had kept alive through years of persecution the faith of their fathers, had acquired something of the harshness and narrowness which belongs to a persecuted remnant. The more liberal type of Catholicism prevalent in France was not congenial to them,[105] and they had, moreover, good reason to be grateful to the House of Austria. The King of Spain not only permitted English seminaries and religious houses to be established in Spain and in the Low Countries, but he even supported some of them with pensions, and during the negotiations with James I for a matrimonial alliance he showed both his will and his power to protect the English Catholics at home, where a peace of the Church was then enjoyed which was long remembered in less happy times. All persecution ceased, and at St. James's Palace a Catholic Chapel was seen in course of building, designed for the use of the Spanish Queen who never came. [Pg 94]

It was not likely that the eyes of Richelieu,[106] which saw everything, should fail to observe the unfortunate predilection of the English Catholics for the enemies of France, and there is no doubt that one of the reasons for which Henrietta was sent into England was to detach them from this alliance. During the period of negotiations Richelieu wrote a friendly letter to the Catholic body in England,[107] and the French ambassadors were charged to do all in their power to win the confidence of its principal members, and to combat the wiles of the Spaniards, who tried to persuade them that the French had no true regard for religion. Ville-aux-clercs, when he was in London, was on one occasion obliged to attend a service at Westminster Abbey. He was careful to behave with the utmost rudeness, in order to show the uncompromising character of a Frenchman's Catholicism.[108] Tillières took great pains to conciliate the chiefs of the English Catholics, and to persuade them that his master was as good a Catholic as the King of Spain. But it was no easy task, and it was not until Louis XIII had stayed the passage of an anti-Catholic law in the English Parliament that they began to feel some confidence in him. Then a letter of thanks was sent to Paris,[109] and even the Jesuits, who were considered peculiarly pro-Spanish, wrote to express their desire for the coming alliance. Matters were the more satisfactory inasmuch as William Smith, who had recently been consecrated Bishop of Chalcedon, and who, in the teeth of the Jesuits, claimed the jurisdiction of an ordinary in England, was well known in France, where he had resided for many years in the household of Richelieu. It was, moreover, with the same object that the French Government insisted upon the promise to suspend the execution of the recusancy laws as a *sine qua non* of the marriage, "otherwise," wrote Tillières frankly, "the English Catholics will be lost to France and assured to Spain."[110] Thus Richelieu's action in this particular fits into his general scheme of anti-Austrian policy, and he is cleared from any suspicion that he was actuated by weak religious scruples in thus setting himself against the Protestant prejudice of England. [Pg 95]

Henrietta was probably not unconscious of the dubious reception which would be afforded to her by her co-religionists, and her advisers were still more alive to the necessity of her making a good impression upon the English Catholics. At first all went well. Those who were unaware of the religious revival which was taking place in France were surprised at the piety of Bérulle (who was one of the leaders of the revival), and at the zeal of the Bishop of Mende,[111] who, with great diplomacy, took care to interest himself in the general affairs of his co-religionists in England. The young Queen herself, who in Paris had not been remarkable for devotion, seemed on entering the heretic country to be dowered with a new piety and zeal. She showed great compassion for her Catholic subjects, and such devotion to her religious duties that she heard Mass every day, even when she was on one of the frequent progresses of the English Court, and on Sundays listened to a sermon and attended Vespers, which was usually enlivened by instrumental music. "Can such good things come out of Galilee?" was the wondering question of the pro-Spanish English Catholic; and if he suspended his ultimate judgment, he at least rejoiced for the time in the edifying conduct of those whose presence was the guarantee of his peace. [Pg 96]

Even some of the Protestants seemed softened. Henrietta, in her earlier days, before sorrow deepened and hardened her character, was far from a bigot, and indeed the daughter of Henry IV never had in her the true stuff of fanaticism. When just after her marriage some one was rude enough to ask her if she disliked Huguenots, she answered gently, "Why should I? My father was one"; and some of Bérulle's enemies, "the ministers," presuming on such girlish kindliness, boasted that in six months she would be at their preachings. Others, less sanguine, contented themselves with admiring the decorum of the services to which curiosity led them, and with praising the outward regularity of the lives of the Oratorian Fathers. Thus the Catholics had ground for hope, but not for exultation. "These are flowers of hopes," wrote the cautious Bérulle, "but nothing but flowers and, moreover, flowers surrounded by thorns. These are hopes, but they have need of a greater maturity in the Queen and more persevering conduct on the part of France."[112] [Pg 97]

It was therefore the greater disappointment when the persecution of 1625 fell. Nor was it a slight and passing storm. Never, even in the days of Edward VI or Elizabeth, had the Catholics been in such evil case, except that the death penalty, to which the King had an invincible repugnance, was not exacted.[113] But the most loyal of laymen, such as the Marquis of Winchester, suffered in their goods, while the prisons became veritable cloisters of religious. It is not surprising that the persecuted contrasted the peace and security of the days of mere negotiations with Spain with the misery brought about by a consummated marriage with France, or that Richelieu and his emissaries in England ground their teeth with rage to see those whom they had hoped to capture flung back again into the arms of His Catholic Majesty.

Henrietta herself, though much distressed, did not despair. She had already discovered that her husband was naturally inclined to mercy, and she knew that persecution was to a great extent a financial expedient to fill the empty coffers of the State. Young as she was, she understood the task to which, religiously speaking, her marriage had called her,[114] for the performance of which the papal dispensation had been granted, and of which the importance had been impressed [Pg 98] upon her by her mother, by Bérulle, and by the Bishop of Mende, all of whom saw in her another Bertha who was to effect a new conversion of England. Even in the dark days of April, 1626, she did not falter. She was praying, she wrote to the Pope, who had honoured her with a Brief, not only that she might stand firm in the true religion, but that also she might "procure all the peace and comfort which I can for the Catholics of the Kingdoms, hoping that the natural goodness of the King my Lord, touched by a holy inspiration and by my ardent prayers, will produce some sweet and favourable effect for their comfort. And although up to now there has been little fruit of my endeavours, yet I promise myself that my persevering constancy, aided by divine assistance, will not always be useless to them."[115]

The first step towards a better state of things was the reconstruction of the Queen's religious establishment which had been so abruptly broken up. Charles was at first quite obdurate to the requests of the French Government, and refused not only to receive a Bishop as Grand Almoner,[116] but even to entertain the idea of the establishment of a religious Order in England. But in this case, as in many others, he was talked over. Years before, in Spain, he had been acquainted with some Capuchin Fathers who had impressed him by their good sense and piety. The Order was a humble one, not likely to mix in politics, and eventually he intimated that he would be willing to receive some of its members in the capacity of chaplains to his wife.

But difficulties arose. The two Fathers of the Oratory, who were still in England, had been drawn [Pg 99] into the intrigues of Chateauneuf, and Father Philip was considered almost an enemy of France. The Capuchins, on the other hand, were under the protection of Fontenay-Mareuil, and they quite expected to see the members of the rival congregation expelled and the path left clear for themselves.

It was, therefore, a grave disappointment, when, on their arrival in England, they found that the Queen had no intention of changing her confessor, of whose long-headed Scotch prudence she had a just appreciation. The poor Capuchins, with a certain Father Leonard at their head, were subjected to considerable annoyances from the Chateauneuf clique and the Fathers of the Oratory,[117] who were more men of the world than they, did not scruple to show a refined contempt for them. So uncomfortable were they that but for the support of Fontenay-Mareuil they would almost have returned to France.

But they were cheered by the courtesy of the Queen. Henrietta, in spite of her refusal to submit to their direction, received them with all kindness, and settled them in her own establishment at Somerset House, where, to their great satisfaction, they were permitted to wear the religious habit. They were indeed simple men, so simple that she showed her wisdom in seeking a confessor elsewhere than among them; but they were zealous and disinterested, and, if at times they attempted to impose upon the ungodly Protestant by a profession of greater austerity than that actually practised, there was no sham in their labours among the sick and poor of plague-stricken London, or in their devotion to their religious duties.[118] They, on their side, became much attached to Henrietta, and it is to the pen of one of them, Father Cyprien de Gamache, who [Pg 100] in his old age wrote his memoirs of the English mission, that we owe many curious particulars of the Queen's life.[119]

With the Capuchins came a more distinguished person, who shared with them for a while the dislike of Chateauneuf's friends.

Jacques de Nowell du Perron, a nephew of the famous Cardinal of that name, who had had much to do with the conversion of the Queen's father, came to London as the successor of the Bishop of Mende, but no two men could have been less alike, and perhaps du Perron was selected because Richelieu had learned by experience that "surtout point de zèle" was a sound maxim in dealing with heretics. Certainly the second Grand Almoner of Henrietta Maria was as much liked as the first had been detested. A man of the softest manners, "neutral in every question whatsoever,"[120] as a stronger spirit said of him with a touch of contempt, he knew not only how to keep the favour of the French authorities who had sent him to England, but how to win that of Charles, whom he charmed by his flow of interesting talk, and of the Protestant public, who so respected the regularity of his life and the moderation of his conduct, that even on the eve of the Civil War he was regarded "as among the hated the least so."[121] There were moments when his task of serving many masters was difficult, as when his courtier's soul was vexed because, by obeying Henrietta's commands to officiate at a service of welcome to her mother,[122] he offended his patrons in Paris; but in the main his conduct met with its due reward. It was no small tribute to his tact and prudence that he so far obliterated from the mind of Charles the memory of the Bishop of Mende that he permitted him, in 1637, to accept the Bishopric of Angoulême without [Pg 101] forfeiting his position as Grand Almoner of the Queen. He went off to France to be consecrated, and returned to England with all the dignity of episcopal rank.

It fell to the lot of this courtly ecclesiastic to officiate at one of the most picturesque ceremonies of Henrietta's London life. Among the unkept stipulations of the marriage contract was a provision for the building of a chapel for the Queen's use. Henrietta, at her first coming, had been obliged to content herself with a small and mean room in which her chaplains, as best they might, celebrated divine service. It was not until 1632[123] that she had so won her husband's heart as to wring from him by prayers and caresses, and sometimes even by tears, permission to build a church for her Capuchins, which should be at once a memorial of her religious zeal and a thank-offering for her married happiness, which now had been crowned by the birth of her little son.

On September the 14th the foundation-stone was laid. The site of the new building, which was the tennis courtyard of Somerset House, was fitted up as a temporary church with tapestries for walls and stuffs of great price for roof. A large and brilliant company, numbering at least two thousand persons, was present, while at the beautifully decked altar stood M. du Perron to sing a Mass, which was accompanied by rare voices and choice instrumental music, and at which the attendant ceremonies were so magnificent that a Frenchman who happened to be present confessed[124] that nothing more splendid could be seen at Notre-Dame de Paris, even when a King of France honoured that cathedral with his presence. The Mass ended, Henrietta stepped forward, handed by her brother's ambassador, M. de Fontenay-Mareuil, to whom the establishment of the Capuchins was so largely due. A trowel delicately fringed with velvet was offered to her, together with mortar served in a silver-gilt bowl. Thrice she threw the mortar on to the stone of foundation, which was then lowered into its place, bearing on a plate an inscription telling how she, the Queen of England and the daughter of France, had founded this temple for the honour of Catholicism and for the use of her servants the Capuchin Fathers. [Pg 102]

This was one of Henrietta's brightest days, in which she tasted the joy her disappointed life knew so seldom, of seeing a happy result of her works and prayers. It began by a devout confession and reception of the Eucharist. It ended with cannon and fireworks and every sign of public rejoicing. So cordial seemed the attitude of the London populace that the rosiest hopes for the future were entertained, specially by the French,[125] who would have welcomed the conversion of England by a French Queen as a delicate triumph, not only over the heretic, but over the Spaniard.[126] These sanguine persons did not go about in the streets and taverns of the city to hear, under the official rejoicings, the curses, "not loud but deep," of the Puritan citizens.

The Queen's workmen, whom she encouraged by kind words and good pay, must have worked with energy, for by the middle of December in the same year the church was ready for use. It was modelled on that begun for the Spanish Infanta at St. James's, though, perhaps in view of possible developments, it was of a larger size than the original. The opening ceremonies were comparable in splendour to those of the foundation. Many Protestants were attracted thither by curiosity to admire its beautiful furnishings, among which perhaps was already to be seen the splendid specimen of the art of Rubens, which is known to have adorned the high altar in later days. Even the King came in to see the great attraction, a construction about forty feet high, which the ingenuity of a young Roman architect who happened to be in London had fashioned into a representation of Paradise, wherein, guarded by sculptured angels and prophets, and blazing with innumerable lights, reposed the Sacred Host. Taking into account these splendours, it is not perhaps surprising that those who on this happy day turned their eyes toward the kneeling figure of the royal foundress saw stealing down her cheeks the happy tears of an emotion she could not restrain. She had indeed cause for self-congratulation, for already the hopes which had cheered her in her dark days were beginning to be realized. [Pg 103]

Henrietta never laid aside the devout habits which Bérulle had taught her, and which—no doubt with much anxiety in his mind—he again inculcated in 1627 in a pious letter which he wrote and to which the Queen-Mother put her name.[127] She was indeed sometimes inclined to lie in bed in the morning so late that Mass could not be said till midday, but her excellent husband, who desired her to be as precise in her religious duties as he was in his own, was not slow to chide gently this laxity, so that her regularity of attendance became the admiration of all. At each festival she received the Sacrament of Penance, and communicated with such devotion that her fervour astonished not only her fellow-worshippers, but her spiritual advisers. In matters of fasting she was very strict, only asking for a dispensation when there was real need, in spite of the specious advice of her heretic physician Mayerne, who urged her to take meat on Fridays and Saturdays, "an indulgence," as a Frenchman justly remarked, "which would be of little account in France, but in England, and in the person of the Queen, appearances must be kept up."[128] [Pg 104]

To all these virtues she added a zeal for her faith which, if still checked by the girlish levity which easily turned from religious as from political matters, was sufficiently urgent both to champion her faith in Protestant circles and to plead for her oppressed co-religionists, so that with the growth of her influence over her husband grew their peace and prosperity. It is true that for a year or two after the expulsion of the French the persecution continued, and was, particularly in Scotland, at one time very fierce,[129] so that it was noted with malicious satisfaction that the Queen fell into her premature travail on the very day that her husband had signed a decree against the Catholics of his northern kingdom; but it so quickly and thoroughly abated that in 1633 a Roman correspondent in London was able to declare that never before had Catholics been less molested.[130] Not only were priests permitted to live undisturbed in the capital, but English

Catholics were allowed to attend the chapels of the Queen and the ambassadors, a privilege which Richelieu had vainly endeavoured to win for them at the time of the royal marriage, and which the King had angrily refused to the Queen's entreaties only a year or two before. "I permit you your religion," he had said to her on that occasion, "with your Capuchins and others. I permit ambassadors and their retinue, but the rest of my subjects I will have them live that I profess and my father before me." The Catholics were so encouraged by the lenity now shown that in the course of this same year, on the occasion of Charles' coronation in Scotland, they presented to him a petition pleading for toleration and urging him to follow the example of his father-in-law, Henry the Great, who, by granting religious liberty, had won for himself the title of Pater Patriæ et Pacis Restitutor.[131] [Pg 105]

That the softening of Charles' heart was due to his wife is indisputable, though her unfortunate hostility to Portland prevented her from utilizing the influence of that statesman, who was a Catholic at heart.[132] "The Queen is not unmindful to press the Catholic cause with the King as often as opportunity permits," writes a Catholic reporter[133] as early as 1632. The mere turning over of the State papers of these years reveals ample evidence of her activity. [Pg 106] A priest who had languished seven years in the Clink prison, Catholic prisoners at York, another priest who for five years had lain in Newgate, these are some of the recipients of her mercy, taken from the records of little more than a year. "A great Princess," wrote Du Perron of her in a letter which he dispatched to Rome in 1635, "by whom religion exists in this Kingdom, and who is the refuge of the poor Catholics, who, thanks to God and by the clemency of the King, whom this virtuous Princess has inclined in our favour, have enjoyed during the four years I have been here a greater liberty than has ever been seen since the change of religion, and which we hope will continually increase, provided that it please God to preserve the King and to favour the good designs of our Mistress."[134]

In London Catholicism became almost fashionable. The Queen's new chapel at Somerset House,[135] where an urbane sermon by the eloquent du Perron might sometimes be heard, was often visited by Protestants, of whom some, like the astrologer Lilly, were drawn by curiosity, while others came from more mixed motives. [Pg 107] The Capuchin Fathers and their rivals the Oratorians received many visitors who came to discuss religious matters, not a few of whom were inclined by the engaging arguments of their hosts to abjure the heresy of their birth, so that little by little an imposing list of converts was compiled.[136] Sometimes the good Capuchins would open their monastery to the Protestant public, and, arranging it a little more ascetically[137] than usual, to impress the heretics, would thus help on the cause of the faith among those who flocked to see them as if, says Father Cyprien pathetically, they had been Indians, Malays, or savages. At the chapels of the ambassadors and at Somerset House English sermons were preached for the edification of the English Catholics and of the more interesting Protestant visitors. Dispensations from the action of the recusancy laws were given by the Crown in such numbers as to alarm the Puritans.[138] The recusants were relieved of part[139] of the financial burden which the law bound upon them, and, above all, it began to be whispered that the King, whose devotion to his wife was well known, was beginning to look with favour upon the Catholics. His objection to them had always been political rather than religious, and was based upon his suspicion of their loyalty and upon his dread of the deposing power claimed by the Pope. Henrietta's constant endeavour was to disabuse her husband's mind of this, perhaps not unreasonable, prejudice. She met with fair success, [Pg 108] so that a Catholic writer felt able to describe Charles as a "Prince of most milde and sweet disposition," who suffered the partial execution of the recusancy laws rather from political and financial than from religious reasons, and whose "great ornaments of God and Nature doe in a manner foretell that one day he shall restore this country to its former happiness, and himself become the most glorious and most renowned Monarch that ever did governe among us."[140] There was, of course, only one way by which this happy consummation could be attained, and already some sanguine spirits were beginning to think of another and happier Pole reconciling England anew to the Holy See.

And there were other and perhaps more solid grounds for hopes in the changing character of the Anglican Church, which about this time was attracting great attention among a certain school of Catholics. The results of the Elizabethan settlement were becoming apparent, and the two great parties, known then as Protestant and Puritan, now as High Church and Low Church, were beginning to stand out clearly. Liberal-minded Catholics, some of them converts from the English Universities, were learning, what the narrower type of Seminarist refused to recognize, the wide gulf which yawned between an Anglican "Protestant" and a continental Sectary. Already in the days of James a French priest[141] of Ville-aux-clercs' train was surprised by the decorum of the liturgy at Westminster Abbey, and roundly abused as liars the English Catholics of the Continent who had drawn fancy pictures of Anglican services. The religious revival, with which the name of Laud is associated, emphasized every Catholic element yet remaining in the Church of England. It was barely a century since the schism. [Pg 109] Bérulle, living in London or at the Court, regarding all with unfriendly and prejudiced eyes, might be surprised at the total absence of all sign or memory of the old religion. But had a man of sympathy gone about among the people, or sought the lonely valleys of Yorkshire and the remote villages of Devon and Cornwall, he would have told another tale of lingering superstitions, of ancient customs which had their root in Catholic practices. Such a man as Bishop Andrewes, who died in old age in 1626, and who was the master of Laud, is a witness that the Church revival of the seventeenth century was no more a complete innovation than that of the nineteenth century, which is associated with the names of the Tractarians, to which, in many respects, it bears so close a resemblance. But under the patronage

of the King and the Archbishop the movement developed rapidly. Altars were set up, decked in Catholic fashion, in most of the cathedrals and in many parish churches; Latin services were read at Oxford and Cambridge; books were published, such as Anthony Stafford's *Female Glory*, which might have been written by Catholic pens; a desire for a return to Catholic discipline, of which perhaps the most interesting manifestation was the Protestant nunnery at Little Gidding, was apparent in earnest Churchmen; and, above all, not only did a considerable number of conversions take place, but some of those who remained in the Anglican fold, like Bishop Goodman of Gloucester and Bishop Montague of Chichester, became enamoured of the haunting dream of corporate reunion. It is not surprising that Catholics and Puritans alike should have seen in the whole movement a tendency to a reversal of the Reformation settlement, and should equally have failed to distinguish between the staunch Anglicans, of whom Laud was the leader, and the advance-guard which really was looking to Rome. The Queen herself believed that [Pg 110]
Laud[142] was a good Catholic at heart, and there is no doubt that overtures were made to him by Catholics, while the more liberal-minded of that communion, recalling to the Pope the example of his great predecessor St. Gregory, who "did yeeld somewhat to the Britans before he could work their conversion," urged upon him the expediency of meeting half-way those erring children who already believed "the Pope of Rome to be cheefe and supreame Pastor," and of a little condescending "unto their weakness, whome unhappy errors have made infirme."[143]

Urban VIII, to whom this appeal was addressed, was one of those decorous ecclesiastics whom the counter-reformation had substituted for the more picturesque figures of Renaissance Rome. He had a kindness for Henrietta, whom he had seen when she was a baby and he was Nuncio in the French capital, on which occasion the Queen-Mother had replied to his courteous augury that the little Princess would one day be a great Queen in the prophetic words, "That will be when you are Pope." He felt a real interest in England, which he had shown in a somewhat equivocal way when, incited by Bérulle, he had urged France and Spain in 1628 to unite in attacking the faithless King of England. Circumstances, however, were now changed, and he was anxious to commend himself to Charles and Henrietta. His nephew Francesco Barberini, the Cardinal Protector of England, who shared with him the considerable, if misdirected, artistic taste of the family,[144] was equally alive to the opportunities of the hour, and he showed the King of England [Pg 111]
from time to time such attentions as were most acceptable to a monarch who was not only the patron of Rubens and Van Dyck, but was himself one of the best judges of art in Europe. Barberini allowed a large number of statues and pictures to be exported from Rome to England, while he sent over as gifts choice pictures painted by Leonardo and Correggio and other masters of the Renaissance, together with a Bacchus by the hand of the still living Guido Reni, "understanding that His Majesty was a great admirer of such curiosities."[145] Finally, he induced the haughty Bernini to sculpture the busts of the King of England and of his Queen, in which task the great sculptor is said to have read a tragic fate in the long, melancholy lines of the countenance of Charles Stuart.

But the more serious results of the intercourse between Rome and England—results which had no small influence on future events—touched another side of Henrietta's dealings with the English Catholics.

The history of the Catholic Church in England, from the Reformation onwards, is a curious mixture of heroic endurance and of sordid squabbles among those who, in the face of a common enemy, should have shown above all an united front. The disputes which raged between the secular clergy and the religious Orders on the subject of Episcopal jurisdiction were at an acute stage when Henrietta came into England, and in the course of the next few years the feeling became so bitter on both sides that the seculars did not scruple to accuse the Jesuits, the protagonists of the regulars, of heinous crimes, such as the instigation of the Powder Plot,[146] while these latter, in their turn, are said to have taken their revenge by disseminating information important to the Government which led to the banishment of the Bishop of [Pg 112]
Chalcedon.[147]

It was only natural that each party should desire the favour of the young Queen. The Jesuits, who commanded the larger following among the English Catholics, were the more objectionable to the Government and the nation, who considered them meddlers in matters of State, and who remembered, with a vividness not decreased by the Powder Plot, the career and the writings of Father Robert Parsons. Charles' dislike of them[148] was inherited from his father, who on one occasion broke off a conversation most favourable to the Catholics to assert that never should a daughter-in-law of his be under Jesuit direction. Another person whose opinion was likely to weigh with Henrietta, Father Bérulle, had so Protestant a hatred of the Society that in 1628 he used his powerful influence to prevent the dispatch to England of a Grand Almoner[149] who was believed to regard it with favour. The daughter of Henry IV must surely have felt an antipathy as strong as that of any Stuart for those whom many held responsible for her father's murder. In short, the secular clergy had some reason for hope, even setting aside the fact that the Jesuits were the soul of the pro-Spanish party which dominated English Catholicism, while they, under their pro-French Bishop, had a certain leaning to France, of which they were prepared to make the most now that a French Queen sat upon the throne of England.

It was a blow to these worthy men that they were not permitted to serve the Queen's chapel, for which office they possessed, certainly in their own eyes, every qualification.[150] It was a greater [Pg 113]
blow when, owing doubtless to the machinations of the Jesuits, the Bishop of Chalcedon was

banished.[151] But, after all, this untoward event took place while the Queen's influence was still small. As it grew, and with it the general prosperity of the Catholics, the secular clergy took heart again.

Henrietta cared little or nothing for Bishop Smith personally, and his connection with Richelieu was by this time small recommendation to her. But it galled her pride that whereas there had been a Bishop in England on her arrival now there was none, and she probably believed, what even the cautious Du Perron on one occasion admitted, that the regulars were jealous of her as a Frenchwoman, and unwilling that she should have too great honour as a mother in Israel. It was whispered among the secular clergy that the Queen was "all for the Bishop and his jurisdiction" in spite of the efforts of the Jesuits to win over not only her, but Father Philip. Their hopes were not unfounded. Henrietta was so far roused as to write a strongly worded letter to the Pope on behalf of the Bishop, who was out of favour not only with the English Government, but with the authorities at Rome. She begged the Holy Father to restore "this good father to his children,"[152] and she entreated him, in words that are no obscure hit at the Jesuits and their friends the English Catholics, not to allow so good a prelate to be oppressed by those who regarded their own interest rather than the good of religion and the union of Catholics. To strengthen her appeal she dispatched a letter at the same time to her brother's ambassador in Rome, asking [Pg 114] him[153] to use his influence in the matter. She knew that the Bishop was a *persona grata* at the French Court, where his elevation to the Cardinalate was at one time desired.

Henrietta's intervention effected nothing, and Richard Smith lived and died in an exile which was due at least as much to his fellow-Catholics as to his Protestant oppressors. But in the year following she was engaged in negotiations with the Papacy as fruitful as these had been abortive.

In 1633 a Scotch gentleman, by name Sir Robert Douglas,[154] appeared in Rome. He was a cousin of the Earl of Angus, a noted Scotch Catholic, and he was the bearer of letters from that nobleman to the Pope. But there were other and greater people responsible for his presence. Behind Angus stood the Queen of England, and behind the Queen stood her husband the King, though, as the emissary carefully explained, the latter could not openly appear in the affair, as he was not yet reconciled to the Catholic Church.

Douglas was one of those sanguine Catholics who believed Charles' conversion to be a matter of a short delay, and that then the whole nation, weary of heresy, would be only too glad to walk contentedly in the path to heaven in obedience to the Holy See. He drew a rosy picture of these prospects and of the Queen's virtues and piety as he proceeded to unfold the object of his mission, which was to induce the Pope to bestow a Cardinal's hat upon a subject of the King of England. He was even kind enough to spare the Holy Father the trouble of selection by indicating a certain George Con, a Scotch gentleman in the service of Barberini, as a worthy recipient of the honour. The nationality of this person, he hastened to point out, was all in his favour. Not only [Pg 115] was the King's partiality for his own countrymen well known, but the English Catholics were so torn asunder by their internal feuds that they would welcome the elevation of a Scotchman which would not give rise to the jealousies which would inevitably attend the promotion of a member of either of the rival parties. Such at least was the view of the Scotch envoy. It would be interesting to hear the comments of the English Catholics, who a few years earlier had described their northern brethren as almost barbarians, unable to speak the English tongue, and in every way inferior to themselves.[155]

There is no doubt that Henrietta's heart was much set upon this project, nor did she ever relax her efforts in Con's behalf until his death. It is possible that she felt the danger, which Douglas pointed out to the Pope, of her position as an uncrowned Queen in case of her husband's death, and that she thought that a Cardinal devoted to her service would be a support in such a strait. It is improbable that at this time she had ever set eyes on her candidate, though she had heard accounts which were not unfounded of his goodness and learning, and she, as well as her husband, no doubt was aware that he had given a pleasing proof of judiciously mingled loyalty and piety by writing a sympathetic biography of Charles' grandmother, Mary of Scotland.[156] But beyond any personal feeling, Henrietta always believed, though why it is a little difficult to say, that the creation of a Cardinal who was a native of Great Britain would help forward in the highest degree the cause of the Catholic Church in England. Thus she wrote to Cardinal [Pg 116] Barberini at this time and thus she wrote several years later to the Pope, expressing herself on the latter occasion very strongly and assuring the Holy Father that by complying with her wishes in the matter he would not only oblige her personally, but would give the greatest possible impetus to the cause of religion in England.[157]

The King's attitude is more difficult to determine, but there seems no reason to distrust Douglas' assertion that the project had his royal support and concurrence. Such intrigues were indeed only too congenial to his tortuous mind. Nor is the knight's statement without corroboration. Another Scot, the Earl of Stirling, who as Sir William Alexander had won a considerable reputation both as poet and statesman, and who had formerly been concerned in certain cryptic negotiations between James I and the Holy See, wrote to Rome[158] expressing his pleasure that the son was following in his father's footsteps, and urging Con's candidature on the ground that his elevation would be a matter of great satisfaction to the King.

It might be thought that the Roman authorities would welcome with *empressement* an emissary who came under such distinguished patronage. But, as a matter of fact, the reception accorded to

Sir Robert Douglas was distinctly cool. The King of England's conduct had not been such as to inspire confidence, and the Jesuits in Rome and elsewhere were still busily representing him "as the greatest persecutor that ever was."[159] It was suggested that his friendly attitude to the Papacy was only a ruse to secure the restoration of the Palatinate to his sister's husband. Even the Queen was not regarded with great favour. It was believed in certain quarters that she was rather indifferent to Catholic interests, an impression which may have arisen partly from the favour which she showed to a Puritan clique, of which the Earl of Holland was the principal member,[160] and partly from her acquiescence in her husband's wish that their children should receive Anglican baptism.[161] Perhaps the Pope and Cardinal Barberini did not share this view, as they had read with great interest an account of the laying of the foundation-stone of the new chapel at Somerset House, which the judicious Du Perron had written to a compatriot in Rome, who with equal tact passed it on to the Holy Father.[162] [Pg 117]

But there is no doubt that the Queen's insistent requests for the creation of a Cardinal did her no service, either now or later, with Urban VIII and his nephews. Many surmises were rife in Rome as to Douglas and his mission. He might be an agent of the secular clergy. The whole thing might be a deep-laid plan of Richelieu to secure the Cardinalate for his creature the Bishop of Chalcedon, who was certainly an English subject, and on whose behalf the Queen of England had written only a year earlier. There seems to have been no intention of granting Henrietta's request, and the kind letters which the Pope wrote to her and to Father Philip, saying how pleased he was to hear of their piety and virtue, were more lavish of compliments than of promises.

Nevertheless Douglas' mission was not unsuccessful. The Pope talked over English affairs with him freely, and the result was that in the spring of 1634 Gregorio Panzani set out for England. [Pg 118]

Panzani was a priest of the Italian Oratory, and his ostensible mission in England was to heal the long-standing feud between the secular clergy and the religious Orders, and to remedy certain irregularities of morals and discipline which specially affected the younger religious and the London clergy who were unable to resist the seductions of heretical society. It is probable that the Pope and Cardinal Barberini desired these ends. It is certain that they saw in the state of affairs a convenient cloak to cover different and more important designs.

For Panzani was not in London without the connivance of the King and the express desire of the Queen, who had arranged the matter with her husband. "I have no objection," said Charles, "as long as things are done quietly and matters of State are not meddled with; but I do not wish it said that the Pope has sent an agent to the King of England."[163]

This was said, of course, and perhaps not altogether to the dissatisfaction of Panzani and those who sent him. Nevertheless he behaved with great discretion, and was liked by everybody, except the Jesuits, to whose pretensions he was greatly opposed, and whose ill opinion was an advantage to him rather than otherwise in dealing with the King and the people. On the advice of the sage Father Philip he refused to express any opinion on the thorny question of the lawfulness of taking the oath of allegiance[164] to the King, thus following the example of the Capuchin Fathers, who were wont to tell inquirers that they knew nothing of the matter, and that it would be well to seek other advisers; altogether so judicious was his conduct that he was described as "a person greatly to be esteemed for his many vertues and religious life and great zeale and industry for the advancem^t of the Catholick cause in this Country."[165] He was able, towards the end of his stay, to do the Catholics a notable service by persuading the King to dismiss the pursuivants, the most odious instruments of the recusancy laws, comparable to the familiars of the Spanish Inquisition, and to leave the prosecution of recusants in the hands of the justices of the peace. [Pg 119]

About this time the hopes of the Catholics were rising high, both at home and in the Eternal City. They believed, with touching simplicity, that the wise policy of the King had almost destroyed the hated sect of the Puritans, "which formerly was stronger."[166] The centenary of the schism was not allowed to pass without meaning allusions. From the pulpit of the Queen's chapel at Somerset House, Du Perron commented on the occasion with even more than his wonted suavity. Continual accounts were sent to Rome of the mildness of the King, of the changing character of the Church of England, and, above all, of the piety and zeal of the Queen. She was described as "a Princess on whom God and nature have bestowed most rare gifts," whose "sweete and vertuous carriage, her religious zeale and constant devotions have purchased unto herselfe love and admiration from all the Court and Kingdome, and unto the Catholique Religion (which she piously pfesseth) great respect and honor. She is," added the writer in a glow of enthusiasm, "Una beata de Casa, for whose sake Heaven, I hope, doth intend many blessings towards our Country."[167] Cardinal Barberini rewarded these shining qualities by writing flattering letters to Henrietta, and by sending to her some relics of an obscure Roman lady named Martina, whose martyred body had recently been dug up in an ancient church dedicated to her memory. [Pg 120]

Nor were Panzani's accounts less satisfactory; the King received him with great kindness, and openly expressed his regret for the schism between the Churches. "I would rather have lost my hand than it had happened," he said on one occasion. He showed an unexpected reverence for relics, and much interest in a remarkable book[168] written by a liberal-minded Catholic, Father Santa Clara, of the Order of S. Francis, which foreshadowed the famous "Tract 90" of later days. "The book pleases the King and some of the nobles of this Kingdom very much,"[169] wrote the envoy, and he begged on this ground that it might not be condemned at Rome, where (as well as in certain Catholic circles in England) its liberality had given offence. Nor were others more backward than the King. These were the days of the hopes of reunion, at which Santa Clara's book had not obscurely glanced; the days in which the appeal to the Pope, described above, was drawn up. Panzani was less sanguine than some of the English Catholics, and, in particular, seems to have appreciated Laud's real attitude towards the Church of Rome.[170] But he had much to tell of interesting conversations on religious subjects with Windbank, who assured him that the Jesuits and the Puritans were the only real obstacle in the path of unity, and with Anglican clergy of advanced views such as Bishop Montagu, who appeared a little surprised that [Pg 121] the Roman ecclesiastic did not agree very warmly to his assertion that there could be no doubt of the validity of his Orders.

And the Holy See was to have another proof of Henrietta's zeal and of her husband's compliance. It was not enough that an agent of the Pope should dwell in London; an agent of the Queen of England was to go to Rome, and in dispatching him she was to realize a long-cherished wish.

The first person selected for this delicate post was a gentleman named Brett, who died on his journey to Italy. He was succeeded by a Scotchman, Sir William Hamilton, brother of the Earl of Abercorn, who arrived in Rome in the early summer of 1636. The Queen had given him a letter of introduction to Barberini, which ensured him a good reception at the Papal Court, thus described in a private letter:—

"Last Monday Sir William Hamilton had his first audience of his Holiness who receaved him with very greate signes of joy, he is exceeding well liked of here by all and indeed I think he will give as good satisfaction as any that could have been sent from England. Cardl. Barberini hath presented him with tow very faire horses for his coache. He keeps correspondence with the Secretarye of State Winebanck ... and useth F. Jhon the Benedictine his meanes to conveye these letters, but this must be kept secrett to yourself only."[171]

It appears that the Queen was obliged to exercise a good deal of pressure before her husband would consent to the establishment of this agency. Blind as Charles was to the dangers surrounding him on all sides, he may well have been aware of some of the difficulties attendant on a course of action which led to such communication between an English Secretary of State [Pg 122] and an agent accredited to the Court of Rome.

The success which attended these first bold attempts to establish relations between the Holy See and the Court of England encouraged further efforts. It was felt that Panzani, after all, had obvious disadvantages for the post which, nevertheless, he had filled with such promising results. He was an Italian, and foreigners were not liked in the British Isles. He could talk no English, and this was a drawback to one whose work was, in a sense, missionary. He had done his part in spying out the land. He must now yield his place to a successor, who, not handicapped by race and language, would be able to reap the fields already ripe to harvest.

That successor was none other than the candidate of the King and the Queen for the Cardinalate, George Con, the Scot, Canon of S. John Lateran in Rome, who arrived in England in the early part of 1636.

In a sense, no better appointment could have been made. The new envoy was a singularly fascinating person, whose long residence in the country which was still the intellectual and artistic centre of Europe had added an urbane culture to the prudence and moderation which were the gifts of his Scottish birth. Less opposed to the Jesuits than Panzani, he was better able to deal with the pro-Spanish English Catholics, who still had a lurking distrust of the Queen, while he was too wise to be drawn into their schemes. A scholar and a courtier, he knew how to commend himself to the Protestants of the Court, and, above all, to the King, who evinced a real liking for him. "I hope," said the envoy to him upon one occasion, "that my being a good servant to the Pope and to Cardinal Barberini will not prejudice me with your Majesty." Charles quickly gave him his hand, and said earnestly, "No, Giorgio, no, always be assured of this."[172] The [Pg 123] Queen's feeling to him was even warmer. Indeed, it may be said that George Con took his place among the little group of her personal friends. His Scotch birth was no less a recommendation to her than to Charles himself, for she so well remembered the ancient tie between her own land and the northern kingdom that she was wont to show an injudicious partiality, which did not tend to her popularity in England, for those who came from beyond the Tweed. She was prejudiced in his favour before his arrival, and she found him even more pious and charming than she had anticipated, so that both she and the King gradually received him to such intimacy and confidence that he seemed almost like one of the royal household.

It is not surprising that, under the spell of this fascinating personality, Henrietta's Catholic zeal should have attained to a fervour unknown before, which annoyed and alarmed even her own Protestant servants, such as Sir Theodore Mayerne, who expressed his views on the matter to Con himself. The envoy, indeed, had come at a fortunate moment. Already Portland was dead, and the Queen was beginning to tread the path of influence and intrigue. She found in him not only a friend who warmly encouraged her efforts, but an efficient helper in her schemes, for what had become, in her own words, her "strongest passion, the advancement of the Catholic religion in this country."[173] Moreover, he showed himself a true friend by attempting to correct the opinion which was rife in Rome as well as in France, that the quiet enjoyed by the Catholics was due rather to political reasons than to her influence.[174] Perhaps he had some success; certainly [Pg 124] prayers were offered for her in Rome, and a beautiful golden heart studded with gems, which she sent by the hands of one of her Capuchin Fathers to the Holy House of Loretto, was looked upon in papal circles "as the pledge of the greatness of the devout and pious heart"[175] that was doing so much for the Catholics of England.

Con's dispatches are written in much the same strain as those of Panzani. They tell of kindness, of religious sympathy, of even greater royal favour, of the King's evident sympathy with Catholicism—how on one occasion he said, "I, too, am a Catholic," how on another his talk with the Queen on religious subjects was such that it would hardly be credited at Rome; of the success which attended the distribution among the ladies of the Court of the pretty religious trifles such as rosaries and pictures, which the care of Cardinal Barberini had sent over; of the Queen's delight in a cross sent to her by the Pope—how she always wore it, and how she said that it was the most precious thing she possessed; of the favour shown to Father Sancta Clara at Court, and by Windbank—how it had even been proposed that he should preach a sermon in the Queen's chapel about the anniversary of the Powder Plot, "to exculpate the Catholics from treason against Princes"; how even the Jesuits acknowledged that never since the days of the negotiation for the Spanish match had the Catholics enjoyed such peace. Nevertheless, Con was too sagacious not to be able to read in some measure the signs of the times. "God only knows how long this calm will last," he wrote.[176]

It was unfortunate that a person who seemed so admirably fitted for his post should have been obliged to relinquish his task half done. But the rigours of the northern climate told so severely on a constitution long accustomed to the suns of Italy that in 1639 Con was obliged to think of turning his steps southward, for not even the distinguished attentions he received in his sickness from the King, the Queen, and the nobility availed to cure him. He reached Rome, but he only recrossed the Alps to die before he could place on his head the Cardinal's hat, which had been so much striven for. On his death-bed he thought of Henrietta, and begged Cardinal Barberini, who was by his side, to send her a little picture of the Virgin as a recognition of his gratitude for her kindness, and as a memorial of their friendship. [Pg 125]

But already the shadows of the Civil War were beginning to close about the Queen. The bright hopes which had marked the days of Con's sojourn in England were becoming haunting fears, which, in their turn, were to give place to feelings as like despair as such natures as Henrietta's can know.

It was probably a sad surprise to the Queen when, on the eve of the war, she discovered the intensity of the hatred with which her faith was regarded by a large section of her husband's subjects. Sagacious foreigners knew something of it. "The Puritans hate the Catholics as much as the Devil,"[177] wrote Tillières frankly as early as 1624. But in the Queen's Court all mention of such ill-bred persons and factions was avoided, unless some wit cracked a joke at their expense. It is true that a few of the great nobles were Puritans, but during the years of Charles' triumph their opinions were expressed with moderation, and most of the courtiers appeared rather inclined to the fashionable Protestant variety of faith which the King, the Ministers, and the higher clergy professed. The real strength of Puritanism was in the lower middle-class, a section of the community with which the Queen was not likely to come in personal contact, and which, partly perhaps for this very reason, she was never able to conquer. Her refusal to be crowned with her husband gave bitter offence, and was to cost her dear in the future. Discontented spirits muttered to themselves that the King might be murdered as Henry IV had been, "and then the Queen might mar all."[178] When in 1629 prayers were offered in the Church for the birth of an heir to the throne, scarcely a man could be found to answer Amen; and even after the birth of a Prince there were mutterings that God had already provided for the nation in the hopeful issue of the Queen of Bohemia. Ill-bred Puritan ministers, in the outspoken theological language of the day, prayed for the conversion of the Popish Queen; and as the Catholic revival developed, to dislike and disapproval was added the more potent force of fear. [Pg 126]

The language of the *Grand Remonstrance* and of many other contemporary documents leaves no doubt that there was a widespread belief in the existence of a plot managed by the "engineers and factors of Rome," of whom the Queen was one of the chief,[179] to capture the country and the Church of England. The signs in the national establishment which raised the hopes of the Catholics became a terror to the Puritans. It was no wonder. As Du Perron said from the other point of view, it was but a century since the schism, and the Anglican Church had not yet the stability which comes from time, so that the idea of its reconciliation to Rome was less chimerical than in later times. Nor had the attempts to make Protestantism co-extensive with the nation been altogether successful. It is probable that Richelieu overrated the importance of the English Catholics, but, nevertheless, the trouble he took to conciliate them bears witness to the light in which they were regarded in the best-informed circles on the Continent. Not a few of them were men of position and wealth, and their number was certainly considerable; it probably reached at least 150,000,[180] or three in every hundred,[181] and one Catholic reporter says that in Lancashire and Yorkshire as many as a third of the population adhered to the old faith.[182] The Archbishop of Embrun, who was in England in the latter days of James, is said to have confirmed in London as many as 10,000 persons. Another witness,[183] who had some opportunities for forming a judgment, believed that a third of the nation was either openly or secretly Catholic, and that another third, the Protestant part of the Church of England, only remained in schism from fear of the recusancy laws, and though this estimate is of course grossly exaggerated, it is significant as showing the opinions which were prevalent. The loudly expressed hopes of the [Pg 127]

Catholics reacted upon the fears of the Puritans, who saw in them not only the proof of the power of their open foes, but a confirmation of their worst suspicions regarding their more secret enemies in the Church of England. Laud, the most loyal of Anglican Churchmen, did not recognize his mistake until it was too late. Charles, who was always a good Protestant, or in modern parlance a High Churchman, perhaps never recognized his even when it led him to the scaffold. [Pg 128]

The recklessness with which the King gave colour to the suspicions of the Puritans is indeed remarkable. The husband of a Catholic Queen, the son of a lady whose Protestantism was far from unimpeachable, he had recognized in early life the necessity of caution; he had no belief in the claims of the Church of Rome, and probably felt its attraction less strongly than his father, whose grandiose imagination was struck by its great claims and long history. Yet he showed marked favour to Roman ecclesiastics such as Du Perron, he allowed the triumphant ceremonies of Somerset House, and he sanctioned the almost open exercise of Catholic worship, only from time to time showing a feeble concession to the feeling of the country by such measures as forbidding the English Catholics to frequent the chapels of the ambassadors, and by issuing a proclamation which at the Queen's prayers he deprived of most of its force. There is, of course, only one sufficient explanation of his conduct. He was, it is true, like others of his family, a believer in a certain kind of toleration. He thought it a base thing for a man to change his religion, and he considered that any Christian might be saved. He was also, except when actuated by feelings of revenge, a merciful man to whom persecution was distasteful, and there were probably moods in which he imagined himself a second Henry IV, under whose paternal sway the rival religions could live at peace; but the real reason of his tenderness to the Catholics was his love for his wife. As in the old days Buckingham could make him do anything, so in later times could Henrietta Maria. Her tears, her smiles, her caresses won boon after boon for her co-religionists, until she wrung from him the last, the most disastrous concession of all. No single act was more fatal to his throne or more prejudicial to the ultimate interests of the Catholics than [Pg 129] the establishment of the agency which brought into England Panzani, Con, and later Rosetti; as these worthy men rolled about London in their fine carriages, secure in the royal favour, and none daring to make them afraid, they believed that they were helping forward the conversion of England. In reality, they were riveting for more than a century longer the chains of the English Catholics.

As for Henrietta herself, she was unfortunate in religious as in other matters. It is hardly too much to say that she pulled down her husband's throne to help her co-religionists, and yet in the light of future events it must be gravely questioned whether the progress of Catholicism under her protection was not too dearly bought by the terror and hatred which it inspired in the English mind, and whether in the end the Church was advanced by her coming into England. On the other hand, she had just sufficient moderation (which showed itself particularly in her recognition of the impossibility of bringing up her children in her own faith) to render her slightly suspect to the more fanatical Catholics in Rome and elsewhere. When the hour of need came the English Catholics, recalling her benefits and dreading above all things the domination of the Puritans, did indeed for the most part rally loyally round her; but on the Continent it was chiefly remembered that she was the devoted wife of a heretic King, whose qualified mercy so prized at home seemed abroad but a mockery of the hopes of the royal marriage.[184]

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[104] *Continuation of Weekly Newes*, No. 43, 1624.

[105] The following extract from J. Evelyn's *State of France* (1652) shows the opinion which cultivated Protestants held of French Catholics:—

> "The Roman Catholicks of France are nothing so precise, secret and bigotish as are either the Recusants of England, Spain and Italy, but are for the most part an indifferent sort of Christian, naturally not so superstitious and devout, nor in such Vassallage to his Holinesse as in other parts of Europe where the same opinions are professed: which indifferency, whether I may approve of or condemn, I need not declare here."

[106] See Avenel: *Lettres de Richelieu, passim.* The importance of winning over the English Catholics is dwelt upon in the instructions given to ambassadors; see also the memorial on the state of England drawn up by Fontenay-Mareuil, in 1634, which dwells upon the pro-Spanish tendencies of the English Catholics and the means of overcoming them: those English Catholics who desired benefits from France were wont to consider, "that whereas the Catholics of England have been traduced to be all of the Spanish faction, that is a mere calumny."—Archives of the See of Westminster.

[107] The original of this letter is preserved among the Archives of the See of Westminster.

[108] During the singing of the hymns and psalms he knelt down, and during the prayers he said his rosary: "Cela édifia fort les Catholiques Anglais qui ne manquoient pas d'épier les actions des ministres de France, pour les rapporter aux Espagnols avec lesquels ils étoient fort unis."—*Mémoires de Brienne (Ville-aux-clercs), Petitot* (1824), p. 391.

[109] Bib. Nat., MS. Dupuy, 144.

[110] Bib. Ste Geneviève, Paris, MS. 820. Tillières to Puisieux, January 9th, 1624.

[111] He seems to have been much liked by the English Catholics; he is said to have held a special commission to advance their interests. P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[112] Arch. Nat., M. 232.

[113] Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 44. This document goes on to say that the request of the Parliament for the execution of the recusancy laws was founded "sur la crainte des Espagnols desquels les Catholiques sont tenus pour fauteurs et pensionnaires," and also in the fear that the liberty promised at the time of the marriage would enable the Catholics "de faire quelque entreprise contre le bien de l'Estat." Dod, in his *Church History*, gives the names of only two priests who suffered the death penalty during the years of Charles' power.

[114] See the letters which, just before her marriage, she wrote to her brother the King of France and to the Pope on this subject. Green: *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, pp. 8, 9.

[115] P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[116] Charles wished Father Philip to be consecrated Bishop, but this suggestion did not meet with the approval of the French Government. Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 43.

[117] P.R.O. French Transcripts.

[118] "Je ne dis rien de l'assiduite de ces pères a ouir les confessions depuis six heures du matin iusques a midi et demy, l'assistance qu'ils rendoyent aux malades et aux prisonniers. . . ."—Henrietta Maria to Card. Barberini, 1658. P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[119] A translation of these memoirs is published at the end of the *Court and Times of Charles I*; they are inaccurate in detail, and though amusing reading, do not give a high opinion of the intellect of the writer.

[120] Panzani: P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[121] Salvetti: Add. MS., 27,962, I, f. 263.

[122] Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 47.

[123] A chapel had been built at St. James's at an earlier date; the "new chapel at St. James's" is mentioned in 1630.

[124] "Les royales ceremonies faites en l'edification d'une chapelle de Capucins a Londres en Angleterre dans le Palais de la Roine; faite par son commandement et par la permission du Roy; en laquelle chapelle elle a posé la premiere pierre."—Paris, 1632.

[125] "Si cette genereuse Princesse, soeur du plus juste et du plus vaillant de tous les roys . . . s'est ainsi acquise ceste liberté de conscience chez elle, pensez-vous qu'elle en demeure la? et qu'elle ne l'acquiere pas bien tost en faveur de tous les Catholiques qui sont en Angleterre."—*Ibid.*

[126] The French were inclined from experience in their own land to believe that Protestants and Catholics could live peaceably together. See *Remonstrance au roy d'Angleterre sur la miserable condition des Catholiques ses subjects en comparaison du favorable traictement que Huguenots recoivent en France*. MDCXXVIII.

[127] Arch. Nat., M. 232. The letter is endorsed "coppie d'une lettre dressée par le R. P. Général pour la Reyne Mère à la Reyne d'Angleterre."

[128] Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 44.

[129] The Queen's attempts to soften her husband's heart towards the Scotch Catholics are mentioned in *Memoirs of Scottish Catholics during Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*, by W. Forbes Leith, S.J.

[130] P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[131] The French translation of this petition is entitled: "Remonstrance et Declaration des Catholiques Anglais faites au roi d'Angleterre à son Couronnement du royaume d'Escosse."

"Pour obtenir de sa Majesté la Liberté de la Religion Catholique dans l'estendue de ses royaumes" (1633).

[132] Tillières (see his *Mémoires*) believed that the Queen, during the years of Weston's power, could have obtained much more liberty for the Catholics than she did had she been willing to work with him: he dwells, as do Salvetti (Add. MS., 27,962) and Fontenay-Mareuil (*Mémoires*), upon the favour she showed to Puritans; the latter says that the peace of the Catholics came from their insignificance between the nearly equal parties of the Protestants and the Puritans, but his personal hostility to Henrietta may have made him unwilling to give her the credit which in this matter she certainly deserved.

[133] Archives of See of Westminster: *Summarium de rebus religionis in Anglia*, 1632.

[134] P.R.O. Roman Transcripts. As early as 1629 a letter from London speaks of the confidence of the Catholics in the protection of the Queen—"gia piu volte isperimentata" (*ibid*).

[135] "Elle [Henrietta Maria] edifia ce Temple magnifique dans son Palais de Somerset ou les Pères Capucins qu'elle y logea chanterent en toute liberté les louanges de Dieu. La s'assembloient comme dans le Temple de Jerusalem, tous les fidèles d'Angleterre: là Jésus-Christ étoit offert à Dieu son père dans le très auguste Sacrifice: la se préschoient hautement les veritez Catholiques: là les Sacrémens s'administroient: là se vendroient à la porte les livres saints: là tous les jours le pavé s'étoit baigne de larmes de joye et de douleur des justes et pécheurs penitents: là les enfans venoient adorer le Dieu de leurs Pères: là s'abjuroit publiquement le schisme et le heresie: là le Pape étoit honore comme le Vicaire de Jésus-Christ: là les Images, les Huiles saintes, les prières pour les Morts

estoient en usage et en respect: la en un mot l'Arche Vivante renversoit Dagon sur terre: là elle exercoit ses jugements sur les Philistines: là elle triomphoit des faux Dieux de Samarie."—François Faure, Oraison Funèbre de Henriette Marie de France, Reyne de la Grande Bretagne (1670).

[136] Henrietta Maria speaks of nine hundred persons converted by the Capuchins, besides some ministers. P.R.O. Roman Transcripts. Henrietta Maria to Cardinal Barberini, 1658. Du Perron says that every year between two and three hundred persons were converted by means of the Capuchins and the Oratorians, and that besides a large number were converted by English priests working under the protection of the toleration.

[137] See Memoirs of Père Cyprien de Gamache.

[138] Prynne, *Popish Royal Favourite*.

[139] The King contented himself with taking one-third instead of two-thirds of the property of recusants.

[140] Archives of See of Westminster.

[141] Bishop Hacket: *Memoirs of the Life of Archbishop Williams* (1715), p. 87.

[142] Madame de Motteville, in the account of the troubles of England, which she heard from Henrietta Maria, says, "l'Archevêque de Cantorberi qui dans son cœur étant très bon Catholique...."—*Mémoires de Mme. de Motteville* (1783), t. 1, p. 242.

Heylin, who knew a good deal of Laud's mind, says: "I hold it probable enough that the better to oblige the Queen unto him (of whose prevailing in the King's affections he [Laud] could not be ignorant), he might consent to Con's coming hither over from the Pope."—*Cyprianus Anglicanus*, IV, p. 411.

[143] Archives of See of Westminster.

[144] Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini.

[145] Panzani: *Memoirs*, ed. Berington (1793), p. 191.

[146] Archives of See of Westminster.

[147] This statement rests on the authority of Panzani, who had a considerable prejudice against the Jesuits.

[148] Père Suffren, the confessor of Mary de' Medici, seems to have been the only Jesuit whom he ever regarded with favour.

[149] Jean Jaubert de Barrault, Bishop of Bazas.

[150] "Les religieux et particulierement les Jesuites sont estimes en Angleterre broullons, aux affaires destat et les Prestres seculiers n'ont iammais estés soubsonés de ceste faulte."—Archives of See of Westminster.

[151] The Proclamation against the Bishop dates from 1628, but it seems only to have been intended to frighten him; he did not leave England until 1631.

[152] P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[153] Archives of See of Westminster. Bishop Smith had compromised his position at Rome by expressing himself willing to resign his See and afterwards refusing to do so.

[154] The details of Douglas' mission are to be found in papers among the Roman Transcripts P.R.O.

[155] Archives of See of Westminster. This unfavourable description occurs in a curious paper, drawn up in 1625, headed: "Que les ecclesiastiques qui seront aupres de la Royne d'Angleterre doivent etre natives d'Angleterre mesme." A later section of the same paper is headed: "Que les ecclesiastiques qui seront aupres de la Royne d'Angleterre doivent plustost estre Prestres seculiers que Religieux." See note 1 on p. 113, which contains an extract from the same paper.

[156] *Vita Mariæ Stuartæ Scotiæ Reginæ Dotariæ Galliæ, Angliæ et Hibernis Heredis, scriptore Georgia Conæo.* MDCXXIV.

[157] P.R.O. Roman Transcripts. Henrietta Maria to Urban VIII, 163-8/9.

[158] P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[159] Archives of See of Westminster.

[160] See chapter III.

[161] She never made any great effort to bring up her children as Catholics. She took Prince Charles to Mass sometimes, but desisted at her husband's request. In the marriage contract all that was said about the religion of the children of the marriage was, that they were to have free exercise of the Catholic religion, but it was provided that they were to be brought up by their mother until they reached the age of thirteen years.

[162] Bib. Nat., Paris, MS. Cinq Cents de Colbert, 356. Greffier to Du Perron, December 9th, 1632.

[163] P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[164] There were two oaths which troubled the Catholics, that of supremacy and that of allegiance; the first declared the King "supremo Capo della Chiesa Anglicana," the second was aimed at the deposing power of the Pope, and was drawn up in 1606. A good

many Catholics, particularly the Benedictines, believed that the second, or oath of allegiance, could lawfully be taken by Catholics (who suffered commercially from their refusal) notwithstanding its condemnation by Paul V. Panzani's Relazione, Add. MS., 15,389.

[165] Archives of See of Westminster.

[166] *Ibid.*

[167] *Ibid.*

[168] *Deus, Natura, Gratia* (1635). The real name of the author was Christopher Davenport; he died in 1680.

[169] Archives of See of Westminster.

[170] "Il Laboru sacerdote secolare m'ha detto che pochi giorni sono il Cantuarieuse diose alia Duchessa di Buchingam che presto questo Regno sarà reconciliata alia Chiesa Romana. Io non volevo credere questo ma detto Laboru me l'ha giurato. Io manco lo credo e se l'ha detto havrà burlato."—Panzani to Barberini, April 9th, 1636. Add. MS., 15,389.

[171] Archives of See of Westminster. Letter of Peter Fitton, agent of English secular clergy in Rome, July, 1636.

[172] Add. MS., 15,389.

[173] P.R.O. Roman Transcripts. Henrietta Maria to Cardinal Barberini, October, 1637.

[174] "Da questo e da altri motivi puotiamo vedere che la quiete che godiamo per la gratia di Dio non e per ragione del Stato come alcuni politici a Roma discorrono, perche tal quiete non e giudicata a proposito da questi ministri di Stato ma piu presto il contrario accio che tanto piu apparisca il zelo constante della Regina alla quale sola in terra si deve tutto."—June, 1639. Add. MS., 15,392, f. 64.

[175] P.R.O. Roman Transcripts. In 1629 she had accepted the dedication of the English translation of Richeome's *Pilgrime of Loretto*.

[176] Add. MS., 15,389.

[177] MS. Français, 23,597.

[178] Rous: *Diary*, Camden Soc. (1856), p. 12.

[179] Cf. Prynne: *Popish Royal Favourite* (1643). "By all these our whole 3 Kingdomes ... must of necessity now see and acknowledge that there is and hath bin all his Majesties Reigne till this instant a most strong cunning desperate confederacie prosecuted (wherein the Queens Majestie hath been chiefe) to set up Popery in perfection and extirpate the Protestant party and religion in all his Majesties dominions" (p. 35).

[180] 150,000 is the number given by a Catholic reporter in 1635 (Westminster Archives), and Panzani gives the same number. Add. MS., 15,389.

[181] The population of England and Wales was probably about 5,000,000.

[182] Archives of See of Westminster.

[183] Du Perron: *Proces Verbal de l'assemblée du clerge*, 1645.

[184] It can hardly be doubted that when the marriage dispensation was given it was hoped that Charles' successor would be a Catholic. The English Catholics resident abroad shared to some extent the continental opinion of the King and Queen of England.

CHAPTER V
THE QUEEN'S CONVERTS

Now for my converts who, you say, unfed,
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread,
Judge not by hearsay, but observe at least,
If since their change their loaves have been increas'd.
J. Dryden

Considering the activity of the Catholics at the Court of Charles I and his Queen, it is not surprising that from time to time some one, man or woman, abjured the national faith to enter what it was so confidently asserted was the one true fold. When this occurred Protestant feeling was apt to run high, and the King, to whose indulgence the trouble was certainly in some measure due, usually expressed himself greatly shocked and indignant, and for a time, at least, withdrew his favour from the offender.

Perhaps the most remarkable of these cases was that of the Queen's friend, Walter Montagu. This gentleman, who had improved his natural talents by travels which led him to Madrid, to Paris and to Rome, was also much noticed by the King, to whom he was recommended by the fact that he had been a friend of Buckingham, and had actually been with the Duke when he was assassinated at Portsmouth. He was employed a good deal on secret service, and once he was able to render an important service, destined to influence both their lives, to Queen Anne of Austria. He had been sent by his own sovereign to stir up Savoy and Lorraine against France, and not even his position as envoy of England could save him or his dispatches from the emissaries of Richelieu or [Pg 131] from the Bastille. Anne was implicated in these intrigues against her husband's country, and in an agony of terror, haunted by visions of the ignominious return to Spain with which she had several times been threatened, she sent to Montagu to learn the extent of her danger. The young Englishman, who had long worshipped the beautiful Queen,[185] gladly seized the opportunity of proving his devotion. Let the Queen have no fear, came back his chivalrous answer; she was not mentioned in the dispatches, and rather than that she should come to harm he would lay down his life. This sacrifice was not required, but Anne escaped detection and Montagu earned her lifelong gratitude. On his return to England after his enlargement, he made rapid progress in the favour of Henrietta Maria in spite of the connection with Buckingham, which can hardly have been a recommendation to her. So great was the kindness with which she regarded him, that no courtier seemed to have before him a more prosperous career, when towards the end of 1635 the Court was startled by the news that he had joined the Church of Rome. "Sure the Devil rides him,"[186] was the pithy comment of one of his acquaintance, John Ashburnham.

Walter, who at this time was living in Paris, defended his action in a highly argumentative letter which he addressed to his father, but which he took care to have distributed among his friends in many copies. The Earl of Manchester, who was said to be the best-tempered man in England, does not seem to have been able to support this vexation with equanimity, and he sent a somewhat acrid reply to his son, whose apologetics were also refuted by Lucius, Lord Falkland. [Pg 132] Montagu had often enjoyed the intellectual hospitality of Great Tew, where men of wit and learning were accustomed to gather round this accomplished young nobleman, who was the more fitted for his task of controversy, inasmuch as his mother, his brothers and his sisters were among the "revolters to Rome," while his own fidelity to the Church of England had been for a while gravely in question.

But before Montagu received the remonstrances and arguments of his friends (which, as usually happens in such cases, proved quite unavailing), he had met with an adventure which connects his change of faith with one of the most curious episodes in the religious history of the period.

At this time all France was talking of the terrible fate of the Ursuline nuns at Loudun, who were manifestly possessed by the devil, and of the wonderful exorcisms whereby certain holy men were able to overcome his wiles and machinations. It was quite a fashionable amusement to ride out to Loudun, visit the "possessed," and witness the ceremonies of exorcism; and one day at the end of November, 1635, Montagu, accompanied by Thomas Killigrew, a literary friend whom he had met in Paris, set off and arrived in due course at the convent of which Satan had made his stronghold. There the two Englishmen, who were provided with a letter of introduction from the Archbishop of Tours, saw some of the marvels which are recorded in the *Histoire des Diables de Loudun*. The poor possessed nuns crawled about before them gnawing and bellowing like wild beasts and uttering fearful blasphemies, until the devil was forced to relinquish his prey by the application of various relics and the recitation of appropriate prayers. Strangers were always welcome at these spectacles, though sometimes they came away calling the poor nuns "impostorious," an epithet applied to them by honest John Evelyn, who knew them but by repute; but Montagu, as an Englishman of noble birth high in the favour of the Queen of France, was [Pg 133] treated with special distinction, Father Surin, the exorcist, who had been told by the Archbishop of Tours "so to manage matters that the English lord might receive edification,"[187] even permitting him to hold the hand of one of the most distinguished of the patients, Mother des Anges, from whom eventually four demons were chased. On this occasion she was possessed by an evil spirit named Balaam, who had boasted that on his exit he would print his name upon his victim's hand. But the good Father, "judging it more proper that a religious person should bear on her hand the name of a saint than that of a devil,"[188] forced him to another course of action. As Montagu gazed upon the poor struggling woman, who required several persons to hold her in her paroxysm, he beheld, as he had been led to expect, the name of Joseph write itself on the back of her hand in small red dots. This strange occurrence, which seemed to him explicable on no natural ground, impressed his mind as much as it was intended that it should,[189] and he convert returned to Paris with an increased appreciation of the advantages of belonging to a [Pg 134] Church which held in her hand the power of such marvels. He hastened to communicate his impressions to Richelieu, who took an interest in the nuns, and who was wont to extend a condescending patronage to the Englishman, whom in his heart he despised and distrusted. "I have seen at Loudun," wrote the new convert after relating his experiences, "proofs so miraculous of the power of the Church that above my belief I owe to God perpetual gratitude"; nor, he added, was he alone in his admiration. Several Englishmen "who were possessed by a spirit of falsehood and contradiction"[190] had come away confessing with him that the matter was miraculous. His friend Killigrew was not, it seems, one of these convicted gainsayers. The poet left Loudun quite unconvinced and rather sceptical about the whole affair, though he confessed that he could not account for the print on the nun's hand.[191]

Montagu's prospects of a great career in the service of the King were over. He loudly asserted his loyalty, but probably he hardly needed his father's stern reminder that though "the King's benignitie and goodnesse is always to interpret the best," yet "his Majestie hath a better opinion of those that are bred such [i.e. Catholics] than of those who become such by relapse."[192]

In effect, the King from that moment turned his back upon his servant, whom, it seems, he had [Pg 135] never personally much liked. Not even the memory of Buckingham could cover such a failure of loyalty and patriotism.

But Walter was not to suffer by a change of faith, which some people, and among them Cardinal Richelieu (whom the convert's account of his experiences left untouched), were not slow to attribute to self-interest rather than to religious feeling. The Queen had always been fond of him on account of his singular charm of manner, which often fascinated even his enemies, and after his conversion she admitted him to a degree of intimacy and confidence which more than made up for the coldness of the King. It was felt, indeed, that for a while he had better remain upon the Continent, and he spent a pleasant time in Paris, where he showed his zeal for his new-found faith by professing himself ready to die for it, and by accompanying the King of France to Mass with a rosary hung round his neck. Thence he passed on to Turin, where he met with a warm reception from Henrietta's sister Christine, whose acquaintance he had made some years earlier when he was in Savoy as secret agent for the King of England. Now he was able to present to the Duchess a warm letter of introduction from her sister, and it appears that he did her some trifling service which led to a pleasant correspondence between the Courts of England and Savoy.

"Pardon me," wrote Henrietta, "that I have not written to you earlier ... to thank you ... for the favours which you have shown to Wat Montague. I know that you have done it for my sake, though truly he merits them for his own. He does nothing but praise the honours which you have done him, and I believe that he for his part would gladly lose his life for your service.... I am very glad that Wat has been able to do you some service. I am sure that he has done it with all his heart. As for his melancholy humour, that is perhaps some scruple of conscience which he will [Pg 136] lose at Rome. Besides, he is not naturally very gay."[193]

He went to Rome, and whether he lost his scruples there or not he enjoyed himself very much, keeping a household of seven servants, dining at the English College with the prestige of a recent convert, and cultivating the further acquaintance of the Barberini who, when he was in the city before, had shown him distinguished attentions, which they now felt had not been thrown away. The Pope, who "was as much a pretender to be oecumenical patron of poets as Head of the Church,"[194] liked a convert who was also a wit, while Cardinal Francesco honoured his visitor with so warm a friendship that henceforth the two men carried on a frequent correspondence.[195] Still, despite these distractions, Montagu's eyes all the time were fixed upon England. His return thither was much desired by the papal party, and particularly by Con, who was aware of his influence over the Queen. She, for her part, used all her power with her husband to win his recall; but Charles, who never got over an affront, was not easily to be persuaded, and it was not until 1636 that the offender was allowed to return to take his place among Henrietta's servants and friends.

At the Court of the Queen he found plenty to occupy him. He was, above all things, a ladies' man—*un petit fou*, only fit to amuse ladies[196]—as Richelieu rudely wrote of him; and it was to be expected that in the religious struggles of the Court women should take a considerable part. Such a war always appeals to feminine feelings and logic, and in this case the leader of the army [Pg 137] was a woman, and one who, though clever and energetic, was essentially feminine both in heart and mind. The agents of the Papacy were far too acute to neglect so obvious a source of influence. Not only was the Queen flattered in every way, but skilful efforts were made to win the noble ladies who surrounded her. The Anglicans were not blind to the danger, as appears from the fact that John Cosin, who spent most of his life in fighting the Catholics and in being accused of Popery by the Puritans, published a little book of Hours of Prayer, which the latter called by the pretty name of "Mr. Cozens his cozening devotions," to counteract the influence of the *Horæ*, used by Henrietta's Catholic ladies. But the attacking party had certain advantages to which those of the defence could not aspire. The pictures, the relics, the medals, which Panzani and Con took care to distribute, were greatly valued by their recipients, and pleased even such great ladies as the Marchioness of Hamilton and the Countess of Denbigh. The latter of these ladies had long been unsettled in the established religion. It was indeed for her guidance and at her request that Cosin had written his *Book of Hours*. Many years were to elapse before she finally abandoned the Church of England, but no doubt these fascinating trifles played their part in preparing her spirit for the eventual change.

But there were women at the Court who were not to be won by such methods, but who entered into the thorny path of controversy. Such an one was Lady Newport, a relative of the late Duke of Buckingham. She had Catholic relatives, and, thinking perhaps to reclaim them, she attempted argument with no less a person than Con himself. The result was not very surprising. Lady Newport was no match for the subtle and insinuating envoy, and the upshot of her discussions with him was that one night, as she was returning home from the play in Drury Lane, she turned aside to Somerset House, where one of the Capuchin Fathers quietly reconciled her to the [Pg 138] Church of Rome. Her feet were caught in the snare from which she had hoped to rescue others.

A storm of indignation arose. The irate husband hurried off to Lambeth to enlist the sympathy of Laud, who, nothing loath, laid the matter before the King and the Council. "I did my duty to the King and State openly in Council,"[197] wrote the Archbishop complacently to Wentworth. The names of Sir Toby Matthew and of Walter Montagu were freely mentioned in connection with the conversion, and though well-informed persons believed that Con alone was to blame, these two gentlemen did not escape a considerable measure of unpopularity. Laud, who, though he was anxious not to offend the Queen, was becoming alarmed at the boldness of the Catholics, went down on his knees to the King, praying for the banishment of Montagu, and for leave to proceed against Sir Toby in the High Commission Court. As for Con, he said bitterly, he knew neither how he came to Court nor what he was doing there, and therefore he would say nothing of him.

The King did not grant the Archbishop's modest request, but at the Council table he spoke so bitterly of both the culprits that "the fright made Wat keep his chamber longer than his sickness would have detained him, and Don Tobiah was in such perplexity that I find he will make a very ill man to be a martyr, by now the dog doth again wag his tail."[198]

The storm, indeed, quickly blew over. Lord Newport forgave his wife, who discreetly retired to France for a time. Even the Queen, who had been greatly angered at the treatment of the Catholics, particularly of Montagu, forgave the Archbishop and received him with the modified favour which was all she ever had to bestow upon him. Everything seemed to be as before, only perhaps Laud kept a more watchful eye upon the recusants, and two years later he was able to take a revenge at once upon the Queen and upon her priests by causing "two great Trusses of Popish books,"[199] coming from France for the use of the Capuchins, to be seized by the officers of the Court of High Commission. [Pg 139]

But unfortunately the troubles which had been occasioned by the conversion of the Countess of Newport did not deter other susceptible ladies from following in her steps. "The great women fall away every day,"[200] sighed a good Protestant, writing to a friend in May, 1638. That his plaint was not without cause is evident from the following portion of a letter which was written by a foreigner who was then resident in England:—

"The Queen's Majesty has frequented her chapel of Somerset House all Holy Week with great concourse and rejoicing of these Catholics, to the great chagrin of the Puritans. Besides the accustomed ceremonies and devotions of this week, on Holy Saturday a score of ladies of the Court, of whom the chief was the Duchess of Buckingham, were seen to receive all the ceremonies of baptism (except the water) at the hands of a Capuchin Father, and afterwards the sacrament of confirmation at those of the Bishop of Angoulême, the Grand Almoner of the Queen. All was done within the chapel in the tribune of Her Majesty ... and in her presence. These ladies desired this kind of second baptism because they received the first at the hands of Protestant ministers, which they hold to be valid in a certain sense, and yet nevertheless mutilated."

The narrator goes on to speak of the anger of the Puritans, who complained bitterly of such proceedings and of the indifference of Charles to their clamour. "They will have to calm themselves," he adds, for "to-day the Queen has greater authority with the King than any one else."[201] [Pg 140]

This was in the spring of the year 1638, a few months after the beginning of the Scotch troubles and two years and a half before the meeting of the Long Parliament.

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[185] "My sute is that if ever you have occasion to speak to the Blessed Queene (Anne) of any ill thing that you express it by naming me, for that's the only way I can hope she should ever heare of me againe."—Walter Montagu to Earl of Carlisle. Egerton MS., 2596.

[186] *Cal. S.P. Dom.*, 1635, p. 512.

[187] "Le Père Surin de la compagnie de Jésus aiant recu une lettre de Mgr. l'archeveque de Tours par laquelle il lui reccommandoit de faire en sorte que le Sieur de Montagu reçût edification aux exorcisms."—*Procès-verbal* of exorcisms printed in *Histoire des Diables de Loudun*, 1693.

[188] *Ibid.*

[189] The following is Montagu's own account: "Nous estions ... presents au sortir du diable qui avoit commandment de tracer le nom de Joseph sur la main pour marque de la sortie. Je tenois la fille par la main quand elle fit le grand cris [sic] et quand le prestre nous nous dit qu'il falloit chercher le signe et ie vis escrire peu a peu les lettres de Joseph sur le dos de la main en petites pointes de sang ou elles demeurent gravees."—Montagu to Richelieu, November 30th, 1635. Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 45.

The case of the nuns of Loudun has never been satisfactorily explained; the "possessions" and exorcisms were witnessed by a large number of persons, none of whom were able to convict the nuns of fraud. Urbain Grandier, the priest who was believed to have bewitched them, was burned in 1634. The following account of Mother des Anges is taken from a biography, written towards the end of the seventeenth century, of Mother Louise Eugénie de la Fontaine of the Order of the Visitation: "Mère des Anges etoit une àme dont les conduites extraordinaires de Dieu sur elle donnoient beaucoup d'admiration. Chacun scait que dans les fameuses possessions de Loudun ces saintes filles eprouvèrent cet effroyable fléau. La mère des Anges (que le feu Père Surin conduisit et admiroit) en etoit une; il chassa de son corps quatre demons dont le premier écrivit en sortant en gros ses lettres sur la main droite Jésus, le second en moindre caractère Marie, et le troisième Joseph en plus petit, et le quatrième encore moindre François de Sales; ces noms etoient gravez sous le peau, ils paroissoient comme de coleur de rose sèches mais ils prenoient un vermeil miraculeux au moment de la sainte communion."

[190] Montagu to Richelieu, November 30th, 1635. Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 45.

[191] See Killigrew's own account of the *affaire* printed in *European Magazine*, 1803, Vol. 43,

p. 102.

[192] "The coppy of a letter sent from France by Mr. Walter Montagu to his father the Lord Privie Seale with his answere thereunto. Also a second answer to the same letter by the Lord Falkland" (1641), p. 20.

[193] Ferrero: *Lettres de Henriette Marie de France reine d'Angleterre à sa soeur Christine duchesse de Savoie* (1881), p. 45.

[194] *Lignea Ligenda* (1653), p. 169.

[195] Copies of Montagu's letters to Barberini, extending over many years, are among the Roman Transcripts in the P.R.O.

[196] P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[197] Laud wrote to Wentworth November 1st, 1637. Laud's Works, Vol. VII, p. 379. See the account of the matter from Laud's point of view in Heylin: *Cyprians Anglicanus*, Bk. IV, p. 359 (1668).

[198] Conway to Strafford. *The Earl of Stafford's Letters and Dispatches*, II, 125.

[199] Turner MS., LXVII.

[200] *The Earl of Stafford's Letters and Dispatches*, II, 165.

[201] Salvetti. Add. MS., 27,962, H., f. 125.

CHAPTER VI
THE EVE OF THE WAR

I

Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempest yet, which frights our island so.
EDMUND WALLER

On July 23rd, 1637, the new liturgy, which the care of Archbishop Laud had provided for the Scottish Church, was to be read for the first time in the Church of St. Giles in Edinburgh. The clergyman entered the reading-desk and the service began. But before he had read many words a tumult, in which a crowd of women of the lower class took a prominent part, arose. National feeling and religious feeling were alike outraged by the introduction of the new Mass-book from England,[202] and the assembly, which had been called together for public worship, broke up in wild confusion. That local riot, which seemed but an ebullition of temporary fanaticism and discontent, was in reality the symptom of a grave disease in the body politic. It meant for Scotland the beginning of a civil war, which soon was to cross the border and to break up in the sister kingdom the long internal peace which had made her the envied of Europe. It meant for Henrietta Maria and her husband the end of their happy, careless years, and the entering upon a series of misfortunes, the number and bitterness of which are almost unparalleled even in the annals of the House of Stuart.

After the riot events moved quickly, for behind the rioters was the virile force of the Scottish nation. Charles was unwilling to give way, and by November his northern subjects were almost in open revolt.

It was an unfortunate moment. The English Puritans, who were irritated by their own grievances, showed an indecorous satisfaction in the Scottish events, as shrewd observers, such as Salvetti, the Florentine envoy in London, were not slow to observe. The King had no money to meet expenses, and no means of getting any, except the objectionable one of calling a Parliament. Abroad the outlook was no better, and Charles and Henrietta ought to have known, if they did not, that they had no friend upon whom they could rely in such a strait.

They were to find that it was not for nothing that they had scouted the threats and warnings of Richelieu. That old man, sitting in his study in the Palais Cardinal in Paris, held in his frail hands the threads of all the diplomacy of Europe. He had long looked with no favourable eye upon England, for the alliance which he had himself brought about had proved one of his greatest disappointments. The union of the crowns of England and Scotland had deprived France of a warm and constant ally,[203] and it was to counterbalance this loss that Henry IV had planned, and Richelieu had carried out, Henrietta's marriage. The Cardinal had not reckoned upon the indeed somewhat unlikely contingency that a royal marriage should also become a marriage of affection and community of interest. The first step in his defeat was the dismission of the French in 1626, and this insult, which circumstances did not permit him to avenge at once, was never forgiven to its author the King of England, whom he also hated, because, in the words of Madame de Motteville, he believed him to have a Spanish heart, and because Queen Anne was allowed to carry on her Spanish correspondence by way of England. Of Henrietta he had hardly a better opinion. She had fulfilled none of the purposes for which he had sent her into England, and though originally she had unwillingly submitted to her husband's will in the matter of her servants, in later days she had made no great effort to recall them. She had done little to cement an alliance between the two kingdoms, and the English Catholics, whom she had been specially commissioned to win over, remained, for the most part, obstinately attached to the interests of Spain. Their relations had been, moreover, severely strained by the Chateauneuf episode, and they were further embittered by the disgrace and exile of Mary de' Medici, which her daughter rightly attributed to Richelieu, whose conduct in the matter she considered an act of the blackest ingratitude towards the woman who had made his fortune.

Nevertheless, about this time Richelieu made a final attempt to win the personal favour of the Queen of England. He dispatched the Count of Estrades on a special mission to England, of which no inconsiderable part was to discover the sentiments of the Queen, and he told Bellièvre, the French ambassador in London, that he believed her to be friendly towards France, and requested him to treat her with kindness and sympathy. Neither of the envoys met with much success. Estrades found Henrietta so forbidding that he did not dare to deliver the letter which Richelieu had confided to him, and which he had charged him to give or retain, according to the disposition [Pg 144] of the royal lady to whom it was addressed.[204] Bellièvre was rather better received, but though the Queen showed herself willing to talk with him and expressed general goodwill towards the Cardinal, the diplomatist soon discovered that all she desired was help in a private matter which he waived aside, but in which Richelieu determined to gratify her, as he saw in it a means of ingratiating himself with her at small cost.

The Chevalier de Jars, since his dramatic reprieve on the scaffold, had languished in the Bastille. He had good friends both in England and in France, but none more persevering and faithful than the Queen of England, who never forgot a friend in trouble. Over and over again she pleaded with Richelieu on his behalf, but for a long while he turned a deaf ear to her appeals, answering her letters on the subject almost rudely. But in the beginning of 1638 his attitude changed, and he intimated that a little more persuasion on the part of Henrietta would result in the fulfilment of her desire.

The matter was conducted with a studied picturesqueness of detail which was carefully arranged by Richelieu to gratify the vanity of the woman he wished to please. It was taken out of the hands of the English ambassador, the Earl of Leicester, and arranged by Walter Montagu, who was at the Queen's side in London, and by his personal friend Sir Kenelm Digby, who was staying in Paris, in a private capacity, enjoying the society of his many learned and scientific friends who resided there. Montagu and Digby exchanged many letters, and the latter had several interviews with Richelieu. During one of these he presented to the Cardinal a letter which the Queen had [Pg 145] requested him to deliver. The old man read it with great satisfaction, though he had to request Sir Kenelm to help him in deciphering several words, for Henrietta's writing was always very illegible. When he had finished he laid it down, and looking hard at his visitor, said in a meaning tone, "I am much pleased with the Queen's letter, and you may assure her that she shall soon have cause to be pleased with me."[205]

A few days later, about eight o'clock in the morning, a coach stopped at the door of Sir Kenelm's lodgings, from which descended Chavigny, the Secretary of State, and the Chevalier de Jars. Chavigny, after he had greeted the astonished knight, waved his hand towards his charge and said, in the courtly accents of a French diplomatist, "Monsieur, I have the orders of the King and of M. le Cardinal to place this gentleman in your hands. He is no longer the prisoner of the King of France, but of the Queen of England."[206]

"It is to be hoped," Montagu had written a few weeks earlier to a member of the French Government, "that the end of this affair will be the beginning of that end to which we have always looked, namely, a good understanding between the Queen and M. le Cardinal."[207] This hope was not fulfilled. Henrietta was indeed greatly pleased at her friend's release, and she cannot have failed to admire the graceful manner in which the great man had granted his favour, but a single act of kindness on the one hand and a single sentiment of gratitude on the other could not overcome the mutual distrust of years. Moreover, events were even then occurring which were destroying any good feeling of which the incident may have been productive.

For some years Mary de' Medici had been casting her eyes upon England as a possible refuge. [Pg 146] She disliked the Low Countries, where she was living, and as she felt no desire to return to her native Florence, which was the place of retirement selected for her by Louis XIII, or rather by Richelieu, she thought that it might be wise to take advantage of the kindness which her son-in-law, the King of England, had always felt for her. Her presence was not desired in England; she was considered, with some justice, a quarrelsome and mischief-making old lady, and her bigoted religious attitude, joined with the favours which she showed to Spain, were sufficient to make her unpopular among the people. Charles, however much he might pity her as the victim of Richelieu, dreaded, short of money as he was, so expensive and inconvenient a guest. Even Henrietta, with the thought of her childhood in her mind, was afraid of her mother's arbitrary interference. "*Adieu ma liberté*," she sighed. Perhaps the Queen-Mother gathered that she would not be welcome, for the project seems to have been in abeyance when England was startled by the arrival of another exiled lady whose character and career presented even more of excitement and variety.

**THE DUCHESS OF CHEVREUSE
AFTER THE PICTURE BY MOREELSE ONCE IN THE POSSESSION OF CHARLES I**

Madame de Chevreuse, on arriving in Madrid, had been received with great kindness, as was only to be expected, for she had been a good friend to Spain. But after some years of residence in the Spanish capital she found that, owing to the war between the two countries, communication with France was extremely difficult. She also began to think of England, where she had spent some happy days of her earlier life. She felt sure of a good reception, for she was united to the King by their common political sympathy with the Spanish, and the Queen, in the past, had regarded her with much affection. Her intention was quickly acted upon. She set sail from Corunna in May, 1638, and after a successful voyage landed in England. She had not deceived [Pg 147] herself. The reception given to her by her royal hosts was worthy of her rank as the wife of a kinsman of the King of England and of her position as a personal friend of his Queen. Charles and Henrietta, who were never wanting in hospitality, bade her heartily welcome, and even invited her to be present at Windsor on the occasion of the little Prince of Wales' investiture with the insignia of the Order of the Garter, an attention which was due to the fact that her husband was himself a knight of that noble order.[208] Nevertheless, the arrival of this factious lady at so critical a moment was part of that tragic ill-luck of the King and Queen of England on which their contemporaries remarked.

In London Madame de Chevreuse found many friends, among whom were her former lover, the Earl of Holland, and Walter Montagu, whose early devotion to her time had not destroyed. With the latter she at once began to scheme for the coming of Mary de' Medici, and though for a while it seemed unlikely that her plans would succeed, owing to the opposition of the King and the whole nation, yet such was the effect of her skill and persistency that, a few months after her own arrival, she witnessed the entry into London of that unfortunate royal lady, in whose sojourn in England must be sought one of the immediate contributory causes of the Civil War. Well might Richelieu write on this occasion, with even more truth than he knew, that "there is nothing so capable of destroying a state as evil minds protected by their sex."[209]

Mary de' Medici arrived in the end unexpectedly. One Sunday afternoon a gentleman of her suite arrived at the Court and announced that she had already put to sea, and would land at Harwich that same evening if she were assured of a welcome. Neither the King nor the Queen was [Pg 148] pleased, but Charles was too true a gentleman and Henrietta too affectionate a daughter not to receive her with all honour. The King rode out into the country to meet her, and escorted her through London amid official rejoicings, described by a French gentleman in an elaborate account which reflects his satisfaction.[210] Henrietta awaited her mother at St. James's Palace, where she received her affectionately, settling her in the pleasant rooms which had been there prepared, whence the old lady could look out upon the deer park, and upon the beautiful terrace, which formed the favourite promenade of the Court.

Meanwhile, Scottish affairs were going from bad to worse. "They growl, but I hope they will not bite,"[211] wrote a courtier. They were to bite only too soon. In February, 1638, thousands of Scots were signing the National Covenant. A few months later the General Assembly of the Kirk sitting at Glasgow abolished episcopacy, and followed up this act of defiance by refusing to dissolve at the command of the King's commissioner. Charles began to appreciate that his northern subjects were in open rebellion, whose due chastisement was the sword.

But then, as ever, he was crippled by lack of money, and one of the means which was taken to procure it was another of those acts by which he and his wife set themselves against the will and sentiment of their people, and thus prepared the way for their own final ruin, though, in this case, the blame fell chiefly upon Henrietta, and it is doubtful whether Charles' share in the transaction was known to the Puritans.[212]

The English Catholics had enjoyed for many years an unprecedented peace and liberty, which [Pg 149] now, owing to the kindness of the King and the Court for the fascinating Con, had reached such a pitch that England appeared to foreigners almost like a Catholic country. The recusancy fines, which were still exacted in a modified form, kept up a certain feeling of irritation, but on the whole the Catholics were loyal. They felt much gratitude towards the Queen, on whom their prosperity depended, and when the Scotch rebellion broke out they would have liked to bear arms in the King's service. Con, who believed that Charles would willingly have employed them, assured him that few of his subjects would fight for him as loyally as those of the ancient faith. The King possibly believed him, but true to his cautious nature he preferred to ask for a present of money, which the envoy, who, notwithstanding his short sojourn in England, had a minute acquaintance with the persons and circumstances of the English Catholics, set himself to procure. As a first step he called together representatives both of the clergy and of the laity, and laid before them the royal request.

He had undertaken no easy task. Some of the Catholics, to whom sad experience had taught prudence, were alarmed at the idea of helping the King to rule without the need of calling Parliament. Others, going to the opposite extreme, offered their contributions separately, hoping thus to gain the royal favour. Worst of all, the ill-feeling between the secular and regular clergy made any cooperation between the two bodies a matter of great difficulty. From meetings lasting many hours, at which he had attempted to weld together these discordant elements, and from still more fatiguing private audiences, Con, ill and suffering as he then was, came away weary and dispirited, complaining bitterly of the "obstinate prudence" of the Jesuits and of the self-seeking of all. "This kingdom," he wrote on one of these occasions to Cardinal Barberini, "has no [Pg 150] men who are moved by the common good, but each one thinks only of his private interest."[213]

At first the Queen's name appears little, but she watched the negotiations carefully, and in their latter stages she sent Montagu and Father Philip to attend the meetings on her behalf, and to bring her news of an undertaking in whose success she was deeply interested, and in which, for constitutional reasons, she was now actively to intervene.

The fears of the more timid Catholics were not idle, but showed a truer political insight than either Charles or Henrietta possessed. It was necessary to reassure them without allowing the King's name to appear. The best expedient which could be devised was to make the contribution appear as a gift, which at the Queen's instigation was offered to her by her co-religionists. Henrietta had at her side the ingenious Montagu and the fantastic Sir Kenelm Digby, who was always pleased to adventure himself in any new enterprise. These two gentlemen now issued a joint appeal to the Catholics of England, asking, in the Queen's name, for liberal contributions, and to this appeal she herself prefixed a dignified letter urging her co-religionists to contribute liberally to the King's expenses in the northern expedition, "for we believed that it became us who have been so often interested in the solicitation of their benefits, to show ourselves now in the persuasion of their gratitudes."[214] These letters, together with one from the ecclesiastical authorities, were circulated throughout the land; for each shire of England and Wales one or more collectors was appointed from among the Catholic gentry.[215]

The Queen had already asked the Catholics to fast every Saturday "for the King's happy [Pg 151] progression in his designs, and for his safe return," and special services were held in her chapel for the same intention. This was very well, but it was a different matter when money was asked for from those who for years had borne more than their share of taxation. In spite of the zeal of the promoters of the scheme, the money came in but slowly. The difficulties of collection were great, and though individuals, such as the Dowager Countess of Rutland, who cheerfully gave £500, were generous, the general response was not hearty. The Queen, whose sanguine disposition often caused her to be disappointed, was distressed at the smallness of the sum which she would be able to offer to the King, and her fertile brain devised another expedient by which she hoped to increase the £30,000[216] she had received from the Catholics to £50,000; £10,000 she laid aside out of her own revenue, and the remainder she hoped to raise among the ladies of England, "as well widows as wives." Her own friends, the great ladies of the Court, offered each her £100 with due *empressement*, but outside that circle the project was not a success, and Henrietta and her advisers were left to lament once more the lack of loyalty in those whose pleasure they considered it should have been to contribute to their sovereign's need.

In April Charles set out for Scotland. He left his wife almost regent in his absence, for he had ordered the Council to defer to her advice. Henrietta was thus in a position of greater importance and authority than ever before, and she had the satisfaction of feeling that her influence over her husband was steadily increasing. The difficult circumstances, now beginning to entangle her as [Pg 152] in a net, were developing that love of intrigue which had already shown itself in happier times. She had, moreover, no mean instructors in the art of diplomatic chicanery in two women who at this time were together at her side exercising a considerable influence over her. Madame de Chevreuse and Lady Carlisle, since the arrival of the former in England, had joined hands in a friendship which had its origin, perhaps, in a common hatred of Richelieu, but which might be easily accounted for by similarity of character and aims. Madame de Chevreuse could, indeed, boast a wider experience, for she had taken all Europe for her stage, while Lady Carlisle was content to play her part in the comparative obscurity of the British Isles; but a restless love of power and domination, which expressed itself in a determined effort to influence by womanly charms those who by force of intellect or by accident of birth were making the history of the time, was common to both, as also was a real talent for intrigue, which enabled these society ladies so far to conquer the disadvantages of their sex as to become of considerable importance in affairs. Of such teachers Henrietta was a willing learner and in some sense an apt pupil. She, too, learned to plot and to scheme, to play off enemy against enemy, and to attempt to win over a chivalrous foe by honeyed words. But she never became in any real sense a diplomatist. Her brain, quick to seize a point of detail and sometimes sagacious in weighing the claims of alternate courses of action, had not sufficient grasp to take in the broad outlines of a complicated situation, nor the judicial faculty which can calmly appraise even values which are personal. It is the misfortune of the great that they breathe an atmosphere of fictitious importance which induces a mental malady, whose taint infects all but the strongest intellects and the largest hearts. From the worst forms of this disease, as it appears, for instance, in Louis XIV, who at the end of his life [Pg 153] believed himself to be almost superhuman, Henrietta escaped, by the strong sense of humour which was her father's best legacy to her. However obsequious her attendance and however regal her robes, she knew at heart that she was but a woman of flesh and blood as the rest; but the more subtle workings of the poison of flattery she could not escape, and the great weakness of her diplomacy—a weakness which that of her husband shared to the full—was her inability to appreciate that things precious to her were not necessarily so to other people, and that her friends and her foes were likely to be influenced by self-interest not largely coloured by a romantic sympathy with her misfortunes.

Henrietta's regency came to an end before she had much opportunity for action, for by July her husband was back in London. This is not the place to tell the story of the disastrous Scotch expedition; it suffices to say that Charles returned nominally a conqueror,[217] but in reality defeated, and with the bitter knowledge that he could only overcome his rebellious subjects in Scotland by asking the help of his discontented people in England.

Nevertheless, there was an interval of a few months before the next act of the tragedy was played, and during it were celebrated some of the last of those splendid festivities for which the Court of the Queen of England was renowned. A particularly splendid masque, which was played at Whitehall on January 21st, 16-39/40, deserves mention on account of the tragic discrepancy between the spirit of triumphant rejoicing and secure prosperity breathed by it, and on the one hand the discontent which, outside the brilliantly lighted rooms, was surging through the winter darkness of the city, and on the other the anxiety which was gnawing at the heart of some of [Pg 154] those who appeared among the gayest and most careless of the revellers. The masque was got up by the Queen, whose fondness for such amusements did not decrease with age, and who found in the hard work which such a task involved a welcome diversion from her anxieties. It bore the name of *Salmacida Spolia*,[218] and was written by Sir William D'Avenant, the reputed son of Shakespeare, who had succeeded Ben Jonson as laureate, and who was specially devoted to Henrietta's service. The scenery and decorations, so important to the success of a masque, were supplied by Inigo Jones, who had before now co-operated with D'Avenant, while for the musical part of the entertainment Lewis Richard, Master of His Majesty's Musick, was responsible. Henrietta had considerable difficulty with her troupe,[219] which included not only the King but a number of ladies and gentlemen of the Court, and great annoyance was caused by Lady Carnarvon, who showed symptoms of the invading Puritan spirit in refusing to take part in the masque unless she were assured that the representation would not take place on a Sunday. However, all difficulties were smoothed over by the Queen, who was usually compliant in small matters, and the play was a notable success, though the Earl of Northumberland, who was not acting, wrote to his sister that "a company of worse faces was never assembled than the Queen [Pg 155] had got together."[220] The royal pair alone might have given the lie to the Earl's ungallant words. King Charles, whose splendid looks have entered, through the genius of Van Dyck, into the heritage of the nation, played his part with the external dignity in which he was never lacking; while his wife displayed her still abundant charms to great advantage in an "Amazonian habit of carnation, embroidered with silver, with a plumed Helme and a Bandricke with an antique Sword hanging by her side, all as rich as might be." Her attendant ladies were similarly dressed, and it is perhaps not surprising that the strangeness of these habits was even more admired than their beauty.

The theme was designed, in reference to recent public events, to flatter the King, who played the part of Philogenes triumphing over Discord, which, "a malicious Fury, appears in a storme, and by the Invocation of malignant spirits proper to her evill use, having already put most of the world into discord, endeavours to disturb these parts, envying the blessings and Tranquillity we have long enjoyed."

"How am I griev'd,"

she cries out,

"The world should everywhere
Be vext into a storme save only here,
Thou over-lucky, too much happy Ile!
Grow more desirous of this flatt'ring style
For thy long health can never alter'd be
But by thy surfets on Felicitie."[221]

After these words, which surely might have been spoken by the lying spirit in the mouth of the prophets of Ahab, the Queen came forward to be greeted by an outburst of triumphant loyalty:— [Pg 156]

"But what is she that rules the night
That kindles Ladies with her light
And gives to Men the power of sight?
All those that can her Virtue doubt
Her mind will in her face advise,
For through the Casements of her Eyes
Her Soule is ever looking out.

"And with its beames, she doth survay
Our growth in Virtue or decay,
Still lighting us in Honours way!
All that are good she did inspire!
Lovers are chaste, because they know
It is her will they should be so,
The valiant take from her their Fire!"

The masque "was generally approved of, specially by all strangers that were present, to be the noblest and most ingenious that hath been done heere in that kind." When, in future days, some of the company looked back upon that evening, its festivities must have seemed to them as one of the jests of him whom Heine called the Aristophanes of Heaven.

But these revels were only an interlude; Charles was not a man to fiddle while Rome was burning, and he turned to grapple as best he could with the problem before him. The country was rushing on to meet its fate: the topic of the hour was that of the Parliament, to the holding of which the King was finally persuaded by a new counsellor; Strafford[222] had crossed St. George's Channel and had entered on the last and most remarkable stage of his career.

It is thought that when years later Milton drew his portrait of the great apostate of heaven, he had in his mind this man who was to many the great apostate of earth: that character of inevitable greatness which is in the Miltonic Satan is also in the royalist statesman, who scorned the weaker spirits of his time, much as the fiend despised the weaker spirits of heaven and hell. Neither Charles nor Henrietta had ever truly loved him. Greatness disturbs and frightens smaller minds, and the Queen had other reasons to regard him coldly. He was not handsome (though she noted and remembered years after his death that he had the most beautiful hands in the world), he was unversed in the courtier-like arts which she loved, he was the friend of Spain rather than of France, and above all his policy in Ireland was strongly anti-Catholic. Nevertheless, experience and trouble were opening her eyes. Lady Carlisle, Strafford's close friend, had done something to prepare his way with the Queen, and the sense of common danger was coming to complete her work. [Pg 157]

On April 13th, 1640, the Short Parliament met. Charles, for the first time for eleven years, stood face to face with the representatives of his people, representatives for the most part hostile, for the elections had gone badly, and few of his or the Queen's friends had been returned. Nevertheless, he was hopeful, for he held what he and perhaps what his advisers believed to be a trump card. He had probably throughout his reign been aware that France had not forgotten her ancient alliance with Scotland. He had recently been reminded in a sufficiently startling manner that Scotland on her side had an equally long memory. He possessed evidence of a letter written by the rebellious Scots to the King of France, evidence on which he acted while Parliament was sitting by sending Lord Loudon and others of the Scotch Commissioners to the Tower. It was not yet forty years since the union of the two Crowns. The Scotch were unpopular in England, and the favour shown to them by the King and Queen was resented. Scotland and France, whose alliance had more than once embarrassed England, were both old enemies. It argues no special lack of insight in either Charles or his wife that they thought the discovery of these practices would lead to a great revulsion of feeling against the Scots in the minds of the English Puritans. That it did not do so is a remarkable proof of the enlightened self-interest of the latter, and of their power of setting a religious and political bond of union above an antiquated national prejudice. [Pg 158]

Meanwhile, in this moment of crisis, what were the special interests and influences surrounding the Queen? It is hardly too much to say that not one of them did not contribute in some measure to the final catastrophe. Henrietta had not desired the presence of Mary de' Medici, but when the poor old lady arrived, wearied by troubles and journeyings, her filial heart could not refuse her a warm welcome, and, little by little, the sense of home and kindred, to which she had been a stranger for so many years, overcame the reluctancy of independence and expediency. Some of her happiest hours in these troubled days were spent in her mother's pleasant rooms at St. James's, chatting about her children and her domestic concerns. It would have been well had this been all, but the exiled Queen was not a lady to content herself with the rôle of a devoted grandmother. She felt that she had an opportunity of recapturing the daughter who had escaped from her influence, and she used it to the full. Henrietta came to her for advice in many matters, specially those which concerned religion, and she even allowed herself to be weaned from the fascinating Madame de Chevreuse.

That restless lady began to feel herself less comfortable in England soon after the arrival of the Queen-Mother, for whose coming she had wished, but who, indeed, had never liked the confidante of Anne of Austria. She tried her hand first at one scheme then at another, now intriguing for Montagu at Rome, now aiming higher and attempting to render a striking service [Pg 159] to Spain by bringing about an alliance between Strafford and the Marquis of Velada; but all the while she had an uncomfortable conviction that her power over the Queen of England, which at the beginning of her visit had been considerable, was decreasing. Perhaps Henrietta discovered the duplicity of the woman "who said much good of Spain, and yet to the Queen called herself a good Frenchwoman."[223] Certainly she was not very sorry when, in May, 1640, a rumour that the Duke of Chevreuse was coming to England frightened his wife, who had no wish to meet him, across the Channel to Flanders. The Duchess, at her departure, still boasted of the favour of the English Court, and assured her friends that the Queen had pressed her to return whenever she felt inclined to do so, an invitation which Henrietta, who had marked her attitude by giving her a costly jewel as the pledge of a long farewell, somewhat warmly denied. With more truth she might have boasted of the brilliancy of the escort which set out with her from London. At her side were the Marquis of Velada, the Duke of Valette, another victim of Richelieu, whom Charles, against his better judgment, had been persuaded to receive at his Court, and, as might have been expected, the faithful Montagu. These gentlemen left her when eight miles of the road was traversed, but, by the orders of the King himself, she was accompanied to the shores of Flanders by the Earl of Newport to ensure her against any annoyance.

Madame de Chevreuse was gone, and at an opportune moment; but the evil effects of her sojourn remained, and manifested themselves specially in a matter to which the Queen gave considerable attention, and which, like everything else she touched at this moment, turned to her misfortune.

When death had settled the question of Con's candidature she was not diverted from her attempt [Pg 160] to procure a cardinal's hat for one of her husband's subjects. Her choice was not a happy one. Walter Montagu, since his conversion to the Catholic Church, may, as Henrietta claimed, have lived an exemplary life; but he could hardly be considered suitable for high ecclesiastical preferment. He was, moreover, a man of many enemies. Charles disliked him so much that, when Sir Robert Ayton died in 1638, he told his wife that she might have a Catholic for her secretary provided she did not choose Walter Montagu.[224] Richelieu's opinion of him was such that he made him the text of his sweeping generalization: "all Englishmen are untrustworthy." The Cardinal, indeed, wished to see no subject of the King of England attain to the coveted honour, and he suggested that the Bishop of Angoulême, who had the supreme merit of being a subject of the King of France, was the only suitable candidate; but he would have preferred almost any one to Montagu, for did he not know that that shifty person, through the mouth of Madame Chevreuse, was promising complete devotion to the King of Spain in return for support at Rome? The Queen's persistence in this matter annoyed the Roman authorities. Cardinal Barberini, in spite of his personal liking for Montagu, never entertained for a moment the idea of acceding to her request; indeed, he instructed Rosetti, who had replaced Con as envoy in England, to tell her frankly that the thing was impossible. It was an unfortunate moment for the question to have arisen, for not only was it of great importance to avoid friction with Richelieu, but the time was coming when Henrietta would have other and more important requests to make to Cardinal Barberini. That observant politician had his eyes attentively fixed upon the English troubles, as to [Pg 161] whose progress he was kept well informed by Rosetti. The courtly young envoy—he was barely thirty and of a noble Ferrarese family—had been charmed on his arrival not only by the kindness of the King and Queen, but by the liberty which the Catholics enjoyed. It seemed that permanent communications between the Court of Rome and the Court of England had been established, "the King approving and the heretics themselves not objecting";[225] but stern facts soon forced him to correct his first impressions. The feeling of the nation was rising against the Catholics, and the flame was fanned by the injudicious conduct of the Queen-Mother, who greatly patronized Rosetti as she had Con before him. When, in the Short Parliament, Pym voiced the religious indignation of the people, the "divinity which hedges a King" was still strong enough to restrain him in some measure when referring to the Queen of England. No such scruple deterred him in speaking of a foreign ecclesiastic and of a foreign Queen, the latter of whom was hated, not only on religious grounds, but as the recipient of large sums of money—as much £100 per day—which the country could ill afford.

Henrietta was becoming more and more busy with matters of high politics. It was evident that the Parliament was a failure, but one gleam of brightness cheered the darkness of its last days. Strafford, exerting to the utmost his unrivalled powers, was able to win over in some degree the Upper House, and the Lords by a considerable majority voted that the relief of the King's necessities should have precedence of the redress of grievances. It seemed a great victory, and Henrietta, dazzled by this unexpected success, recognized at last what the man was whom she had slighted. "My Lord Strafford is the most faithful and capable of my husband's servants,"[226] [Pg 162] she said publicly, with the generosity of praise from which she never shrank. Nevertheless, there were those, justified by the event, who doubted the real value of such a service; the spirit of the Commons was not thus to be broken, and on May 5th the King dissolved the assembly which is known, from its twenty-three days of existence, as the Short Parliament.

After the breaking of Parliament the deep discontent of the nation burst forth in riots and in a flood of scandalous pamphlets directed against unpopular characters. Henrietta, who was believed to have counselled the dissolution, lost much of the limited popularity she had hitherto enjoyed, and behind her again the populace saw the sinister figure of her mother stirring up strife in England as she had in France. Rosetti, who, as the symbol of the dreaded approximation to popery, was particularly odious, was thought to be in such danger of personal violence that Mary de' Medici offered him the shelter of her apartments. He refused, perhaps wisely; for a few days later a letter was brought to the King threatening to "chase the Pope and the Devil from St. James, where is lodged the Queene, Mother of the Queene." Mary, when she heard of this letter, was so frightened that she refused to go to bed at all the following night, though she was protected by a guard, captained by the Earl of Holland and Lord Goring, which had nothing to do, as the threat proved to be one of those empty insults of which the times were prolific.

Henrietta, who was not by nature easily alarmed, began to appreciate the seriousness of the pass to which her husband's affairs had come. She was in bad health, and she seems already to have thought of retiring to her native land for her confinement, which was imminent;[227] but weakness of body could not impair the activity of her brain, and at this time she definitely [Pg 163] entered upon that course of action which, perhaps more than any other, has brought upon her the adverse judgment of posterity, and which, though its details were unknown to her enemies, injured the very cause which it was designed to aid. In an evil hour she opened negotiations with the Papacy, with a view to obtaining money to be used against her husband's subjects.

Since her marriage she had carried on a somewhat frequent correspondence with the Pope and with Cardinal Barberini, whose kind letters led her to believe that she was an object of greater importance in their eyes than was actually the case. She was further drawn to them by the kindness they had shown to Montagu, who himself was a little led astray by flattering words. It is significant that he appears at this time as the Queen's chief adviser. He executed many of the duties of the secretaryship he was not allowed to hold, and he was delaying a long-meditated journey to Rome, where he intended to become a Father of the Oratory, to help his royal mistress in her troubles and perplexities. Even the fidelity of her servants turned to the Queen's destruction, for a more injudicious adviser than Montagu could hardly have been found.

There is another actor whose part is more remarkable: Francis Windbank, who began his career as a disciple of Laud and was to end it a few years later in the bosom of the Catholic Church, was no free-lance like Montagu, but a responsible Secretary of State. His personal relations with the Queen do not seem to have been very close, but he was in constant communication with her agent in Rome, Sir William Hamilton. As early as the end of 1638 the latter wrote to one of the Secretaries of State, who may almost certainly be identified with Windbank, assuring him that the Pope had expressed himself anxious to contribute money for the Scotch war if there were need of it. Charles, to whose knowledge this letter came, was exceedingly angry, as well he may [Pg 164] have been, and threatened to remove Hamilton from his post if he ever lent ear again to such discourse.[228] But Windbank was no whit abashed. A few months later he held a remarkable conversation with Con, who, of course, at once reported it to his superiors in Rome. The level-headed Scotchman, hardly able to believe his ears, listened to the Secretary of State propounding his views as to the help which the Pope ought to send to the King of England. "And what is the smallest sum which would be accepted?" he asked jokingly, wishing to pass the matter off lightly. "Well," replied Windbank in deadly earnest, "one hundred thousand pounds is the least that I should call handsome."[229]

It was not until the spring of 1640, when Con had been replaced by Rosetti, that a further appeal was made to the Pope for assistance. Windbank again was the intermediary, but the reply of Cardinal Barberini, which was sent to Rosetti, was communicated not only to him but to the Queen. Henrietta was a little out of favour in Rome. Not only had her persistence in the matter of Montagu's promotion caused annoyance, but her intention of sending Sir Kenelm Digby, who (not unjustly in the light of future events) was considered an indifferent Catholic, to take the place of Sir William Hamilton, was a further disservice both to her and to Montagu, who supported Digby's candidature, and who had written warmly in his favour to the Roman authorities; but of the Cardinal's feeling towards her Henrietta was probably quite unaware. It is not known what part, if any, she took in Windbank's application, but it is likely that she was both grieved and surprised when she was informed that Cardinal Barberini, in spite of the sympathy which he felt with the King and Queen of England in their troubles, could not hold out the hope of any [Pg 165] substantial assistance from the Holy Father unless Charles became a Catholic. None knew better than she the improbability of such an event. Nevertheless, she only laid aside for a while the scheme of papal aid, to take it up again at what she considered a more favourable moment.[230]

She had much to occupy her mind. The summer of 1640 witnessed the futilities of the second war against the Scots, to which, in foreboding of spirit, she saw her husband depart. The state of public feeling was growing worse and worse, and the King's own servants were not faithful to him, so that one of the most acute observers then in England wrote that affairs had come to such a pass that "if God does not lend His help we shall see great confusion and distraction in this kingdom."[231]

When even the captaincy of Strafford had failed to give victory to the royal armies, there was a general conviction that another Parliament would be necessary. Charles, following an archaic precedent, summoned a council of peers to meet him at York, and some of these noblemen, before setting out from London, paid a visit to Henrietta. They knew well her power, and they begged that her influence with her husband might be used for the calling together of the estates of the realm. Mary de' Medici was present at this interview, and it is said that she put into her daughter's mouth the words of conciliation which the latter used. The noble visitors departed, and then the Queen of England went out and selecting a messenger to whose fidelity she could trust, she bade him bear to the King her persuasions for the holding of a Parliament.

Her motive for what is in some respects a strange act is clear. Even now she did not gauge the depths of the discontent of the nation, and with that hopefulness which was part of her nature [Pg 166] she believed that a Parliament, without imposing intolerable conditions, would vote sufficient money to enable the King to deal with the menacing Scots. She was mistaken, as she so often was. If the English Puritans had not called the ancient enemy into the land, they had at any rate no desire to see the Scotch army go thence until it had done its part in putting pressure on a King whom they regarded with a distrust which was becoming hatred.

But there were those to whom Henrietta's act must have seemed, if they were aware of it, almost an act of desertion. The Catholics, to whom her love and honour were pledged, dreaded, and with good cause, nothing so much as a Parliament. Already their condition was deplorable. They suffered not only from the hatred of the Puritans, but from the terror of the Protestants, who attempted to propitiate the people by persecution of the common enemy. Several priests were thrown into prison, and even the courtier Sir Tobie Matthew, who, though he posed as a layman, was generally believed to be in holy orders,[232] was arrested on suspicion. The houses of Catholics were searched, and on one occasion three cart-loads of Catholic books were publicly burned. "Nevertheless," wrote Montreuil, the French agent in London, with an acumen revealed by the event, "it is thought that all the advantage which the Archbishop will get from this is to set the Catholics against him without improving his position with the Puritans."[233]

In October Charles returned to London, leaving the Scotch army still in the land, and with a pledge that its expenses should be paid. On November 3rd he opened at Westminster that historic assembly which is known as the Long Parliament.

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[202] Mme de Motteville records how Henrietta told her that Charles brought the new Scotch liturgy to her, asking her to read it, that she might see how similar were their religious beliefs.

[203] Among the archives of the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères is a document dated 1629 enumerating the reasons why it was desirable to have an agent in Scotland; one reason given is "to keep the Scotch nobility in their devotion towards the cause of France."—Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 43. The great importance the French attached to preserving the good-will of the Scotch is apparent in the French diplomatic literature concerning the Civil War.

[204] "L'année ne se passera pas que le roi et la reine d'Angleterre ne se repentent d'avoir refusé les offres que vous leur aves faites de la part du roy."—Richelieu to Estrades, December, 1637. Estrades: *Ambassades et Negotiations* (1718), p. 13.

[205] Digby to Montagu, March 5th, 1638. Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 47.

[206] *Ibid.*, March 19th, 1638.

[207] Montagu to Chavigny, February 14th, 1638. Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 4.

[208] The Duke of Chevreuse had been made a Knight of the Garter at the time of the marriage of Charles and Henrietta.

[209] Avenel: *Lettres de Richelieu*, VI, p. 122.

[210] *Histoire de l'entrée de la reyne mere du roy très-chrestien dans la Grande Bretaigne.* Par le S^r de la Serre, Historiographe de France (1639).

[211] Montagu to Digby, June, 1638. Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 47.

[212] Con gives the details, Add. MS., 15,391: Salvetti (Add. MS., 27,962) says that the King asked for the money, but did not formally authorize the contribution.

[213] Add. MS., 15,392, f. 75.

[214] Green: *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, p. 25.

[215] Except for Herefordshire, the Isle of Wight, Anglesea, and Merionethshire, among the collectors' names appear those of members of such well-known Catholic families as the Englefields, the Howards, and the Chichesters.

[216] The sum is given as £40,000 in *The Life and Death of that matchless mirror of Magnanimity and Heroick Vertue, Henrietta Maria de Bourbon* (1669).

[217] Mme de Motteville says that Henrietta was averse from making peace with the Scotch, but whether now or after the second Bishops' War does not appear.

[218] "Salmacida Spolia, a Masque, Presented by the King and Queenes Majesties, at Whitehall, on Tuesday, January 21st, 1639."

[219] The names of the masquers:

The King's Majesty
Duke of Lennox
Earle of Carlisle
Earle of Newport
Earle of Leimricke
Lord Russell
Lord Herbert
Lord Paget
Lord Feilding
Master Russell
Master Thomas Howard
The Queenes Majesty
Dutchesse of Lennox
Countesse of Carnarvon
Countesse of Newport
Countesse of Portland
Lady Andrew
Lady Margaret Howard
Lady Kellymekin
Lady Francis Howard
Mistress Carig
Mistress Nevill

[220] Hist. MSS. Con. Rep. III, p. 79.

[221] Cf. an extract from a letter of M. de Balzac to "M. de Coignet, gentleman-in-ordinary to the most illustrious Queen of Great Britain": "If the tempests which threaten the frontiers of Bayou arrive at us we must think of another way of safetie and resolve (in any case) to passe the sea and go and dwell in that region of peace and that happie climate where your divine Princesse reigns."—September 20th, 1636. *Letters of M. de Balzac*, translated into English by Sir Richard Baker and others (1654): a collection of some modern epistles of M. de Balzac, p. 16.

[222] He was made Earl of Strafford January 12th, 1640.

[223] Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 47.

[224] The name of Sir Kenelm Digby was mentioned in connection with the post, but the Queen's choice fell upon Sir John Winter, a Catholic gentleman, who was cousin to the Marquis of Worcester.

[225] Father Philip to Barberini: P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[226] MS. Français, 15,995, f. 85.

[227] Her son Henry was born July 6th, 1640.

[228] Salvetti. October 22nd, 1638. Add. MS., 27,962.

[229] Add. MS., 15,392, f. 162.

[230] See Rosetti correspondence, P.R.O. Roman Transcripts, specially Barberini to Rosetti, June 30th, 1640, and Rosetti's answer, August l0th, 1640. "... de peró quando S. M^{ta} dichiaresse tale [Catholic] di qua non si guaderebbe a mandarli denari."—Barberini to Rosetti, June 30th 1640.

[231] Salvetti. September, 1640. Add. MS., 27,962, I, f. 109.

[232] Perhaps justly; among the archives of the See of Westminster is a certificate of his saying Mass 1630-1; he was thought to be a Jesuit.

[233] Bib. Nat., MS. Français, 15,995.

CHAPTER VII
THE EVE OF THE WAR

II

My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
ABRAHAM COWLEY

When the Long Parliament met the eyes of Europe were fixed upon England; the foreign agents who were resident in London had recognized, almost before the English themselves, the gravity of the crisis.[234] Such a crisis could not fail to be of European consequence, for though England had decayed from the great glory of Elizabeth's reign, and during the last few years particularly had lost much esteem, yet she was of great importance in the struggle between France and

Spain, each party of which had striven for so long, and neither quite successfully, to win her as an ally.

It was confidently believed at the time, and on both sides of the Channel, that the troubles of England and Scotland were fomented by Richelieu. "The Cardinal de Richelieu," wrote Madame de Motteville, whose account, no doubt, owed something to Henrietta herself, "had great fear of a neighbouring King who was powerful and at peace in his dominions, and following the maxims of a policy which consults self-interest rather than justice and charity to one's neighbour, he thought it necessary that this Prince [the King of England] should have trouble in his kingdom."[235] [Pg 168]

It is now known that if Richelieu stirred up Charles' rebellious subjects, it was only in the most secret and indirect way; but certainly he was not sorry for the Scotch troubles, and his attitude both now and later was a serious addition to the difficulties of the King of England and his wife, who were reaping the results of their long and reckless defiance of the all-powerful Cardinal. As early as 1638 Windbank believed that French influence was working in Scotland, where, on account of the old alliance between the two countries, it would have a specially favourable field; but when he wrote for information to the Earl of Leicester, at that time ambassador in Paris, he received an indecisive and somewhat petulant reply. "It would be very difficult to give you my opinion about the Scotch affair," so ran the letter; "for I am as ignorant about it as if I lived in Tartary. If it is fomented by France it is by means so secret that it will only be discovered, with difficulty, by the results."[236]

**CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU
FROM A PORTRAIT BY PHILLIPPE DE CHAMPAIGNE**

As time went on, and the troubles developed, these suspicions became more widespread and vivid, until just before the opening of the Long Parliament there were imaginative people who believed that an army of thirty thousand Frenchmen was ready to land in England in favour of the Scotch, while the more sober-minded contented themselves with the old story of help secretly given to the rebels. Montreuil saw in all this only machinations of the Spaniards industriously [Pg 169] sowing false reports, that thereby they might render their enemy odious in the eyes of the English Court.[237]

Henrietta's own relations with Richelieu had not improved,[238] though she still continued to talk of a journey to France, as, after the birth of Prince Henry, her health continued very delicate. The residence of the Queen-Mother in England annoyed the Cardinal as much as had that of Madame de Chevreuse, and Mary de' Medici's conduct was not such as to propitiate him. Once, for instance, she allowed a priest connected with the Spanish Embassy to preach before her, and he improved the occasion by comparing her sufferings to those of Christ, and by eulogizing Cardinal Bérulle, whose praise was not likely to be agreeable to Richelieu. Moreover, at this time Charles was more than usually inclined to the Spanish alliance. He had thoughts of a Spanish marriage both for his son and his daughter, and rumours were abroad that if France was supplying money to the rebels, Spain was doing the same by the Court. It was remarked that when the news came of the taking of Arras by the armies of France, the King could not bring himself to receive it warmly, though his wife, who was always a good Frenchwoman, in spite of Richelieu, expressed lively joy.

She had little in England to cheer her. Not only were her husband's affairs becoming a nightmare to her, but the looks of hatred which she encountered as she went abroad in her capital, and the vile calumnies which her enemies were not ashamed to publish and to scatter broadcast among her people were the beginning of a martyrdom such as only a woman can know. Added to all this [Pg 170] was the growing conviction that her power was insufficient to protect those who had no other protection. It must have wrung her heart (though she knew it to be necessary) to see her mother, who had come to England to be at peace, deprived of half her allowance, and later reduced to such poverty as forced her to lessen her establishment and to sell her jewels. She feared increasingly that she would be obliged to send Rosetti away, and she felt bitterly the scant respect shown to him when, in the cold of the small hours of a November morning, he was roused to witness the searching of his house for proofs of his diplomatic status. It did not make it easier to her that the leading spirit in this matter, as in a general search of the houses of Catholics which took place about this time, was Sir Henry Vane, who owed to her favour his promotion to the position of Secretary of State. She was learning some early lessons in the world's ingratitude. She knew that even her personal servants, such as the Capuchin Fathers, were threatened, and that the English Catholics, who had long looked to her "as the eyes of a handmaiden look to her mistress," were finding her help of no avail. Most poignant of all was the knowledge that the strong arm which had upheld her for so long was failing, and that her husband, with all his love, was obliged to leave her naked to her enemies. She was yet unpractised in suffering, and it is no wonder that, despite her high spirit, her misery was apparent to all.

Parliament had hardly met before Windbank was called up before the House of Commons, and questioned as to the number of priests and Jesuits in London. That assembly further brought pressure to bear upon the King, which resulted in a proclamation banishing Catholics to a certain distance from London. It was even suggested that new and stricter laws should be made against the recusants, and thorough-going people recommended that all Catholics found in a chapel, [Pg 171] either that of the Queen or anybody else, should be immediately seized and hanged. The hatred of the country, and particularly of the city of London, for anything savouring of Popery was further shown by the presentation of the Root and Branch petition, which asked for nothing less than the abolition of Episcopacy in the National Church. But these vexations, distressing as they were, sank into insignificance before the new blow which threatened the royal power. On November 11th Strafford was impeached by Pym of high treason and committed to the Tower, whence he was only to come out to his death. It was a poor consolation to the Queen that her old enemy, Laud, the persecutor of the Catholics, was also thrown into prison, for she had learned to see in him, if not a friend, at least a political ally.

No blow could have been more crushing than that which at this critical moment deprived the King and Queen of the services and counsels of their best friend; but Henrietta was to find herself attacked in more personal matters, matters which a few months earlier would have seemed to her of more consequence than any misfortune which could happen to the Viceroy of Ireland. Experience, however, was teaching her to measure men and things by another standard than that of personal feeling, though to the end the lesson would be imperfectly learned. Indeed, in the very next trial she failed again.

The contribution of the Catholics in 1639 was a matter of common knowledge. Parliament, which was already exasperated by the Queen's intervention on behalf of a priest named Goodman who had been condemned to die, and who was particularly odious to the Puritans as the brother of the Romanizing Bishop of Gloucester, determined to strike at those through whom it knew that it could wound Henrietta. No one at this time was nearer to the Queen than Walter Montagu, who was her confidant and helper in the correspondence which she was carrying on with the Court of [Pg 172] Rome on the subject of communications between herself and the Pope. Closely associated with him was Sir Kenelm Digby, whose departure for Rome was rendered impossible owing to the rancour of the Puritans. Sir John Winter was the Queen's own private secretary. These three gentlemen were called to the bar of the House of Commons to answer for their share in the contribution of 1639, and it was significantly remarked that the two latter were the sons of "Powder Plotters," who had lost their lives for complicity in that famous treason.

On Montagu and Digby fell the brunt of the attack;[239] the former appeared rather frightened and said little, but Sir Kenelm, who was gifted with an amazing flow of speech on every occasion, answered copiously and apparently candidly. The scene, though in one respect it was tragical enough, was not without humour. The eloquent knight began by eulogizing his audience, with some irony, perhaps, as "the gravest and wisest assembly in the whole world, whose Majesty is so great that it might well disorder his thoughts and impede his expressions"; nothing of this awe appears, however, in his speech. He assured the House that the contribution had a very simple origin, namely, the wish of the Catholics to follow the example of other loyal subjects who were [Pg 173] helping the King in his necessity, that Con was the chief agent in the matter, on account of his unrivalled acquaintance among the English Catholics, persons of whom it was a mistake to suppose that he, Sir Kenelm, had any particular knowledge, and that the chief motive appealed to was that of gratitude for the partial suspension of the penal laws. As to the amount collected, he had no precise information. Sir Basil Brook was the treasurer, and £10,000 had been paid in at one time and £2000 at another.

Sir Kenelm had played his part well. He had said a very little in a great many words, and he had kept the real originator of the scheme, the King himself (who must have been a little nervous of the possible revelations of the garrulous knight), well hidden. Indeed, the principal point upon which the Commons fixed was the status of Con, as to whom they may well have been curious, since their imagination had endowed him with alarming powers, and with three wives all living at the same time. Montagu was closely cross-questioned on the matter, but all that he would say was that he believed Con to be a private envoy to the Queen, in spite of the fact that he was sometimes called a nuncio. Digby airily asserted that he had no accurate knowledge of the question under discussion, as he had taken pains to remain ignorant of these dangerous matters. He added, almost as an afterthought, that once at Whitehall he had heard Rosetti say that he renounced any jurisdiction of which he might be possessed.

The Queen was in great anxiety. Not only had her name been brought forward in this affair, but she was being attacked in other ways. It was suggested that her beautiful chapel at Somerset House should be closed, and that she should only be permitted the little chapel at Whitehall, which was more like a private oratory. Wild stories were abroad as to a great design among the [Pg 174] Roman Catholics of the three kingdoms to subvert the Protestant religion by force, and the terror was so great that some fanatical spirits proposed that Catholics should be forced to wear a distinctive badge whenever they left their houses. This absurd proposition was rejected by the good sense of the many, but even so it was an ominous token of hatred.

The Queen was new to danger, either for herself or for her friends. She cared a great deal more to avert the wrath of the House of Commons from herself and from Montagu than for the welfare of the English Catholics, or even of Rosetti, who, at this time, was not on good terms with Montagu. She could think of nothing better to do than to send a message to her enemies, humble in tone and dwelling on the great desire which she had "to employ her own power to unite the King and the people"; she apologized for the "great resort to her Chappell at Denmark House," and promised that in the future she would "be carefull not to exceed that which is convenient and necessary for the exercise of her religion." She took upon herself the responsibility of the Catholic contribution, justifying and explaining it by "her dear and tender affection to the King and the example of other of His Majesty's subjects," and pleading her ignorance of the law if inadvertently anything illegal had been done. She completed her submission by promising to remove Rosetti out of the kingdom "within convenient time."[240]

The wrath of the English Catholics, who already looked upon the Queen's proposed journey to France as a threat of desertion, blazed forth at this surrender. They remembered, no doubt, that their mistress was a princess of France, the daughter of the heretic Henry of Navarre. Had she merely permitted the Parliament to wreak its evil will upon the Church of God, it would have [Pg 175] been bad enough; but had she not gone far beyond this, showing herself ready to execute its persecuting edicts even before they were promulgated? The House of Commons, on the other hand, was greatly pleased at the Queen's submission, and her gracious message was "very well taken." But had that assembly known the hopes with which the discomfited lady was consoling herself, its satisfaction would hardly have been greater than that of the Catholics.

One day some weeks earlier Henrietta, in the quiet of her own apartments, had taken up her pen and, without the knowledge of husband or friend, had written one of the most remarkable letters ever indited by a Queen of England.

It was addressed to Cardinal Barberini, and it bore neither date nor name of the place whence it was written. In it Henrietta poured out her whole heart. She dwelt upon the sad state of the Catholics, their banishment, the peril of the priests, the fear lest the harshness of the penal laws, "which reach even to blood," should be put in force against them. She emphasized the desperate condition of her husband, which obliged him, who since his accession had shown his goodwill to the Catholics, and who, indeed, was now suffering on account of his tenderness to them, to consent to persecution. After this introduction she came to the gist of her letter, which was nothing less than a request for a sum of 500,000 crowns, to be used in winning over the chiefs of the Puritan faction. It was, she said, the only hope of salvation, "for when the Catholics have once escaped from the present Parliament, there is everything to hope and nothing to fear in the future, and the only means to bring this about is that which I propose."[241] But the greatest secrecy and the greatest promptitude were necessary. "I ask you very humbly to communicate [Pg 176] this to His Holiness, whom I entreat to consult with you alone; for if the matter became known I should be lost. I pray him also to send me a reply as quickly as possible."[242] She did not doubt, she added, that if the response were favourable the King, her husband, would show his gratitude by favouring the Catholics even more than he had done in the past. At any rate, whatever the upshot of the affair, she would have shown her zeal for the good of her religion.

The letter was finished; but Henrietta, who knew to some extent with what edged tools she was playing, took up her pen again to add a brief postscript. "There is no one knows of this yet but His Holiness, you, and I." After writing this final warning she sealed up the missive and sent it to the Papal Nuncio in Paris, through whom it reached Rome.

Cardinal Barberini was surprised and somewhat annoyed when he received this letter. He was already a little displeased with Henrietta, and the simple arguments which she used had not the influence which she imagined over the mind of the Protector of England. Moreover, the method of her request was unfortunate. The Cardinal thought it strange that she should have written on her own responsibility, without consulting either the accredited agent of the Papacy, who was at her side, or her own confessor. At first he was almost inclined to consider the letter a forgery, but he dismissed this idea in favour of the supposition that the Queen had been persuaded to this action by some person who sought perhaps to deceive her. He seems to have suspected that Richelieu had some hand in the matter,[243] and he remarked significantly in writing to Rosetti that the Queen's letter had been carried to Paris "by one Forster," an English Catholic believed to [Pg 177] be in the pay of the French Government, who, he doubted not, had given his employers an opportunity of reading it. Henrietta meanwhile was awaiting in great anxiety the reply of Barberini, which, when it came at last, was a disappointment. Again it was intimated that only the conversion of the King of England would loosen the purse-strings of the Pope and justify the Holy Father in breaking in on the treasure of the Church stored up in the Castle of S. Angelo. The promise of toleration for the Catholics which would, it seems, have been given,[244] was not enough, for, as the Cardinal justly remarked to Rosetti, that promise had already been made in the secret articles of the Queen's marriage treaty. Moreover, what security could be offered that toleration, even if granted, would be permanent in the face of Parliamentary opposition? Barberini, however, did not wish to be unkind, and he hoped to soften the hard refusal by instructing Rosetti to tell the Queen of England that if matters came to the worst he would be willing to help her to the extent of 15,000 crowns.[245] But neither this promise nor the many pleasing words which accompanied it availed to save Henrietta from bitter disappointment, only less bitter, perhaps, than that which she would have felt had she received the money for which she asked, and had attempted therewith to bribe John Pym.

But this was not the only negotiation which she was carrying on with the Holy See. It will be remembered that in her message to the Commons she promised to remove Rosetti, understanding that his presence was "distasteful to the kingdom." She was afraid that most [Pg 178] unwillingly she would be obliged to keep her promise. "I cannot sufficiently lament the pass to which we are come," she wrote to Cardinal Barberini. "I have long hoped to be able to keep Count Rosetti here, and I have used all sorts of artifice to do so ... but, at last, there was such an outburst of violence that there was no means of keeping up our communications except by promising to remove him."[246] She referred her correspondent to an accompanying letter written by Montagu to learn the details of a scheme by which she hoped to make of no effect her promises of submission, and in spite of her enemies to keep open the communications between England and Rome.[247] Montagu's letter, which is long and interesting, is less melancholy in tone than that of the Queen, and shows less of the gnawing anxiety which was invading her spirit. He even explained cheerfully that the anti-Catholic promises of the King and Queen had had so good an effect that affairs seemed in train for "an accommodation to get rid of the Scots, which is the principal thing that the King ought to regard."[248] As to the method to be employed for assuring communications, it was similar to that already practised in Rome, where, in place of Sir Kenelm Digby, a private Scotchman, by name Robert Pendrick, formerly Hamilton's secretary and a friend of Con, had been installed as agent. Montagu, however, hoped that, pending the arrival of an humble substitute, the Queen might be able to keep Rosetti in England, and, indeed, that the Count might stay "until the time of her journey to France."

For on this journey she was at last resolved. Her health had not improved, and it was thought [Pg 179] that she was suffering from the common English complaint, and was going into a decline. Probably she did not fear a rebuff from France, but she knew that she would have to fight for her departure with the House of Commons. Another, and perhaps an unexpected, obstacle presented itself. Mayerne vindicated his Puritanism by certifying that his royal patient was in no need of change of air, and that her malady was as much of the mind as of the body—a diagnosis which was probably correct but highly inconvenient. In this moment of almost universal reprobation, when even her co-religionists for whom she had done so much looked coldly on her, Henrietta may have found some consolation in the kindness of a number of women of London and Westminster, who, in a petition to Parliament against the proposed journey, not only dwelt upon the loss to commerce which would follow the removal of the Queen's Court, but added kind words of her, praising the encouragement she had given to the calling of Parliament, and saying, with much truth, that since her coming to England "she hath been an instrument of many acts of mercy and grace to multitudes of distressed people."

Richelieu's answer to Henrietta's request for the hospitality of France was another grave disappointment. Never for one moment had the French Cardinal's vigilant eye been turned from England or its Queen. Madame de Chevreuse, Mary de' Medici, the Duke of Valette, the inclinations towards a Spanish alliance, all he had noted, and now was the day of reckoning. Not even in these closing years of triumph would he admit into France one who might scheme against his interests. The refusal was absolute, and in vain did Henrietta send a special agent to press her claims. The Cardinal was inexorable, and the excellent reasons which he gave for his decision —such as the certain ruin of the Catholics by the Queen's absence, and the danger in such [Pg 180] desperate circumstances of leaving the country—failed to convince his correspondent that her request was refused solely for her own sake. So great was her mortification that she was unable to hide from her servants the chagrin which she felt that she, a daughter of France, the child of the great Henry, was refused in her sickness and sorrow the shelter of her native land.

But there was no time to grieve long over any single annoyance, for trouble succeeded trouble, one treading fast on the heels of another. Moreover, as the spring wore on lesser sorrows tended to become swallowed up in the terrible anxiety as to Strafford's fate. On March 16th it was decided that he should be tried for high treason; and it struck like an evil omen on the Queen's heart that on that very day the Lords and Commons agreed to petition the King for the removal from Court of all Papists, and particularly of her four chief friends, Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Tobie

Matthew, Walter Montagu, and Sir John Winter. A few days later the trial began. It dragged along while, day after day, its course was watched by the King and Queen of England, who sat in a gallery, closely screened from curious eyes, looking down on the stern faces below them, and on the majestic figure of the man who was there to answer for his life. Not all the persuasions of the Commons could keep the royal couple away. It was the only thing they could do to encourage their faithful servant. With them sat their eldest son, the boy of whom it was said that he had been found weeping because the father who had received three kingdoms as his heritage would leave him never an one.

It is needless to repeat the story of Strafford's trial: how all turned upon an alleged plot to bring over Irish troops to subdue England; how it was found to be impossible to convict him of conduct [Pg 181] which could be brought within the scope of the Treason Act; how his enemies, determined that he should not escape, turned the impeachment into an attainder. All that is necessary is to indicate the Queen's action through these weeks of terror and struggle.

Everything that she could she did to save the man whom once she had regarded almost as an enemy. Day after day she found opportunity for secret interviews with the Puritan leaders, in which she offered all (and perhaps more than all) that it was in her power to give in exchange for Strafford's life. Evening after evening, when the dusk had fallen, she sallied forth alone, lighting her steps with a single taper, to seek her foes in their own quarters.[249] Such efforts deserved success, and she at least believed that to them was due the remarkable conversion of Lord Denbigh, the husband of her dear and faithful lady-in-waiting, who, after being one of Strafford's bitterest opponents, turned round and defended him with all his ability in the House of Lords.

Nor were these exertions the sum of Henrietta's activities. The marriage between little Princess Mary and the Prince of Orange, which took place in the middle of May, bringing as it did the hope of help in money and perhaps in soldiers, cheered her spirits and roused her to fresh efforts. It was now that the army plot was formed, the main object of which was to bring up to London the army which had been raised against the Scots, and by means of it to overpower Parliament and to release Strafford.

The plot seems to have originated with two soldiers, the younger Goring and an officer named Wilmot. These two separately conceived the idea of turning the discontent of the army, whose [Pg 182] wages had not been paid, to the profit of the King. Charles and Henrietta, who were consulted, thought that the best plan would be to endeavour to bring about an understanding between the two officers, each of whom wished to be commander-in-chief. The difficult task was assigned to Henry Jermyn, whose gentle manners made him specially suited to such a mission. But then the Queen's heart began to fail her. She knew only too well the danger of meddling with such matters, and she was greatly attached to Jermyn, who was, besides, one of the last of her faithful servants left to her; for Windbank, Montagu, and many another had been forced to find safety in flight. "If Jermyn too is lost, we shall be left without friends," she said piteously to her husband. Charles considered deeply for some time, for he was struck by this argument; but in the end he said that he thought the risk worth running, and Jermyn, whose fidelity was unimpeachable, was asked to undertake the dangerous mission.

Henrietta's courage was indeed giving way. The insults of the mob, the undisguised hatred of the Puritans whom she believed about to impeach her of high treason, the wild rumours afloat which culminated in the report of an imminent French invasion (this time in the royal interest), terrified her so much that, in spite of her proud boasts of a few days earlier that she was the daughter of a father who had never learned to run away, she determined to leave London for Portsmouth. She was only stayed by the entreaties of the French agent in London, of the Bishop of Angoulême, and of Father Philip. At Portsmouth was not only the governor, the younger Goring, but Henry Jermyn, and the Queen's precipitate flight would have given colour to the scandals which her enemies were industriously spreading, and to gain evidence for which they did not scruple to [Pg 183] cross-question even her ladies of the bedchamber.

In London, therefore, Henrietta remained to hear that same day that the army plot, which was already suspected by Pym, had been betrayed by Goring, whom she trusted almost beyond any of her servants.[250] Neither he nor Wilmot could reconcile himself to giving up the first place, and the former, goaded by ambition, opened the whole matter to Parliament. Henry Percy, who was also concerned in the affair, fled, leaving a letter for his brother, the Earl of Northumberland, which was read before Parliament. In spite of the closure of the ports, he managed, after considerable difficulty, to reach France, while others of the conspirators, among whom were two poets, D'Avenant and Suckling, made good their escape. Henry Jermyn ran perhaps the greatest risk. He had set off for Portsmouth at the Queen's request, knowing that the plot was betrayed, but unwitting that Goring was the traitor. When he reached his destination he was asked wonderingly why he had come.

"In obedience to His Majesty's commands," he replied. Goring looked sadly at his friend. "You have nothing to fear," he said at last, "either for yourself or for me, for I have sufficient credit to save you. I am sorry to have done wrong, but I will atone for it with regard to you, and I will die rather than fail you."

Jermyn perhaps distrusted the man who had already betrayed so grave a trust; but in this case Goring was as good as his word. He put the orders sent down by Parliament into his pocket, and helped his friend to escape in a small boat which took him to join the other exiles in France.

That which the Queen had feared had come upon her, and she was left almost without friends. [Pg 184] Besides, she winced as at the lash of a whip when she heard the vile attacks upon her honour.[251] But again bad griefs were to be swallowed up by worse.

For the army plot sealed Strafford's fate. The misgivings of the Puritans were becoming terror as they appreciated that the King of England would shrink from no means which might make him supreme. The more well-informed among them knew that Richelieu wished them well, but there were those who saw in the welcome which the Cardinal extended to the English exiles an indication that the influence of France would be thrown on the side of the King, and there were rumours abroad that Strafford, once rescued from prison, would find a refuge across the Channel. The Earl's position was rendered still worse when the Lieutenant of the Tower declared that he had been offered a large bribe to favour his prisoner's escape. There was now no room for compromise. Strafford had to pay the penalty of the greatness which made him feared, and on May 8th, the very day on which the army plot became known, the Bill of Attainder passed both Houses of Parliament.

Then followed four agonizing days. The King, who had given Strafford a solemn promise that he should not be harmed, became more and more terrified (not so much for himself as for those whom he loved, for he was no coward) as he realized the implacability of those who sought his faithful servant's life. On the other hand, he felt the shame of the descendant of a long line of kings at the very thought of breaking his royal pledge. In his struggle he knew not where to turn for help or comfort. Strafford himself, imitating the heroic conduct of the simple priest John Goodman, wrote to Charles, begging to die rather than that his safety should prejudice the King's interests. As for Henrietta, at this crisis she had no strength to supplement her husband's [Pg 185] weakness. She sat shivering at Whitehall, feeling around her the atmosphere of hatred, and hearing at last that most terrible of all sounds, the howling of an infuriated mob. Long Charles hesitated, but at last he dared do so no longer, for he believed that his wife and his children would pay the ransom of Strafford. Impelled by fear, justified by subtle counsellors, he seized his pen and signed the fatal death-warrant; "and in signing it he signed his own,"[252] commented a Frenchman many years later.

Strafford did not fear death. His state of health was such that probably in any case his remaining days would have been few. With one bitter comment, "Put not your trust in princes," he turned resolutely to the regulation of his temporal affairs and to preparation for death. His last day on earth was troubled by the well-meant solicitude of certain Catholics who, by some means, gained access to him, but when they found their efforts unavailing they departed, and he was left in peace. The fatal twelfth of May dawned. He was led out to meet first the blessing of his fellow-prisoner, Archbishop Laud, and then the angry faces of the populace, which he despised to the end, but to which was passing the power he was unable to hold. There were a few moments of tension, of waiting for death; then the axe fell, and the one man who might have saved Charles' throne was for ever beyond the reach of warring factions. "They have committed murder with the sword of justice,"[253] cried out one Englishman, expressing the silent thoughts of others less courageous than himself.

"The people," commented Salvetti, who was not unworthy to be the countryman of Machiavelli, [Pg 186] "now that it knows its own strength, and that nothing is denied to it, will not stop here, but will claim more."[254] Indeed, the revolution came on apace. The power was in the hands of Pym and his friends, and behind them were the London mob and the Scotch army. The abolition of the Star Chamber and High Commission Courts was only one among the many blows which were shattering Charles' throne.

These were some of the darkest days of Henrietta's life. She was fully aroused from the levity of her youth, but at this first touch of adversity she had not learned the courage and resignation of later times. Strafford had no truer mourner than she, unless, indeed, it were her husband. Then there were griefs more personal to herself. Some of those whom she had most trusted, such as Lady Carlisle and the Earl of Holland, turned against her, and she still believed that her enemies meant to humiliate her by an impeachment. She had to see the Catholics hated and persecuted as they had not been since the days of the Powder Plot, finding only a sorry consolation in the heroism which kept most of the priests at their post of danger. It added to her misery that she had to bear it alone. Even the Bishop of Angoulême left his royal mistress, for somewhat characteristically he discovered the urgent need of his presence in Paris. One of a braver spirit remained as ever faithful, but Father Philip, who was specially obnoxious to the Puritans, because being a subject of the King of England he came within the scope of the recusancy laws, found his constancy rewarded by a severe interrogation before the House of Commons and a short sojourn in the Tower. It was, however, no doubt a satisfaction, both to him and to the [Pg 187] Queen, that Richelieu, whose name had been freely mentioned in the examination, expressed himself much annoyed at the liberty which the leaders of Parliament had taken.[255]

And in July Henrietta lost another friend. Rosetti had stayed, with admirable courage and almost beyond the limit of safety, but now the condition of affairs was such that the Queen would not even permit Piombini, the humble agent who had been sent to replace him, to remain in England. She and her husband, with desperation in their hearts, held a last interview with the papal envoy. Charles, who in Rosetti's words spoke of the injuries which religion was receiving, "not as a heretic king, but as a Catholic,"[256] was by this time ready to promise, in return for help from the Pope, even liberty of conscience in the three kingdoms, together with the extirpation of Puritanism, thus leaving the field to the Catholics and the Protestants. He was, moreover, willing to forgo any help from Rome until the free exercise of the Catholic religion had been granted in Ireland. These terms, countersigned by his own royal hand, were to be carried across the sea by Mary de' Medici, who was on the point of leaving England, and delivered to Rosetti, who, by that time, would be on the way to Rome.

But the King of England humiliated himself in vain. Rosetti and those who directed him were aware of both the circumstances and the character of the man with whom they had to deal. They knew that only one thing could irrevocably bind Charles to the Catholic cause, and to the performance of his difficult promise. "The true way of getting help from the Holy See," said Rosetti severely, "is the conversion of the King." It was of no avail that Henrietta hastily asserted that such a step was impossible, not from any dislike on her husband's part to their holy religion, but because it would cost him his crown. The King's acts, and not his motives, were the envoy's concern, and he offered no comment on this wifely explanation, but hastened to bid the Queen farewell. He left England immediately, and Henrietta never saw him again. [Pg 188]

A month later, in the August of this sad summer, Henrietta wrote a letter to her sister Christine, which is the best description of the despair which was taking possession of her. "I swear to you," so it runs, "that I am almost mad with the sudden change in my fortunes. From the highest pitch of contentment I am fallen into every kind of misery which affects not only me but others. The sufferings of the poor Catholics and of others who are the servants of my lord the King touch me as sensibly as can any personal sorrow. Imagine what I feel to see the King's power taken from him, the Catholics persecuted, the priests hanged, the persons devoted to us removed and pursued for their lives because they served the King. As for myself, I am kept as a prisoner, so that they will not even permit me to follow the King, who is going to Scotland." She goes on to speak of one of the chief aggravations of her misery, the utter helplessness which she felt. "You have had troubles enough," she exclaims to her sister, "but at least you were able to do something to escape them; while we, we have to sit with our arms folded, quite unable to help ourselves. I know well," she adds sadly, commenting on her little daughter's marriage, which might have seemed rather beneath the dignity of the eldest daughter of England, "I know well that it is not kingdoms that give contentment, and that kings are as unhappy and sometimes more so than other people."[257] [Pg 189]

During the King's absence in Scotland Henrietta retired to her country house at Oatlands, to find what consolation she could in the society of her children. Even there she was not at peace. The leaders of the Parliamentary party, wishing to gain possession of the young Princes, requested that they might be placed in their hands, for the benefit of their education, and because they feared that the Queen, their mother, would make them Papists. "You are mistaken," replied Henrietta proudly. "The Princes have their tutors and governors to teach them all that is proper, and I shall not make them Papists, for I know that that is not the wish of the King." Nevertheless she was so alarmed at this request that she sent the children to another country house, whence they came to visit her but occasionally. She believed that she herself was in some danger of being carried off by her enemies; at least, that they wished her to think so, in order to drive her from the kingdom. After a while she left Oatlands and went to Hampton Court, where she was in greater safety, and where she was able to work for her husband by winning over some doubtful spirits, of whom the chief was the Lord Mayor of London.

Thus the summer wore on, and with the autumn came another blow. In the early days of November, while Charles was still in Scotland, London was startled by the news of the sudden and horrible rebellion of the long-oppressed Irish Catholics, who rose to avenge upon their Protestant neighbours the wrongs of generations. Stories, not unfounded, of the reckless barbarity of the rebels were in the mouth of every Englishman, and the victorious Puritans found in them an easy means of fanning the popular hatred of the Catholics, which was already at white heat. "This is what they have done in Ireland, this is what they would do, if they had the chance, in England," was a ready and convincing argument. This rebellion added another difficulty to those which were overwhelming the King and Queen; for not only did it thus give a handle to their enemies, but there were those who did not scruple to insinuate that the Queen was concerned in it. [Pg 190]

Later in the same month Charles came home, and he had one day of pleasure and triumph, for the city of London, partly through the exertions of the Queen, gave him a royal welcome, which seemed like the beginning of better things. It was, however, but a passing gleam of hope. The presentation on December 1st of the Grand Remonstrance, with its sombre catalogue of grievances, with its acrid religious and political tone, marked another act of the tragedy. Then at the beginning of the New Year (1642) came the King's fatal attempt to arrest five members[258] of the House of Commons and one member of the House of Lords, whom he knew to have been in communication with the Scots, and whom on this ground he wished to impeach for the crime of high treason.

The House of Commons showed a disposition to resist, and on January 4th Charles went down himself to seize the offending members. He had concerted his plan overnight with his wife and with George Digby,[259] a cousin of Sir Kenelm, one of those who had rallied to the royal cause at the time of Strafford's trial, and who henceforward appears among the Queen's special friends. With morning the King's spirit quailed before the task he had undertaken, but Henrietta, whose anger was roused because she believed that these ringleaders of the Commons intended to impeach her, would allow no shrinking. "Go, poltroon, pull the ears of these rogues, or never see me again," she cried, with that touch of insolent scorn into which her husband's weakness or [Pg 191] scruples sometimes betrayed her. As ever, Charles was unable to stand against her stronger will. He took her in his arms, assuring her that in an hour's time he would come back master of his foes; and so he left her and went to his destruction. She awaited his return in the highest spirits, thinking that now, at last, by one brilliant *coup* her troubles would be ended. She continually consulted her watch, as she listened eagerly for the footsteps of a messenger. At last she could contain herself no longer. Lady Carlisle, who probably gathered that some great matter was stirring, came into the Queen's private room to be greeted with an excited exclamation, "Rejoice, for now I hope the King is master in his kingdom," and to be told the very names of the intended victims. Lady Carlisle showed no surprise or annoyance. She quietly left the room and wrote a note to Pym, with the consequence that Charles, who had been delayed, entered the House of Commons to find, in his own words, "the birds flown." Henrietta, when she discovered the Countess' treachery, reproached herself most bitterly for her failure to keep silence, and confessed her fault freely to her husband, who as freely forgave it. But, culpable as she was, it is probable that her indiscretion did little harm. Her real fault she could not appreciate. It was Charles' attempt to seize the leaders of Parliament, not his failure in so doing, which precipitated the revolution.

Henceforward there was no hope of averting the revolution. Charles and Henrietta had to face the wrath of their people, and they knew that they were alone. The Pope, from whom they had hoped so much, left them to their fate, and Richelieu, though his attitude had been sometimes a little ambiguous, was the friend of their foes, and felt towards them an hostility the result of the history of the last fifteen years, which was a continual encouragement to those who were arrayed against them. It is true that many Englishmen, terrified at the extremes to which the Puritans were rushing, rallied round the King,[260] seeing in him, as he ever saw in himself, the defender of the ancient constitution; but even so the horizon was dark, and it was to grow darker to the end. "A northern King shall reign," ran the prophecy of Paul Grebner, who was in England in the great days of Elizabeth, "Charles by name, who shall take to wife Mary of the Popish religion, whereupon he shall be a most unfortunate Prince."[261]

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[234] See particularly the dispatches of Montreuil (MS. Français, 15,995) and Salvetti (Add. MS., 27,962), and Rosetti's remark in a letter to Cardinal Barberini (August 10th, 1640) that if something were not done the Puritans would so increase "che metteranno un giorno in pericolo di distruggere la monarchia di Inghilterra!"—Roman Transcripts P.R.O.

[235] Mme de Motteville: *Mémoires* (1783), I, 244. Cf. Montglas: *Mémoires* (1727), t. II, p. 67. "Il [Richelieu] avoit toujours des sommes d'argent entre les mains pour distribuer à l'insu de tout le monde à gens inconnus qui faisoient ensuite des effets mervellieux qui surprenoient tout le monde: comme depuis par la guerre civile d'Angleterre dont il étoit auteur et qu'il fomentoit pour empêcher les Anglois jaloux de la prosperité de la France de traverser ses desseins."

[236] Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 47.

[237] MS. Français, 15,995.

[238] Bellièvre, the French ambassador in England, wrote, in August, 1639, of a *femme de chambre* of the Queen who was going to France, that she was "très bien sans l'esprit de la Reine sa maitresse."—Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 47.

[239] The following account is from a private letter written by a Catholic: "Mr. Montague and Sir Kenelme appeared, the former said little but what was barely necessary to answer their interrogations which were about superiours of orders engaged in that business and his answers were soe sparing and wary that they told him he squiborated with them and co[~m]anded him next day to attend again. The latter spake soe home and soe frankly as he left them little to saye against him but to co[~m]and his attendance the next daye: the su[~m]e of what he said was being the Scotts were declared rebells by the Kinge and Counsell his Ma[tie] actively in the field against them, that all the Nobility, Counsell, Bishops, Judges and Innes of Court having contributed voluntarily to the warre, he could make noe doubt but hee and all Catholickes were obliged to followe their examples, and this the rather because her Ma[tie] was pleased to aske parte of all that his Ma[tie] might have taken without askinge such being the condition of Catholickes in England whereof he confessed himselfe to be one."—Archives of See of Westminster.

[240] The Queen's message to the House of Commons is printed in Green: *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, p. 36.

[241] P.R.O. Roman Transcripts. See Appendix, No. II.

[242] P.R.O. Roman Transcripts. See Appendix No. II.

[243] Barberini also refers to the reports which were about concerning the complicity of France in the Scotch rebellion.

[244] It is probable that the offer was made by the Queen alone at this time, as Barberini says that security from the Parliament or in some other way would be necessary. "Non parendo bastante la promessa della Regina."—Barberini to Rosetti, February l6th, 1641. P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[245] The tenor of the Cardinal's answer is gathered from his letter to Rosetti. P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[246] P.R.O. Roman Transcripts. Henrietta Maria to Barberini, February 6th, 1641.

[247] "Je vous remest à Montagu pour faire savoir le particulier de tout et les moyens que je propose pour continuer l'intelligence ce que je desire passionement."—Henrietta Maria to Barberini, February 6th, 1641. P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[248] P.R.O. Roman Transcripts. Walter Montagu to Barberini, February 6th, 1641.

[249] This statement rests on the authority of Mme de Motteville. It seems incredible that the Queen went out alone into the street; it is probable that she went to the apartments of noblemen living in the palace.

[250] "Cette princesse dict à plusieurs personnes qu'elle n'avoit que Mr. Goring et son fils en qui elle se pût asseurer si les Escossais continuent leur manche en Angleterre." April 18th, 1641. MS. Français, 15,995, f. 226.

[251] "Che la ferisce al vivo."—Salvetti. Add. MS., 27,962, I, f. 232.

[252] François Faure, in his funeral sermon on Henrietta Maria. Mme de Motteville in her memoirs makes almost the same remark (ed. 1783). I, 261.

[253] Diurnall Occurrences, May, 1641.

[254] Add. MS., 27,962, I, f. 233. Cf. the remark of Giustiani, May 24th, 1641: "Li piu savii pero pronosticano a piena bocca che l'habbi ben tosto a reduirsi questa monarchia a governo interamente democratica."—P.R.O. Venetian Transcripts.

[255] A little later (October 30th, 1641) the French ambassador in England, remembering that Father Philip belonged to the anti-Richelieu party, wrote asking if he should work for his "l'esloignement." Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 48.

[256] Charles left the room after a few words with Rosetti, leaving his wife to make the offers described above, but there is no reason to doubt that she had his authority.

[257] *Lettres de Henriette Marie à sa soeur Christine*, August 8th, 1641, pp. 57-9.

[258] Pym, Hampden, Haselrig, Holles, Strode, in the Commons; in the Lords, Lord Kimbolton, the brother of Walter Montagu, who had been the King's personal friend and had accompanied him to Spain in 1624.

[259] George Lord Digby, eldest son of the Earl of Bristol.

[260] The narrow majority by which the Grand Remonstrance passed the House of Commons marked the formation of the constitutional Royalist party.

[261] This version is a corruption of the real prophecy of Grebner, which was contained in a book given by him to Elizabeth and by Elizabeth to Trinity College, Cambridge. See "Monarchy or no Monarchy in England: Grebner his prophecy by William Lilly, student in Astrology" (1651).

CHAPTER VIII
THE QUEEN AND THE WAR

I

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall.
Andrew Marvell

It would be impossible, within the limits of these studies, to give even a brief outline of the events of that momentous period of our history known as the Civil War. All that can be attempted is to indicate the various activities of Henrietta Maria in connection with it.

With the knowledge that a struggle was inevitable a change came over the Queen's spirit. As long as an accommodation seemed possible she had shown, certainly from time to time, some moderation and some desire to propitiate her enemies, but it seemed to her that the demands of Parliament were unreasonable, and that, in fact, when she spoke of peace her foes made them ready for battle. There was no way through the impasse, for they, on their side, were of just the same opinion. Thenceforward her tactics were different. As she had opposed an ignominious peace with the Scotch rebels, so now she was an advocate of no compromise. Throwing herself with all the energy of her nature—she could never do anything by halves, said one who knew her [Pg 194] well[262]—into her husband's cause, she took her place among the most active members of the royalist party. Gone was the Queen of love and beauty, the gentle lady whose interests were those of the drawing-room, the nursery, and the chapel. Gone even was the Queen of tears, who sat cowering in London on the eve of the war. Instead is seen a woman stern and determined, brushing aside concessions and half-measures with undisguised scorn, leaving without a sigh the luxuries in which from her cradle she had been lapped, and in which she had shown an artistic and sensuous delight, posting over land and sea, regardless of comfort, of health, of life itself, to bring succour to her husband. The daughter of Henry IV had risen to the measure of her likeness to her great father.

Henrietta set out for Holland in February, 1642. The ostensible reason of her journey was to escort her daughter Mary, who was only ten years old, to her husband, the Prince of Orange. The real reason was to raise such sums of money and to collect such quantities of arms and ammunition as she could obtain on the security of the treasures which she took with her, her own jewels and those of the Crown of England.

After a stormy crossing, which resulted in the loss of the chapel vessels and of the servants' clothes, Henrietta was able to gather round her on the soil of Holland her small household. It included Lord Goring, Lady Denbigh, Lady Roxburgh, who had been the little princesses' governess, and Father Philip, who was accompanied by one of his old rivals of the Capuchin Order. The storm-tossed exiles were met at the coast by Henry, Prince of Orange, who, anxious to give due honour to his son's bride and mother-in-law, welcomed the sorrowful Queen with a "brief and succinct speech," running to a length of three and a half closely printed quarto pages, [Pg 195] and couched in a style of inflated flattery[263] which, sad as she was, must have taxed Henrietta's gravity to listen to. She replied, however, with great decorum that the Prince appeared to her "the god of eloquence," after which she and her little daughter were royally feasted in the palace at The Hague.

Nevertheless, a welcome which savoured of absurdity was better than "greetings where no kindness is." In the Dutch capital Henrietta found her husband's sister, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, who was living there in exile. This lady, who had taken an accurate measure of her sister-in-law's influence over her brother, held her in the cool esteem with which relatives by marriage are frequently regarded, and had no real cordiality to show to the woman who was beginning to tread the Via Dolorosa her own feet had trodden so long. It happened, besides, that just at this time parties in Holland reproduced in miniature those of England. The House of Orange clung to the alliance with the House of Stuart, but the wealthy burgesses of Amsterdam and The Hague, who were democratic and republican in their views, had more sympathy with those who were fighting the battle of liberty across the waters of the North Sea. They showed [Pg 196] Henrietta little kindness and scant courtesy. They gave her hints, which she refused to take, that they would be glad to see the last of her. They treated her with none of the deference due to her rank. A sturdy Dutch burgher would stride into her presence without removing his hat, sit down beside her and enter into conversation with her as if she were a fellow-townsman whom he had met in the street; or, perhaps, if he could not think of anything to say, would turn on his heel and go away without stopping to salute the Queen of England, all which amazing manners Henrietta, whose sense of humour never deserted her, carefully noted and described years afterward to Madame de Motteville.[264]

But in spite of hostility the Queen's work prospered. She kept her daughter with her, while the boy-husband pursued the studies suitable to his age and rank; but she devoted her chief energies to raising money, a task in which she experienced some difficulty, as reports were circulated that she had carried off the crown jewels without the King's consent. She was, moreover, carefully watched, both by her unwilling hosts and by spies of the Parliament; but, nevertheless, she managed to sell or pawn some of her store, though at exorbitant rates, for, as she wrote to her husband, no sooner was it known that the King of England was in need of money than the usurers and merchants "keep their foot on our throat." Parliament issued a proclamation forbidding any of the "traitors" to approach the person of the Queen; but, nevertheless, her friends came not without the connivance of the Prince of Orange, who allowed two of them to lie at his own lodgings. George Digby and Henry Jermyn hastened to her side, and she was cheered by the arrival from France of another old friend from whom she had parted the year before in fear and distress.

Walter Montagu, after his hasty flight from England, had been received with rather unexpected [Pg 197] kindness by Richelieu. He spent, however, most of his exile at Pontoise, where he made friends with Mother Jeanne Séguier,[265] a lady who combined the professions of a Carmelite nun and of a political intriguer, and to whom he probably owed an acquaintance with the rising Mazarin, which was rapidly ripening into friendship. But, in spite of the seduction of French affairs, he did not forget the lady to whom his allegiance was pledged; and in the late spring of 1642 he hurried to Holland to give advice in matters where his intimate knowledge of the French Court was invaluable.

For Henrietta's eyes were turning to her native land as a possible refuge in case of the worst. She had wished to go to Cologne, where her poor old mother lay sick to death; but her masters in Holland forbade her. Ireland, which had been suggested, seemed "a strange place"; so sometimes she thought she would go to her beloved nuns in the Faubourg S. Jacques, and there, where she had been so happy, hide her humiliated head in case of her husband's discomfiture. She knew that Richelieu hated her, and she deeply resented the attitude taken up by the French ambassador in London; but she thought, and thought justly, that Louis XIII, or rather the Cardinal, would not, for very shame, refuse her, a daughter of France, an asylum in the extremity to which her affairs had come. Her Grand Almoner, Du Perron, who had not felt it necessary to risk himself in England again, wrote from Paris that she would be given entertainment in France in case of need. He also gave the welcome news that he was coming to see her on behalf of her brother the King, on receiving which intelligence her elastic spirits rose high with hope, so that she wrote friendly letters both to the great Cardinal himself and to Mazarin, with whom Montagu [Pg 198] had smoothed her way. It was a comfort to feel that she had an assured retreat, for the news from England became more and more exciting. The setting up of the King's standard at Nottingham on August 22nd, 1642, made the war a reality. The first blood shed in civil strife since the battle of Bosworth was drawn at Powick Bridge on September 23rd, 1642. On October 23rd the first regular engagement between the rival armies took place at Edgehill.

The Queen watched the course of events with painful and unremitting anxiety. Nor was she a mere spectator. There yet exists the remarkable series of letters[266] which she addressed from Holland, some written by her own hand, some by that of a secretary, probably Henry Jermyn, to her husband. In them, more clearly than anywhere else, we see the working of Henrietta's fierce and determined mind at this crisis. How she urged Charles on, against the advice of more moderate counsellors, to take Hull by force, though Parliament had not begun hostilities. "Is it not beginning to put persons into it against your will?"[267] How she wished she were in the place of her son James, who was in that town. "I would have flung the rascal over the walls, or he should have done the same thing to me."[268] How she entreated and almost commanded the King to make no accommodation which would abate by one jot or tittle his royal power,[269] and how she threatened, in case he did not take her advice, to go to France instead of returning to England, "for to die of consumption of royalty is a death which I cannot endure, having found by [Pg 199] experience the malady to be too insupportable."[270] How she exhorted him to take good heed that their children did not fall into the hands of the enemy, and to be faithful to the few friends whom she really trusted. It is evident that she was no wise guide for her unhappy husband, whose vacillations, born of a glimmering perception of the position of a constitutional King, roused her to scorn and almost to fury. She cannot be acquitted of having done all that lay in her power (which was much) to widen the breach between the King and his subjects in these early and critical days. Hers was the stronger spirit, and she knew it. The tone of her letters to "le roy monseigneur," if always loving is often peremptory, and sometimes even dictatorial, while she does not hesitate to show her contempt for his lack of decision and promptitude. She is ever exhorting him to courage, to energy, to vengeance. The day of mercy is gone, and it is time to give place to justice. Even her benedictions end in curses such as the Puritans excelled in heaping on the heads of their enemies and those of the Lord.[271] She had not for nothing sat at the feet of Richelieu. "Charles, be a King," is the burden of all her advice.

In these letters to her struggling husband Henrietta seldom allows herself to give way; but the softer side of her nature, though often obscured by sterner elements, never wholly disappeared. "Pray to God for me," she wrote in her pain to Madame S. Georges; "for be assured there is not a more wretched creature in this world than I, separated from the King my lord, from my children, out of my country, and without hope of returning thence, except at imminent peril, abandoned by [Pg 200] all the world, unless God assist me, and the good prayers of my friends, among whom I number you."[272]

But such temporary despondency was drowned in work. Henrietta had too much to do, raising money, not only in Holland but in Denmark, sending arms and accoutrements into England, and keeping the Prince of Orange in a good temper, to have much time for low spirits. Towards the end of 1642 she had raised such sums of money as the amount of her resources and the caution of her customers permitted.[273] The state of affairs in England was not very promising, but nothing could keep her from her husband when she could be at his side with honour to herself and advantage to him. For danger she cared little, but various delays occurred, and it was not until the end of the following January, when she had been almost a year in the land where she had intended but a short stay, that she set sail for England.

THE QUEEN'S DEPARTURE FROM HOLLAND

This attempted journey was one of the stormiest incidents of Henrietta's stormy career. Hardly had she set sail, accompanied by eleven vessels, when (by the agency of the devil, as some thought)[274] "the wind turned contrary, and the greatest storme that hath been seene this many a yeere"[275] arose. Nine days the Queen tossed upon the waves of the North Sea, lashed, as were all her ladies, into a narrow berth. The misery of the small, stuffy cabin was indescribable, and worse than bodily discomfort was the continual fear of death, which was so menacing that the Queen and the other Catholics on board, throwing aside their natural reticence on such matters, confessed their sins in a loud voice, which, perhaps, in the din of the storm, was necessary to the priest's hearing. It is said that the horror of the scene was so great that some of the sailors threw themselves into the sea. Henrietta believed that her last hour was come, and, as she confessed later, "a storm of nine days is a very frightful thing."[276] But the first alarm over, she reflected that after all there was little at present to make her cling to life, and she rallied her courage so effectually as to be able to derive amusement from the ridiculous incidents which never fail to occur on a storm-tossed vessel, while she reassured her terrified ladies by telling them that queens were never drowned.

At last, after getting tantalizingly near to Newcastle-on-Tyne, the boat was tossed back on to the shores of Holland, where Montagu was waiting in great anxiety. The weary voyagers landed from a small fishing-smack in a state of filth and exhaustion, for which their delicate lives had little prepared them, and which shocked the Prince of Orange, who, together with his son and daughter-in-law, came down to the seashore to meet the Queen. Henrietta and her ladies were so feeble that they could hardly stand, while one of the Capuchin Fathers required the support of two men to help him to say Mass. The Queen lost in this tempest a precious ship laden with the stuff of war, but "she gained in the opinion of all the witnesses what she can never lose,"[277] for indeed her courage, which seemed above that of her sex, won an admiration which was still further increased when it was found that she meant, against the advice of her friends, to put to sea again as soon as the weather permitted and her several ships which had been dispersed in the storm came up. "They that are delivered from shipwrack, bid an eternall adieu to the sea, and to the shipps; nay, they are not able to endure the sight thereof. These are Tertullian's words. Yet within eleauen days after, O admirable resolution! the Queen, being scarce yet escaped from a dreadfull storme, spurred on by the desire of seeing the King and of coming in to his ayde, adventures againe to trust herself to the furie of the ocean and to the winters rigour."[278] So, recalling this incident, cried her eloquent panegyrist at her funeral service a quarter of a century later. Perhaps Henrietta felt that she feared the dangers of the deep less than the tongues and the acts of the enemies she was leaving behind. The Hollanders dared to detain a ship which she had caused to be loaded with ammunition, so that she was obliged to address to them an angry protest, while the preachers in their pulpits began to rail against the Prince of Orange and his son's English match, affirming that he wished to make himself King, and saying that if they must have a tyrant they would prefer their old master the Spaniard.

Thus Henrietta, bidding a long farewell to Montagu, who set out almost immediately for France, embarked once more. This time the sea was kinder to her, but the land proved her enemy. She intended landing at Newcastle-on-Tyne, but a change in the wind, which until the English coast was near had been very light, drove the vessel into Burlington Bay in Yorkshire. The Queen at once sent to inform the Earl of Newcastle, who was commanding the royalist forces in the neighbourhood. She had not long to wait before she received his answer in the shape of a body of cavalry, whose arrival enabled her to land. But, weary as she was, there was no rest for her. She brought with her a thousand old soldiers from the Low Countries, for she had heard rumours of a plot to seize her on landing. They, as well as the escort sent by her husband, were needed, for at four o'clock on the dark February morning she was roused by the sound of firing. Four of the Parliament ships had arrived in the bay, and they were shelling the village, with special attention, it appeared, to the Queen's lodgings.[279] In a few moments Jermyn appeared and told her to flee for her life. She jumped up, and having hastily flung on some clothing was hurrying to a place of refuge when suddenly she stopped, remembering that lying asleep on her bed was her pet dog, Mitte—an ugly beast, says Madame de Motteville, who was evidently no lover of the canine race, in recounting the story. Henrietta could not bear to leave her pet to death, or possibly to ill-treatment;[280] so, notwithstanding the entreaties of her friends and the rain of bullets that was falling, she insisted on retracing her steps to the house she had just left. It was the work of a few minutes to rush to her room and pick up Mitte. Then with all speed she sought an uncomfortable safety in a ditch outside the village, where for two hours the balls played over the heads of the Queen and her suite, until at last the Admiral of Holland sent to tell the rebels that unless they desisted he would fire on them in return. "That was done a little late,"[281] was Henrietta's caustic and characteristic comment.

 No less characteristic was her high-spirited return to the village the next morning, "not choosing that they should have the vanity to say they made me quit."[282] In spite of all her spirits rose at finding herself again in England, and she had the satisfaction of knowing that she brought with her substantial help in the way of arms, ammunition, and money, which her gallant soldiers had guarded through that night of battle. Her great wish was to rejoin her husband as soon as possible, and setting herself at the head of her army she started to march towards Oxford, where Charles was keeping his Court.

But five months were to elapse before the royal pair were united, and this five months forms one of the most curious episodes of Henrietta's career. She became for the time being a military captain, "her she majesty generalissima," as she calls herself. She played her part right well, as if she remembered that in her veins flowed not only the blood of her father, but of her heroic Medici ancestor, Giovanni delle Bande Nere.[283] This delicately nurtured woman, who was, moreover, in bad health, lived among her soldiers, says the admiring Madame de Motteville, almost as imagination may picture Alexander living among his. Forgetting feebleness and fatigue, she was constantly in the saddle; setting aside all etiquette, she dined in the open air with her followers, each of whom she treated as a brother. It was no wonder that the Popish army of the Queen, as it was angrily called by its enemies, adored its royal mistress. Few probably thought of Alexander, but some—old soldiers from the Continent, perhaps—may have remembered the stories of Henry of Navarre among his companions-in-arms.

The military details of the campaign cannot be entered into here. The Queen was much in the hands of military specialists, a position she did not love, and which elicited some complaints that [Pg 205] she could not rule the army which bore her name. There were jealousies and differences of opinion, such as on the question of attacking Leeds, in which matter both she and the Earl of Newcastle, her general, followed a course which drew upon them a mild censure from the King. Perhaps the most notable success was the gain of Scarborough, which was delivered up by its Parliamentary governor, Sir Hugh Cholmondley, who came to kiss the Queen's hand at York. In that ancient city she made a considerable stay, which was further enlivened by the reception of some of the northern loyalist nobility, among whom was the Marquis of Montrose.

In July Henrietta at last reached her husband. They met in Kineton Vale, below Edgehill, and at the same time she was able to embrace her two eldest sons, who were with their father. A few days later she entered Oxford, and for a moment the welcome of the faithful city diverted her from her woes. Crowds of spectators lined the streets or peeped out from the house-windows, and as the procession went by they cheered and blessed the Queen as the pledge and harbinger of peace.[284] At Carfax "the Major[285] and his brethren entertained Her Majesty with an English speech, delivered by Master Carter, the Town Clerk, in the name of the city, and presented her with a purse of gold."[286] She went on to Christ Church, where she was received by the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of Houses, and thence to the Warden's lodgings[287] at Merton, which had been prepared for her reception, and where on her arrival she was offered by the University authorities books of verses and pairs of gloves. This college, which was probably chosen on account of its proximity to Christ Church, where the King kept his Court, possessed a secret [Pg 206] passage which led into the gardens of the neighbouring foundation of Corpus Christi, so that Charles could visit his wife without going into the public street.

There was, indeed, much for the royal pair to discuss, for since their parting neither had been idle for a moment, and each had to recount to the other the results of their labours, while the changing circumstances of the Continent called for careful consideration.

In December, 1642, before Henrietta left Holland, Cardinal Richelieu died in Paris. The passing away of this great man, who, knowing how to bend men and circumstances to his will, had built up France as two hundred years later Bismarck was to build up Germany, was a severe blow to the Parliamentary party, which knew him to be their friend;[288] but to the Queen it appeared the removal of the chief obstacle in the way of obtaining that help from her native country of which she was already beginning to think. It was believed that now her enemy was gone she would hasten to Paris herself, but she judged otherwise, and contented herself with carrying on negotiations by means of Walter Montagu, on whose friendship with Mazarin she counted. That gentleman supplied the French Government with a curious paper on English affairs,[289] which he probably drew up at The Hague under the Queen's direction. It set forth the miserable plight of Catholicism in that country, and urged the King of France to give help, which, in the event of [Pg 207] his brother of England's success, would be well repaid, while his failure could bring no prejudice to an ally. These cogent reasonings were not disregarded, but they did not make as much impression on the minds of those to whom they were addressed as Henrietta and Montagu perhaps expected.

All France hoped that the death of the Cardinal would mean a reversal of his policy, for the nobles were discontented, while the people were overtaxed and miserable. Already the faint grumblings of discontent could be heard, which became articulate a few years later in the rebellions of the Fronde. Such hopes were strengthened by the fact that Louis XIII was evidently following to the grave the minister who had made him, almost against his will, a great and victorious monarch. But France was not to escape so easily the influence of the mighty personality which had dominated her for so long.

Louis XIII died in May, 1643, and Anne of Austria, after a lifetime of neglect, found herself at the head of affairs as regent for her little son Louis XIV. The past career of this lady, her affection for Spain, her not uncalled for hatred of Richelieu, pointed to a complete reversal of the Cardinal's policy. His enemies began to come back to Court, and Madame de Chevreuse herself left her retreat in Flanders, and was seen at the side of the Queen-Regent.

But Anne soon found out the difficulties of her position. She was an idle woman who had never been accustomed to use her mind, and she craved instinctively for a stronger arm and brain on which to lean. She found them in the low-born Italian adventurer Jules Mazarin, whom Richelieu had trained to be his successor. Mazarin had not his master's dislike to the English nation or its

Queen. Moreover, he owed much to Walter Montagu, whose influence with Queen Anne was greater than ever, and who had been instrumental in introducing the Cardinal to her favour. It is [Pg 208] probable that when Henrietta heard the turn which affairs had taken in France she rejoiced. She had some cause to do so, but yet in the years that were coming she was to learn that Mazarin, like Richelieu, only cared, in his heart, for the interests of France, and that his desire was so to hold the balance of power between her and her enemies that he might be able to pursue unmolested the task of humbling the House of Austria, which had been bequeathed to him by his great predecessor.

In the autumn of 1643 an event occurred which caused much annoyance to Henrietta, and resulted in the removal from the French Court of the man most able and willing to advance her interests there.

It is probable that the Queen-Regent was really anxious to succour the King and Queen of England. She was grateful to them for the kindness which they had shown to Madame de Chevreuse, and she remembered their common hatred of Richelieu. Mazarin did not fail in polite condolences, and he thought that it would be a good thing to send over an ambassador to England, to see at least that Henrietta was properly treated, and that the interests of France were duly considered. To this post the Count of Harcourt was appointed, whose way was to be prepared by an agent of inferior rank, M. de Gressy.

Under cover of this embassy Walter Montagu thought that he would be able to reach Oxford unobserved. He did not travel with the ambassador, but joined himself to Gressy's company in England in a disguised dress and a large wig, which he hoped would be sufficient to conceal the identity of a person better known in France than in England; but either he overdid his disguise, or else he went about with injudicious openness in search of amusement, for at Rochester he was recognized. The sharp eyes of a Parliamentary officer spied him out, took him in charge and [Pg 209] carried him off to London, where he was put in the Tower and there kept, in spite of the remonstrances of the French ambassador, the entreaties of the Queen-Regent of France, and the somewhat lukewarm representations of Mazarin, who perhaps saw in him a possible rival.[290] All that the two Houses of Parliament would do was to deliver up to Harcourt the letters of Queen Anne, which were found on the prisoner. They regarded him as a "grand Jesuiticall English Papist," and they urged "that he hath been a great incendiary of this unnatural war against the Parliament, was formerly banished by Act of Parliament, and no letter from a foreign Prince can defend him."[291]

Henrietta was deeply chagrined, the more so as this vexation came upon the top of others.

She was not unaware of the feelings with which her husband's enemies regarded her. The comments and slanders with which she had been pursued in Holland would have been sufficient to enlighten her, without the reception which met her at Burlington Bay. The proposal of her enemies, couched in specious language, to escort her to London, where she should be "lovingly entertained," roused her to fury, for she who did not fear the bullets or the waves shrank with a feeling of almost physical repulsion from falling into the hands of her foes. But a further insult was to come. In May, 1643, she was impeached of high treason as the greatest papist in the land, and that her cup of humiliation might be full she was not allowed the title of Queen of England, on the pretext that, as she had never been crowned, she had no legal right to it. Truly the mistakes of her youth were returning upon her head. "You will give a share of all these news to [Pg 210] all our friends, if any dare own themselves such after the House of Commons hath declared me traitor, and carried up their charge against me to the Lords,"[292] she wrote sadly to the Duke of Hamilton. It was indeed no advantage to be known as her friend, specially in London, where the Puritan hatred, of which she was the chief object, was beginning to attack the priceless memorials of the past. Stained-glass windows were smashed in the churches, and "Cheapside Crosse, which at her Majestie's first coming into England was beautified in a glorious and splendid manner ... as it dazzlled a many eyes to behold the gods, Popes, and saints thereon,"[293] and which was boasted of by the Catholics even in Rome as one of the chief relics of the ancient religion, was torn down, and it was decided that "the Lead about the Crosse" should "be cast into Bullets, and bestowed on the Papists in armes."[294] This was bad enough, but even more trying to the Queen's feelings were the piteous accounts which came of the sufferings of her poor Capuchins, who, after more than a year of terrified waiting, saw themselves and their property in the hands of a ruthless mob, which was none the better because it acted in the name of the House of Commons, and which was led by Henry Martin, a man of unusually violent character, who was afterwards one of the regicides. All the remonstrances of the French agent and the House of Lords, "whose members have learned by their travels that there are other countries besides England,"[295] were brushed aside. Hideous orgies and blasphemous revels were witnessed, testifying to the anti-Catholic hatred of the populace. The beautiful chapel which had [Pg 211] been built with such high hopes only a few years earlier was sacked, and the ornaments, pictures, and vestments destroyed, except such of the latter as Martin carried off for his mistress. The picture by the brush of Rubens which adorned the High Altar was wantonly spoiled; the seat of the Queen was broken up with peculiar violence. Outside in the garden some of the rough soldiers played at ball with the heads of a Christ and of a St. Francis, while others indoors trod underfoot the escutcheons of Henry IV and his wife, which were kept for use on their anniversaries. Only one consolation had the unhappy Fathers. Such a scene would not have been complete without its miracle, and they had the satisfaction of tracing the hand of Providence in the blindness of their spoilers to a small box of consecrated hosts hidden away in a cupboard, whose contents were turned upside down by rough hands of the mob.

Henrietta's wrath may be imagined when she heard of this fresh insult offered, not only to her but to her parents and to her country under whose protection the Capuchins lived. It probably outweighed the grief she felt for the destruction of her beautiful chapel. As for her husband, he was so incensed that he is said to have specially excluded from pardon all those concerned in the riot. Again, just as the Queen entered Oxford, another trouble fell upon her, which was another proof of the remorseless hatred of the Puritans. Edmund Waller, who in happier days had made verses to her charms, raised a plot in London in the King's interest. It was discovered, and among its victims was a faithful servant of Henrietta, Master Tomkins, who, condemned by "a new counsell of war (consisting of Kimbolton, Mainwaring, Venn, the Devill, and a few others),"[296] was executed outside his own door in Holborn by the common hangman.

Nor even within the walls of Oxford was there freedom from jealousy and strife. Henrietta could [Pg 212] not bring herself to look cordially upon Holland[297] when he came to ask pardon of the King for his rebellion, even though he used Jermyn as his intermediary, and there were others who, though faithful to the cause, stood between her and that complete ascendancy over her husband at which she aimed. Perhaps it was hardly to be expected that she should like Rupert of the Rhine, the son of the Queen of Bohemia, who had great influence over his uncle in military matters. Never at any time during the war did the affairs of the King promise better than during Henrietta's stay at Oxford. She and her advisers, among whom were prominent the Earl of Bristol and his son, that same George Digby who had been with her in Holland, with their usual leaning to the bold and enterprising course, wished Charles to march on London, and end the war by a grand *coup*. It was a sore disappointment to her when, on the advice of Rupert, he turned aside to the siege of Gloucester. She believed (and she kept the belief to the end of her days[298]) that had he pushed on to the capital at this favourable moment, he would have been able to overcome his enemies.

But, in spite of all these accumulated worries, Henrietta's stay in Oxford was probably the happiest time she had known since the opening of the Long Parliament. After her long absence she was restored to "the dearest thing in the world to her, after God, the presence of the King her husband and the Princes her children."[299] After the troubles and dangers of her sojourn in [Pg 213] Holland and her campaign in the north she was in peace and safety, though the city was strongly fortified and cannon were to be seen both at "Newparkes and S. Giles his fields." Nor, in spite of these warlike preparations, was the mimic Court without its diversions, for each college and hall was turned into a dwelling for gay royalist ladies and gentlemen, so that as Henrietta took her airing in Trinity Grove, the Hyde Park of Oxford, she saw many of the faces she had been accustomed to see in the real Hyde Park in London.

Absurd reports were rife among the enemy of the condition of the city; how it swarmed with Irish rebels, how Mass was said in every street; while the more sober-minded descanted upon the condition of the colleges, which "look as they did in Queen Elizabeth's daies on the street side, but if you go in you will find Henry the 8 his reformation in the Chappell."[300] It is probable that the Queen paid little attention to the flights of the Puritan fancy, but she took some pains to conciliate her husband's Protestant friends; and when a sermon which was used to be preached in Merton College chapel on Sundays was discontinued as a compliment to her, she was much annoyed, and gave orders that it should be resumed.

But even Oxford could be no permanent resting-place for the Queen. Her foes were gathering round it, and unless she wished to run the risk of seeing the horrors of a siege, it was time to be gone. She had, moreover, to care for another life, for she was about again to become a mother. The King could not, of course, leave his headquarters, and the husband and wife prepared to part once more, and this time for ever.

Henrietta left Oxford on April 17th, 1644. The parting between her and her husband, which took place at Abingdon, was sufficiently sad, even though the knowledge that it was final was hidden [Pg 214] from her. Then, escorted by Jermyn, whose loyalty had been rewarded by a barony, and whose presence at her side excited scurrilous comments which she scornfully ignored, she turned to the south-west. By the 21st of April she was in Bath. She pushed on by the great city of Bristol, which formed part of her dowry, and thence to Exeter, where she arrived in a condition so serious that it seemed likely her troubles would soon find their surest consolation. "Mayerne, for the love of me, go to my wife,"[301] wrote Charles, and Henrietta herself penned a short, piteous note to her old physician. "My disease will invite you more strongly, I hope, than many lines would do."[302] The faithful Swiss needed no further summons. He was at the Queen's side when, on June 16th, the child, whose short life and tragic death were to be in keeping with the circumstances of her birth, was born at Bedford House, in the city of Exeter. The little princess was an unusually pretty baby, and the father she was never to see wrote expressing great pleasure at the reports of her beauty, and requesting that she might be christened in the cathedral of her birthplace, an injunction which aroused the wrath of the Puritans all the more because Charles had just attempted to silence the unpleasant rumours current on the subject of his religion by issuing a declaration of his unalterable attachment to the Protestant faith.[303]

Henrietta, who was always brave in illness, had hoped that the physical miseries from which she suffered would disappear with her confinement. Instead, she found herself rather worse than better. "The most miserable creature in the world, who can write no more"[304]—thus she describes herself in a letter to her husband written from her bed, and containing an account of her ailments. To crown all, she found that it was impossible for her to remain at Exeter. Essex was on her track, and to all the entreaties for a safe conduct to Bath, which she addressed to him by means of a French agent named Sabran who happened to be with her, he returned answers which in the circumstances were brutal. The Queen was no concern of his, he said. Henrietta, fearing above all things in her weak state the noise of firing which a siege would involve, dragged herself from her bed a few days after the birth of her baby, whose helpless life she confided to one of her attendants, the Countess of Morton. Accompanied by Jermyn and by her devoted confessor, Father Philip, she fled still farther into the western peninsula, down to that strange land beyond Truro which was then hardly considered a part of England, and where still lingered the accents of the Cornish tongue. There in the castle of Pendennis, which guarded the village of Penycomequick,[305] she found a refuge. She was indeed in a sad plight. Mayerne himself believed "that her days would not be many," and a compassionate Cornish gentleman wrote to his wife that "here is the woefullest spectacle my eyes yet ever looked on, the most worne and weake pitifull creature in ye world, the poore Queen shifting for an hour's liffe longer."[306] [Pg 215]

From Pendennis Henrietta found means to put to sea; but not even when she left English soil did the hatred of her enemies leave her. Ships of the Parliament were on the watch, and the boat which she was aboard was not only chased, but pursued by rounds of shot, as the Roundheads wished her to have "no other courtesy from England, but cannon balls to convey her into France."[307] Then at last the Queen's brave spirit, which had not faltered in sorrow, danger, or pain, gave way. She did not fear death, but she shuddered at the idea of falling into the hands of her foes, and it seemed as if capture were to be her fate. In her agony she called upon the captain to fire the powder on board, and to let her die with her friends, rather than that those impious hands should touch her. When the danger was passed she reproached herself for having thought of suicide, and happily so desperate a remedy was not needed. She escaped her enemies once more, and after a long tossing on the Channel the travellers saw with joy the rocky coast of Brittany. At the little village of Conquest, near Brest, the landing was effected, and the daughter of France, returning to her native land, retired to a whitewashed cottage to rest from her fatigues. But the news soon spread that the daughter of Henry IV had arrived, and the nobility of the country-side, who, like all good Frenchmen, honoured the memory of the great King, flocked to do her service, and to make up by their generosity the deficiencies of her poverty. Her first care was to dispatch Jermyn to announce her arrival to the Court of France and to Mazarin, and to beg the medical assistance which her condition so urgently required. Meanwhile she was content. The country in which she found herself was indeed wild and rough as the Cornwall she had left, but at least she was safe and among friends. In later days she retained no unpleasant memory of the rocky coast, the desolate moorland, and the brave, simple-hearted folk of La Basse Bretagne. [Pg 216]

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[262] Walter Montagu. Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 47.

[263] The following is a specimen of it: "You are the abstracted Quintessence of artificiall Nature: your glorious countenance is crowned with Majestie, your brow interwoven with occasionall Lenity and discreet austerity, your eye (like mounted Phoebus in his meridian pride) shoots such reflective beams of radiant brightnesse that it captivates the dazled beholder; your Cupidinean cheeks are clothed with intermixed Lillies and Roses; your purpureous lips (like a Nectarean current) do redound with expressed Oratory; your Murcurian tongue is gilded with such admirable Rhetorick that the Muses themselves seem to inhabit there and make it their Helicon: your Aromatick smelling-breath is so oderiferous that it exceeds the Arabian Odours, and seems rather celestial than breathed from a mortal creature, your melodious voice is so harmonious that Apollo may lay down his Harpe, and the Sphears themselves become astonished."—*The Prince of Orange, his Royall Entertainment to the Queen of England* (1641).

[264] Mme de Motteville: *Mémoires* (1783), I, 270.

[265] Sister of Séguier the Chancellor: she was a great friend of Mazarin.

[266] Printed in Green: *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria.*

[267] Green: *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, p. 60.

[268] *Ibid.*, p. 70.

[269] "I send you this man express, hoping that you will not have passed the militia bill. If you have, I must think about retiring for the present, into a convent, for you are no longer capable of protecting any one, not even yourself."—*Ibid.*, p. 69.

[270] *Ibid.*, p. 117.

[271] "May Heaven load you with as many benedictions as you have had afflictions, and may those who are the cause of your misfortunes, and those of your Kingdom, perish under the load of their damnable intentions."—Henrietta Maria to Charles. *Ibid.*, p. 71.

[272] Green: *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, p. 72.

[273] "The Puritan imagination saw the Queen gathering in contributions from the religious houses of the Low Countries, many of which were English. The pamphlet which describes these contributions is marked by just the slight inaccuracies of a forgery, and if any money came from this source it was probably a very small sum."—*Queen's Proceedings in Holland* (1642). See Appendix III.

[274] "... others thought that some witches were made use of to raise these winds. But all saw that if any such villainy came from Hell it was curb'd by Heaven in the merciful preservation of the Quene, and that when God will help the Devill cannot hurt us."—*A true relation of the Queens Maiesties returne out of Holland, etc. Written by me in the same storme and ship with her Majesty.* Printed at York and reprinted at Oxford (1643).

[275] Letter of Lady Denbigh. Hist. MSS. Cam. Ap. to 4th Rep.

[276] Green: *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, p. 161.

[277] Montagu to Mazarin (apparently), February 9th, 1642. Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 49. See Appendix IV.

[278] *The Funerall Sermon of the Queen of Great Britain* (Bossuet), translated by Thomas Carre. Paris, 1670.

[279] It is said that Charles did not believe this.

[280] Henrietta was always fond of animals. Evelyn records how in August, 1662, he went to visit her, and she told him "many observable stories of the sagacity of some dogs she formerly had."—Evelyn: *Diary*. Under date August 22nd, 1662.

[281] Green: *Letters of Henrietta Maria*, p. 167.

[282] Green: *Letters of Henrietta Maria*, p. 167.

[283] He was her great-great-grandfather.

[284] See *l'Angleterre Paisible* (1644).

[285] A man named Dennys. See Anthony Wood's account in his Life.

[286] *Mercurius Aulicus*, July 14th, 1643.

[287] Now part of the general college buildings.

[288] Salvetti says the Parliamentary party regretted him "come quello che aveva sempre assicurato detto Parlamento per bocca dell' Ambasciatore di Francia che era qui, che da quella banda haverebbe havuto ogni assistenza per mantenimento della sua libertà e privilegii: certo è che l'Ambasciatore fece la parte sua et causò in buona parte la divisione et cattiva intelligenza che passa fra il re e il Parlamento!"—Add. MS., 27,962, K., f. 32*b.*

[289] This document, which is among the Archives of the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères Ang., t. 48, is unsigned and without date, but it is in the handwriting of Montagu, and is among the documents of 1641; it speaks of "la rebellion presente d'Angleterre," which points to its having been drawn up after the final rupture in 1642.

[290] Montagu had a good many enemies in France among the Importants, who disliked him as a friend of Mazarin and as a foreigner who had great influence with the Queen-Regent.

[291] *Perfect Diurnall*, October, 1643.

[292] Green: *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, p. 215.

[293] Kingdom's *Weekly Intelligencer*, May, 1643.

[294] *Ibid.*

[295] Sieur de Marsys: *Histoire de la Persecution Presente des Catholiques en Angleterre* (1646), from which the above account is chiefly taken. The Capuchins were sent back to France by Parliament, April, 1643.

[296] *Mercurius Aulicus*, July, 1643.

[297] "De l'entretient que j'ay eu avec le Reyne d'Angleterre j'ay bien compris qu'elle mésprise autant qu'elle peut hayr le Comte de Hollande."—Brienne to Sabran, December 21st, 1644. Add. MS., 5460.

[298] The opinion of Bossuet was probably derived from the Queen through Mme de Motteville: "... si la reine en eût été crue, si au lieu de diviser les armées royales et de les amener contre son avis aux siéges infortunés de Hull et de Gloucester, on eût marché à Londres, l'affaire était décidée, et cette campagne eût fini la guerre."—*Oraison funèbra de la reine d'Angleterre.*

[299] Du Perron: *Proces verbal de l'assemblie du Clergé*, 1645.

[300] *The Spie* (1643).

[301] Green: *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, p. 243.

[302] *Ibid.*

[303] "Declaratio servenissimi potentissimique principis Caroli magnae Britanniae, etc., regis Ultramarinis Protestantium Ecclesiis transmissa."—Dupuy MS., 642.

[304] *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, p. 243.

[305] Now Falmouth.

[306] Francis Basset to his wife. Polwhele: *Traditions and Recollections*, Vol. I, p. 17.

[307] *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, October, 1644.

CHAPTER IX
THE QUEEN AND THE WAR

[Pg 217]

II

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe
Like a thick midnight fog mov'd there so slow
He did not stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts—like sad eclipses—scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digg'd the mole, and lest his ways be found
Work'd underground
Where he did clutch his prey.
Henry Vaughan

If, at the time of her departure from England, Queen Henrietta Maria had been able to make choice of a book for her private reading and meditation, and if in that choice she had been guided by the most enlightened self-interest, she would perhaps have chosen a little pamphlet published in London in 1642. It was entitled *A collection of Records of the great Misfortunes that hath hapned unto Kings that hath joyned themselves in a near allyance with forrein Princes with the happy successe of those that have only held correspondency at home*.

Henrietta landed in France in the spring of 1644, and from that time until her husband's death her life was a continuation of that which she had led in Holland, namely, a perpetual struggle to gather together men and money—particularly the latter—to help on the cause of the King of England. [Pg 218] For this she intrigued now with one foreign Prince, now with another, with the King of Denmark, with the Prince of Orange, with the Duke of Lorraine, the admirer of Madame de Chevreuse, the old enemy of Richelieu, with the Pope himself. The result was the undying hatred of a large section of the English people towards both her and her husband, and a growing distrust which had much to do with the King's final overthrow.

It is idle to blame her overmuch. It cannot be denied that hers were the mind and the will which impelled her husband along this fatal road; but he fell in gladly with her suggestions, and he was almost as eager as she for help from any quarter. She believed, moreover, that the Scotch rebels had set the example by intriguing with Richelieu, and she knew that the English Puritans had made it possible for an army of Scots, who at that time were looked upon almost as foreigners, to enter into England and to remain upon its soil. It would have required the brain of an Elizabeth to perceive that a king, by following such precedents, was courting disaster. Henrietta's brain, acute, lively, but never profound, was incapable of perceiving this. Besides, she was a Bourbon, and her simple political creed was identical with that of her husband: a King should be no tyrant, he should rule his people with justice and mercy; but it was his to command and theirs to obey, without asking questions as to matters with which they had no concern.

The exiled Queen spent some weeks at

"ces admirables Fontaines
Où par douzaines et centaines
Pluzieurs gens vont pour être sain
Et qu'on nomme Bourbon-les-Bains."[308]

[Pg 219] Their healing influence, together with the care of some of the most distinguished physicians of France,[309] restored her to such a small measure of health as enabled her to turn her steps towards Paris. The kindness she had received since her arrival in her native land was a preparation for the magnificent reception which awaited her at the capital. Her brother, the Duke of Orleans, came out as far as Bourg la Reine to meet her, and was quickly followed by his daughter, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the richly dowered girl of whom Henrietta was already beginning to think as a possible bride for her eldest son. At Montrouge, on the southern outskirts of the city, the Queen of England received an even more distinguished attention, for there the Queen of France, accompanied by her two little sons, met her. Anne's kind heart was touched when she saw the sister-in-law from whom she had parted nearly twenty years earlier as a bride returning sad, sick almost to death, and bereft by ill-health and sorrow of the brilliant beauty which had then been hers. Forgetting the girlish unkindness which Henrietta had shown her in the past, remembering nothing but their common friends and enemies—Richelieu, Madame de Chevreuse, Jars, Montagu—the Queen of France took the Queen of England into her arms, and the two women clung together weeping and embracing. Then they climbed up into the royal coach, and Henrietta made the acquaintance of the little King, whose unexpected appearance in the world six years earlier had caused so much excitement, and of the still younger Duke of Anjou, "the real Monsieur" (as he was called in contradistinction to his uncle), who was one day to be her son-in-law. In such company there can have been no tedium in the long drive through the Rue S. Jacques, over the Pont Neuf, and through the Rue S. Honoré to the Louvre, where the [Pg 220] kindness of Queen Anne had caused apartments to be prepared for the royal guest. That afternoon deputations from the city of Paris and from the various sovereign bodies waited upon Henrietta, and the ceremonies of reception were concluded a few days later by a State visit to

Notre-Dame, where the Queen of England gave thanks to Heaven for her safe return to France through the ministry of the young Coadjutor Bishop of Paris, the witty and dissolute churchman who afterwards became famous as Cardinal de Retz, and who always retained a kindness for the exiled royal family of England.

Nothing could exceed the kindness and sympathy which were shown to the Queen, kindness all the more welcome because she was aware of the annoyance it would cause to her enemies. "I am so well treated everywhere that if my lords of London saw it, I think it would make them uneasy," [310] she had written to her husband shortly after her landing in France. She was assigned a pension of 10,000 crowns a month, which enabled her to keep up a fitting establishment, and in addition to her lodgings at the Louvre she was given the Chàteau of S. Germain-en-Laye, where she had played as a child, and where, half a century later, her son was to wear out a more desolate exile. Her own affairs prospered. Her health improved surely if slowly. She had the comfort of the presence of faithful servants—Jermyn, who acted as her secretary, Henry Percy and Lady Denbigh, who herself had tasted the full bitterness of civil strife in the death of her husband, who fell fighting for the King, and in the defection of her eldest son to the rebels, which sorrows bound her all the more closely to the Queen, who had shown the tenderest sympathy with her bereavement. Moreover, in Paris Henrietta found many friends. Familiar faces, indeed, were missed. The Bishop of Mende had not been given time to learn wisdom by experience, but [Pg 221] had "made an angelical end" at the siege of Rochelle, dying in the same year as his enemy Buckingham. Madame S. Georges, who had found an honourable position as governess to the heiress of Montpensier, had passed away in 1643, and Louis XIII was gone, so that all his sister could do for him was to journey to S. Denys and to sprinkle his tomb with holy water. But old servants, such as the Bishop of Angoulême, were there to welcome her; and in the brilliant Paris of the day she came across not only friends of the past—M. de Chateauneuf, the Chevalier de Jars, and others—but new acquaintances, who soon became friends, of whom perhaps the most interesting was the accomplished Madame de Motteville, herself one of the band of exiles whom the death of Richelieu had brought back in triumph to the Court of France.

Nor did she fail to attract the exiles of England to her own Court, where she gathered round her some of the men of wit and learning whom the evil times had forced to quit their native land. Thither came "Master Richard Crashaw, Master of Arts of Peterhouse, Cambridge, well known for his excellent poems,"[311] who was introduced to the Queen's notice by a brother poet, Abraham Cowley, at this time Jermyn's secretary. It can hardly be supposed that Henrietta understood the highly difficult poems of the Cambridge mystic, but perhaps she talked with him of S. Teresa,[312] whose praise inspired some of his choicest work, and whom she herself had learned to love as a child among the Carmelites in Paris. Moreover, Crashaw was interesting as a recent convert to Catholicism. "Being a meer scholar and very shiftless,"[313] he was quite destitute in the French capital when he was found by Cowley, and he was delighted to accept [Pg 222] Henrietta's hospitality. He dwelt nearly a year at her Court, making many friends by his talents and virtues, of whom the chief was Lady Denbigh. Her he exhorted, not without success, to follow his religious example, and to her he dedicated his book of poems, *Carmen Deo Nostro*, which was published after he had passed on to the Court of Rome, bearing a letter of introduction written to Innocent X by the Queen's own hand.[314] To the exiled Court of England came also another poet, Sir William D'Avenant, whose welcome was the warmer because he had been concerned in the army plot. At the Louvre he wrote the dreary verses of *Gondibert*, and dedicated them to Thomas Hobbes, that daring philosopher who had likewise found a refuge in Paris, where, apart from the turmoils of England, he was able to reflect upon those principles of government wherewith he startled the world a few years later on the publication of *The Leviathan*. To these literary refugees must be added English Catholic nobles, such as Lord Montagu, and ladies of the same persuasion, among whom was prominent the Dowager Countess of Banbury, a lady who, after a not irreproachable career in England, had settled down in Paris to enjoy the reputation of a rich *dévote*.

But no social pleasures and attentions could satisfy Henrietta, whose heart was with her struggling husband. "There is nothing so certain as that I do take all pains I can imaginable to procure you assistance, and am as incapable of taking any delight or being pleased with my being here, though I have all kinds of contentments, but as I hope it may enable me to send you help." [315] These words, written to the King on November 18th, 1644, were no idle sentiment; they are the truest epitome of her life in Paris.

The royal cause was balancing between hope and fear. The defeat of Marston Moor, on July 2nd, [Pg 223] 1644, had been indeed a terrible blow, but new hope was infused into the party by the surrender of Essex in Cornwall, a victory peculiarly grateful to the Queen, who could not forget the Earl's ungallant conduct to her. The great need was men and money, and to procure these was the end of Henrietta's unremitting efforts. For this she carried on negotiations with the Prince of Orange, by means of an English Catholic named Stephen Goffe, for the marriage of Prince Charles with his daughter; for this she attempted to mortgage the tin mines of Cornwall; for this, above all, she carried on personally and through Jermyn long and weary negotiations with the Court of France.

France had not been unmindful of the difficulties of the King of England, or of the troubles which threatened the Queen; but great caution was used, and Gressy, who had shown too openly his partiality for the royal cause, was replaced by Sabran, who knew better how to trim between the two parties. It is probable that at the beginning of the struggle Mazarin desired the victory of the

King, and it is said that up to 1644 the French Government gave as much as 300,000 crowns in money and munitions to aid him.[316] A letter of Goring,[317] Henrietta's agent in France, dated at the beginning of that year, which unfortunately fell into the hands of her enemies, spoke of the dispatch of a considerable quantity of arms, and gave a cheerful account of the kind words of the Queen-Regent and of Mazarin. Charles himself thought that a little French money and a little French influence would settle everything. His enemies were manifestly cast down, not only by the death of Richelieu, but by the accounts which reached London of the kind reception which had been given to the Queen. But, nevertheless, Henrietta was to find disappointment here as elsewhere. France was in no condition to give such help as would have sufficed for her needs. The country was overtaxed, and though the new reign was brightened by the éclat of the victory of Recroy, at which the young Duke of Enghien, afterwards the great Condé, won his reputation, yet the war with Spain was a terrible burden. Moreover, in spite of the assertions of the Queen-Regent and her advisers that it was the means and not the will that was lacking, there is little doubt that the French Government was beginning to see in the English troubles a state of affairs highly satisfactory to itself. Besides, Mazarin certainly inherited from Richelieu a distrust of Charles and Henrietta. The Queen was specially distrusted. The English Catholics had not quite forgotten her French birth, but it was believed in France that they had inclined her to Spain, an opinion which was strengthened by the fact that up to the time of her leaving England two of her principal advisers were the Digbys, father and son,[318] who were well known to be pro-Spanish in their sympathies. Mazarin was quite aware of Henrietta's influence over her husband, and he hoped that her removal from his side would help to turn Charles' eyes from Spain. [Pg 224]

And there were other and more personal reasons for Mazarin's distrust of the Queen of England. Henrietta, who was always too prone to believe that good diplomacy consisted in cultivating relations with all parties at once, allowed her ambassador Goring to meddle in the intrigues which grew up round Mazarin as they had round Richelieu, a fact of which the Cardinal, who had inherited a perfect system of espionage, was quite aware. By the time Henrietta reached France the power of the Importants was broken, and Madame de Chevreuse had again left the Court. The exiled Queen desired greatly to see her old friend, and without pausing to consider how imprudent was the appearance of any connection between herself and that factious lady, she asked her sister-in-law's permission to have an interview with the Duchess, permission which with all courtesy was refused, at the instance of Mazarin. The Cardinal, moreover, caused the Queen of England to be warned against others of her old friends, among whom may be mentioned M. de Chateauneuf, who had indeed escaped public disgrace, but who was known to be as inimical to Mazarin as ever he had been to Richelieu.[319] [Pg 225]

Thus it came about that, in spite of the kind words and occasional assistance of the Queen-Regent and of Cardinal Mazarin,[320] Henrietta was less successful than she had hoped to be, and could by no means persuade Mazarin to an open breach with the Parliamentary party, whose strength he was beginning to appreciate. "I have not found the means of engaging France as forwardly in your interest as I expected," she wrote sadly to Charles. In 1645 she was informed that all the French Government could do for her was to permit her to make levies in the country (and she was so poor that it was thought she would not take advantage of the permission), and to make an appeal to the clergy of France on behalf of the necessities of the King of England.

Of this last grace Henrietta availed herself eagerly; but of all the many injudicious acts which she committed at this period of her life, this appeal to the clergy of a race and of a faith alien to those of her subjects was one of the most injudicious. The outburst of anti-Catholic rage which she had witnessed in England ought to have taught her prudence; but hers was not a mind to learn by experience. Moreover, she seems from the outbreak of the war to have looked upon the Puritans as irreconcilables who could only be subdued by force, and whom it was useless to attempt to propitiate. She thought also, and most erroneously, that they were but a small minority of the nation. [Pg 226]

The Queen had recovered her spirits. Not only had Mazarin, in spite of his official refusals, sent her secretly a sum of money sufficient to raise her ever-ready hopes, but she expected great things from a growing friendship with Emery, the Deputy Treasurer and one of the richest men in France. To complete her satisfaction the clergy showed great sympathy with her, and sent her, on their first assembling, a sum of money as an earnest of more to come[321]; which money was immediately laid out in raising levies for England.

The assembly of the French clergy, which was presided over by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Lyons, the brother of the great Richelieu, met in May, 1645, but it was not until the February of the following year that the case of the Queen of England was seriously considered. Henrietta's advocate on this occasion was probably the best that could have been chosen. The Bishop of Angoulême during his sojourn in England had resisted in a really praiseworthy manner those foreign influences which had corrupted some of his fellow-countrymen who resided there, and he was perhaps regarded in Paris with greater favour than any other of the Queen's servants. He was, moreover, a speaker and preacher of repute, and the oration which he delivered before the Fathers of the Church was not only a fine piece of oratory, but was skilfully constructed to work as much as possible upon the feelings of his audience.[322] [Pg 227]

He dwelt upon the miserable condition of the Catholic Church in England, which, before these troubles, had begun, after a century of persecution, to raise its head under the protection of the Queen. He asserted (what was true) that were the King forced to make terms with his foes, the Catholics would be the scapegoat. He drew lurid word-pictures of the terrible consequences to the Church throughout Europe should the impious rebels succeed in their object of setting up a Puritan republic in England. Then he turned to the even more powerful argument of self-interest. The Huguenots, he said, who were beaten down but not destroyed, were looking across the Channel to the Puritans of England, whose real design was the destruction of the Catholic Church as well in France as in their own land. To help forward this project of the Evil One large sums of money were being dispatched by the French Protestants to aid the armies of rebellion in England.[323]

> "Res tua tunc agitur, paries cum proximus ardet,"

cried the good Bishop, hoping, not without reason, to arouse the fears of his audience; for it was only twenty years since the fall of Rochelle, and the revival of the power of the Huguenots, which it had required the strong hand of Richelieu to repress, was an ever-present terror to the French Catholics. [Pg 228] But Du Perron was not content with such arguments. He was able to make a statement which he hoped would tell much in favour of the cause he was advocating. He declared that the King of England had promised in writing to his wife that if he were restored by Catholic help he would repeal every law against the Catholics on the statute book,[324] and the Bishop added that he was at liberty to make this statement, as its purport was already known to the Puritans through the interception of the King's letter. That Charles made this promise there is no reason to doubt; that had cause arisen he would have broken it, as he broke others, is in the highest degree probable.[325] Perhaps the French bishops knew the man with whom they had to deal, perhaps they were instructed by Mazarin, whom they were too well trained not to consult. Be this as it may, the results of the eloquence of the Bishop of Angoulême were disappointing, even though he enforced his arguments by descriptions of the piteous condition of Henrietta and of her children, "the grandsons, the nephews, and the cousins of three of our Kings." [Pg 229] The clergy of France did not feel able to offer to the Queen of England more than a few thousand crowns, "a somme fitter to buy hangings for a chamber than prosecute a war,"[326] as a newswriter of the day said.

But disappointed as the Queen was, she quickly turned to other hopes and schemes.

Ever since the Irish rebellion of 1641 Puritan scandal had linked Henrietta's name with that of the rebels. The accusation as it stood was ridiculous, but the Confederate Catholics,[327] as the Irish in arms called themselves, certainly hoped something from the Catholic Queen, and in 1642 they presented to her a petition, in which they begged her "Hester-like intercession to our most gracious Prince." They heard with sympathy of her arrival in Paris, and again dispatched a letter to congratulate her on that event.

She, on her side, regarded the Confederate Catholics as rebels in arms against their lawful King; but she had a certain sympathy with them as the victims of Puritan intolerance, and she thought, like her husband, that it might be possible to turn their arms against worse enemies. With this end in view she carried on negotiations with a certain Colonel FitzWilliams, whom she found in Paris, and for the same purpose she cultivated the acquaintance of the agent of the Confederate Catholics in that city, Father O'Hartegan, the Jesuit.

[Pg 230] This patriot, who was of a type not uncommon in his native land, was greatly pleased at the notice of the Queen of England, whom he believed to be on the point of starting for Ireland. He also thought, on account of some slight attention shown to him by Mazarin,[328] that France, which up till now had shown herself very cool to the necessities of the persecuted Irish Catholics, and had even, by the mouth of the Cardinal, lectured them on their lack of loyalty to their sovereign, was about to do her duty by them. "What is needed," remarked the Jesuit modestly, "is 200,000 crowns out of hand, with a good store of arms and ammunition, and promise of yearly favour."

O'Hartegan had reason for his good spirits. His glib tongue recommended him where he was not too well known, and he was caressed by the English Catholics in Paris and by Jermyn, who was the more entirely satisfactory to deal with, inasmuch as he had no religious scruples of any kind. Moreover, the affairs of the Confederate Catholics were going very well in Rome.

When Henrietta had been but a short time in France, the news of two deaths arrived, that of Elizabeth, Queen of Spain, and that of Maffeo Barberini, Pope Urban VIII.

The Queen of England had long ceased to be in close touch with her sister,[329] but it was thought that she would be greatly distressed at the death of the Pope, for the Barberini had always been considered her friends. But it may be that she was not altogether displeased. Any change in the personnel of the European Courts meant a fresh chance for her schemes; [Pg 231] and though Urban had been kind enough to send her 25,000 crowns, which she, or perhaps her husband, acknowledged from Oxford in 1643,[330] yet he had shown himself somewhat callous to her larger claims, and it was perhaps not unknown to her that Cardinal Francesco, in spite of his often-repeated professions of friendship, had been the first foreign prince to contribute to the necessities of the rebellious Confederate Catholics. The new Pope, Innocent X, was believed to favour Spain as his predecessor had favoured France, but Henrietta had not lived for nearly twenty years among the English Catholics without having learned to consider this an advantage rather than otherwise in religious negotiations. She determined to send an envoy to Rome, ostensibly to congratulate the Pope upon his accession, and O'Hartegan learned that her choice had fallen upon her old friend Sir Kenelm Digby.

There are few more picturesque figures in the history of the time than that of this gentleman: a scholar who was welcome among the learned of all nations, a chemist who was half scientist, half charlatan, a naval commander who had brought home stories even more remarkable than the majority of travellers' tales, it is not surprising that he should have attracted the attention of the Queen, who liked brilliant people. She may perhaps also have been touched by the strange story of his love, which had bound him in affectionate marriage to a woman who had been the acknowledged mistress of another man. But she ought to have known better than to send him to Rome. Not only was he a vain and undependable person—a teller of strange tales, as even the courteous Evelyn described him—but the religious vacillations and experiments which had made him unwelcome a few years earlier to Urban VIII were not likely to commend him to Innocent X, who would be less attracted by his learning and accomplishments than his scholarly predecessor. [Pg 232] The English Catholics in Paris who opposed the appointment were wiser than could be understood by Henrietta; she added to her mistake by permitting the envoy who was going to Rome on an international mission, and who above all should have shown himself strictly impartial between the rival factions of English Catholicism, to take upon him before leaving Paris the charge of advancing at the Papal Court the interests of the Chapter, which, after the banishment of the Bishop of Chalcedon, claimed ecclesiastical authority in England, whose pretensions were resolutely opposed by the regular and some even of the secular clergy.[331]

And Sir Kenelm had hardly reached Rome when the need for help became more pressing than ever, for the 14th of June of that same year was the day of Naseby.

It was a crushing defeat, and after it the royal party never really rallied. Henrietta, in her unconquerable hopefulness, thought that now, at her extremity, France would come effectually to her aid; but Mazarin feared to offend the Puritans more than he feared their dominance, and the old weary round of intrigue was pursued with the same lack of result. Even an offer from which the Queen hoped much, made to her by the Duke of Bouillon, of raising troops for England round Cologne, came to nothing, because the Cardinal believed that the real intention of Bouillon was to use these men in the interests of Spain.

**SIR KENELM DIGBY
FROM AN ENGRAVING AFTER THE
PAINTING BY VAN DYCK**

And Naseby was more than a military defeat. On that fatal field, through some misfortune or negligence, fell into the enemy's hand the papers of the King.[332] Nothing more unfortunate [Pg 233] could have occurred. The secrecy of these letters, which were shortly published in London with choice comments, was worth more to Charles and Henrietta than men or money. Their publication betrayed the schemes in which the Queen had been spending her strength for winning back England by foreign troops or by foreign gold. It revealed how greatly the King was under the influence of his wife, and how deeply she was compromised with the hated Irish. Most disastrous of all, it showed how at the very time that he was promising to support the Protestant religion and never to permit Catholicism, he was secretly giving her authority to pledge his word for the complete toleration of the hated religion. He stood revealed as what he was, a shifty and untrustworthy man. After Naseby Charles was never trusted again.

Henrietta probably did not appreciate the magnitude of the disaster, and she turned again cheerfully to the tortuous intrigues from which she hoped so much.

At first it seemed as if Sir Kenelm Digby's mission would be successful. The smaller Italian princes to whom he appealed he found indeed "a frugal generation," but the Pope received him with great kindness, and appeared charmed by his flow of persuasive eloquence and by the piety and fascination of his manners. He even gave him an order for 20,000 crowns, to be used in arms and munitions of war, which the Queen of England gratefully acknowledged from S. Germain in September, 1645.[333] So far so good, but neither she nor her agent knew the odds against which they were fighting. Henrietta always believed that her husband's leniency to the Catholics during [Pg 234] his years of power had given him a claim upon the gratitude of the whole Catholic world. She also knew better than any one else what the hatred of the Puritans to her co-religionists really was, and what their domination might mean. But at Rome matters were looked at in another light. A certain interest was taken in Charles, and considerable sympathy was felt for his unhappy wife; but neither were trusted. Henrietta was believed to be guided by heretics, and even, through their influence, to have been in the past "a powerful instrument for the destruction of the Catholics and of the Catholic religion";[334] while Charles was disliked as a heretic, and his failures to keep his word—his persecution of the Catholics in 1626, his desertion of Strafford and the like—were reckoned up against him with pitiless accuracy. As he had been in the past so no doubt would he be in the future. It cannot be said that it was a misreading of Charles' character which led the Pope and his advisers to think that he would have taken the money of the Church and then thrown over the Catholics, if by doing so he could further his own interests. And there were other and better claimants in the case. Hopes at Rome were rising high with regard to Ireland. Urban VIII, in 1628, had thought it would be a nice arrangement for all concerned if that island were handed over to the Holy See. Innocent X's designs were not quite so far-reaching, and he recommended loyalty to the King of England; but he thought that it might be possible to coerce a faithless and heretic Prince by means of the Confederate Catholics. Moreover, that body, which had agents all over Europe, was fortunate enough to have in Rome a representative as able and effective as Sir Kenelm Digby was the reverse, in the person of Father Luke Wadding, of the Order of St. Francis. This friar left Ireland when he was a boy of fifteen, and he never saw [Pg 235] again his native land; but throughout a long life which he spent roaming about the Continent he preserved a fervid Hibernian patriotism, of which the effects are felt to the present day.[335] At this time he was living in Rome, and any slight feeling of loyalty to the King of England which he may have once possessed had long ago been lost in the desire to see his faith and his race triumph over the hated oppressor. It was he who had prevailed upon Cardinal Francesco Barberini to send money to Ireland, and though he had not been able to rouse the cautious Urban VIII to any considerable effort,[336] he prepared with undiminished hope to use all his influence to win over Innocent X, from whose Spanish sympathies he augured the happiest results.

And indeed it was largely owing to the representations of this Irish friar that, in the summer of 1645, while Sir Kenelm Digby was still fêted in Rome, an envoy on his way from the Pope to the Confederate Catholics appeared in Paris bearing a large sum of money, which the indefatigable Wadding had amassed for the use of the faithful in his native land.

Giovanni Battista Rinuccini, Archbishop of Fermo, was a worthy ecclesiastic of middle age. It is said that he was appointed to this delicate mission to pleasure the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose subject he was. He had, however, a certain interest in the British Isles, because as a young man he had been associated with a Scotch Capuchin, by name George Leslie, of whom he wrote an edifying biography, which may be considered an early example of religious romance.[337] Clarendon stigmatizes him as a "light-headed envoy," but the epithet is hardly happy as applied [Pg 236] to this stern, unbending Churchman, whose unalterable determination it was that the money of the Church should not be squandered to further the interests of a heretic sovereign. In this respect, indeed, he followed with fidelity the instructions given to him which dwelt upon the necessity of the strongest guarantees of real benefit to the Catholics before money was advanced to the King of England, and which altogether would have been instructive, if not pleasant, reading for Charles and Henrietta.

The Queen was indeed already beginning to repent of her overtures to the Confederate Catholics,[338] for in the early part of the year some letters of O'Hartegan had fallen into the hands of the Roundheads, who caused them to be printed. These letters spoke disrespectfully of her, and showed how cheaply the Jesuit held the advantage of the King, so that Charles, who was wont to feel great indignation at every one's self-seeking and shiftiness except his own, wrote to his wife that the agent was "an arrant knave."[339] Rinuccini's arrival in Paris made matters worse. Henrietta was a Catholic, but she was a queen also, and it was an insult to which she could not tamely submit that the Pope should send an envoy to those who, after all, were rebels in arms against her husband. She wrote a dignified letter of remonstrance to Innocent, and she refused to receive Rinuccini except as a private person, a condition which the ambassador, one of whose strongest characteristics was his personal vanity, declined to accept.

The poor Queen was indeed in a mesh from which there was no escape, and she knew not how to [Pg 237] carry out the task of so settling the affairs of Ireland that the King might be able to draw troops therefrom. She desired to make peace between Ormonde, her husband's Viceroy, and the Catholics, and her difficulties were such as attend all persons who, being in authority, are obliged to seek at one and the same time the help of representatives of opposing interests. Rinuccini, seeing her under the influence of Protestants, concluded, not unjustly on his own premises, that the duty of the Holy Father was to turn a deaf ear to her entreaties for aid, and to send such moneys as he could afford to the Confederate Catholics, whose loyalty to the Holy See was not compromised by any inconvenient devotion to a heretic Prince. Out in Rome Sir Kenelm was begging and praying for help, unconscious of the fact that the envoy was warning the Pope against him, and asserting, probably with some truth, that the rosy pictures which he drew of the intentions of the King of England with regard to the Catholics were greatly over-coloured. The Confederate Catholics in Ireland were waiting eagerly for the coming of Rinuccini, and had little desire to help the King of England, except in so far as such help would conduce to the realization of their chief object, the emancipation of Ireland from the hated foreigner.

Rinuccini, after a considerable delay in Paris, whence he wrote many letters to Rome expressing his views with great frankness upon the Queen of England and her advisers, pushed on to Ireland, where, far from making peace with Ormonde or with any one else, he set everybody by the ears—not a difficult task, it is true, in that island—and ended by excommunicating most of the Confederate Catholics themselves. Steps were taken by some of the victims to find out the opinion of the Sorbonne as to the validity of this sweeping ecclesiastical censure.

Meanwhile, in Paris, Henrietta was dragging on her old life of intrigue and disappointment. The [Pg 238] presence at her side of Jermyn, whose great influence over her was generally remarked,[340] was not in her favour, either with the extreme Catholics, who disliked him as a heretic, or with the French, who considered him, with justice, to be a man of mediocre ability, and who were pleased to see that the Queen, in spite of her subservience, could sometimes assert her will against his. The French Government was becoming more and more afraid to provoke the Puritans, whom Mazarin feared to throw into the arms of Spain. The defeat of Naseby, whose importance the Queen and her friends vainly endeavoured to minimize, was followed by the hardly less disastrous day of Philiphaugh, when Montrose was overwhelmed by an army of the Covenant. Thus the year 1646 broke in gloom and despondency, which were not lightened when a scheme of the Queen's for the invasion of England by French troops was discovered by the interception of her letters.[341] In the spring affairs had so far advanced that Charles, with a confidence rendered pathetic by the event, gave himself up into the hands of the Scots, the true compatriots of a Stuart King.

For a moment there seemed to be hope, and it is possible that Charles might have recovered his crown had he been able to accept unreservedly the Covenant. His refusal to give up the Church of England, which was one of the most respectable acts of his life, brought upon him remonstrances, entreaties, and almost anger from his wife, to whom all Protestants were heretics alike. She even sent D'Avenant to him to represent her wishes on the subject; but Charles, with a [Pg 239] violence he did not often show, drove the hapless poet from his presence with an intimation that he was never to enter it again. Mazarin at this time seems to have desired the King's restoration by means of an accommodation, though, owing to the ever-present fear of Spain, he would not openly assist him. He could not repress his scorn for the man who could throw away his crown for such a bagatelle as the Church of England. In fact, he frankly owned that he could not understand Charles. The latter had granted concessions which compromised his kingly dignity; why make a fuss about a trifle which, nevertheless, if conceded, might restore him to power? The Cardinal urged the French ambassador in England to do all he could to bring the King to reason; but the latter, who was becoming very sceptical as to the friendship of the French,[342] was not likely to listen. The chance was lost, and Charles soon found himself a prisoner in the hands of the English Presbyterians. His countrymen, to whom in the days of his power he had shown favour not always in accordance with his own interests, had sold him to his enemies.

Once again, a year later, there was a lifting of the clouds. In 1647 it became evident that the Puritan party was growing weary of the Presbyterian tyranny. As is commonly the case in revolutions, wilder and stronger spirits were crowding out the more moderate reformers who had begun the battle. The Independents, to whom in large measure the victories of Marston Moor and Naseby were due, had control of the army, and the great figure of Cromwell, which soon was to bestride England like a Colossus, was coming to the front. In the late spring it seemed as if Charles and the Presbyterians might come to terms. On June 4th a deputation from the army waited on the King at Holmby House, where he was imprisoned, took possession of his person, [Pg 240] and carried him off to Newmarket.

The Independents showed great respect for their royal prisoner, and it seemed as if they would be willing to make an accommodation with him. Henrietta, in Paris, whither all news was quickly carried, thought with her usual hopefulness that at last, at the darkest hour, the day was dawning. There happened to be at her Court two gentlemen who seemed well fitted to act as intermediaries between Charles and the Independents; one of them, Sir John Denham, the bearer of a name which is still remembered in English literature, had improved a sojourn in prison by making friends with that worthy army chaplain Hugh Peters, who was closely connected with the Independent leaders; the other, Sir Edward Ford, was Ireton's brother-in-law. These two slipped across the Channel, and they were permitted to see the King; but whether the Queen did not feel much confidence in her envoys (and, indeed, Denham was a rash and headstrong man who died insane), or whether her restlessness would not permit her to cease from fresh attempts to improve her husband's position, she determined to send another emissary of higher standing to intermeddle in this delicate negotiation.

Just at this time Sir John Berkeley, who had distinguished himself during the war as Governor of Exeter, was returning from Holland, whither he had been to express the Queen's condolences on the death of the Prince of Orange. He was almost unknown to Henrietta personally, but she was aware of his reputation for loyalty and good sense, and she knew also perhaps that he was regarded with respect by the enemy; he had hardly arrived at S. Germain-en-Laye, where she was keeping her Court, when he accidentally fell in with one of her servants, Lord Culpepper.

"You must prepare for another journey, Sir John," said the latter; "the Queen designs to send you into England."

Berkeley, as is not surprising, was rather taken aback. England was the last place to which he desired to go; he knew none of the Independent leaders, and, as he justly remarked, it was a pity to send over too many of the King's servants to share in the places and preferments which those worthies hoped to keep for themselves; but Culpepper waived these objections aside. "If you are afraid, Sir John," he said contemptuously, "the Queen can easily find some one else to do her business." [Pg 241]

No man of spirit could bear such an imputation. Berkeley, against his better judgment, set off to add another to the long list of the Queen's diplomatic failures.[343]

Another failure more personal and even more bitter was awaiting her.

In the first days of 1646 Sir Kenelm Digby appeared in Paris; he was immediately received by the Queen, and "he got three hours' conference with her and in end she seemed to be verie well pleased."[344] It appears that he brought with him for the Queen's consideration and the King's confirmation a document which he had drawn up in Rome and which had been provisionally accepted by the Pope, though a copy had been sent to Rinuccini for such emendations as he might think fit. By these articles Innocent agreed, in return for the abolition of the Penal Laws in England and the public establishment of Catholicism in Ireland, to make a grant, 100,000 crowns; but in his distrust of Charles he provided that the money should not be paid to the Queen until the King had carried out the provisions with regard to Ireland. It was further agreed that Irish troops under Catholic leaders should be taken into the King's service in England.[345]

It is hardly likely that either Charles or Henrietta relished these articles, which showed plainly enough how deeply they were distrusted at Rome, and which required so much before they could touch a penny of the coveted money. Perhaps the King was indignant with Sir Kenelm for suggesting such terms, for it was probably against his wishes that the knight, after the failure of his negotiations, was again dispatched to Rome in the autumn. He carried with him, however, the undiminished confidence of the Queen,[346] and by October he was fixed at the Papal Court waiting for the help which never came. [Pg 242]

And, indeed, his chances of success were even slighter than before; he was, it is true, the most accomplished cavalier of his time—"the Magazine of all arts," as he was called. Distinguished foreigners who visited the Eternal City came to see him, and went away quite fascinated by his stores of learning and by his agreeable conversation; had he been dropped from the clouds on to any part of the world he would have made himself respected, said his admirers. Yes, retorted the Jesuits, who did not love him, but then he must not remain above six weeks; the trouble was that he had been in Rome a good deal more than six weeks. The Pope was tired of his endless talk and was beginning to think that he was mad, which perhaps was not far from the truth; his folly in mixing up matters of high policy concerning the King and Queen of England with an affair of purely ecclesiastical interest, such as the recognition of the Chapter, was commented on, and the extraordinary bitterness which both he and his friends displayed towards their opponents, among whom were the powerful religious Orders, was not in his favour; his position was further injured by his intimacy with Thomas White, a learned but eccentric priest then in Rome, who, afterward the elaborator of a theory of government which, like that of Hobbes, was believed to be a bid for the favour of Cromwell,[347] was already regarded with suspicion by the orthodox as unsound both in theology and philosophy; finally, the envoy suffered by the absence of Francesco Barberini, who had withdrawn from Rome. The Cardinal had not, it is true, been a very faithful friend[348] to the Queen of England, but in spite of occasional lapses he felt a certain interest in English affairs which might have counteracted in some measure the Irish influence brought to bear upon the Pope. Nor was it only Sir Kenelm who was out of favour; his cousin George Digby, through whose hands passed the negotiations of the King and Queen with the Irish, was industriously misrepresented by Rinuccini, while there were those who did not scruple to insinuate that the Queen required money for her private purposes, and that Jermyn, the heretic Jermyn, would have the spending of it. So greatly was the Pope influenced by these scandals that even those who favoured Henrietta and who would gladly have seen the Holy See unite with France to restore the King of England thought that Digby's best policy would be to plead for a grant of money for Ireland; but this course was prevented by the extraordinary conduct of Rinuccini, which has been already referred to, and which caused great wrath in the school of Catholics to which Digby belonged. It would be well, wrote White bitterly to Sir Kenelm, if the Pope could send into Ireland "such orders, or rather such a man, that may conserve the peace and seek more after the substance than after the outside of religion."[349] [Pg 243] [Pg 244]

Thus affairs stood in Rome at the crisis of 1647.

As early as 1645 it was believed that the Queen was inclined towards the Independents through the influence of Henry Percy and of Father Philip, who were suspected of communication with the leaders of that party;[350] in matters of religion they were less rigid than the Presbyterians; they possessed some glimmering of the idea of toleration, and they even showed some disposition to favour the Catholics. When in 1647 they gained the upper hand, Henrietta believed that the moment had come at last when the Catholics would be able to hold the balance between the King, the Presbyterians, and the Independents, and with the favour of the latter to win the long-hoped-for liberty of conscience, carrying with it the repeal of the penal laws. Never, it was thought, had the Catholics had such a chance since the days of Mary. Charles, characteristically, wished to keep out of sight in the negotiations. "You must know," wrote an English Catholic to Sir Kenelm Digby in August, 1647, "at last not only the Independents, but the King himself do give us solid hopes of a liberty of conscience for Catholics in England in case we can but gain security [Pg 245] that our subjection to the Pope shall bring no prejudice to our allegiance towards his Majesty or that state; it is true the King will not appear in it, but would have the army make it their request unto him; and so I understand he hath advised the Catholics to treat with the army about it, and the business will be to frame an oath of allegiance."[351]

The Catholics carried on negotiations with Sir Thomas Fairfax;[352] the rationale of the penal laws had always been the suspicion that the recusants held opinions subversive of the State and indeed of all social life, and it was to overcome this difficulty that Three Propositions were drawn up by the Catholics "importing that the Pope and Church had no power to absolve from obedience to civil government or dispense with word or oath made to heretics or authorize to injure other men upon pretence of them being excommunicated."[353] It was intimated that if the Catholics, by subscribing these opinions, could "vindicate these principles from inconsistency with civil government,"[354] the penal laws would be repealed and liberty of conscience granted. [355]

It is no wonder that the English Catholics were in high spirits. The more moderate of them who [Pg 246] were weary of being considered bad subjects for principles which they did not hold were glad to testify their loyalty not only to the Independents, but to the King, who had always been suspicious of it; a large number of Catholics came forward to sign the negative of the Three Propositions, [356] among whom were members of the religious Orders, even of the Society of Jesus, and well-known laymen, such as the Marquis of Winchester, whose defence of Basing House had won the admiration of the whole Royalist party, and Walter Montagu, who, though he was still in prison, was allowed to intermix in the negotiation.

Out in Paris the Queen, who had spent her life trying to persuade her husband of the unimpeachable loyalty of her co-religionists, was doing her part. In July, even before the Three Propositions were drawn up, she put further pressure upon Rome for aid; there were men, there were munitions, all that was needed was money; surely in such a crisis to gain all that was at stake the Holy Father would supply it. She sent her instructions to Digby and waited in hope.

Sir Kenelm pressed with all his eloquence the needs of the Catholics and their great opportunity. Perhaps the Pope was a little overwhelmed by his flow of words, for he requested him to put his arguments on paper; Digby, nothing loath, drew up memorials, of which the burden was always the need of money to enable the Catholics to take an influential part in the settlement which was believed to be pending. He descanted upon the hopes raised by the unexpected revolt of the Independents, who wished to destroy the Presbyterians and to favour the Catholics. The latter [Pg 247] were exhausted by years of war and persecution, but if the Holy Father would only show a timely liberality they could so intervene as to bring about not only their own salvation, but that of their co-religionists in Ireland, thus saving the Pope the great expenses he was incurring on behalf of the Confederate Catholics. Moreover, by such conduct he would give proof that by sending Rinuccini to Ireland he had had no desire but the good of religion; if he refused the Queen's request, added Digby impressively, it would mean the ruin of religion, both in England and Ireland.

Innocent may have given some attention to Digby's arguments, but probably at no time did he think of acting upon them. The reputation of the envoy, which was not improved by his disrespectful, if just, criticisms of the methods of the Papal Court, told heavily against his requests. Moreover, the Queen herself was little trusted, particularly in Irish affairs, for she was believed to put the interests of her husband above those of religion, and to favour unduly Lord Ormonde, to whom (in the vain hope of bringing about an accommodation between him and the Confederates) she had recently sent an agent, by name George Leybourn,[357] who, though a Catholic priest, belonged to a very different school of thought from that of the fierce Rinuccini. Besides, the recent events in England were prejudicial to Henrietta's interests in Rome.

The negotiation of the Three Propositions was considered a private matter, but it came to the ears of the Pope. Innocent probably was aware that it was to a great extent managed by a section of the secular clergy, who, perhaps from their close connection with the intellectual society of Paris, held Gallican views of so extreme a type that they would gladly have settled the matter [Pg 248] without reference to Rome, and who saw in the whole affair a nice opportunity of getting rid of their enemies the Jesuits, whom they thoughtfully suggested should be excluded from the general toleration; indeed, one of the chief supporters of the scheme was a priest named Holden, who was a great friend of Sir Kenelm Digby and Thomas White, and who had long been noted for the extravagance of his opinions.[358] This gentleman, now resident in Paris, wrote encouraging letters to his co-religionists in England, assuring them that their attitude on the questions raised by the Three Propositions was that of all the learned and judicious men of France. It is true that some of the more timid English Catholics, notwithstanding such encouragement, became alarmed, and wrote an exculpatory letter to the Holy Father, in which they informed him that the denial they had given to the Three Propositions was "in, the negative to theyr affirmative who presented them unto us, not absolutely in theyr negative, for that had indeed intruded further upon the Pope's authority than the subscribers were willing to doe."[359] But even such refinements could not save the conduct of the English Catholics from condemnation at Rome, where the deposing power was not so lightly to be parted with. Thus it is not surprising that Henrietta waited for a reply from the Pope with the heart-sickness of hope deferred. She did not know, what had long been confessed among the initiated, that the Holy Father's chief object was the success of the Confederate Catholics,[360] to whom in the spring of that same year he had [Pg 249] sent, together with his paternal benediction, the sum of 50,000 crowns. In September she took up her ever-ready pen and wrote herself to Innocent, a sad letter, in which she speaks of her devotion to the Catholic faith, and of the good intentions which had not been seconded as they should have been. It is not known whether the Pope replied to these reproaches, but a month later he received Sir Kenelm Digby once again, though he was probably aware of the fact that that gentleman was hand-in-glove with those whom he had censured in England.

That gentleman's temper had not been improved by his long trials; the last memorial[361] which he drew up, which was to a great length, is extremely acrid in tone. It dwells with justice upon the services which the Queen had rendered to the Catholic Church, upon the fair hopes which had been blighted by the war. It speaks of the ill reception accorded to her friends—among whom are mentioned Richard Crashaw and Patrick Cary, the brother of Lord Falkland—at the Papal Court. Finally, it dwells with particular and not unmerited bitterness upon the conduct of Rinuccini, who, it was believed, had a secret commission to separate Ireland from England. It happened that just about the time of the presentation of this memorial the hopes of toleration for the Catholics in England disappeared as suddenly as they had arisen, for the two Houses of Parliament voted that religious liberty should not extend to the toleration of Papists;[362] but even had this untoward incident not occurred, Digby can hardly have expected much from the Pope. The answer came at last in March, 1648, and it was cold and decisive. The Holy Father would have liked to help the Queen of England, but seeing no hope of the success of the Catholics, he [Pg 250] felt that he could not indulge his inclination.[363] Sir Kenelm shook the dust of Rome off his feet and left it more convinced than ever of what he had written a year previously, that no one could succeed at the Papal Court without money and influence, and that "piety, honour, generosity, devotion, zeal for the Catholic faith and for the service of God, with all other vertues, heroic and theological,"[364] were banished thence. Henrietta would perhaps hardly have endorsed this comprehensive indictment; but she was bitterly disappointed, and she was incapable of perceiving that from his own point of view Innocent was right in refusing money, of which such Catholics as Sir Kenelm Digby[365] and his friends would have had the spending. On larger principles also the papal policy was justified. The idea of founding a solid toleration for Catholics upon the basis of a union of the King and the Independents was chimerical, for those among the Puritans who favoured the scheme were but a small minority of advanced views, and even they, it seems, soon repented of their liberality. Even had Charles been trustworthy (and in this, as in other cases, he paid the penalty of his incurable shiftiness), the anti-Catholic feeling of the nation, which had been one of the chief causes of the war, would never have permitted the antedating by more than a century of the repeal of the penal laws, and had the guarantees been [Pg 251] given they would assuredly have been broken. With regard to Ireland, the Queen is perhaps less to be blamed. She knew that the Confederate Catholics hoped much from her, and she could not know that Rinuccini, the envoy of the Holy Father, was using all his influence against her, or fathom the depth of the malice which led him to write that "from the Queen of England we must hope nothing except propositions hurtful to religion, since she is entirely in the hands of Jermyn, Digby, and other heretics."[366]

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"He perished for lack of knowing the truth," said Henrietta once of her husband, with a flash of insight not often given to her. That which was true of Charles was true of her also; she was her father's daughter, and she desired to know the truth, and she was accustomed to say that the chief need of princes was faithful counsellors who would declare it to them; but to such knowledge she could not reach. Her schemes, with all their ingenuity, failed one after another because she was unable to grasp the conditions in which she worked, or to read the motives and characters of the people with whom she had to deal. She lived in a world of unreality built up of the love which she bore to her husband, which made her as unable to understand that the restoration of Charles Stuart to the throne he had lost was not the main object of the diplomacy of Europe, as she was to appreciate the fact that such negotiations as those which she, the Queen of a Protestant country, carried on with the Pope and the Catholics of Europe were more fatal to him than the swords or the malice of his enemies.

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[308] Loret: *La Muse Historique* (1859), t. II, p. 393.

[309] One of them was René Chartier, an elderly man, who had attended several members of the royal family; he was the translator of Galen and Hippocrates. G. Patin: *Lettres.*

[310] Green: *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, p. 253.

[311] Birchley: *Christian Moderator* (1652), p. 20.

[312] In 1642 the Queen accepted the dedication of *The Flaming Heart, or the Life of the Glorious S. Teresa*, published at Antwerp; it is a translation of the saint's autobiography.

[313] A. à Wood: *Fasti Oxonienses* (1691), II, p. 688.

[314] See Appendix VII.

[315] Green: *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, p. 264.

[316] Sabran Negotiations, Add. MS., 5460.

[317] This letter is found *in extenso*. MS. Dupuy, 642.

[318] The Earl of Bristol and George, Lord Digby.

[319] The relations between Henrietta and Goring, on the one hand, and the discontented French on the other, are mentioned in the *Carnets de Mazarin*, published in V. Cousin: *Mme de Chevreuse.*

[320] Mazarin, in a letter of 1651, speaks of "plus de trois mille livres prestées à la reyne d'Angleterre des occasions où elle étoit reduite en grandes necessitez."—Chéruel: *Lettres de Mazarin*, IV, p. 221.

[321] 1,500,000 francs is the sum named in the letter from Paris read in the English Parliament in January, 1646 (Tanner MS., LX); this present is not mentioned in the official account of the assembly of clergy, and it is possible that the writer of the above letter listened to a baseless rumour and that no such gift was made at the time.

[322] The official report of this speech is in the "Proces Verbal de l'assemblée du clergé, 1645"; the only copy which the present writer has seen is in the *Bibliothèque Mazarine* in Paris. The Roundheads printed a translation of the speech (with comments) in pamphlet form, entitled: "A warning to the Parliament of England. A discovery of the ends and designs of the Popish party both abroad and at home in the raising and fomenting our late war and still continuing troubles. In an oration made to the general assembly of the French clergy in Paris by Mons. Jacques du Perron, Bishop of Angoulesme and Grand Almoner to the Queen of England. Translated out of an MS. copy obtained from a good hand in France. 1647."

[323] This was denied by the Roundheads. See "A warning to the Parliament of England," etc.; but it was apparently generally believed in France. See Sabran Neg., Add. MS., 5460.

[324] Document VI in the Appendix seems to refer to the negotiations between the King and the Catholics at this time.

[325] The King's letter to the Queen was one of those taken at Naseby and published in *The King's Cabinet Opened*. The passage runs thus: "I have thought of one means more to furnish thee with for my assistance than hitherto thou hast had. It is that I give thee power to promise in my name to whom thou thinkest most fit that I will take away all the penal laws against the Roman Catholics in England as soon as God shall enable me to do it, so as by their means, or in their favours, I may have so powerful assistance as may deserve so great a favour and enable me to do it." Du Perron's reference to this letter proves that it was not a forgery of the Puritans.

In a letter from Paris "presented by Mr. Speaker," January 29th, 164-5/6, is the following passage: "For these causes and further help (iff need shall be) the queene has obliged herselff solemnlie that the King shall establishe frie liberty of conscience in all his three kingdomes, and shall abolishe utterlie all penal statutes made by Queene Elizabeth and King James of glorious memorie against Poperie and papists."—Tanner MS., LX.

[326] *Moderate Intelligencer*, July, 1646. "The clergy conveaned in favour of her Majesty of England's designs finding that there was little hopes to bring about at present either the recovery or increase of the Catholic religion and so to no end to advance monies unless to exasperate and bring ruin upon those of the Roman religion there, have agreed to give and directed to be presented unto her some few thousands of crowns, a somme fitter to buy hangings for a chamber than prosecute a war: are risen and have dismissed this assembly."

[327] The Confederate Catholics were a body formed after the Irish rebellion of 1641; there were at this time (1645) three parties in Ireland, the Confederate Catholics, the Protestants—whose army was commanded by Ormonde, the King's Viceroy—and the Puritans: the two former, though nominally enemies, had a common ground in their hatred of the latter.

[328] O'Hartegan records with great glee that while he was received in audience by Mazarin and even invited to dine in his palace, Jermyn, "His Holiness, His Nuntius," and other ambassadors, were unable to obtain an audience even after many days' solicitation. Mazarin's real object was to prevent the Confederate Catholics from "casting themselves wholly into the armes of the King of Spain." Tanner MS., LX.

[329] As early as 1635 she said that she had not corresponded with Elizabeth for ten years, as the latter said she could not write freely. Aff. Etran. Ang., t. 45.

[330] See Appendix V.

[331] It is said that Bishop Smith, who was still alive, was opposed to Sir Kenelm Digby's undertaking this mission, but was overborne.

[332] The same misfortune occurred a few months later when George Digby was defeated at

Sherborne (October, 1645) and his correspondence, much of which concerned the intrigues of the King and Queen, fell into the hands of the enemy, and was afterwards read in Parliament; and again at Sligo (October, 1645), when the Glamorgan Treaty was found in the coach of the Archbishop of Tuam.

[333] In this letter the Queen thanks the Pope for "des armes et munitions de guerre qu'elle a fourni, de la promesse qu'elle m'a donné d'une nouvelle assistance d'argent et de la restitution des pensions à ceux de la nation écossaise tant à Rome qu'à Avignon."—P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[334] Rinuccini: *Embassy in Ireland*, p. lviii.

[335] He was the founder of S. Isidore's College in Rome.

[336] Nevertheless in 1642 Urban sent an agent by name Scarampi to Ireland at the request of Cardinal Francesco Barberini.

[337] *Il Cappuccino Scozzese* (1644). Before the end of the seventeenth century it was translated into French, Spanish, and Portuguese, during the eighteenth century into English.

[338] Her husband warned her in January, 1645, not to give "much countenance to the Irish agents in Paris."—*King's Cabinet Opened*. She replied, "That troubles me much, for I fear that you have no intention of making a peace with them [the Irish] which is ruinous for you and for me."—Green: *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, p. 290. February 28th, 1644/5.

[339] *King's Cabinet Opened.*

[340] "... D. Baro Germanus qui in maxima apud Reginam Angliae gratia nec minore quam Cardinalis Mazarinus apud Reginam Galliae."—Grotius: *Epistolae ineditae* (1806), p. 71.

[341] There is little doubt that Henrietta would have been willing to cede to France the Channel Islands, the last remains of the great heritage of the Conqueror, in return for help.

[342] See *Letters of Charles I to Henrietta Maria in 1646*, ed. Bruce. Camden Society.

[343] This is Berkeley's own account taken from his memoirs. Clarendon's is very different, and says that Berkeley was a vain man who was delighted to undertake the mission.

[344] Tanner MS., LX.

[345] These articles are published among the documents at the end of Rinuccini's *Embassy in Ireland*, p. 573; among the Roman Transcripts P.R.O. are very similar articles endorsed "in the handwriting of Sir Kenelm Digby." They are among the papers of 1647, and very possibly belong to the later date.

[346] In May, 1647, the Queen wrote to the Pope asking him not to receive communications from unauthorized persons who approached him in her name, but only from Digby. P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[347] "The grounds of obedience and government by Thomas White, gentleman (1635), dedicated 'to my most honoured and best friend Sir Kenelm Digby.'" White knew Hobbes, but his political theory is rather an anticipation of that of Locke and the eighteenth-century Whigs.

[348] Later it was even believed that he was favourable to the Roundheads. An English gentleman who was in Rome in 1650 complained of his discourtesy, "who was the English (I say rebels') Protector."—John Bargrave: *Pope Alexander VII and the College of Cardinals*.

[349] *Blacklo's Cabal Discovered*, p. 6. This curious book, which was published in 1679, consists of a collection of letters which throws much light upon Sir Kenelm Digby's mission and the events of 1647.

[350] The writer of an unsigned letter in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris says that he was charged "de representer à la serieuse consideration de la Reyne et de Mgr. le Cardinal le train que prennent les Independants qui va à la ruine totale du Roy et des siens et directement à charger le gouvernement et combien cela regarde la France; que les chefs de cette faction sont le Comte de Northumberland My lord Saye et les deux Vaines qui font agir auprès de notre Roy et au dela auprès de notre Reyne par My lord Percy et autres qui ont toutes leurs confidence au Père Philipes; ceux la ont contre eux tous les Escossais et les meuilleurs Anglois si bien que si notre Reyne ne veut recevoir et assister ces bons Anglois et les Escossais il se trouvera quelle fera bien de ne penser plus a repasser en Angleterre."—MS. Français, 15,994.

[351] *Blacklo's Cabal Discovered*, p. 21; the suggested oath is printed, p. 49.

[352] These negotiations were of the nature of a private understanding based on the twelfth article of the Heads of the Proposals offered by the army, which provided for "the repeal of all Acts or clauses in any Act enjoining the use of the Book of Common Prayer, and imposing any penalties for neglect thereof; as also of all Acts or clauses of any Act imposing any penalty for not coming to Church or for meetings elsewhere for prayer or other religious duties, exercises or ordinances and some other provision to be made for discovery of Papists and Popish recusants and for disabling of them and of all Jesuits or Priests found disturbing the State."—Gardiner: *Constitutional Documents of the Puritan Revolution*, p. 321.

[353] "The controversial Letter on the great controversie concerning the pretended temporal authority of Popes over the whole earth. 1673."

[354] *Ibid.*

[355] The Three Propositions were printed several times in the latter half of the seventeenth century, among other places (together with the suggested oath of allegiance) in *Blacklo's Cabal Discovered*. There are several MS. copies among the archives of the See of Westminster, at the end of one of which it is said that it was signed by fifty Catholic nobles, but was condemned by the Congregation at Rome. See Appendix VIII.

[356] The Three Propositions are statements of the opinions objected to, and which the Catholics were required to subscribe in the negative.

[357] He travelled under the pseudonym of Winter Grant. He was an old friend of the Queen, having been her chaplain before the war; he had been a friend of Father Philip. His own memoirs give the best account of his unsuccessful mission.

[358] Con, years earlier, in one of his letters from England, writes of Holden's extravagant opinions.

[359] Archives of the See of Westminster. It seems that the censure was of a private nature; it is printed in Jouvency: "Receuil de pièces touchant l'histoire de la Compagnie de Jésus" (1713), where it is ascribed to the influence of the Jesuits.

[360] Those less sanguine than Henrietta had long known this; "the Pope cannot doe much, all he can is promised for Ireland," occurs in a letter of the beginning of 1646 from Robert Wright to "Mr. Jones of the Commons." Tanner MS., LX.

[361] Among the Roman Transcripts in the P.R.O. are five memorials drawn up by Sir Kenelm Digby, dated respectively July 14th, July 26th, August 3rd, August 12th, and October 20th, 1647. Of the latter there is a duplicate dated 1648 among the Chigi Transcripts (P.R.O.), and there is an old English translation among the archives of the See of Westminster.

[362] Whitelocke: *Memorials of English Affairs*, p. 274.

[363] P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[364] Digby to Barberini, April 28th, 1647. P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[365] Sir Kenelm Digby somewhat later entered into negotiations with Cromwell in the hope of obtaining toleration for the Catholics. Henrietta Maria (if a story, which on the authority of Cosin found its way into a letter written from Paris, may be believed) grew suspicious at last of the man she had trusted so long; one of his friends was telling her of his arrival in Paris, "but she suddenly interrupted him as he was commending the knight and said openly in the hall, 'Mr. K. Digby, c'est un grand cochin [knave].'" Tanner MS., 149. George Davenport to W. Sancroft, Paris, January 15th, 165-6/7. Sir Kenelm died in 1665.

[366] Rinuccini: *Embassy in Ireland*, p. 367. Digby is George Digby, afterwards the second Earl of Bristol; he became a Catholic in later days, but Rinuccini seems to have disliked him rather more after his conversion than before.

CHAPTER X
THE QUEEN OF THE EXILES

> Rememberance sat as portress of this gate.
>
> William Browne

It was the beginning of the year 1649. France, which four years earlier had seemed so secure a refuge, was itself torn by civil war. The day of Barricades had come and gone; Paris was in the hands of the Frondeurs, deserted by Queen Anne and by the little King who had retired for safety to S. Germain-en-Laye: Mazarin seemed to the full as unpopular as even Strafford had been.

Within the city, in the palace of the Louvre, the Queen of England yet lingered; she would gladly have escaped to her relatives at S. Germain, but when she attempted to do so she was stopped at the end of the Tuileries Gardens. However, she had little fear; she knew that she was popular with the people, who preferred her sprightly ways to those of the *dévote* Spanish Queen, who thought of nothing but convents and monks, and she was content to wait upon events. It is true she was exceedingly uncomfortable; little by little the seemly establishment she had kept up in the early days of the exile had dwindled as she strained every nerve to send supplies to her husband, but she had never known need until now, when for six months her allowance from the King of France had not been paid. However, one day, when in the bitter cold of January she could not even afford a fire, she received a visit from the Coadjutor Bishop, who was a man of great importance among the Frondeurs. Little Princess Henrietta, who had been smuggled over to [Pg 253] France in 1646 and who was now about four years old, was lying in bed. "You see," said the Queen, indicating the little girl and speaking with her usual cheerfulness, "the poor child cannot get up, as I have no means of keeping her warm." De Retz, in spite of his leanings to liberalism, was so shocked that a daughter of England and still more a granddaughter of Henry the Great should be in such a plight, that he prevailed upon the Parliament to send a considerable sum of money to the Queen of England.

It was never the physical accidents of life that weighed upon Henrietta—these she could bear so lightly as to shame her attendants into a like courage; but there was worse than cold or privation, worse even than the fear lest her native land might be rushing to the same fate as had overwhelmed the land of her adoption.[367] The real misery was the anxiety which was gnawing at her heart for her children, and above all for her husband. During the day she was able in some degree to divert her mind from it, but in the silent watches of the night it overwhelmed her.

She had begged and entreated the French Government to intervene between Charles and the foes in whose hands he was; but after her long experience of Mazarin she was not surprised at the ineffectual character of such intervention as the French ambassador gave. In Paris people were too much taken up with their own troubles "to take much notice" or to "care much of what may happen to the King of England."[368] Lower and lower sank the Queen's hopes, until at last all that she desired was to be at her husband's side to uphold him in his trouble. Laying aside in [Pg 254] her great love the pride which prompted her to ask nothing from her enemies, she wrote to both Houses of Parliament asking for a safe conduct to England. Even this sorry comfort was denied her: her letters, the purport of which was known, were left unopened, to be found in that condition more than thirty years later among the State Papers.

In Paris the days dragged on. The city was so blockaded it was almost impossible for letters to enter it. There was great uncertainty as to the fate of the King of England, but sinister rumours, which probably came by way of Holland, began to be rife. One day Lord Jermyn presented himself before Henrietta and told her that her husband had been condemned to death and taken out to execution, but that the people had risen and saved him. Thus did the faithful servant attempt to prepare the Queen; and even over this shadow of the merciless truth she wept in recounting it to her friends.

But at last concealment was impossible. Father Cyprien was at this time in attendance on the Queen, and one evening as he was leaving her dining-room at the supper hour he was stopped at the door and asked to remain, as she would have need of his consolation and support. His wondering looks were answered by a brief statement of the fate of the King of England, at which the old man shuddered all over as the messenger passed on. Henrietta was talking cheerfully with such friends as the state of Paris permitted to gather round her, but she was awaiting anxiously the return of a gentleman whom she had sent to S. Germain-en-Laye. Jermyn (for it was he who had taken upon himself the task of breaking the hard news) said a few words intended to prepare her; she, with her usual quickness of perception, soon saw that something was wrong, and preferring certainty to suspense begged him to tell her plainly what had happened. With [Pg 255] many circumlocutions he replied, until at last the fatal news was told.

"Curae leves loquuntur, graves stupent," is the comment of Father Cyprien, the spectator of this scene. Henrietta was utterly crushed by so awful a blow, which deprived her, by no ordinary visitation, but in so unheard-of and terrible manner, of him who had been at once "a husband, a friend, and a king"; she sank down in what was not so much a faint as a paralysis of all power and of all sensation except that of grief; she neither moved nor spoke nor wept, and so long did this unnatural state continue that her attendants became alarmed, and, in their fear, sent for the Duchess of Vendôme,[369] a sweet and charitable lady whose whole life was devoted to doing good and of whom the Queen was particularly fond; she, by her tears and her gentle sympathy, was able to bring Henrietta to a more normal condition in which tears relieved her overcharged heart. All the next day she remained invisible, weeping over the horror which to her at least was unexpected, for she had never believed until the last that the English people would permit such an outrage, and recalling, with bursts of uncontrollable grief, the happy days she had spent with the husband who had been her lover to the end. "I wonder I did not die of grief," she said afterwards, and indeed, at first, death seemed the only thing left to be desired, but

> "Jamas muere un triste
> Quando convienne que muera."[370]

On the following day, however, she was sufficiently recovered to receive Madame de Motteville, who was setting out for S. Germain-en-Laye. The Queen asked her friend to come and kneel beside the bed on which she was lying, and then taking her hand she begged of her to carry a message to the Queen-Regent. "Tell my sister," said Henrietta, "to beware of irritating her [Pg 256] people, unless" (with a flash of the Bourbon spirit) "she has the means of crushing them utterly." Then she turned her face to the wall and gave way once more to her uncontrollable sorrow. Only one thing could have increased her grief, and that was the knowledge, mercifully hidden from her, of the part which she had played in bringing her husband to his terrible doom.

It was but a few days later that she roused herself to go for a short visit to her friends, the Carmelite nuns in the Faubourg S. Jacques;[371] but there fresh agitation awaited her, for thither was brought the last tender letter which her husband had written for her consolation when he knew that he must die. As she read it grief once more overcame her and she sank fainting into the arms of two of the nuns who stood near; but she was stronger now than when she had met the first shock. Flinging herself on her knees before the crucifix which hung on the wall and raising her eyes and hands to heaven, she cried, "Lord, I will not complain, for it is Thou who hast permitted it." A similar courage upheld her in receiving indifferent acquaintance and uncongenial relatives who came to pay visits of condolence. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, indeed, considered [Pg 257] that her aunt was less affected by her husband's death than she should have been, though she had the grace to add that it was probably self-respect and pride which forbade the widow to show the depth of her sorrow; this was undoubtedly the case. Henrietta might open her heart to dear friends such as Madame de Motteville or the Duchess of Vendôme, but she could not expose the sacredness of grief to the curious eyes of her niece, who not only had shown herself very indifferent to the charms of the Prince of Wales, on which, perhaps, Henrietta had descanted rather too frequently, but was inclined to regard the Queen of England's tales of the happiness and prosperity of her married life as somewhat highly coloured.

The execution of Charles I caused an unparalleled sensation throughout Europe, and indeed the world. Kings shivered on their thrones and despotic governments trembled. Sovereigns had indeed been murdered with a frequency which made such tragedies almost commonplace, but it was without precedent that a king should be put to death after a judicial trial by the hands of his own subjects. Even in far-away India a king who heard the news from the crew of an English ship replied that "if any man mentioned such a thing he should be put to death, or if he could not be found out, they should all dy for it."[372] In France the horror was specially felt, both on account of the close ties which bound together the two royal houses and because, owing to the unforgotten murder of Henry IV, regicide was a crime particularly odious to all good Frenchmen, who abhorred the views held on this subject by an advanced school of Catholicism. Moreover, the state of the country was such as to cause apprehension of a civil war similar to that which had caused the tragedy. "It is a blow which should make all kings tremble," said Queen Anne. Even the rebellious Frondeurs were shocked at the news. Many a gallant Frenchman would gladly [Pg 258] have unsheathed the sword to avenge the murder of Charles Stuart, and many did take up the pen to exhort Christian princes to lay aside their differences and to turn their arms against the English murderers, which, of course, those potentates were not prepared to do, though they had a just appreciation of the offence offered to all kingship in this audacious act. Even the name of the much-loved Pucelle d'Orléans[373] was invoked in the cause, while a living lady, Dame Isabeau Bernard de Laynes, was so overcome by her feelings that she broke into verse, beginning—

"Hereux celui qui sur la terre
Vengera du roi d'Angleterre
La mort donnée injustement
Par ses subjects, chose inouye,
De lui avoir osté la vie
Quel horrible dérèglement."[374]

Zealous Catholics shook their heads and said that now the real tendencies of the impious Reformation were appearing, which theme Bossuet developed with great effect when he came to preach Henrietta's funeral sermon;[375] others, more liberal-minded, contended that the two great religions of Rome and Geneva could live together very well, as was proved in France, but that the King of England had allowed all kinds of sects and sectaries, a course which clearly could only lead to disaster; the Sieur de Marsys, the French tutor of the young Princes of England, translated the story of the trial into French that all Frenchmen might read and ponder [Pg 259] the monstrous document.[376] It was even said that the little Louis XIV, who was not yet eleven years old, took to heart in a way hardly to be expected the murder of his uncle, as if the child saw through the mists of the future another royal scaffold and the horrors of 1793.

Henrietta received plenty of sympathetic words and visits of condolence, but she received little else. It was believed that the condition to which Mazarin was reduced by the Frondeurs had emboldened the rebels in England to commit their last desperate act, but the instructions which the Cardinal penned to the French ambassador in London, before the fatal January 30th, show that his fear of the Spanish was a good deal stronger than his desire to help the King of England, and after the tragedy he only expressed polite regrets that France had not been able to follow the good example of Holland, which had protested against the regicide, and made a great favour of recalling the ambassador and refusing to recognize the republican agents in Paris. It was reserved for an old servant of Henrietta to show sympathy in a more practical manner. Du Perron, who at the request of the Queen of England had been translated to the See of Evreux, found himself detained by the Frondeurs, sorely against his will, in his own cathedral city. Ill, and wounded in his tenderest feelings by a compulsory semblance of disloyalty, he so took to heart the news of the terrible death of King Charles, to whom he was greatly attached, that he became rapidly worse and died in a few days.

The story of the heroic manner in which Charles met his terrible death wrung tears from many an eye in Paris. Henrietta, who had lived with him for twenty years, must have known that he would not fail in personal courage. After all, misfortune was no novelty to the House of Stuart. Charles' [Pg 260] own grandmother had mounted the scaffold of Elizabeth, and of his remoter ancestors who sat upon the throne of Scotland few had escaped a violent death; when the moment came he was ready to fulfil the tragic destiny of his race. To his widow his royal courage was so much a matter of course that it brought her little consolation; but some real comfort she might have known could she have foreseen that such ready acceptance of his fate would not only blot out in the mind of his people the memory of his many failings, but would throw a glory over his name and career which has not completely faded even to the present day.

**HENRY JERMYN, EARL OF ST. ALBANS
FROM AN ENGRAVING**

No one felt more than Henrietta that the King of England's fate was a warning to those in authority. She watched with painful interest the course of rebellion in France, and when at last she was able to see the Queen-Regent,[377] she gave that obstinate lady some excellent advice, dwelling particularly on the goodwill of the Parisians to their little King, and the general dislike which was felt for Cardinal Mazarin. In 1649 the rebellion was repressed, but only that it might break out anew two years later. During the second war of the Fronde, Henrietta, who thought that English history was repeating itself in France,[378] sought Queen Anne at S. Germain-en-Laye. There in an assembly, composed of both Frenchmen and Englishmen, she pressed upon her sister-in-law counsels of wisdom and moderation which it had been well had she herself followed in the past. "My sister," said the haughty Spanish lady, who was weary of advice, specially perhaps from one who had known so little how to manage her own concerns, "do you wish to be Queen of France as well as of England?" [Pg 261]

Henrietta's reply came promptly, but with a world of sadness in it, "I am nothing, do you be something!"[379]

* * * * *

Queen Henrietta Maria's position was considerably altered by her husband's death; on the one hand she became a person of greater importance as the adviser of her young son, who was hardly of an age to manage his own affairs; on the other, she was deprived of Charles' powerful support, and laid more open to the attacks of her opponents, whose fear it was to see her two sons, Charles and James, who arrived in Paris shortly after their father's death, fall under her influence.

Party feeling ran high at the exiled Court, which, with the suppression of the first rebellion of the Fronde, took shape again. Henrietta was respected by all—"our good Queen," she was affectionately called—but her religion and her politics were disliked by the Church of England constitutional party, which was strongly represented in Paris. Sir Edward Hyde, Sir Edward Nicholas, and their friends, considered with some justice that her counsels had been fatal to the master whose death had placed him on a pinnacle, where assuredly he had never been in his lifetime. They particularly disliked Jermyn, whose great influence with the Queen exposed him to jealousy, and Lord Culpepper[380] and Henry Percy, his intimate friends, were little less obnoxious to them. "I may tell you freely," wrote Ormonde, the late Viceroy of Ireland, who arrived in Paris at the end of 1651, "I believe all these lords go upon as ill principles as may be; for I doubt there is few of them that would not do anything almost, or advise the King to do anything, that may probably recover his or their estates."[381] [Pg 262]

Shortly after the King's death the Queen's party (or that of the Louvre, as its enemies called it) was strengthened by the arrival of a recruit of great importance, Henrietta's old friend Walter Montagu, whom she had never seen since they parted in Holland in 1643. This gentleman, since his apprehension at Rochester, had been in the hands of the Roundheads; he had spent most of his time in the Tower of London, where he varied the monotony of prison life by a spirited controversy with a fellow-prisoner, Dr. John Bastwick, of pillory fame, who expressed himself greatly pleased with his nimble-witted adversary. He also became very devout, and in proof thereof wrote a volume of spiritual essays, which he published in 1647 with a charming dedication to the Queen of England, wherein piety and flattery were delicately blended. In spite of the dislike with which he was regarded,[382] he was treated with consideration, partly no doubt through the influence of his brother, the Earl of Manchester, with whom he was always on good terms and who even supplied him with money, but partly also, probably, because it was felt that the Queen of France, who pleaded over and over again for his enlargement, must not be irritated beyond measure. He was permitted to go to Tunbridge Wells on account of his health, which suffered from his long confinement, and he was finally released on the ground that he had never borne arms against the Parliament, which was true enough, as he had been in prison almost since [Pg 263] the beginning of the war. Nevertheless, together with his friend Sir Kenelm Digby, who had reappeared in England, he was banished the country under pain of death.[383] He quickly repaired to Spa to drink the waters there, and thence passed to Paris, where he was warmly welcomed by the Queens, both of England and France.

The appearance of Walter Montagu—a frail worldling, as he calls himself—in the rôle of a spiritual writer probably caused much the same sort of amusement in Parisian circles as was caused in later days in those of London by the publication of Richard Steel's *Christian Hero*. But it was soon found that the long years of prison and danger had wrought a real change in the whilom courtier, who now became a *dévot* of the fashionable Parisian type. He lost no time in putting into execution his former project of embracing the ecclesiastical state. "Your old friend, Wat Montagu," wrote Lord Hatton in February, 1650-1, "hath already taken upon him the *robe longue* and received the first orders and intends before Easter (as I am credibly assured) to take the order of Priesthood."[384] He sang his first Mass at Pontoise in the following April, and in the autumn of the same year received by the favour of Queen Anne the Abbey of Nanteuil, which gave him the title of Abbé and a sufficient income. A few years later the same royal patroness bestowed upon him the richer and more important Abbey of S. Martin at Pontoise,[385] whose ample revenues he expended with such liberality and tact as to win the gratitude of his less [Pg 264] fortunate compatriots, Catholics and Protestants alike.

One of the earliest questions which the Queen had to settle after her husband's execution was that of her eldest son's plans. At first a journey to Ireland was contemplated, but finally it was decided that the young King should go to Scotland and try his fortune among those who had betrayed his father. Henrietta herself was inclined to the Presbyterian alliance, in which opinion she was encouraged by the Louvre party. English and French Catholics alike believed that the silly Anglican compromise had met with the fate it deserved, and that henceforward the spoils would be divided between themselves and the Presbyterians. The remnant of Anglicans who showed a gallant faith in their position which later events justified distrusted these latter so deeply that they would almost have preferred the King to remain an exile for ever to seeing him restored by their means, who had sold the Blessed Martyr. As for the Presbyterian alliance with the Catholics, that they considered the most natural thing in the world;[386] for in their opinion both schools of thought aimed at an undue subordination of the civil to the religious power, or as a Royalist rhymester put it:—

> "A Scot and Jesuit, join'd in hand,
> First taught the world to say
> That subjects ought to have command
> And princes to obey."[387]

Nevertheless, in spite of opposition, Charles went off to Scotland, and there, to the deep disgust [Pg 265] of his Anglican friends, who had to learn that he was a very different man from his father, he was persuaded to take the Covenant, a step which they believed would not only alienate his best friends, but prejudice his chances with Providence.[388] Even the Queen was annoyed, unless, as her opponents hinted, she feigned her chagrin. But annoyance soon gave place to anxiety. First came the news of the defeat of Dunbar, then of the "crowning mercy" of Worcester; at last, after weeks of suspense, Henrietta was able to welcome her son once more, safe indeed, but worn out by almost incredible adventures and escapes, and cured for life by his sojourn among them of any liking for the Presbyterians. It was no wonder that the lad was depressed and irritable and unwilling to talk to his mother or any one else, though she had still considerable influence over him, so that it was complained that the King's secret council were his mother, "Lord Jermyn, and Watt. Montagu, for that of greatest business he consults with them only, without the knowledge of Marquis of Ormonde or Sir Ed. Hyde."[389] She was able to persuade him (the more easily, no doubt, from his Scotch experiences) to refrain from attending the Huguenot worship at Charenton, which she thought might compromise him with his relatives of France.

And, indeed, under the pressure of her many misfortunes, Henrietta was becoming more of a bigot than she had ever been before.[390] In 1647 Father Philip died.[391] The loss of this worthy [Pg 266] old man, who was well aware of the caution necessary to a Catholic queen living among heretics, exposed her to the influence of other and less judicious counsellors, specially after the death of her Grand Almoner,[392] which deprived her of another moderating influence. When in 1650 the Anglican service, which had been held at the Louvre since the first days of the exile, was suppressed, Protestant gossip pointed out Walter Montagu as the author of this deed; but that gentleman would reply nothing, even to so weighty an interrogator as Sir Edward Hyde, except that the Queen of France was at liberty to give what orders she pleased in her own house. Henrietta may have regretted this sudden outburst of zeal on the part of her sister-in-law, but she found no answer to make when that lady came to visit her and told her, with the solemnity of a

Spaniard and a *dévote*, that she thought the recent troubles of her son the King of France must have been due to his mother's weak toleration of heretical worship at the Louvre. History does not record whether she changed her mind when this act of reparation was not followed by an abatement of the rebellion; but henceforth the Anglican service was held nowhere but in the chapel of Sir Richard Browne, the father-in-law of John Evelyn, whose house was protected by his position as resident of the King of England. There John Cosin, the exiled Dean of Durham, who still kept up his impartial warfare against Rome on the one side and Geneva on the other, struck heavy blows in the cause of the Church of England, not, it was reported, without success. Religious feeling ran as high as ever it had years before in London,[393] and the good Dean's controversial acerbity was not sweetened when his only son went over to the enemy, by the [Pg 267] instrumentality, it was said, of Walter Montagu. Nor did the alert Abbé's victories end there. Thomas Hobbes was still living among his learned friends in the French capital. His religion, or lack of it, made him suspect to Catholics and Protestants alike, and the Anglicans were considerably chagrined when they heard that this dangerous person, on the recommendation of Montagu, had been removed from the English Court, where the young King had shown an unfortunate liking for his company. They would fain have had the credit themselves of this judicious act, though perhaps in later days, when they saw the "father of atheists" a welcome guest at Whitehall, some of them may have been glad to be able to say that they had had nothing to do with the odious persecution which he had suffered from the bigots in Paris.

Three years after the suppression of the Anglican service at the Louvre, other events occurred which did not tend to Henrietta's popularity with some of her son's best friends. Henry, Duke of Gloucester, the youngest son of Charles I, is now chiefly remembered as an actor in that most pathetic of all farewell scenes, when he and his sister Elizabeth took leave of their dying father. The little girl never recovered the shock of her father's death, and died without seeing again the mother who longed for her. Henry was too young to suffer thus, and at one time a rumour was about which reached the ears of Sir Edward Nicholas that Cromwell intended to make the child king; but in 1653 the authorities in England, touched by compassion for his youth, or perhaps finding him more trouble than he was worth, sent him over to his sister in Holland, whence, much against that lady's will, he was fetched to Paris to his mother's side. Henrietta was charmed with the little fellow, whom she had not seen since he was quite a child. Though small and thin he was "beautiful as a little angel" and, while resembling his aunt Christine in face, possessed the fascinating manners of his father's family and was remarkably forward in book-learning. The boy [Pg 268] was made much of, not only by his mother, but by the whole French Court. "You know they always like anything new,"[394] wrote the Queen of England to her sister, and she goes on to relate with some amusement the innumerable visits she received on account of this *petit chevalier*. She was, no doubt, glad that he had made so good an impression upon his French relatives, for she had schemes for his advancement which depended largely on their favour.

The only one of her children whom Henrietta had been able to bring up in her own faith was the dearest of all, the youngest little daughter, whom she was wont to call her child of benediction. It is probable that during her husband's lifetime she felt a scruple in trying to turn his children from the religion which their father professed, particularly as he showed a generous confidence in her in the matter; but now that he was gone she felt her obligation to be over, and she gave much time and attention to influencing the minds of her two elder sons, of whom she had good hopes. She even, unmindful of the lessons of the past, entered anew into negotiations with the Pope and, by means of the Duchess of Aiguillon, a niece of Richelieu, held out, in the name of her son, hopes of untold benefits to the Catholics of the British Isles if the Holy Father would only assist the young and importunate monarch, who would certainly repay his paternal kindness with interest.[395] But, nevertheless, the Queen knew well enough the grave difficulties in the way of Charles' profession of the Catholic faith, and she turned with relief to the little Henry in whose youth she saw an easy prey. She had other arguments than those of religion to bring forward. All sensible people, she told the boy, were now agreed that the King, his brother, would not regain his throne. [Pg 269] He knew the extreme poverty to which the revolution had reduced his family; how as a Protestant did he propose to live in a manner suitable to his rank as a Prince of England? Whereas, if he would become a Catholic and take orders, his aunt, the Queen of France, would make everything easy by procuring for him a cardinal's hat, and by bestowing upon him such rich benefices as would afford him a fitting provision.

Henry was a boy, little more than a child, but the circumstances of his life had been such as early to teach him the necessity of self-interest. His father's last counsels, given at a supreme moment, may have weighed with him, for his well-known answer, "I will be torn to pieces ere they make me a king while my brothers live," prove him to have been, at that time, an unusually precocious child. Be this as it may, he showed an unexpected reluctance to follow his mother's advice and an unaccountable dislike of the Abbé Montagu, whom she appointed to be his governor. Perhaps he remembered his father's distrust of that fascinating person; certainly he knew that by following his teaching he would offend irrevocably the brother on whom, in case of a restoration to their native land, his future must depend. Henrietta herself was not blind to this aspect of the case, and she tried to propitiate her eldest son, to whom she had given a promise that she would not tamper with his brother's religion. "Henry has too many acquaintances among the idle little boys of Paris," she wrote to Charles, who was away from the city, "so I am sending him to Pontoise with the Abbé Montagu, where he will have more quiet to mind his book."

To Pontoise accordingly Henry went, where Montagu attempted in vain to win his confidence. After a while the boy was allowed to return to Paris, but he showed himself so obstinately indocile that at night-time he and his page (a lad who had been in the service of the Earl of Manchester, and who doubtless enjoyed thwarting the renegade Abbé), "like Penelope's web ... unspun" (as well as they two little young things, some few years above thirty between them) whatever had passed in public.[396] The poor little Prince owned, indeed, that he was called upon to deal with matters above his years. His relatives at the French Court assured him that his first duty was to his mother now that his father was dead. His Anglican friends told him that a sovereign came before a mother, and that his obedience was due to his eldest brother. That brother, moreover, took this view strongly and wrote to him, saying in brief and pithy terms that, should he become a Catholic, he would never see him again. It is not surprising that between all these conflicting opinions Henry's young head was a little confused. He was further perplexed when to other arguments in his mother's favour was added the curious one that his conversion would make amends to her for the breach of her marriage contract, by which she should have had control of her children up to the age of twelve. [Pg 270]

Henrietta was, indeed, steeling her heart to greater sternness than she had ever used to any of her children, to whom she had always shown herself an indulgent mother. It may be that, as men said, she was under the influence of Montagu, who, however, was not wont to be very severe, and who did his best to win over his pupil by kindness and by pointing out to him the worldly advantages which a change of faith would bring—a lesson which the luxuries of Pontoise, contrasting as they did with the poverty in which many of Henry's Anglican friends were obliged to live, illustrated in a practical manner. It may be that the Queen thought that a boy of her son's age could not resist severity, and that she was determined to hold out until she conquered the child for what she believed to be his good in this world and the next; but she was to be defeated. [Pg 271] While reports were being industriously circulated through the city that Henry was on the point of coming to a better mind, while in some churches thanksgivings were even being offered for his conversion, his continued obstinacy was in reality wearing out his mother's patience. She sent for her son, and after receiving him with her usual affection she said that she required him to hear the Abbé Montagu once again, and that then he must give her his final answer. Montagu pleaded for an hour, expending upon this lad of fourteen all those powers of persuasion and eloquence which enabled him to excel as a popular preacher. But Henry's mind was made up, he was determined to cast in his lot with his brother and England rather than with his mother and France. He communicated his decision to the Queen, and at the fatal words she turned away, saying that she wished to see his face no more. She left the room without any sign of relenting, and her son discovered a little later that her anger even cast his horses out of her stable. He was sobered by the depth of her displeasure, but he reserved his chief wrath for Montagu, to whom he attributed a harshness very far indeed from his mother's natural character. Turning on his late tutor, he upbraided him angrily: "Such as it is I may thank you for it, sir; and 'tis but reason what my mother sayes to me I say to you: I pray be sure I see you no more."[397] Then, turning on his heel, he showed his independence by marching on to the English chapel at Sir Richard Browne's house (for it was a Sunday morning), where he was received with such rejoicings as befitted so signal a triumph over the rival religion. He could not, of course, return to the Palais Royal, and he asked the hospitality of Lord Hatton, who, both as Royalist and Anglican, was delighted to welcome his "little great guest." His satisfaction was the greater because of the piquant circumstance that he was himself a relative by marriage of the discomfited Abbé. Henry, who was considered to have "most heroically runne through this great worke beyond his yeres,"[398] made further proof of his unflinching Protestantism by receiving a distinguished minister of Charenton, to whom he gravely discoursed of his father's religious views. But he did not remain long in Paris. Lord Ormonde arrived with letters and messages from the King of England and bore the lad off to Cologne, where his eldest brother was at that time keeping his Court. [Pg 272]

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The years of the exile wore on not too cheerfully. Little by little Henrietta lost the influence she had had over her eldest son, who came to distrust Jermyn, perhaps because he saw the favourite rich and prosperous, while others of his faithful servants were almost in need. Probably the Queen was annoyed at the ill success of Charles in her own country, for it is remarkable that the young man who possessed the French temperament, and who was, in many respects, like his grandfather Henry IV, was never popular in Paris, while James was greatly liked and admired. It is true that the latter was a singularly gallant youth, and that he spoke the French language much better than his brother, which accomplishment was in itself enough to win Parisian hearts. "There is nothing, in my opinion, that disfigures a person so much as not being able to speak," said that true Frenchwoman Mademoiselle de Montpensier. As for Princess Henrietta, she was looked upon quite as a French girl, and she was admired, not only for her beauty, but for her exquisite dancing, a talent which she inherited from her mother. It was on account of this beloved child that the widowed Queen of England, in the last years of the exile, came out again a little into the world and held receptions at the Palais Royal, which proved so fascinating as to be serious rivals to those of the grave Spanish Queen of France. At them she was always pleased to welcome Englishmen, for she loved the land of her happy married life in spite of the treatment she had received there. "The English were led away by fanatics," she was wont to say; "the real genius of the nation is very different." So jealous was she of the good name of her son's subjects in critical Paris that once when an English gentleman came to her Court in a smart dress, tied up with red and yellow ribbons, she begged the friend who had introduced him to advise him "to mend his fancy," lest he should be ridiculed by the French. [Pg 273]

But ere this another blow had fallen upon Henrietta, and this time she was wounded, indeed, in the house of her friends. As early as 1652 France recognized the Government of the Commonwealth, but in 1657 the Queen learned that her nephew, acting under the advice of Cardinal Mazarin, who was impelled by his usual dread of Spain, had even made a treaty with Cromwell, "*ce scélérat*," as she was accustomed to call him. By the terms of this treaty her three sons were banished from France, and she herself was only permitted to remain with her young daughter because public opinion would not have tolerated the expulsion of a daughter of Henry IV. The Princes went off to Bruges, where Charles fixed his Court, and to mark their displeasure they took service under the Spaniard. Henrietta had to bear the insults as best she could. She had nowhere to go; for when a year earlier she had thought of a journey to Spain, it had been intimated to her that his Catholic Majesty would prefer her to remain on the French side of the Pyrenees.

The only satisfactory aspect of the matter was that now the Queen felt it possible to press for the payment of her dowry. Her relatives of France, particularly Queen Anne, were liberal, but Henrietta was made to feel now and then

"how salt his food who fares [Pg 274]
Upon another's bread—how steep his path
Who treadeth up and down another's stairs,"[399]

and, besides, hers was too proud a nature to relish dependence. She knew that any scheme likely to spare the coffers of France would be grateful to Mazarin, whose immense riches, splendid palace, and magnificent collection of pictures and curios, the fruit of an unbounded avarice, were the talk of Paris. The request was proffered. The reply came, and Mazarin carried it himself to the Queen. Speaking with the Italian accent, which his long years of residence in France had not been able to eradicate, he explained to her that the Protector refused to give her that for which she asked, because, as he alleged, she had never been recognized as Queen of England. The refusal was bad enough, but the gross insult with which it was accompanied could not fail to cut Henrietta to the heart, but she did not love Mazarin and she had too much spirit to betray her chagrin. "This outrage does not reflect on me," she said proudly, "but on the King, my nephew, who ought not to permit a daughter of France to be treated *de concubine*. I was abundantly satisfied with the late King, my lord, and with all England; these affronts are more shameful to France than to me."

This episode did not decrease Henrietta's hatred for Cromwell. It was even said by one of her women, who played the part of spy, that she was overheard plotting his murder with Lord Jermyn. But she had not long to endure his usurpation of the seat of her husband, whose regal title she believed him to have refused solely from fear of the army. On September 3rd, 1658, the anniversary of Dunbar and Worcester, Oliver Cromwell died amid a tumult of storm, sympathetic with the passing of that mighty spirit. "It is the Devil come to carry old Noll off to Hell" was the comment of the Royalists, who kept high revel in Paris and elsewhere at the news of his death, [Pg 275] though the Queen, whom long sorrow was at last making slow to hope, did not join in the jubilation. "Whether it be because my heart is so wrapped up in melancholy as to be incapable of receiving any [joy]," she wrote to Madame de Motteville, "or that I do not as yet perceive any good advantages likely to accrue to us from it, I will confess to you that I have not felt myself any very great rejoicing, my greatest being to witness that of my friends."[400]

It was not, indeed, until the Treaty of the Pyrenees in 1659 that there seemed to be solid hope for the King of England. Then Charles left his Court at Bruges, and traversing all France, had an interview with Don Louis de Haro, the powerful minister of Spain, who received him with all ceremony as a sovereign prince. Mazarin still obstinately refused to receive him, but he had an interview with his uncle, the Duke of Orleans, at Blois, and afterwards passed a few days with his mother at Colombes, on the outskirts of Paris, where she had a small country house. Both mother and son may have been to some extent hopeful, but neither knew how near the day was when the prophecy of a French rhymester after Worcester would be fulfilled, and

"la fortune
N'ayant plus pour luy de rancune
Le mettra plus haut qu'il n'est bas."[401]

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[367] "Amyd the Arrests lately made one is for the seazure of the King's revenue to the use of the Parliament and in other things they doe soe imitate the late proceedings of England that it plainly appears in what schoole some of their members have been bred who make them believe they are able to instruct them how to make a rebellion wth out breaking their allegiance."—Dispatch of Sir R. Browne, January 22nd, 1649. Add. MS., 12,186, f. 9.

[368] "Letters from Paris received January 15th, 1648," p. 6.

[369] "Une sainte et la mère des pauvres."—Mme de Motteville.

[370] Quoted by Mme. de Motteville with reference to this occasion.

[371] The Chaillot tradition, which is found in the MS. *Histoire chronologique de tout l'ordre de la Visitation*, 1693 (Bib. Mazarine, MS. 2436), and in *La Vie de la très haute et très puissante Princesse Henrietta Marie de France, reine de la Grande Bretagne*, of Cotolendi, who derived much of his information from the Chaillot nuns, places the scene

of Henrietta's reception of the news of her husband's death in the Carmelite convent, and Cotolendi represents the King's letter as delivered on that occasion; but, Father Cyprien, in his account, says that the Queen was at the Louvre when she heard of her husband's fate, and though he is not always accurate, it seems probable that the scene of such an event would remain in his mind. Moreover, Madame de Motteville says no word of the Carmelite convent in this connection. It seems likely that the nuns of Chaillot confused the Queen's account of the reception of the news of her husband's death with that of his last letter. The above account has been written on this hypothesis; the letter which Cotolendi quotes was no doubt preserved with other memorials of the Queen among the Chaillot archives.

[372] John Ward: *Diary*, 1648-79 (1839), p. 161.

[373] "Exhortation de la Pucelle d'Orléans à tous les princes de la terre de faire une Paix générale tous ensemble pour venger la mort du roy d'Angleterre par une guerre toute particulière. A Paris. MDCXLIX."

[374] Fonds Français MS., 12,159. *Remonstrances aux Parlementaires de la mort ignominieuse de leur roy dédiées a la Reyne d'Angleterre.*

[375] The same argument is developed in a curious tract, which shows the rather cool attitude of some of the English Catholics to Charles, entitled, *Nuntius a Mortuis, hoc est, stupendum ... ac tremendum colloquium inter Manes Henrici VIII et Caroli I Angliae Regum* (1649).

[376] MS. Français, 12,159.

[377] Henrietta, even before the lesson of her husband's death, urged the Queen-Regent to show moderation. She prevailed upon her to receive the members of the rebellious Parliament on the day of Barricades.

[378] "Vous diriés que Dieu veut humilier les Roys et les princes. Il a commencé par nous en Engleterre; je le prie que la France ne nous suive pas, les affairs ysy alant tout le mesme chemin que les nostres."—*Lettres de Henriette Marie à sa sœur Christine*, p. 100.

[379] "Le veritable entretien de la Reyne d'Angleterre avec le roy et la Reyne à S. Germain-en-Laye en presence de plusieurs Seigneurs de la Cour et autres personnes de consideration (1652)."

[380] It was this nobleman of whom Charles I said that he had no religion at all.

[381] *Nicholas Papers*, I, 293.

[382] To which the following extract from a Roundhead newspaper bears witness: "Onely one thing we have notice of that she [the Queen] hath begged of his Holiness a Cardinalls Hat for Wat Montaue. Then (boyes) for sixpence a peece you may see a fine sight in the Tower if the Axe prevent not and send him after the Cardinall (would have been) of Canterbury, who went before to take up lodging for the rest of the Queen's favourites in Purgatory."—*Mercurius Britannicus*, February, 1645.

[383] In March, 1649, he was given permission to go abroad. The sentence of banishment is dated August 31st, 1649; he was on the Continent considerably before the latter date.

[384] *Nicholas Papers*, I, 220.

[385] He was appointed Abbot Commendatory in 1654, succeeding Gondi, the first Archbishop of Paris, but "sur certaines difficultes survenues sur ses Bulles en leur fulmination," he did not take possession of the Abbey until 1657. See *Histoire de l'Abbaye de S. Martin de Pontoise Bibliothèque Mazarine*. MS. 3368. Pontoise ... Auttore, D. Roberto Racine (1769).

[386] "I do not at all marvel that any man who can side with the Presbyterians, or that is Presbyterian cloth, turn Papist, I would as soon be the one as the other."—Sir E. Nicholas to Lord Hatton, *Nicholas Papers*, I, 297.

[387] *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, October 12-20, 1647. This newspaper (a feature of which was four topical verses prefixed to each number) was written by Nedham, a journalist who had formerly written the parliamentary newspaper *Mercurius Britannicus*, and who afterwards returned to the Roundheads. He was pardoned after the Restoration. In 1661 he collected and published the verses of *Mercurius Pragmaticus* under the title of *A Short History of the English Rebellion*.

[388] "If the King ... take the covenant, God will never prosper him nor the world value him."—*Nicholas Papers*, I, 165.

[389] *Nicholas Papers*, I, p. 298.

[390] In 1651 she dismissed her servants "that will not turn papists, or cannot live of themselves without wages."—*Nicholas Papers*, I, p. 237.

[391] Henrietta was so much attached to him that she went to see him in his sickness at the Oratorians' House in the Rue S. Honoré. See *Histoire des troubles de la Grande Bretagne*, by Robert Monteith (Salmonet), 1659.

[392] Walter Montagu became Henrietta's Grand Almoner about this time; probably he succeeded Du Perron.

[393] The Church of England party was extremely annoyed at the publication of a book entitled *La Chaine du Hercule Gaulois*, in which it was asserted that Charles I died a Catholic. Add. MS., 12,186.

[394] *Lettres de Henriette Marie à sa soeur Christine*, p. 104.

[395] The letter of the Duchess is among the Roman Transcripts P.R.O.

[396] *An exact narrative of the attempts made upon the Duke of Gloucester* (1654), p. 15.

[397] *An exact narrative of the attempts made upon the Duke of Gloucester* (1654), p. 13.

[398] Lord Hatton. *Nicholas Papers*, II, p. 143.

[399] Dante: *Paradiso*, XVII.

[400] Green: *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, p. 388. Madame de Motteville: *Mémoires* (1783), V, p. 276.

[401] Loret: *La Muse Historique* (1857), t. I, p. 174.

CHAPTER XI
THE FOUNDRESS OF CHAILLOT

No cruell guard of diligent cares, that keep
Crown'd woes awake; as things too wise for sleep.
But reverent discipline, and religious fear,
And soft obedience, find sweet biding here;
Silence, and sacred rest; peace and pure joyes;
Kind loves keep house, ly close, make no noise,
And room enough for Monarchs, where none swells
Beyond the kingdomes of contentfull Cells.
R. Crashaw (out of Barclay)

There is a portion of Henrietta's life which stands apart from its general current, which seems, indeed, rather an acted commentary on her career than an integral portion of it: when she retires from the schemes, the passions, the loves, and the hates of the world, and, laying aside the trappings of her rank, appears as a humble and sorrowful woman, striving to read, by the light of prayer and meditation, the lesson of her stormy days. The Queen of England is gone, and in her stead is seen the foundress of Chaillot.

The temper which produced this fruit must long have been growing up, but it became active and apparent when the great blow of her life came upon her. While she was a wife, even a wife separated by evil fortune from her husband, she continued to live, as far as her straitened means permitted, in a manner suitable to her rank, and she did not refuse to take part in the splendid amusements of Paris, which were congenial to her gay disposition. She was seen at lotteries and dances; she accepted the feasts and dinners which the French royal family offered in her honour. [Pg 277] Her attendance was as brilliant as her fallen fortunes would allow of, and her faded beauty was set off to the best advantage by the beautiful dress which was then worn by ladies of rank.

But with the death of Charles all this was changed. She ceased to accept invitations, and she rarely went abroad into the streets of Paris, except to visit some religious house. In her own house the strictest simplicity was used. Most of the maids of honour were dismissed, and the Queen exchanged her silks and jewels for a mourning robe, which she wore to the end of her life.

Her love of dress had been as great as might have been expected of a woman of her beauty, her rank, and, above all, her nationality. Once in her early married life she expressed great pleasure in a magnificent gown studded with jewels which she was wearing. Her confessor, the stern Bérulle, who was present, reproved her somewhat sharply for her vanity and frivolity. "Ah, mon père, do not be angry with me," pleaded the young Queen, half laughing and half penitent. "I am young now, but when I am forty I will change all this, and become quite good and serious." Her light words were prophetic, for she was in her fortieth year when she became a widow.

Contemporary prints show of what fashion was her widow's dress. It was of some black stuff made quite plainly, except that the bodice was shaped to a point in front, and it was almost high at the neck; the only relief was a white linen collar, falling down over the shoulders, and matching the cuffs, which turned back over the wide sleeves. From the head fell a long, heavy black veil.

This sorrowful garb was the outward expression of a grief which, like most deep grief, craved the consolation of quiet and retirement. And where, in the Paris of that day, could quiet be found, [Pg 278] except within the protecting walls of a religious house?

Henrietta, since her return to Paris in 1644, had frequented the Carmelite convent which her childhood loved, and in her first sorrow she would gladly have forsaken the world altogether, and remained there among the nuns;[402] but her duties were incompatible with this step. Her young sons required her help to restore their shattered fortunes, and, above all, her youngest daughter needed a mother's care; after her husband's death her worldly occupations increased rather than diminished, and it was these occupations which cost her the loss of her calm retreat among the Carmelite nuns.

The daughters of S. Teresa are vowed to an austere separation from all things worldly, and their rule could not brook the constant coming and going, the noise and the disturbance which waited upon a Queen who was also a politician. They were obliged to request the Queen of England to forgo her visits, and she, however sorrowfully, recognized the justice of their desire and withdrew, to seek another retirement more suited to the conditions of her case.

A hasty glance at a map of seventeenth-century Paris will show the great number of religious houses which then existed, and it might be surmised that to make a choice among them would be no easy matter; but Henrietta's circumstances were peculiar, and she had little difficulty in selecting the one most fitted to them.

HENRIETTA MARIA
FROM AN ENGRAVING

Some forty years earlier the wise and gentle spirit of S. Francis de Sales had conceived the idea of a religious foundation in which women, delicately nurtured and well educated, might live in [Pg 279] greater freedom of spirit and less austerity of body than in the older Orders. He was fortunate enough to find a woman[403] capable of translating his ideas into fact, and the Order of the Visitation flourished exceedingly, and by the middle of the seventeenth century had spread all over France.

Paris was naturally one of the first places to which the new Order came. The community, which boasted that it had once been ruled over by Mother Chantal herself, after some wanderings finally settled down in the Rue S. Antoine, within a stone's-throw of the grim fortress of the Bastille. Though the tide of fashion had set definitely westward since the final abandonment of the Place Royal by Louis XIII, the position was still a good one. Next door was the fine Hôtel de Mayence, which still stands as a witness of departed glories, but of the convent nothing remains except the church, which, though but small, was considered in the seventeenth century "one of the neatest in all Paris."[404] Madame de Motteville was the means of introducing this convent to Henrietta's notice. Her own young sister, to whom she was tenderly attached, had lately entered the house as a novice, greatly against her wishes; but in her visits to the girl she had been so won by the piety and kindness of the nuns that she begged the Queen of England to make their acquaintance.

Henrietta was not without solicitation to go elsewhere. "Messieurs de Port Royal," those remarkable men whose doings were causing such a stir in the religious world of France, were anxious that she should come to Port Royal, thinking perhaps to strengthen their position by so direct a connection with royalty. They offered her apartments, and, what must have been more tempting, some much-needed money. But the invitation was not accepted, though the reasons for [Pg 280] its refusal are unknown. They may, however, be conjectured, for it is difficult to imagine Henrietta, the true daughter of Henry IV, in the repressive atmosphere of Jansenism, and it may be surmised that had she entered Port Royal she would not have remained there long.

The Rue S. Antoine was more attractive.[405] Henrietta retained a childish and pleasing memory of S. Francis himself, who, at the marriage of Christine of France, had come up to the little Princess, then aged about ten, and, according to his wont, "blending piety and politeness," had assured her that one day she should receive even greater honours than those now offered to her sister, honours which perhaps his experienced eye could see from her expression she was envying with all her childish heart. She recalled his words when she became Queen of England, and later still she read into them a deeper meaning when she felt herself to be the recipient of the honours of unusual suffering. But this link with the remote past was probably of less interest to her than the presence in the convent of a lady, destined to become her dearest personal friend, whose romantic story must be told if one of the strongest influences on Henrietta's later years is to be appreciated.

Louise de la Fayette was the daughter of one of the noblest houses of Auvergne, and she bore a name which was to be renowned in the history of France. She had a childish taste for the cloister, but when she was about fourteen years of age, her uncle, who was then Bishop of Limoges, presented her to Queen Anne, who received her as one of her maids of honour.

Louise was a beautiful girl, and she possessed besides many charms and accomplishments, of which a sweet singing voice was not the least. She quickly made her mark at Court; but, if her [Pg 281] biographers are to be believed, she retained her simple, pious spirit, and preferred remaining quietly in her room to direct attendance upon her royal mistress, whose jealousy, indeed, was soon aroused by the unusual interest shown in the girl by her husband.

The relations between Louis XIII and his wife were, as is well known, most unsatisfactory; but at the same time the King was a man of slow passions and of a certain dull virtue. He liked the society of pretty women, but while he loaded his favourites with honours and confidences, which must have cut Anne's proud spirit to the quick, he was usually strictly Platonic in his intercourse with them. To this position he elected Louise de la Fayette. She danced for him, sang for him, talked to him, and every day seemed to increase the spell which her vivacity cast over his slow spirit. But other eyes were watching her. In the French Court of that time all depended upon the frown or smile of Richelieu, who himself was ever on the watch to gain valuable allies. He marked Louise de la Fayette, and determined to enlist her in his army of spies.

But in this case the Cardinal had reckoned without his host. Louise was only a young girl, but she had a spirit capable even of resisting Richelieu. "She had more courage than all the men of the Court,"[406] wrote Madame de Motteville. She refused to pass on the secrets of the King, or to play in any way into the hands of his minister, whose jealous anger was aroused and who determined to part her from her royal friend.

It is not surprising that in these circumstances the girl's mind should have reverted to her old wishes for a conventual life, but there was another reason, which, long after, in the safe retreat of Chaillot, she confessed to her friend Madame de Motteville. Louis was a virtuous man, but he [Pg 282] was an unloved and unloving husband, and she was young and beautiful. There were signs that the Platonic friendship was ripening into something stronger and warmer. Louise became alarmed. That which to many women was an honour, to her pure and upright soul was disgrace unspeakable, and she determined to fly to the only refuge which the times and the circumstances permitted her, and to bury her sorrows and her temptations within the walls of the cloister.

It was hard to persuade the King to part with her, but she had a powerful ally. Richelieu sent for the royal confessor, Father Caussin, the Jesuit, and in the bland tones which he knew so well how to use, he gravely discussed with him the moral dangers of such a friendship as that which existed between Louis and his wife's maid of honour. Not, he hastened to add, that he believed that any harm was done, but such things were always dangerous. The Cardinal thought that he was exactly adapting his remarks to his audience; but Caussin, who hated and distrusted him, was too acute to be taken in, and had events gone no farther Louise de la Fayette might have remained in the world for Father Caussin. But the girl herself, who had better reason than any one to know the truth of Richelieu's words, and whose own heart was beginning to betray her, sought the Jesuit's advice. At first he was a little rough with her. He did not believe that a girl of seventeen, luxuriously brought up and petted like "a bird of the Indies," could really desire to embrace the austerities and abnegations of a conventual life. He hinted that she was piqued by the refusal of the King to grant her some request, or that her self-love had been wounded in one of the little contretemps of Court life. Louise answered gently and quietly. Nothing had occurred to distress or alarm her in any way. The King's kindness was unchanged, and so great that at any time he would enable her to make a splendid marriage; but she had only one desire, and that was [Pg 283] to leave the world. Caussin then pointed out to her the hardness of the cloister for a girl brought up as she had been, but her answer again was ready. She was not thinking of a stern Order, for which she knew her health to be unequal; she wished to enter among the Visitandines, or Filles de Sainte Marie, as they were more commonly called, whose rule was expressly framed for gently nurtured and delicate women. The only regret she would carry away with her, she added, with an irresistible touch of human nature, was the knowledge that her retirement from the Court would give pleasure to Cardinal Richelieu.

By these arguments Caussin was won over, but the King still had to be reckoned with. Louis, however, was superstitiously religious, and pressed at the same time by his confessor, by the Cardinal, and by Louise, he was unable to resist. The day of departure arrived; the girl went off gay and smiling, though her heart was sinking, so that when she thought no one was looking she crept aside to catch a last glimpse of the man she loved; but many of the bystanders were in tears, and even Queen Anne was grave and sympathetic. As for the King, his voice was so broken by grief that he could scarcely whisper the words of farewell, and afterwards his misery was so excessive and so prolonged as to give colour to the suspicions that had been abroad. He could not bear to remain in the place which had witnessed his idol's departure, and he fled to Versailles, at that time a small hunting-box, where he remained for some time plunged in the deepest melancholy.[407]

Louise de la Fayette's retirement from the world caused a great sensation in Paris, and the convent in the Rue S. Antoine became a place of fashionable resort, so that Richelieu began to fear that the nun's influence might be as dangerous as that of the maid of honour. He remarked with great unction that he thought it a pity that the religious life should be thus broken in upon; and as the nuns and the young novice were of the same opinion, the number of visitors decreased. But the King could not be refused. He was anxious to see Louise once more before her bright beauty was shrouded by the religious habit; and in this wish he was supported by Caussin, who still hoped to use her as a political ally. One day Louis arrived quite unexpectedly in the Rue S. Antoine and knocked at the door of the convent. He refused to avail himself of an invitation to enter the enclosure, but across the dividing grill he held a long and eager conversation with the young girl, feasting his eyes the while upon the face which there is reason to think he never saw again. Meanwhile, the Mother Superior, with commendable discretion, retired to as great a distance as conventual propriety would permit, and the King's attendants on the other side did the like. Shortly after this visit Louise put on the religious habit, and when the necessary interval had elapsed the irrevocable vows were taken. The King refused to be present at the profession, but a large company of the Court attended the ceremony, including Queen Anne, who witnessed, doubtless with triumph in her heart, the self-immolation of her innocent rival. [Pg 284]

Louise de la Fayette had spent many quiet years in her convent when Henrietta first visited it in 1651.[408] She had won the respect of all the community, and she had been honoured by the special notice of Mother Chantal. "This girl will be one of the great superiors of our Order," said [Pg 285] the aged saint. It is not probable that she and the Queen of England had met in the past, but her story cannot have been unknown to the sister of Louis XIII, and when the introduction was made by Madame de Motteville, acquaintance ripened at once into friendship. There was much in the nun's story to arouse the Queen's sympathy, for was not Louise de la Fayette one more of the victims of Richelieu?

Henrietta was received in the Rue S. Antoine with the respect due to the blood of Henry IV, and with the affectionate sympathy which her sorrows called forth, particularly from the superior,[409] a wide-minded woman who had been educated as a Protestant, and who perhaps in consequence had followed with special interest the course of events in England. But though such difficulties as had arisen among the Carmelites were not likely to occur in a convent of the Visitation, yet, from the scantiness of the accommodation, it was difficult to receive a royal lady for more than very short visits, and the position of the house in the centre of Paris rendered it rather unsuitable for such retirement as the Queen sought. Besides, her heart yearned for something that would be more truly her own. Other royal ladies had made religious foundations. Her mother had had her Carmelites, her sister-in-law had her beautiful Val de Grace. Might not she also become the foundress of a house which should shelter her while living, and cherish her memory and pray for her soul after her death? It happened that just at this time one of the principal nuns had the similar desire to extend the Order by the foundation of a daughter house. [Pg 286] Helène Angélique Lhulier was no ordinary woman. In the heyday of her youth and beauty, "when she was the most attached to the world, and the most sought by several persons of the first quality," she left all at the bidding of S. Francis de Sales, who wrote her the following short and pithy note: "My daughter, enter religion immediately, notwithstanding all the oppositions of nature." Her force of character was remarkable, and particularly her strength of will, which, it was said, enabled her to do things which appeared impossible. All her courage and tenacity were called forth by this new enterprise, to which, learning of Henrietta's desire, she determined to devote herself. Indeed, the obstacles in the way seemed insurmountable. The house in the Rue S. Antoine was far from rich, and it had recently made a settlement in the Faubourg S. Jacques, which had exhausted its resources. The Queen of England was known to be in no position to give monetary help, and to complete the difficulties the Archbishop of Paris looked very coldly upon the scheme.

But Henrietta's friends were determined that she should have the interest and consolation on which she had set her heart. Mother Lhulier and Mother de la Fayette, whom the Queen hoped to see the true foundation-stones of the new edifice, were untiring in their efforts, and Queen Anne showed herself on this, as on many other occasions, a real friend to her widowed sister-in-law. The decision was so far made that Henrietta, though she had no money, and no prospect of money, set about the agreeable task of finding a home for the new community.

The Queen went hither and thither looking at properties which were in the market, but none pleased her so much as that which had belonged to her old friend the Marshal de Bassompierre, who was recently dead. This beautiful mansion, which had been built by Catherine de' Medici and [Pg 287] honoured more than once by the presence of Richelieu, stood in one of the best positions in the immediate environs of the city, on rising ground overlooking the Seine, and commanding magnificent views of the surrounding country. It was approached by the leafy Cours la Reine, the most fashionable promenade in Paris, where on summer evenings as many as eight hundred coaches might be counted, and though the house and grounds were in the village of Chaillot, the Faubourg de la Conférence had crept up so that the two almost joined. To the charms of nature were added those of art. Bassompierre was one of the most accomplished men of his time, and he so lavished the resources of his ample means and of his refined taste upon his favourite residence, that it became one of the sights of Paris, and as such was visited by John Evelyn, who came away delighted with the "gardens, terraces, and rare prospects,"[410] which he beheld there. Since the death of the owner the house had fallen on evil days. Bassompierre's heir, the Count de Tillières, was unable to take possession of the property, and it became a place of very evil fame, the resort of lewd persons, who defiled its stately halls and fair walks with scenes of shameless revelry.

Henrietta was always rapid in her decisions, and she speedily made up her mind that here and nowhere else was the dwelling-place which would at once furnish an ideal convent for the religious and a pleasant retirement for herself. She hurried back to the Rue S. Antoine and carried off two of the nuns to inspect the house. They found it indeed most beautiful, and their only scruple was that it was too fine and inconsistent with their vow of poverty; but they waived this objection, not quite unwillingly perhaps, when they saw how the Queen's heart was set upon Chaillot, and how she was diverted from her sorrows by the pleasure which she took in her plans [Pg 288] for installing her friends and herself in this charming retreat.

Mother Lhulier took legal steps to gain possession of the property, but grave difficulties, which perhaps had not been foreseen, arose. Tillières and the other heirs of Bassompierre claimed the property, but they had never been in possession of it, and their rights seem to have been ignored in the transaction with the nuns, whose purchase-money was to be applied to the liquidation of the late owner's debts. The Count, though he saved his reputation as a courtier by behaving with great civility to Henrietta, and assuring her that she was welcome to live in the house as long as she pleased, provided she did not turn it into a convent, determined to fight the matter in the law courts. He was supported by the magistrates of Chaillot, who probably did not wish to see a profitable place of pleasure closed, and by a large number of persons, some of high quality, who were in the habit of frequenting it. The pious chronicler of the Order of the Visitation[411] sees behind these human figures that of the arch-fiend himself, who was interested in preventing a piece of territory which was specially his from lapsing to the service of God. But good, as we know, is stronger than evil. The judges of the case, almost against their will, and certainly under the direct inspiration of Providence, gave the decision in favour of the nuns, whose joy was only dashed by the hard condition that a large sum of money must be forthcoming in twenty-four hours.

The case appeared hopeless. Neither Henrietta nor the nuns had a tenth of the sum required, and money was just then very scarce; but Mother Lhulier was a woman to whom seeming impossibilities were only opportunities. She made the need known to all whom she knew, and then waited in quiet assurance for the result of her appeal. Her faith was rewarded. Just before [Pg 289] the close of the specified time of grace, a rich gentleman, who was a great friend of hers, came to say that he was willing to guarantee the whole amount.

But even now the troubles were not at an end. Tillières was determined to fight to the last, and he enlisted on his side the ecclesiastical authorities, who from the first had not looked very kindly upon the project of the new foundation. The Archbishop of Paris was still that same Jean François de Gondi who had been so deeply affronted by the refusal to allow him to officiate at Henrietta's wedding. He was now a very old man, but he was none the less willing to avenge an ancient slight. He pointed out petulantly that there were already two houses of the Visitation in Paris and another in the neighbourhood of S. Denys. That the charge of the new convent would certainly come upon the public, and that a household of fifteen persons, however pious, could not be supported for nothing. He ended up by remarking with great acerbity that exiled queens with political business in their hands should not choose religious houses as their place of retirement.

"However," we are told, "God who holds the hearts of the great in His hand, soon changed that of the Prelate," and the instrument of this happy conversion was Queen Anne. Attempts were made to play on her cupidity and that of her young son by pointing out that Chaillot had originally been a royal residence, and would make again another nice country house for the King; but she refused to listen, and devoted herself to winning over the Archbishop, who was far too good a courtier not to yield quickly to such persuasion. His views changed with a wonderful rapidity, and very soon Henrietta had the happiness of knowing that the last obstacle was removed, and that nothing stood in the way of the realization of her wish.

She herself undertook the work of preparing the house for the reception of the nuns. Hers was a [Pg 290] busy, active nature, and she was never happier than when spending herself for those she loved. Some of the furniture she supplied herself and some was sent from the Rue S. Antoine, where the little band of women under the guidance of Mother Lhulier and Mother de la Fayette was ready to set out. The removal took place upon the 21st of June, 1651. The nuns were seen off from their old home by Vincent de Paul,[412] that strange figure of seventeenth-century Paris, whose shabby *soutane* was found in the *salon* of the noble as in the hovel of the poor, and whose advice was sought at the council table of the King as in the home of the meanest of his subjects. He was at this time director of the mother house, and though he is not known ever to have set foot within the convent of Chaillot, his memory is linked with it by the blessing which he bestowed upon its beginning.

At Chaillot Henrietta was waiting, radiant and expectant. She greeted her guests with delight, giving perhaps a specially warm welcome to two of the younger members of the little band of nine or ten—one, the only novice of the house, Eugénie Madeline Berthaud, the sister of her dear friend Madame de Motteville; the other a Scotch girl, Mary Hamilton[413] by name, whom in earlier days she had welcomed at her Court in London, but whose desire for a conventual life was such that leaving home and country she had set out for Paris, where she entered the convent in the Rue S. Antoine, without knowing a single word of the French tongue.

Henrietta led the nuns all over the house, discoursing upon its charms and conveniences, and dwelling specially upon the beauties of the situation. She had arranged that her own rooms should be in the front, overlooking the public road, while the nuns were to take the quieter apartments which faced the garden. She was surprised and disconcerted when these ladies, who were less used to palaces than she was, objected to the splendour of the lodging provided for them, and insisted upon retiring to the garrets, which they said were more suitable to their vow of poverty, and whence they were only induced to descend some days later, at the Queen's special request, and when she had carefully removed from the downstairs rooms all that savoured of worldly vanity; but neither this little difficulty nor the more serious trouble that, owing to the continued opposition of Tillières, it was necessary to defend the house with a guard of archers, could damp Henrietta's joy on such a day. She spent several hours with the nuns in happy talk and plans, and then drove back to the Palais Royal, where she was living at this time, happier perhaps than she had ever been since her husband's death. [Pg 291]

Chaillot was honoured by letters patent from the Crown of France, which gave it the status of a royal foundation and Henrietta the title of foundress. When the enclosure was set up about a week after the arrival of the nuns, a number of distinguished persons assisted at the ceremony, though it had to be done quickly for fear of disturbance from those who had struggled so hard to keep this fair property out of the hands of the Church. Henrietta heard the first Mass which was sung in the chapel with a triumph which was all the sweeter to her bold and enterprising nature from the many difficulties which had beset the undertaking.

Congratulations were not lacking. Among the most graceful were those which Walter Montagu made public two years later in a dedication to the Queen of a volume of religious essays. "Under that notion, Madam," he wrote, "of an aspirer to a more transcendent Majestie I present your Religious Mind these entertainments: which will be the less unmannerly the greater privacie and retreat they intrude themselves upon; and truly, as your life stands now dispos'd the greater part of your time is favourable for such admissions. Since you pass the most of it in that holy retirement, whither you have carry'd up the Cross in triumph; having set That over your Head and the most tempting part (perhaps) of the whole world, as it were, under your feet. [Pg 292]

"And, methinks, Madam, this remark may not a little indear to you the seat of your pious retirement; viz. That you, who have been dispossess'd of so many noble houses and pleasant scituations, by the worlds violence and injustice, and have had many religious receptacles (by your means consecrated) taken from you by the Prince of this world, transferring them to his profane uses: That your vertue yet should have made so eminent a reprizal upon the world's possessions in your retreat out of it. And what a comfort may it be to you to think that God has made use of you, to take from this Prince one of the chiefest holds; and convert it, as it were, into a Religious Citadel, furnish'd with such a Garrison as professing irreconcileable enmitie to him and all his partie, bears away as many conquests as it has combatants, daily singing Te Deum for their continual victories."[414]

Henrietta, as is hinted in the above passage, was not slow to take advantage of the retreat which she had won with so much difficulty. "Our good Queen," wrote Sir Richard Browne in August, 1651, "spends much of her time of late in a new monastery ... of which she is the titular foundress."[415] The more she saw of her new friends the more she loved them, and her affection was warmly returned. It became an understood thing that year by year she should pass at Chaillot the seasons of the great festivals of the Church, and her visits, which were usually for ten days or a fortnight, sometimes extended to several months. She came to look upon the convent as the best substitute for the home she had lost. There she passed the happiest days of her latter years, and there, had not a sudden death surprised her, she would have died. [Pg 293]

Nor was her retirement without agreeable society from outside, for Chaillot was the resort of some who were among the ornaments of the Parisian world. There might often have been seen the Queen-Regent, whose visits at the time of the foundation were continued to the day when, on her dying journey to S. Germain-en-Laye, she was carried "to see this poor convent once more,"[416] and who in that holy retreat was able at last to forget the jealousies of bygone days, and to hold out the hand of cordial friendship to Louise de la Fayette. Sometimes an even greater honour was bestowed on the religious when the lad who was afterwards "le grand Monarque" appeared at the door, to be welcomed with all the ceremony due to the God-given hope of France. Not infrequently the bright and gifted Madame de la Fayette, who was winning a literary reputation, to be crowned later by the publication of *La Princesse de Clèves*, came to chat with her husband's sister, or to lay the foundation of that intimacy with Henrietta of England which fitted her to be the biographer of her short life. Most constant visitor of all, Madame de Motteville brought her wit, her accomplishments, and her long experience of Court life to enliven the dullness of the cloister. When the death of Queen Anne released her from the faithful attendance of years she spent a great part of her time at Chaillot, where she was the frequent companion of the Queen of England, who beguiled the long, quiet hours by recounting her past experiences, particularly her adventures during the Civil War, all of which her listener carefully wrote down and finally incorporated in the charming memoirs which were the principal occupation of her later days, and which contain many details of Henrietta's character and career lost but for her in the silence of time. [Pg 294]

But perhaps the most romantic visitor who ever appeared at Chaillot was a runaway Princess, who found there an asylum after her conversion from the Protestant to the Catholic religion. Louise of the Palatine was a connection of the Queen of England, for she was the daughter of Elizabeth of Bohemia, the Winter Queen, whose beauty had turned so many men's heads and hearts. Louise lived with her unfortunate family at The Hague, and she solaced the weary days of an exiled Princess by the study of accomplishments, especially of painting, for which she had real talent. The attractions of the Church of Rome were represented to her by a priest, who gained her ear and her confidence as an instructor in her favourite art. She determined to abandon the religion of her family; and, as she knew that her position in her mother's house would be intolerable, she sought refuge in flight, and threw herself upon the protection of her aunt by marriage, whose devotion to the Church of Rome was a matter of common knowledge. Louise was not disappointed. Henrietta, to whom the conversion of any Protestant was a matter of real interest, and who must have felt a certain satisfaction in the secession to the enemy's camp of one of the children of the Queen of Bohemia, whose Protestantism had often in the past been unfavourably compared with her Catholicism, received the girl with motherly kindness, and bestowed her at Chaillot under the care of Mother de la Fayette. Louise soon expressed a desire to enter the religious life, and it was thought that she would take the veil in the convent which sheltered her; but Mother de la Fayette, with the good sense which distinguished her, objected to [Pg 295] the profession of a Princess, whose birth would necessitate her election to a high office, to which perhaps her personal qualities would not entitle her. So the royal lady went on to the Cistercians, who had no such scruples, and who made her Abbess of Maubuisson, near Pontoise, where she lived in much repute to a green old age, and famed perhaps as well as her younger sister Sophia, whose steadfast Protestantism was rewarded by the reversion of the crown of the Three Kingdoms, and whose descendants sit to this day upon the throne which she missed by a few weeks.

In 1654 Mother Lhulier died. She was succeeded[417] in the office of Superior, as might have been expected, by Mother de la Fayette, whose election was much desired by the Queens of both England and France. These royal ladies considerately abstained, from expressing any opinion on the subject that the nuns' choice might be free, but their wishes must have been well known, and they no doubt fell in with those of the religious. Louise de la Fayette fully justified the prophecy of Mother Chantal, and if Chaillot owed much to the force of character and strength of will of the first Superior, it owed even more to the sagacious rule of the second, who endeared herself to all, whether religious or visitors. The house was already sufficiently established, but the financial condition gave great cause for anxiety, and almost justified the ungracious forebodings of the Archbishop of Paris, though kind friends, among whom Madame de Motteville was one of the most generous, gave considerable gifts, and some of the religious, such as her sister, the first professed nun of the house, were able to bring dowries. Queen Henrietta, who had no money to give, exerted herself to procure high-born little pupils for the convent school, whose liberal pensions were indeed for some time the chief support of the house. She set the example by [Pg 296] placing her own little daughter, Princess Henrietta, under the care of Mother de la Fayette, and, as was hoped, her presence attracted other children of equal rank, among whom was the daughter of the Duchess of Nemours, who was afterwards Queen of Portugal. No children could have had a more beautiful home or a more apt instructress; for the nun, in her long years of conventual life, had lost no whit of the graces and accomplishments of her courtly youth or of her natural kindliness of heart. Her charity, indeed, rose superior even to the acerbities of theological passion. To her care was confided one of the exiled nuns of Port Royal, and it is recorded that, in honourable contrast to the Superiors of other religious houses charged with a like burden, she treated her unwelcome guest with constant courtesy and kindness.

Chaillot was to Henrietta a peaceful retreat after all her sorrows, for the world was strictly excluded, and the convent never became, like Val de Grace, a centre of political intrigue. There, removed from the troubles of dangerous schemes, of jarring religions, and of perpetual disappointments, the Queen regained something of the brightness and more than the tranquillity of her earlier years. The quiet days, passed in a round of prayer, of conversation, and of reading, flowed on undisturbed; and as she grew older she pleased herself by talking of the time when she should take up her abode permanently with her dear nuns, only, she said, she feared the damp of the river-side house a little. The kindness of the nuns, who saw in her not only a royal foundress, but a much-tried and suffering woman, was very great. At one time they even permitted her to join them at their recreation; and when this was found to be undesirable, her particular friends among the community were still ready to cheer and amuse her by their agreeable conversation, while they in their turn were often much diverted by her witty talk and stories of the surprising [Pg 297] adventures which had befallen her, and which assuredly lost nothing in the telling. She was too clear-sighted and humorous not to appreciate that a queen was of necessity a troublesome member of a religious household, and she set herself to mitigate the annoyance as far as possible. She kept a very small household, only one lady-in-waiting, two or three other attendants, and as many girls to do the cooking, and she was careful to select only such women as would conduct themselves with quietness and decorum. One of her chief objects in choosing a situation on the outskirts of Paris had been to avoid the flow of idle visitors who in the city itself were a real annoyance to religious houses, and she refused to receive those who came on idle and frivolous pretexts. No one, however high his rank or pressing his business, was permitted to enter the enclosure without the leave of the Superior; and once, when Henrietta herself was unable to walk and was carried out from Paris in a chair, she insisted upon waiting at the gate of the convent until permission for her bearers to enter had been obtained. On all ordinary occasions she came down to the parlour and interviewed her visitors through the grill, even when the matter in hand was so intimate as that of trying on new clothes. She was equally considerate in any question which might disturb the religious routine of the house; and this delicate woman of over fifty, a princess by birth and a queen by marriage, whose health had been ruined by her troubles and privations, dragged herself from her bed at an early hour in the cold winter mornings that the community Mass, at which she liked to assist, might not be delayed.

Perhaps the greatest pleasure of Henrietta's life at Chaillot was the long conversations which she held with Mother de la Fayette, whose attraction was as great for her as years before it had been for her brother. Into the nun's sympathizing ear she poured the tale of her sorrows, her fears, and her aspirations, and from her she received those instructions and counsels which made her in her latter years, in the words of Madame de Motteville, a *dévote* without the pretensions of one. Mother de la Fayette taught her the art of meditation, an art which must have been difficult to the Queen's vivacious and easily distracted mind, and it was probably under her advice, as well as that of her confessor, that she refused to interest herself in the various theories of grace which the controversies of Port Royal were making a fashionable subject of conversation, and confined her spiritual reading to a perusal and reperusal of a book which has brought consolation to thousands of weary spirits, the *De Imitatione Christi*. Her confidence in Mother de la Fayette, which probably was due in some measure to the isolation and independence which her position as a nun gave her, was very great. It extended even to her worldly affairs, which she would hardly have discussed with an ordinary friend. It was still more marked with regard to those inner matters of the spirit in which heart speaks to heart. It was to this chosen friend that Henrietta made the touching confession, which Bossuet, through Madame de Motteville, was able to proclaim to the world after her death, that every day on her knees she thanked God that He had made her two things, a Christian and an unhappy Queen (*une reine malheureuse*). But the pleasure of this friendship was not to be Henrietta's to the end. In 1664 the Queen was in England. She kept up a constant communication with the nuns at Chaillot, and she was much gratified to receive a letter telling her of the return of Mother de la Fayette to the convent, from which she had been absent on a reforming mission to another religious house, and of her re-election as Superior. Very shortly another letter followed telling of the nun's sudden and serious illness, and hardly had the Queen grasped this intelligence when the news came that Louise de la Fayette was dead. Though she had spent twenty-seven years in religion she was even now only forty-six years old, and the community mourned her as one who had been taken away in the midst of her age. It is not likely that she ever regretted her early decision, for the position of a highly born nun in those days, particularly if she resided in the capital, was dignified and important, and compared favourably with that of the worldly woman in all but variety and excitement. A convent parlour might be, and often was, the scene of conversations as interesting and influential as any held in a *salon* or boudoir; and if Louise de la Fayette did not wield a distinctly political influence, it was rather from choice than from inability. Her early and tragic experience had taught her a real contempt for the fleeting glitter of Court life, and she never lost the spirit which, in her early convent days, led her, when one of her former friends reproached her for the change which had come over her, and hinted that she was mad, to reply gently: "No, I think I have left you the madness in leaving you the world."

She had no truer mourner than the Queen of England, who hastened to associate herself with the sorrowing community. "One day you tell me," she wrote, "of the serious condition of Mother de la Fayette, and the next you announce to me her death, which grieves me deeply. It is a loss for the whole Order, and particularly for our house. I cannot express to you the grief which I feel; it is too great. I pray you to tell all our daughters that I sympathize with their sorrow, and to assure them that they will always find me ready to make proof of the friendship which I have for them, and which I had for the Mother they are mourning."[418]

The picture which is presented of Henrietta through the medium of the Chaillot Papers, though in no sense false, is necessarily one-sided. All persons are influenced by the surroundings in which they find themselves, and if the Queen of England appeared to the nuns as a woman of almost saintly piety, whose every thought was given to heaven, and whose sorrows had completely detached her from the world, it is because thus she really was in their gentle society within the charmed walls of their convent. They did not see her in the outside world, where thorny problems again beset her, and where her old faults of temper and judgment tended to reappear. She had ever been not only a woman of strong religious and moral principle, but one whose qualities of heart and head had gained her more affection than often falls to the lot of a royal lady, and the effect of Chaillot was to emphasize and develop every virtue and charm she possessed, and to throw completely into the background all that was harsh and discordant and unlovely. Among the many portraits which remain to show her "in her habit as she lived" is one which represents her as the recluse of Chaillot, and which brings strong corroboration to the loving pen-and-ink sketches of the good nuns. A woman, still comely and showing the remains of great beauty, looks out upon us from the canvas; the heavy mourning dress corresponds with the deep melancholy of the face, and if there are no tears in the eyes, it is only because the painter has caught that saddest of all moments, when

> "The eyes are weary and give o'er,
> But still the soul weeps as before."[419]

Thus she must often have appeared as she sat in her quiet room at Chaillot, or knelt in the convent chapel; and if in later years she was able to take up life again with something of her old courage and cheerfulness, it was because her wounded spirit had met healing and peace in this beloved home, which had been founded, as the archives of the Order recorded, for the consolation of a suffering woman, and which, after sheltering the sorrows of one exiled Queen of England, was to extend a like welcome to another hardly less unfortunate, Mary Beatrice d'Este, the wife of Henrietta's second son, James II.[420]

[402] "Mon inclination est de me retirir dans les Carmelites ... car après ma perte je ne puis avoir un moment de aucune joye."—*Lettres de Henriette Marie à sa soeur Christine*, p. 71.

[403] Jeanne Chantal.

[404] *A New Description of Paris* (1887), p. 121. The chapel is now a church of the *église réformée*.

[405] Queen Anne of Austria was very fond of this convent. Mazarin, in the early days of his power, believed that the nuns tried to influence her against him.

[406] Mme de Motteville: *Mémoires* (1783), I, 72.

[407] This account is taken from that written by Caussin, an old copy of which is preserved in the Bibliothèque S. Geneviève, in Paris. Caussin's manuscript was only seen by Mother de la Fayette shortly before her death.

[408] Her profession took place in July, 1637.

[409] Louise Eugénie de la Fontaine. During the second war of the Fronde this lady received into the convent a number of religious (among them the Chaillot nuns) who were afraid to remain outside Paris. "Il sembloit que cette maison étoit un petit Paradis Terrestre ou une arche qui vaguoit en assurance dans un repos admirable pendant que tout étoit dans une confusion épouvantable et qu'on entendoit de tous cotez les canons et les mosquets qui se tiroient à la batail de la porte S. Antoine."—*Vie de la Ven. Mère Louise Eugénie de la Fontaine.*

[410] Evelyn: *Diary*. December 5th, 1643.

[411] MS. 2436, Bibliothèque Mazarine, Paris. From this history many of the details of this chapter are taken.

[412] He was an old friend and disciple of Bérulle.

[413] She was apparently a sister of Sir William Hamilton, the Queen's late agent in Rome.

[414] *Miscellanea Spiritualia*, Pt. II (1653).

[415] *Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn* (1859), Vol. IV, p. 352.

[416] Madame de Motteville: *Mémoires*, VI, p. 212 (1783).

[417] The Superiors of the Order of the Visitation are chosen for three years. Mother de la Fayette held office three times, from 1654-7, from 1657-60, and from 1663 until her death in the following year.

[418] C[arlo] C[otolendi]: *Vie de la très haute et très puissante Princesse Henriette Marie de France Reyne de la Grande Bretagne*, p. 311.

[419] D. G. Rossetti.

[420] Of Chaillot literally not one stone remains upon another. The convent was destroyed in the Revolution, and its site is occupied by the Trocadero.

CHAPTER XII
THE END

La mort a des rigueurs à nulle autre pareilles;
    Ou a beau la prier,
La cruelle qu'elle est, se bouche les oreilles,
    Et nous laisse crier.

Le pauvre en sa cabine, où le chaume le couvre,
    Est sujet à ses lois;
Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre,
    N'en défend point nos rois.

François De Malherbe

In the end the Restoration came as a joyful surprise to Queen Henrietta and her sons. After all the struggles, after all the intrigues, after all the schemes, Charles Stuart returned to the throne of his father by the free choice of a people afraid of a military despotism, weary of the disorders which had followed the death of Cromwell, and remembering that, after all, the exiled King had had little or no complicity in the deeds which brought his father to the scaffold. England was tired of Puritanism, and was preparing with all eagerness to welcome the Merry Monarch.

France, which had shown herself decidedly tepid in helping the King of England in his adversities, and had, even at the nod of the usurper, driven him beyond her borders, was quite ready to rejoice at his good luck. Even Mazarin offered the most gratifying sympathy, while Queen Anne and the common people manifested a more real gladness. The English colony in

Paris was naturally almost beside itself with joy and triumph, which burst forth in noisy rejoicings, wherein music, drinking, and fireworks played about equal parts. [Pg 303]

As for Henrietta, her joy was too deep for words. The small but pretty house at Colombes, where she now spent much of her time, was the scene of suitable festivity, but she was probably glad when she could retire to Chaillot to receive the sympathy of Mother de la Fayette, and to assist at a solemn Te Deum of thanksgiving, which was sung in the chapel of the convent. When the news came that her son, on his landing in England, had almost been torn to pieces in the delight of his subjects, her joy was complete. "At last," she wrote in a happy letter to her sister Christine, "at last the good God has looked upon us in His mercy, and has worked, so to speak, a miracle in this re-establishment, having in an instant changed the hearts of a people which has passed from the greatest hatred to expressions of the greatest possible kindness and submission, marked, moreover, by expressions of unparaleled joy."[421] The King, her son, she added, would, she believed, be more powerful than any of his predecessors, a forecast in which she showed her usual lack of political penetration, for the English people, even in the delirium of loyalty of the Restoration, did not throw away the fruits of the long struggle.

Charles wrote most kindly to his mother, begging her to come to England to share his triumph, and she confessed, in a letter to her sister Christine, that she should like before she died to see her family reunited after their long wanderings, and "vagabonds no more." But she delayed several months, during the course of which her nephew, Louis XIV, whom she had once hoped to see her son-in-law, married the bride of his mother's choosing, the Infanta of Spain. The Queen of England, in company with her sister of France, repaired to the house of Madame de Beauvais, [Pg 304] [422] whence, from a balcony overlooking the Rue S. Antoine, the royal ladies witnessed the entry into Paris of the King of France and his wife, Louis riding on horseback, and the bride sitting in a car drawn by six splendid horses. Only a few weeks after this day of rejoicing Henrietta's joy was turned to grief, and even her pleasure in her son's restoration was dashed by the sad news of the death of her youngest son Henry, who had grown into a tall, fine young man, whose gallant bearing was much admired when he rode into London at the left hand of his brother the King, on the happy 29th of May. The poor lad was smitten by the scourge of smallpox, and in a few days he was laid in the grave.

It was not until October that the Queen turned her steps towards England, accompanied by her youngest daughter, who was now a girl of sixteen, the beautiful

> "Princesse blanche comme albàtre,"[423]

who was soon to be the bride of her cousin Philip, the brother of Louis XIV. In spite of the happy occasion, it was sad to Henrietta to retrace the wedding journey of her youth, and to have to take part in festivities which recalled those of that long-passed time. On this occasion she set sail from Calais, but it was again at Dover that she set foot upon the soil of her adopted country, which she had not seen for sixteen years, and which her daughter had left as a child too young for memory.

THE RUE ST. ANTOINE, PARIS (SHOWING THE CHAPEL OF THE VISITANDINES)
FROM AN ENGRAVING BY IVAN MERLEN

Nor were the sad associations of the past the Queen's only cause for sorrow. Her grief was still fresh for her dead son, and for her two living ones her mind was full of anxiety. "I am going to England to marry one and to unmarry the other," she had said on leaving Paris. She was revolving schemes in her head for a marriage between the King and a niece of Cardinal Mazarin, whose large dowry, it was thought, would be useful in paying off the army of Cromwell and in [Pg 305] settling the discontent which surely must be still lurking in the newly converted country. But more painful thoughts were given to her second son. This young man, whose exploits, together with those of his younger brother, at the battle of the Dunes, had won the admiration of the French against whom they were fighting, and whose fame was so great that his praises were sung in the coffee-houses of distant Constantinople, had so far forgotten his high lineage as to contract an alliance with a young woman of low rank, of no compensating beauty and of somewhat doubtful character. It was small consolation to Henrietta that the lady she was called upon to welcome as Duchess of York was the daughter of Sir Edward Hyde. At first she sternly refused to recognize the marriage, and it was only the entreaties of her two most intimate friends and counsellors, Lord Jermyn and the Abbé Montagu, that induced her to be reconciled to her son and to receive his wife. Perhaps she was also influenced by the knowledge that her eldest son, who at this time was much under the power of Hyde, wished her to show mercy. Still, it was with an aching heart that she saw her gallant young son mated with a woman in every way inferior to him; and her chagrin would not have been decreased could she have looked into the future and seen the two daughters of Anne Hyde sitting, in succession, upon the throne from which they had thrust their father.

Queen Henrietta Maria was received with all kindness in England, which she found in such a fever of loyalty as to make it quite needless to think of the dowry of Mazarin's niece. The ever-fickle populace welcomed her with joy which made it difficult to believe that she had even been unpopular. Her dowry was restored to her, and her son rewarded his mother's faithful servants. Jermyn, whose advocacy of the Duchess of York had not perhaps been quite disinterested, [Pg 306] received the title of Earl of St. Albans; and Montagu no doubt might also have obtained the recompense of his fidelity had he not by now regarded France and the Church as a truer *patria* than his own country. As Grand Almoner to the Queen he presided over her ecclesiastical establishment, which was again settled at Somerset House, whither the Capuchin Fathers had returned to carry on a vigorous religious campaign, in which their superior, Father Cyprien,[424] who preached sermons "to touch the heart of demons," took an active part. The palace had been much knocked about during the war, and it was one of Henrietta's pleasures to restore it to its former beauty, an achievement which her old admirer, Sir William Waller, celebrated in smooth, polished verses of the type which was rapidly ousting the literary fashions of an earlier day. The Queen showed a surprising memory for the persons and things of the past, and delighted her son's courtiers by the graceful tact with which she recalled their circumstances and asked after their wives and families. But she was not very happy. Probably she felt the loss of her former political influence. Certainly she felt all the bitterness of returning a lonely and widowed old woman to the scenes of her happy married life. Sometimes, when all was bright around her, she would be found in some retired corner, where, with eyes full of tears, she was dwelling in thought upon the happy days of the past, and thinking of him to whom her will had been law.

Thus by December, 1660, she had made up her mind to return to France; and after a parting [Pg 307] saddened by the recent death of her eldest daughter, the Princess of Orange, who died of smallpox in London, she set out. Her journey was delayed by the serious illness of Princess Henrietta at Portsmouth, so that she did not reach Paris until the February of the next year. She was welcomed with much affection by her many friends, but perhaps the marriage of her daughter Henrietta, the daily companion of fifteen years, which took place with great éclat at the Palais Royal, made her life too lonely; for after the birth of the young wife's first child, a little girl to whom she was godmother, she determined to set out again for England, and report had it that there she meant to live and die. Her eldest son had just married a princess of Portugal, whose acquaintance she was anxious to make, and royal tact led her to add that she also wished to see the little daughter who had recently been born to the Duke and Duchess of York.

There was no lack of heartiness in the welcome of her sons. Both Charles and James put to sea to meet her; but, owing to stormy weather, their boat was driven back, and the Queen's first welcome was the joyous salvos of Dover which answered the thunder of the guns of Calais.

None but the most formal accounts remain to tell of Henrietta's impressions of her daughter-in-law, Catherine of Braganza. She can hardly have been pleased with the insipid girl whose bigoted piety and dull precision of character were not calculated to win the heart of an intellectual roué such as Charles II, who in women preferred a sparkling wit even to beauty. His mother, whose happy married life had made her shudder at the very name of illicit love, was no doubt judiciously blind where her sons were concerned; but she must have felt for this poor child whose chances of happiness were from the beginning very small. The two queens found a common interest in religion. Catherine was indeed *dévote* as Henrietta had never been; but the elder woman had [Pg 308] throughout her life given sufficient proof of zeal, and she had recently written a letter to the Pope, informing him that the chief reason of her return to England was her desire to advance the Catholic religion in that land. The Court of Rome was getting weary of the ungrateful island on which "missioners, seminaires, regulars, seculars, archpriests, interposition of Princes, and what not,"[425] had all been thrown away. But Henrietta, true to her sanguine nature, still hoped to be the saviour of the English Catholics. Her chapel at Somerset House was once more the resort of the faithful, where hundreds abjured the heresy of their birth, some of which conversions were so amazing as to merit a place in the memoirs of Father Cyprien. Above all, the Queen knew that her eldest son, whose private opinions varied between the tenets of Hobbes and those of the Church of Rome, would have liked to be tolerant. What she failed to appreciate was that his wandering exiled life had taught him to sacrifice any private fancy or liking rather than go on his travels again.

Somerset House was not only a religious centre. Wherever Henrietta was there were laughter, wit, and cheerfulness. Even in the darkest days of the past she would dry her tears to laugh at anything which struck her as droll, and now, in her old age, though sorrow and self-discipline had softened the sharpness of her tongue, her conversation had the charm of that of a witty woman who had mixed with famous people, and who had borne a principal part in the events of the age which was just passing away. Life had been to her what books are to more studious people; for, like the father whose wit she had inherited, she did not care for reading, and this, in her later life, she frankly regretted. She was now a "little, plain old woman,"[426] always quietly dressed, and worn out by trouble and ill-health; but the charm which was her cradle gift had not left her, and her Court proved much more attractive than that of her daughter-in-law, to whom nature had been less bountiful, and whose prim youth was no match for the sprightly age of the daughter of Henry IV. [Pg 309]

But the rivalry was not to be a long one. It seems that the air of England had not agreed with Henrietta, even when she was young and happy; and now her health daily became worse, until at last her physicians told her plainly that if she remained in England she would die. Perhaps she was not altogether sorry for this decision. She loved her sunny native land, and her heart yearned for her youngest and dearest child and for her nuns at Chaillot. Moreover, the troubles of her previous visit had not passed away. She bade a loving farewell to the two sons whose faces she knew she would never see again, and then made for the last time the familiar journey to Paris, where she was received with the customary kindness of the French royal family.

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The last years of Henrietta Maria's life were calm and peaceful, except for her ill-health. "I have never had a day free from pain for twenty years," she said shortly before her death to her friends at Chaillot. She had little to trouble her beyond the gentle sorrow of seeing those with whom she had been associated pass, one by one, to the silence of the grave. Her brother, the Duke of Orleans, ended his restless life in the year of the Restoration, leaving his title to his nephew, Henrietta's son-in-law. Cardinal Mazarin passed away in 1661, avaricious to the last, and counting with dying fingers the treasures to which his heart still clung. Four years later Queen Anne of Austria followed him, after an illness the infinitely pathetic record of which is to be found in the pages of Madame de Motteville. She was a great loss to her sister-in-law, the more so as Henrietta's faithful friend, the Abbé Montagu, was so high in her favour that it was feared he would succeed to the influence and position of Mazarin, and thus France be under a foreigner once more. The tie between these two was of no ordinary strength. Not only had Montagu been a friend and companion of the unforgotten Buckingham, but Anne never ceased to remember the service which he had rendered to her in the past. When he returned to France, after his long imprisonment, sobered by trouble, and so far from desiring the ecclesiastical honours on which his heart had once been set that he turned from them when offered, he became in some measure her spiritual adviser, a rôle for which he was well suited, as he knew probably better than any one else the secrets of the past. From his lips, at her own request, the dying Queen received the solemn intimation of the approach of death, and almost her last conscious words were addressed to him. "M. de Montagu knows how much I have to thank God for," she said, fixing her eyes on the Abbé as he knelt weeping beside her, words which both Madame de Motteville, who was present, and Montagu himself interpreted as bearing witness to Anne's innocence in the days when she compromised her reputation by vanity and coquetting.[427] [Pg 310]

Henrietta's health, which had never recovered from the strain of the Civil War and the terrible experiences of her last confinement, became worse and worse; so that in December, 1668, she wrote to her son Charles that her remaining days would not be many. She suffered much from sleeplessness and fainting fits, and even the waters of Bourbon, which she had long been accustomed to drink every year, afforded her little relief. The thought of death had ever been to her, as to her accomplished friend Madame de Motteville, one of terror. She did not like even to speak of it. "It is better," she was wont to say, "to give one's attention to living well, and to hope for God's mercy in the last hour." But now that death was drawing near it lost something of its terror, and she said quite openly that she was going to Chaillot to die. "I shall think no more of doctors or medicine," she added, "but only of my soul." In this spirit she went out to her house at Colombes to spend there the golden days of a French autumn, until the feast of All Saints should call her to her convent. "The Queen-Mother is extreme ill, and seems to apprehend herself extremely,"[428] wrote Ralph Montagu, the English ambassador in Paris, on September 7th, 1669. [Pg 311]

A few days later the end came. To the Queen's sleeplessness was added an aversion from all food, and at the request of the King of France, who was much attached to his aunt, a consultation of doctors was held, among whom the principal place was taken by Vallot, a man of great experience, who was first physician to the Crown of France, but who, nevertheless, was believed by some to have been negligent in his care of Queen Anne. He, thinking that Henrietta's great weakness came from her distressing insomnia, advised that she should take a grain of some sedative at night. The Queen, who had explained her symptoms with great clearness, objected the opinion of Sir Theodore Mayerne that such remedies were dangerous to her constitution, adding, laughing, that an old gipsy woman in England had once told her that she would never die except of a grain. Vallot listened respectfully, but he was unconvinced, so that his patient, feeling her reluctance to be foolish, agreed to follow his advice. The day wore on, and after a quiet evening with her ladies, Henrietta retired to bed as usual; but she did not feel very well, and it was suggested that she should not take the opiate. However, she could not sleep, and when her physician was called to her bedside she asked with some eagerness for the drug. He administered it in an egg, after which the Queen lay down again, to fall into a sleep which became deeper and deeper, until it passed into the last sleep of death.[429] [Pg 312]

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With daybreak all was confusion at Colombes. Messengers hurried off to Paris to acquaint the King of France with the news of his aunt's death, and to S. Cloud to break the sad tidings to the Duchess of Orleans, who would be her mother's truest mourner. By some strange oversight or malice the English ambassador was left to hear the intelligence by chance. Ralph Montagu, who had a very poor opinion of the Earl of St. Albans, whose position as Lord Chamberlain to the late Queen gave him considerable power, believed that that nobleman had purposely kept him in ignorance, so that there should not be "left a silver spoon in the house."[430] In the interests of the King of England he hurried off to the King of France, who, in spite of the protests of the Earl, caused seals to be placed upon his aunt's property until it could be properly disposed of.

There was great mourning for Henrietta in France, not only because she was personally beloved, but because the King and the people saw in her not so much the widow of the King of England as the last surviving child of the much-loved Henry the Great. High and low vied with each other in their desire to do her honour, and Louis XIV expressed his wish that she should lie by her father in the royal Abbey of S. Denys, where he ordered that a splendid funeral service, following the precedent of that of his mother, should be celebrated at his expense. He immediately dispatched [Pg 313] a *lettre de cachet*[431] to the Prior and monks of the house, ordering them to receive with all honour the body of the Queen of England.

Meanwhile at Colombes on a bed of state lay the corpse.[432] But that same evening, following the custom of the times, the heart was taken out, enclosed in a silver casket, and carried to its last resting-place at Chaillot. A sorrowful company escorted the precious relic, which was met at the door of the convent by the religious, each of whom held in her hand a lighted taper. Then in a set little speech the Abbé Montagu, as Grand Almoner to the late Queen, delivered it over to the Superior, commending it to the pious care of the community.

Two days after this mournful little ceremony the body was carried through the Porte S. Denys, along the road which Henrietta had traversed as a bride, to the royal abbey, where it was to rest. There, watched by faithful guardians, it lay in a chapel behind the choir for more than a month, until the 20th of November, when the funeral service was celebrated. The obsequies were a magnificent affair, comparable with the splendours of the long-ago wedding. In the great church hung with black, on a magnificent mausoleum supported by eight marble pillars and blazing with a quantity of lighted tapers, Henrietta, who, living, had known what it was to lack the necessaries of life, lay as a King's daughter in her death, and that the contrast might be the more complete, her body, which had long laid aside the trappings of royalty, was covered by a gorgeous pall "of gold brocade covered by silver brocade and edged with ermine." By the will of the King representatives of the sovereign bodies were present, while the mourners included princes and [Pg 314] princesses and even one of higher rank, for Casimir, the ex-King of Poland, who had exchanged his crown for a monk's frock, had journeyed to do honour to the Queen of England from the great Abbey of S. Germain des Prés, where he was spending a peaceful old age, and where his tomb may be seen to this day. The attendance of clergy indeed was not large, but that was only because orders had been issued that the sovereign bodies should be saluted before the prelates, an insult which the pride of the Church could not stomach.

After a new and delightful rendering by the choir of the *Dies Iræ*, the Bishop of Amiens ascended the pulpit. Francis Faure was probably selected for this office partly because he had been a servant of the dead Queen in her early married life, and partly because she had taken pleasure in hearing him deliver the panegyric of S. Francis de Sales in the chapel of the convent of Chaillot on the occasion of the saint's canonization. It seems, however, that this "*cordelier mitré*", as Gui Patin calls him, was not very popular with Parisian audiences, for the discourse which he delivered at the funeral of Queen Anne was severely criticized, and his sermon on the Queen of England had no better reception. Nevertheless, it reads as the work of an honest and affectionate man earnestly striving, not always indeed with success, to avoid that flattery of the great of which the times were so tolerant, but which is peculiarly vain in connection with death, the great leveller. His text was, "Watch and pray"; and he dwelt with some sternness upon the awful suddenness of the Queen's end, of which the Chaillot nuns said sweetly that it was the mercy of God to save her from the apprehension of the death which she feared so much. The discourse[433] was long, and it was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon before the body of Henrietta Maria was [Pg 315] lowered into the royal vault, to lie beside that of her father.

But the pious care of Louis did not end at S. Denys. Nearly a week later (November 25th) another service was celebrated in Paris itself, at the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, as an additional mark of the King's respect for his aunt. The Duke and Duchess of Orleans were again the chief mourners, while this time the preacher was Father Senault, Superior of that Congregation of the Oratory from which the Queen, ever since her marriage, had chosen her confessors.[434] He was a preacher of repute, as well as a writer of distinction, and his discourse on this occasion met with the "marvellous success which attends all his actions."[435]

But before this, before even the service at S. Denys, the most famous of Henrietta Maria's funeral sermons had been preached. The filial piety of the Duchess of Orleans could not permit that her cousin the King of France should be the only person to do honour to her mother's memory. Her thoughts naturally turned to the convent at Chaillot, which her mother had loved so dearly, and where so much of her own youth had been spent. There the Queen had already been mourned by the good nuns; there Masses were offered for her soul. It was but fitting that there also should be celebrated the solemn service offered by her daughter's devotion.

On November 12th the chapel of the convent, which the care of the religious had caused to be hung with mourning, was crowded by those who had come at the invitation of the Duchess of Orleans to do honour to her mother's memory. These were no royal obsequies due to Henrietta's quality as a daughter of France, but an offering of domestic love, and, as was befitting, the [Pg 316] celebrant of the Mass was the late Queen's faithful, lifelong friend, Walter Montagu. But for the preacher was found one who has caused this simple service to be remembered while S. Denys and Notre-Dame are forgotten. The Abbé Bossuet was already Bishop-elect of Condom, but when he stood in the pulpit of Chaillot he still wore the dress of a simple priest. The discourse was pronounced "with much applause of the audience,"[436] wrote dryly the official chronicler of these events. It will be remembered as long as the French tongue. To one heart it spoke with something more than the charms of oratory, for from this day Henrietta of Orleans dated her friendship with the good Bishop. She did not know that in less than a year the same eloquent voice would be raised over her own dead body, and that her young life would have become, like her mother's, nothing but a text for a sermon.[437]

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There was some difficulty about the Queen's property, as she died intestate. By the law of England everything she died possessed of passed to her eldest son; by the law of France her property would be equally divided among her children or their representatives. The property was not large, and Ralph Montagu believed that when the debts were paid there would be little left "but her two houses at Colombes, which would sell for ten or twelve thousand pistols, and were always, if she had made a will, intended to be given Madame." The person most inclined to dispute the claim of the King of England was the Duke of Orleans, who, perhaps knowing his mother-in-law's intentions, proposed that his wife should take the property in France as her [Pg 317]
share, leaving to her two brothers their mother's jointure, which had been granted for two further years. But another claimant appeared in the person of Henrietta's grandson, the Prince of Orange, who said that if Monsieur took a share he should advance a claim, otherwise he would submit to the pleasure of the King of England. Madame finally persuaded her husband to desist, which was esteemed a great service to her brother, as by the terms of the late Queen's marriage contract it would have been very difficult to parry his claims. Thus the whole of Henrietta's slender fortune fell to her son Charles II of England. But since he had always had a kindness for the nuns of Chaillot, he gave to them the furniture of his mother's apartments there. Some of it was too fine for them, and this portion they sold for the benefit of the house. They had no use for Flanders tapestry, for state beds or arm-chairs; but they kept, among other things, two feather beds, all the linen and pottery, and three very beautiful pictures. The proceeds of the sale enabled the nuns to build ten new cells, as well as to lay aside a sum of money for the expenses of the yearly commemoration of their royal foundress.[438]

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Of those who mourned for Henrietta Maria it remains to say a few words. The future history of her two sons and of her nephew, Louis XIV, is too well known to need remark, except that it may be mentioned that James, in the tardy repentance of exile, found much comfort and edification among the nuns of Chaillot. The tragic fate of her daughter has already been referred to. Henrietta of Orleans, in the bloom of a beauty which recalled that of her mother, died at S. Cloud in the autumn of 1670, not without suspicion of poison. The Earl of St. Albans[439] returned to [Pg 318]
London, where he spent a drinking and card-playing old age, of which the most notable achievement was the foundation of St. James's Square, by which means he may almost claim the title of founder of modern West London, where Jermyn Street yet preserves his name. Walter Montagu, his friend of many years, had a very different fate. After the death of his three patronesses, the Queen of France, the Queen of England, and the Duchess of Orleans, he was made to resign the Abbey of S. Martin's, Pontoise. He returned to Paris and entered the Hospital of the Incurables in the Rue de Sève.[440] "My lord," said an English priest[441] of remarkable piety, who was waiting there for death, as he saw the Abbé enter, "you are come to teach me how to die." "No, Mr. Clifford," replied Montagu, "I have come to learn from you how to live."

In this calm retreat his last years flowed quietly away. He "only occupied himself with the eternal years and with the practice of all the vertues,"[442] said the chronicler of S. Martin's; but incidentally he was able to render many services to the English colony in Paris, though his cousin Ralph complained that he had grown "very ignorant and out of fashion."[443] He died peacefully at the Incurables in February, 1677, and his body was carried to S. Martin's, at Pontoise, of [Pg 319]
which he had been a princely benefactor, to be buried in the chapel[444] of S. Walter, the first Abbot of the house and his patron saint, which he had beautified at great expense. Mother Jeanne, who still ruled over the Carmelites of Pontoise, caused a Mass to be sung for his soul, and equal honour was paid to his memory by the English Benedictine nuns of the same town. In Paris another old friend was doubtless thinking of him, for in a retirement almost monastical Madame de Chevreuse yet lived, one of the last of those who had gathered at the brilliant Court of Charles I and Henrietta Maria.

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Thus Henrietta Maria, Queen of England,

> "Left love and life and slept in endless rest."[445]

As she was unfortunate in life, so she has been unfortunate in death; for a people whose historical judgments were stereotyped by the revolution of 1688 has remembered her failings and forgotten her charms. It is only within recent years that the justice of history, working on the materials which are slowly unfolding the secrets of time, has been able to redress the balance and to reveal the personality of the woman who, amid all her misfortunes and all her faults, never lacked while living the devotion of love and friendship.

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[421] *Lettres de Henriette Marie à sa soeur Christine*, p. 121.

[422] This fine old house is still standing in the Rue François Mirron.

[423] Loret: *La Muse Historique*, t. 3, p. 252.

[424] This friar seems to have been more highly esteemed than, to judge by his memoirs, he quite deserved. *La Muse Historique* has a long panegyric of him beginning—

> Ce père a beaucoup de science
> De vertue d'esprit d'eloquence
> Faizans quelque fois des Sermons
> A pouvoir toucher des Demons.—T. IV, p. 116.

[425] Archives of See of Westminster.

[426] Pepys: *Diary*, November 22nd, 1660.

[427] Mme de Motteville: *Mémoires* (1783), VI, pp. 307, 308.

[428] Hist. MSS. Com. MSS. of Duke of Buccleuch at Montagu House. Vol. I, p. 438.

[429] There are several accounts of Henrietta's death differing considerably in detail, especially as to the time when the opiate was given. Vallot was much blamed for the advice he had given.

[430] Hist. MSS. Com. MSS. of Duke of Buccleuch at Montagu House. Vol. I, p. 440.

[431] "A nos chers et bien aimez le grand Prieur et Religieux de l'Abbaye Royalle de S. Denis en France" (September 12th, 1669).—Arch. Nat., K. 119, No. 7.

[432] The official account of the Queen's death and of the three funeral services is contained in MS. Cinqants de Colbert, p. 142.

[433] "Oraison funèbre de Henriette Marie de France Reyne de la Grande Bretagne prononcée dans l'Eglise de Saint Denys en France par Monseigneur l'Evesque d'Amiens" (1670).

[434] Her confessor at the time of her death was Father Lambert, who succeeded Father Viette.

[435] MS. Cinq cents de Colbert, p. 142.

[436] Cinq cents de Colbert, p. 142.

[437] On the first day of the year 1670 Walter Montagu "Voulant temoyner sa reconnaissance envers la Reine d'Angleterre ... indiqua dans son église [S. Martin's, Pontoise] un service solemnel par le repos de son àme."—Histoire de l'Abbaye de S. Martin de Pontoise, 1769. Bibliothèque Mazarine, MS. 3368.

[438] Arch. Nat., K. 1303, No. 6. The portion sold realized £4143.

[439] It is necessary to say a few words as to the alleged marriage between Henrietta Maria and Jermyn. It was believed by some contemporaries (e.g. Pepys and Reresby) that they were married, but it is very unlikely that this was the case. In a note to Smeaton's reprint (1820) to *The Life and Death of that matchless mirror of Magnanimity and Heroick Vertue Henrietta Maria de Bourbon*, it is asserted that a document was in existence in which Jermyn settled property on Henrietta Maria at the time of his marriage with her. This statement is absolutely unsupported, and even if the document ever existed it may have been a forgery. Henrietta as a Catholic could not have married Jermyn, a Protestant, without a dispensation from the Pope, which it would have been very difficult to obtain without the transaction becoming known. No trace of a dispensation has ever been found. The Queen's closest friends, Mme de Motteville and the Chaillot nuns, give no hint of such marriage, of which, had it existed, they must have been aware.

[440] Now the Hôpital Laënnec in the Rue de Sèvres.

[441] William Clifford, whom Henrietta Maria recommended to the Pope in 1656 as a suitable bishop for England. P.R.O. Roman Transcripts.

[442] Bib. Mazarin, MS. 3368.

[443] Hist. MSS. Com. MSS. of Duke of Buccleuch at Montagu House. Vol. I, p. 423.

[444] It is usually said that he was buried at the Incurables, but both the contemporary Gazette and Abbess Neville's Annals (of the English Benedictines at Pontoise) say that he was buried at S. Martin's, and the latter authority, which gives many details of his later life, adds that the interment took place in the chapel of S. Walter, and there is no doubt that their statement is correct. How the mistake arose is seen from a document preserved in the Archives de l'Assistance Publique, fonds des Incurables, carton 22, which speaks of a monument "posée, sur les entrailles de M. de Montagu en la nef de l'èglise dud" hospital [des Incurables].

[445] William Browne.

APPENDIX

I

ARCHIVES OF THE SEE OF WESTMINSTER

The answer given by the Commissioners of the Counsell to the French Embassadour Mareshall Bassompiere

The French were sent away as delinquents, having by their ill-carriage troubled the affaires of the kingdome, the domesticall government of his Ma:ties house, and the sacred union betwixt his Ma:tie and the Queene. The French Bishop and Blainvill endeavoured to make factione betwyeen the subiectes and the King stirring up men of ill affections in the Parliament against that which was for the service of the King and the tranquillity of the State. Some French officers suffered others to take houses in their names, where priestes might retire and there they brought up young weemen and children to be sent to the Spanish seminaries. They made the Queene's house a Rande-vous for Jesuits and fugitives. They subtly discovered what passed in privat betweene the K. and the Queene. They obliged her to take their opinion and allowance upon everything wh. the K. propounded and required of her. They endeavoured to frame a repugnance in the Queene to all wh. the King desired and ordained and they professed to foment discord betweene their Ma:ties as a thing importing the good of the Churche. They endeavoured to imprint in our Queene contempt of our nation, customes, and language. They had wrought the Qu.'s person, as it were to a kinde of rule of monasticall obedience, so farr as to make her doe things base and [Pg 322] servil. They led her a foote a long waye to make her goe in devotion to the place where they are wont to execute infamous malefactours; which acte did turne not only to the shame of the Queene, but to the infamie of the K's predecessours for having put innocent persons to death, whom these fellows count martyrs, whereas not one was executed for Religion, but for crime of treason in the highest degree....

II

P.R.O. ROMAN TRANSCRIPTS

(*To Cardinal Barberini*)

Le grand zele qui a tourjours paru en sa Saintete pour procurer ladvantage de la religion catolique en ce peis et la passion que jay par tout les moyens possibles de contribuer, moblige a communi que a sa saintete a quoy la conjonction presante menase de la reduire; et de proposer a Sa Satete les melieurs expedients que je puis trouuer pour y remidier a fin de voir sette descharge de mestre aquitee de tout ce qui despandoit de moy tout le monde a ases de congnoisance de v[~re] piete et moy ases de preuues de v[~re] affection pour massurer que vous contribures de bon cœur a se deseing: en quoy le secret est sy important que je nay pas trouue apropos de vous envoyer une personne expres de peur de donner ombrage ysy qui pouroit fort nuir aux affaires du Roy Monseigneur et des catoliques: la Violence avec quoy le parlement a commance contre les catoliques a oblige le Roy Monseigneur a leur accorder la demande quils ont faite de banir les catoliques a dix milles de Londre, ils commansent a faire une rigoureuse recherche contre touts les prestres et menasent de mestre toute les loix les plus severes en execution contre eux qui vont jusques au sang, et moy mesme suis menacee de avoir mon contract de marriage rompu: et particulierement en se qui est des prestres; et la misere est que [Pg 323] les affaires du Roy Monseigneur ne luy permette pas de soposer a toute sette violance a quoy il a bien paru depuis son avenemant a la couronne que son naturel ne a pas estte porte car au contaire il soufre maintenant pour sa bonte envers seux de [~nr]e religion; jay songe a un moyen et le seull que se tamps sy permet pour prevenir une grande partie de ses violances qui est pour employer de largent pour gagner les principaux de sette faction puritaine, et je croye avoir tellemant dispoise mon deseing quil ne me manquera que argent pour en venir about: les desordres de se peis sy randent impossible de trouuer ysy une telle somme dargent quil faudroit a cause *de lesclat que sela feroit*, se qui pouroit aussy frustrer le sucses: sest pour quoy jay cru en premier lieu estre obligee davoir recours a sa Saintete pour luy demander son assistance en une occasion sy presante et le danger sy ineuitable sans se remede a fin quil voye quil nia rien que je ne desire exposer en sette cause je mofre a donner telle caution qui sera valable pour la somme de cinc cent mil escus; car les catoliques estant une fois eschapes de se parlement present il ne oroit que a esperer et rien a craindre dhors en avant et le seul moyent est seluy que je propose: sest pourquoy je vous prie de communiquer sesy a Sa Saintete, a qui je suplie tres humblement de ne le consulter quavec vous car sy sela venoit a estre seu je serois perduee; et de me faire responce la plus prompte que sera possible, et selon v[~re] resolution, vous pouues envoyer les lettres de change a Paris pour me les faire tenir ysy et le plus secretement que faire se peut. Je ne doute pas que si il plaist a sa Stete de masister en ce deseing de remestre les catoliques en repos et de porter le Roy Monseigneur a leur faire plus de grases que jamais. En tout cas joray le temognage de sa Stete et le v[~re] davoir fait de mon coste tout mon possible pour faire reusir se deseing sy bon et utille a la religion; je nay que faire a vous presser de contribuer a sesy v[~re] piete vous porte ases a le faire seullemant une prompte responce la queue jatans par le mesme porteur le quel jay envoye a Paris pour vous faire tenir selle sy par [Pg 324]

Mr. le nonce la faire demandant rien plus que la diligence et le secret je me remest a la prudence de Sa Stete. et a la vostre et demeureray.

Mon cousin,
V[~re] bien affectionne cousine,
HENRIETTE MARIE R.

Il nia personne que sa Stete.
vous et moy qui sache se sy encore.

III

THOMASOM TRACTS

The Queene's Proceedings in Holland. Being the copie of a letter from the Staple at Middleborough to Mr. Vanrode a Dutch Marchant in London. (19 Dec. 1642.).... Colonel Goring is travelled into Ortoys and Flanders to raise forces of Men and Armour, he having a Commission from the King of France to take a certaine number from each Garrison, for the Queene and present supply for England. Colonel Gage who is Colonell over the English in Flanders, gave Colonel Goring a Challenge for presuming to beat up his Drums to flock away his Officers and Souldiers, nevertheless the souldiers being poore and long behind of their contribution mony agreed, and five or 600 English followed Colonel Goring to Dunkirke, Newport, Ostend, and Graveling, where they now remaine till they be Shipt for England, there hath bin great meanes to the States that these Souldiers might bee permitted to passe through their Country and so take shipping for England, but the Queene nor the Ambassador can prevaile with the States for their consents therein. I have also here set you downe the summes of money raised amongst the Priests, Jesuites, Seminaries, Friers, Nuns, and holy Sisters through the land, and paid in to the Jesuites of St. Omers his Colledge towards the maintenance of his Majesties warres. And first as in order the English Cloyster at St. Omers,[446] the Jesuits have raised 3000 pounds, besides the Taxes they have imposed upon every Scholler 5*l.* a man being about 400, and that if any shall refuse the payment thereof to lose their Degrees in the House, and be for ever discharged for having any future benefit therein: in which Colledge the sum collected amounts about 3500*l*, Secondly at Ayres, the summe collected amounts unto 500*l*, Thirdly, at Beteone, the summe collected amounts unto 500*l*, Fourthly at Arras, the some of 2000*l*, Fifthly at the University of Doway 1000*l*, Sixtly at Gaunt, betweene the Colledge of English and Irish Priests, and the Matron of the Nunnes there, was Collected 500*l*, Seventhly at Durmount, 50*l*, eightly at Bruzels, from the Countesse of Westmoreland, and the Lady Babthorpe, Matrons of the holy Nuns, and the three Cloysters English, Irish, and Walloons, 3000*l*, Ninthly at Lovain, 1000*l*, Tenthly at Bridges, 300*l*, Eleventhly at Casteele, 200*l*, Twelfely at Newport 200*l*, Thirteenth at Ostend 100*l*, Fourteenth at Graveling, 100*l*, Fifteenth at Dunkerke, 500*l*, all which summes amounteth about 15000*l*, have bin Collected and in the hands of Father Browne the Head of St. Omers Colledges, besides 5000*l* more gathered from the Governours of every Towne Village or petty Dorpe, which makes the sum of 20 thousand pounds, all which is intended to be transported to his Majesty from Dunkirke, besides the weekely allowance the Colledges will disburse towards the maintenance of the five hundred Souldiers under the command of Colonell Goring during his Majesties warres with the Parliament.... [Pg 325]

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IV

AFFAIRES ETRANGèRES ANG., T. 49

Walter Montague to Cardinal Mazarin (*apparently*)

La Haye 9 February 1642 [O.S.].

Les mesmes tempestes qu'ont rejette la Reyne en Hollande m'ont retenu icy car d'abord quelle fut partye le mauvais temps ne nous pouvoit rien promestre de meilleur sur son renvoy icy ce qua este le 9 iour apres son embarquement ayant endure le peril sept iours de tempeste continuelle n'ayant ramene que trois de ses vaisslaux en ayant perdu un avec tout son equipage descuyrie et les autres encore sont demeures en doute de leur salut: le peril ou elle a este, a este si grand quelle eut bien pu iustifier sa mort de peur mais Dieu luy a donne un soutien par sa grace: ... elle na iamais tesmoigne aprehension dans les preparatifs de la mort que pour les affaires de Dieu et du Roy son mary: les relations que les peres en font sont si extraordinaires quelle ont besoin dune telle authorité pour les faire croyables. Le iour apres quelle debarqua (ce quelle fit dans un petit bateau de pescheur trouve a la mer) elle receut nouvelle dune trahison decouverte dans son armee pour la livrer entre les mains des rebelles mais aussi beaucoup des instances de la part du Roy et du pays pour sa venue avec grand apparence de surete pour sa persone et grande aprehension de confusion dans les affaires sans l'assistance de sa presence tellement quelle se resoult contre tous les sentiments de son sexe et de sa sante mesme de se rambarquer au plus tost ... elle a fait grande perte dans ce naufrage mais elle a gagne dans l'opinion de tous les temoins ce quelle ne scauroit iamais perdre....

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V

P.R.O. ROMAN TRANSCRIPTS

(*To Cardinal Barberini*)

Mon cousin,

Les bons effets que vous m'aues rendu de v[~re] amitie et particulierement en les vingt et cinque mille escus, que vous m'auez fourny par le Baron Herbert filtz du Marquis Wostre ont bien fait voyr le sentiment que vous auez des nos souffrances et de l'estat de nos affayres icy. Je vous supplye de croyre que comme j'embrasse auec une singuliere affection cette v[~re] bonne volonte envers nous, aussy vous fairray je paroystre la gratitude que j'en ay en toute occasion qui se presentera a ce fayre estant.

Mon cousin,
vostre affectionnee cousine,
Henriette Marie R.

D'Oxford ce 20me de Septembre 1643.

(The transcriber notes that the hand is like that of the King and that the signature is "Vostre affectionnee cousine," instead of the Queen's usual "Vostre tres affectionnee cousine"; he also notes the use of the pronoun "nous.")

VI

ARCHIVES OF THE SEE OF WESTMINSTER

Endorsed Securitus in jurando. 1645.

Si ex una parte dignabitur regia Maiestus liberare Catholicus suos subditos à timore legum poenalium edictarum contra Recusantes ob causam Reliquiis eis qué certo et constanter concedere liberum usum Catholicae Religionis intra privatos parietes.

Dicti Subditi ex altera parte exhibent se parotos ex hac hora ad fidem et obedientiam suae maiestati perpetuò ac firmiter servandam sub solemni juramento; quantum libet augeatur Catholicorum numerus in posterum vel conspirent ullo tempore inter se quincunque Principes esterii ad restituendum, sen stabiliendum vi et armis publicum usum Catholicae religionis in hoc Regno. [Pg 328]

Ad maius robur (si expedire videbitur) addi potest Breve pontificum, quod sine dubio sua Stas facile concedet, pro ratificatione seu confirmatione dicti juramenti.

VII

P.R.O. ROMAN TRANSCRIPTS

(*To Innocent X*)

Tressaint Pere,

Le sieur Crashau ayant esté Ministre en Angleterre et nourri dans les Universités de ce pais parmy des gens tres esloignes des sentiments de nostre Sainte Religion sest toutes fois par sa lecture et son estude rendu Catholique et pour en jouïr plus paisiblement l'exercise, s'est transporté en decà et vescu prés d'un an aupres de moy, ou par le bon example de sa vie il a beaucoup edifié tous ceux qui ont, conversé avec luy. Ce qui m'a convié s'en allant presentem à Rome d'escrire ce mot à vostre Ste pour la prier de le considerer comme une personne de qui les Catholique Anglois ont conceu de grandes esperances, et que j'estime beaucoup, et de luy departir ses graces, et faveurs aux occasions qui se presenteront. Ce que j'estim[~ea]y parmy les autres obligations particulieres que jay a V.S. Et sur ce je prie Dieu Tressaint Père quil conserve V.S. longues années pour le bien et utilité de son Esglise.

De S. Germain-en-Laye ce 7 Septembre 1646.
V[~re] tres devotte fille
Henriette Marie R.

[Pg 329]

VIII

ARCHIVES OF THE SEE OF WESTMINSTER

Upon the Ground given in the 12th Proposall, printed August the first 1647, by authoritie from his Excellence Sir Thomas Fayrfax, that All the Penall statutes in force against Roman Catholickes shall be repealed.

And further that they shall enjoy the liberty of theyr consciencés, by Grant from the Parliament; It may bee enacted that it shall not be lawfull for any person or persons beeinge subiects to the Crowne of England to professe or acknowledge for truth, or perswade others to beeleive these ensuinge Propositions.

1

That the Pope or church, hath powre to absolve any person or persons whatsoeuer, from his or theyr obedience to the Civill Government established in this Nation.

2

That it is lawfull in it selfe or by the Popes dispensation to break eyther word or oath with any Heretickes.

3

That it is lawfull by the Pope, or churches command or dispensation to kill, destroy, or otherwise to iniure or offende any person or persons whatsoever because hee or they are accused, or condemned, censured, or exco[~m]unicated for Error, Schisme or Heresy.

The premises considered wee on the other side sett our hands that every one of these three propositions may bee lawfully answered unto in the Negative.

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[446] The inaccuracies with regard to St. Omers are probably typical of those with regard to the other places. St. Omers was at this time very poor. The pupils numbered 60, not 400; the Superior's name was Port, not Browne.

There is no trace of such a collection in the records of Les Dames Anglaises at Bruges.

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